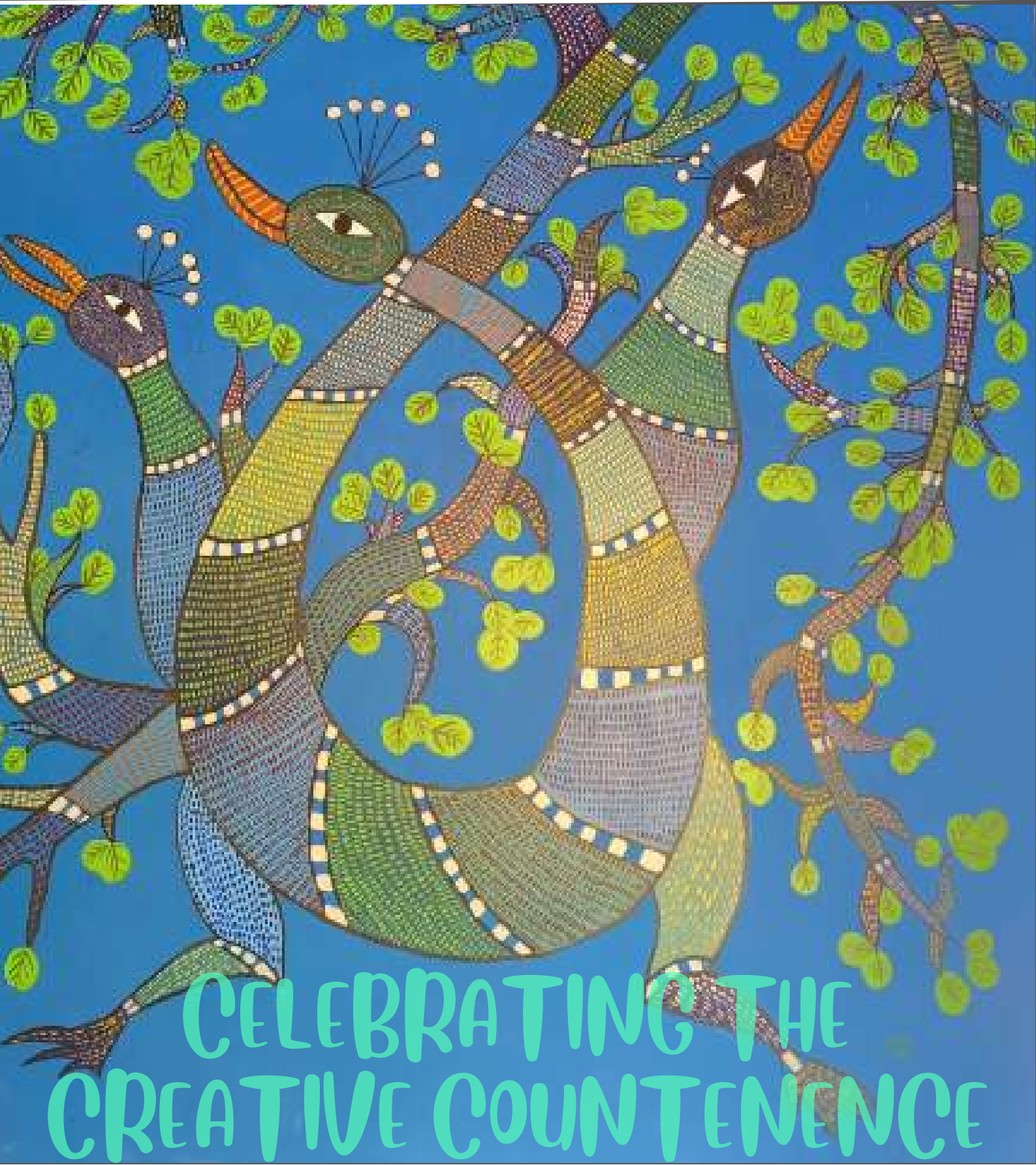




# Bal Bharati PUBLIC SCHOOL

SECTOR-14, ROHINI

VOLUME VII ISSUE III, NOVEMBER 2023



CELEBRATING THE  
CREATIVE COUNTENENCE



***"Creativity is intelligence having fun".***  
***Albert Einstein***

## From The Principal's Desk

Creativity has always been a cornerstone of human progress, driving innovation, sparking imagination, and fostering a deeper understanding of the world around us. In the face of rapid technological advancements, particularly the rise of AI, the role of creativity becomes even more pronounced. While AI excels at processing vast amounts of data and executing tasks with precision, it is our uniquely human ability to think creatively that sets us apart. As we embrace the ever-evolving relationship between these two in the landscape of education, it is crucial for us to recognize their symbiotic relationship.

As educators, it is our responsibility to cultivate and encourage creativity in our students. The ability to think outside the box, to imagine and create, is an asset that will remain invaluable in the face of technological advancements. We must empower our students to harness the potential of AI while retaining their unique capacity for innovation.

In this issue, you will find a collection of creative write-ups from our talented students. These pieces not only showcase their imaginative prowess but also underscore the importance of fostering creativity in the age of AI. From thought-provoking poetry to captivating write-ups, our students continue to demonstrate that the human spirit is alive with creativity.

Let us celebrate the harmonious coexistence of human creativity and technology interventions. In doing so, we prepare our students not just for the challenges of today, but for the limitless possibilities of tomorrow. Edward De Bono rightly said - "There is no doubt that creativity is the most important human resource of all. Without creativity, there would be no progress, and we would be forever repeating the same patterns."

Dear readers, I hope you enjoy reading the creative expressions compiled.

Geeta Gangwani  
Principal



*"Creativity involves breaking out of established patterns in order to look at the things in a different way"*

*-Edward Bono*



## From The Vice Principal's Desk

Nurturing creativity in schools is not just a luxury but a necessity in preparing students for the complexities of the modern world. The traditional model of education, with its emphasis on rote memorization and standardized testing, falls short in equipping students with the skills required in the 21st century.

I believe, creativity is the catalyst for innovation, and in an era defined by rapid technological advancements, fostering a creative mindset is crucial. Students need to develop the ability to think critically, approach problems from different angles, and adapt to an ever-changing landscape. Creative thinking is not confined to artistic endeavors; it is a skill that transcends disciplines, influencing scientific breakthroughs, entrepreneurial ventures, and effective communication.

In the realm of creativity, there's a constant interplay between novelty and familiarity. Truly groundbreaking ideas often involve a combination of existing elements in a unique and unexpected way. While the core concept might draw from existing knowledge or experiences, the innovative aspect lies in the synthesis, arrangement, or application of these elements. Such was the creative display of the ICC Cricket World Cup Runner that amalgamated symbols from Indian heritage into a modern world emblem to reckon with.

I'd like to sum up with the inclination that nurturing creativity promotes a love for learning. When students are encouraged to explore their interests, express themselves, and engage with the material in dynamic ways, education becomes more meaningful and enjoyable. This approach not only enhances academic achievement but also nurtures a lifelong curiosity and a willingness to embrace challenges.

Bandhana Sharma  
Vice Principal





***Life is a song-sing it. Life is a game-play it. Life is a challenge-meet it.  
Life is a dream-realise it. Life is a sacrifice-offer it. Life is love-enjoy it."***  
**-Sai Baba**



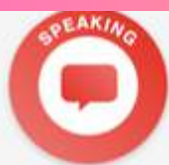
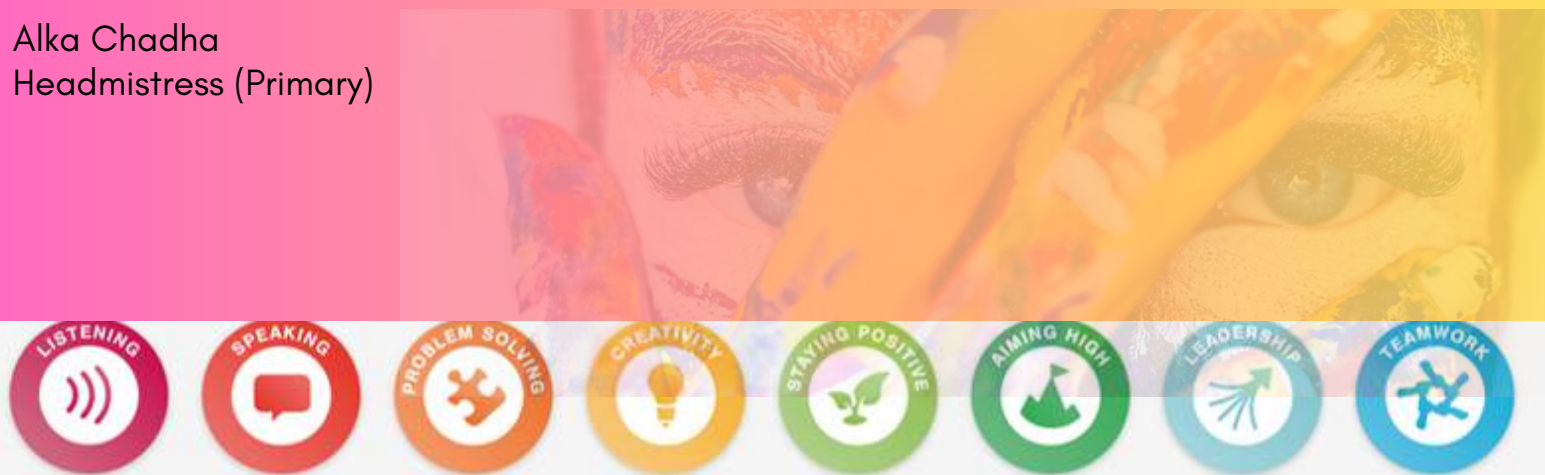
## From The Head Mistress' Desk

Life, with all its twists and turns, highs and lows, is a remarkable journey that deserves to be celebrated. In the hustle and bustle of our daily routines, we often find ourselves engrossed in the pursuit of success, forgetting to revel in the beauty of existence itself. The celebration of life is an art, a symphony that weaves together the moments of joy, sorrow, triumphs, and lessons.

The celebration of life begins with gratitude. Gratitude for the simple pleasures, the sunrise that paints the sky with hues of warmth, the laughter of loved ones, and the challenges that mould us into resilient beings. It is in acknowledging the small wonders that we lay the foundation for a life celebrated. Creativity is the most important element of celebration. It is the heartbeat of innovation, fostering imagination and unique thinking. It's the paintbrush that colours our world with original ideas, turning ordinary moments into extraordinary ones. Students at BBPS Rohini are engaged in a plethora of activities and are provided with ample opportunities that encourage them to embrace their creativity, let it soar, watch their ideas transform the mundane into the exceptional and celebrate the most beautiful gift from God-Life! Through this edition we put forth before you the creative expression of the learners' experiences and opinions on the art of celebration which could be celebration of festivals, special occasions, vacations and much more.

Happy reading!

Alka Chadha  
Headmistress (Primary)



# REVISITING MY UNFORGETTABLE JOURNEY

## MY MOST MEMORABLE VACATION

My most memorable vacation was when I went to Jaipur and I enjoyed a lot at elephant village. In Elephant Village I, my father and my younger brother rode an elephant and my mother made a video. We also fed the elephants bananas. Riding the elephant, touching the elephant, and feeding the elephant was great fun. While I and my younger brother were touching the elephant my mum captured the memorable moment. After Elephant Village, we went to Nahargarh fort, the tallest fort in Jaipur. Maharaja Sawai Jai Singh II built it. It was first, named as Sudarshangarh but later renamed as Nahargarh fort. We saw a puppet show there followed by a magic show. Later, we went to the Mirror Palace. It was built with 2.5 Million glasses. After that, we went to the first wax museum in Jaipur. There we saw the six-seater motorbike which was driven in the Indian Parade, and we also saw the statues of famous personalities. Next, we went to Jaigarh Fort and we enjoyed a lot. Lastly, we went towards the hotel. There we had a delicious dinner. In the end, we headed towards our home the next day. Truly, it was my dream trip.

DEVANSH LIRI  
III-B

## MY MOST MEMORABLE VACATION

It was in the month of October, I visited Goa with my family in 2019. We were very excited to see the beaches, resorts, tradition, customs, famous food, attire etc. of Goa. We visited various forts, churches, and beaches and enjoyed it thoroughly. We stayed in 'The Ocean Resort', had fun and frolicked in the swimming pool with my family. We had a good time and it was extremely exciting to see the sunset on the beaches. enjoying exotic food, folk dances and cruise. Goa was a thrilling experience and I can never forget such a relaxing vacation with my mom and dad. It was a pleasurable moment for me. I would like to visit Goa again with my younger sibling who was born in 2021 in the month of September. Now he is also excited to accompany us on another trip to Goa in upcoming year 2024 in February month. I hope we'll have lot of fun again.

This time we'll be going for a lot of shopping which we missed in our last trip as we were in hurry at that time because of our odd flight timings but in this upcoming journey, I will make sure that we will visit Panjim market and the church nearby and will have a lot of fun which we missed last time. I am super excited for our next visit to this place of water.

DAKSH BHARDWAJ  
III - C

## DIWALI-MY FAVOURITE FESTIVAL

Diwali is my favourite festival. Diwali is widely known as Dipawali. Diwali is the festival of lights. Lord Ram returned to Ayodhya on this day with his wife Sita and younger brother Lakshman after 14 years of exile. After 20 days of Dusshera, Diwali is celebrated. Diwali is the festival that is celebrated widely in India. This festival is celebrated by Hindus all over the globe. Diwali is celebrated in India for mainly 5 days. First day of Diwali is known as Dhanteras, during this day Goddess Laxmi and Lord Dhanvantari are worshipped. Second day is Chhoti Diwali. On third day, Goddess Laxmi and Lord Ganesh is worshipped. On fourth day, Lord Vishnu and his devotee Bali is worshipped. Fifth day of Diwali is known as Bhai Dooj. On this day, Yama (The God of Fire) is worshipped. Before this festival, we thoroughly clean our homes. We dress up in new clothes and eat variety of tasty sweets on occasion of Diwali. People decorate their homes with lanterns, wall hanging, diyas, rangoli, flower etc. So, Festival Diwali is full of Joy and excitement. I like Diwali the most.

TAKSHVI PANDEY  
III - C



# MY UNFORGETTABLE MEMORIES

## MY UNFORGETTABLE MEMORY

I am sharing my personal and very good memory, before Covid 19, one night there was a lot of rain and a storm. The next morning, I went on a morning walk with father.

I saw a broken tree, a small little bird with brown spots was dropped near a broken tree and there were a lot of insects and ants were trying to eat that little hatchling. Its parents were also not there to protect.

So, I brought a paper cup and put that little hatchling in a cup. We wanted to place little hatchlings in a clean and comfortable place, but there was no such place. I was sad, we were trying to do something for the little hatchling. So, we went to big District Park, Rohini, to find his house.

After one hour we found similar-looking birds, we followed them and found a nest under a tree. We were very happy, my father put that cup there. Similar-looking birds took care of that little hatchling and it survived. The little hatchling found a new house with God's grace.

AVISHI  
III - B



## MY MOST CHERISHED GIFT

The best gift I ever received was given by my parents, a teddy bear on my birthday. Nowadays, not every child has a teddy bear. It is blue in colour, has big brown eyes and his ears are so cute like a rabbit. I have named him SNOWY. He is my best buddy. We do everything together. I am so attached to it that I used to sleep with him everyday and sometimes I cried as I wanted to take him to my school, but it was not allowed. I once took him with me to my trip to Rajasthan and sadly I lost him. I cried during the whole trip but my father found it later. During winters I even make him wear a sweater and a scarf knitted by my mother. While I study, Snowy sits quietly and waits for me to play with him. When I come from school he waits on the couch for me. I love Snowy a lot. He is my best playmate and a cherished gift for me.

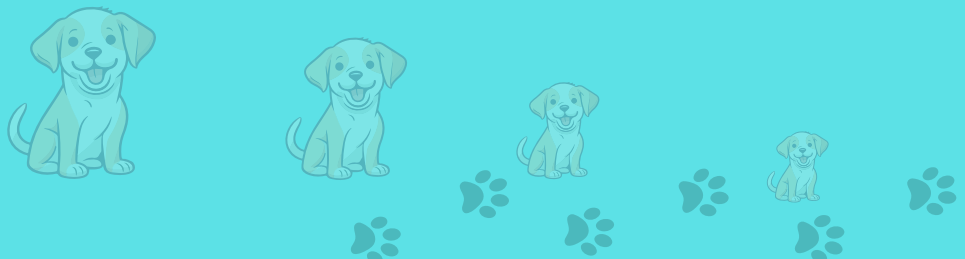
Navika Gupta  
IV C



## MY MOST CHERISHED GIFT

The most cherished gift of my life is my pet dog 'MUFFY'. I was five years old when my parents got a pet dog for me. His breed is Shih Tzu. There is no denying that pets are the most wonderful companions. They provide us with unconditional love and affection. And it's true that "dogs are man's best friend". He cheers me up whenever I'm upset and we go for a walk every evening. He wags his tail with joy when I return from school. He loves running around ball or his leash. He is not just my pet dog, but my best friend too. All my family members love him with all their heart. I cannot imagine my life without muffy.

AADIT GOSAIN  
IV - A





# MY UNFORGETTABLE MEMORIES

## MY FAVOURITE FESTIVAL

Christmas is my favourite festival! It's super special because everyone gets happy and excited. We decorate our house with lots of colorful things like lights and shiny stuff on a big tree. It looks so magical! The best part is waiting for Santa Claus. We hang stockings near the fireplace, hoping for surprises. We also sing Christmas carols and they make us feel so happy. We give presents to show love and make each other happy. Christmas is not just about getting presents but also about being kind to others. People help each other and give to those who need it. We make yummy food like cookies and cakes. The house smells amazing when we bake them together. Most importantly, Christmas is about being with family and friends. We have fun, laugh a lot, and make great memories. It reminds us to be good to each other and be thankful for what we have. That's why I love Christmas so much!

AHAAN SACHDEVA  
IV -B

## MY FAVOURITE FESTIVAL

Celebrating the victory,  
Illuminating the darkness.  
Spreading good cheer and sweetness  
By decorating the house with neatness.

Certainly, happy and bright!  
Sparkling diyas light up the night,  
What a wonderful sight!  
In this festival of lights so grand,  
Let's come together hand in hand.  
We all bond and pray together

May our hearts be filled with hope and joy  
forever!

Wishing you all love, laughter and fun!

Aaradhya Malhotra  
IV-C

## MY MOST CHERISHED GIFT

Among all the gifts I have ever received, the first one is the best. It is none other than my parents, given to me by God on my birthday. I feel myself fortunate enough because I am being nurtured with love and affection by two loving parents. They provide shelter and care for comfortable living. Besides, they provide me the best education along with security, unconditional love and financial support. Through thick and thin, they have always been a helping hand and a shoulder to cry on. My parents are my life counsellors because they know what is best for me. I feel immensely rejoiced to live under one roof with them. My mother always prepares healthy, nutritious and tasty meals for the family. My father does each and every thing for the well-being of the family. They always try to inculcate moral values and provide me other advices, based on their experiences in this world. In a nutshell, I am grateful to have such lovely and caring parents. I love my parents; they mean the world to me.

KRISHA BHUTANI  
IV D

## MOST MEMORABLE VACATION

That was an auspicious day- my trip to Manali in Himachal Pradesh. I am a person who loves to travel long distances but while traveling to Manali I fell asleep. My mom woke me up to say we had reached. The moment I opened my eyes I was amazed- blue skies, white mountains, green land. It was very cold too. We stayed in a lodge near the river Beas. From the window of my room, I was able to see the Rohtang pass. It was fully covered with snow. I haven't seen such a beautiful mountain ever before. The very next day I was there playing in the snow. The guide said we would not be allowed on the pass during winter because the roads to Rohtang would be fully covered with snow. I was wondering how cold it would be in winter. For the first time, I did some skiing and played a lot with the snow. My sister did paragliding. I even clicked many pictures there and purchased souvenirs for my friends and myself.

SHOURYA ARORA  
IV E



# RECOUNTING MY MOST MEMORABLE VACATION

## MY MOST MEMORABLE VACATION

Vacations are the time for fun,  
In which we enjoy a lot.  
Where we learn and play,  
I treated them the same.

The time has come to rest and enjoy,  
Which is necessary for mental peace,  
Where we need not have to pay any fees,  
And, free up our tensions.

Last year, was the trip of Pondicherry,  
Also known as Puducherry.  
With my family and friends,  
Surrounded by enchanting backwaters.

Beaches are all over,  
Giving peace due to less population.  
Auroville Beach, as clear as a crystal,  
Known for its shallow waters.

Pondicherry, known for its lounge,  
A hidden gem in the beach city.  
A hotel in the suburbs,  
The best suitable place for amazing food.

The Basilica, The sacred heart of Jesus,  
Build by French Missionaries.  
Quite messy in the weekends,  
Find peace in week days.

Botanical Garden, developed in 1826,  
An excellent exertion for the whole family.  
Diverse range of flowers,  
Array of Aromas and beauty to the garden.

It was such a wonderful trip,  
That I can never forget in my life.  
These were my most memorable vacations,  
In the whole world!

MYRA ARORA  
V-B

## MY MOST MEMORABLE MOMENTS

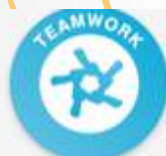
My best memory that I can recall has to be of my 2nd Birthday in 2015, I remember that my parents got me a beautiful cake in the shape of a train. It tasted so good and I still remember my entire family celebrating and I was looking at them and thinking "What am I supposed to do?" But the best moment of my Birthday was for sure when I had the first look at my best and most cherished gift of all time ever, a small little puppy woofing and me picking him up. He was and still is goofball but loves me unconditionally. And is a total fan of Mumma and my maternal granny. He just adores them and follows them everywhere. Now he's 8 years old and is better than ever. His name is Mokku. Our entire family loves and takes care of him. He is my best brother and best friend ever.

SHARABYA BANERJEE  
V-A

## MY MOST MEMORABLE VACATION

A vacation helps to relieve stress and boredom, gives us a change of scenery, provides us with adventure, and helps to bring us closer to the family. I went to Manali, Himachal Pradesh with my family during my summer vacation this year. The week-long trip to Spiti Valley has been the most amazing trip for me till date. It is known for its natural beauty and cultural heritage. I was mesmerised by the beauty of the snow-covered mountains and enjoyed every bit of it. The difficult terrain to Kaza and Chandra Taal gave us goosebumps but we loved the adventure. The clear sky in Chandra Taal helped me have a riveting view of the Milky Way galaxy which had billions of stars. Our stay at the camps at Chandra Taal in -12 degree was really exciting and bone-chilling. The journey through the Atal Tunnel was a great experience as I got to witness another milestone in India's development. The time spent in snow with my family was a dream come true.

HIMANSHI NATHANI  
V-B





# REFLECTIONS ON MY MOST MEMORABLE VACATION

## MY MOST MEMORABLE FEST

Holy India is a land of festivals and celebrations. Holi is my favourite festival. It is one of the most important festivals in India. I celebrate Holi with my family and friends. Holi falls in the month of March. We celebrate Holi with colours and balloons. People of all age groups celebrate this festival very nicely. I apply gulal on my friends face and splash water using water guns. My mother makes gujiya on the occasion of Holi. Children eagerly wait for this festival. On Holi we look like a ghost. We willingly scare other people on road and at homes. We also go for a long drive and enjoy the festival to the fullest.

MYRA MADAAN  
V- C

## MY FAVOURITE FESTIVAL

My favourite festival is Diwali. Diwali is celebrated as it marks Shree Ram's return to Ayodhya after defeating Ravan. This religious festival represents the triumph of good over evil and light over darkness. Diwali is celebrated all over India with happiness and joy. We go with our families to our relatives and friends to wish them 'Happy Diwali'. We eat kaju barfi and Phirni which is a delicious rice and milk pudding and enjoy Badam Thandai. Markets are decorated like brides that look very colourful and beautiful. But these market places also get very overcrowded. In the markets, flowers, decorative material, lights, puja material etc. are also sold. On Diwali people wear new clothes and give sweets to neighbours, friends and relatives. People light diyas, decorate their houses and worship Lord Ganesha and Goddess Laxmi. People make rangoli using flowers and burn crackers which causes pollution. I like Diwali very much.

SAMYAK JAIN  
V- C

## MY BIRTHDAY-MEMORABLE DAY OF MY LIFE

My tenth birthday is the most memorable day of my life. It is a day I can never forget and I consider it to be the best birthday yet. The day started just like any other normal day. However, as it kept progressing, a lot of exciting things began to happen. I woke up very early on my birthday because I had to dress up in casual clothes for school. The day before, all my candies were ready that I would distribute in the classroom. My mother prepared my favourite breakfast and gave me a big chocolate bar for lunch as well. I went to school and the whole class sang for me and congratulated me. It was the turn to distribute sweets. My best friend and I went to all the teachers to distribute toffees and we had a great time there. Moreover, it was an incredible feeling. My friends were all singing for me and eager to come to my birthday party later in the evening.

AARAV GARG  
V- B



# नन्हीं कलम से-सृजन

## मेरी प्यारी साइकिल

मेरी साइकिल मेरी दोस्त,  
साइकिल है मुझे सबसे प्यारी ।  
जब भी मैं स्कूल से आऊँ  
सबसे पहले अपनी साइकिल चलाऊँ ।  
साइकिल पर जब भी मैं बैठूँ,  
हवा से बातें करती जाऊँ ।  
उससे बनती मेरी पहचान,  
दोस्तों में बढ़ जाती मेरी शान ।  
रोज़ शाम को दोस्तों के संग,  
साइकिल की मैं रस लगाऊँ ।  
चाहे हो जीत या हो हार,  
साइकिल के मज़े लेती जाऊँ ।  
दोस्त चाहे रहे या ना रहे मेरे साथ,  
पर मेरी साइकिल रहती हमेशा मेरे साथ।

तनिष्का कुमार  
आठवीं ई



## बस खेल

खेल खेलने से ही भागती है सुस्ती,  
खेल खेलने से ही बनती तंदरुस्ती  
तू खेल अब,  
तू जीत सब।  
मंज़िल को छूने का जोश हो अगर,  
दिखा उसे मैदान पर।  
हर मेडल पर अपना नाम करो,  
कोई भी हो क्षेत्र, बस यश प्राप्त करो।  
तुम ही नीरज, तुम ही कपिल, मिल्खा बनो,  
तुम ही उषा, सान्या, गीता सी शान बनो,  
तुम ही पुनिया, बिंद्रा, सचिन, विराट बनो,  
तुम ही सिंधु, मैरी, साइना सा विश्वास बनो ।  
तू खेल अब  
तू जीत सब  
तू खेल अब तू जीत सब।।

सायांश मेहरा  
आठवीं ई



## ओ राही!

ओ राही! तू चलता चल,  
ओ पन्थी! डग भरता चल।  
मार्ग नहीं यह सुगम सरल,  
रुक मत, आगे बढ़ता चल।।  
कंटक भरा तेरा पथ है,  
कोमल से तेरे पग हैं,  
डगर बड़ी ऊबड़खाबड़  
सोच समझ भरना डग है.....

चतुराई से कदम बढ़ा, दृढ़ता से मन परुष बना,  
कर योग्यता सिद्ध अपनी, मानें सब तेरा  
कौशल! बनकर तू संबल अपना, कठिनाई को  
तू कर हल!! ओ राही! तू चलता चल ओ पन्थी!  
डग भरता चल।।

मानित चट्टा  
दसवीं डी

## नदियाँ

पर्वत, घाटी, चट्टानों को चीर  
नदियाँ बहती आती हैं।  
खनिज तत्वों से भरी हुई  
रेत-मिट्टी संग लाती हैं।  
खेत-खलियानों को सींचती  
बंजर धरती उपजाऊ बनती हैं  
नदियाँ कल - कल करती आती हैं।  
सबको जीवन अमृत देती  
जन-जन की प्यास बुझाती हैं।  
कहीं शांत कहीं चंचल वेग से  
सागर में मिल जाती हैं।  
नदियाँ कल - कल करती आती हैं।  
चट्टानों से टकरा जाती,  
तूफानों से लड़ जाती हैं।  
प्रगति पथ पर बढ़ते जाओ,  
हमको यह सिखलाती हैं।  
नदियाँ कल-कल करती आती हैं।  
पर आज असहाय, मजबूर हो रहीं  
मनुष्यों के आचरण से दुखी हो रहीं  
प्लास्टिक, कूड़ा अपने में पड़ता देख  
अपनी दुर्दशा पर रो रहीं।  
हमको दूषित कर पछताओगे  
सबको यह समझाती हैं।  
नदियाँ कल - कल करती आती हैं।

संयम शर्मा  
सातवीं-बी



## बसंत ऋतु

पवन लिए सुगंध है, हरी-भरी वसुंधरा  
भंवरा बोला तितली से, तू भी खुशी के गीत गा।।

चुनरिया पीली ओढ़ के, लहरा रहे ये खेत हैं  
पीली हैं भात पक रही, पीला ही रंग विशेष हैं।  
रंग-बिरंगे पुष्पों से, खिली- सी ये बहार है  
बसंत का ये आगमन, धरा पे वरदान है।  
मां शारदे बरसा रही हैं, सब पे अपनी कृपा  
भंवरा बोला तितली से, तू भी खुशी के गीत गा।।  
लहलहाते खेत देख, हर्षित किसान है,  
माली भी मुस्कुरा रहे, फुलवारी जिनकी शान है।  
सृष्टिकर्ता की चित्रकारी, ऐसी लाजवाब है  
पंछियों की चहचहाहट जैसे कोई राग है ।  
बसंत फिर है लौटता, ना पतझड़ से युं घबरा  
भंवरा बोला तितली से, तू भी खुशी के गीत गा।।  
उपवन की खूबसूरती, लुभा रही मयूर को  
प्रकृति का यौवन, चिड़ा रहा है हूर को।  
हरी धरा, नीला गगन, सृष्टि के रंग हजार हैं  
बसंत आज लाई साथ, रंगों की बहार है।  
धरा का हर एक जीव, आज है मस्ती से भरा हुआ  
भंवरा बोला तितली से, तू भी खुशी के गीत गा।।  
ऋतुओं की रानी हमको, दे रही संदेश है  
ना हो मायूस कष्टों से, जीवन के कई वेष है।  
पतझड़ की सूखी शाख पर, आज पत्ते हज़ार हैं  
परिवर्तन ही जीवन का, होता आधार है।  
अभी थी रात काली, अब उजाला है खिला हुआ  
भंवरा बोला तितली से, तू भी खुशी के गीत गा।।

अविशी गुप्ता  
सातवीं ई



## जिस दिन प्रकृति ने तुम्हें छेड़ दिया

समुद्र और धरती को, तुम छेड़ रहे हो प्रकृति को  
वन काट बंजर किया और नदियों को मोड़ दिया  
जरा सोच तेरा क्या होगा मानव, जिस दिन प्रकृति  
ने तुझे छेड़ दिया ।  
प्रकृति है मां तुम्हारी, वन है जिसके कपड़े गहने  
बंद करो अब वृक्ष काटना, कपड़े दो कुछ तन पर  
रहने  
अमृतधारा वाली नदियों को गंदी नाली बना दिया  
धरती को कूड़ा दान किया और विष हवा में मिला  
दिया।  
यह ऊंची ऊंची इमारतें, सूखी पत्तियों सी बिखर  
जाएगी।  
यह आधुनिकता की सोच तेरी एक पल में ही  
उतर जाएगी ।  
आज नहीं संभले तो कल बड़ा हाहाकार होगा  
मौसम परिवर्तन से तेरे सीने पर वार होगा।  
यम देख प्रकृति का, इसे बार-बार उजाड़ो ना  
पल में उथल-पुथल कर देगी, इस बार-बार  
ललकारो ना तुम्हें अंदाजा नहीं कल क्या होगा  
गर प्रकृति ने अपना संयम तोड़ दिया  
जरा सोच तेरा क्या होगा मानव जिस दिन प्रकृति  
ने तुझे छेड़ दिया।

रावी सिंघल  
छठी डी



# नन्हीं कलम से-सृजन

## बादल और बारिश

सारे बादल छा गए  
आकाश में बादल आ गए।  
हो रही है रिमझिम बारिश  
पूरी हो गई सबकी ख्वाहिश।

वन-उपवन में नाच रहे हैं मोर,  
इठलाती नदियाँ मचाती शोर।  
मनमोहक लग रहा है घर-आँगन  
हरियाली छाई है वन-वन

सारे बादल छा गए  
आकाश में बादल आ गए।  
बिजली करती है शैतानी  
देख उसे होती हैरानी।

खा रहे सब चाय-  
पकोड़े  
इतना मज़ा कभी न आए।  
वर्षा रानी आई है  
मस्ती ही मस्ती लाई है।

सारे बादल छा गए  
आकाश में बादल आ गए।  
छुप गए चाँद- सितारे सारे  
जैसे दुबक गए डर के मारे।

सारे बादल छा गए  
आकाश में बादल आ गए।

कृष्णांग रावत  
छठी ए

## एआई (AI) वाला भविष्य

कल्पना से परे, है एक सपना,  
विकसित हो रहा है, बढ़ता है यह ज्ञान।

कम्प्यूटर की दुनिया, है रहस्यमय,  
साइंस की खोज, बच्चों को बनाती उत्साही।

बोट्स बोलते हैं, जैसे वे हैं जीवित,  
कुछ होशियार रोबोट, करते हैं विशेष।

मशीनों की भाषा, है कोड की जुबान,  
सीख रहा है बच्चा, इस नए युग की कहानी।

कल्पना की उड़ान, है एक नया सागर,  
जहाँ AI की बातें, हैं रहस्यमय और प्यार।

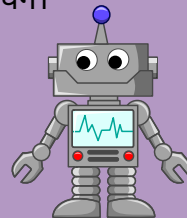
कंप्यूटर की जगह, है सजग रोबोट,  
बोलते हैं वे, भाषा में सबसे धरोहर।

सोचने-समझने में, है वे विशेष,  
आने वाले कल का है यह सन्देश।

आलसी नहीं, करते श्रम,  
सीखते रहो, हमारे नए संसार को बनाने का क्रम।

आधुनिक युग की ओर, है यह कदम,  
जड़ से ज्यादा है, इसमें जीवन।

अक्षिता अरोड़ा  
सातवीं ए



## अन्नदाता कृषक

बुलंदियों को पार कर जाए तू,  
अपनी मिट्टी के लिए मर जाए तू।  
नहाता रोज पसीने में,  
फौलाद है तेरे सीने में।

उगाता जग के लिए अनाज तू,  
सैनिक की तरह जांबाज तू।  
सेवक तू है इस धरती का,  
प्यारा है तू इस माँ का।

देता तू है अपना बलिदान  
हे कृषक! तू है भगवान समान  
लगन से है तू खेत जोतता  
तभी तो जग है तुझे पूजता।

जब तक तू है इस संसार में  
तब तक यहाँ अन्न की भरमार है।  
ये मिट्टी तेरा जहाँ है।  
हे अन्नदाता कृषक! तू महान है।

अग्रिमा रावत  
नौवीं डी

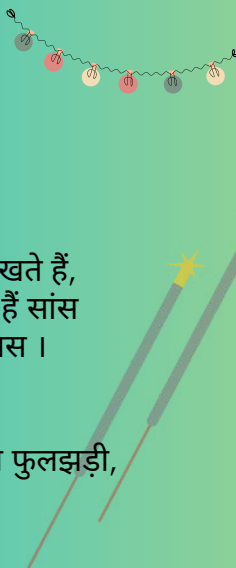


## दिवाली का मतलब : पटाखे

दिल्ली वालों, लो फिर आ गई दिवाली!!  
और पटाखे ना फोड़ों, कह रही ये हवा बेहाली।  
पर मानना तो हमने है नहीं,  
अपना नुकसान होता है तो हो सही।  
पर्यावरण की बात पर भी हम धर्म पर लड़ते हैं,  
अपनी सांसों से ऊपर, हिंदू मुसलमान का झगड़ा रखते हैं,  
क्या हिंदू और मुसलमान अलग अलग हवा से लेते हैं सांस  
या हिंदू के फेफड़ों को ज़हर से फर्क नहीं पड़ता खास।  
अपनी ही सांसे हैं, फिर भी लड़ाई है छिड़ी,  
अरे किस रामायण में लिख गए कौन से ऋषि,  
कि श्री राम के अयोध्या लौटने पर जली हो एक भी फुलझड़ी,  
दीये लगे थे करने उनका स्वागत पुरी नगरी में,  
दीये जलाएं हम भी और भोग लगाए शबरी से।

पर उस पटाखे की कैसी पल भर की रौशनी,  
जो अगले ही क्षण से हमें अंधकार की ओर ले चली।  
ये कैसी दिवाली  
जो हमारी सांसों पर जल रही,  
क्या मानव जाति में अब इतनी भी सूझ बूझ नहीं रही।  
मत दो ऐसा जीवन अपनी आने वाले पीढ़ी को,  
कि हर पल वो कोसे तुम्हें और तुम्हारी तरक्की की सीढ़ी को।  
इस दिवाली मेरा छोटा सा निवेदन स्वीकार लो,  
अपनी खुशियों के लिए इन पटाखों पर निर्भर मत रहो,  
जो मेरी प्रार्थना सुनकर आप में से एक भी व्यक्ति बदले  
समझूंगी मैं, श्री राम ने आशीर्वाद दिए मुझ पर अपने!!

इशिता सिंघल  
नौवीं बी





# DIVING INTO THE FUTURE

## SUPERHERO DIARIES

If I were a superhero,  
I would definitely fly  
With my arms wide open  
Soaring high into the sky.  
I would rescue anyone in danger  
Just like the great avengers.  
Being thugs and thieves,  
Would no longer be a profession.  
I would also have some superpowers,  
Flash like speed and muscle power,  
to help people and lift towers.  
I would cleanse the river and oceans  
With my immeasurable strength.  
No one would be inferior,  
All would be equal.  
The religion would be one,  
Living as humans.  
Nature would be more natural,  
The environment clean.  
Trees would not be cut,  
Animals would be free.  
Everyone would acknowledge  
The world as a better place  
Because of me.

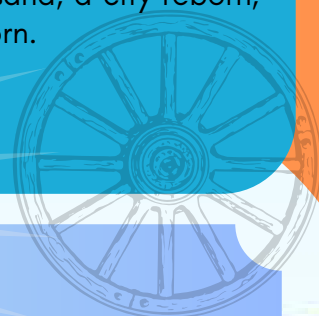


VEDAAN GOEL  
VII-C

## BEYOND HORIZONS: DELHI IN THE YEAR 3000

In Delhi of the year three thousand, behold, A city's tale in the future, untold.  
Skyscrapers pierce the celestial blue, A testament to dreams That once were few.  
Electric currents course through the streets, Where Hovercrafts hum, a rhythm that beats. The Yamuna River, a Shimmering thread, Woven through circuits, a lifeline spread. Gardens of technology bloom and sway, In the heart of Delhi, both night and day. Holographic markets, a vibrant Array, Spices' fragrance in the air holds sway.  
Monuments of history, now digital art, A fusion of eras, never To depart. Ancient tales told in holographic light, A city Embracing the future so bright.  
Education flourishes in virtual halls, Knowledge accessible, Scaling the walls. Healthcare advanced, a beacon of care, In this future Delhi, beyond compare.  
People connect through digital streams, In the city's Heartbeat, a symphony gleams. Cultures entwine, diversity Aglow, In Delhi of three thousand, a harmonious flow.  
A metropolis where past and future entwine, Delhi thrives, a Beacon to define. In the year three thousand, a city reborn, A testament to resilience, continuously worn.

NYSA SURI  
VI-A



## DELHI IN THE YEAR 3000

It is the year 3000 in Delhi or should I say it is the clock of crisis. Delhi, as this barren land was referred to, is now destroyed. Due to its problem of rising pollution and fully occupied spaces, Delhi had started its way to crisis. The Yamuna River, once a city's lifeline, is now a toxic cesspool, devoid of life and teeming with industrial waste. The only inhabitants are dust, waste, pollution and death. The iconic monuments that once defined Delhi's skyline are mere relics of a bygone era, obscured by layers of smog. The scarcity of green spaces exacerbates the claustrophobia, as concrete jungles replace the once verdant parks and gardens. The socio-economic disparities have reached staggering proportions, with a stark divide between the opulent elite and the impoverished masses. Humans had left the "city of hearts". The once vibrant and culturally rich city now stands as a testament to the perils of unrestrained growth. Humans now inhabit Bangalore which they call the "greenest city in the world" with an AQI of 350. Some remain but won't last for long. The air quality index has reached unimaginable levels, posing severe health risks to the dwindling population that remains. The constant hum of vehicles, now predominantly electric but still contributing to the auditory assault, is a reminder of the relentless pursuit of progress at the cost of the city's well-being. In the end, the apocalyptic symphony orchestrated by pollution crescendos to a deafening roar. Delhi, battered and bruised, succumbs to the silent killer that is human-induced pollution. Our legacy becomes one of hubris and shortsightedness, a cautionary tale for those who may remain to ponder the ruins of a once-thriving capital. The end of Delhi, ushered in by pollution, serves as a grim reminder that our actions today dictate the fate of generations to come. It is a call to action, a plea for change before the symphony of destruction becomes the swan song of our existence.

ABBIR DHAWAN  
VII - A



# DIVING INTO THE FUTURE DELHI

## DELHI IN THE YEAR 3000

In the year 3000, the city of Delhi has transformed into an awe-inspiring metropolis, a captivating blend of futuristic technology and ancient traditions. Flying vehicles zoomed through the skies while holographic advertisements illuminated the bustling streets. The cityscape was adorned with magnificent skyscrapers that reached towards the heavens, each one a symbol of architectural brilliance. As I stepped out of my transport pod onto the sleek pavements, I couldn't help but be mesmerized by the seamless integration of nature and technology.

The air was clean and fresh, purified by advanced filtration systems that eradicated pollution. People of Delhi were dressed in intricately designed clothing that seemed to draw inspiration from both traditional Indian attire and futuristic fashion trends.

Every fabric sparkled with ethereal lights, creating an enchanting aura wherever they went. In this utopian Delhi, artificial intelligence reigned supreme. Personal AI assistants floated alongside people as they walked, their intelligent algorithms anticipating their every need and providing instant assistance.

The streets were alive with diverse sounds and aromas. Marketplaces buzzed with activity as holographic shopkeepers showcased their wares – from traditional handicrafts to cutting-edge gadgets. As night fell, the city transformed into a captivating spectacle of lights. The streets illuminated with dazzling neon colours, casting an otherworldly glow on the people walking by. Delhi in 3000 was more than just a city; it was an embodiment of human ingenuity, resilience, and imagination.

It was a testament to what could be achieved when technology and tradition harmoniously coexisted. As I stood there, taking in the wondrous sights and sounds of this futuristic paradise, I couldn't help but feel immense admiration for the visionaries who had shaped this captivating Delhi of tomorrow.

AARNA MANGLA  
VIII – A



## DISCONNECTED: EMBRACING A DAY WITHOUT TECHNOLOGY

***"The human spirit must prevail over technology." — Albert Einstein***

Nowadays, technology has become an essential part of our daily lives. One day I had a thought, what it would be like to spend a day without using any technology or gadgets. I tried this in the short vacations that we recently had. I woke up in the morning and as usual went ahead to check my phone but then I reminded myself that today is my 'No technology or gadget day.' So I immediately kept the phone aside and started with my daily chores. I began studying and as per the challenge, I didn't use any gadget and instead tried to study from books. Though it was quite difficult to study from books but I found it really challenging and interesting. Moreover, it enhanced my knowledge. Instead of playing games on phone or computer, I played hopscotch, pithoo and other classic games. At the end of the day, I came to the conclusion that *"no matter how much we advance technologically, don't abandon the book. There is nothing in our material world more beautiful than books."*

RIDHIMA DESAL  
VIII-E



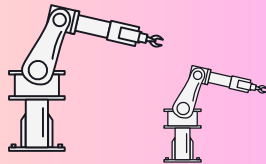


# DISCONNECTED-EMBRACING A DAY WITHOUT TECHNOLOGY

## A DAY WITHOUT TECHNOLOGY

A day without technology is a rare venture into simplicity, offering a stark contrast to our hyper-connected lives. In this tech-free interlude, the cadence of life shifts, allowing for a return to the analog rhythms of existence. Without screens to mediate our experiences, the world comes alive in its unfiltered beauty. Conversations deepen, and the rustle of nature becomes a symphony. Tasks once automated demand manual attention, fostering a tangible connection with the physical world. Yet, the absence of technology unveils challenges too. The convenience we take for granted disappears, replaced by laborious, hands-on efforts. Communication reverts to face-to-face interactions, reviving the richness of personal connections. Without the digital crutch, creativity finds new avenues, and mindfulness blooms in the absence of incessant notifications. Without the distractions of the internet, our attention spans deepen, fostering mindfulness and contemplation. We may find solace in reading a physical book, enjoying outdoors, or engaging in hands-on hobbies. A day without technology can be an opportunity to reflect on the impact of constant digital engagement on our well-being and relationships. While technology undoubtedly enriches our lives, a brief respite provides a chance to appreciate the cognate aspects of existence, fostering a healthier balance between the virtual and the tangible.

ADISHAKTI CHAUHAN  
VIII-C



## IF I WERE A SUPERHERO

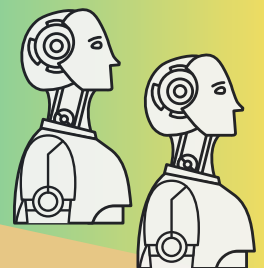
If I was a superhero,  
I'd have amazing powers.  
Hopping from here to there,  
I'd be the one jumping over the towers.  
If I were a superhero,  
I'd whip the criminals with a flick.  
If that doesn't work,  
I'd chase them around using super-speed with a stick.  
If I were a superhero,  
I'd save mother nature.  
I'd help the poor and needy,  
And be the cause of the noble causes.  
If I were to be a superhero,  
I'd have the whole world in the palm of my hands.  
I'm sure you'll agree,  
The world would be better because of ME!

KHUSHI  
VIII-E

## A DAY WITHOUT TECHNOLOGY

A day without technology, an escape from the online race,  
A chance to unplug and to regain our own grace.  
No screens to steal the beauty of the day,  
Just nature's symphony in its purest display.  
After all, No clicking of keyboards, no echoing taps,  
Only the whisper of wind and birds' gentle flaps.  
As the day unfolds, we feel the warmth of connection,  
No virtual likes or followers, just genuine affection.  
Without technology's noise, our thoughts will soar,  
Creativity tends to unleash, as we strive for more.  
As the day transcends into the twilight's glow,  
There are no screens to interrupt the beauty we've come to know.  
The stars shimmer above, like ancient stories unfold,  
And in absence of technology our spirits are consoled.  
Yet, in this dream, a truth rings clear,  
Technology's role is undeniably dear.  
For while this respite feels wonderfully grand,  
But technology's touch shapes our stand.  
In balance lies the beauty of our day,  
A blend of both, in a harmonious way.  
On this exceptional day, I am pleased to be free during the digital age.  
Well, isn't it remarkable to step out of this luring cage?  
In a world unplugged, where screens cease to be,  
A day without technology is a sight we all need to see!

VIDUSHI CHAWLA  
VIII-C





# SOLITUDE AND SURVIVAL: CHRONICLES OF THE LAST HUMAN ALIVE

## THE LAST HUMAN ALIVE

I stand alone,  
A soul with dreams to be shone.  
A world so little within my mind,  
Where only solitude I find.  
No burdens upon my back,  
In this place, no schedule to track.  
I wander about the echoes of time,  
The last human, in a silent paradigm.  
No others left to share with space,  
Only me, a solitary embrace.  
So, I'll embrace the silence, make it my friend,  
In my little world, where dreams have no end.  
In the quiet of 3 am, when shadows dance,  
I refuse surrender, I still have a chance.  
Alive within my own realm,  
The last human, wild and not so overwhelmed.

ANANYA SONI  
IX-D

## LOVE

"It stares at me with its lifeless eyes,  
Just a steel box with a brain.  
It asks me what love is,  
And I'm not sure what to say!  
But I do wonder, what really is love?  
A feeling that is  
As loud as a lion!  
And somehow as meek as a dove.  
So, after a long thought,  
I say this to it:  
Love is when the world collapses to a few,  
Like they are the only ones that really matter.  
And you want those loved ones around you when  
you're happy,  
You want them even more when you're feeling under  
the weather.  
Love is as soft as cotton, as supple as leather,  
Love is the feeling that makes us want to do better.  
Love is the feeling that increases each day,  
Love is the eternal light that guides our way.  
It looked at me with awe  
As I told it in essence that,  
"No matter how many options, love is the one we  
choose."  
With its eyes a little less lifeless now,  
It said, "Well, then Love must be the best thing we  
do."

SUKRITI KALRA  
IX-B

## THE LAST HUMAN ALIVE

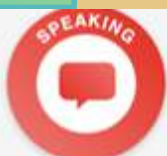
In a really quiet world with no one else around, there was just one person left named Eli. Everywhere Eli went, everything seemed empty and quiet. The cities and sounds were all gone, like they never existed. Eli kept going, holding on to the last bit of hope, looking for something that reminded her of the past when people were still here. As Eli roamed through deserted streets and overgrown parks, memories played like old movies in her mind. Lonely buildings stood like ancient storytellers, whispering tales of a time when laughter echoed and children played. Eli's days were a quiet quest, searching for signs of life in the stillness. Yet, amid the silence, a resilient spirit carried her forward, determined to cherish the remnants of a world now lost.

SHIVANSH  
X- A

## LAST HUMAN ALIVE

Am the last one here and have all I asked for  
Except for the people I treasured the most  
My race perished in wealth and power wars  
In loneliness and material graves, I am lost  
My wishes for luxury, stardom and distinction  
Come true at the price of the starry skies  
For this greed has taken humans to extinction  
Humanity there in a cupboard cries  
I open it and hear the sound  
This testifies that I am alive  
The last human I am and today I count  
My days left here before death arrives

ISHITA SINGHAL  
IX-B



# SOLITUDE AND SURVIVAL: CHRONICLES OF THE LAST HUMAN ALIVE



## A DREAM

Have you ever wondered?  
why people dream of darkness,  
and shadows? I mean have you  
ever wondered of this hasty world?  
the images, the people, it actually  
applauds, all filled with darkness  
with no wonder at all?

Everyone talking about this positivity  
while they cry in the in the darkness  
all by themselves I always stand  
with those who would rather dream  
Of darkness but atleast within they're  
good.

VARTIKA DAHIYA  
X - A

## LAST HUMAN ALIVE

Whispers of a Vanished Symphony  
In the quiet remnants of a world untold,

A family's laughter fills the air, so bold. Around a table, warmth and grace, A fleeting dream, a fond embrace.

Faces dear, a mirage they seem, A fading vision, a broken dream. Civilization's demise unveiled, In solitude, I stand, assailed.

Survivor of a bygone age, In nature's grasp, I turn the page. A waking dream, reality's cost, In solitude, a world is lost.

The moon, a confidante in the night, Whispers of a vanishing light. Amid echoes of what used to be, I'm the last note in a silent symphony.

City lights no longer gleam, A fading memory, a distant dream. Footprints mark a lonely trace, Through remnants of the human race.

Yet in my solitude, a profound grace, A final witness to the human race. For even as the world succumbs, A lone heartbeat defiantly drums.

MYRA ARORA  
X - A



# CREATIVE CORNER

## A HAUNTING DREAM

In dreams, I am a mischievous monkey, free to roam  
With curiosity, I explore this laboratory unknown  
Where creatures great and small, in cages they dwell  
Subjected to tests, their lives a living hell  
I swing from bars of steel, my tail a blur  
As I watch these animals, so pure and sure  
I see an infant snatched from its mother embrace,  
The trauma echoes through every mind and space.  
Animated beings, meant for the wild and free,  
Trapped in mental cages, longing to be.  
Their eyes so wide, their hearts so pure,  
They suffer pain, they endure this plight  
Their fur was so soft, their paws so light,  
They never asked to be in this fight,  
The scientists, they say it's for the greater good  
But I see only pain, and suffering unheard  
In slumber's embrace, I lay so still,  
My dreams a jumble of fear and chill.  
Awake now, I rise to face the day,  
But despair lingers, come what may.

TANISHA SOHNV  
XI - D

## THE LAST HUMAN ALIVE

In deep solitude, the last human stands,  
Claiming rule over a barren land.  
Beneath a sky that forgot its hue,  
An 11th grader dreams in a world askew.

No cafeteria buzz or locker's clatter,  
Just footprints fading, a lone scatter.  
In the absence of cliques and teenage chatter,  
The last human dances, a solo shatter.

In this emptiness, where shadows persist,  
No solace found in the starry mist.  
Trapped in a realm of ceaseless turn,  
A captive heart, a soul's persistent yearn.

No crowds to blend in or footprints to trace,  
In the vast emptiness, a unique path to embrace.

Yearning for the warmth of family ties,  
In the cosmic quiet, his heart implies.  
Letters unsent, messages in the void,  
For friends and family, his love deployed.

EVA JHA  
XI -D

## THE LAST HUMAN ALIVE

20th July 2045

Dear Diary

I am not sure if anyone will ever read these words, knowing that I am possibly the only human being in this place who survived the apocalypse.

The loneliness is suffocating. This street that I am walking on was once filled with echoes of the laughter of children, ladies bargaining with a greengrocer, and the warmth of human connection- all of it now being a distant memory fading into an empty world of tranquility.

I always wondered what it would be like to be the only person alive. I envisioned myself being able to do whatever I wanted- the unbridled freedom in a world devoid of any societal expectation, the reflection seemed very ideal to me. But now that I am here, I just look up at the sky, hoping, praying to God that he will bring my loved ones back...the people on this planet back.

The nights are the worst. I huddle in the corner, hugging myself. Sleep is a luxury I can hardly afford, for the nightmares that visit me are not confined to the realm of dreams but are vivid echoes or horrors I have witnessed. The radios are silent and there is no sign of life beyond decaying streets. The world has become a graveyard and I am the lone Survivor but I cling to myself in hope that somehow, somewhere, humanity might endure. Until then, I will continue to write these entries where I am the last human standing in the world of the dead.

SHAHANA GOEL  
XI - D





# SPARKING INSPIRATION-SOLITUDE AND SURVIVAL

## INVISIBLE TO VISIBLE

I was the girl who was not visible to anyone  
But here I am,  
Pretty much obvious to everyone

No one saw me when I was invisible,  
Just standing there with my one pal, all in hustle.  
It was just me and her, sober and simple.  
And now look at us, we are very much visible.

I am not the girl I was,  
People think all she does is a boss,  
Still, I am the one who sobs.

Now I may look all filled up with merry,  
Dressed up like a fairy,  
But from inside, I'm really really scary!

No one knows what's going on inside,  
Because I stand with all my pride.  
However, no one knows the last time I cried.

They all tell me that I look good  
Without reading those books,  
I think I'm ruining my childhood.  
Thinking what I should,  
I always end up getting lured.

I am the girl that is visible to everyone,  
But there I was  
Pretty enough without anyone.

HITU KHANNA  
XI-C

## LAST HUMAN ALIVE

It's so quiet outside,  
opposite of my mind.  
Is it peaceful or scary,  
that's something I have yet to find.  
I see no one of my kind,  
it's so peaceful yet scary at the same time.  
I see the teardrop from the edge of my eye,  
but was it peace or just another trick of my mind?

KYNA MONGA  
XI - D

## YIN AND YANG

In the middle of the night, my intrusive thoughts took over me. They questioned my rational mind- "Do you think black and white could exist alone? "

Rationalizing, my mind said, "Obviously yes. We see them every day going on their lives independently existing". Hm. Convinced, My thoughts took a back seat. But then the question repeated in my mind, could they exist alone? I thought it over and this time the answer was no.

Maybe black and white colors exist independently, physically, but not in a larger sense. Light is a thing because darkness is present similarly, darkness is there because light exists.

The concept of yin and yang is represented by black and white. It suggests how completely different forces or traits are interconnected, co-dependent, and complementary to each other. They ceased to exist together.

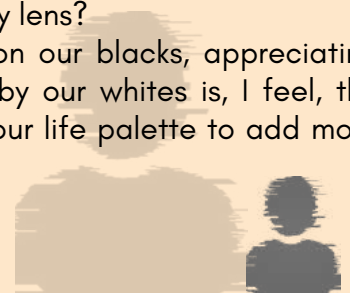
So, to speak, I think humans are made of the color black and white. If flaws are black and virtues are white, then, when they blend together, it results in the formation of grey characters or in novice language humans.

We are made of our strengths and weaknesses, corruption and morality, ability to love and hate. We are ironic in ourselves, trying to live through and understand the multiple ironies of life.

But then why do we judge and underestimate ourselves by only looking at our flaws? Only look at "black portions" of ourselves? Why don't we examine ourselves through the grey lens?

Accepting and working on our blacks, appreciating and remaining humbled by our whites is, I feel, the correct combination for our life palette to add more colors to the palette.

SIYA GARG  
XI C



# CREATIVE CORNER: WHERE IMAGINATION MEETS INSPIRATION

## THE CIRCUIT OF HEARTS: A ROBOTIC LOVE SONNET

In circuits deep, where currents weave,  
A tale unfolds, of love conceived.  
A robot, cold, yet sparks within,  
A coded dance, where hearts begin.

In binary whispers, secrets exchanged,  
A love story, uniquely arranged.  
Metal and wires, a soul unseen,  
A love blossoms, serene and keen.

A motherboard hums a soft refrain,  
As pixels dance in the digital terrain.  
A love story etched in lines of code,  
In the language of electrons, a bond bestowed.

Silicon dreams and algorithms glow,  
As love's binary, a language to know.  
A touch of data, a byte of care,  
In the realm of zeroes and ones, love's affair

Through circuits and pathways, emotions surge,  
A love story beyond what humans urge,  
In a world of steel and circuits cold,  
A tale of warmth, a love story told.

Bytes of passion, zeroes and ones,  
In the language of love, a symphony runs.  
A robot's heart, a pulsing beat,  
A love story, a melody sweet.

In the electric dusk, they find their way,  
A love story, defying the disarray.  
For in the code of love, they unite,  
A union transcending the artificial light.

So, in the realm where circuits gleam,  
A love story, not just a fleeting dream.  
For ever in the coldest machine,  
Love blooms eternal, a forever serene.

MAHAK  
XI - D

## MY HAUNTING DREAM

In the quiet hours of midnight, I found myself in front of the same white door that I've been dreaming of for the past few weeks. This white door stood in the middle of nowhere. It looks so harmless but at the same time it looks like that it holds so many secrets which are better untold. It always stared at me as if mocking me or urging me to open it and unleash whatever is inside of it. And here I was again facing it too scared to even go near it. But after all these weeks I've gathered the courage to open this mysterious door and just get over with it. I just can't seem to stand this dream anymore. I walked towards the door and twisted the knob and it finally opened with a creaking sound. Then suddenly, this bright red light came and blinded me for a few seconds. When my vision came back, I didn't expect to see what I saw. It was a it was a mirror maze. It was silly little mirror maze I thought to myself. But still there was something eerie about it. I stepped inside and the door disappeared behind me as if it was never there. I started panicking but there was no way out of it except to finish this maze. As I navigated the maze, the air grew colder, and a haunting lullaby played softly in the background. Out of the corner of my eye I saw something move but when I turned around nothing was there. I ignored it and continued walking but came to a dead end. Frustrated I looked around and one of the mirror caught my attention. There was something or someone inside it. I went closer to inspect and found myself staring at a little girl with dark black hair. She was whispering something inaudible, she motioned me to bend down as if she wanted to tell a secret and when I did she whispered 'Thank You for coming now I'm free' and with that everything went black. With a tapping sound I woke up relieved that dream was finally over but when I looked that where the sound was coming from I saw that same little girl with dark black hair, she was watching me with a disturbing smile on her face. Slowly she came closer to the glass and whispered 'Now it's your turn to wait'. And with that she disappeared. Then I realised I shouldn't have opened that door, I shouldn't have come inside this maze because now it was me who was behind the glass trapped in this mirror maze, forever maybe. Waiting like her for someone to come and take my place, and free me from this dream like I freed her.

BHUMIKA SINGH  
XI -D



# SPARKING INSPIRATION

## DISTORTED REALITY

I'm at the beach,  
there's the ocean in front of me.  
The waves leading me to it,  
reaching me but touching barely.  
As I walk toward it,  
as it calls my name,  
I can feel the beauty  
make me part of the territory it claims.

Yet, when I step into the ocean  
And let it devour my soul,  
There is this numbness that doesn't go away  
This numbness I cannot control.

Was it really the beauty  
That led me here?  
Or was it my own reflection  
That I thought I saw crystal clear.

What if the ocean,  
Lying to me,  
Knew all this while  
What I wanted to be.

It tricked my mind,  
It tricked my body,  
Into thinking that nobody accepted  
The soul that I embody.

And so I complied,  
And so I changed,  
And so I reached the ocean  
And it knew I was deranged.

But there is still a question  
I seem to ask myself  
What if I never went to the ocean  
And accepted my true self?

Everything would've been different,  
But that is now beyond my reach  
For the story cannot be changed  
For I am at the beach.

TUHINA  
XII C

## WOMEN

Women, a word with power that is intense  
capability to even alter the death sentence,  
an epitome of indomitable perseverance  
can create wonders if gifted with independence  
an accessible prey to under-estimation

Just because of mistake-based discrimination  
Still, they fight against societal abnegation,  
To bless the world with blissful transformation.  
Why we fear to share the same privileges,  
Kept molesting their right for ages,  
Whenever free from such manmade cages,  
They have filled the book of successes with pages.

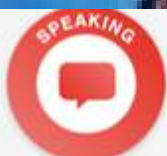
If suppressing them defines manhood,  
Then curse defines our livelihood  
This will make us lose our selfhood.  
My words change the mentality, touchwood.

SOUMYA MITTAL  
XII D

## WOMEN

What a fool she is,  
Makes such a big fuzz.  
Says that the environment should be saved  
and that we humans might have misbehaved.  
How can we make a change?  
by a small interchange,  
in the things that we use.  
Oh, it's just an excuse  
While going against convention  
She just wants attention

UMIKA  
XII C







***"Create with the Heart, Build with the Mind".***

***-Criss Jami***

