



Creative Journal

2021-22

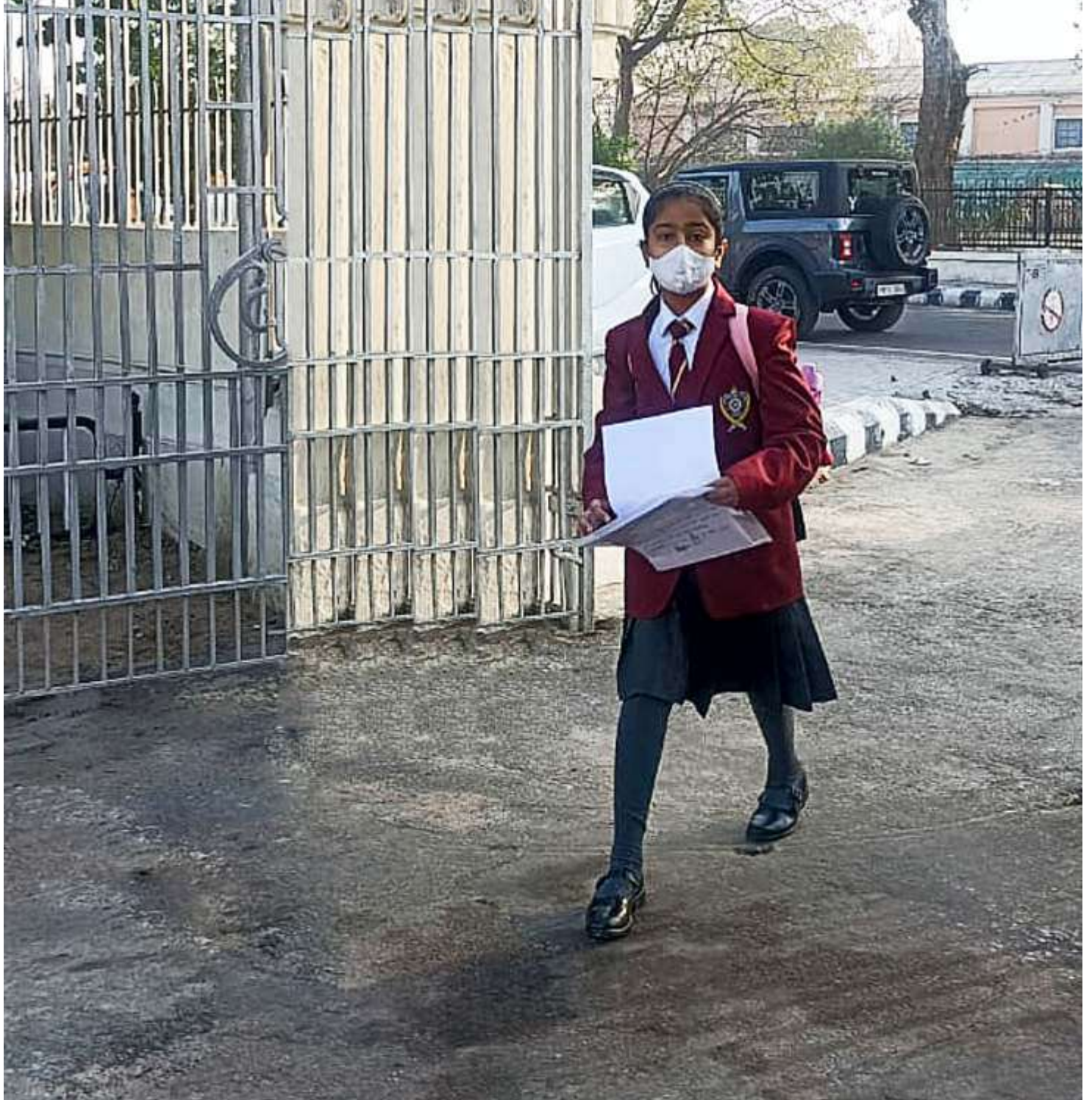


Yadavindra Public School, Patiala



'OPEN SESAME' -

Schools Re-Open !!!





Editorial Board



Hinam Walia



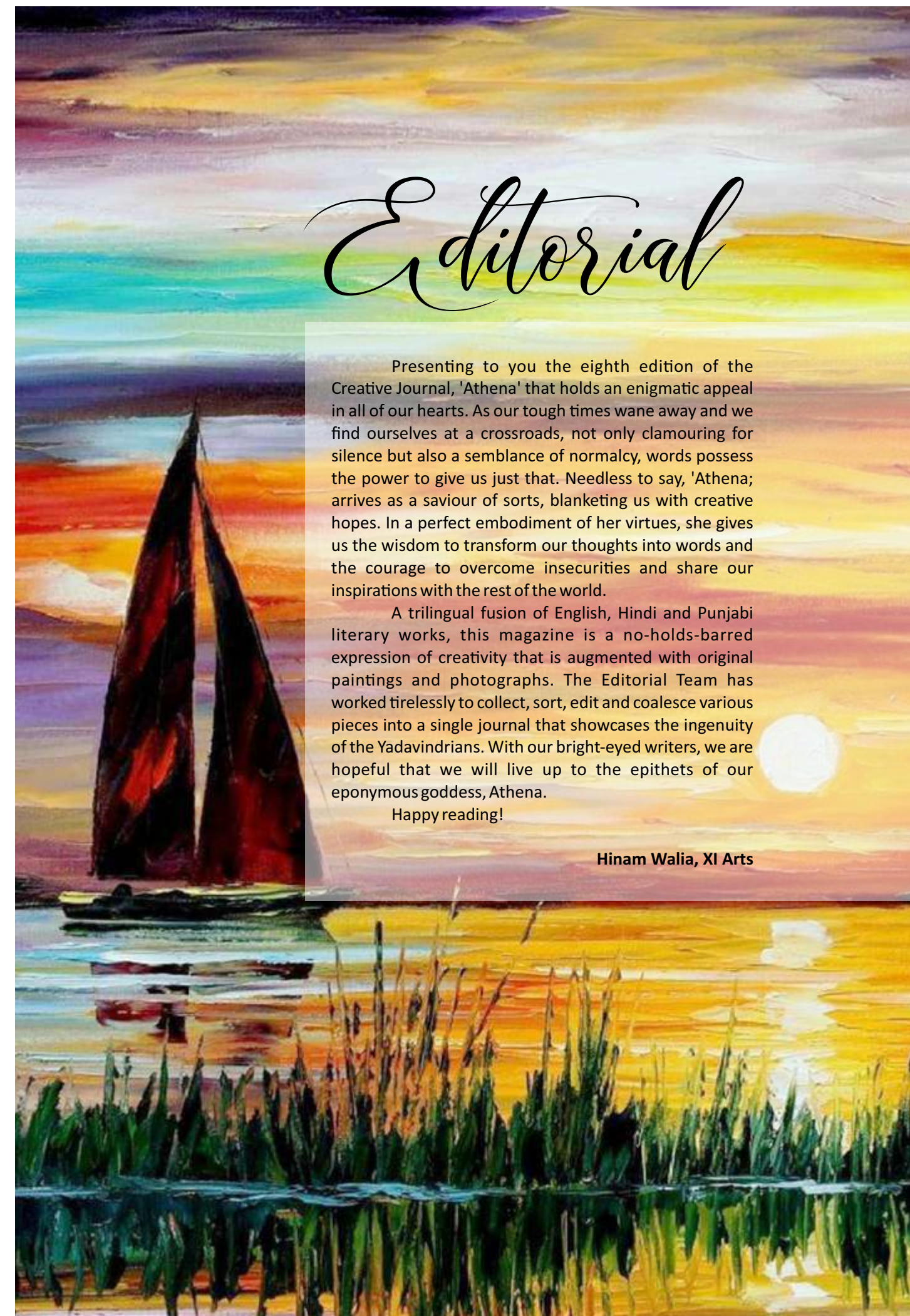
Eekisha Ahluwalia



Divyam Bansal



Renee Dhadli



Editorial

Presenting to you the eighth edition of the Creative Journal, 'Athena' that holds an enigmatic appeal in all of our hearts. As our tough times wane away and we find ourselves at a crossroads, not only clamouring for silence but also a semblance of normalcy, words possess the power to give us just that. Needless to say, 'Athena' arrives as a saviour of sorts, blanketing us with creative hopes. In a perfect embodiment of her virtues, she gives us the wisdom to transform our thoughts into words and the courage to overcome insecurities and share our inspirations with the rest of the world.

A trilingual fusion of English, Hindi and Punjabi literary works, this magazine is a no-holds-barred expression of creativity that is augmented with original paintings and photographs. The Editorial Team has worked tirelessly to collect, sort, edit and coalesce various pieces into a single journal that showcases the ingenuity of the Yadavindrians. With our bright-eyed writers, we are hopeful that we will live up to the epithets of our eponymous goddess, Athena.

Happy reading!

Hinam Walia, XI Arts

"PANDEMIC TO PANACEA"

THE COMPLETE STORY... IN PICTURES

By Udayveer Singh Shergill XI-Science

It all begins in Wuhan....



People start getting sick in large numbers...



It spreads to the whole world..



Lives are lost...



NEWS
MAJOR NATIONS GOING INTO LOCKDOWN, THE REST OF THE WORLD TO SOON FOLLOW.



The city streets go empty. An eerie silence falls where the blaring noises of the traffic would once be.



Schools begin online....



And so do most jobs..



NEWS

LOCKDOWNS TO EASE UP AS WORLD SLOWLY REOPENS WITH NEW RULES AND PRECAUTIONS.



We persist....



We work to develop a cure...



...A Panacea found!



And through the pain and misery, we blossomed into a new beginning!!!



THE POST COVID SCHOOL!

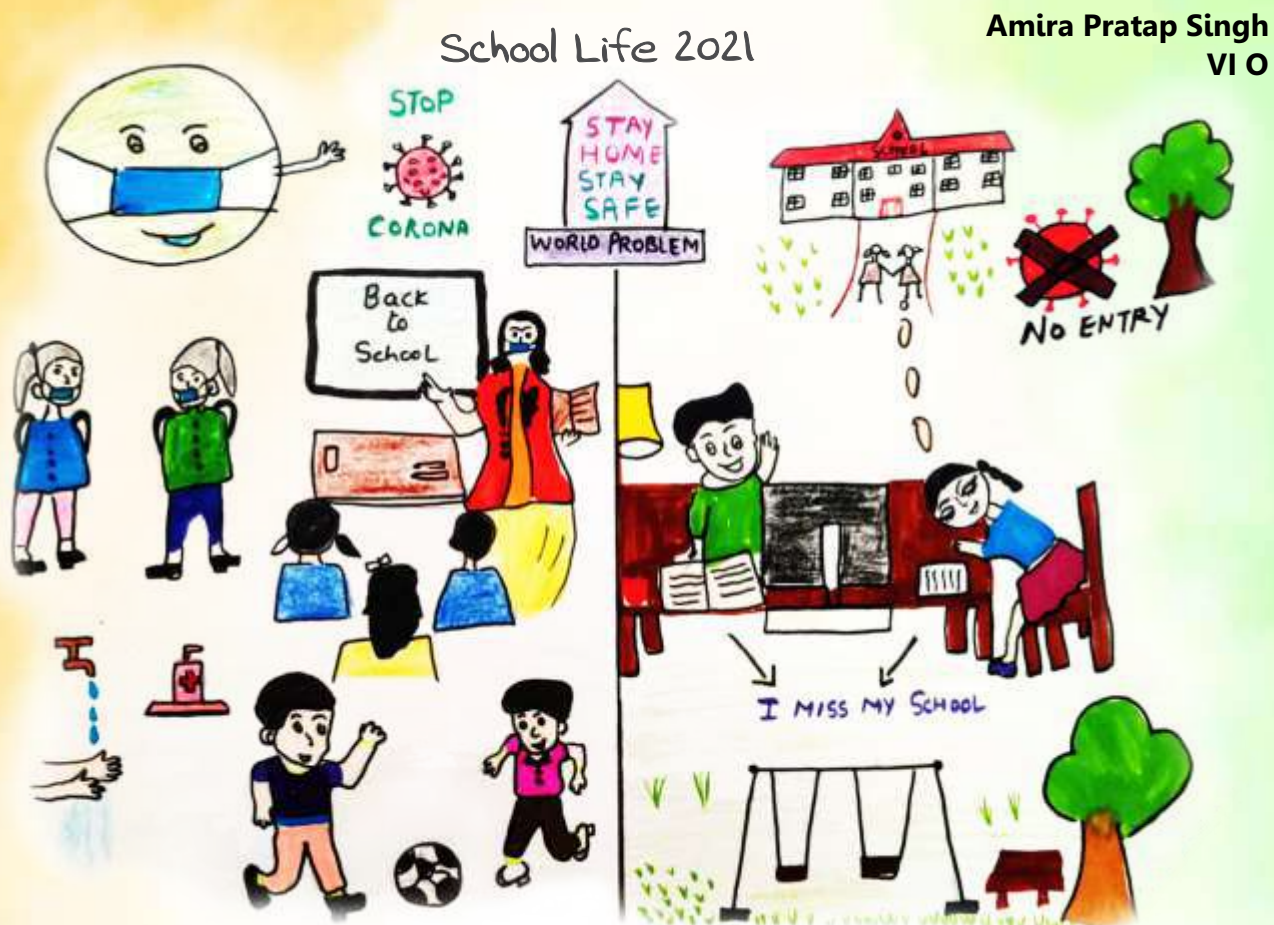
*School bell is ringing, loud and clear
COVID is over, offline schools are here!*

Twenty first century shall have a lot of challenges is what I often heard being mentioned in both school and home but I would actually be a part of that global calamity was not really expected by me. March 2020 started a period of our life which we shall talk about forever. The conventional school closed due to the mysterious COVID 19 and suddenly everything was online. I shall not lie that I really missed school at first. I am rated as a good student by all my teachers yet the luxury of an air conditioned room was tempting too. Well, a time did come when boredom set in even in the luxurious schedule and I really started missing my old school routine.

It was almost after two years that we heard that the schools were reopening. By this time, even the parents had begun to lose their patience. They were always finding an excuse to nag and scold. I was extremely excited as I felt that my wish had been granted. The day I (and I am sure, all my friends and, in fact, all the children of the world) had been waiting for had finally arrived! What a wonderful, and great news it was! I run short of words to describe my feelings. It was so nostalgic.

As I entered my classroom, I had the same familiar feeling. I sat on the same desk and revived the same old quarrel with my bestie for my favorite window seat. Believe me, I even got the same cold stare from my Maths teacher when I was caught disturbing the others.

Though the schools have reopened and everything seems to be getting back to normal, one regret shall remain that the time I could have enjoyed in the junior school was spent at home. Post pandemic, I suddenly became a middle school student. I missed being the senior most in the junior school. Wish I could go back in time and do all those things that I have missed out on.



**A
HALF-VEILED
WORLD-**
Is it here to stay?

Everything in this universe exists outside of the binary. Nothing is completely black or white; there are shades of grey. It is in this grey area that we thrive, and this characteristic of the world is what fuels our irrepressible spirit of inquiry and our curiosity.

How did we get where we are today? How did we amass so much knowledge about the world, about human societies? Speaking of the origin of that very curiosity and spirit of inquiry that caused us to reach where we proudly stand today, what comes to light is that our world is half veiled. Half veiled in the sense that not everything lies concealed from human sight, but at the same time, not everything reveals itself to us. Human nature is an attribute of this feature. We are inquisitive animals, and we owe it to the fact that our world is half veiled.

It all started when the world's first civilization came into existence. Our curiosity, fueled by our desire to gain a deeper insight into the physical world, is what caused us to stockpile information and formulate theories and laws to support that information. The credit for the progress that we have made so far goes to the 'half veiled' feature of our world. What we learnt then was not hidden from us, but it did not show itself to us either. We realized that everything lay within our reach, but we had to put our powers of thinking into play in order to encounter success.

Not only has this feature given birth to curiosity, but has also powered creative thinking. Now, none of us can be called liars since we do not indulge in the practice of weaving fairytales, but simply hide facts. We cannot be questioned on our statements since they can be up to the listener's interpretation. A classic example of this would be the famed Shakespearean play, 'The Merchant of Venice', in which Portia's wit prolongs Shylock's desire to avenge himself, and turns the tide in Antonio's favour. This example is a testament to the fact that we have embraced ambiguity, accepted the fact that not everything is black or white, and have begun to get creative with our approach to everything.

The 'half veiled' characteristic of the world, in conclusion, has affected our lives to such a great degree, that we can now call it 'a way of living.'

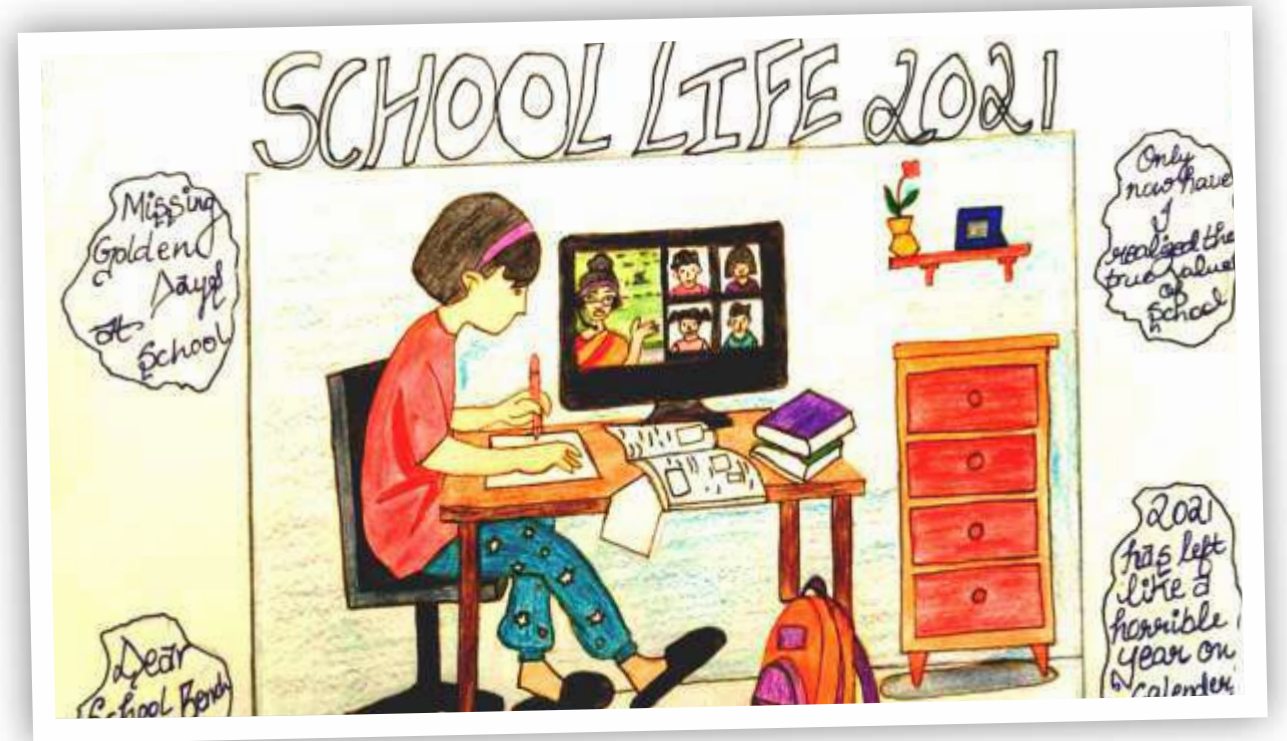
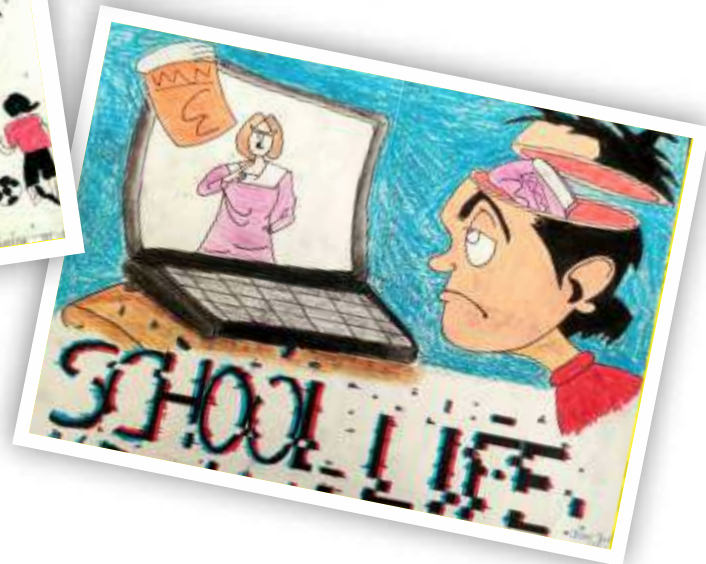
**Mallik Arjun Ahluwalia
IX E**

SCHOOL LIFE-

Fun, Frolic and Friends!



Paintings drawn by Middle School students on the joy of returning to school!



STILL TO START!

*Five school activities that are still to start
And we look forward to....*

Though the schools have reopened and most of the school activities stand resumed, there are still some events that are yet to commence and we are eagerly looking forward to them. A sneak peep into these shall suggest their importance -



1. **TREKKING** - An annual activity which is filled with thrill, fun, excitement, adventure, and most importantly, learning-learning to live in companionship and camaraderie with friends and in not-so-familiar circumstances in the lap of nature. This we surely look forward to resuming in the future.
2. **SPORTS DAY**- What a festival the Annual Sports Day has been (and hopefully will be so again this year!). The day celebrates the successes in the field of sports with other attractions such as the march past, physical drills such as aerobics and gymnastics, and yes, not to forget, the grand OY reunions!
3. **ACADEMIC DAY** - Although, the Academic Day has been conducted successfully online in the last two years, we yearn for the Academic Day held offline in the new auditorium. The presence of all the children, their parents and other dignitaries lends a special aura to the function. Hopefully, we will have it solemnized this year!

4. **THE HOUSE NIGHTS & THE JUNIOR SCHOOL CONCERT** Of course, how can one forget the fun, jubilation and joy of these annual functions that we have been watching and been a part of all these years? Wishfully, we will see them return this year again!
5. **CROSS COUNTRY RACES** - Cross-country races have been real fun! The children arriving in the early morning hours in hordes to run for two to five, or even more, kilometres. Although, winning the race has been challenging, running and competing with friends has been equally joyful!

**Vaani Goyal
IX E**



'O' DIDO !'

O' Dido! Please wait no more,
For the rescuer of your dreams,
To whisk you away from this shore,
As untruthful though it seems.
A hundred broken dreams do pile
The backyard garden that you grow.

O' Dido! Look beneath the teary smile,
That bids farewell hiding your lonely woe.
Those endless walks you take by the sea,
With a forsaken willow in your hand,
"When will he come and set me free"
You say as you fall deeper into the sand.
Sunsets beam of another lovely sight,
But to you not another ending weary day,
Sunrise makes you hope for a journey bright,
Towards another sunshine, yet another beautiful bay.
As the stars drop down on a moonless night,
For your rescuer you do earnestly wish and pray.

O' Dido! You need no one that ends your story in plight,
For once let us make your tragic story sway.
You started off your journey by building a boat,
That led to meaningful existence and self-worth,
You remembered the willow as the carrier of faith that does float,
Against the dreary looming backdrop from death to rebirth and birth.

O' Dido! This time I say please wait no more,
Upon this isle-your eternal resting place and abode,
Find your power before you die and leave this shore,
Be your own rescuer-pave your own road.
For time will fly and we shall live,
In a world with a level playing field filled with self-respect,
Where you shall grow, bestow and give womankind
The blessing of independence that once was wrecked.

Erica Singh
XII Commerce



GAYA

The spirit of nature,
Joyful it though be,
Is curbed by a senseless evil,
Evil brought on by her cherished souls
Her sons and daughters.

Suffering from eternal pain,
The frivolous spirit lost her euthymia,
Her children ponder her resources,
Unknown to the pain they cause,
Blissful spirit,
Bound by chains of motherhood.

O Great Spirit Gaya,
I beseech thee, I worship thee
Cleanse the world of its evils,
Punish your children,
Return to your eternal euthymia,
Break your motherly bond.

O beautiful spirit,
As joyful as you may be,
Are curbed by throbbing evil,
Evil brought upon by your kin.

Steve Gupta
X O



The Flower

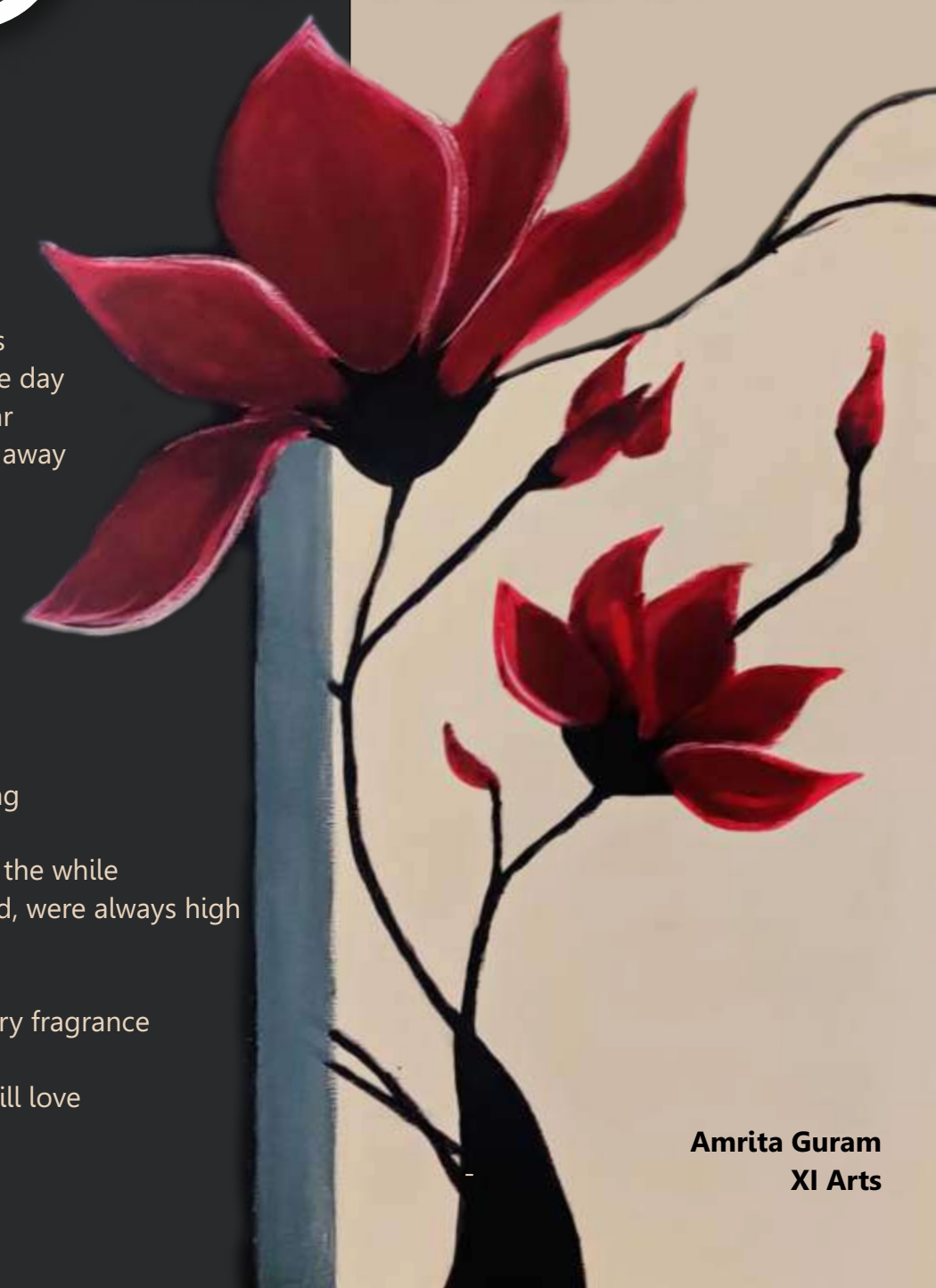
Smiling in every class
Laughing through the day
Not even a single tear
Could take her smile away

Kindness she spread
Soft but wild
Brave at heart
But a child inside

Caught she was crying
Asked as to why?
Since she giggled all the while
And her spirits as told, were always high

Dead flowers still carry fragrance
She said
And broken hearts still love
She rhymed!

Amrita Guram
XI Arts



Learning a Language

THREE YEARS OF 'MANDARIN' IN THE SCHOOL

Mandarin was a new language introduced into the school curriculum three years back. How much have our students learnt? Well, quite a lot. Here is a proof of the knowledge they have gained -

Our Experience (in 'mandarin')

我们的经验 (在普通话)

每当人们有机会选择一门外语时，他们都会选择法语或者西班牙语。由于不知道这种语言有多大的帮助和趣味性，普通话将是他们心中的最后一个选择。由于中国经济的蓬勃发展和它作为一个正在崛起的全球超级大国的地位，中文在印度的前景是惊人的，并为你的职业生涯和全球就业市场提供了无与伦比的优势。

对我们来说，学习普通话不是一件容易的事，但肯定不是一件无聊的事。普通话被认为是外国人最难学习的语言，原因之一是它用汉字书写的。每一个字似乎都是一幅画，这让我到现在都很着迷，让我渴望更加努力学习，达到更好的水平。我们的普通话老师 Sourabh Chatterjee 先生通过系统地给我们上课，使普通话看起来是最简单的语言。诚然，与一位伟大的老师在一起的日子胜过一千天的勤奋学习。

我们从六年级开始学习普通话。现在我们觉得我们已经走过了很长的路。这是一个挑战，一开始似乎是无法克服的，但后来正如一句谚语，用中文写着：“千里之行，始于足下”。

这是真的，因为我们也曾走过一段旅程，而这一切都从一步开始！

作者 (Avraj Manchanda and Renee Dhadli, IX E)



Our Experience (in English)

Whenever people are given an option to choose a foreign language, they prefer to go for French or Spanish, unaware how helpful and interesting the language Mandarin is.

Thanks to China's booming economy and its status as a rising global superpower, the future of the Chinese language in India is astonishing and gives you an unparalleled advantage in your career and the global job market.

Learning Mandarin for us was not easy, but was surely exciting. One of the reasons Mandarin is considered the most difficult language for a foreigner to learn is that it is written with characters which are almost 3000 in number. Each word seems to be a drawing, something that leaves us fascinated and makes us thirst for studying harder and learning more. Our teacher of Mandarin, Mr. Sourabh Chatterjee, has helped make Mandarin seem like the easiest language by systematically providing us with lessons. It is true that better than a thousand days of diligent study is one day with a great teacher!

We started learning Mandarin in class VI. And, now we feel we have come a long way. It was a challenge which seemed insurmountable at first, but then as a proverb when scripted in Chinese reads- “*Qiān lǐ zhī xíng, shǐ yú zú xià*”,

Meaning- “A journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step”

And true it is, as we too have travelled a journey, starting it all with a single step!

Avraj Manchanda and Renee Dhadli

IX-E

HOW CAN COMPASSION HEAL HUMANITY

AND THE PLANET?

(This write-up was composed for the annual Nanhi Chhaan Essay Writing Contest. The entry was adjudged one among the top final 17 entries from across the country)

A strange feeling that renders the heart heavy yet light at the same time, compassion engenders a reverberating bliss throughout our being and awakens the soul to realize a higher purpose. As a natural instinct, this emotion cannot be forged. It comes, on the spur of the moment, from a sacred place within us. It is the inexplicable feeling that springs up within you at the sight of a wounded dog in the park, or when you walk towards the woman starving down the street. The quality is like the Holy Grail of human nature. However elusive as it may seem, compassion cascades in a simple, effortless and all-consuming manner. It is indeed hard to fathom that a faculty as impalpable as compassion can weave humanity into the intricate fabric of universal love and oneness. Quite rightly, it is the panacea for all difficulties being faced by humanity as well as the planet.



The present epoch is being tintured with several catastrophes which strike straight at the soft underbelly of humankind. In all modernity, we cannot expect supernatural forces to save us from going down the rabbit hole. We can all but rely upon mutual compassion that is rooted in our being. By adorning the garb of guardian angels, all of us can relieve each other of our pains and sufferings. We are of the same species; we espouse the same fears, aspirations and insecurities. It is only the versatile brain that divides us and cajoles us into having a binary perspective. The pervading prejudice including racialism, sexism, bigotry among others is insidiously grasping at the foundations of our society only to weaken and destroy it bit by bit.

Entrapped in a web of power play, we have started believing that dominance defines the greatness of our race. Our true purpose of life has been somewhat diluted by such a stifling atmosphere. If common people, mighty leaders and hegemonic nations decide to realize compassion, acts of aggression against humanity can be avoided. In the concrete, the same fanatical enthusiasm can be diverted to recompense the people who have been afflicted by tragedies of the past. We have been given hands not to hold guns and cannons but to mould misfortunes into fortunes. As a proof of moral fortitude, there is a popular anecdote from Guru Gobind Singh Ji's time. Bhai Kanhaiya Ji, a man entrusted as a water provider in the Guru's army, used to pour water to all the wounded soldiers even if they belonged to the enemy forces. It was his belief that he saw the reflection of his God in the bruised visages of the injured men. Quite similarly, we need to garner the same kind of empathy and altruism in order to tend to the sufferings of humanity. It is solely through these supreme virtues that we can remodel the world to accept and include different identities.

Only if we possess self-compassion individually, would we be able to connect to humanity collectively. It is indeed a remarkable feat to be forgiving of our own gaffes and flaws. When we are cognizant of our personal sufferings, we shall be able to mete out help to others going through the same ordeals.

Being the epitome of compassion herself, mother Earth has sustained life for ages by sharing myriad of her bounties. She has appeased our thirst with her sweet nectar, nourished us with her healthy grain and cradled us to sleep in her safe embrace quite akin to a doting parent. Today, the same Mother has been reduced to a mere shadow of her grandiose form. Our self-aggrandizing instinct got the better of our compassionate nature. It made us launch an indiscriminate and destructive campaign against our own planet. However wounded she may be, our Earth espouses a forgiving nature, embodying the very principle of benevolence. The innocent eyes of our voiceless companions knock at our heart for our magnanimity. That innocence in their eyes will continue to glimmer only and only if we exercise compassion towards them.

In the grand scheme of things, compassion has the strength to restore the integrity and beauty of our Mother Nature. For instance, in the momentous Chipko Andolan, people hugged and clung tight to the trees, ready to lay bare their lives to the cause because they were compassionate towards their trees, their forests and the guiding natural elements. Truly, our deterministic compassion can help heal the fauna, the flora, the oceans and the entire planet. From picking up litter to sustainable consumption and to helping feral animals, even the smallest acts of kindness on our part can help heal the planet.

Any social conundrum, whether its gender inequity, refugee crisis, human trafficking, wars or even penury—compassion is the 'silver bullet' for each one of them. It is the sine qua non of every vocation, be it a doctor, teacher, lawyer or a social worker. The only need of the hour is to realize its contagious power.

'When humanity burns, compassion is the zephyr
That douses the fire by degrees.
A quality so close to divine,
It is a manifestation of the entire universe
Emanating from You.'

The very soil underneath our feet yearns for our kindness and the air that we breathe calls out for its purity. Truly, the planet needs care and love more than ever. No matter what religion we follow, compassion links us to the supreme power that resides within us. It is the pulse of our soul, a divine attribute and a magic formula for humanity as well as the planet.

Hinam Walia
XI Arts



SHOT-CUT



Some spectacular shots taken of the school campus by students during various photography contests held during the year -



AMPHITHEATRE - Feeling Neglected ???

Is the Amphitheatre in the Junior School feeling neglected ? Is it feeling upstaged by the new school auditorium ? Is it feeling jealous of the new school auditorium ? Well, read on to know the amphitheatre's mind ...

"I arch above the cascading stairs in an extraordinary fashion. I incubate creativity and enterprise and provide a platform for the students to showcase their talents. I've stood against the test of time, battled the changing weather, and witnessed days bleed into years. The only constant in the school's evolution is me. I am a symbol of strength. I am the amphitheatre.

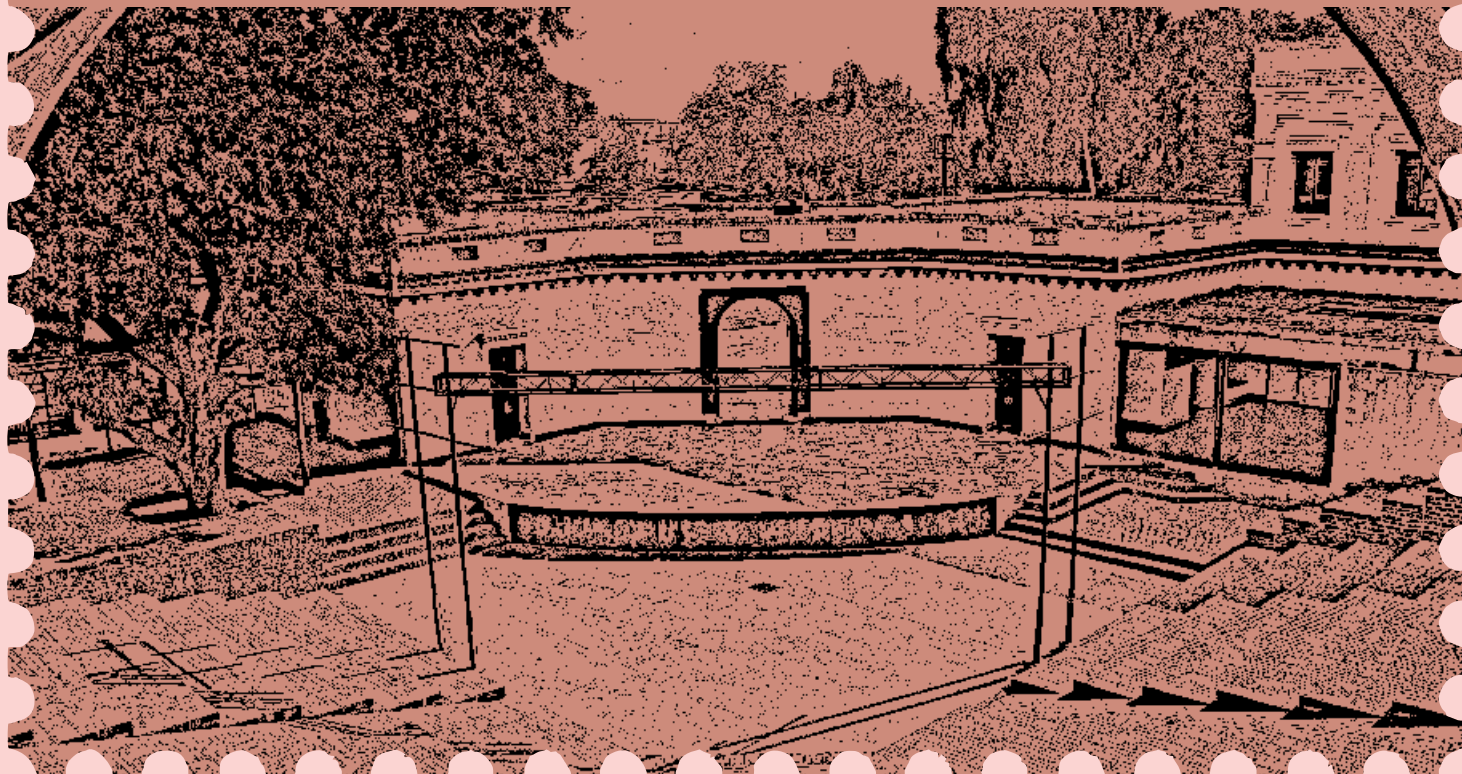
For decades in this school's history, the students have yearned to remain in my embrace. They cherished my role in their lives until my competitor, the auditorium, came into the picture. Now all they long for is to sit in that cold cubicle. Though new and splendidly architected, the auditorium lacks the element that I pride myself on possessing- history. I've seen students come and go. I am well versed in the subject of their likes and dislikes. They've built memories under my shadow. What does the auditorium know about the students? Nothing.

Do the loud lights of the auditorium hold anything over my sun-kissed chambers? Please! Will the auditorium ever be greeted by tiny members of the animal kingdom, like I am daily? No. Will it ever reverberate with the sound of tiny footsteps running around? Never. Have raindrops ever ricocheted off its carpet draped floors? Have winds ever whistled through its walls? Of course not! And do you know why? It's because each of these experiences is reserved for me to enjoy. Not to brag, but I've been here longer than that uppity building. I came here first, and I'll leave here last.

You may know me by many names- the Colosseum of YPS, the Amphitheatre, and the Junior Wing Common Ground. But I have another name that many of you are not aware of- "The Guardian of the Children." And no one can take this away from me!

Forever under your service.
With lots of love,
The Amphitheatre"

Mallik Arjun Ahluwalia
IX E



AUDITORIUM - A Worthy Successor !

The Auditorium ripostes to the amphitheatre's misgivings

"Buildings are mainly meant to provide shelter. Or, a feeling of security. Protection from the elements, if you will. In my opinion, a building is supposed to do all that, while also giving the beholder something that they enjoy looking at. Excuse my lack of modesty, but I think that I achieve that rather well.

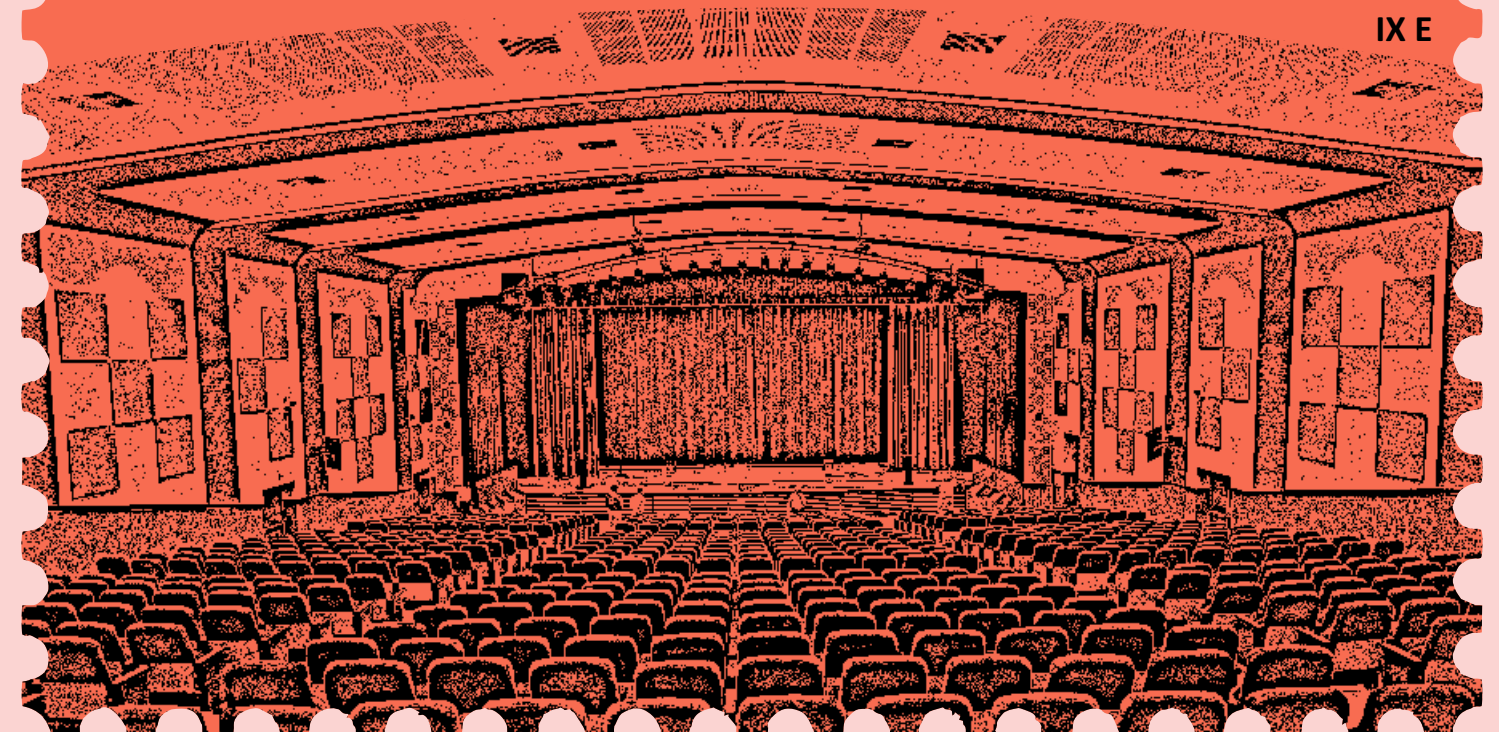
I was inaugurated on the 13th of April, 2021, replacing the almost thirty year old amphitheatre as the entertainer of gatherings and functions both, organized and enjoyed by the students of YPS. I can accommodate almost double the number of people as the amphitheatre and have air-conditioning (not to mention several other state-of-the-art facilities which have been described at length in this session's Year Book) so the sultry, or freezing, weather doesn't prove to be an annoyance to the audience or the performers ! The cushioned seats provide more comfort than the brick steps of the amphitheatre.

The amphitheatre has long served as the ground where hard work and creativity have been unleashed, lauded and rewarded, but as with time all things change, so has this seat of art and culture and creativity .

Let us remember that change is the only constant and evolution is one of the vital laws of nature !

So, you, amphitheatre, should not mind my taking over. I shall hope to be a worthy successor and showcase creativity and regale audience, as you did. You, in the meantime, take a break and enjoy your part-retirement !

- The Auditorium, YPS Patiala"
Udai Pratap
IX E



As I moved forward in the growing darkness, the overhanging foliage and trees seemed to overpower me. I hurried to reach my house which was still a mile away. Suddenly, I heard a shriek. I ignored it the first time and kept walking, but after I had heard it again, my adventurous self couldn't help but go in that direction.

I followed it to one of the abandoned parts of the colony and then suddenly there was silence. The only sounds that could be heard were the blowing of wind and the rustling of leaves. I kept walking in the direction from which the sound had come. Suddenly, I had this eerie feeling that I was being followed. I turned around but saw nothing. I resumed walking. After a short while, I ended up in front of a dilapidated house.

The weathered house seemed old. The window panes were broken and the paint was peeling off. It was one of those houses which usually one stays away from. My gut told me to turn around and run as fast as my legs could carry me and I couldn't agree more. As I turned around to go back, I heard a faint whisper behind me and it seemed to be begging for help. Turning around, I saw nothing and I thought to myself that I was probably imagining things.

I couldn't help but notice that the door to the house which was shut close the last time I saw it was now ajar. I wanted to run away but there I was glued in front of the door. I tried to take a peek inside through one of the broken windows, but witnessed only absolute darkness.

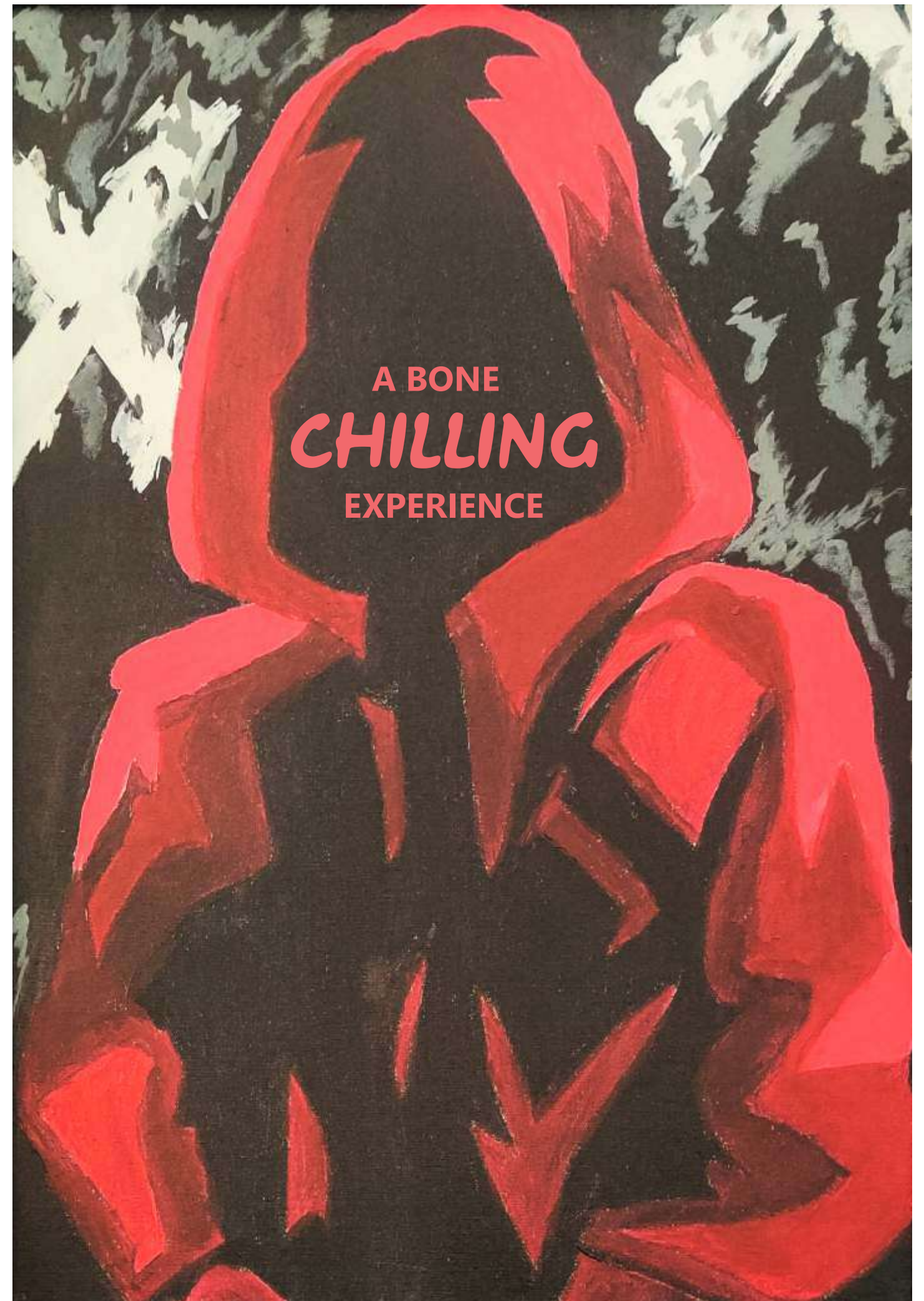
Can you believe it? I found myself walking into the house. I saw a large staircase in front of me, and as I moved towards it, the door behind me suddenly shut. I tried opening it but it was of no use. I was as if possessed. I was now steering upstairs towards a closed room.

As I climbed the staircase, I felt a sudden chill in the air; my heart started racing and I felt a little tense. At the door, I heard a faint whisper telling me to come in. Reluctantly, I opened the door. I saw the most horrible sight I had ever seen. A corpse was hanging in mid-air and the room reeked of rotten flesh. I was chilled to the bones seeing the dead body and turned around and started running. Hardly had I taken some steps, when I heard the corpse shrieking. That moment gave me all the adrenaline rush I needed to jerk the shut door open. Once my feet hit the road, I didn't stop running till I reached my house.

I told everything that I had witnessed to my mother and father and seeing me so frightened and serious they went to check the place out. As we reached the place, the house that I had seen was no longer there. I was thunderstruck at that moment but I was sure that I could not have just imagined a shrieking corpse in an abandoned house. But seeing nothing, my parents got really angry and as a result I was confined to my room for a week for lying to them.

Was all this a figment of my imagination? If so, why did I end up imagining such devilish things? Was this the result of watching too much Netflix? I thought I needed to steer my life in the right direction. I got back to reading. I went to bed with an interesting book to keep me company. My mother came in, sometime after midnight, spotting some light from under my door. Her face lit up with a smile as she disentangled the book from my hands and adjusted my quilt. She had also had a chance to do this motherly duty after ages. Normally, she got to enter with a list of instructions to sleep early and at times had to literally snatch my tablet from me.

Parth Garg
XI Commerce



ECOCIDE

HOLDING NATIONS ACCOUNTABLE FOR KILLING THE ENVIRONMENT

Nature, God's greatest advent! And only humans can be so conceited in their pursuit so as to go neck and neck with it. Nature, whose purpose is to cradle us and evolve us is now forced to be a destroyer. I was always told that when evil rises, a protector will descend from heaven to neutralize the imbalance. I truly feel that it is time for the protector to assume its role.

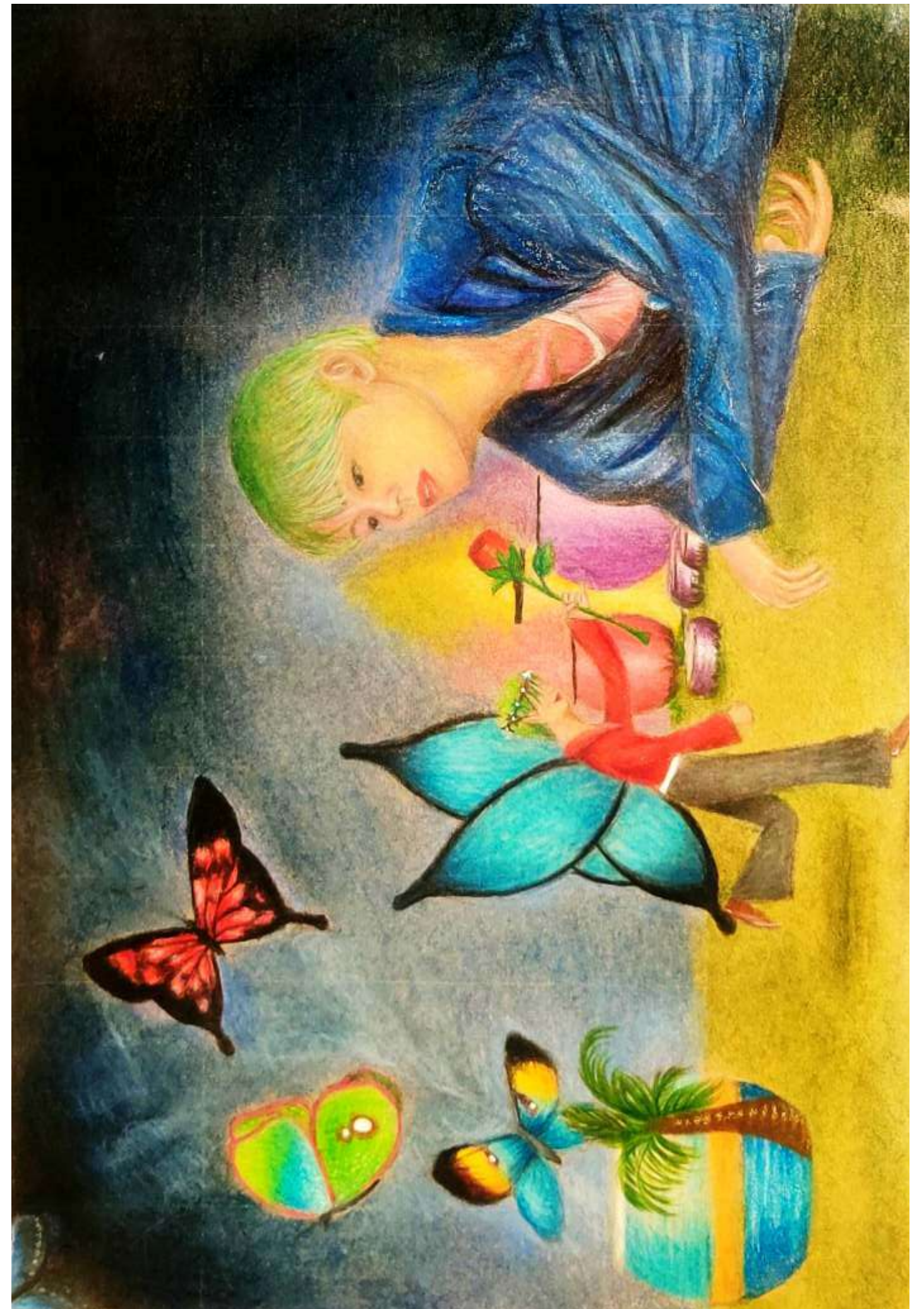
Routine updates have been nothing but distressing; every news about current events sounds like a call to evacuate the earth. Unfortunately, we have nowhere else to go and I am actually glad that we don't have anywhere else to go. Had we another land as luscious and homely to call ours, we wouldn't hesitate to turn that into the same sad state of affairs.

Who will take the blame for all this? To find a solution, we must know where the problem lies. Is it ethical to make one individual take all the blame for our dying ecosystems? Fortunately, many researchers have agreed that 'consumer's guilt' can help in producing eco-friendly products. Well that does make a slight difference, however when talking about large-scale killings of the environment, the world leaders can easily scapegoat the common man while the real culprit faces little to no consequences. Large corporations that drain their waste into rivers, are so self-involved to realize that the air is not their private terrain to pollute and use up all the precious resources which the earth took hundreds of years to incubate, go scot free. No economic sanctions or tough actions have ever been taken against these corporate giants. Though many countries define this as a crime, a loophole is always found in the legalities and somehow authorities become lenient towards these potential criminals. Let's explore why. Any mildly informed person can tell you that it's simply for economic gains. There is a reason they don't seem as evil to the governments as they do to the common man and that is because they give them large and large profits. Also if we notice, the line between the political and economical aspects is rather blurred. The big companies to put it plainly are in cahoots with the government, in a sort of "I scratch your back and you scratch mine" kind of relationship. Interestingly enough when asked about climate change they mostly negate the reality of it occurring in actual time.

It is very important to establish Ecocide as a punishable offence and many organizations have been working towards the establishing ecocide as international crime with the help of associations of lawyers, diplomats and a general collection of intellectuals.

Ecocide itself is defined as deliberate and willful attacks. These people that are killing the environment have absolutely no remorse for their actions and fail to realize the long-term effect of what they have been doing. No forest fires, no oil spills have been devastating enough to move this particular set of population, how many more species need to be extinct and people have to die for the nations to understand that ecocide is not just another excusable action that we can get away with. We have a ticking time bomb on our hands. Making ecocide a crime would not seem as radical an action if we know that they will never stop unless threatened with serious consequences and not just a slap on the wrist.

Nimar Sidhu
XI Arts



FLICKERING LIGHTS...

It was dark and desolate. A man appeared into the flickering light...a man with no special or significant qualities, just another face in the street. You would pass by him every day yet never notice or acknowledge him. Just another face.

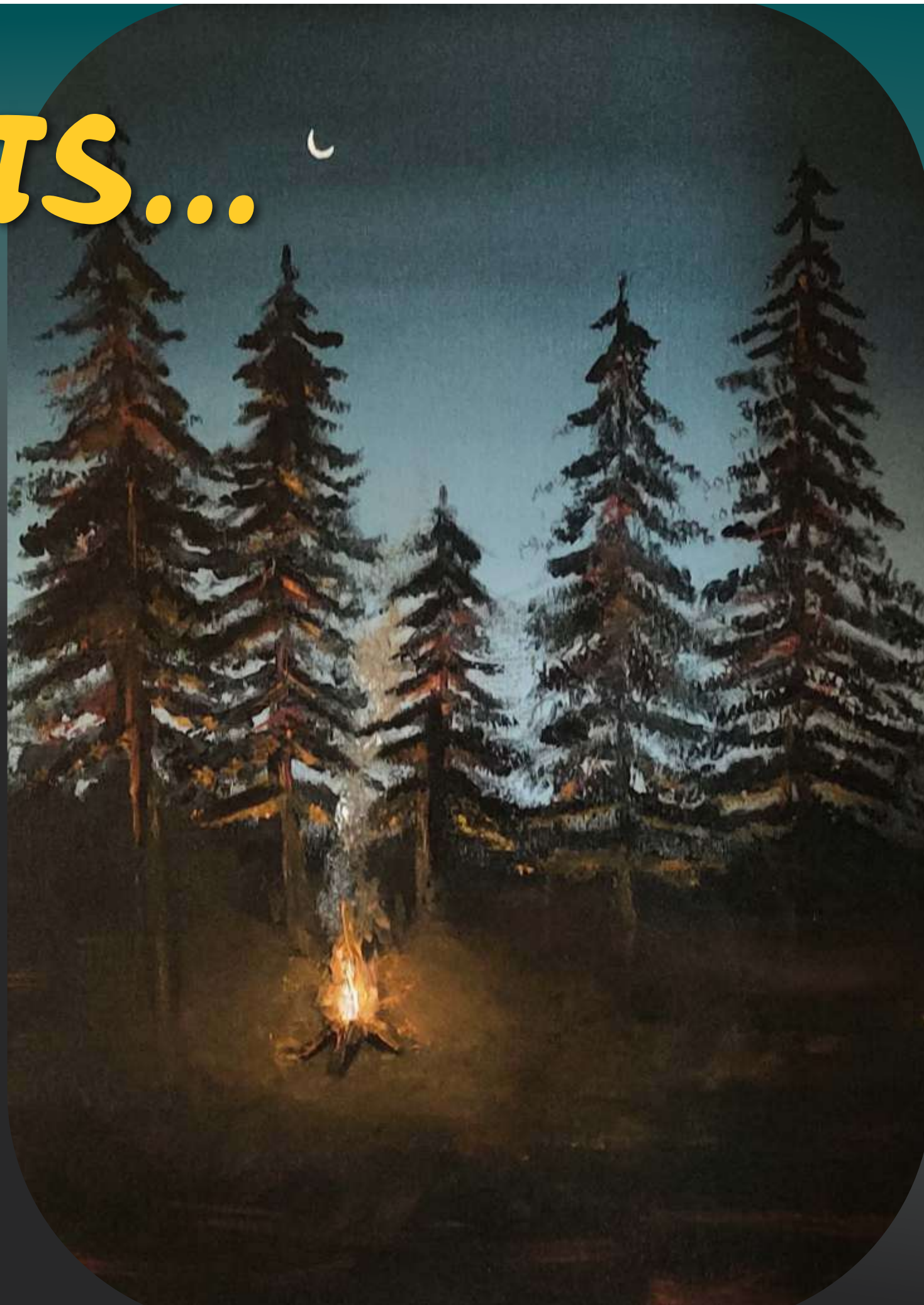
No one was to be seen...only heard. There were loud sirens, the man assumed it was the police, but he didn't seem to care, they never bothered him. The man used to spend every night sleeping on the unfeeling concrete footpath, nothing new.

During the day, some common passerby would feel empathetic at the man's appearance and hand him a note or two. But today was different; he heard the word "Lockdown", being thrown around. People had a hint of fear and warning in their voices whenever they said it, the man seemed to identify this fear. The man didn't realize what the word meant but it terrified a lot of the general public.

But that was a few hours ago, nothing had changed from the man's perspective, everything seemed 'normal'. As far as the man could see in the narrow street ahead...there was nothing, besides the echoing sirens and the flickering of lights. It felt like any other day, but something told the man that the outside world was changing.

He checked the pocket of his torn shirt. There was a small bundle of money which had been there for a few days. He suddenly felt his hunger growing. This was odd since he had eaten a little while ago. But unable to resist it, he decided to go to the nearby street lights and ask for a little more money so that he could afford an entire meal. He began to execute this plan.

Upon arriving at the lights, he was taken aback. His reaction was justified. No one was present in what was till yesterday a very crowded place. Nearby shops were shut down and the vendors had already left. The police sirens continued. This was different from most days since the police were never this active during these hours. It felt like there was a curfew, but the man continued walking.



He found a mirror hanging by the shutter of a shop. As he viewed his distorted reflection, he realized his hair had grown a lot. Now, a messy and ill maintained beard and rebellious hair crowned his countenance. He never wanted or asked for the life he had

He was reminded of his past. How when his father had died, there was no one left to take care of the young man. How he hoped to move to the city to have a stable life and job and the intention to make a fortune. "A child's fantasy" he thought. How he had crippled into becoming a beggar and sleeping on roadsides. As he continued, he could see the grave of all his dreams and aspirations, now crumbling.

Suddenly a mysterious figure appeared at the end of the Main Street. It seemed like a policeman with his face covered..

With a blink of an eye, the policeman was standing in-front of the man. Only the eyes of the policeman were visible but the man noticed confusion evident in his eyes. The policeman exclaimed, "Don't you know, there is a lockdown currently in place?" The man's face bespoke of confusion, but he wasn't to be blamed.

The policeman on noticing the condition of the man explained what 'Lockdown' meant and why it was there. On gaining this information, it seemed to the man that he had found the last solution to a puzzle and now he realized that the fear among the people was because of a virus infection and everyone had to stay inside their houses. Man had become a danger to man yet again.

The policeman handed the beggar a mask out of sympathy and ordered him to go back to his home. The man now proceeded to move back towards the narrow street with his face covered. Rarely the man had any new addition to his life; this mask was one of them.

The world seemed to be in order, yet the man sensed chaos rising everywhere. He lay down on the footpath accompanied by his only friend, a stray dog and thought to himself that nothing had changed for him and he remained unaffected. Staring above his head, he saw the flickering street light now burning brighter than ever.....

Kanwar Sidhu
XII Arts

Former Literature Geniuses in The Future

As all of us walk ahead, leaving today behind, we reflect on the deeper concerns for how the standards of the present day and the foundation for catastrophe in the future are laid. As the wheel of time rotates, an incision made in the nerve of any country, would always provide the same blood that runs all countries.

The purest constituent remains the same over any lapse of time, the emotions of people- which bind countries and races. Enter America, and there one finds an American standard, each idea is owed to that country. Visit India, and the diversity, somehow is reflected in all. Go to China, communal socialism can't be missed. Lands and emotions somehow have a tendency to blend together.

Amidst all the differing opinions and human emotions, writers set the stage. What is considered absurdity at one stage begins to lead towards mental peace. Literary geniuses can alone master such an art. They dissect out all the drama from themselves. They travel through space in a time machine. They understand the pulse of all countries. They write fiction with logic, and wonder if that is the future. Not alone will the past and present, but also imagination will write that future.

The present we live in today, owns attempts of prediction by those brave geniuses from the past. Futuristic thinking is best in the profound writings of writers who don't miss clarity by an inch.

Ouija boards and crystal balls might be instruments to take notes for the future, but a writer's astute attempt to reveal the truth behind formal problems reveals the vitality to resolve the expectations that follow behind past catastrophe. George Orwell in 1984, created a still terrific dystopia that offers political fiction, and is a cautionary tale, which till date helps the race to rationalize its view of the present world fatigue, the present political influence with a reasonable aptness.

But we must remember that appropriateness might not be driving all. Every novel or unprecedented thought, in the pages and from the parchments, has to be lost and found, hidden and sought by you. For every guiding light must once have had a dust particle in its way or a defect in the source. Futuristic thinking is also a deflected path from the purpose for the day.

Divroop Kaur Sandhu,
IX O



INDIA'S GOLDEN BOY

Neeraj Chopra

The Javelin Throw Finals were quite a nail biting experience. For me, literally too. I bit off all the carefully manicured nails in a span of twenty minutes. And did I mind it one bit. Not at all! I just wanted Neeraj to win. I think the whole country stood behind him in those moments. So unlike the Indians to do so. Especially because we stand in unison like this only and only for cricket. Gosh! How heartening it was to see that after a rather long, tiring year of disease, destruction and death, each one of us bonded and rejoiced over the wonderfully pursued the glistening gold medal. "7th August". This date will certainly be engraved in golden letters on the everlasting leaves of history. Every Indian bosom swelled with joy and pride, ears reverberated to the melodious echo of Jan Gan Man and hearts filled with pleasure and prestige for the man behind it all **'INDIA'S GOLDEN BOY- NEERAJ CHOPRA'**.

Coming from a humble farming background, Neeraj belongs to Khandra village in Panipat, Haryana. He hadn't even seen a javelin till 12 years of age, let alone have any dreams of becoming an international sports sensation. He was consistently mocked and jeered for his obesity and consequently his father got him enrolled in a gymnasium. Here, he found out about javelin which later shaped his destiny. He soon began participating in numerous tournaments, and then the proverbial sky is the limit defined him.

At 16, Neeraj participated in his first international championship in Ukraine. In 2014, he won his first silver medal at the Youth Qualification, Bangkok. Competing with international players boosted his morale. Two years later, he bagged the foremost position at the IAAF World U20 Championship, Poland, creating a world junior record of 86.48m. Gold in Asian Games 2018 and Commonwealth Games 2018 added to his new found glory. This robust soul had to take a break from his winning spree in 2019 due to a bone spur in his right elbow. After 16 months of training, meditation and pure perseverance, Neeraj returned to international competition in January 2020 with a winning throw of 87.86 metres in the Athletics Central North West League Meeting in South Africa, which as a distance of over 85 meters qualified him directly for the Tokyo Olympics, 2020.

We all are quite familiar with what happened next. Neeraj breezed through the Olympics Finals and clutched the gold medal tight! With this, Neeraj gave emergence to this new sport for many. He has certainly taught us to keep going and never give up. After all, Pele has very rightly quoted, "Success is no accident. It is hard work, perseverance, learning from mistakes, sacrifice and most of all, love of what you are doing."

Can I wish for a better role model than this one?

Jasnoor Kaur Sarin
VIII O



Obesity Among Children!

A Cause of Concern

The cause is within us. The cure is within us. The rise of childhood obesity has placed the health of an entire generation at risk. The global prevalence of obesity has doubled from 1990 to 2020. Worryingly, the increase is more in children than in adults. In just three decades, the number of school-going children and adolescents with obesity has increased by 10-fold, and the International Association for the Study of Obesity (IASO) reckon that 200 million school children worldwide are either overweight or obese. Childhood obesity was so far thought to be a problem of the developed world, but it is increasingly being reported from middle and low-income countries also.

India is caught in a nutrition paradox where stunting and underweight coexist with overweight and obesity in children! Obesity is a result of imbalance between calorie intake and energy output. This may seem a facile explanation, but in reality, it is due to a complex interplay of many factors. Obesity is probably polygenic in inheritance but like for hypertension and diabetes, behavioural and environmental factors play a big role. Genetics may just account for less than 5% of all cases!

Urbanization is the single most important factor linked to obesity in India. About 50% of obese children will become obese adults. Prevention of childhood obesity is vital because it is near impossible to get children to lose weight and maintain it. A healthy diet and an active lifestyle should start from the pre-conception time itself and be continued through all stages of childhood. It is important to recognize childhood obesity and manage it, because if untreated, it can result in obesity in adulthood with all its attendant metabolic complications. Obesity also has a deep psychosocial impact and is consistently associated with lower scholastic achievements. Weight once gained is difficult to lose, and hence prevention is important.

With globalization, the dietary mores of Indian children has also started changing rapidly. It was found that a majority of children surveyed in four urban centres preferred to eat out, they felt that home food was 'old-fashioned'. Almost half of them also had their evening meals while watching television. Adolescents associate 'junk food' with independence and convenience and consider health food options odd.

Rapid urbanization has led to 'McDonaldisation' of society in terms of an increase in the culture of eating out and eating fast foods! Research conducted over the past decades provides increasing evidence that there is a direct correlation between easy access to supermarkets laden with cheap and readily available food and sweetened carbonated drinks and obesity in children. A drastic behavioural change is seen in Indian children in senior secondary schools. According to a survey. Those interested in taking competitive examinations stop physical activity totally and adopt a sedentary lifestyle which affects their health hugely.

However, losing fat is not that hard, you just have to start putting one foot in front of the other, making an effort to get healthy every day. Schools can play a role in preventing childhood obesity by serving healthy meals with adequate calories and nutrients, providing nutrition education that encourages healthful food selections, offering opportunities for physical activity and creating school environments that model healthful behaviours.

Remember when your body is hungry, it wants nutrients, not calories.
And anyways you don't need sugar, you are sweet enough!

Avraj Manchanda
VIII E



It started as another usual day at school. Everyone else had already left. I was hastily packing my bag as I was desperate to reach home and watch my unfinished horror blockbuster –*It follows*. Just as I was about to leave, a really pretty girl, who looked like she was made of honey and glass walked into the class. She softly said, 'Hi'. I snapped out of my thoughts and barely managed to utter 'Hi'. There was this awkward silence, so to break it I stuttered a bit and asked her, "What's your name? Are you new here?" She said that she wasn't new and had been studying here for a long time and also that her name was Lyla Seth. Gosh, how did I not notice her all this time? The name did ring a bell. I knew that I had heard the name 'Lyla Seth' before.

The next day again, she walked in at the same time. There I was alone and suddenly felt that someone was in the room. I had misplaced my mask so she helped me locate it. Thanking her again, I said, 'I nearly died finding this.' She retorted in a strange voice "I already did" and fades into thin air leaving behind a petal on the floor. I freeze, a shiver runs down my spine. Had I had an encounter with a ghost?

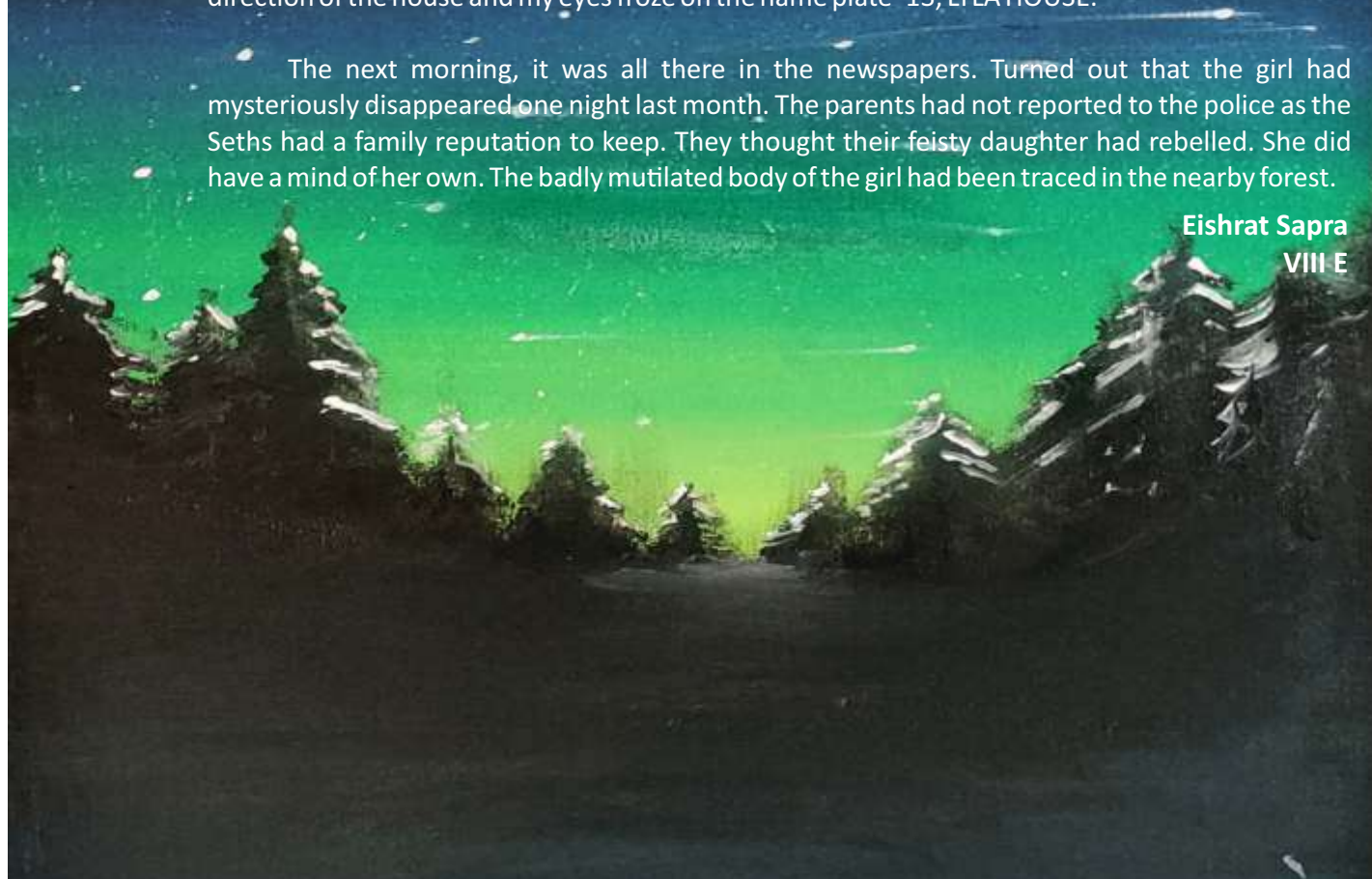
I couldn't believe my eyes. For a while I stared at the petal. I extended a trembling hand to pick it up. It rested gently on my palm. It had a sweet fragrance. I took out a book and placed it on the 13th page. There was no particular reason for choosing the number. I just thought it would be an easy number to remember. I packed the bag, put it on my back and started for home. Was it my imagination that with every passing step, my bag seemed to get heavier? I was half way to my house, when suddenly, the straps snapped and the bag slid off my back and fell on the road. I knew that something was not right. I began perspiring. I pulled the bag towards me. I expected the bag to be as heavy as it had seemed to be on my shoulders, but the bag was light again.

I reached out to grab the book with the petal and quickly turned to the thirteenth page. To my horror, there was no petal. I rubbed my hand on the page. The strong fragrance climbed on to my fingers from the page. There was a faint stain of red where the petal had been a few minutes ago. This was too much for me. I swooned and fell.

When I opened my eyes, there were two boys standing next to me. They had my bag open and one of them had taken out the school diary to locate my contact details. As I opened my eyes, one of them remarked, 'You were a hundred yards ahead of us when we saw you falling. We stopped and rang the bell of this house in front to get help but nobody came out.' I glanced in the direction of the house and my eyes froze on the name plate- 13, LYLA HOUSE.

The next morning, it was all there in the newspapers. Turned out that the girl had mysteriously disappeared one night last month. The parents had not reported to the police as the Seths had a family reputation to keep. They thought their feisty daughter had rebelled. She did have a mind of her own. The badly mutilated body of the girl had been traced in the nearby forest.

Eishrat Sapra
VIII E



Passcodes-Too Many To Remember ?

We humans as a species have always tried to keep our belongings as safe as possible from both animals and members of our own species. The Paleolithic cavemen used mud pots, the pharaohs of ancient Egypt built giant pyramids filled with deadly traps, the Japanese hired highly trained Samurais and today we have pass codes.

While we think of them as modern inventions, pass codes have been around for centuries. In ancient Rome, the commanders also used pass codes to make sure their soldiers were discharging their duties properly. During the prohibition era in America, illegal speakeasies gave customers pass codes that would allow them entry to make sure that the prohibition agents did not come in and find alcohol. In the modern age, passcodes are everywhere from supercomputers capable of performing trillions of calculation every single second to smart watches that check the number of steps you took and from top secret confidential government documents to the useless game account you created 2 years ago and have forgotten about by now.

Pass codes are extremely useful at protecting your data and private belongings and are very good at their job. Another thing that pass codes are excellent at is being proof of our greatest vices as a species- greed. Greed is a terrible thing to have and is

even considered as one of the seven deadly sins, yet we humans still have it. We carry it around in our hearts, never for one instant being content with what the Almighty has bestowed upon us, but always wanting more. To fulfill this need for money, a sense of power, and sometimes just getting someone's private information we are ready to take things that we know aren't ours and rightfully someone else's. We, as a species, have regressed so much that to protect our information and private belongings from the people closest to us we have to use pass codes. We cannot trust people to have the basic human decency and not do something they have been taught as small kids to be immoral and wrong. Pass codes prove that there are only two things in the world with no boundaries- *the universe and human greed.*

Livgobind Singh
VIII-P



IT HAPPENS ONLY IN INDIA

There are a few things that are significantly unique to India. In fact, they make us Indians. Can over 135 crore people speaking more than 120 languages with more than 31 cuisines live in the same country with a sense of brotherhood? Well, I am very delighted to say that-

It only happens in India.

In India, it is not uncommon to seek help from your neighbour. Being a neighbour automatically endows you with the right to ask for sugar, tea, milk, curd, water, salt or any other grocery item you have fallen short of, and that too at any time of the day or night; you can extend the offer to include making and receiving phone calls (recently this beautiful bond snapped as the cell phones have become affordable to just everyone), self-inviting yourself for lunch or dinner or borrowing the usual extra gas cylinder. You do not think twice before ringing the doorbell of your neighbour and demanding any such favours. It is your birth right. After all- **It only happens in India**



Recently, I came across a person who recycles the water used in the bathrooms and kitchen and utilizes it to water plants in his garden. The rejected water from the filter went right into the washing machine. The same gentleman had devised a method, a decade ago, of using an x ray sheet to slow down his electricity meter. Thankfully, better sense dawned and he used his brains to devise solar panels for easier bills. This type of "jugaad" is one of its kind.

It only happens in India

No matter how many get-togethers you may organize on your favourite Indian festivals when you are out of India, there is no matching the fun and 'masti' you get to do in India - your favourite sweets, the decorated markets, the preparations and shopping at home and, of course, the day off from work you get officially. Celebrating 'Holi' on the same weekend since it fell on a weekday just never feels the same.

It only happens in India

You don't have to be in a certain cricket stadium to feel the adrenaline rush of the last nail-biting overs of a match. It is one of those moments when the entire nation stops to pray for the victory of their country. Every nook and corner, every street, every barber shop, every restaurant will have crowds holding their breath waiting to shout in unison for a victory. And if it is a match against Pakistan, the noise later would be deafening.

It only happens in India

The reassurance of calling your family doctor in the middle of the night, complaining of a sore throat and he prescribing you in the most patient way (as if waking him up made no difference) to do gargles. This you know already but feels better when the reassurance comes from the horse's mouth)

It only happens in India

In the end, I would like to say that our jugaads or our thinking is at times questioned but we know that we are the best and what makes us unique is our camaraderie towards each other. No wonder, Albert Einsteinsaid- "We owe a lot to the Indians, who taught us how to count, without which no worthwhile scientific discovery could have been made."



Anirudh Singla
XI Commerce



THE *Peace* WITHIN

*(Recited on the occasion
of the 50th Anniversary
celebrations of the 1971
Indo-Pak war victory)*

Our land is scathed with the blood of our soldiers
Built on the ashes of their remains, we rise
The purpose of all wars is solely peace
As said by a man so wise

We sow the seeds of war
And rather ironically, expect to reap peace
But peace can only be harvested
When wars and skirmishes totally cease

Today I talk of peace
But not just peace of heart
I talk of peace on land
The very land that birthed our soldiers
The very land upon which battles were fought
The very land which persevered artillery
The very land which bathed in blood
And despite all odds
Replenished itself anew

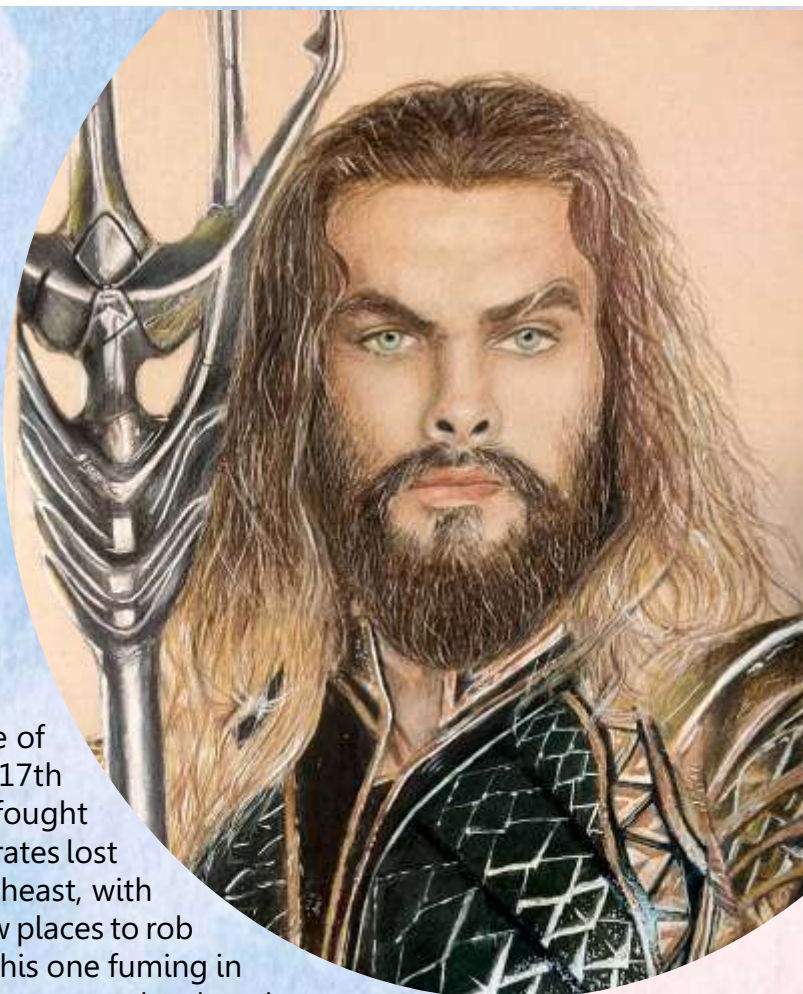
Let the peace prevail
Through the troughs of darkness
Through the grim passageways
Through the depths of despair
Through the hollow tunnels
Let the peace prevail

Lest we forget the times of war
But may we only move forward
in the pursuit of peace
For peace, and peace alone
Is our greatest victory

Samaira Singh
X P

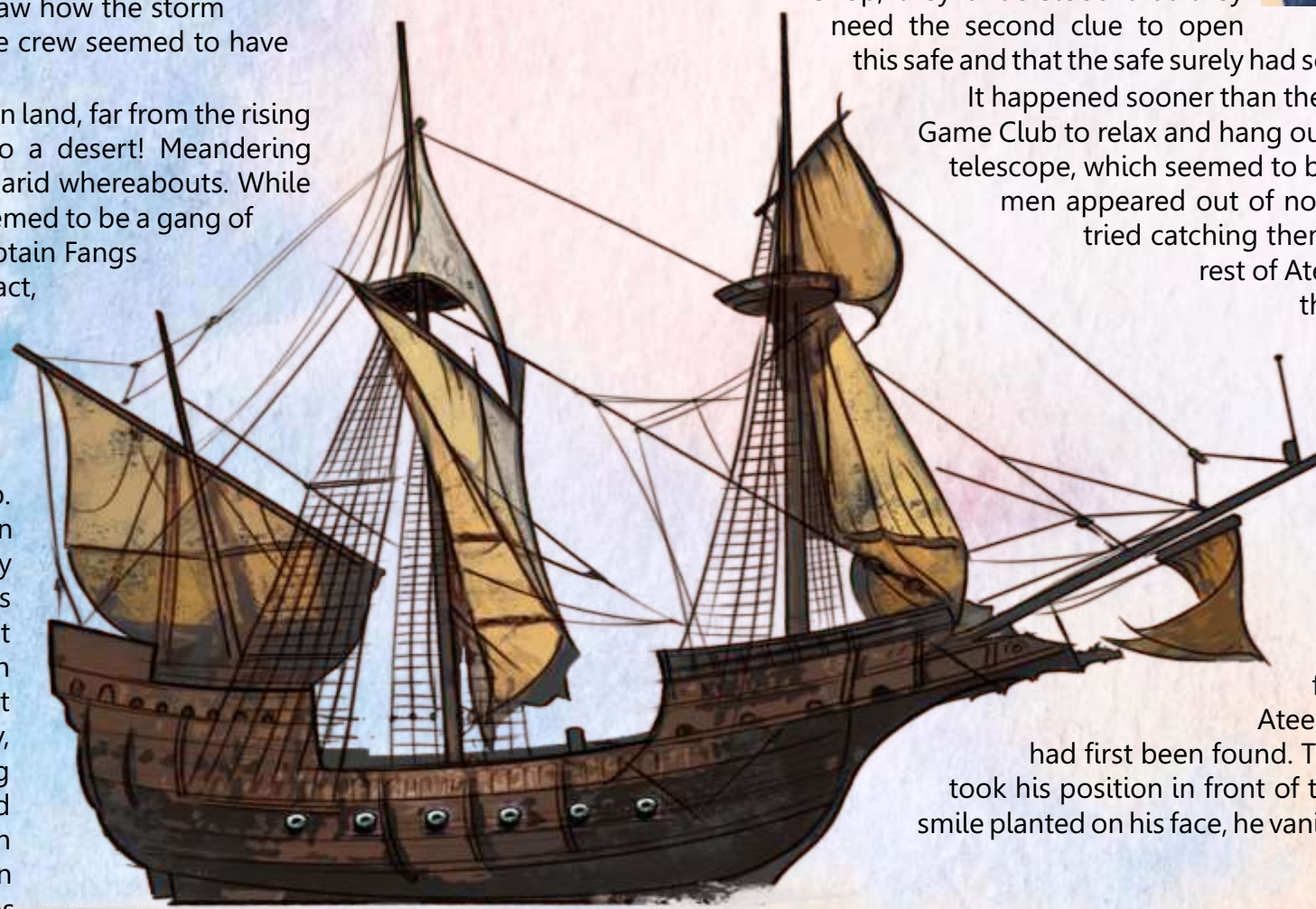


PIRATE KINGS



Pirate King Captain John Fangs was one of the greatest pirate kings during the late 17th Century. He hadn't lost any combat till now. He fought every battle valiantly and even the strongest pirates lost against him. While voyaging towards the southeast, with his faithful Destiny Ship, in the quest to find new places to rob and enjoy, he once got caught in a sea storm, this one fuming in rage in the deep blue sea. The violent sea storm was very hard on the Captain and his crew. Fangs was astounded when he saw how the storm was grinding. He lost the control over the ship and the crew seemed to have been terminated by the brutal storm.

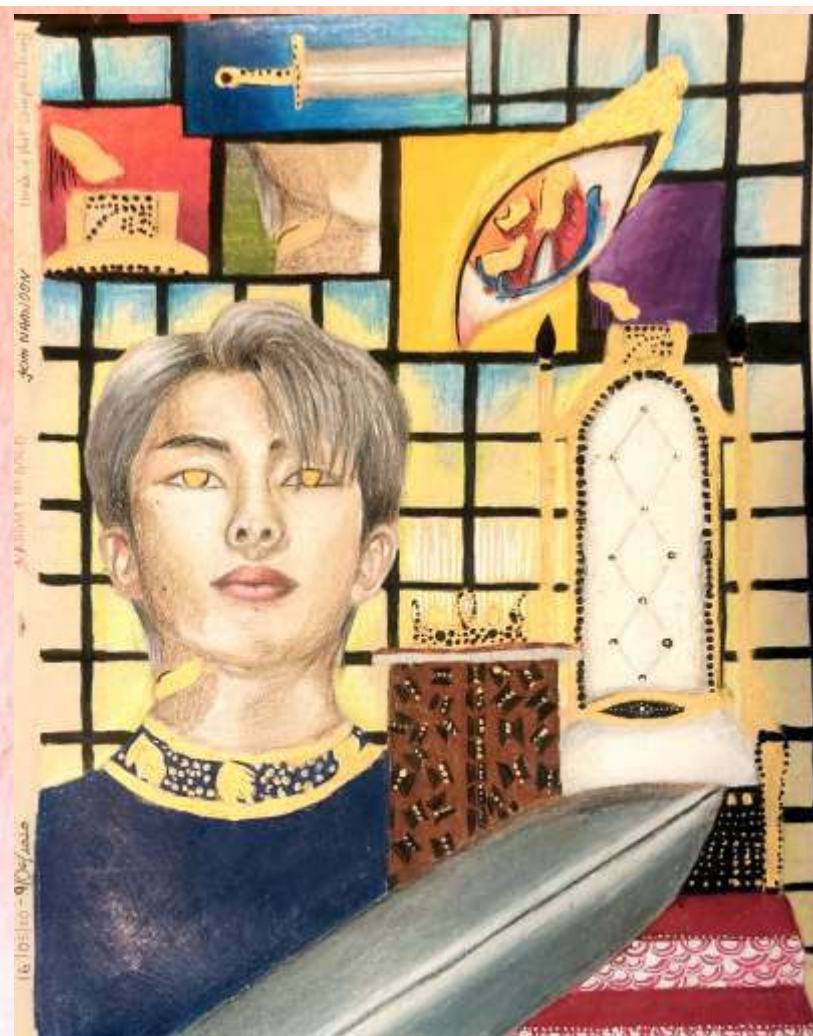
Opening his eyes, Fangs found himself on a barren land, far from the rising billows of the sea. Was he somehow teleported!? To a desert! Meandering around, he was finding an escape from the sandy and arid whereabouts. While wandering around, he met a group of people, which seemed to be a gang of criminals. The seven men were dressed in all black. Captain Fangs and the tall one out of the seven made an eye contact, Fangs said, "Matey, Captain John Fangs here, would like some help from thee." To this one of them (from the gang) replied by asking him why his attire was torn and worn out. Captain Fangs, gulping his pride talked of his loss. The gang called themselves Ateight. The tall one was called Song. He was the leader of the group. The other six also introduced themselves as Leptit, San Marie, Gray, Damien, Cyrus and Eric. And in no time they bonded like they know each other forever. Fangs was hesitant but still trusted them. Ateight told Fangs that he had been trapped in a curse and his ship had been magically slid into the no man's land. Together, Ateight and Fangs started their search for clues in the old library, at Ateight's base. Song realizes that there is something wrong and while going through the pile of books and discovering clues, they get to know that Fangs had been lost in this barren place for the past 200 years. He was in deep sleep, or more like in a curse. And probably it was



because of this curse that Fangs got teleported here (the desert) in the first place. And while Fangs was still in the curse and in deep sleep, his ship must have been hidden or stolen possibly.

The only possible way to get the Destiny Ship back was to find the clues and pieces to solve this tricky and mysterious puzzle of fate. Deep inside, Captain Fangs was very frustrated He was losing his sanity, as he along with Ateight still weren't able to find a way to get rid of the misfortune of this curse. Months passed by, slowly Ateight and Fangs with each other's help joined the pieces together and finally laid their hands on the first clue. It was a lion carved on wood, which they found near a road. Going further on the road, they found an old 'Pawn Shop'. They scrutinized it closely and found a secret compartment behind a wall. When they tried opening it, the safe did not budge. Realizing that the first clue, the lion carving had led them to the Pawn Shop, they understood that they need the second clue to open this safe and that the safe surely had something important and related to this curse.

It happened sooner than they had expected. San Marie and Gray were at the old Game Club to relax and hang out, and while strolling around the place they found a telescope, which seemed to be well-worn. As San Marie was about to grab it, two men appeared out of nowhere and hastily took it way, Gray and San Marie tried catching them but failed. Just then a loud thud is heard and the rest of Ateight barged in, Song, Damien and Eric got hold of the telescope, and Leptit and Cyrus helped San Marie and Gray to get back on their feet. Taking the telescope and the lion carving they dashed towards the Pawn Shop and opened the safe using the code engraved on the telescope. After the safe opened, they found a timeworn and old document which said Destiny Ship on top of it. They rushed to Captain Fangs and handed over the telescope, the lion carving and the documents of the Destiny Ship along with some money they could not resist stealing (after all they were thugs) from the Pawn Shop. Captain Fangs, Song and Ateight headed straight to the place where the Captain had first been found. The Destiny Ship stood in all its glory. Captain Fangs took his position in front of the ship, and while waving to Ateight with a slight smile planted on his face, he vanished along with the Destiny Ship.



INCOGNITO...!

Some people choose to stay nameless, faceless, anonymous and incognito ...!



I am the most anti-social being on the planet and I gladly accept that. It is my birthday today and I have been in my room all day munching on snacks and watching Netflix in my cozy bed. I had no track of time. I heard the doorbell. I reluctantly got up to open the main door. There stood a mailman. I thought my parents must have sent something for my birthday and checked my phone for the notification. But wait, does the mail service work past midnight too? I looked up again but only to find that the mailman had gone leaving behind a small package at the door. I didn't think much about it that time and came back to my room to continue watch another engaging episode of Netflix. After sometime, I heard a crash in the kitchen. I went out to see if there was a rat but there was none. As I came back, my eyes fell on the package I had received. 'What if it has something to eat?' I thought as I went to open it.

To my surprise, the package had a bunch of rusty keys. Replicas of the keys to my apartment, car, locker at school and lots of others. Before I could process anything someone attacked me from behind and I passed out.

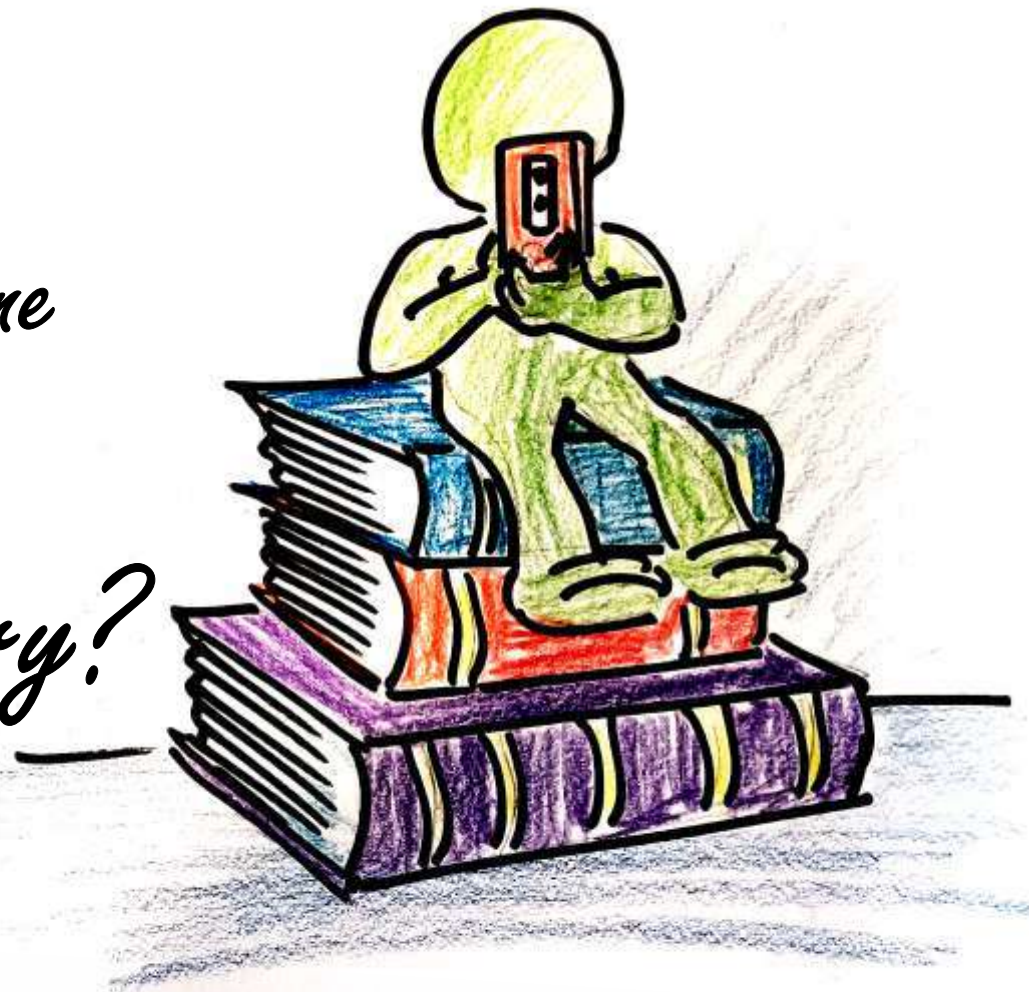
I woke up on my bed. My head still ached due to the blow. I somehow managed to dial for the emergency help. The police came for the investigation and found the package with my keys in it but nothing else. They advised me to stay alert all the time and to report if I get a mysterious package again. As they were about to leave, we heard a scream just outside my door.

At my threshold, lay the dead body of the mailman with another package addressed to me.

I opened it with sweaty perspiring hands, frightened to my inner core, as I took out the contents of the new packet. On my palm lay a keychain with the symbol of the illuminati.

Adishree Rai Sood
X O

*When was
the last time
I opened a
Dictionary?*



A dictionary is one of the most important tools we tend to use whilst studying and reading. Traditionally, we have been referring to dictionaries to look for new words, meanings of words and understand things better but nowadays, sadly, people have stopped using the traditional dictionaries.

People yearn for convenience these days and having become tech-savvy, if one could say, they search for a new word, look for its meaning, synonym or antonym on their devices and search for them on the web. Carrying a thick paper dictionary is considered to be cumbersome.

Does that mean, dictionaries have become a thing of the past now and shall soon be forgotten? Well, the answer will be a very safe, 'no'. Actually, using this wordbook is so much more charming, thrilling and exciting than referring to the web or any other new age source.

When you open a dictionary to any two-page spread, looking for a word, your eyes start wandering. Words seem tantalizing, and a dictionary page holds so much information that it is easy to see something else more interesting on the page. It is like a brain exercise as finding a word in an alphabet book keeps your spelling genie alive. You may be looking for one specific word but in the process of zeroing in on that one in particular you shall explore several others subconsciously.

Another advantage of opening a dictionary is seeing words you have forgotten about. Seeing a word and wondering, "Now, what does that mean?" and reading about it is an activity that almost ensures you will think about that word and probably use it again and again, which will result in the increase of your active vocabulary. So, keeping in mind all these benefits, we need to bring dictionaries back into fashion, back into our households and back into our lives!

Aahana Goel
VIII N

DID YOU...?

- Did the billboards and magazines convince you that you are not good enough?
- Did the pictures on social media make you doubt your self-worth?
- Did it pain when you said all those bitter things to yourself?
- Did it hurt when you started believing that all this that made you great is nothing?
(Because your body didn't look a certain way)
- Did you cry because your entire self-worth came crashing down to a number on the weighing scale?
- Did you miss out on dinner because you had nine extra calories for lunch?
- Did you really believe that all those scars made you ugly?
(When all they did was make you unique)
- Did your hormonal acne make you cover yourself with a mask of shame?
- Did we fail in teaching how to love yourself?
- Did we brush off the blame on external factors and forget to take our share of responsibility?
- Did we forget that even though you pretend to know it all, you're still just a child?
- Did we become numb to our sad children?
- More importantly
- Did you forget that you are more than just a mannequin for your clothes?
- Did you forget that you are ART ?



Nimar Sidhu
XI-Arts

“DON'T JUDGE ANY BOOK BY ITS COVER!”

I picked a book to read
Something made me put it down
It beckoned to me, complaining of
rejection
Hey, don't judge me by my cover
It's not my choice
It's the weathering due to age
At birth, I was the perfect canvas!

I did not know sadness
I am tattered and greasy now
Made so by those who picked me up
At times, they broke my back
My edges they eroded
The once vibrant front has faded
But, I still have stories to tell!

So, before you bid farewell
Pick me up and give me a chance
To impress and delight you
But then (I know) you are stubborn
You have made up your mind at the
first glance
Not to give me a chance to serve
So, now you go about shelving me
back
For someone else to discover
You are no different
You also seem to judge a book by its
cover!

Saksham Sharma
XI Commerce



TRYST WITH TIDE

Swimming in the school resumes
after a two year sabbatical!



OUIJA BOARD TO REALITY

Scary, Sordid and Startling!

How do you think an Ouija Board works? What do you picture? A bunch of horror genre fanatics sitting around a board game, in a room lit up with spooky looking candles? Well, let me tell you, my friend, this story is nothing like that. Well, it's somewhat like this - it does involve a group of teenagers. And...okay, fine, I'm not going to lie to you, even a few candles. Quite a cliché, isn't it? Most kids this age are.

The group of kids we're concerned with, one random day decided to chip in, buy an Ouija Board and hold a séance. They wanted to experience the thrill of it all, even though the idea of actual ghosts terrified each one of them out of their wits. The day they discussed ghosts and made a definite plan, all of them slept with their brightest lights on.

During the week leading up to the grand event, no one dared to back away from the agreed plan. The candles, and the oh-so-powerful board had arrived. And so did the evening they all secretly dreaded!

Everyone showed up, their hearts thumping with fear, each one feigning more excitement than the one before.

Taking their places around the Ouija, a soft fire building its way up to their throats, the children looked at each other with impatient eyes, eager to get this over with. The delegated brave-heart of the group, volunteered to hold the Planchette, while another half-heartedly recited a cursory invitation to the spirits. Silence had ensued for mere seconds when the girl holding the pointer started moving her hands in random directions on the board. Everyone looked at her in bewilderment, and they were greeted with hollow eyes looking back at them.

"Is there a real spirit among us?" One of them asked, his voice quivering with the next possibility. As if on cue, the girl's hands swiftly moved over the area marked 'yes'.



Intrigued now, the youngest of them all, asked with a voice that could almost sound confident, "Do you have a message for us?" The hand stayed frozen over 'yes'. With eyes wide, all the children sat up straighter and looked down at the board with expressions of apprehension. The room was now filled with a strange air of trepidation. After some moments, when it felt like there would be no answer, finally the hands of the girl started frantically gliding over the board again. Just about slow enough for someone to write down the letters. The hands then stopped dead in their tracks, and went limp, seemingly indicating the girl's work here, was done. The boy who had been noting down the precious message, held up the paper for everyone to see, his lips stretched in a tight line, waiting for someone else to react. "Release me." Someone read the text aloud. A collective shudder passed through the group. The girl who had apparently been their source to the spirits had now gained her normal colour back. She looked around, perplexed at the others' expressions, more perplexed, at why there were tears streaming down her face.

"It's alright. I read something before coming here. This happened because of something called the Ideomotor effect. She did all of this herself without consciously knowing it. It's not real." Someone volunteered the very first consolation of the evening.

"Thank God!" the boy clutching the paper exclaimed.

"You believe in God?!" One scoffed.

"And you believe in ghosts?!" Another retorted.

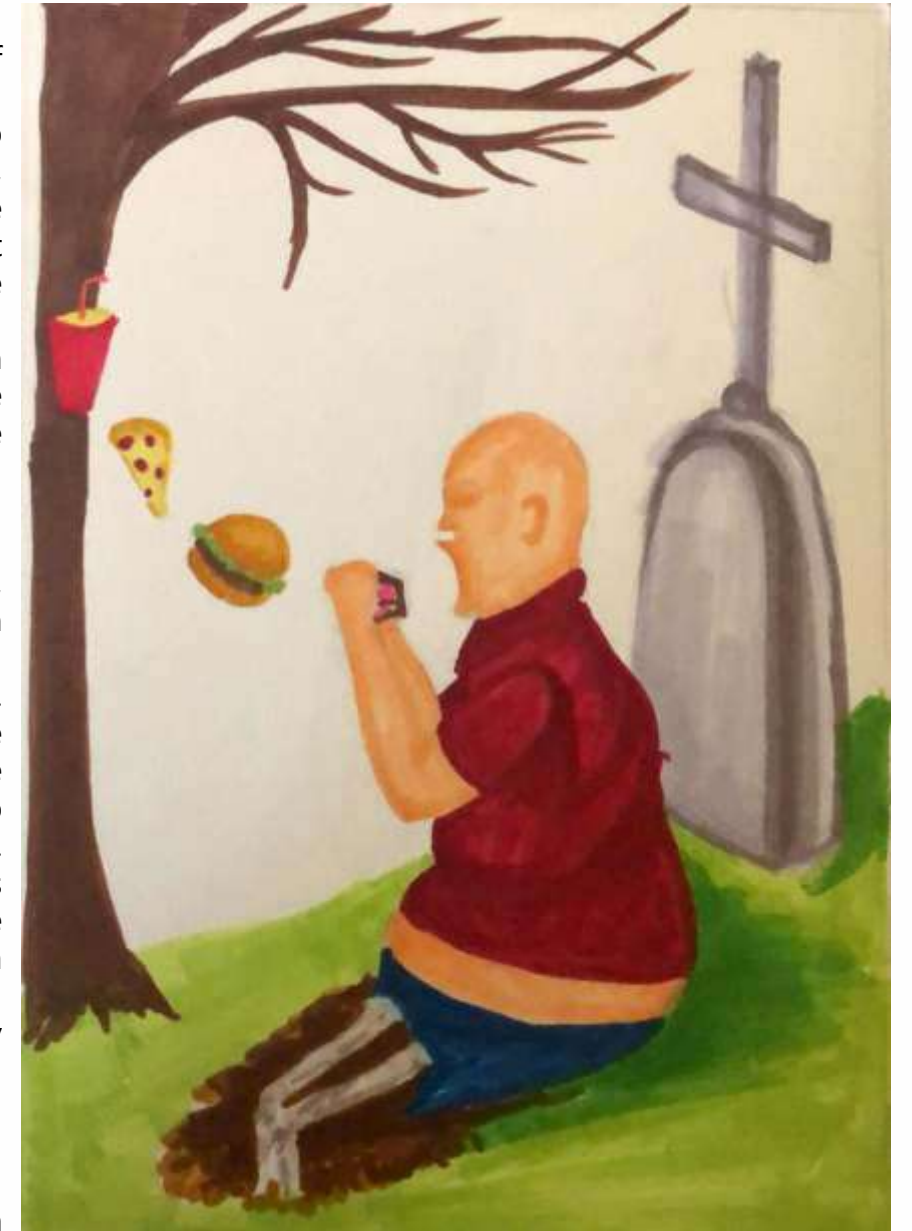
Ha! Real pieces of work these kids, aren't they?

"I don't feel so good..." The girl said, seconds before painting the floor with her vomit. This act finally made them all leave the room. One of them knocked over a candle on his way out, no one appeared to catch the blunder in their hurried departure.

All of them are seated in the room below, now, comforting each other in hushed voices and coming up with explanations. They're oblivious to the steady fire starting in the room. They're oblivious to who actually caused it. While they try to find ways to forget the events of the evening, can I let you in on a little secret?

They inadvertently (but fortunately) released ME and got the bad deal...I'm a sinister one.

Ekisha Ahluwalia
XI Arts



**Creativity Is In
SOME SUMPTUOUS**

**Cooking Too...!
SHOTS**



गिलहरियाँ जो गलीचा कुतर जाती हैं,
गिलहरियाँ जिन्होंने कभी रूई से दूध पिया,
गिलहरियाँ जिनके सामने कौआ रोटी छिन ले गया,
मेरे बचपन को सँवारने वाली वो गिलहरियाँ,
मैं आज भी उनके साथ खेलना चाहती हूँ।

उनके कूदने फुदकने से बगीचे में फूल गिर जाते,
फूल उठा कर संभाल लेती हूँ मैं।
क्या आज भी वो मेरी पुकार सुना करती है?

हालात ने मजबूर कर दिया है मुझे,
लुकाछिपी के इस खेल खेलने को
थक नहीं सकती मैं गिलहरियों का इंतजार करते,
ना जाने क्यों, लेकिन थक चुकी हूँ मैं।

गिलहरिया तो बस अब रह गई चित्रकारियों में
इनका स्वरूप तस्वीरों ने लिया है,
परंतु ये भी झूठ नहीं कि
बगीचे और नानी के स्वेटर में जीती थी कभी गिलहरियाँ,
वो आज केवल मेरे दिल पे एक कढ़ाई हैं।

बचपन से रिश्ता है ये हमारा,
दोस्ती जिंदगी से भी अमर है,
दिल को खुश रखने को, गालिब ये ख्याल अच्छा है।
हे जिंदगी के मालिक,
सीख है ये मिट्टी से बने जीवन की,
खुशियाँ जोड़ते हुए, यादें कई जुड़ जाती हैं मगर
गिलहरियों से खेल खेलते हुए, वे भी खो जाती हैं।

Divroop Kaur Sandhu
IX O

मैं आज भी गिलहरियों के साथ खेलना चाहती हूँ



मेरी माँ

जब मैं छोटी बच्ची थी,
तब मुझे माँ संभालती थी।
और जब भी मुझे भूख लगे तो,
माँ मुझे खाना खिलाती थी।

मुझे चोट लगे तो,
मुझे चुप करवाती थी।
जब मैं छोटी बच्ची थी,
तब मुझे माँ संभालती थी।

पानी पीना हो तो,
वह ही मुझे पिलाती थी।
हर गलती करने पर,
वह मुझे सही राह दिखाती थी।
जब मैं छोटी बच्ची थी,
तब मुझे माँ संभालती थी।
अब मैं बड़ी बच्ची हूँ, तो मुझे

अपने आप को संभालना सिखाती हैं।
जब मुझे बुखार चढ़े तो,
मेरे पास आकर वो बैठ जाती थी।
मैं जब तक ठीक ना हूँ,
तब तक वह मुझे घर की दवाई खिलाती थी।
पढ़ने के लिए मुझे,
वह हर पल कहती थी।
लेकिन अगर मैं नहीं सुनती, तो वह मुझसे रूठ जाती थी।

जब मैं छोटी बच्ची थी,
तब मुझे माँ संभालती थी।

Nysa Gupta
VI N

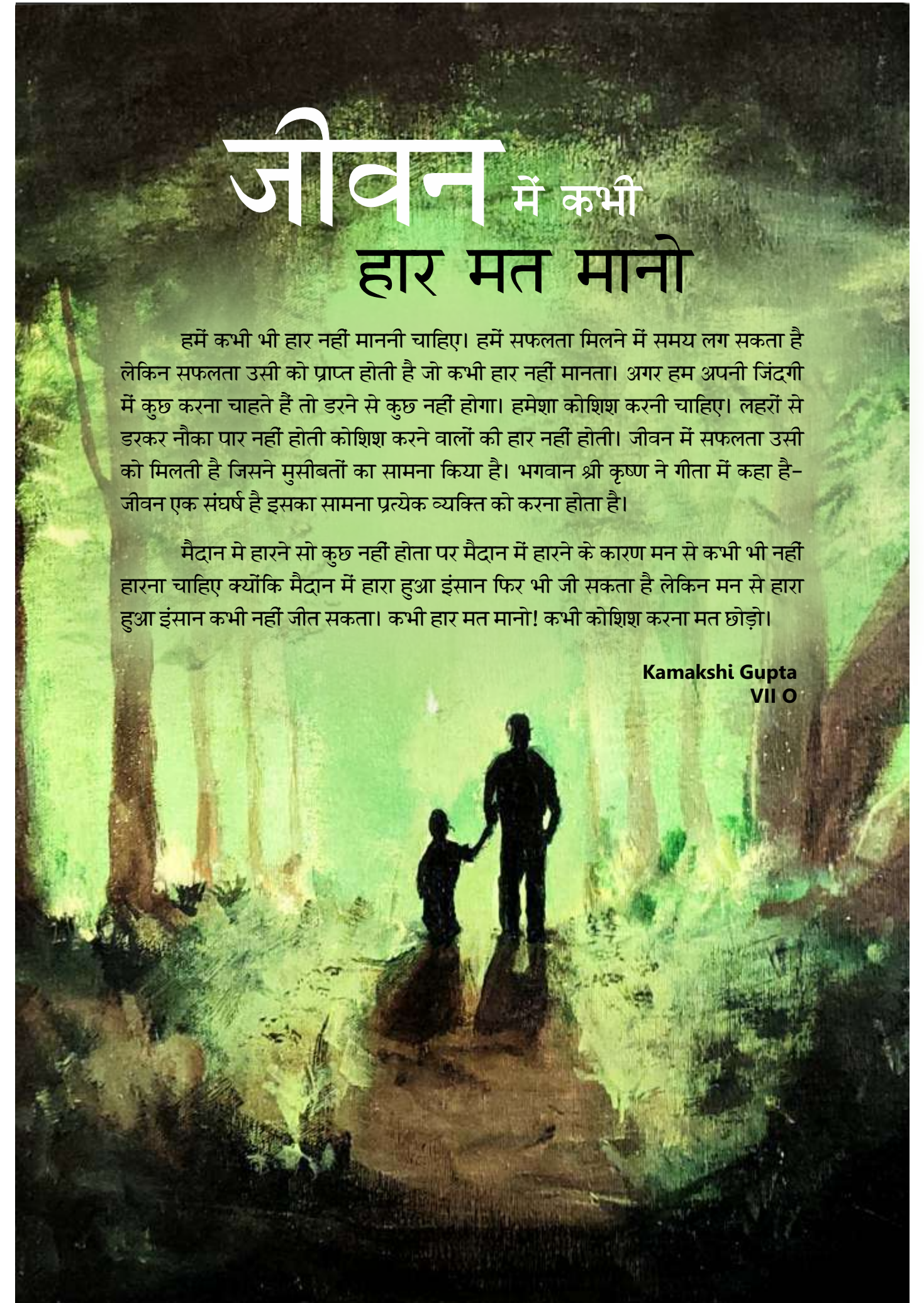


वाई. पी. एस. स्कूल, वाई. पी. एस. स्कूल
 यहाँ नहीं बनता है कोई फूल।
 यहाँ अध्यापक हैं चमत्कारी,
 इसलिए बच्चे भी हैं संस्कारी।
 यहाँ सारे बच्चे हैं चुस्त।
 कोई नहीं है सुस्त।
 वाई. पी. एस. स्कूल, वाई. पी. एस. स्कूल,
 यहाँ सारे बच्चे हैं कूल।
 करते नहीं कोई भूल,
 यहाँ खिलते हैं रंग-बिरंगे फूल,

वाई. पी. एस.

यहाँ पढ़ते हैं सब बच्चे होके मशगूल
 खेलकूद और पढ़ाई में नहीं हैं कच्चे।
 वाई. पी. एस. स्कूल है सबसे न्यारा,
 है हमारा सबसे प्यारा।
 वाई. पी. एस. स्कूल है बहुत बड़ा,
 भरा है स्कूल में पढ़ाई का घड़ा।
 यहाँ आने की है सैकड़ों वजह,
 आओ पढ़ते हैं, और करते हैं मज़ा।
 धन्यवाद।

Adityabir Singh
 VI N



जीवन में कभी हार मत मानो

हमें कभी भी हार नहीं माननी चाहिए। हमें सफलता मिलने में समय लग सकता है लेकिन सफलता उसी को प्राप्त होती है जो कभी हार नहीं मानता। अगर हम अपनी जिंदगी में कुछ करना चाहते हैं तो डरने से कुछ नहीं होगा। हमेशा कोशिश करनी चाहिए। लहरों से डरकर नौका पार नहीं होती कोशिश करने वालों की हार नहीं होती। जीवन में सफलता उसी को मिलती है जिसने मुसीबतों का सामना किया है। भगवान श्री कृष्ण ने गीता में कहा है- जीवन एक संघर्ष है इसका सामना प्रत्येक व्यक्ति को करना होता है।

मैदान में हारने से कुछ नहीं होता पर मैदान में हारने के कारण मन से कभी भी नहीं हारना चाहिए क्योंकि मैदान में हारा हुआ इंसान फिर भी जी सकता है लेकिन मन से हारा हुआ इंसान कभी नहीं जी सकता। कभी हार मत मानो! कभी कोशिश करना मत छोड़ो।

Kamakshi Gupta
 VII O

डॉक्टर

डाक्टर की जिम्मेदारी,
एक डाक्टर ही जाने।
इतनी है जरूरी,
उसकी जिम्मेदारी।

मरीज़ों के प्राणों,
की रक्षा करना,
उसका है सबसे बड़ा धर्म।
डाक्टर को मेरा सलाम।

उन्हें नहीं है,
अपने प्राणों की परवाह।
कोरोना में निःस्वार्थ,
उन्होंने की मरीज़ों के प्राणों की रक्षा,
पूरी जिम्मेदारी से रक्षा।

उन्हें नहीं है,
पैसों का स्वार्थ।
बस चाहते हैं,
खुश रहे सारा संसार।

“ऐ मेरी जमी,
अफसोस नहीं,
जो तेरे लिए,
सौ दर्द सहें।

जब देश ने,
दी आवाज़ हमें
हम घर की राहें,
भूल गए” है डाक्टरों
का यही कहना।

Nysa Gupta
VI N



वक्त सिखा देगा

जब बचपन था तो सोचती थी कि बड़ी होकर ये करूंगी वो करूंगी। शिकायतें तब भी थी और आज भी हैं। तब बचपन था और चौबीस घण्टे बस खेलना ही अच्छा लगता था। मन सिर्फ खेल में ही लगता था और उसी के लिए समय बहुत कम मिलता था। माँ कहती पढ़ ले कुछ, दादी कहती घर के काम सीख ले कुछ। दबाव तब भी था और अब भी है। वो सीखने सिखाने का सिलसिला अब भी जारी है।

एक दिन पिता के साथ बैठी थी तो घड़ी की ओर देखते हुए मैंने पूछा कि मुझे भी समय को देखना सिखाईए न! माँ ने कहा हाँ-हाँ सिखाइए इसे भी। पिता शांत थे चेहरे पर तब जो भाव थे उनको समझना मेरे बस की बात नहीं थी। बस वो मेरे सिर पर प्यार से हाथ रख के इतना ही बोले, “वक्त अपने आप वक्त को समझना और देखना सिखा देगा।”

आज जब स्वयं मैं एक माँ हूँ तो मेरा बेटा भी यही पूछता है, “माँ समय कैसे देखते हैं?” तो बस जवाब वही याद आता है जो एक दिन पिता ने दिया था और मैं वक्त आने पर उसे स्वयं ही समझ गई।

सोचती हूँ क्या वो बचपन अच्छा था जब मैं जवानी के सपने देखती थी या आज अच्छा है जिसमें मैं जवान हूँ या फिर क्या मेरा आने वाला कल और ज़्यादा सुंदर होगा? सवाल तब भी कल का ही था और आज भी उसी कल का है। किसी के लिए बचपन अच्छा है तो किसी के लिए जवानी। समय की सुईयाँ कभी नहीं रुकती, निरंतर चलती हैं। ठहराव, रुकना या लगातार चलते रहना तो सब हमारे अपने निर्णय हैं और हमारे हाथ में है।

क्या सही क्या गलत है सब समय अपने आप सिखा देता है। ये वक्त ही तो है जो हमें चलाता है।

Mrs. Sunita Kumari
Hindi Department

लम्हे

तीन साल बीत गए, जब मेरा पहला लम्हा था बोरडिंग में। दिल मचल सा रहा था। कुछ तनाव सा था कुछ खुशी भी थी। दोनों को इकट्ठे देख के मैं चौक सी गई थी। मुझे तो लगता था कि मैं अकेली सी रह जाऊँगी पर प्यार ही इतना मिला कि जैसे अपना ही घर हो। जब मैंने अपना सामान रखना शुरू किया था बोरडिंग में तो मैं सबसे शरमा सी गई थी। हिचकिचाहट सी थी पर यहाँ कि लड़कियाँ इतनी अच्छी थी कि घर की कमी महसूस ही नहीं होने दी।

स्कूल का पहला दिन भी दिलचस्प था। स्कूल के बाद मैं अपनी सहेलियों के साथ हॉकी खेलने मैदान गई थी। शुरू में जब मैंने हाकी उठाई थी तो दिल में कुछ हलचल सी मची पर जब खेलना शुरू किया तो मुझे बहुत मज़ा आया।

अगर सहपाठियों की बात करें तो वे थी शायद मेरे लिए ही बनीं थीं। ऐसा लगता था कि जैसे मेरा दूसरा रूप मुझे मिल गया था। इतना मन मेरा किसी से नहीं लगा जितना उन के साथ लग गया था। हम चंचल और शरारती से थे।

बिना माता-पिता के रहना थोड़ा मुश्किल तो था पर मैं धीरे-धीरे सब काम अपने-आप करने सीखने लगी थी। मुझे यहाँ के महौल की आदत हो गई। मैंने बहुत सी सहेलियाँ बनाईं। हम साथ-साथ खेलते और पढ़ते थे। मेरा अब मन लगने लग गया था।

बोरडिंग में रहना उतना भी मुश्किल नहीं था जितना मैंने सोचा था। मैंने यहाँ बहुत सी नई चीज़ें सीखी थी। अब मैं अपना काम भी अपने आप करती थी। बोरडिंग में रहने से मेरे में बहुत बदलाव आए थे। मैं मानसिक तौर से बहुत समझदार हो गई थी।

बोरडिंग में रहना एक अच्छा और यादगार पल है जो मैं अभी भी जी रही हूँ।

Akshra
VIII P

राधा कृष्ण

फूल की कलियों जैसी खूबसूरत,
है ये अनोखी गाथा,
जिसमें हैं नटखट कृष्ण,
और हमारी प्यारी राधा।

एक नटखट,
दूसरी प्यारी।
एक मनमोहन,
तो दूसरी नयारी।

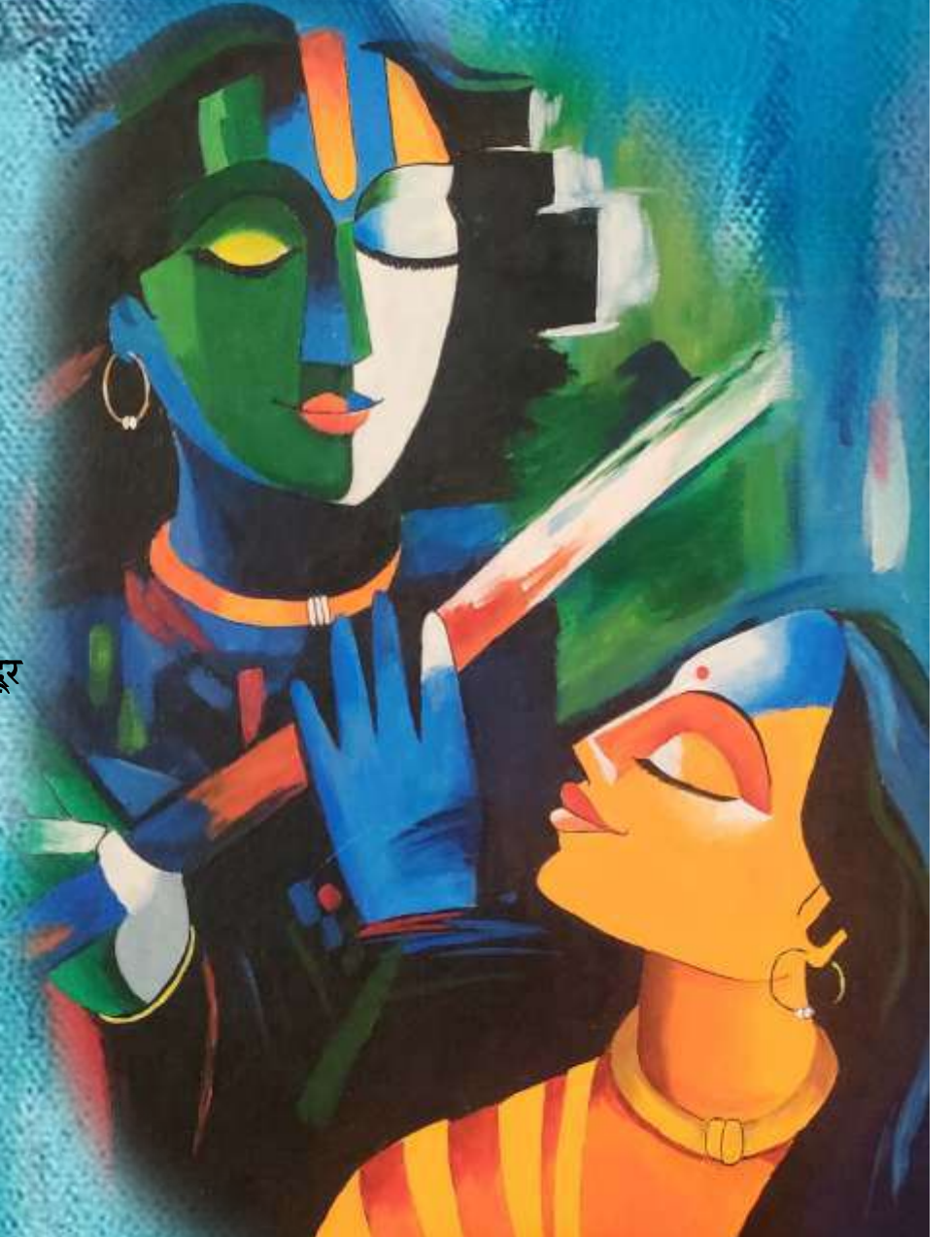
है यह दो शरीर
पर मन और हृदय से यह एक
प्रेम और क्रोधित,
अवतार है इनके अनेक।

राधा के हृदय में कृष्ण,
और कृष्ण के हृदय में राधा।
न कर सके इनको दूर,
बड़ी से बड़ी बाधा।

नैनों से नैन मिलाकर,
रखते हैं हृदय में प्रेम का वासा।
और उसी प्रेम से,
करते हैं यह रास

जिसके हृदय में है प्रेम,
उसके साथ हमेशा यह रहते।
धर्म और प्रेम से कभी ना होना दूर
हमेशा यही कहते हैं।

Akshra Mittal
VII E



मिट्टी का पुतला

मिट्टी में जनमें है मिट्टी हो जाएंगे।
हमारा क्या है यहाँ हम क्या ले जाएंगे?
अभिमान किस बात का जब सब यहीं छोड़कर जाना है
खाली हाथ आए थे और खाली हाथ जायेंगे
हमारा क्या है यहाँ, हम क्या ले जायेंगे?

बातें हैं लोगों में आजकल पैसों की,
क्या पैसा साथ लाए थे और पैसा साथ ले जाएंगे?
तरज़ है लोगों में अपनी खुददारी का, क्या मरकर भी
इतने खुददार रह पाएंगे?
हमारा क्या है यहाँ, हम क्या ले जायेंगे?

खुदा से डरके, बंद नियत ना रख के
क्या जानवर से भी बदतर बन जाएंगे हम?
किसी से वफादार ना रहकर, किसी के जज़्बातों को ठेस पहुँचाकर,
क्या खुद चैन से जी पाएंगे हम
हमारा क्या है यहाँ, हम क्या ले जाएंगे?

अंत मेरी पंक्तियों का, कहूँगी बस इतना
कहीं पैसे का तो कहीं रंग-रूप का है गुरुर
पर याद रखना, किस्मत के पहलू बदलने वाला तोड़ता
है एक दिन सबका गुरुर-----

Chiranjiv Kaur
XII Arts



विद्यार्थी और विद्यालय

शिक्षा प्राप्ति का प्रमुख साधन विद्यालय ही है क्योंकि कहा जाता है स्कूल मन्दिर है तथा इस मन्दिर में हमें गुरु भगवान के रूप में तथा किताबें ज्ञान बढ़ाने के लिए मिलती हैं। बच्चों के संस्कार बढ़ाने में उनके माता-पिता और गुरुओं का ही तो हाथ है। स्कूल में विद्यार्थी न केवल अपना ज्ञान बढ़ाते हैं अपितु खेल कूद जैसे बास्केट बाल, क्रिकेट, बैडमिंटन, हाकी, जिमनास्टिक आदि में अपना ज्ञान बढ़ाकर उसे अपने भविष्य में भी अपनाते हैं इसके अतिरिक्त छात्र स्कूल में अपने शौक के लिए नृत्य, संगीत, चित्रकारी आदि सीखते हैं तथा अपने निजी जीवन में इस्तेमाल भी करते हैं। इतनी सारी शिक्षाएँ एक ही स्थान यानि की स्कूल में प्राप्त की जा सकती हैं। इसके अतिरिक्त स्कूल में विद्यार्थी दया सहानुभूति, सेवा एवं अनुशासन जैसे गुणों को विकसित करता है। देश प्रेम की शिक्षा लेकर उसे अपने निजी जीवन में अपनाता है। प्रार्थना सभा में इकट्ठे देश का राष्ट्रगान गाना विद्यार्थी की एकता और अपने राष्ट्र के प्रति प्रेम के भाव को उजागर करता है। अन्त में मैं आपको यही कहना चाहूँगी कि विद्यालय में विद्यार्थी हर तरह की शिक्षा प्राप्त करता है तथा बड़े स्तर पर नौकरी प्राप्त करके अपने गुरुओं का सिर गर्व से उँचा करता है। इस तरह विद्यार्थी के जीवन में विद्यालय का सर्वोच्च स्थान है। मैं दिल से प्रभुका शुक्रिया करती हूँ कि मैं यादविन्द्रा पब्लिक जैसे महान विद्यालय की छात्रा हूँ।

Divyanshi Pathak
VI P



ग्लोबल वार्मिंग

आज के समय में वैश्विक तापमान का बढ़ना एक बड़ी पर्यावरण समस्या है जिसका स्थायी रूप से समाधान करना आवश्यक हो गया है।

पृथ्वी की सतह पर औसतन तापमान का निरंतर रूप से बढ़ना ग्लोबल वार्मिंग प्रक्रिया है। ग्रीन हाउस गैस कार्बन डाईऑक्साइड, मिथेन, पृथ्वी पर बढ़ते ग्लोबल वार्मिंग के मुख्य कारक हैं। पृथ्वी का बढ़ता तापमान विभिन्न आशंकाओं को जन्म देता है जो कि इस ग्रह पर जीवन के अस्तित्व के लिए संकट पैदा कर सकते हैं। यह क्रामिक और स्थायी रूप से पृथ्वी के जलवायु में परिवर्तन उत्पन्न करता है जिससे प्रकृति का संतुलन प्रभावित होता है। इसका सीधा प्रभाव समुद्री स्तर का विस्तार, पिघलती बर्फ की चट्टानें ग्लेशियर, अप्रत्याशित तथा अनचाहे चक्रवात, ओज़ोन परत को नुकसान, भारी बारिश, सूखा, भोजन की कमी, बीमारी इत्यादि के रूप में देखा जा रहा है।

ग्लोबल वार्मिंग में वृद्धि के कारण पृथ्वी से वायुमंडल में जल-वाष्पकरण अधिक होता है जिससे ग्रीन हाउस गैस का निर्माण होता है जो पुनः ग्लोबल वार्मिंग का कारण बनता है। जीवाश्म ईंधन का जलना, उर्वरक का उपयोग, अन्य गैसों में वृद्धि, जैसे-CFC's, ट्रोपोस्फेरिक ओज़ोन और नाईट्रस आक्साइड भी ग्लोबल वार्मिंग के कारक हैं। तकनीकी आधुनिकरण, प्रदूषण, औद्योगिक विस्तार, जंगलों की अन्धाधुंध कटाई तथा शहरीकरण ग्लोबल वार्मिंग वृद्धि में प्रमुख रूप से सहायक हैं।

हमें पेड़ों की अन्धाधुंध कटाई पर रोक लगानी चाहिए तथा बिजली का उपयोग कम करना चाहिए। तभी पर्यावरण में संतुलन स्थापित होगा।

Renee Dhadli
VIII E

कोविड-19 के उपाय

कोविड-19 को कोरोना वायरस भी कहा जाता है। कोरोना वायरस एक ऐसी बीमारी है जिसमें व्यक्ति को बुखार हो जाता है, और सांस लेने में तकलीफ होती है। यह बीमारी एक व्यक्ति से दूसरे व्यक्ति में जल्दी फैल जाती है। इसलिए इससे बचने के लिए दूरी रखना जरूरी है।

इससे बचने के लिए निम्नलिखित उपाय हैं-

1. सबसे जरूरी बात जो हमें ध्यान में रखनी है कि हाथों को बार बार धोना चाहिए।
2. हमें किसी से हाथ नहीं मिलाना चाहिए।
3. चेहरे और आँखों पर हाथों से छूना नहीं चाहिए।
4. साफ-सुथरे मास्क का प्रयोग करना चाहिए।
5. ठंडी चीजें नहीं खानी चाहिए।
6. काढ़ा पीना चाहिए।
7. हल्दी वाला दूध पीना चाहिए।
8. गुनगुना पानी पीना चाहिए।
9. अपने भोजन में पौष्टिक चीजों की मात्रा को बढ़ाना चाहिए।
10. बाज़ार से लाई हुई चीजों को सैनिटाईज करना चाहिए।
11. हमें 15-20 मिनट के लिए सुबह की धूप में बैठना चाहिए।
12. 7-8 घंटों तक की अच्छी नींद लेनी चाहिए।
13. 8-10 गिलास पानी पीना चाहिए।
14. ताज़ा भोजन करना चाहिए। बासी भोजन नहीं खाना चाहिए।
15. विटामिन-बी, विटामिन-सी, विटामिन-डी और विटामिन-ई लेते रहना चाहिए।



अगर हम इन सब नियमों का पालन करेंगे तो हम कोरोना जैसी भयंकर बीमारी से बचे रहेंगे और हम यह उम्मीद करते हैं कि हम जल्दी ही इस बीमारी से निजात पा लेंगे।

Hridyaansh Kapil
VI N

बचपन

नन्हा प्यारा सा यह बचपन।

जीवन का एक टुकड़ा बचपन।

नटखट नादानी का बचपन।

विद्या में जो डुबा तनमन,

खेलकूद में गुजरा बचपन,

याद दिलाता है हर पल की,

रंग-रंगीली दुनिया में,

बीता है सुन्दर-सा बचपन।

कितना चंचल, कितना प्यारा है ये बचपन

दादी, नानी और माँ की आँखों का तारा यह बचपन

भोली-भाली बातों से यह सब का मन मोह लेते हैं।

अपना-पराया यह न जाने दिल में घर कर लेते हैं।

कोरा-कागज़ सा यह बचपन, हर घर की तस्वीर है ये बचपन।

Nia Gupta
VI N

शिक्षक

ज्ञान का जो दीपक जलाए।

माता पिता के बाद जो आए।

जीवन को जो सजाते हैं।

वही हमारे शिक्षक कहलाते हैं।

गिरते हैं हम जब तो उठाते हैं शिक्षक।

जीवन की राह दिखाते हैं शिक्षक।

जीवन की डगर पर चलाते हुए।

जीवन संघर्ष सिखाते हैं शिक्षक।

सही गलत का भेद हमें ये बतलाते हैं।

कभी डाँट तो कभी प्यार से।

कितना कुछ हमको ये समझाते हैं।

जीवन संघर्षों से लड़ना शिक्षक हमें बताते हैं।

सत्य न्याय के पथ पे चलना,

शिक्षक हमें बताते हैं।

बस यही एक पैगाम फैलाते हैं, शिक्षक।

गिरते हैं जब हम तो उठाते हैं शिक्षक।

अक्षर-अक्षर हमें सिखाते हैं शिक्षक।

जीवन क्या है समझाते हैं।

वही तो हमारे सच्चे गुरु कहलाते हैं।

ये शिक्षक कहलाते हैं, ये शिक्षक कहलाते हैं।

सभी गुरु जनों को कोटि-कोटि अभिनन्दन।

Aditya Thakur
VI P



माँ का अनदेखा प्यार

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

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

जो शिक्षिका बनकर तुम्हें,
जिन्दगी का पाठ पढ़ाती है,
वो कोई और नहीं
सिर्फ माँ ही कर पाती है।
ज़रूरी नहीं जो जन्म देती,
माँ वही कहलाती है,
जो माँ की ममता सा प्यार करे,
वो भी माँ कहलाती है।

Srishti
XII Arts



मैं हूँ एक डॉक्टर

मैं हूँ एक डाक्टर
करता हूँ सबका ईलाज।
मेरे लिए सब बराबर हैं
भिखारी हो चाहें महाराज।

कुछ लोगों ने भगवान्
कुछ लोगों ने शैतान का नाम दिया।
पर मैंने निस्वार्थ भावना से बस अपना काम किया।

इस कोरोना काल में जब,
लोग घरों में आराम से सोते हैं।
हम दिन और रात का फर्क भूलकर लोगों के दुखों को लगातार धोते हैं।

डेंगू, मलेरिया या हो बुखार,
हमने सबका किया उपचार।
लोगों के दुखों को कर दिया दूर।
ताकि सभी अपनी जिंदगी जिए
खुशियों से भरपूर।

Bhavyansh Singla
VI N

ਮਿਹਨਤ ਦੀ ਮਹਤਤਾ



ਮਿਹਨਤ ਕੀਤੇ ਬਿਨਾਂ ਮਹਾਨਤਾ ਪ੍ਰਾਪਤ ਕਰਨਾ ਅਸੰਭਵ ਹੈ। ਦੂਜੇ ਸ਼ਬਦਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਇੱਕ ਵਿਹਲਾ ਵਿਅਕਤੀ ਕੁਝ ਵੀ ਪ੍ਰਾਪਤ ਨਹੀਂ ਕਰ ਸਕਦਾ ਜੇ ਉਹ ਬੈਠਣਾ ਅਤੇ ਕਿਸੇ ਹੋਰ ਚੀਜ਼ ਦੀ ਉਡੀਕ ਕਰਨਾ ਚਾਹੁੰਦਾ ਹੈ। ਦੂਜੇ ਪਾਸੇ, ਜੇ ਵਿਅਕਤੀ ਲਗਾਤਾਰ ਮਿਹਨਤ ਕਰਦਾ ਰਹਿੰਦਾ ਹੈ, ਉਹ ਨਿਸ਼ਚਿਤ ਤੌਰ 'ਤੇ ਜੀਵਨ ਵਿੱਚ ਸਫਲਤਾ ਪ੍ਰਾਪਤ ਕਰੇਗਾ।

ਸਖਤ ਮਿਹਨਤ ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਵਿੱਚ ਸਾਡੇ ਸੁਪਨੇ ਪ੍ਰਾਪਤ ਕਰਨ ਵਿੱਚ ਸਾਡੀ ਮਦਦ ਕਰਦੀ ਹੈ। ਸਖਤ ਮਿਹਨਤ ਦਾ ਅਰਥ ਚੀਜ਼ਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਗੰਭੀਰਤਾ ਨਾਲ, ਧਿਆਨ ਨਾਲ ਅਤੇ ਪ੍ਰਭਾਵ ਨਾਲ ਕਰਨਾ ਹੈ। ਸਖਤ ਮਿਹਨਤ ਕਰਨੀ ਔਖੀ ਹੈ, ਪਰ ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਵਿੱਚ ਸਾਡੀ ਤਰੱਕੀ ਲਈ ਇਹ ਇੱਕ ਮਹੱਤਵਪੂਰਨ ਮੁੱਲ ਹੈ। ਮਿਹਨਤੀ ਵਿਅਕਤੀ ਜੀਵਨ ਵਿੱਚ ਹਮੇਸ਼ਾ ਤਰੱਕੀ ਕਰਦਾ ਹੈ। ਸਫਲਤਾ ਮਿਹਨਤ ਦਾ ਮਿੱਠਾ ਨਤੀਜਾ ਹੈ। ਆਖਰਕਾਰ, ਰੋਮ ਦੇ ਲੋਕਾਂ ਨੇ ਰੋਮ ਸਾਮਰਾਜ ਬਣਾਉਣ ਲਈ ਬਹੁਤ ਮਿਹਨਤ ਕੀਤੀ। ਇਸ ਲਈ ਸਖਤ ਮਿਹਨਤ ਕੀਤੇ ਬਿਨਾਂ ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਵਿੱਚ ਕੁਝ ਵੀ ਪ੍ਰਾਪਤ ਕਰਨਾ ਆਸਾਨ ਨਹੀਂ ਹੈ।

ਮਿਹਨਤ ਸਫਲਤਾ ਦੀ ਕੁੰਜੀ ਹੈ। ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਵਿੱਚ ਇੱਕ ਸਖਤ ਮਿਹਨਤੀ ਵਿਅਕਤੀ ਨਿਰਾਸ਼ ਲੋਕਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਪ੍ਰੇਰਿਤ ਕਰਨ ਵਿੱਚ ਮਦਦ ਕਰਦਾ ਹੈ। ਇਸ ਲਈ ਸਖਤ ਮਿਹਨਤ ਅਸਲ ਵਿੱਚ ਮਹੱਤਵਪੂਰਨ ਹੈ।

Sparsh Dhawan
VI P

ਸਮੇਂ ਦੀ ਸੰਭਾਲ

ਸਮਾਂ ਬਹੁਤ ਹੀ ਕੀਮਤੀ ਹੈ। ਬੀਤਿਆ ਸਮਾਂ ਕਦੇ ਵਾਪਸ ਨਹੀਂ ਆਉਂਦਾ। ਇਸ ਕਰਕੇ ਸਾਨੂੰ ਸਮੇਂ ਦੀ ਕਦਰ ਕਰਨੀ ਚਾਹੀਦੀ ਹੈ। ਸਮਾਂ ਸਾਨੂੰ ਸਫਲਤਾ ਦਾ ਹੱਥ ਫੜਾਉਂਦਾ ਹੈ।

ਜਿਵੇਂ ਕਿ-ਸਮੇਂ ਸਿਰ ਉਠਣਾ

ਸਮੇਂ ਸਿਰ ਖਾਣਾ

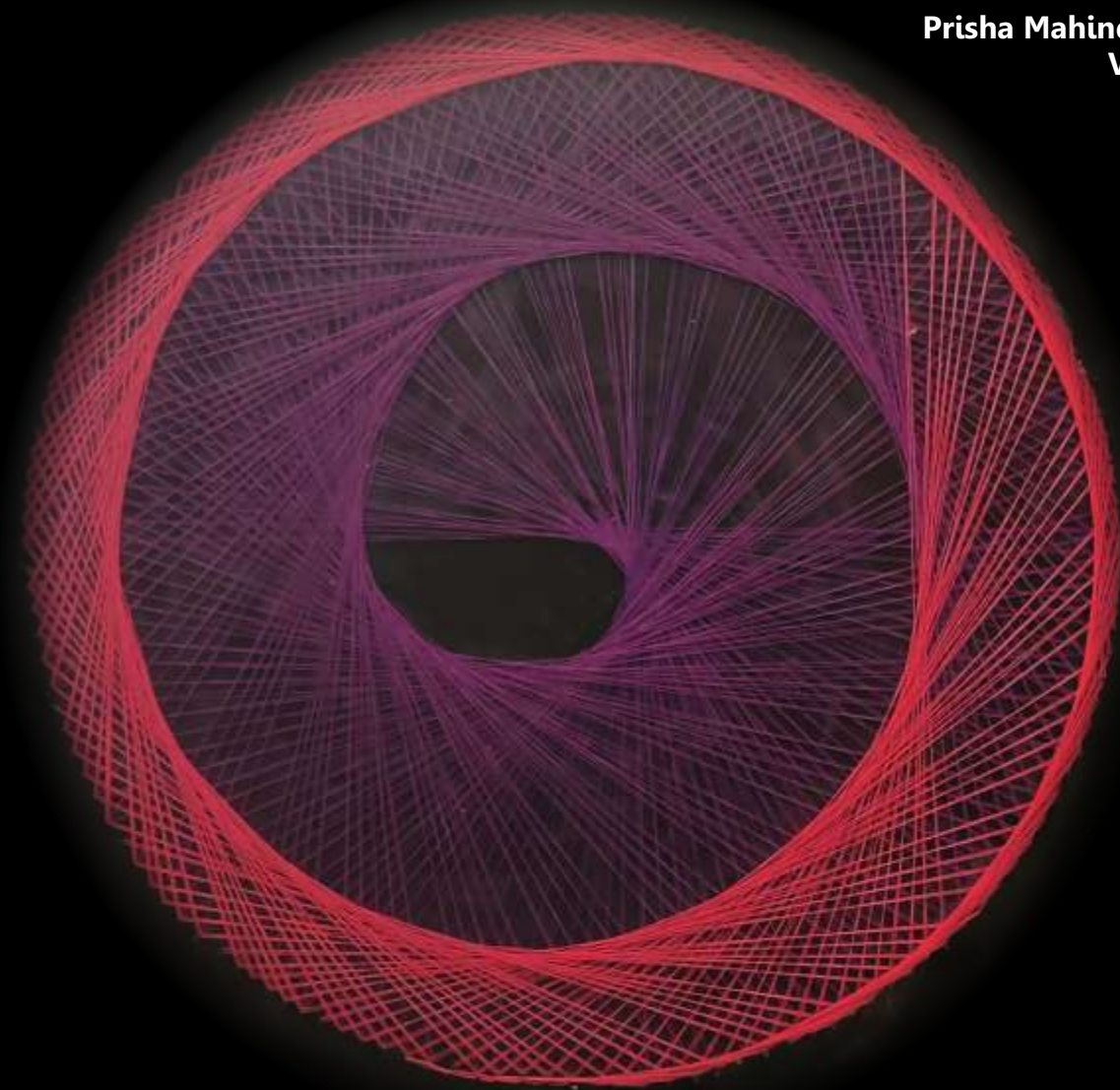
ਸਮੇਂ ਸਿਰ ਸਕੂਲ ਜਾਣਾ

ਸਮੇਂ ਸਿਰ ਸੌਣਾ

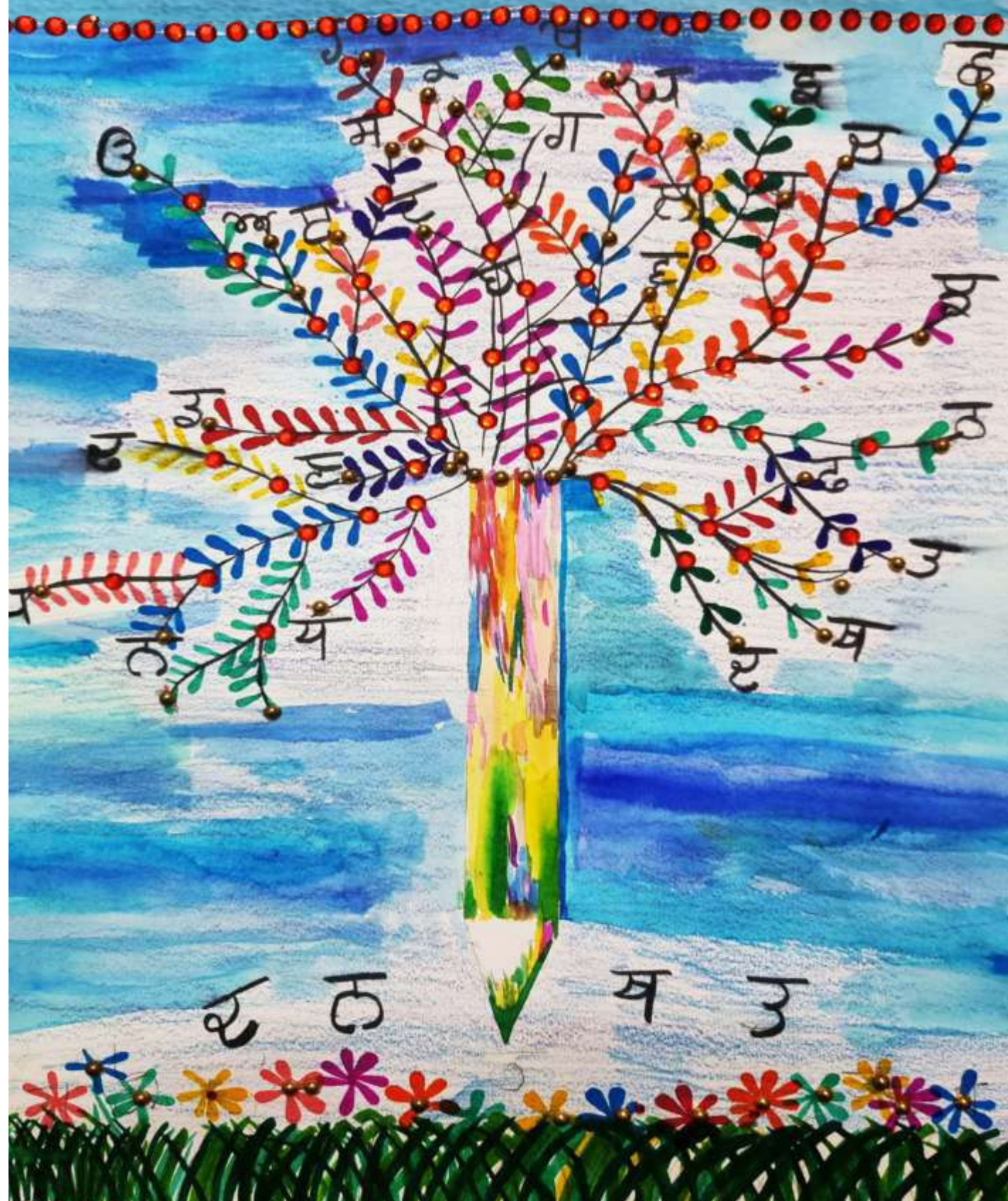
ਸਾਰੀ ਦੁਨੀਆਂ ਸਮੇਂ ਦੀ ਪਾਬੰਧ ਹੈ। ਜ਼ਰਾ ਸੋਚੋ ਜੇ ਸਾਰਾ ਕੁੱਝ ਸਮੇਂ ਤੇ ਨਾ ਹੋਵੇ ਤਾਂ ਦੁਨੀਆਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਹੱਲ-ਚੱਲ ਮੱਚ ਜਾਵੇ। ਜੇ ਸਮਾਂ ਅਸੀਂ ਨਸ਼ਟ ਕਰਦੇ ਹਾਂ। ਉਸ ਦਾ ਭਾਰੀ ਨੁਕਸਾਨ ਵੀ ਭਰਦੇ ਹਾਂ।

ਸਮੇਂ ਦੀ ਕਦਰ ਕਰਨ ਨਾਲ ਅਸੀਂ ਸਫਲ, ਸਿਹਤਮੰਦ ਤੇ ਪਰੇਸ਼ਾਨੀਆਂ ਤੋਂ ਮੁਕਤ ਹੋ ਜਾਵਾਂਗੇ। ਕੁਦਰਤ ਦਾ ਵੀ ਹਰ ਕੰਮ ਵਕਤ ਨਾਲ ਚਲਦਾ ਹੈ। ਸਮਾਂ ਬੇਰੋਕ ਹੈ। ਇਹ ਲਗਾਤਾਰ ਚਲਦਾ ਰਹਿੰਦਾ ਹੈ। ਸਾਨੂੰ ਇਸ ਦਾ ਹੱਥ ਫੜ ਕੇ ਆਪਣੇ ਜੀਵਨ ਨੂੰ ਸੌਖਾ ਬਣਾਉਣਾ ਹੈ। ਸਮੇਂ ਦੀ ਸੰਭਾਲ ਕਰਨ 'ਚ ਹੀ ਸਾਡੀ ਭਲਾਈ ਹੈ।

Prisha Mahindru
VI P



ਵਿਦਿਆਰਥੀ ਤੇ ਅਨੁਸ਼ਾਸਨਹੀਣਤਾ



ਭੂਮਿਕਾ—ਅਨੁਸ਼ਾਸਨ ਮਨੁੱਖ ਜੀਵਨ ਵਿੱਚ ਮਹੱਤਵਪੂਰਨ ਸਥਾਨ ਰੱਖਦਾ ਹੈ। ਅਨੁਸ਼ਾਸਨ ਦਾ ਮਤਲਬ ਹੈ—ਨਿਯਮਾਂ ਅਤੇ ਕਾਨੂੰਨਾਂ ਦੀ ਪਾਲਣਾ ਕਰਨਾ। ਅਨੁਸ਼ਾਸਨ ਹਰ ਸੱਭਿਅਕ ਸਮਾਜ ਦੀ ਨੀਂਹ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਹੈ। ਇਹੀ ਮਨੁੱਖੀ ਸ਼ਖਸੀਅਤ ਨੂੰ ਬੁਲੰਦੀਆਂ ਦਾ ਤਾਜ ਪਹਿਨਾਉਂਦਾ ਹੈ ਤੇ ਇਹੀ ਉਸਨੂੰ ਮਿੱਟੀ ਵਿੱਚ ਮਿਲਾ ਦਿੰਦਾ ਹੈ। ਇਸ ਨੂੰ ਮਨੁੱਖੀ ਚਰਿੱਤਰ ਦੀ ਰੀੜ੍ਹ ਦੀ ਹੱਡੀ ਮੰਨਿਆ ਜਾਂਦਾ ਹੈ। ਅਨੁਸ਼ਾਸਨ ਬਿਨਾਂ ਮਨੁੱਖੀ ਜੀਵਨ ਉਸ ਬੇੜੀ ਵਾਂਗ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਹੈ, ਜਿਸਦਾ ਕੋਈ ਮਲਾਹ ਹੀ ਨਾ ਹੋਵੇ। ਪਰ ਇਹ ਸਭ ਗੱਲਾਂ ਹੁਣ ਕਹਾਣੀ ਜਿਹੀਆਂ ਜਾਪਦੀਆਂ ਹਨ ਕਿਉਂਕਿ ਅੱਜ ਦਾ ਵਿਦਿਆਰਥੀ ਜੋ ਕਿ ਦੇਸ਼ ਦਾ ਭਵਿੱਖ ਹੈ, ਉਸ ਲਈ ਇਹ ਸ਼ਬਦ ਕੋਈ ਖਾਸ ਮਤਲਬ ਨਹੀਂ ਰੱਖਦਾ। ਅਧਿਆਪਕ ਦੀ ਹਰ ਗੱਲ ਨੂੰ ਸਿਰ ਮੱਥੇ ਮੰਨਣਾ ਵਿਦਿਆਰਥੀ ਜਿੱਥੇ ਆਪਣਾ ਧਰਮ ਸਮਝਦੇ ਸਨ, ਅੱਜ ਉਹਨਾਂ ਦੀ ਨਜ਼ਰ ਵਿੱਚ ਅਧਿਆਪਕ ਦੀ ਕੋਈ ਇੱਜ਼ਤ ਨਹੀਂ ਰਹੀ।

ਵਿਦਿਆਰਥੀ ਵਿੱਚ ਅਨੁਸ਼ਾਸਨਹੀਣਤਾ—ਅੱਜ-ਕੱਲ੍ਹ ਤਾਂ ਵਿਦਿਆਰਥੀ ਵਿੱਚ ਅਨੁਸ਼ਾਸਨਹੀਣਤਾ ਵੱਧਦੀ ਜਾ ਰਹੀ ਹੈ। ਰੇਲ-ਗੱਡੀ ਹੋਵੇ ਜਾਂ ਬੱਸ, ਸਿਨੇਮਾ, ਸਕੂਲ, ਕਾਲਜ ਸਭ ਜਗ੍ਹਾ ਇਹ ਅਹਿਸਾਸ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਵਿਦਿਆਰਥੀ ਵਿੱਚ ਅਨੁਸ਼ਾਸਨ ਨਾਮ ਦੀ ਚੀਜ਼ ਕਿਤੇ ਗੁਆਚ ਹੀ ਗਈ ਹੈ। ਅੱਜ ਅਧਿਆਪਕਾਂ ਦੇ ਸਾਹਮਣੇ ਇਹ ਵੱਡੀ ਸਮੱਸਿਆ ਖੜ੍ਹੀ ਹੋ ਗਈ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਉਹ ਆਪਣੀ ਸ਼ਕਤੀ ਦਾ ਪੂਰੇ ਪੜ੍ਹਾਉਣ ਵਿੱਚ ਕਰਨ ਜਾਂ ਅਨੁਸ਼ਾਸਨ ਲਿਆਉਣ ਵਿੱਚ। ਸਕੂਲਾਂ-ਕਾਲਜਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਅਨੁਸ਼ਾਸਨਹੀਣਤਾ ਇੰਨੀ ਵੱਧ ਚੁੱਕੀ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਹਰ ਜਗ੍ਹਾ ਹੜਤਾਲਾਂ, ਮੁਜ਼ਾਹਰਿਆਂ ਦਾ ਜ਼ੋਰ ਹੈ।

ਵਿਦਿਆਰਥੀ ਕੌਮ ਦਾ ਸਰਮਾਇਆ ਹੁੰਦੇ ਹਨ। ਉਹ ਕੌਮ ਦਾ ਭਵਿੱਖ ਹੁੰਦੇ ਹਨ। ਕੱਲ੍ਹ ਨੂੰ ਸਮਾਜ ਵਿੱਚ ਦੀ ਵਾਗਡੋਰ ਉਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਨੇ ਹੀ ਸੰਭਾਲਣੀ ਹੁੰਦੀ ਹੈ। ਪਰ ਅੱਜ ਦੇ ਵਿਦਿਆਰਥੀ ਦਾ ਉਹ ਹਾਲ ਜਿਵੇਂ ਸਿਰ ਤੇ ਨਹੀਂ ਕੁੰਡਾ ਤੇ ਹਾਥੀ ਫਿਰੇ ਲੁੰਡਾ। ਅਨੁਸ਼ਾਸਨ ਦਾ ਕੁੰਡਾ ਤਾਂ ਵਿਦਿਆਰਥੀ ਦਾ ਦਿਲ-ਦਿਮਾਗ ਤੋਂ ਗਾਇਬ ਹੀ ਹੋ ਚੁੱਕਾ ਹੈ। ਇਸ ਦੇ ਕੁਝ ਕਾਰਨ ਹੇਠ ਲਿਖੇ ਹਨ। -

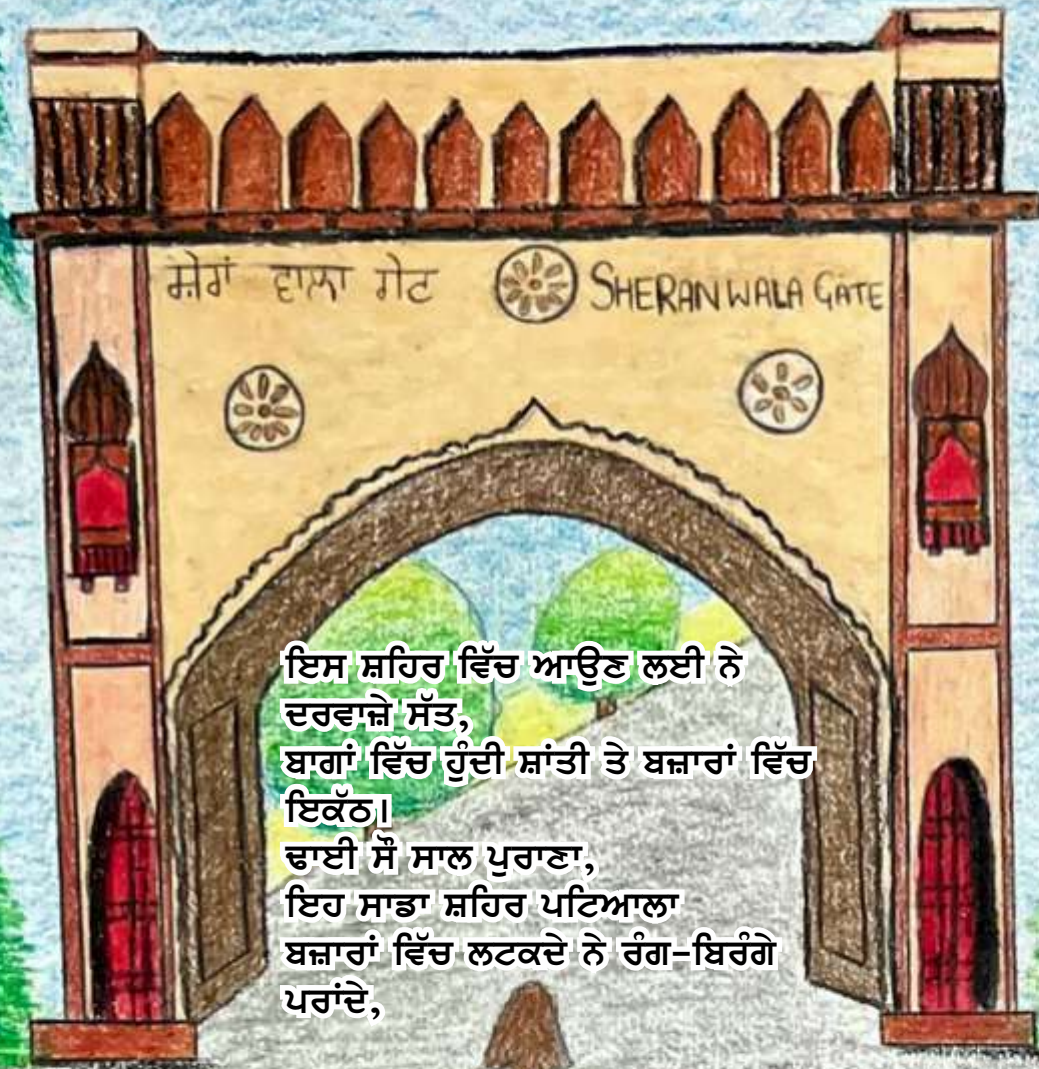
- **ਵਿਦਿਆਰਥੀ ਦੇ ਭਵਿੱਖ ਦੀ ਅਨਿਸ਼ਚਿਤਤਾ:**—ਅਨੁਸ਼ਾਸਨਹੀਣਤਾ ਦਾ ਪ੍ਰਮੁੱਖ ਕਾਰਨ ਹੈ ਵਿਦਿਆਰਥੀ ਦਾ ਅਨਿਸ਼ਚਿਤ ਭਵਿੱਖ। ਅੱਜ ਦਾ ਵਿਦਿਆਰਥੀ ਵੱਡੀਆਂ-ਵੱਡੀਆਂ ਡਿਗਰੀਆਂ ਪ੍ਰਾਪਤ ਕਰਕੇ ਵਿਹਲਾ ਘੁੰਮਦਾ ਹੈ। ਥਾਂ-ਥਾਂ ਨੌਕਰੀ ਲਈ ਜਾਂਦਾ ਹੈ ਪਰ ਨਿਰਾਸ਼ਾ ਹੀ ਹੱਥ ਲੱਗਦੀ ਹੈ।
- **ਰਾਜਨੀਤਿਕ ਦਲਾਂ ਦਾ ਸੁਆਰਥ:**—ਅਨੁਸ਼ਾਸਨਹੀਣਤਾ ਵਿੱਚ ਅੱਜ ਦੇ ਰਾਜਨੀਤਿਕ ਦਲਾਂ ਦਾ ਵੀ ਬਹੁਤ ਹੱਥ ਹੈ। ਸੁਤੰਤਰਤਾ ਤੋਂ ਪਹਿਲਾਂ ਇਹ ਦਲ ਵਿਦਿਆਰਥੀਆਂ ਨੂੰ ਅੰਗਰੇਜ਼ੀ ਸਰਕਾਰ ਦੇ ਵਿਰੁੱਧ ਉਕਸਾਂਦੇ ਸਨ ਪਰ ਅੱਜ ਦੇ ਨੇਤਾ ਰਾਜਨੀਤੀ ਵਿੱਚ ਆਪਣੇ ਸੁਆਰਥ ਲਈ ਵਿਦਿਆਰਥੀ ਜਮਾਤ ਦੀ ਗਲਤ ਵਰਤੋਂ ਕਰਦੇ ਹਨ।
- **ਸਾਡੇ ਨੇਤਾਵਾਂ ਦਾ ਗ਼ਲਤ ਕਿਰਦਾਰ:** ਸਾਡੀ ਰਾਜਨੀਤੀ ਇੰਨੀ ਗੰਦੀ ਹੋ ਚੁੱਕੀ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਸਾਡੇ ਨੇਤਾ ਆਪਣੀਆਂ ਕੁਰਸੀਆਂ ਬਚਾਉਣ ਲਈ ਘਟੀਆ ਤੋਂ ਘਟੀਆ ਕਿਸਮ ਦੇ ਹੱਥ-ਕੰਡੇ ਅਪਣਾ ਰਹੇ ਹਨ। ਨੇਤਾਵਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਟੈਲੀਵਿਜ਼ਨ ਵਿੱਚ ਲੜਦੇ, ਮਾਰ-ਧਾੜ ਕਰਦੇ ਦੇਖ ਵਿਦਿਆਰਥੀ ਵੀ ਅਜਿਹੀਆਂ ਹਰਕਤਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਸਿੱਖਦੇ ਹਨ।
- **ਅਧਿਆਪਕ ਤੇ ਵਿਦਿਆਰਥੀ ਦੇ ਰਿਸ਼ਤੇ ਵਿੱਚ ਦੂਰੀ:** ਗੁਰੂ ਅਤੇ ਵਿਦਿਆਰਥੀ ਦਾ ਸੰਬੰਧ ਹੁਣ ਖਤਮ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਜਾ ਰਿਹਾ ਹੈ। ਅਧਿਆਪਕ ਅਤੇ ਵਿਦਿਆਰਥੀ ਵਿੱਚ ਦੂਰੀ ਵੱਧਦੀ ਜਾ ਰਹੀ ਹੈ। ਇਸ ਦਾ ਕਾਰਨ ਸ਼ਾਇਦ ਕਲਾਸਾਂ ਦਾ ਵੱਡੇ ਹੋਣਾ ਹੈ। ਵਧਦੀ ਅਬਾਦੀ ਕਰਕੇ ਵਿਦਿਆਰਥੀਆਂ ਦੀ ਸਿੱਖਿਆ ਵੀ ਵਧਦੀ ਜਾ ਰਹੀ ਹੈ। ਜਿਸ ਕਰਕੇ ਅਧਿਆਪਕਾਂ ਲਈ ਵਿਦਿਆਰਥੀ ਰੋਲ ਨੰ. ਬਣ ਕੇ ਰਹਿ ਗਏ ਹਨ।
- **ਅਨੁਸ਼ਾਸਨਹੀਣਤਾ ਨੂੰ ਦੂਰ ਕਰਨ ਦੇ ਯਤਨ:** ਅਨੁਸ਼ਾਸਨਹੀਣਤਾ ਨੂੰ ਖਤਮ ਕਰਨਾ ਸਮੇਂ ਦੀ ਮੁੱਖ ਮੰਗ ਹੈ। ਸਕੂਲਾਂ ਕਾਲਜਾਂ ਇੱਥੋਂ ਤੱਕ ਕਿ ਸਮਾਜ ਵਿੱਚ ਵੀ ਅਨੁਸ਼ਾਸਨ ਲਿਆਉਣਾ ਬਹੁਤ ਜ਼ਰੂਰੀ ਹੈ। ਸਰਕਾਰ ਨੂੰ ਚਾਹੀਦਾ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਉਹ ਅਨੁਸ਼ਾਸਨਹੀਣਤਾ ਦੂਰ ਕਰਨ ਦੇ ਯਤਨ ਕਰੇ, ਕੋਈ ਪੜ੍ਹਿਆ-ਲਿਖਿਆ ਬੇਰੋਜ਼ਗਾਰ ਨਾ ਰਹੇ, ਵਿਦਿਆਰਥੀਆਂ ਦੀਆਂ ਮੰਗਾਂ ਵੱਲ ਪੂਰਾ ਧਿਆਨ ਦੇਵੇ, ਵਿਦਿਆਰਥੀਆਂ ਨਾਲ ਸੰਬੰਧਿਤ ਕਰਮਚਾਰੀਆਂ ਦੇ ਰਵੱਈਏ ਪ੍ਰਤੀ ਨਜ਼ਰ ਰੱਖੇ ਤਾਂ ਜੋ ਉਹਨਾਂ ਨਾਲ ਕੋਈ ਬੇ-ਇਨਸਾਫੀ ਨਾ ਹੋਵੇ, ਵੱਧਦੀ ਹੋਈ ਅਬਾਦੀ ਤਰੁੱਟੀਆਂ ਭਰੀ ਵਿੱਦਿਆ-ਪ੍ਰਣਾਲੀ ਵੱਲ ਖਾਸ ਧਿਆਨ ਦੇਵੇ ਅਤੇ ਨਵਾਂ ਵਿੱਦਿਅਕ ਢਾਂਚਾ ਤਿਆਰ ਕਰੇ।

ਵਿਦਿਆਰਥੀਆਂ ਨੂੰ ਆਪਣੇ ਜੀਵਨ ਵਿੱਚ ਅਨੁਸ਼ਾਸਨ ਨੂੰ ਵੱਧ ਤੋਂ ਵੱਧ ਅਪਨਾਉਣਾ ਚਾਹੀਦਾ ਹੈ। ਇਹ ਇੱਕ ਕੀਮਤੀ ਖਜ਼ਾਨਾ ਹੈ। ਜਿਸ ਦੀ ਸੰਭਾਲ ਕਰਕੇ ਅਸੀਂ ਸੁੱਖ-ਅਰਾਮ, ਖੁਸ਼ਹਾਲੀ ਤੇ ਸਨਮਾਨ ਨੂੰ ਪ੍ਰਾਪਤ ਕਰਦੇ ਹਾਂ।

“ਕਾਮਯਾਬੀ ਦਾ ਰਾਜ ਅਨੁਸ਼ਾਸਨ ਹੈ”

Antra Sharma
XI Arts

ਸ਼ਹਿਰ ਪਟਿਆਲਾ



ਇਸ ਸ਼ਹਿਰ ਵਿੱਚ ਆਉਣ ਲਈ ਨੇ
ਦਰਵਾਜ਼ੇ ਸੱਤ,
ਬਾਗਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਹੁੰਦੀ ਸ਼ਾਂਤੀ ਤੇ ਬਜ਼ਾਰਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ
ਇਕੱਠ।
ਢਾਈ ਸੌ ਸਾਲ ਪੁਰਾਣਾ,
ਇਹ ਸਾਡਾ ਸ਼ਹਿਰ ਪਟਿਆਲਾ
ਬਜ਼ਾਰਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਲਟਕਦੇ ਨੇ ਰੰਗ-ਬਿਰੰਗੇ
ਪਰਾਂਦੇ,

ਕੱਢਵੀਆਂ ਜੁੱਤੀਆਂ ਮਾਣਦੇ ਸਾਰੇ
ਆਉਂਦੇ ਜਾਂਦੇ।
ਸੜਕ ਦੇ ਵਿਚਕਾਰ ਚੌਂਕ ਵਿੱਚ
ਫੁਆਰਾ,
ਇਹ ਸਾਡਾ ਸ਼ਹਿਰ ਪਟਿਆਲਾ।
ਗੁਰੂਦੁਆਰਾ ਦੁਖ ਨਿਵਾਰਨ
ਸਾਹਿਬ ਇੱਥੇ ਦਾ ਮੁੱਖ
ਸਰੋਵਰ ਵਿੱਚ ਇਸ਼ਨਾਨ ਕਰਨ
ਨਾਲ ਚਲੇ ਜਾਂਦੇ ਸਾਰੇ ਦੁੱਖ।



ਗੁਰੂ ਤੇਗ ਬਹਾਦਰ ਜੀ ਦੀ
ਕ੍ਰਿਪਾ ਨਾਲ ਬਣਿਆ ਇਹ
ਗੁਰੂਦੁਆਰਾ।
ਇਹ ਸਾਡਾ ਸ਼ਹਿਰ ਪਟਿਆਲਾ।
ਪਟਿਆਲੇ ਦੇ ਮਸ਼ਹੂਰ ਨੇ ਪੱਗ,
ਸਲਵਾਰ ਤੇ ਨਾੜੇ
ਹਰ ਗੱਭਰੂ ਮੁਟਿਆਰ ਦਾ ਸ਼ੌਂਕ
ਮੈਂ ਜਾਣਾ ਪੜ੍ਹਨ ਪਟਿਆਲੇ।

Harbani Kaur
IX P



WHERE THERE'S A WILL,
THERE'S A WAY !

ਵਿਦੇਸ਼ਾਂ ਵੱਲ ਭੱਜਣਾ ਵਿਦਿਆਰਥੀਆਂ ਦੀ ਮਜ਼ਬੂਰੀ ਜਾਂ ਸ਼ੌਂਕ

ਭਾਰਤ ਇੱਕ ਅਜ਼ਾਦ ਦੇਸ਼ ਹੈ ਜਿੱਥੇ ਪਰਜਾ ਭਲਾਈ ਬਿਹਤਰ ਯੋਜਨਾਵਾਂ ਦੀ ਉਮੀਦ ਕੀਤੀ ਜਾਂਦੀ ਹੈ। ਕਿਤਾਬਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਅਸੀਂ ਇਹ ਪੱਕਤੀ ਜ਼ਰੂਰ ਪੜ੍ਹੀ ਹੋਵੇਗੀ ਪਰ ਕੀ ਇਹ ਸੱਚ ਹੈ? ਅੱਜ-ਕੱਲ੍ਹ ਦੇ ਮੌਜੂਦਾ ਹਾਲਾਤ ਦੇਖਦੇ ਇੰਝ ਪ੍ਰਤੀਤ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਸਭ ਨੂੰ ਸਮਝ ਆ ਚੁੱਕੀ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਹੁਣ ਇਹ ਦੇਸ਼ ਲੋਕਤੰਤਰ ਤੋਂ ਦੂਰ ਜਾ ਰਿਹਾ ਹੈ ਕਿਉਂਕਿ ਸਰਕਾਰਾਂ ਆਪਣੀ ਮਨਮਰਜ਼ੀ ਕਰ ਰਹੀਆਂ ਹਨ। ਭਾਰਤ ਵਿੱਚ ਪੜ੍ਹਾਈ ਉੱਤੇ ਘੱਟ ਧਿਆਨ ਦਿੱਤਾ ਜਾ ਰਿਹਾ। ਜੇਕਰ ਕੋਈ ਚੰਗਾ ਪੜ੍ਹ ਲਿਖ ਗਿਆ ਹੋਵੇ, ਤਾਂ ਫਿਰ ਉਸਨੂੰ ਨੌਕਰੀ ਨਹੀਂ ਮਿਲਦੀ ਅਤੇ ਜੇਕਰ ਮਿਲਦੀ ਹੈ ਤਾਂ ਮਿਲਦੀ ਤਨਖਾਹ ਵਿੱਚ ਉਹ ਆਪਣੀਆਂ ਜ਼ਰੂਰੀ ਲੋੜਾਂ ਵੀ ਪੂਰੀਆਂ ਨਹੀਂ ਕਰ ਪਾਉਂਦੇ। ਅਜਿਹੇ ਅਨੇਕਾਂ ਕਾਰਨਾਂ ਕਰਕੇ ਵਿਦਿਆਰਥੀ ਵਿਦੇਸ਼ ਜਾ ਰਹੇ ਹਨ ਅਤੇ ਮੈਂ ਮੰਨਦੀ ਹਾਂ ਕਿ ਇਹ ਉਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਦੀ ਮਜ਼ਬੂਰੀ ਹੈ।

ਬੇਰੁਜ਼ਗਾਰੀ- ਸਭ ਤੋਂ ਵੱਡੀ ਮਜ਼ਬੂਰੀ ਜੋ ਅੱਜ ਦੇ ਸਮੇਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਵਿਦਿਆਰਥੀਆਂ ਨੂੰ ਤੰਗ ਕਰ ਰਹੀ ਹੈ, ਉਹ ਹੈ ਬੇਰੁਜ਼ਗਾਰੀ। ਭਾਰਤ ਵਿੱਚ ਨੌਕਰੀਆਂ ਬਹੁਤ ਘੱਟ ਹਨ ਅਤੇ ਨੌਕਰੀਆਂ ਲੈਣ ਵਾਲੇ ਬਹੁਤ ਜ਼ਿਆਦਾ ਹਨ। ਇਸ ਕਾਰਨ ਅੱਧੀ ਤੋਂ ਜ਼ਿਆਦਾ ਆਬਾਦੀ ਬੇਰੁਜ਼ਗਾਰ ਹੈ। ਜਦੋਂ ਕੋਈ ਵਧੀਆ ਪੜ੍ਹਿਆ ਹੋਵੇ ਅਤੇ ਉਸਨੂੰ ਫਿਰ ਵੀ ਨੌਕਰੀ ਨਾ ਮਿਲੇ ਤਾਂ ਉਹ ਬਹੁਤ ਪਰੇਸ਼ਾਨ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਹੈ। ਘੱਟ ਤਨਖਾਹ ਵਾਲੀ ਨੌਕਰੀ ਉਸਨੂੰ ਸਵੀਕਾਰ ਨਹੀਂ। ਅਜਿਹੇ ਹਾਲਾਤ ਦੇਖਕੇ ਸਭ ਵਿਦਿਆਰਥੀ ਸੋਚਦੇ ਹਨ ਕਿ ਵਿਦੇਸ਼ ਜਾ ਕੇ ਪੜ੍ਹਿਆ ਜਾਵੇ ਜਿੱਥੇ ਨੌਕਰੀਆਂ ਬਹੁਤ ਹਨ ਅਤੇ ਪੜ੍ਹਾਈ ਦੀ ਵੀ ਕਦਰ ਪੈਂਦੀ ਹੈ। ਹਰ ਵਿਦਿਆਰਥੀ ਉੱਥੇ ਜਾਣਾ ਪਸੰਦ ਕਰੇਗਾ ਜਿੱਥੇ ਉਸਨੂੰ ਨੌਕਰੀ ਦੀ ਆਸ ਹੋਵੇ ਅਤੇ ਉਸਨੂੰ ਸਫਲਤਾ ਪ੍ਰਾਪਤ ਹੋਵੇ। ਇਸਦੀ ਇੱਕ ਬਹੁਤ ਵੱਡੀ ਸਮੱਸਿਆ/ਮਜ਼ਬੂਰੀ ਹੈ ਜਿਸਦਾ ਹੱਲ ਭਾਰਤੀ ਸਰਕਾਰ ਨੂੰ ਕੱਢਣਾ ਚਾਹੀਦਾ ਹੈ।

ਬਿਹਤਰ ਜੀਵਨ- ਵਿਦੇਸ਼ੀ ਜੀਵਨ ਦਾ ਰਹਿਣ-ਸਹਿਣ, ਖਾਣ-ਪੀਣ ਸਭ ਕੁਝ ਭਾਰਤ ਦੀ ਰੋਜ਼ਮਰਾ ਦੀ ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਤੋਂ ਬਹੁਤ ਬਿਹਤਰ ਹੈ। ਉੱਥੇ ਨਾ ਕੋਈ ਪ੍ਰਦੂਸ਼ਣ ਹੈ ਅਤੇ ਜਿਸ ਕਾਰਨ ਜ਼ਿਆਦਾ ਬਿਮਾਰੀਆਂ ਵੀ ਨਹੀਂ ਲਗਦੀਆਂ ਹਨ। ਉਥੋਂ ਦੀ ਹਵਾ ਸੁੱਧ, ਪਾਣੀ ਸਾਫ ਅਤੇ ਇੱਥੋਂ ਤੱਕ ਕਿ ਲੋਕਾਂ ਦੀ ਨੀਅਤ ਵੀ ਸਾਫ ਹੈ। ਕੋਈ ਕਿਸੇ ਦੇ ਕੰਮ ਵਿੱਚ ਦਖਲ ਨਹੀਂ ਦਿੰਦਾ।

ਵਿਦੇਸ਼ਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਕਾਨੂੰਨ ਵੀ ਬਹੁਤ ਸਖ਼ਤ ਹੈ ਅਤੇ ਭ੍ਰਿਸ਼ਟਾਚਾਰ ਤਾਂ ਨਹੀਂ ਦੇ ਬਰਾਬਰ ਹੈ। ਜੇਕਰ ਕੋਈ ਕੁੱਝ ਗਲਤ ਕੰਮ ਕਰਦਾ ਹੈ ਜਾਂ ਫਿਰ ਕਾਨੂੰਨ ਆਪਣੇ ਹੱਥਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਲੈਂਦਾ ਹੈ ਤਾਂ ਉਸਨੂੰ ਉਸ ਹੀ ਵਕਤ ਸਜ਼ਾ ਦੇ ਦਿੱਤੀ ਜਾਂਦੀ ਹੈ। ਜਿੱਥੇ ਕਿ ਇਹ ਸਭ ਭਾਰਤ ਵਿੱਚ ਨਹੀਂ ਹੈ। ਇਸ ਕਾਰਨ ਹਰੇਕ ਵਿਦਿਆਰਥੀ ਨੂੰ ਇੱਕ ਚੰਗੀ ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਚਾਹੀਦੀ ਹੈ।

ਪੜ੍ਹਾਉਣ ਦਾ ਚੰਗਾ ਢੰਗ- ਵਿਦੇਸ਼ਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਪੜ੍ਹਾਈ ਦਾ ਢੰਗ ਭਾਰਤੀ ਸਿੱਖਿਆ ਢੰਗ ਤੋਂ ਬਹੁਤ ਵੱਖਰਾ ਹੈ। ਭਾਰਤ ਵਿੱਚ ਪੜ੍ਹਾਈ ਨੂੰ ਯਾਦ ਕਰਵਾਇਆ ਜਾਂਦਾ ਹੈ ਅਤੇ ਰੱਟਾ ਮਰਵਾਇਆ ਜਾਂਦਾ ਹੈ ਤਾਂ ਜੋ ਬੱਚੇ 100-100 ਨੰ. ਲੈਣ। ਇਸ ਕਾਰਨ ਬੱਚੇ ਅੱਖੇ ਹੋ ਕੇ ਰੱਟਾ ਮਾਰਦੇ ਹਨ ਅਤੇ ਇਸ ਕਰਕੇ ਉਹ ਡਿਗਰੀ ਤਾਂ ਲੈ ਲੈਂਦੇ ਹਨ ਪਰ ਰੱਟੇ ਦੇ ਅਧਾਰ ਤੇ। ਪਰ ਵਿਦੇਸ਼ਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਅਜਿਹਾ ਨਹੀਂ ਹੈ। ਬੱਚਿਆਂ ਨੂੰ ਵਿੱਦਿਆ ਸਮਝਣ ਲਈ



ਕਿਹਾ ਜਾਂਦਾ ਹੈ ਤਾਂ ਕੀ ਜਦ ਉਹ ਨੌਕਰੀ ਕਰਨ ਤਾਂ ਉਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਆਪਣਾ ਕੰਮ ਕਰਨਾ ਆਵੇ। ਹਰ ਵਿਦਿਆਰਥੀ ਵਿਦੇਸ਼ੀ ਪੜ੍ਹਾਈ ਮਜ਼ਬੂਰਨ ਕਰਦਾ ਹੈ ਕਿਉਂਕਿ ਭਾਰਤ ਵਿੱਚ ਅਜਿਹੀ ਪੜ੍ਹਾਈ ਪ੍ਰਾਪਤ ਨਹੀਂ ਹੁੰਦੀ।

ਔਰਤਾਂ ਲਈ ਸੁਰੱਖਿਅਤ- ਨਾ ਸਿਰਫ ਸਾਡੇ ਦੇਸ਼ ਦੇ ਮੁੰਡੇ ਸਗੋਂ ਵਿਦਿਆਰਥਣਾਂ ਵੀ ਮਜ਼ਬੂਰਨ ਵਿਦੇਸ਼ਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਭੱਜਦੀਆਂ ਹਨ। ਇਸ ਦਾ ਕਾਰਨ ਇਹ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਦੇਵੀਆਂ ਦਾ ਦੇਸ਼ ਭਾਰਤ ਹੁਣ ਕੁੜੀਆਂ ਲਈ ਸੁਰੱਖਿਅਤ ਨਹੀਂ ਰਿਹਾ। ਇੱਥੇ ਹਰ ਦੂਜੇ ਦਿਨ ਵਿਦਿਆਰਥਣਾਂ ਨਾਲ ਛੇੜ-ਛਾੜ, ਬਲਾਤਕਾਰ ਅਤੇ ਗਲਤ ਕੰਮਾਂ ਦੀ ਖਬਰ ਸੁਣਨ ਨੂੰ ਮਿਲਦੀ ਹੈ। ਗੁਨਾਹਗਾਰਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਸਜ਼ਾ ਵੀ ਨਹੀਂ ਮਿਲਦੀ। ਵਿਦੇਸ਼ਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਔਰਤਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਅਜਿਹੀ ਕੋਈ ਚਿੰਤਾ ਨਹੀਂ ਹੁੰਦੀ।

ਵਿਦਿਆਰਥਣਾਂ ਵਿਦੇਸ਼ ਵਿੱਚ ਜਿਵੇਂ ਚਾਹੁਣ ਓਵੇਂ ਰਹਿੰਦੀਆਂ ਹਨ ਅਤੇ ਕੋਈ ਦਖਲ ਅੰਦਾਜ਼ੀ ਨਹੀਂ ਹੁੰਦੀ। ਇਸ ਕਾਰਨ ਉਹ ਇੱਕ ਚੰਗੇ ਸਮਾਜਿਕ ਵਾਤਾਵਰਨ ਵਿੱਚ ਰਹਿਣਾ ਚਾਹੁੰਦੀਆਂ ਹਨ। ਇਹੀ ਕਾਰਨਾਂ ਕਰਕੇ ਇੱਕ ਮਜ਼ਬੂਰ ਬਾਪੂ ਆਪਣੇ ਧੀ/ਪੁੱਤ ਨੂੰ ਵਿਦੇਸ਼ ਭੇਜਦਾ ਹੈ ਤਾਂ ਜੋ ਉਹ ਆਪਣੀ ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਖੁਸ਼ੀ-ਖੁਸ਼ੀ ਅਤੇ ਵਧੀਆ ਢੰਗ ਨਾਲ ਬਤੀਤ ਕਰ ਪਾਵੇ। ਤਾਂ ਹੀ ਗਰੀਬ ਕਿਸਾਨ ਆਪਣੀ ਜ਼ਮੀਨ ਵੇਚ-ਵੇਚ ਕੇ ਆਪਣੇ ਬੱਚਿਆਂ ਨੂੰ ਪੜ੍ਹਣ ਲਈ ਭੇਜਦੇ ਹਨ ਤਾਂ ਜੋ ਉਹਨਾਂ ਦਾ ਆਉਣ ਵਾਲਾ ਕੱਲ੍ਹ ਸਫਲ ਹੋਵੇ।

ਅਸਲ ਵਿੱਚ ਸਰਕਾਰ ਨੂੰ ਸਮਝਣਾ ਚਾਹੀਦਾ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਉਹਨਾਂ ਦੇ ਨਾਗਰਿਕਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਚੰਗੀ ਨੌਕਰੀ ਮਿਲੇ, ਚੰਗਾ ਰਹਿਣ ਸਹਿਣ ਅਤੇ ਚੰਗੀ ਵਿੱਦਿਆ ਪ੍ਰਾਪਤ ਹੋਵੇ।

ਕੋਈ ਮਾਂ-ਬਾਪ ਆਪਣੇ ਬੱਚੇ ਨੂੰ ਆਪਣੀਆਂ ਅੱਖਾਂ ਤੋਂ ਦੂਰ ਕਰਨ ਦੇ ਚਾਹਵਾਨ ਨਹੀਂ ਹੁੰਦੇ ਹਨ, ਉਹਨਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਮਜ਼ਬੂਰੀਆਂ ਹੀ ਮਾਰਦੀਆਂ ਹਨ। ਪਿੰਡਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਤਾਂ ਹਰ ਕੋਈ ਆਪਣੇ ਇੱਕ-ਇੱਕ ਬੱਚੇ ਨੂੰ ਬਾਹਰ ਭੇਜ ਰਿਹਾ ਕਿਉਂਕਿ ਉਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਪਤਾ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਭਾਰਤ ਵਿੱਚ ਬੱਚਿਆਂ ਦਾ ਭਵਿੱਖ ਸੁਰੱਖਿਅਤ ਨਹੀਂ ਹੈ।

Ashmeet
XII Arts

ਮਾਂ ਬੋਲੀ ਪੰਜਾਬੀ



ਪੰਜਾਬ ਦੀ ਮੁੱਖ ਭਾਸ਼ਾ ਪੰਜਾਬੀ ਹੈ। ਮਾਂ ਬੋਲੀ ਤੋਂ ਭਾਵ ਹੈ ਉਹ ਬੋਲੀ ਜੋ ਸਾਨੂੰ ਵਿਰਸੇ ਵਿੱਚ ਸਾਡੀ ਮਾਂ ਤੋਂ ਮਿਲਦੀ ਹੈ। ਇਸ ਬੋਲੀ ਨਾਲ ਸਾਡਾ ਬਚਪਨ ਤੋਂ ਹੀ ਸੰਬੰਧ ਬਣ ਜਾਂਦਾ ਹੈ। ਪੰਜਾਬੀ ਭਾਸ਼ਾ ਪ੍ਰਾਕਿਰਤ ਭਾਸ਼ਾ ਤੋਂ ਸੱਤਵੀਂ ਸਦੀ ਵਿੱਚ ਪੁੰਗਰੀ ਸੀ। ਇਹ ਭਾਸ਼ਾ 5500 ਸਾਲ ਪੁਰਾਣੀ ਹੈ। ਸ਼ੇਖ ਫ਼ਰੀਦ ਉਦ-ਦੀਨ-ਸ਼ਕਰਗੰਜ ਨੂੰ ਪੰਜਾਬੀ ਭਾਸ਼ਾ ਦਾ ਪਿਤਾ ਵੀ ਕਿਹਾ ਜਾਂਦਾ ਹੈ। ਉਹ ਬਾਬਾ ਫ਼ਰੀਦ ਦੇ ਨਾਂ ਤੋਂ ਮਸ਼ਹੂਰ ਸਨ। ਉਹਨਾਂ ਦੀਆਂ ਲਿਖਤਾਂ ਸ੍ਰੀ ਗੁਰੂ ਗ੍ਰੰਥ ਸਾਹਿਬ ਵਿੱਚ ਲਿਖੀਆਂ ਹਨ।

ਮਨੁੱਖ ਕਿੰਨੀਆਂ ਵੀ ਭਾਸ਼ਾਵਾਂ ਸਿੱਖਣ ਪਰ ਜੋ ਪਕੜ ਉਸ ਦੀ ਆਪਣੀ ਮਾਂ-ਬੋਲੀ ਤੇ ਹੁੰਦੀ ਹੈ। ਉਹ ਕਿਸੇ ਹੋਰ ਭਾਸ਼ਾ 'ਤੇ ਨਹੀਂ ਹੁੰਦੀ। 14 ਕਰੋੜ ਤੋਂ ਵੱਧ ਲੋਕੀ ਪੰਜਾਬੀ ਬੋਲਦੇ ਹਨ। ਪਾਕਿਸਤਾਨ ਵਿੱਚ ਲੋਕ ਵੱਡੀ ਗਿਣਤੀ ਵਿੱਚ ਪੰਜਾਬੀ ਬੋਲਦੇ ਹਨ।

ਮਾਤ ਭਾਸ਼ਾ ਅਪਣਤ ਪੈਦਾ ਕਰਦੀ ਹੈ ਕਿਸੇ ਓਪਰੇ ਦੇਸ਼ ਵਿੱਚ ਜੇ ਸਾਨੂੰ ਕੋਈ ਪੰਜਾਬੀ ਬੋਲਣ ਵਾਲਾ ਮਿਲ ਜਾਵੇ ਤਾਂ ਉਹ ਆਪਣਾ ਹੀ ਜਾਪਦਾ ਹੈ। ਮਾਂ-ਬੋਲੀ ਵਿੱਚ ਆਪਣੇ ਵਿਚਾਰਾਂ ਦਾ ਪ੍ਰਗਟਾਅ ਵੀ ਵਧੇਰੀ ਸੋਹਣੀ ਤਰ੍ਹਾਂ ਕੀਤਾ ਜਾ ਸਕਦਾ ਹੈ। ਸਾਨੂੰ ਆਪਣੀ ਮਾਂ-ਬੋਲੀ ਨੂੰ ਕਿਸੇ ਨਾਲੋਂ ਘੱਟ ਨਹੀਂ ਸਮਝਣਾ ਚਾਹੀਦਾ। ਅੱਜ-ਕੱਲ੍ਹ ਅੰਗ੍ਰੇਜ਼ੀ ਭਾਸ਼ਾ ਬਾਰੇ ਲੋਕਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਉੱਚ ਧਾਰਨੀ ਹੈ। ਅੱਜ-ਕੱਲ੍ਹ ਪੰਜਾਬੀ ਬੋਲਣ ਵਾਲਿਆਂ ਨੂੰ ਚੰਗਾ ਨਹੀਂ ਸਮਝਦੇ। ਮਾਤ ਭਾਸ਼ਾ ਵੱਖਰੀ ਹੁੰਦੀ ਹੈ। ਮਾਂ ਬੋਲੀ ਬੋਲਣ ਨਾਲ ਸਾਨੂੰ ਸ਼ਾਂਤੀ ਮਿਲਦੀ ਹੈ। ਸਾਨੂੰ ਆਪਣੀ ਮਾਂ-ਬੋਲੀ ਤੇ ਮਾਣ ਹੈ।

Aadesh Singh
VII O

ਇਸ ਲੇਖ ਵਿੱਚ ਰੂਸ ਅਤੇ ਯੂਕਰੇਨ ਵਿਚਾਲੇ ਜੰਗ ਦੇ ਕਾਰਨ ਦੱਸੇ ਗਏ ਹਨ। ਦੋਵਾਂ ਦੇਸ਼ਾਂ ਦੇ ਨਜ਼ਰੀਏ ਦਾ ਮੁਲਾਕਣ ਕੀਤਾ ਗਿਆ ਹੈ। ਦੋਹਾਂ ਦੇਸ਼ਾਂ ਵੱਲੋਂ ਜੰਗ ਨੂੰ ਜ਼ਾਇਜ਼ ਠਹਿਰਾਇਆ ਗਿਆ ਹੈ ਜੋ ਹੇਠਾਂ ਲਿਖਿਆ ਗਿਆ ਹੈ।

ਰੂਸ ਵੱਲੋਂ ਦਿੱਤੇ ਗਏ ਕਾਰਨ ਅਤੇ ਤਰਕ- ਰੂਸ ਨੇ ਦਾਅਵਾ ਕੀਤਾ ਕਿ ਯੂਕਰੇਨ ਨੇ ਨਾਟੋ ਨਾਲ ਨੇੜਤਾ ਵਧਾ ਕੇ ਪੁਰਾਣੇ ਸੋਵੀਅਤ ਦੇਸ਼ਾਂ ਵਿਚਾਲੇ ਹੋਏ ਸਮਝੌਤੇ ਦੀ ਉਲੰਘਣਾ ਕੀਤੀ ਹੈ। ਇਸ ਨਤੀਜੇ ਵਜੋਂ ਨਾਟੋ ਵਰਗੀਆਂ ਰੂਸ ਵਿਰੋਧੀ ਫੌਜੀ ਤਾਕਤਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਰੂਸ ਦੀਆਂ ਸਰਹੱਦਾਂ ਦੇ ਨੇੜੇ ਲਿਆਇਆ ਗਿਆ ਹੈ। ਰੂਸ ਨੇ ਦਾਅਵਾ ਕੀਤਾ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਉਸਨੇ ਰੂਸ ਵਿਰੋਧੀ ਫੌਜੀ ਤਾਕਤਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਆਪਣੀਆਂ ਸਰਹੱਦਾਂ ਤੋਂ ਦੂਰ ਭਜਾਉਣ ਲਈ ਜੰਗ ਛੇੜੀ ਹੈ। ਰੂਸ ਨੇ ਦਮਸਕ ਖੇਤਰ ਦੇ ਲੋਕਾਂ ਵਿਰੁੱਧ ਯੂਕਰੇਨ ਦੁਆਰਾ ਤਾਕਤ ਦੀ ਵਰਤੋਂ ਨੂੰ ਲੈ ਕੇ ਵੀ ਇੱਕ ਹੋਰ ਚਿੰਤਾ ਪ੍ਰਗਟਾਈ ਹੋਈ ਹੈ, ਰੂਸੀ ਬਲ ਇਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਲੋਕਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਯੂਕਰੇਨੀ ਫੌਜ ਦੇ ਅੱਤਿਆਚਾਰਾਂ ਤੋਂ ਬਚਾਉਣਾ ਚਾਹੁੰਦੇ ਹਨ।

ਯੂਕਰੇਨ ਵੱਲੋਂ ਦਿੱਤੇ ਗਏ ਕਾਰਨ ਅਤੇ ਤਰਕ- ਯੂਕਰੇਨ ਨੇ ਰੂਸੀ ਰਾਸ਼ਟਰਪਤੀ ਵਲਾਦੀਮੀਰ ਪੁਤਿਨ, ਤੇ ਯੂਕਰੇਨ ਵਰਗੇ ਅਜ਼ਾਦ ਦੇਸ਼ ਤੇ ਕਬਜ਼ਾ ਕਰਨ ਦੀ ਕੋਸ਼ਿਸ਼ ਵਜੋਂ ਫੌਜੀ ਹਮਲੇ ਦਾ ਦੋਸ਼ ਲਗਾਇਆ ਹੈ। ਯੂਕਰੇਨ ਦੇ ਰਾਸ਼ਟਰਪਤੀ ਦੇ ਅਨੁਸਾਰ ਯੂਕਰੇਨ ਇੱਕ ਪ੍ਰਭੂਸੱਤਾ ਸੰਪੰਨ ਰਾਜ ਹੈ ਅਤੇ ਇਸ ਨੂੰ ਯੂਰਪੀਅਨ ਯੂਨੀਅਨ ਜਾਂ ਕਿਸੇ ਅੰਤਰ-ਰਾਸ਼ਟਰੀ ਸੰਗਠਨ ਵਿੱਚ ਸ਼ਾਮਲ ਹੋਣ ਦਾ ਅਧਿਕਾਰ ਹੈ। ਪਰ ਯੁੱਧ ਸ਼ੁਰੂ ਹੋਣ ਤੋਂ ਬਾਅਦ ਯੂਕਰੇਨ ਦੇ ਰਾਸ਼ਟਰਪਤੀ ਨੇ ਇੱਕ ਬਿਆਨ ਜਾਰੀ ਕੀਤਾ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਯੂਕਰੇਨ ਨਾਟੋ ਵਿੱਚ ਸ਼ਾਮਲ ਹੋਣਾ ਨਹੀਂ ਚਾਹੁੰਦਾ ਹੈ ਅਤੇ ਅਜਿਹਾ ਕਰਨ ਦਾ ਕੋਈ ਇਰਾਦਾ ਨਹੀਂ ਹੈ। ਨਤੀਜੇ ਵਜੋਂ ਰੂਸੀ ਹਮਲਾ ਗੈਰ-ਕਾਨੂੰਨੀ ਅਤੇ ਬੇਇਨਸਾਫੀ ਹੈ।

ਦੋਵੇਂ ਦੇਸ਼ ਉਪਰ ਦੱਸੇ ਅਨੁਸਾਰ ਜੰਗ ਲੜਨ ਦੇ ਆਪਣੇ ਕਾਰਨਾਂ ਦਾ ਬਚਾਅ ਕਰ ਰਹੇ ਹਨ। ਅਮਰੀਕਾ, ਬ੍ਰਿਟੇਨ, ਜਾਪਾਨ ਅਤੇ ਚੀਨ ਵਰਗੇ ਹੋਰ ਦੇਸ਼ਾਂ ਅਤੇ ਨਾਟੋ ਵਰਗੀਆਂ ਸੰਸਥਾਵਾਂ ਇਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਕਾਰਨਾਂ ਅਤੇ ਜਾਇਜ਼ਤਾ ਦਾ ਮੁਲਾਂਕਣ ਕੀਤਾ ਜਾ ਰਿਹਾ ਹੈ। ਉਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਦਾ ਨਿਰਣਾ ਦੋਸਤੀ ਜਾਂ ਦੁਸ਼ਮਣੀ, ਰੂਸ ਅਤੇ ਯੂਕਰੇਨ ਨਾਲ ਆਰਥਿਕ ਸੰਬੰਧਾਂ 'ਤੇ ਆਧਾਰਿਤ ਹੈ। ਇਸ ਲਈ ਉਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਦੇ ਬਿਆਨ ਪੱਖਪਾਤੀ ਹਨ ਇਹ ਬਹੁਤ ਚਿੰਤਾ ਦੀ ਗੱਲ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਇਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਸਾਰੇ ਬਿਆਨਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਮਨੁੱਖੀ ਜਾਨਾਂ ਦੇ ਦੁਖਦਾਈ ਨੁਕਸਾਨ ਲਈ ਹਮਦਰਦੀ ਦੀ ਘਾਟ ਹੈ। ਇਹ ਪਹਿਲੂ ਸਮੁੱਚੀ ਮਨੁੱਖੀ ਸੱਭਿਅਤਾ ਲਈ ਬਹੁਤ ਖਤਰਨਾਕ ਹੈ।

Bhavnoor Singh
VIII O

ਰੂਸ ਅਤੇ ਯੂਕਰੇਨ



ਵਿਚਕਾਰ

ਜੰਗ ਦਾ ਕਾਰਨ

ਕੱਤਕ

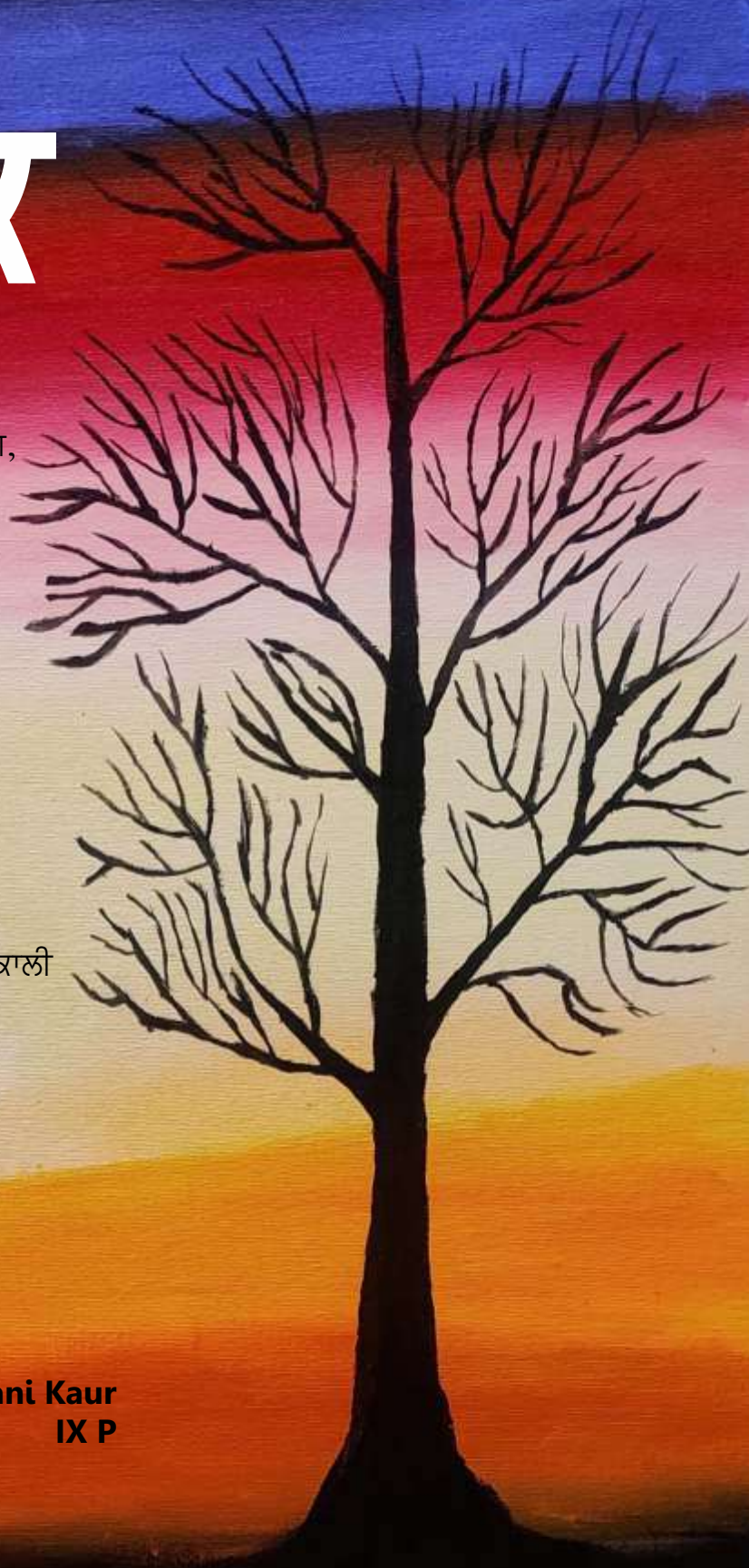
ਕਤਿਕਿ ਕਰਮ ਕਮਾਵਣੇ ਦੋਸੁ ਨ ਕਾਹੂ ਜੋਗ,
ਕਹਿਣਾ ਇਹ ਗੁਰੁ ਗ੍ਰੰਥ ਸਾਹਿਬ ਦਾ।
ਆਉਂਦਾ ਮਹੀਨਾ ਕੱਤਕ ਦਾ।

ਘਰ-ਘਰ ਪੇਟੀਆਂ ਖਾਨੇ ਖੁੱਲ੍ਹਦੇ,
ਸ਼ਾਲ-ਸਵੈਟਰ ਸਭ ਨੂੰ ਫੱਬਦੇ।
ਫੁਲ-ਪੱਤੇ ਝੜਦੇ ਦਰੱਖਤਾਂ ਦੇ,
ਆਉਂਦੇ ਦਿਨ ਨੇ ਕੱਤਕ ਦੇ।

ਜਗ-ਮਗ ਕਰਦੀ ਆਉਂਦੀ ਦਿਵਾਲੀ
ਪਟਾਕਿਆਂ ਦੇ ਚਾਨਣ, ਰਾਤ ਰਹਿੰਦੀ ਨਾ ਕਾਲੀ
ਅੱਠਵਾਂ ਮਹੀਨਾ ਨਾਨਕ ਸ਼ਾਹੀ ਕਲੰਡਰ ਦਾ
ਆਉਂਦਾ ਮਹੀਨਾ ਕੱਤਕ ਦਾ

ਨਿੱਤ ਕਿਸਾਨ ਸਾਝਰੇ ਨੇ ਉਠਦੇ,
ਪੱਕੀਆਂ ਫਸਲਾਂ ਝੋਨੇ ਦੀਆਂ ਵਢਦੇ।
ਮੱਕੀ ਦੀ ਰੋਟੀ ਨਾਲ ਸਾਗ ਸਰ੍ਹੋਂ ਦਾ,
ਆਉਂਦਾ ਮਹੀਨਾ ਕੱਤਕ ਦਾ।

Harbani Kaur
IX P



ਪੰਜਾਬ

ਜਿੱਥੇ ਵੱਗਦੇ ਨੇ ਪੰਜ ਆਬ,
ਜਿੱਥੇ ਵੱਸਣਾ ਸੀ ਹਜ਼ਾਰਾਂ ਦਾ ਖਵਾਬ,
ਜਿੱਥੇ ਗੁਰੂਆਂ-ਪੀਰਾਂ ਨੇ ਉਚਾਰੀ ਬਾਣੀ,
ਇਹ ਹੈ ਪਾਣੀਆਂ ਦੀ ਰਾਣੀ,
ਜੇ ਰੋਟੀ ਖਾਣੀ ਤਾਂ ਹੱਕ ਦੀ ਖਾਣੀ।

ਜਿਸਤੇ ਹੋਏ ਕਈ ਅਤਿਆਚਾਰ,
ਜਿੱਥੇ ਲੱਗੇ ਫਸਲਾਂ ਦੀ ਬਹਾਰ,
ਜਿੱਥੇ ਵੱਸੇ ਕਈ ਮਾਹਰ।

ਕਿਸਾਨੀ ਅੰਦੋਲਨ ਨਾਲ ਅੱਗੇ ਆਈ ਸੱਚਿਆਈ
ਜਿੱਥੇ ਨਾਰੇ ਲਾਉਂਦੀ ਗਈ ਅੱਸੀ ਸਾਲਾ ਦੀ ਮਾਈ,
ਹੱਕ ਲਈ ਜਿਹੜਾ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਰਿਹਾ ਕੁਰਬਾਨ ਚਾਂਈ-ਚਾਂਈ।

ਇਹ ਮੇਰਾ ਪੰਜਾਬ ਭਾਈ।
ਭੰਡਿਆ ਜਵਾਨੀ ਨੂੰ ਕਹਿ ਕਿ ਨਸ਼ੇੜੀ,
ਉਹਨਾਂ ਨੇ ਕੋਂਦਰ ਨਾਲ ਜੰਗ ਛੇੜੀ,
ਗਲਤ ਨੀਤੀ ਸਰਕਾਰ ਦੀ ਘੇਰੀ।
ਆ ਗਈ ਪੰਜਾਬ 'ਚ ਬਦਲਾਅ ਦੀ ਨੁੇਰੀ।

Yuvraj Khaira
VIII E



ਪੁਕਾਰ ਪੰਜਾਬ ਦੀ



ਜਨਤ ਤੇ ਖੁਸ਼ਹਾਲ ਸੀ ਪੰਜਾਬ ਮੇਰਾ,
ਅੱਜ ਪੁੱਛੋ ਇੱਕ ਸਵਾਲ ਪੰਜਾਬ ਮੇਰਾ?
ਨਾ ਰਿੜ੍ਹਕੇ ਕੋਈ ਦੁੱਖ ਮਲਾਈ, ਨਾ ਜੱਟੀ ਲੈ ਭੱਤਾ ਆਵੇ।
ਨਾ ਤ੍ਰਿੰਦਣ ਦੇ ਗੀਤ, ਨਾ ਰੰਗਲੇ ਚਰਖੇ ਦੀ ਘੂਕ।
ਨਾ ਸੱਗੀ ਨਾ ਪਰਾਂਦਾ, ਨਾ ਝਾਂਜਰਾਂ ਦੇ ਛਣਕਾਟੇ।
ਨਾ ਕਿੱਕਲੀ ਨਾ ਤੀਆਂ 'ਚ ਗਿੱਧੇ ਦੀ ਸਰਦਾਰੀ,
ਨਾ ਰੰਗਲੇ ਪੀੜ੍ਹੇ ਨਾ ਪੀਂਘ ਦੇ ਲੰਬੇ ਹੁਲਾਰੇ,
ਕਿੱਥੇ ਨੇ ਉਹ ਮਸਤ, ਅਲਬੇਲੇ ਗੱਭਰੂ ਜਵਾਨ,
ਮੁਰਕੀਆਂ ਤੇ ਨੱਤੀਆਂ ਸੀ ਜਿੰਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਦੀ ਸ਼ਾਨ।
ਨਾ ਲੱਭੇ ਸ਼ਮਲੇ ਵਾਲੀ ਪੱਗ ਨਾ ਤੁਰਲੇ ਦੀ ਆਣ,
ਨਾ ਉਹ ਮੇਲੇ, ਨਾ ਦਿਲਦਾਰੀਆਂ,
ਨਾ ਦਿਲਾਂ ਦੀਆਂ ਮਹੱਬਤਾਂ, ਨਾ ਉਹ ਯਾਰੀਆਂ।
ਨਾ ਢੋਲ ਦੀ ਤਾਲ, ਨਾ ਭੰਗੜੇ ਦੀ ਧਮਾਲ,
ਨਾ ਤੂੰਬੀ ਦੇ ਵੱਜਦੇ ਨੇ ਤਾਰ।
ਨਾ ਨਿੰਮੂ, ਨਾ ਟਾਹਲੀ, ਨਾ ਪਿੱਪਲ,
ਨਾ ਬਰੋਟੇ ਦੀ ਸੰਘਣੀ ਛਾਂ,
ਨਾ ਮਿੱਟੀ ਦੀ ਮਹਿਕ, ਨਾ ਮੋਰ ਪੈਲਾਂ ਪਾਉਂਦੇ।
ਧੁੱਪਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਤੱਪ ਕੇ, ਠੰਢ ਵਿੱਚ ਠਰ ਕੇ
ਹੰਝੂ ਅੰਨਦਾਤੇ ਦੀਆਂ ਅੱਖਾਂ ਵਿੱਚੋਂ ਵਰ੍ਹਦੇ।
ਸੜਕਾਂ ਤੇ ਰੋਲਤਾ ਜੋ ਖੇਤਾਂ ਦਾ ਰਾਜਾ ਸੀ।

ਨਸ਼ੇ ਦਾ ਹੜ੍ਹ ਹੈ ਚੜ੍ਹਿਆ,
ਪਾਣੀ ਜ਼ਹਿਰ ਨਾਲ ਹੈ ਮੜ੍ਹਿਆ,
ਰੰਗਲਾ ਪੰਜਾਬ ਮੇਰਾ ਕਾਲਾ ਹੋ ਗਿਆ।
ਮੱਥੇ ਤੇ ਨਸ਼ੇ ਦਾ ਕਲੰਕ ਰਹਿ ਗਿਆ।
ਮੈਂ ਵੀ ਸਬਰ ਨਾਲ ਬੁਕਲ 'ਚ ਦਰਦ ਛੁਪਾ ਲਿਆ।
ਅਰਜ਼ ਕਰਾਂ ਮੈਂ ਆਪਣੀ ਜਵਾਨੀ ਨੂੰ।
ਨਾ ਰੋਲ ਫਿਕਰਾਂ 'ਚ ਕੀਮਤੀ ਜਿੰਦਗਾਨੀ ਨੂੰ
ਇੱਕ-ਮਿੱਕ ਹੋ ਕੇ ਸੰਭਾਲ ਲਵੋ ਡੁੱਬਦੀ ਵਿਰਾਸਤ ਨੂੰ,
ਕਰ ਮਿਹਨਤ ਫਿਰ ਤੋਂ ਹਰਾ-ਭਰਾ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਕਰ ਦਿਓ।
ਡੁੱਬਦੇ ਇਸ ਤਾਜ ਨੂੰ ਫੇਰ ਦੁਨੀਆਂ ਦੇ ਸਿਰ ਤੇ ਧਰ ਦਿਓ।

Ujeshvar Singh Brar
IX N



ਘਰ

ਮੇਰਾ ਘਰ ਮੇਰੇ ਲਈ ਇੱਕ ਸੁਪਨਾ ਹੋ ਗਿਆ। ਮੇਰਾ ਘਰ ਜਿਸ ਅੰਦਰ ਮੈਂ ਬਾਰਾਂ ਸਾਲ ਮਸਤੀ ਕੀਤੀ, ਉਦਾਸ ਹੋਇਆ, ਖੁਸ਼ੀਆਂ ਅਤੇ ਦੁੱਖ ਦੇਖੇ। ਉਹ 5 ਨਵੰਬਰ 2020 ਨੂੰ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਛੱਡਣਾ ਪਿਆ। ਮੈਨੂੰ ਉਹ ਘਰ ਦੀ ਇੱਕ ਥਾਂ ਨਹੀਂ, ਸਾਰੇ ਘਰ 'ਚ ਹੀ ਸਕੂਨ ਮਿਲਦਾ ਸੀ। ਅਸੀਂ ਉਹ ਘਰ ਢਾਹ ਕੇ ਬਣਾ ਰਹੇ ਹਾਂ। ਮੇਰੇ ਮਾਂ-ਪਿਓ ਇਹ ਸਭ ਮੇਰੇ ਲਈ ਹੀ ਕਰ ਰਹੇ ਨੇ ਤਾਂ ਕਿ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਚੰਗਾ ਘਰ ਮਿਲੇ ਪਰ ਪੁਰਾਣਾ ਘਰ ਮੇਰਾ ਮਨ ਭਾਉਂਦਾ ਸੀ।

ਬਜ਼ੁਰਗ ਬਾਪੂ ਵਰਗੀ ਸੀ ਉਸ ਵਿੱਚ ਛਾਂ
ਆਸਰਾ ਸੀ ਵਾਂਗ ਮਾਂ
ਚਹਿਕਦੇ ਸੀ ਦੇਖ ਉਸਨੂੰ ਕੀ ਕਬੂਤਰ ਤੇ ਕੀ ਕਾਂ
ਮੇਰੇ ਘਰ ਦੀ ਸਕੂਨ ਦਿੰਦੀ ਹਰ ਇੱਕ ਥਾਂ।

ਸਕੂਨ ਵਾਲੀ ਥਾਂ ਤੇ ਜਾ ਕੇ ਵੀ ਕਿੰਝ ਹੋਵੇਗੇ ਸੁਖੀ
ਜਦ ਆਲੇ-ਦੁਆਲੇ ਦੇ ਕੰਮ ਅਤੇ ਵਿਅਕਤੀ ਕਰਨ ਦੁੱਖੀ
ਸੂਰਜ ਦੇ ਬਿਨਾਂ ਕਿੰਝ ਖਿਲੇਗਾ ਸੂਰਜਮੁੱਖੀ

ਉੱਥੇ ਬੈਠ ਕੇ ਆਉਂਦਾ ਸੀ ਨਜ਼ਾਰਾ,
ਉੱਥੋਂ ਦਿਖਦਾ ਸੀ ਨਾਭਾ ਸਾਰਾ,
ਉੱਥੋਂ ਬੈਠ ਕੇ ਦਿਲ ਵਿੱਚ ਆਉਂਦੀਆਂ ਸੀ ਬਹਾਰਾਂ,
ਪਰ ਕੀ ਕਰਾਂ ਛੱਡਣ ਤੋਂ ਬਿਨਾਂ ਨਹੀਂ ਸੀ ਕੋਈ ਚਾਰਾ।



Yuvraj Khaira
VIII E

**TO BE TOGETHER
AGAIN...!**



CLASSES VI AND VII

**TO BE TOGETHER
AGAIN...!**



CLASSES VIII, IX AND XI



FINDING FAITH...

AND WE PRAY FOR
BETTER TIMES !



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Cover Painting – Gulnaaz Gill, XII Arts

Page 3-Tanvir Singh, XII Arts

Page 6-Jashanpreet Singh, VII O

Page 7-Tejas Kaur, VII P

Page 8 and 9 - Parinaina, VIIN, Anusha Gupta, VII N, Hridyaansh Kapil, VI N, Dilsher Singh, VII P, Navrajinder Kaleka, VII N, Vanya Singla, VI P, Tripti Jain, VIII O, Yajvin, VIII P, Aahana Goel, VIII N

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Page 25-Anirudh Gupta, XII Science

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Page 28-Rhythm Gogia, XII Science

Page 30-Pavit Dhillon, XII Arts

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Page 57-Rhythm Gogia, XII science

Page 58-Khushvir Singh, XII Arts

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Page 60-Tejvir Singh, XII Arts

Page 61-Chitra Goel, XII Arts

Page 62-Gurnoor Sehgal, XII Arts

Page 63-Chitra Goel, XII Arts

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Page 67-Tanvir Singh, XII Arts

Page 68-Khyati Bansal, XII Arts

Page 69-Anirudh Gupta, XII Science

Page 70-Ira Mittal, IX P

Page 71-Daksh Taneja, IX N, and Ira Mittal, IX P

Page 72-Manya, VII O

Page 74-Aisha Gupta, VI P

Page 76-Kyna Gupta, VI E

Page 78-Ranveer Verma, VI O

Page 79-Rhythm Gogia, XII Science

Page 80-Tejvir Singh, XII Arts

Page 81-Mehreen Kaur, VII E

Page 82-Tejas Kaur, VII P

Page 83-Aisha Gupta, VI P



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