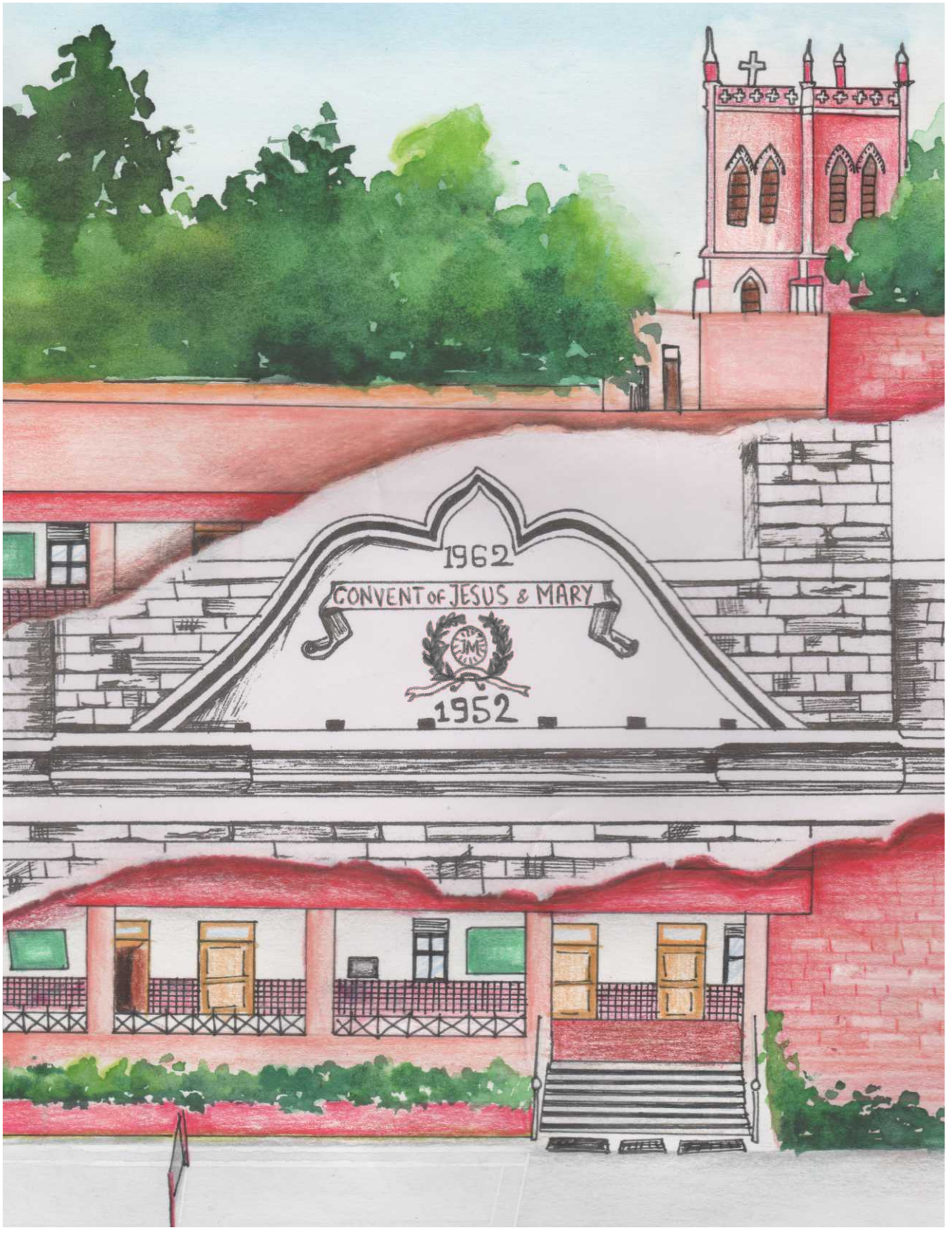
CJM

MINDROID 2023-24







In the garden of wisdom, where lilac moments sway,
The petals of the flowers tell us a tale,
About the leaves loving the laughter of children, a joyous trail.

Within this fertile ground of our school, dreams take shape,
The bougainvilleas of our campus, in vibrant hues, drape.

We call our school our second home,
Here opportunities and hope freely roam.
Amidst the bustling corridors of our school's domain,
Students rush to class, in a vibrant refrain.

Classrooms are adorned in a learning hue,
Inquisitive minds, burn with flames anew.
Teachers weave wisdom with the fabric of thought,
Knowledge is skillfully taught.

In the embrace of our Convent's guiding light,
Where minds take flight, aspirations soar.
A haven of knowledge, where potential roar,
Our beloved Convent, standing proud and tall.

Kangna
Student Editor



Lead on...
...we follow

Our Mother Foundress
Saint Claudine Thévenet

In Lyon's heart, a saintly soul,
Claudine Thévenet, her love's control.
She sheltered hearts from sorrow's strife,
A guiding light, illuminating life.

With kindness and a mother's care,
She eased the burdens that others bear.
Compassion blossomed, a radiant art,
Her love, a balm to heal each heart.

In wars and plagues, her faith stood tall,
A beacon of love, embracing all.
Amidst adversity, her spirit stayed,
Bringing hope that wouldn't fade.

Her legacy lives on, a flame aglow,
In every act of kindness, we bestow.
Saint Claudine Thévenet, her name we cheer,
Her wisdom guiding, always near.

Her courage, a fortress through the years,
Dispelling darkness, erasing fears.
A trailblazer of love and grace,
In every challenge, she found her place.

In unity, she taught to believe,
In times of need, to give and receive.
Her teachings echo, ever-wise,
A beacon in uncertain skies.

Saint Claudine Thévenet, forever dear,
Her compassion is forever etched, crystal clear.
In her footsteps, we choose to trod,
A legacy of love, inspired by God.

Moksha Virk (Student Editor)



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Showers of Blessings

We commenced our session 2023,
with showers of blessings, abundant and free,
From the Imperial realms, graces descend,
A boon from astral heights, a journey to transcend.

Akin to whispers of hope, they softly cascade,
As dappled light through trees, a tranquil serenade,
Raindrops twirled on our paths,
Washing away the painful memories of our past.

With grateful hearts, we welcomed each drop's embrace,
As dreams and aspirations found their rightful place.
The deluge of blessings continues to pour from the divine,
Similar to some sacred symphony, a chorus so fine.

Through trials and triumphs, we'll forge ahead,
With fervor and grace, we shall rise,
For in this blessed journey, we'll find a way to strive,
With showers of blessings, we shall thrive.



The Pioneers

Sculpting the foundation of the society...



SISTERS OF THE COMMUNITY

LEFT TO RIGHT

Sr. Dominic Fargose, Sr. Jacinta Gabriel, Sr. Greta, Sr. Lucy D'Souza, Sr. Francesca Baptista





Principal's Message

Dear Students, Parents and Collaborators of CJM

"*Ride the waves of change with courage, for within their rhythm lies the power to transform challenges into opportunities and uncertainties into growth.*"

This Academic year's journey has symbolically unfolded as a voyage through dynamic waves of change, wherein we drew inspiration from the "Wisdom Tree" within our school grounds-standing resilient amidst the transformative currents. Just as this enduring tree remained resolute through changing seasons, our commitment mirrored this resolve, as we tirelessly worked towards the emotional and academic well-being of our students.

I am exhilarated to share the proud moments with you that we have achieved significant milestones on multiple fronts this year. Academically, our students have excelled in the Board Examination with many of them getting 100 percentile in different subjects in both AISSE and AISSCE examination. Additionally, we have edged in extracurricular activities by winning accolades in competitions ranging from Sports to eloquent discourse in Debates, Comfest in Kanpur and Mock Parliamentary sessions.

Our dedication extended beyond academics, as the philanthropic endeavours of the students in the community service and visits to the different orphanages during Christmas time functioned as a crucible where students experienced a profound sense of responsibility, thus weaving the tapestry of their character with threads of empathy and altruism.

At this juncture, I express my gratitude to the Sisters, teachers, students, helpers and well-wishers for their unwavering dedication and trust.

I extend my congratulations to the Editorial Board for their praiseworthy endeavour in creating a magazine that reflects the core of our institution.

So, set your heart a flutter for each page of this magazine to experience the 'thrills and chills.'

Let us persevere in our shared voyage, aiming for even greater accomplishments together!

Surely the myriad blessings of God will be our strength to make this journey fruitful and joyful.

Thank You

God Bless !

Sr. Greta







Provincial Visit
Sr. Antoinette

Together, we build bridges of learning
that stand resilient and inspire generations to come.



INDIAN AIR FORCE



Formal Visit

24th November 2023

Painting the sky with legacy of valour...

Air Marshal Pankaj Mohan Sinha

WESTERN AIR COMMAND

ALUMNUS OF CJM - 1977 BATCH





Dr. Rakshit Tandon

National Cyber Security Expert



"As the world is increasingly getting interconnected, everyone shares the responsibility of securing the cyberspace."

With this thought in mind, the school organized an enlightening session for classes VI to XII with Dr. Rakshit Tandon - National Cyber Security Expert and Crime Investigator on Cyber Forensics and Ethical hacking.

The session was not only informative, enriching but also left children awestruck about their vulnerability in the cyber world. The interactive session with Dr. Tandon aimed at the concept of safe surfing for children aged 11 to 17 years.

Children actively participated in the session and asked queries regarding their safety in the cyber world which was efficiently catered to by the expert.







Empowering Minds

Unleashing Innovation

This year ***IPoS Meera Ranjan Tshering*** *graced the Annual Day event as the Chief Guest and interacted with the students.*

Ms. Meera Ranjan Tshering

Q **Ma'am, you have reached remarkable heights in your career as an officer of the Indian Postal Services. What inspired you to be a part of the IPoS ?**

A : In the initial years of my life, I grew up wanting to be a lawyer, and I studied for it, but with the passage of time, my desire to serve the community shifted my focus towards the UPSC Examination and I toiled hard for it. Finally I reached my desired goal and became a part of the Postal Services.

Q **How was your experience when working with the tribal communities of India, held in comparison to urban life?**

A : While working with the tribal communities of India, I had a varied experience of two worlds – the modern community and the deep rooted tribal landscape. From Himachal Pradesh to the Andaman and Nicobar Islands; and from Rajasthan to the North Eastern states, each region's community has a different way of living- based on the similar principle of simple and slow living. While Ambala is still a cocoon, it explores the borders of the fast life, something the tribal communities do not want at all. Some of them are very secluded, while some have inculcated modern education in their lifestyles through government efforts. They have their own festivals, languages and culture as a part of the Indian 'unity in diversity' ideals.

Q **Life in the position you hold as a government official is challenging, an yet you have remained humble and strong. What do you recommend doing to maintain this balance between the personal and the professional aspects?**

A : Maintaining a balance between personal and professional life involves setting clear boundaries, prioritizing tasks and allocating time for both aspects. When we talk about balance between the two spheres of life, it is hard to find what works for you. In my professional space, my personal life took a backseat for almost a decade as I focused on building my career. Leading this type of life, especially as a woman, needs multitasking and mental balance. Focus is the need of the hour, whether at work or play.

Nurturing Minds
Sparking Innovation









> Celebrate endings- for they precede new beginnings.

The new beginnings often make us anxious about the unknown challenges that come our way. To break free the shackles of anxiety and dilemma, the school arranged an Orientation session for teachers wherein Father Rajkumar opined what kind of vision, a teacher should carry for the holistic development of a child. His consistent emphasis on the 'Teacher is a leader' was the master stroke.

He not only directed the teacher to the true essence of teaching learning but also advised the students to change their outlook towards learning through a workshop. In his interaction with the students, he emphasized on competence, compassion, care, creative learning, consistency, commitment and inspiration as the tools for effective learning.

This engaging five-hour session was interactive, making the audience wear their thinking caps at every hypothetical situation that was put across. Not only this, games were incorporated to showcase certain attributes of an individual. This lovely session enriched everyone.



From the Pen of the Coordinators

"The content of a book holds the power of education and it is with this power that we can shape our future and change lives." - ***Malala Yousafzai***



Ms. Gurpreet Walia
Senior School Coordinator

We stand poised on the threshold of new era, an era of renaissance, an era of change in the dynamics of education. So, it is very important to adjust the sails to face the winds.

We at CJM, train the young minds to think out of the box and guide them to achieve the desired results by equipping them with knowledge, confidence and competence.

Our vision goes beyond the curriculum to sow the seeds of social commitment and values in students to make them worthy to "REACH OUT" and leave a mark as responsible citizens in the society.

We consistently aim to help the child to turn her 'Storm and Stress' into that of 'Shower and Sunshine'.

I pray that our students scale greater heights and keep the CJM flag soaring high.

With warm wishes and God's blessings.

Our middle school is the heart of budding talents and each student contributes uniquely to our collective success.

This Academic year has been a canvas, coloured in vibrant strokes of brilliance, where children embraced challenges with enthusiasm and fostered an environment where learning is not just a task but a thrilling adventure. Together, in this harmonious environment, we created a chapter in our school's history that resonated with unity, accomplishment and the joy of learning. My journey throughout the year has been a tapestry of inspiration woven by the vibrant threads of our students' achievements and growth.



Ms. Ritu Yadav
Middle School Coordinator



Ms. Lovleen Seth
Junior School Coordinator

Our school stands as a beacon of holistic education, where the empowerment of young girls is not just a goal but a daily practice.

The formative years of every student are crucial, thus our curriculum is designed to foster academic excellence and instil values of kindness, integrity, and perseverance. We celebrate the uniqueness of each girl, encouraging her to express herself, whether it is through the eloquence of debate, the grace of dance, the creativity of art, Spell Bee, Elocution, and Annual Day, thus providing a platform for learning, growth, and building camaraderie. In the pursuit of installing values, we celebrate special days like Children's Day and Grandparents' Day that reinforce family values and community spirit. Looking ahead, we aspire to continue nurturing our girls into Leaders of tomorrow.

A Quarter Century of Passionate Service



Ms. Gurpreet Walia

"In the mosaic of time, each day at CJM has been a brushstroke, and today, as I celebrate 25 years, I find gratitude painted in every hue."

The year 1998, when I walked through the corridors of Convent of Jesus and Mary for the first time, little did I know that it would be my little world for the next two and a half decades. From the first hesitant steps to the confident strides that followed, the metamorphosis has been both professional and personal.

I owe the genesis of this incredible journey to the Almighty and all my Principals. Sr. Tara entrusted me, thus setting the stage for a career that has been nothing short of transformation. Sr. Alice not only honed my skills as a teacher but also instilled confidence in my organizational abilities and Sr. Greta's mentorship has been the compass that navigated the seas of change in me.

The heart of CJM is, undeniably, the students. Witnessing them evolve from curious learners to confident individuals ready to face the world has been the most fulfilling aspect of my tenure. The journey was not a solitary one, it was enriched by the friendships cast with colleagues from past and present, who became allies in the pursuit of excellence.

Here's to the next chapter, to more lessons filled with laughter, more shared moments, and the promise of new connections waiting to be forged.

Ms. Shalini Anand

Returning to the halls where I once roamed in the school uniform and now mentoring the classes, where I sat as a student once, offers a unique perspective.

I feel clutched in the trail of memories intertwined with the present, as I peep at the bygone years, to count the changes in the physical structure and pedagogical approach. Having spent a larger span of my life in the same school, where I now have been teaching for more than two and a half decades, has offered me a colourful journey with a remarkable blend of nostalgia, familiarity, and an evolving educational landscape.

The rich tapestry of my twenty-seven years of teaching within the same Congregation, under the guidance of three extra ordinary women: Sr. Tara, Sr. Alice and Sr. Greta, has woven together threads of educational growth and spiritual enrichment within me.

It's been an incredible privilege to contribute to the legacy of the institution that has played a pivotal role in shaping my own formative years. The enduring connection to my alma mater as a teacher continues to be a source of pride, inspiration and learning.

Ms. Anjana Lal

श्री अब्दुल कलाम ने सत्य ही कहा है, "शिक्षण एक ऐसा उत्कृष्ट कर्म है जो किसी व्यक्ति के चरित्र, क्षमता और भविष्य को आकार देता है। यदि लोग मुझे एक अच्छे शिक्षक के रूप में याद रखेंगे तो यह मेरे लिए सबसे बड़ा सम्मान होगा।"

मुझे आज भी स्पष्ट रूप से याद है जब 25 साल पूर्व एक नवयुवती के रूप में मेरी हिन्दी अध्यापिका के पद पर नियुक्ति हुई थी। अध्यापिका के रूप में यह मेरा प्रथम अनुभव था और मुझे शिक्षण के गूढ़ व व्यावहारिक नियमों का अनुभव भी कम था। परंतु सिस्टर तारा और वरिष्ठ अध्यापिकाओं के मार्गदर्शन द्वारा मेरी यह यात्रा सरल व प्रभावशाली बनती गई। मैं हृदय की गहराइयों से उनकी आभारी हूँ।

मेरा कॉन्वेंट ऑफ जीसस एंड मेरी स्कूल में अध्यापिका बनने का मुख्य उद्देश्य था- शिक्षा द्वारा नारी सशक्तिकरण को बढ़ावा देना जिससे भविष्य में हमारी बेटियाँ भी समाज का संचालन उत्तम रीति से कर सकें ।

मैं प्रधानाचार्या सिस्टर एलिस की भी धन्यवादी हूँ जिन्होंने हर मोड़ पर मेरा उचित मार्गदर्शन किया। वर्तमान प्रधानाचार्या सिस्टर ग्रेटा के मार्गदर्शन से मुझे बहुत कुछ सीखने को मिल रहा है। स्कूल के प्रति उनकी लगन और विद्यार्थियों के प्रति जो स्नेह है वह अति प्रशंसनीय है। उनके नेतृत्व में स्कूल दिन प्रतिदिन तरक्की के मार्ग पर अग्रसर है।

मैं हृदय की गहराइयों से कॉन्वेंट ऑफ जीसस एंड मेरी स्कूल की आभारी हूँ कि मुझे शिक्षण का यह सुनहरा अवसर दिया और मुझ पर पूर्ण विश्वास किया जिसके कारण मैं महिला शिक्षण के क्षेत्र में अपना उचित योगदान दे पा रही हूँ।


Results
Sports



A Glance at

2023-24

Accolades





In and Around Ambala

Academic Luminary of CJM

AISSCE Toppers

Education is the alchemy that turns dreams into reality,
and its achievers are the magicians of transformation.

SCIENCE



Harshpreet Kaur
96.8%



Anjali Gupta
95.2%



Shubhangi
94%

COMMERCE



Apoorva Arora
97.8%



Disha Mittal
97.2%



Livroop Gill
98%

HUMANITIES



Urishita Singh Pawar
96%



Aditi Mahajan
93.8%



Niyati Dhiman
93.6%

AISSE Toppers



Vanshika Gupta
97%



Pragya Sharma
97%



Samaira Anand
96.8%



Gurmehak Sandhu
96.6%



Kangna
96.2%



Kavya Aggarwal
96.2%



Anwessha Aggarwal
95.8%



Shivika Sharma
95.6%



Khushi Jain
95.2%



Aniber Bhardwaj
95.2%



Alvira Chaddha
95%



Anushka Sahni
95%



Khushi Bhonkle
95%



Suhani Malik
94.6%



Advika Sharma
94%



Saanvi Mittal
94%

sports ACHIEVERS

Sportsmanship : Skill, Grace and pushing boundaries...

National Level Participants



Left to Right
Kunjal Thakur (Swimming), Avni Bhatnagar (Skating), Gaurika Kapoor (Skating), Hariti (Gymnastics), Mahi Punani (Gymnastics), Gaurika Thakur (Swimming), Harnoor Kaur (Boxing)

State Level Participants



Left to Right
Ist Row : Bhavya (Gymnastics), Hariti (Gymnastics), Veronika (Gymnastics),
IInd Row : Harnoor Kaur (Boxing), Avni Bhatnagar (Skating), Gaurika kapoor (Skating), Mahi Punani (Gymnastics), Gaurika Thakur (Swimming), Kunjal Thakur (Swimming)

Junior School State Level Participants



Left to Right
Amreen Ahluwalia (Table Tennis), Arushi (Skating),
Vihaana (Skating), Pratishtha (Badminton),
Aanika Jain (Table Tennis), Amaira Ahluwalia (Table Tennis),
Inaya Gupta (Table Tennis), Aaradhya (Skating), Aanshi (Skating)

Viha Munjal participated in the attempt of
Guinness Book of World Record
in "100METER ON SKATES"
organized by
Shivganga Roller Skating Club, Belgaum.



Marathon Winners



Left to Right
Gaurika Thakur, Hariti, Divya, Hardika Behal, Kunjal, Abhaya Sunil

Athletes of The Year 2023-24



SUB JUNIOR CATEGORY

Vanshika Birdi



JUNIOR CATEGORY

Aakriti



SENIOR CATEGORY

Hardika Behal

Cock House

St. Claudine House

2023-24



Motto :

Stand for the Right



CAPTAIN

Chetali Jaglan

VICE CAPTAIN

Sukhmeet Kaur

HOUSE MISTRESSES

Ms. Monika Khosla

Ms. Kaushambi Tomar

KANPUR Fest





Theme : Computer Sciences, Literary Art and Fine Arts

Left to Right

Arshiya Sood, Tamanna, Kamna, Vrinda.



Theme : One Education - One Nation Policy

MOCK PARLIAMENT

MUN

Best Delegate of The Uncopuos Committee : Angel Jain



High Comendation Award

1. *Shine Sharma*
2. *Sana Jain*

Special Mentions :

Arishti Raj, Stuti Mishra, Gurmehak Sandhu, Saumya Guglani

Verbal Mentions :

Bhuvi Gaba, Akshra Saini, Vaanya Kanoji

UND AMBALA



SCIENCE FAIR
AMBALA ENGINEERING COLLEGE

Online Quiz

1 Position
Khushi Bagga
Akshara Saini

2 Position
Shagun
Khushi Bhonkle
Kangna

4 Position
Isha Sidhu
Rijak Kalra
Utkarsha Sood
Khushi Gohri



PHILATELY SCHOLARSHIP SCHEME WINNERS

Left to Right
Diva Dhir, Divyanshi, Vanya Gupta,
Sr. Greta, Amaira Sethi, Vrinda

DPS CARNIVAL
SINGING COMPETITION

3 Position *Rasleen*

INTER SCHOOL CODING CHALLENGE



2 Position
Avani
Tamanna Handa





Counselling Sessions

Skills



DEVELOPING LIFE SKILLS







"Children are not things to be moulded, but people to be unfolded."

Counselling for students is a form of therapeutic support that is designed to help students cope with a wide range of academic, personal and emotional challenges that they may face in school and society. The goal of counselling for students is to help students develop skills and strategies that will enable them to manage their emotions, behaviour and personal growth.

The counselling session conducted for classes I to XII over a period of two weeks fostered self-awareness and built resilience among students.

Goals

It aimed to provide support and guidance to the parents in navigating challenges related to their child's wellbeing and family dynamics.

Along with this, parents were also suggested the strategies and proactive steps to deal with internet addictions and hyper activity in children etc.


















WEAVERS
AND I LEARN
Maggi
LEMON
SUGAR
SALT
LEMONADE



"School days painted with
a palette of activities

from **Books** to Brushes,
Labs to *Laughter,*
Every moment is a
Masterpiece in making."

Sip & Chill







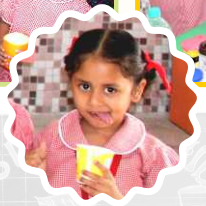
















"Sip, sip, little one, take it slow and have some fun.
Take a deep breath, and let it out,
sipping and chilling is what it's all about!"

With the arrival of summer, it's important to stay hydrated and refreshed with cool beverages to beat the heat. To introduce our little ones to the delicious and refreshing drinks, we organized organized a 'Sip and Chill' activity on May 6, 2023 for LKG and UKG . The teachers and students participated in the activity with great enthusiasm. Our young learners had a wonderful time making lemonade by squeezing lemons, sprinkling sugar and salt and stirring the mixture with their little hands. The excitement was palpable and their bright eyes were a joy to watch as they sipped on the delicious lemonade.

Vegetable Carving

Cooking is a science,
plating is an art,
the spirit is the true shield.

An artistic technique that involves sculpting vegetables brought forward a learning of new culinary art for students of Grade V through vegetable carving competition. The way of holding the knife or any tool to sculpt the particular vegetable and the manner to present the same, opened the doors of thinking in a creative and unique way.















"A SEED NEITHER FEARS LIGHT NOR DARKNESS, BUT USES BOTH TO GROW."

SPRING & SPROUT

The Spring and Sprout competition in class IV blossomed with creativity and enthusiasm as students showcased their talent. The event, aptly tagged "Sprouts - Where goodness grows," became a vibrant platform where young minds flourished, embodying the spirit of growth and positivity.







Delectable Cookies



The Cookie presentation by Class III students was a sensory feast, displaying a delightful variety of flavours and impeccably crafted treats. From intricately decorated cookies to timeless classics, their culinary prowess was evident, creating a sweet and unforgettable experience for everyone involved.

























Food Art extends an invitation to savour visually and perceive through taste buds. Through the use of various food items, students brought the realms of imagination to life on a plate. Fruits, vegetables, and grains became the building blocks for creating scenic wonders, animals, and diverse forms of art. The students not only arranged these items but also took charge of their decoration. This engaging activity not only fostered their creativity but also heightened their awareness of the nutritional significance of these foods for their growth and development.

"Food art is an invitation to taste with your eyes and see with your palate."

DINING ART











art in motion

















Blush with Colors











Little Artists at Work

> Art is as natural as sunshine and as vital as nourishment.



On 13th April, the budding artists of Class UKG engaged in 'Little Artists at Work,' infusing joy and creativity into the atmosphere. With their imaginative thinking, these young talents crafted beautiful creations using tea leaves. A week later, on 21st April students of class I poured their feelings for nature into a 'Blush with Colours' Competition, showcasing marvelous artwork on plain white sheets. Each stroke of colour widened the smiles and excitement of the girls.

The bright faces of class II embraced the 'Art in Motion' activity on 24th April well-prepared with colorful imaginations. Their enthusiastic participation filled the room with the spirit of putting their best foot forward.

Continuing with the wings of creativity, 'Wings of Art' activity was planned by the students of class III which demonstrated their expertise, bringing life to their fascinating creations.







Crafted with love

sealed with memories and adorned in ARTISTIC elegance.









Artful Folds Through Folder Making Competition











Card Craft Magic : Greetings Galore









St. Joseph House

I learned the value of hard work by working hard.
- Margaret Mead

On Ist May, in the twin celebration of St. Joseph Feast Day and Labour Day, St. Joseph House students staged a captivating play highlighting the value of hard work. The one-act play commenced after a warm welcome to the honoured guests, CJM's Helping Staff, who were Co-chief guests alongside our respected chief guest, Sister Greta.

St. Joseph House commemorated the Feast Day by drawing parallels between the life of St. Joseph and the students' daily experiences. The play began with ex-CJMites passing on the teachings of St. Joseph, establishing a heartfelt connection with their Alma mater.

Transitioning into the next scene, CJM girls faced the challenging decision of taking on the responsibilities of the school in the absence of the Helping staff. Initially deemed a simple task, they quickly realized the significance of their supporting staff as they took on the school chores. Within a day, their respect and gratitude towards the Helping staff deepened, recognizing them as the pillars of any institution.

To add a touch of fun, all the helpers were invited on stage





















for an entertaining activity, cheered on by their beloved students. As the event concluded, Sister presented each member of the helping staff with thoughtful gifts as a token of love and respect, making an already special day extra meaningful for them.





















Gift Wrapping

"The ribbons! The wrappings! The tags! And the tinsel! The trimmings! The trappings! – Recognize joy when it arrives in plain brown paper wrappings of everyday life."

On July 28, 2023, an Inter-Class Gift Wrapping Competition was unfolded for Grade IV students, aiming to foster creativity, enhance motor skills and encourage visualization. Emphasizing sustainability, participants were urged to eschew store-bought wrapping materials in favour of recycled options like newspapers and brown papers. The imaginative minds crafted handmade decorations using recycled materials and even the tags and ribbons embraced eco-friendly choices like jute and handmade cotton threads.

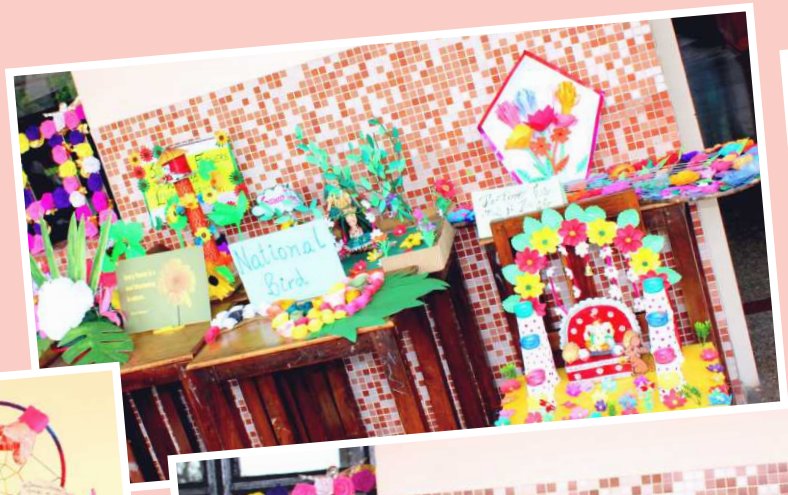
All three sections of Grade IV were engaged in significant numbers, demonstrating great zeal, zest and creativity. Beyond the enjoyment of the event, our emerging artists acquired the skill of gift wrapping, eager to apply it in their daily lives.







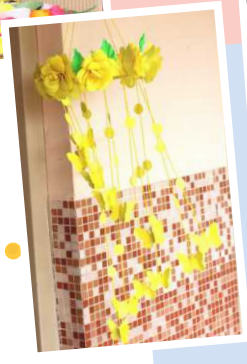














Flower Arrangement

Flowers are the music of the earth
flowing out in varied colours ...











Igniting change with resolute hearts and minds ablaze...





A leader is the one who knows the way, goes the way and shows the way.

The swearing in of the new Senior School Council took place in a solemn yet dignified ceremony on May 6, 2023. This ceremony symbolizes the acceptance of responsibilities and the beginning of a new chapter in leadership.

This year Investiture ceremony began with the Senior Council marching to drum beats and music, individually receiving their badges and sashes. The atmosphere in the auditorium was charged up with sense of pride and joy. A memorable and joyous occasion unfolded as parents proudly pinned the badges on their children onstage.

Our worthy Principal Sister Greta presented the House flags and sashes, and the entire Council collectively pledged to contribute to the betterment of the school. She emphasized upon the newly appointed Council's responsibilities and



Investiture Ceremony



the positive impact they could make on the school's community. The Investiture ceremony was not just a formal event but a crucial moment that instilled a sense of duty, leadership, and camaraderie among the student body.

The ceremony concluded with the singing of the School Anthem.













SOLILOQUIES AND FAMOUS SPEECHES...












On July 22, 2023, CJM's Senior School orchestrated a vibrant event, the Famous Speeches and Soliloquy Competition. This Inter House contest aimed to honour the art of oratory and monologues, providing a platform for participants to showcase their talents. Divided into two main segments, the event featured compelling speeches by renowned personalities and mesmerizing soliloquies, where participants demonstrated their acting prowess.

From Madame Priyanka Chopra to Sir Martin Luther King Jr, contestants passionately addressed issues of religion and colour, leaving a lasting impression on the audience.

The stage then transformed into characters from classic literature, bringing Shakespearean tales to life. Each performance, from Helena's distraught monologue to Lady Macbeth's ambitious schemes, showcased emotional depth and theatrical brilliance. This fusion of speech and theatre demonstrated the profound power of words, emotions, and voice, celebrating literature, stagecraft, and the human experience.











Speech Weavers





Say No to Plastic





On July 20, 2023, the young ones from Junior School demonstrated their oratory skills in the "Speech Weavers Activity," and captivated the audience with the art of expressive storytelling. The students shared their thoughts on various social and general topics, making the event a delightful means of fostering a supportive and inclusive environment that celebrated their unique qualities and interests.

Save Girl Child





Save Water and Earth





Different Seasons of India



Nukkad Natak







A magical stage play is when every moment is illuminated with its own bright spotlight of significance.





With the serene atmosphere of the cheerful morning, and all the hearts and minds brimming with sheer exhilaration, the Senior School was all set to exhibit their drama brilliance through the 'Hindi Street Play' competition on 5th August 2023.

A new dimension of excellence enveloped the stage as and when the four houses presented their plays. The performances also highlighted an array of messages one needs to ponder upon these days. From the spread of awareness regarding neglect of senior citizens and girl child, to demonstrating the side effects of social media and harm posed to our mother nature along with the negative impact of bad company, all captivated one's mind and left a thought-provoking impact.

The street play competition was a great display of dedicated effort and unparalleled synchronization blended with harmonious amalgamation of music beats and acting.

First Position - St. Joseph House.



PARLIAMENTARY DEBATE *Competition*





Debating transcends mere expression of opinions; it encompasses active listening, critical thinking, and the pursuit of profound understanding.







On August 25, the Senior School organized a Parliamentary Debate, characterized by its extemporaneous nature. Candidates had mere by one hour, armed only with the library as a reference, to prepare for the given topic. The event commenced with the arrival of Principal Sr. Greta and esteemed judges, Mrs. Nishtha Dua from MM International School and Mrs. Bhawna Sharma from Police DAV School. The auditorium was filled with students as participants from all the four distinguished Houses took the stage.







Judges



Prize Winners



Each candidate eloquently presented her views on the given motion, showcasing true intellect and articulary skills, captivating the audience and transporting them into another realm. The impact of their powerful words resonated, offering valuable lessons to both participants and spectators alike.

The event's success extended beyond mere victory as it emphasized on the collective voice, encouraging participants to speak as a unified whole

First Position : St. Claudine House
Second Position : Blessed Dina House

PARLIAMENTARY

Puppet Show





> Puppets transcend the notion of
> mere hanging toys; instead,
> they become unexpected advisors





A puppet show is a stage where imagination dances on strings, bringing characters to life with every graceful movement.

The belief was well reflected on July 29 when the Middle school students curated a mesmerizing Inter-House Puppet Show Competition that left the audience in awe. The colourful characters came to life through skillful puppetry, each student playing a crucial role in the performance. The storylines were engaging, weaving together humor and meaningful messages.

Each House presented a unique theme, displaying their ingenuity. This puppet show not only provided entertainment but also fostered collaboration, communication, and confidence among the students, making it a memorable and educational experience for all.









First Position

ST. FRANCIS HOUSE

Second Position

ST. CLAUDINE HOUSE









Quiz TIME







The months of November and December, showcased the Inter-House Quizzes across all the three blocks of the school, unfurling with great enthusiasm and featuring the intellectual prowess among the four houses.

The quiz posed challenging questions spanning various subjects, evaluating participants' academic competence and quick thinking abilities. Each house showcased commendable teamwork and spirit and stood out for their exceptional knowledge, strategic collaboration and swift reflexes. Their win reflected their thorough preparation and unwavering dedication in the pursuit of knowledge.





Beyond fostering healthy competition, the quiz became a celebration of the collective spirit of learning within the school community.

Centenary Block : St. Claudine House

Middle School : St. Francis House

Senior School : St. Claudine House



























SPELL BEE

In the Spell Bee spotlight,
letters dance to the rhythm of intellect,
weaving a symphony of spelling brilliance.





The Inter-House Spell Bee Competition in our school is an eagerly awaited event that showcases the linguistic prowess of our students. This year, classes I and II tested their spelling acumen and language skills in this competition. The competition not only served as a platform for students to showcase their ability to spell challenging words but also cultivated a keen interest in language learning.

The competitive yet friendly atmosphere of the Spell Bee encouraged active engagement with words, fostering a love for language and a deeper understanding of linguistic nuances.

Enchanting with Eloquence...

Poetry is when an emotion has found its thought, and the thought has found words.







English Elocution was conducted for the students of classes III to V on 11th October 2023.

The harmonious blend of articulation, tone and conviction transformed language into a captivating symphony. All the participants in both Individual and Group category embarked on a journey of conveying ideas, emotions and narratives with finesse and flair. The participants became storytellers, orators and conveyors of inspiration, all wrapped in the eloquence of the English language. The stage became a canvas and each elocutionist painted moments of connection and understanding through the power of speech. The competition was not just about the spoken word; it's about the ability to leave a lasting impact, to make words resonate in the hearts and minds of the audience.



Winners for Group Presentation :
III B, IVA & VC





BOOK FAIR







In the heart of our school, a Book Fair unfurled,
Where tales and marvels on pages twirled.
The Book Fair was a literary delight,
An enchanting realm,
where words took flight.

Stalls adorned with covers, vibrant and bold,
Books whispered the tales untold.
Authors' voices echoed through each aisle,
Igniting imaginations with a magical smile.

Young minds wandered and explored each shelf,
In the library of life, young minds found knowledge itself.
Fiction and fantasy breathed with poetry's sweet grace,
A symphony of words danced in this sacred space.

The Book Fair's magic spelled in the air,
Fueling the passion for reading, beyond compare.











Celebrating the extraordinary everyday,
because life's special moments deserve a spotlight ...







Independence Day



**"Freedom's melody echoes on Independence Day,
A chorus of unity and pride guiding our way."**

On the clear and bright morning of August 15, a wave of valour and patriotism swept through the air as our School geared up for Independence Day celebrations. The day started with Flag hoisting ceremony, an honor bestowed upon by Colonel Rahul Gagneja, the Chief Guest of the day. The school grounds were adorned with the vibrant hues of our National Flag, resonating with the deep enthusiasm and pride embedded in our hearts.





Special Guests





















Patriotic songs and heartfelt speeches set the stage for the Inter-House March Past Competition, where all four Houses showcased perfect synchronization, discipline and teamwork. The festivity continued with a rich cultural event, a poignant reminder of the sacrifices made by our brave freedom fighters. Patriotic dances and emotional songs became the most memorable segment of the day. The highlight of the day was a skit depicting the incredible journey of our freedom fighters, illustrating selfless dedication to the idea of independence. The skit also highlighted the issues covering today's scenario and the need to free ourselves from the clutches of corruption, poverty, discrimination etc.

The day stirred deep gratitude and was a true manifestation of our collective attachment and admiration for our diverse and beloved country.















Blessed Dina House

My task throughout eternity, and until the end of the world, is and will be to radiate, through the most Holy Virgin, the Heart of Jesus in all souls."

- Blessed Dina Belanger

















Blessed Dina Feast Day- a spirited celebration of faith and benevolence was orchestrated by the Blessed Dina House on 2nd September. The show was dedicated to the enduring spirit of kindness embodied by Blessed Dina Belanger.

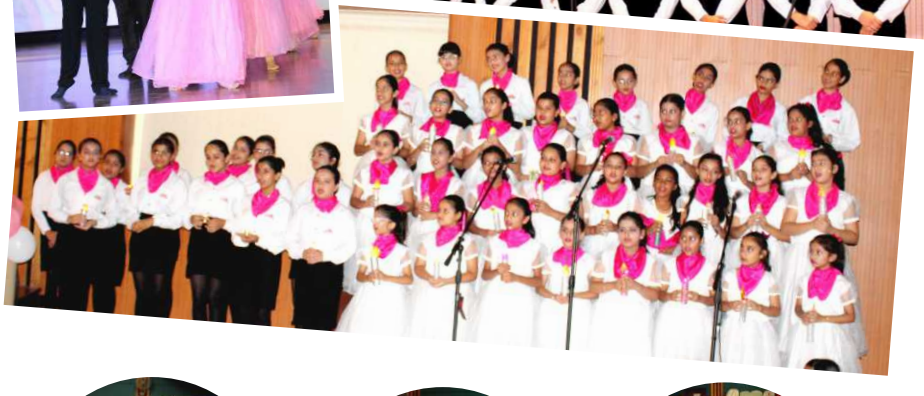
Led by our esteemed Principal Sr. Greta and Headmistress Sr. Lucy, the inauguration involved the lighting of candles to invoke Blessed Dina's blessings. The show commenced with a mesmerizing dance performance - an expression of devotion to God which was followed by a play portraying Blessed Dina's legacy and the global inspiration for kindness. Interludes of















dance conveyed different facets of love, faith and joy, while the choir's melodic hymns captivated the audience. The show served as a reminder of values like faith, humility and boundless compassion, urging everyone to keep the spirit of Blessed Dina alive in their hearts and actions.

Cherished Moments, Endless Smiles, Celebrating

GRANDPARENTS' DAY

Where Love Knows No Generation Gap















To foster a sense of understanding, to bridge the gap and to create lasting memories- CJM celebrated Grandparents' Day on September 9, wherein students of LKG and UKG poured out their affection for their grandparents through a stage show.

The event featured multifarious cultural programs, including vibrant performances to songs like 'Nani Teri Morni' and 'Dadi Amma.' The narrators displayed confidence, and a fashion show depicting fairytales added a touch

of style and creativity to the occasion. The highlight of the day was the retro-packed performance by the children, bringing immense joy to the grandparents and making the day truly wonderful.

Nani teri morni ko mor le gaye

baki jo bacha tha kale chor le gaye...





The Chief Guest, Mr. Ashwin Kalra in his address stated that the elderly section of the society are the reservoirs of experience and the living embodiment of time-tested wisdom. He thanked each one present for helping the young generation to build memories for them.

Lower tones with higher values

Silver heads with golden heart

Shrinked hands with crystal care
All embedded in fragile body.



Cherished Moments











Teachers' Day













Teachers' Day celebration commenced with a warm welcome of the teachers, offering them moments of joy to cherish forever. Students expressed their gratitude through speeches, creative performances and heartfelt gestures not only acknowledging their dedication to imparting knowledge but also highlighting the profound influence they have in shaping their character.

The celebration served as a poignant reminder of the vital role educators' play in our growth and the joyous event was a fitting tribute to their unwavering commitment. From soothing melodies by the choir to energetic dances, hilarious skits and a vibrant theme-based fashion show, the entire event brought the concept of board games to life and emphasized the valuable lessons they teach us. Nostalgia's wave stirred emotions and laughter, with clips of memories from the best of times.

Dreams begin with the Blessings of Teachers.





In laughter's echo, innocence at play,
Children dance in the sun's warm ray.
Tiny footsteps, dreams so wide,
On this special day, pure joy abides.

Imagination, a magical flight,
In every giggle, a world takes flight.
Colours of wonder, a palette so grand,
Children's Day, a cherished land.

Oh, Little Dreamers, the futures blooms,
May your hearts forever find room,
For joy and hope in endless measure,
Children's spirits, a timeless treasure.

Cheers to the magic of childhood on CHILDREN'S DAY !

ST. FRANCIS *House*















Start by doing what is necessary, then what is possible, and suddenly you are doing the impossible.

- St. Francis of Assisi

St. Francis of Assisi, renowned for miracles with animals and his compassionate healing, renounced materialism to embrace Christ's purpose. His special bond with birds, who listened to his sermons, symbolized spiritual freedom. Celebrating his Feast Day on 4th October St. Francis House showcased the Saint's legacy. Students portrayed his transformative impact, emphasizing love, empathy for animals, and environmental stewardship, making the celebration a poignant reminder of St. Francis' enduring influence on love, compassion and respect for all living beings.





















Annual Day Celebration



"Life is a series of waves of change to be embraced and overcome."

CJM celebrated growth, transformation and positive impact of changes on the society through its Annual Day event of "Waves of Change" on 9th and 10th Nov. The school metamorphosed into a mesmerizing sea of ethereal blue, adorned with flowers, butterflies and foliage.

Group Captain Ranjeet Singh Sidhu and

















IPOS Madam Meera Ranjan Tshering graced the occasion as the Chief Guests. The event commenced with the lighting of the lamp and Annual Report presentation. Each class contributed uniquely to the theme, depicting changes like caterpillars turning into butterflies and the evolution from nomads to settlers. Spiritual and historical transformations were portrayed through performances on Ashoka and the Metamorphoses of a colonial nation. Dancers, actors and narrators showcased the impact of technology, climate modifications and changing values, thus receiving thunderous applause. “Waves of change” encouraged and showcased students to see themselves as agents of positive change and empowered them to contribute to a better future.

The Grand Finale delivered the powerful message of love, peace, hope, and joy, providing a fitting conclusion to the enchanting show. Effusive praise from parents emphasized that these 'Waves of Change' would be remembered for years to come.











Cheers to the maestro behind our educational symphony



With a calm serene ambience
She walks in the campus with diligence
A lady so simple yet with profound elegance
Carrying forward the legacy of the Foundress.

Love , faith, humility and forgiveness
Happens to be her richness
She dwells in the hearts of every little flower
That blossoms in her little bower

Oh dear Sister Greta,
you are the bastion of our fortress
Who is there as a guiding light
To lead and be the mentor bright
We owe you our allegiance
With every passing ray of light.













Unwrapping The Magic of Christmas Together !





Instilling Values...







Keep Hope

You're the author of your life.
So, if you feel you can't cope
Don't put a full stop,
Battle through it & Hope.
You could just give up
But instead choose to fight,
Battle in the darkness
Until you see the light.
Don't leave a short story
with words of your pain,
But a story of strength
and the things that you can gain.
Just take the first step
Be strong in each hour,
Carry on your story
and be proud of the
Supreme Power.

- Ashley Pullan

Faith

In times of doubt, when shadows loom,
Faith emerges, dispelling gloom.
A guiding light through the darkest night,
It whispers hope, igniting might.
With faith as our compass, we find our way
Through stormy seas and skies of grey
It lifts us up when we feel low
Fuels our dreams, help us grow.
In every challenge, faith stands strong,
A steady anchor when things go wrong.
It teaches us to trust and believe,
Those miracles happen if we just perceive.
So hold onto the faith like a cherished treasure,
It fills our hearts with boundless pleasure.
With faith as our guide, we'll never stray,
For it leads us closer to a brighter day.

-Riya Wadhawan







PEACE

Hands clasped in unity, a Global embrace,
Whispers of peace, every culture's grace.
Flags of hope flutter side by side,
In every heart, peace will abide.
A world in harmony, where love will guide.







JOY

Snowflakes twirl, a waltz in the night,
Christmas joy sparkles, pure and bright.
Carols echo, hearts entwined,
Love and laughter, gifts of a kind.
Joy to the world, in every find.





Illuminating Lives with Christmas Charity

In the warmth of Christmas lights, we lit up hearts with acts of kindness, a symphony of generosity that echoed the true spirit of the season—a Gift of love that keeps on Giving.



This Christmas, students visited various missionaries to share the joy of the season with others practicing silently the language of compassion, transcending words to create a harmony of change and transforming lives, nurturing hope, and reminding each other that the true measure of wealth lies in the kindness we bestow upon others.





























गिरजाघर में बजी घंटियां,
घर-आंगन में खुशियां छा गयीं।
महाप्रभु ईसा मसीह की यादें,
सबके मन को हर्षा गयीं।
सुंदर सजे क्रिसमस के वृक्ष,
दिखते हैं कितने अनूठे।
खिलौने लाया सांता क्लॅज,
ध्यान खींचे है अपनी ओर।
नव-उमंग तन-मन को भाया,
ईसा मसीह का हो रहा गुणगान।
मानव कल्याण के लिए जिन्होंने,
कर दिया अपना जीवन बलिदान।
क्रिसमस डे की मधुर बेला में,
प्रार्थना में मग्न हुए हैं सारे।
ईसा से पाकर जान अमृत,
हम सब अपनी जिंदगी संवारे।

Christmas
Celebration















Snowflakes dance, a wintry trance, Bells chime in a merry advance,
Gifts exchanged, hearts aglow, Christmas magic, a timeless show.







The spirit of Christmas radiated joy as the Senior school students embraced the festive spirit of Christmas in the school auditorium. Enthusiastic children marked the season with enactments, cheers, dances, emphasizing the importance of love, compassion and the joy of giving. This cherished tradition, portraying the magic of Christmas through captivating story line left an everlasting impact on the audience.

The celebration culminated with warm wishes wrapped in laughter and sprinkled with joy by the Chief Guest of the occasion Father George Abraham. He insisted on imbibing the true meaning of Christmas in our daily life and letting the spirit of kindness light our path.

In the joyous finale, the cast united for a spirited rendition of the Christmas carol. Beyond the stage, the spirit of giving thrived as Sisters of the community and teachers took a special initiative to bring together the school helpers by organizing a get together to for them and their families, thus, fostering unity and compassion within the community.



Sr. Lucy
Feast Day





















The Feast Day Celebration of Sister Lucy was a vibrant tapestry of joy and reverence, weaving together moments of spiritual reflection and communal jubilation. Held in the heart of the school, the festivity exuded a palpable sense of unity. The day commenced with a soulful prayer service, where the ethereal notes of hymns echoed through the air, creating an atmosphere of veneration. The choir's melodic voices resonated with the collective spirit of celebration.











St. Claudine House

Feast Day of Our Mother Foundress







How Good God is !



















The selfless service of our mother Foundress Claudine Thevenet towards the service and education of the poor children saw the birth of this congregation of Jesus and Mary on 6th October 1818. The congregation's motto "To love and to serve" reflects Claudine's deep devotion to God and her fellow humans. Over two centuries, many across the world have been touched by the spirit of faith in God's goodness, forgiveness and compassion.

On 2nd February, students of St. Claudine House participated with zeal and fervour and staged a short play titled 'Feast of Faith' to showcase the importance of the virtue of "Faith", preached by our dear Mother Foundress, in our lives today. The show was a big success as it was well woven by narrators, actors, dances as well as choir. Their efforts were appreciated and acknowledged by all the Sisters as well as teachers of the CJM family .

How Good God is !





75th ★★★★★

Republic Day Celebration





The patriotic fervour

Resonating with pride and unity

A testament of resilience and diversity.

















Cherished Memories,
Laughter and Dreams
Here's to the next chapter



#Class XII
Farewell















Bathed in the sunlit glow of a winter morning, the Formal farewell commenced with rays of enthusiasm confidently radiating on every face. At precisely 8:40 a.m., the curtain ascended with a welcome address, leading into an Invocation ceremony seeking blessings and strength from the Almighty. The Head Girl, Captain Games, and the Captains of the Four Houses marched in, gracefully surrendering their badges, symbolizing a dignified conclusion to their faithfully executed responsibilities. The handshake exchange with the esteemed Principal, Sr. Greta, conveyed gratitude on behalf of the entire CJM family for their unwavering support throughout the year. The event reached its zenith with the Principal's speech, reminding the students of the values instilled by the School and urging them to carry these values forward.















Farewell













On February 10, Class XII students embraced nostalgia, preparing for the journey ahead after 14 precious years in their second home. The day marked farewell echoes resonating with a blend of joy and sadness. Like morning glory greeting the sunshine, Class XI students serenaded their seniors with a sonic celebration. The event unfolded with blessings for a safe journey, transitioning into laughter with Babu-Rao's humour, SRK's Deewangi, and Bollywood beats. Talented dancers elevated the atmosphere, and hearts were touched by a poignant PowerPoint presentation revisiting cherished bygone days. The celebration concluded with heartfelt wishes for their future endeavors.



Art&Craft Exhibition















The Art and Craft Exhibition held on 31st January provided a captivating glimpse into the fusion of artistic expression and resourcefulness. The Chief Guest of the exhibition Madam Manisha Sagar and the parents marveled at the ingenious use of recycled materials, as students transformed everyday items into beautiful artifacts, underscoring the importance of sustainability in art.

The diversity of showcased pieces reflected the students' versatility, from intricately designed sculptures to vibrant paintings that conveyed a spectrum of emotions. The event fostered a sense of appreciation for the students' artistic prowess and their ability to turn the ordinary into the extraordinary.













Visitors were not only treated to a visual feast but also had the opportunity to engage with the creators, gaining insights into the inspiration behind each piece. This interactive element added a personal touch to the exhibition, creating a memorable experience for everyone involved.

The Art and Craft Exhibition was a celebration of creativity, innovation and the boundless potential that emerges when artistic talent meets imagination.



"Mass for the Catholics to invoke God's Blessings " for the institution.











Seeking God's guidance and strength ...



Time for prayer and reflection

Journey Diaries







Trip to CHENNAI



Dakshin Chitra

Pondicheri

Phoenix Mall







Mahabalipuram Temple



Marina beach




Arjuna Caves
St Thomas Beach
Butter Ball Park

*Trip to **Rajasthan** where laughter became the compass, and memories became the souvenirs.*

Trip to Rajasthan





Chatak Memorial



Lok Kala Mandal



Fateh Sagar Lake











Akshardham Temple

TRIP TO भोपाल

















Class I



Picnic



CHOKIDHANI
PANCHKULA



Picnic











Class
IV & V





Shivjot Farms

















Live life with no excuses,
Travel with no regrets.

With hearts filled with excitement, curiosity and joy, the students of classes IX to XII boarded the bus for a one day trip to Shivjot Farms.

The journey began with the echoes of laughter, giggles and gossips of the chatterboxes. We were ready to enjoy our day to the fullest. We reached our destination and sprinted towards the stage admiring the place and capturing it with the lens of our eyes.

The adventure packed missions included Zip lining, where we screamed our lungs out, climbing on the Commando Net tested our physical strength, climbing the Stone Wall which only a few could master, hopping on the planks like the enthusiastic rabbits we are. Sumo wrestling with our friends, making a giant and colourful zorb ball move which gave us a real time roly-poly experience filled with screams of laughter and loud giggles while testing each other's patience and jumping on the trampoline with a wish to fly high in the sky.

The journey back to school was filled with songs, long discussions and spooky haunted stories which made the journey end in an equally fun way.

Staff Picnic



Will-O-The-Wisp Calling...

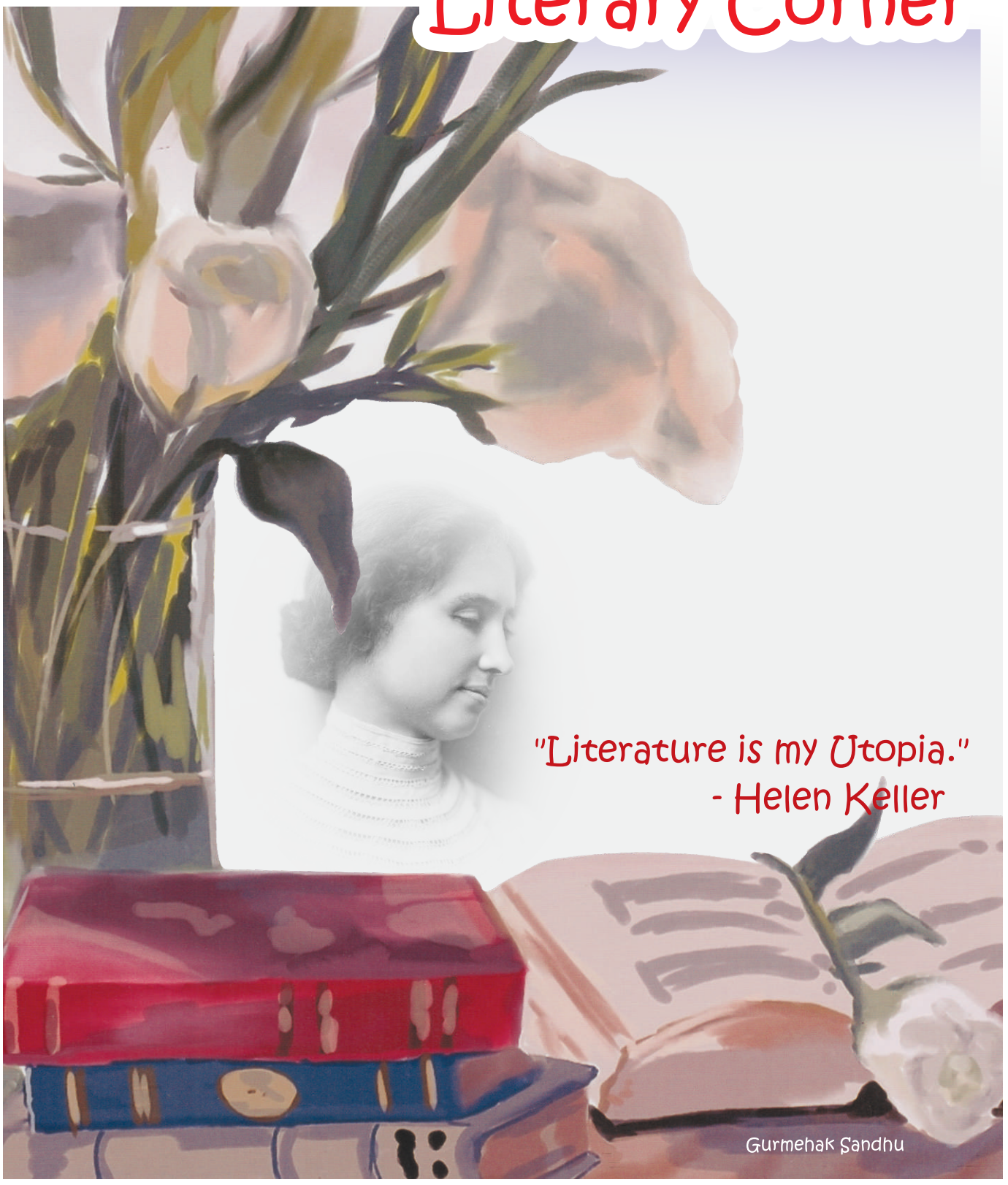








Literary Corner



PROUD TO BE AN INDIAN

Dear Readers Today, I will take you along with me to a meet the Queen of the South Asian realm whose regal presence is adorned with the majestic Himalayas as her crown and the flowing tapestry of the Ganga, Yamuna and Brahmaputra forms a velvety carpet beneath her feet. She, the Queen, proudly, is known as 'INDIA'.Her narrative extends beyond its geographical and cultural borders. Her motto of 'Unity in Diversity' has helped her stand firm at the Global front.

She has played a pivotal role in addressing challenges, notably in the battle against the Covid pandemic. Witnessing her formal growth across defence, economy and trade sectors, I proudly feel that she has surpassed all the challenges and is a testament to resilience and progress. The echoes of my country's rich cultural heritage resonate across the globe. The vibrant festivals, intricate art forms and diverse traditions have become a global fascination. Yoga, which originated here, has become a worldwide phenomenon, promoting physical and mental well-being.

In the realm of Space exploration, India has left an indelible mark with successful missions like Mangalyaan and Chandrayaan, which have demonstrated her prowess in Space technology. Not only this, education has also been a cornerstone of her progress. Indian Institutes of Technology (IITs) and Indian Institutes of Management (IIMs), has produced top-notch professionals who contribute significantly to global advancements.

My India's commitment to sustainable development is evident in initiatives like the Swachh Bharat Abhiyan and the push for renewable energy. The country aims not only for economic prosperity but also for environmental stewardship, recognizing the importance of a balanced and sustainable future.

From Ayurveda to Biotechnology, from having busted pathways to building the longest Rail bridge- 'Chenab',India has done it all!

Alvira Chaddha XI C



Women Empowerment

The world laughs, when she cries,
The world whispers, when she tries.
'Feminism, Equality' is on the tongue of many,
But empowered women are really few,
Generations and periods have passed by,
But they could not hear a woman's cry.
She kills her dreams for the world,
Her whims are constantly hurled.
In a world where she is chastised,
Her achievements are often despised.
She asks herself, 'Why? Why is it so?'
'Why are women always estimated low ?'
She demands for reasons, but gets none,
Her cries are neglected by everyone.

Amishi Goyal, VIII B

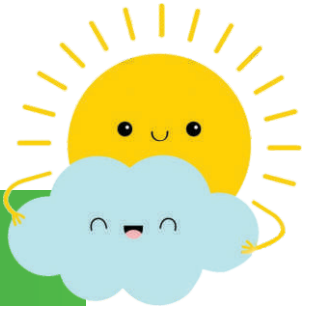
FLOWERING

In the garden of life, seeds were sown,
Tiny and fragile, they were unknown.
Natured with care, they began to sprout,
seeking the sunlight they reached out.
With each passing day, they grew strong,
facing storms and hardships all along.
Their roots dug deep, anchoring firm,
Through trials and tribulations, they affirm.
Leaves unfolded, embracing the light,
A testament of their unwavering might.
In the seasons of change, they gracefully adapt,
their resilience, a story well-mapped Blossoms bloomed,
a sight to behold, in vibrant colors, their stories unfold.
Each petal a chapter, every hue a tale, of growth,
of courage that you never fail.
Through endless cycles, they evolve,
A journey of learning, problems to solve.
From tiny saplings to towering trees,
In their growth, the world finds peace.
And so we learn from nature's song,
In growth, we find where we belong.
With open hearts and minds renewed,
we'll blossom too, in life's endued.
In the symphony of life, we're the refrain,
growth melody, an eternal chain.
Embrace the journey, let it be,
For in growth, we set ourselves free.

Chetali XII C



Rustic Reverie



Most of our memories are stored not in photographs but rather in certain biscuits, scents, lights of the day, and ever so clichè, the people we love

Memories are not mere snapshots frozen in time, they are the ethereal whispers woven into the fabric of our senses.

Peachy mornings glazed with warm tea and biscuits. Oh, how this one thing alone makes one's heart flutter with the once shared laughter around the kitchen table. The play of sunlight filtering through leaves as the elders talk about the never ending politics and the kids escape into their own sweet world of fantasies and daydreams. They dance around in the earthy aroma of rain soaked soil, and these instances unlock the long forgotten corridors where we once lived.

Cerulean nights, as the secret whispers of insects float around in the air and people don't shout at us for our mistakes, rather they catch us in an embrace, making everything simpler, everything so much better. It's these summer nights and a loved one's touch, their resonance that is enough to take a moment out of our rather bustling lives. In the gentle candence of a familiar voice or the warmth of a comforting touch, we find solace. The favourite dish which we once begged our mothers to make everyday and the enticing aroma it filled the house with, Oh how its taste is unchanged even after all these years. Invisible strings are attached in our senses with these humble things, and one faint smell, one faint touch and they get pulled yet again.

People say how sometimes they wish they could freeze the moment, freeze the picture and so I did, I froze it, yet now as I walk down that same old road, as I smell those hauntingly familiar scents, as I crave the touch of what once was mine, I melt between icicles and the morning dew, brewing, what once was tea has now turned into coffee, I quietly sit down around the rather empty kitchen table as I pour myself another cup.

Khushi Bhonkle XI A



JOY in Small Things



Getting up early from the bed,
And kissing silently my sleeping dad.
Brushing my teeth and having a bath.
Getting ready for School in an energetic and happy mood,
I find happiness in these little things I do,
Hope I am the same, when I grow.
Wishing 'Good Morning' to my respected teachers,
And listening carefully to what they teach us.
Completing my work on time,
To serve my teachers is my duty prime.



I find happiness in these little things I do,
Hope I am the same, when I grow.
After coming back home, I've some major tasks to do,
From changing my clothes and dressing my hair with comb,
To taking my food myself from mom.



I find happiness in these little things I do,
Hope I am the same when I grow.

Kushagri Jain II A

What's so fishy?
What's so fishy that does not let me rise up?
What's so tricky that does't let me fly up?



When I think so dense,
It usually does not make any sense.
When I try to climb,
People say it does not rhyme.
Now let's join all the clues,
And finally solve the mystery,
What has been hidden,
And what is not so friendly.
After a lot of hard work,
We get to a Final point,
That everything is alright.



Now you know what's so fishy,
There is nothing quite so tricky,
And as mighty as the pen,
We are memorizing poetry,
In case something is fishy ? ? ?

Aarna Parashar VI A

My Mother, My world



Mother, mummy, mom,
We create a mess like a bomb.
You always clean it up,
Even the hair of my pup.



I am so grateful to you,
Even when you scold me.
Thank you for making my life special,
Even when sometimes I act like a devil!





I will never take you for granted,
As you make my life enchanted.
You are so powerful,
That's what makes you wonderful.



You are my Guardian angel, who will always be,
A very special part of me.
If you hadn't been there for me,
I wouldn't have been the girl I turned out to be!

Amaira Sethi VI B

Friendship

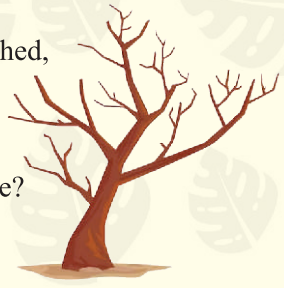


Friendship is a bond so dear,
One that fills our hearts with cheer,
Through times that are good and bad,
We stand together yet never sad.
With laughter and joy we share,
And comfort each other in despair,
A shoulder to cry on; a listening ear,
A friend like you is always near.
In times of need, you're always there,
A true friend beyond compare,
Forever and always, our bond will last,
For true friendship is never surpassed.

Mishka Jain VI B

The Vacant OAK TREE

The merry bell rings,
To welcome the spring.
A very deadly vacant oak tree stood by with a hope,
That it will soon be full of colours and undergrowth.
Waiting for the bud to rise,
Just close to the great surprise.
Soon a flower would bloom,
Well, better if it is rich and nourished,
In a bit, a fruit would flourish.
It wishes it would stay for long,
But was this hope a successful one?



Thinking about the Spring,
When Autumn has not even started.
The trees near have already got a bet,
That the hope might not be green yet,
This hope is sown in its mind for years and years.

An awful day just before the spring,
Has harshly struck it,
The pitiless people are here to cut it off,
But it everyday, was surrounded by smiles and laughter,
It was the playground of sons and daughters,
All were just like a shield of protection,
So, finally he was safe and secure,
But what about his leftover hope?



Started the happy spring,
But not for it,
As there was no care,
What hope shall it sow?
What dreams shall it gather?
But then those little ones are there,
For showing their love and care,
Getting frightened of losing the tree,
Their faces were as long as a field.
Soon it became a beautiful tree,
Surrounded by bushes,
And was the home of skylark and thrushes.

Like that strong but vacant oak tree,
That has gathered some dreams and hopes,
And was walking by a deterrent slope,
Even those big headed sculptures,
Said that it would not be full of different green colors.
And those greedy minded people had also made a try,
But I need the tree not to cry.
The vacant oak tree is now loaded with happiness,
Enjoying the bliss with all its friends.

Pavni Jolly VI B



BORN From FIRE

In the flames of Fire,
She radiated warmth, the Sun on the Earth.
The God chanted her name at her first cry at birth,
Admiring her exquisite beauty's worth.
She was Draupadi, born from fire's fierce embrace,
A devotee of Lord Krishna, adorned with grace.
Wife to five, destined to be the Queen,
Her reign, in life or death, remained unseen.
In her rage, she embodied Goddess Kali's might,
Commanding Evil's demise, a relentless fight.
Her eyes were ablaze with tears, fiery and red,
As flames ignited, her fury widespread.
A crimson satin saree draped her form,
Her touch blessed, an emblem of the Divine norm.
In her anger, she became destruction's essence,
Temple bells tolled, marking her birth and transcendence.
At her arrival, Saraswati's music filled the air,
At her departure, Adhiyogi's chant whispered a solemn prayer.

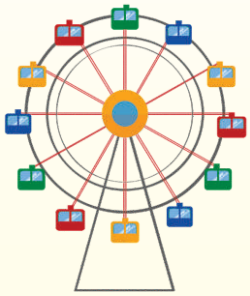
Arishti Raj XI B

Smile

A smile, with all its gentle tries,
Radiates warmth in the tranquil skies.
A smile, like Sapphire's royal hue,
Aristocratic, forever true.
Can you doubt the contagious bliss,
When chuckles spread with playful hiss?
Chuckles, infectious in their glee,
Overflowing, spreading mirth with glee.
Among all joys, one stands so droll,
The giggle, laughter's whimsical goal.
Does it amuse you ?
or
Does it tickle your soul with zany zeal ?

Gunjan Attri IX C

What Mattered The Most



Out yonder in the field so wide,
A child with dreams began his stride.
Through mustard fields, he hopped with glee,
In the galaxy, his spirit was free.
He ventured into the world unknown,
Footpaths were alive with insects' tone.
Firecrackers exploded with colours grand,
Snakes wiggled in the Fair's bright land.
Slowly, he murmured for toys and candies,
Seeking joy, with sweet demands he deploys.



But suddenly he got lost in the crowd,
Amidst the masses his presence was drowned.
Lost in the line, he stood alone
Craving for toys and candies was gone.
Night's arms unfolded, scary and bold,
But hope burned bright, against the cold.
With resilience, he coped and fought,
And found the true meaning of Hope.
In his world, he found his way,
Now he knew what mattered each day.

Vedika IX C



Shufing An Annual Reality

When I started my schooling
My mom said, "Spread your wings, my little fledgling,"
But I wished for a friend
As I entered this tent
Many came and held my hand
But after every year I faltered in this shifting sand
Textures changed, emotions overcame
I prayed for my friends to remain unchanged
But...
Shuffling is a rule
All have to experience this whirlpool
As I am about to enter class 5th
I am apprehending the change
And waiting eagerly for the next exchange
Though my feelings are mixed
I am made to understand
It has benefits, fixed
So embrace a new friend every year
To coexist in this lovely sphere.

Samriddhi Chatterjee IV B

TREES

For the roots run deep, in earth they're entwined,
A lifeline for nature, by design.
They shelter creatures, both big and small,
Their canopies, nature's grandest hall.
With leaves that whisper tales untold,
In their branches, mysteries unfold.
Yet, deforestation's relentless pace,
Leaves scars on Earth, a perilous trace.
Let's be the guardians, voices raised high,
For the trees that stand beneath the sky.
Reverse the damage, plant the seed,
In their survival, humanity is freed.
In unity, let's strive and thrive,
To ensure these giants, forever survive.
For the main oxygen givers, standing tall,
In their existence, the balance of life install.

Dhriti VII A

WOMEN
Our Backbone

A woman is the strongest of all,
With her heart pure and spirit tall.
She rises every time she falls,
And stands up Proud and Strong.
She carries burdens that none could bear,
And yet does so with grace and care.
With the fire in her heart that never wanes,
She faces life's challenges with no complaints.
With love and kindness in her heart,
She spreads her light and sets it apart.
Her courage to face the stormy seas,
An inspiration for all who see.
A Mother, a Sister, a Daughter, a Friend,
Her strength and beauty will never end.
For she is the backbone of our society,
The pillar of strength till eternity.
She may be gentle but never weak,
A force to be reckoned with so to speak.
She is a symbol of strength and grace,
Of love that always finds its place.
Let us celebrate the woman we adore,
For her strength, beauty and so much more.
For she is the strongest of us all,
And we are grateful for her every rise and fall.

Manleen Kaur IX C

Comfort

The most precious thing one can gift,
That too without any expense is “comfort”.
Because comfort is just like a home,
And who doesn't like to be at home?
Home is such a place,
Where everyone loves to stay,
And where one's memories are saved.
So, even you can be someone's home!
That is, someone's comforting place.

Upkeerat Kaur Sobti VII C

The purest form of LOVE

The sun bows down before the dark clouds,
The patter of the rain gets roaring and loud,
The drops of water slip down like streams,
Carrying a wave of nostalgia and a chill of gleam.
I sit with a cup of warm milk,
Recalling the times when you were here.
My mind craves a feeling of warmth,
But love seems to run away and not be found.
'Mother', calls my heart,
But no answer is received from her part.
It makes me sob and tear,
As I remember that motherly care.
The flower of reminiscence blooms in my heart,
Whenever I recall my mother and her sweet laugh.
Her soft hands run through the locks of my hair,
And I remember her promise to always keep me near.
Today, as I sit with a warm heart,
I want to say 'I love you, mom',
And this feeling will never grow apart,
You and your name calls my heart,
And sorrow smears down its path.
A perfect combination of sweet and sour,
A compassionate lover, I can see from afar.
While the day dusks and the night takes a look,
And the moon mingles with the tree's crook.
While the night owl screeches with euphony,
And the world seems eccentric.
Where the stars twinkle bright,
But from the core of my heart,
all I yearn is for your one last sight.

Saina IX C

TEACHER

In the realm of wisdom, the teacher's name
A guide through knowledge in her world we claim,
Curious lessons, a dance of delight,
She is our beacon of light.



Upgrading our spirits,
Invoking us with enthusiastic brains.
Making us feel the importance of grains.
A brilliant mind smiles with a style,
In wisdom's embrace, a joyful aisle.
With the pleasant smile.
You are full of vitality,
Imbuing us,
To follow your hospitality,
You invigorate us when we stumble,
And turn us to be Invincible.
Ma'am, you are the protagonist of our life,
Filling us with delight.
You shower all your blessings onto us,
Which makes our journey end with victory.
Thank you for being in our life,
Enthralling us with your affection.
And enabling us to reach perfection.

Rakshita Aneja X B

Magic





I think, She wakes up even before the Sun,
To get me ready for school, She's always on a run.
Packing my bag and checking my time table,
Counting my books, reading each and every label.

She prepares yummy food for me every morning,
And to get me ready on time, she often gives me a scary warning!
Whenever I open my tiffin, it's like she has sent for me a piece of her heart,
A balanced meal she gives me; some chocolate to make me happy
and some proteins to make me smart!

I feel elated when I run back into her arms,
To listen to the stories of the far off lands and farms.
She makes my day happy and never lets me stay tragic!
Oh! I'm so sure my mother is nothing less than a Magic!!



Aadita Phartiyal III C

FRIENDSHIP
A Treasure

My life was like a lonely night sky,
Void of stars, I felt loneliness comply.
But then You came to me with a glow,
Your rays are indeed so Divine.

A new story begins every day,
As if we just met yesterday.
You were there in my joys and sorrows,
A friend like you, I can never borrow.

I fear of losing you, my friend,
I fear of losing you someday.
Because I know there's something in your heart,
And you won't tell me either way.

There still is a hope;
Your friendship to me is a treasure.
Tell me if there is something,
Let's bring back our pleasure.

Ananya Gupta VII B

My Brother My Pride!



Growing up, we didn't see,
How challenging life could be!
As brother and sister, we shared a bond,

We have had our share of laughter in our lives,
Together we have built castle at night.
We have smiled through thick and thin,
As we travelled many miles in our dreams.

We have seen many roadblocks,
And quite often land a punch on each other's nose.
But I can always count on your support,
I know you are a positive sort!

No matter what life does send,
You, my brother, have proven to be a nice friend.
You are my inspiration young man,
I am so glad that we belong to the same Clan.

Shatawari Gambhir IX B

THE SECRET GARDEN OF WHISPERS

Once upon a time, in the small enchanting town of Wistful Hollow, there lived a peculiar character named Professor Enigma. He was known for his eccentricities and knack for unraveling the mysteries that baffled others.

One misty morning, Professor Enigma received an intriguing letter sealed with a wax stamp of a grinning cat. The letter, written in elegant calligraphy, invited him to a peculiar event known as the "Gala of Whispers." The mysterious invitation promised an evening filled with riddles, laughter, and unexpected surprises.

Intrigued by the enigmatic nature of the invitation, Professor Enigma adorned his finest suit and embarked on a journey to the grand manor on the outskirts of the town. As he entered the opulent ballroom, he found himself surrounded by an assortment of whimsical characters.

There was Lady Eloise, an enchanting woman with a penchant for solving puzzles while sipping tea; and Baron Magnus, a witty aristocrat who had a knack for turning any conversation into a lighthearted guessing game. The room buzzed with laughter and anticipation, as everyone awaited the night's mysterious festivities. Suddenly, the lights dimmed, and a spotlight illuminated a small stage at the center of the room. A jovial magician, known as Merrimento: the Marvelous, emerged with a twinkle in his eyes. He declared, "Welcome, dear guests, to the Gala of Whispers!"

The night unfolded with an array of mind-bending riddles and whimsical illusions. Professor Enigma found himself immersed in the enchantment, working alongside Lady Eloise and Baron Magnus to solve each conundrum with laughter and wit.

As the evening progressed, a mischievous twist revealed itself. The manor's walls began to shift, creating an intricate maze that seemed to have a mischievous mind of its own. Laughter echoed through the corridors as the guests joyfully navigated the puzzling paths, encountering hidden doors and secret passages.

In the heart of the labyrinth, they stumbled upon a hidden treasure—a chest filled with sparkling jewels and ribbons. It turned out that the Gala of Whispers that was not only a night of riddles and amusement, but also an opportunity to share laughter, forge friendships, and uncover hidden treasures of the heart.

With the night coming to an end, Professor Enigma, Lady Eloise, and Baron Magnus bid farewell to their newfound friends, carrying with them memories of a magical and mysterious evening. As they departed the manor, the moon cast a mischievous glow upon their faces, as if it knew they would forever cherish the laughter and camaraderie they had experienced.

And so, the tale of the Gala of Whispers became a legend, whispered throughout Wistful Hollow. The townsfolk often wondered if the grand event would grace their lives again, bringing joy, mystery, and laughter to all who dared to embark on its enchanting journey.

So, Dear Readers, if ever you find yourself wandering the winding streets of Wistful Hollow, keep your ears open for whispers of the Gala, and perhaps, you might discover a world of delightful enigmas and laughter beyond your wildest dreams.

Pearl Sehgal X B



A World of Fantasy

A swirl of words, a magic touch of my pen,
I create a poem from a small inspiration or a significant event.
A brainstorm of ideas, a heart overflowing with emotions,
A hobby for others, for me, my devotion.
This is a poem.
Inspiration strikes at any time,
A mesmerizing sunset or a walk on the countryside.
Anything to light that desire in my heart,
Igniting the spark till passion plays its part.
I sit by the window and watch the little water beads,
Race each other down and gather at the pane,
With a paper in hand and a glint in my eyes,
I let the phrases flow out of me like the pouring rain.
Poetry is my cozy blanket, my loyal friend,
It lets me portray my thoughts in a beautiful way.
When in a state of melancholy, just make an effort,
To portray your emotions in the form of art,
And chase the heavy gloom away.
In many forms it does exist,
A poem can be what we desire.
It doesn't have to be perfectly composed,
Yet it will always be admired.
An invisible man,
Or a six-foot cat,
A talking house in a top hat,
Bizarre, mystical ideas come to life,
In the hand-woven expressions of every line.
Poetry is a splendid time pass;
A joy to read and write.
So pick up a paper and a pen,
And bring your fantasies to life.

Arshia Sood IX A

LIBRARY



Books here and books there,
They are everywhere.
I wonder which book to read,
And which one to leave.
Horror, Literature, Fiction, Comedy,
To choose from so many,
I often get confused,
Every time I go to the library.
Horror gives a chill through the spine,
Literature amazes me,
Fiction forces me to become creative,
Comedy makes me chuckle.
Alas! I am confused every time.
Books here and books there,
They are everywhere.
At last, I tell my teacher to help me.
As I am still a tiny little tot,
Who is keen to start her journey,
TO A NEW WORLD – LIBRARY!



Anaisha Sethi II A

FAILURE IS A LESSON

Failures are the stepping stones,
That pave the path to success.
They teach us valuable lessons,
And help us to progress.
We learn from our mistakes,
And strive to do better each time.
For in failure, we find knowledge,
And an experience that is sublime.
For every failure is a lesson,
That teaches us something new,
And with each one, we become wiser,
And more equipped to pursue.
So, embrace your failures with open arms,
And learn from them each day.
For, they will guide you to success,
In every single way.

Charvi II B

Pleasure of Growing Up

Growing up is the dream of all children. Right to freedom attracts us all, but in the hustle of growing in age, we sometimes forget to enjoy the journey of growing up; from crawling to walking, from sitting in Pre-primary classes to Primary class, we travel through the journey of life.

Growing up is not so easy though. It is full of experiences and hardships that help make us strong for the future. The pleasure of growing up comes to its extent when we see our parents living their childhood with us. Growing up is like a blooming bud that spreads its fragrance, beauty and happiness all around. Just like the sweetness of gooseberry is felt after eating it, the pleasure of growing up is also realised after actually growing up. These memories of growing up remain with us forever; and when we remember them, they make us happy and make us feel nostalgic. It would not be wrong if we say that growing up doesn't necessarily mean growing in age but growing in values. In the end, we must not forget to savour our journey for that is what that matters.

Anika II A

Don't Let Your Mind Bully 'YOU'



Picking yourself up from the ground,
Feeling like life keeps you down.
But don't let your mind bully you,
You are strong enough to see things through.
Don't let your mind bully you,
You are capable of what you can do.
Believe in yourself and say it through,
Don't let the world defeat you.
Words can hurt but you can leave,
Give yourself the love you deserve to feel.
Your mind may try to bring you down,
But, you are the one who wears the crown.
Don't let your mind believe,
You are capable of what you can do.
Believe in yourself and see it through,
Don't let the world defeat you.
Take a deep breath and just let go,
Don't let your fears steal the show.
You are stronger than you think you are,
With a bit of help, you can go too far.
So, don't let your mind bully you,
You are capable of what you can do.
With a bit of courage, you can make it through,
Don't let the world defeat you.

Mishka Jain VI B

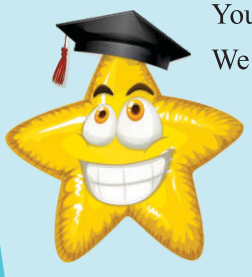
Selfless Love



She is the one, who makes me feel secure,
By her soft touch, all the diseases are cured.
Sharing secrets with her makes my heart light,
She frees me from illusions and they vanish as quick as tides.
Her love for me is extremely immense,
Like forests of Africa which are extremely dense.
The thought of her absence makes me cry,
She is the one upon whom I rely.
It is because of her, I am standing here now,
Mother is Divine before whom everyone ought to bow.

Akshara Jain VIII B

The Amazing Stars



We are countless in number,
You dream of us in your slumber.
You can only see us at night,
We are always emitting light.
Blazing with fire,
Our light keeps getting brighter.
Farther than the Sun we are,
You cannot reach us by your car.
Yes, we are the Mighty Stars,
Almost as amazing as You are.
We are here to tell you one thing nice,
Don't bother about your disabilities,
Just focus on your capabilities,
And work on your abilities.

Veronica Bhardwaj II A

Eternal Flames : The Tale of the Fallen Angel's Revenge

Back in a time when tigers used to smoke, the world was thrown into chaos as the balance of Tai-Jitu was disrupted. The Yin energy overpowered the Yang, resulting in the opening of a mysterious portal. Within the realm where Homosapiens dwell, an uproar ensued, alarming both benevolent and malevolent spirits alike. Unable to contain the escalating turmoil, the deities knocked on the door of heaven itself, imploring the Supreme Divinity for assistance.

In response, the divine realm dispatched its dearest heavenly messenger on a fateful errand to the human world. Descending, she carried with her the key that held the power to restore order among the deities. Little did she know about the trials that awaited her.

An aura of sanctity enveloped everything around her as she set foot into the human world. Trees and flowers bloomed, breathing life into the once-dormant landscapes. Although rejoiced at the restoration, her heart yearned to return swiftly. To her dismay, a formidable barrier prevented her from ascending to her heavenly abode. Her desperate pleas to the divinity for answers fell on deaf ears, leaving her with no choice but to seek counsel of the head deity.

In a heart-wrenching revelation, the head deity disclosed that she herself was the key, destined never to return to the heavens. Shocked, betrayed, and filled with sadness, she wandered aimlessly through the human world. The once joyful land was beset by an early monsoon, causing torrential downpours and devastating floods that swept away all in their path.

As seasons transitioned from summer to rainy and then to winter, nature mirrored the turmoil within. Trees withered, the lands thirsted and the balance between benevolent and malevolent spirits crumbled further. Concerned deities launched an investigation and discovered that the open portal was the root cause. However, the angel who held the key was nowhere to be found. Recognizing the gravity of the situation, the Divinity Himself intervened.

Upon uncovering the mastermind behind the chaos in the human world, the celestial being confronted the fallen angel. In a clash of titanic powers, their battle raged. The fallen angel's strength matched that of the divine, her powers fuelled by the knowledge that she had been betrayed. Despite the celestial being's attempt to reclaim the power of the key, it had no effect on her unwavering might. Outwitted, He cunningly tricked her, pushing her into the portal and sealing it shut, condemning her to eternal darkness forever.

Yet, the abyss did not break her spirit. In the depths of despair, she hatched plans for her revenge. Over time, her hunger for vengeance increased so intensely, that the Hell fire was nothing in front of her burning desire to seek revenge and it led her to unleash the blazing flames.
Thus, the fallen angel, now known as the Angel of Netherworld, resides in the eternal darkness, plotting her retribution. Her story serves as a cautionary tale, that even the purest of beings can be consumed by the flames of betrayal and revenge transforming them into an agent of destruction.

Thakur Gauri Singh XII A

Under the Covers, She Cried



Under the covers, she wept in despair,
Silent tears fell unnoticed, in the air.
She cried out, but the room fell still,
Her screams were suppressed, a voice unfulfilled.
Through the blanket, she trembled in fear,
Eyes filled with anguish, the pain severe.
Agonized and alone, she bore the weight,
No one stood by her, no comforting trait.



"What a daughter!" the mother sighed,
A disappointed friend, who just chided.
No one paid heed to the child's silent plea,
No one recalled the last time she felt free.
She grew up too fast, never truly a child,
Lost in her mind, dreams running wild.
The parents wept, asking, "Why didn't she share?"
But was there ever a safe space for her to dare?
The walls echoed with cries once more,
But this time, a different sorrow they bore.
Not her tears this time, a reversal of roles,
A mother's love is untold, and a friend's remorse unfolds.
"You weren't wrong," they mournfully said,
If only they had known, if only they had led.

Shagun XI A

Smart Stories of a Second Grader

Hello, everyone!
Let's talk about fun.
We are in Grade II,
What about You?
Our class is big,
We are cute and quick.
Our stories will make you smile,
And make your day blithe.
Sharing tiffin brings us joy,
While our tummies enjoy.



Pasta made by our mum,
Makes everyone ask,
“May I have some?”
We listen, We read, We write,
On our chairs sitting tight,
If one of us outdoes the other,
We shout 'statue' to draw near.





Sometimes we are distracted,
By wonders to which we are attracted.
Our teachers say “Hocus-Pocus,”
To which we scream, “Let us focus!”
When the bell rings for home,
In a beeline, we march along,
We bid goodbye to our friends,
In our own amusing trend.





Savi Jain II A

The Promise of a Parent

On the first of December,
When the chilly mornings start,
I will have the porch light burning in my heart.
At the peak of the storm,
If you pass by this house to the West,
In the dead of night, I'll warm a place for you to rest.
I know that birds fly,
Fly away, far away.
Just remember my porch light,
Will keep burning, night and day.



Gurmehak Sandhu XI C

Not Lost Yet !

In this world of people, the dream is to be crowned,
And to remove the obstacle where we are bound.
I don't know why there is a strange sound,
Which is day by day getting loud.
I am not lost yet, what I need is to be found.
We will suffer from the pain of a small scratch or wound,
While we will be focused on the dream of being crowned,
And to remove the obstacle where we are bound.
I am not lost yet, what I need is to be found.

Anshi VII A

DREAMS

Someone, please tell me the definition of dreams,
Life is boring without what it seems,
I heard that it's not only of one kind, instead two,
Some are meant to be seen and some to be true.
Well, I have applied all the science I knew,
But couldn't figure out how the first kind of dreams would come through, in my mind.
At midnight they somehow appear,
I heard in these dreams we can see anyone like Einstein.
In these dreams, we can see ourselves flooded with Euphoria,
Or completely filled with some kind of Dysphoria,
Here, we do things that we can't do in reality,
And, if we do, we will have to listen lectures on morality.
I've also heard of dreams that are Nightmares,
They are like those spooky movies that absolutely scare.
If every science lecture was about this,
To know these, I'd attend the whole lecture with a bliss.
Now besides these dreams,
there are some other magical ones too,
People say it takes a lot of struggle to make them true,
Many say it's like the aim of life for many adults and teens,
Then why do people call it Dreams?
Adults say that during this journey, you will find a sea of hard work and self-motivation,
But what if I drown in the sea because of my low confidence and hesitation?
I have to step into the world of infinite riches,
But how will I meet my way into it with all those ditches?
I too have a dream or maybe an aim,
But like most people's dreams, mine will not be the same,
ere is also a dream behind this poem,
And if this dream comes true,
I will be wonderfully wholesome.

Pavni Jolly VI B

A Call for Empowerment



Why do you feel so weak,
When you are the Giver of life?
Why do you fail to speak,
When you face the strife?
Why do you care,
When people judge you?
Why do you fear,
When they nudge you?
AWAKE! ARISE! ASPIRE! ATTAIN!
You have the power to be a phoenix,
With intuition and wisdom- A judicious mix.
Let not the world suppress your voice,
Venture out in the Sun and seek your joy.
Don't hold back, take the charge,
Live your life and make it large.

Aanya Mittal IV B



MUSINGS OF VERSE

In the quiet corners of our lives, amid our nonchalant days, where the heart whispers in a language far too profound for ordinary words to convey; there, poetry unfurls in its own gentle ways. Poetry becomes the language of the heart, transcending boundaries to invite us to immerse ourselves into its profound beauty. It is an art form that holds the magical ability to transform the mundane into bewitching; the ordinary into extraordinary; and adding rhythm and life to everything it touches. In its play with words, poetry offers us an escape from reality, all while crafting something arresting from the very fabric of our existence.

Our world is bustling with noise and chaos, and it seems as if stress has made our mind its abode. Poetry rescues us from this, much like a prince charming coming to the aid of his damsel in distress. It helps us pause, breathe and reflect. It is pulchritudinous; for it is accessible; it speaks a language which is understood by all. It does not beckon for a sophisticated palette or a doctorate in literature; rather it is a quiet kind, for it extends an invitation with an open heart to all who are willing to feel. Poetry possesses an inherent charm that connects with us deeply.

But how is poetry created? Do the Gods write it while we are asleep? Or more absurdly, does it create itself?
Poetry doesn't create itself. Nothing is inherently poetic from the start. We are the ones who create poetry. When you sit down at night and scribble your thoughts while the rest of the world is asleep or when you write down all your exotic imaginings while wandering off in some other realm, this is poetry brewing. Poetry doesn't have to follow a certain set of well defined rules, nor does it have to rhyme. Surprisingly, it does not even demand complicated phrases and vocabulary that even William Shakespeare would fail to understand. It just has to convey the emotions your soul wishes to tell the world. Poetry can be simple.

Beyond ink, lie words. Beyond words, lies inspiration.
You need inspiration to write poetry, and very often, the muse isn't easy to catch. Ideas might hide in our everyday experiences or even get lost in our usual stuff. It is in the chasing after these moments that the magic of poetry happens. Not being disheartened when you don't find inspiration is the key. And here's a fun tidbit: Legend has it that when Calliope, the Goddess of epic poetry in Greek Mythology, faces writers' block, she sends other Gods a Divine text seeking for a creative spark. So, why can't we, mere mortals, seek for a spark of inspiration, just like the Divine?

Poetry isn't just about words; it's about feelings. It's a love letter penned by your soul to yourself and others. In the world of poetry, where the heartbeat has its own rhythm, let every passing moment be a haiku. So, let your emotions wander, let the words linger, and allow your mind and soul to shape words into the verses of your poetry. In every scribble, in every musing, in every quiet moment of pondering, a unique touch is added to your words, forming a melody. And that melody will turn into poetry.

As the late Robin Williams, in his iconic role as Mr. Keating, exclaimed in the **Dead Poet's Society,** "We don't read and write poetry because it's cute. We read and write poetry because we are the members of the human race. And the human race is filled with passion. And medicine, law, business, engineering, these are noble pursuits and necessary to sustain life. But poetry, beauty, romance, love, these are what we stay alive for." The powerful verse goes on and you may contribute a verse.
What will your verse be?"

Kangna XI A

Ivan Doig accurately quoted "Childhood is the one story that stands by itself in every soul." Indeed! It is the most ravishing memory that can never be erased. From the bizarrely adorable cartoon characters to the murky silt of the muddy puddles; from the vibrant crayons and the color books to the livery playthings, this was our high-spirited habitat day and night.

With the pleasant and cozy shadows of the blanket accompanied by the flickering rays of the television screen, Donald Duck and Goofy used to greet a warm morning. Then, arrived the ever-popular white creamy glass of milk. Sitting and relishing that plain paradise is still recalled by many. We used to play with random articles and the most cherished part was to find out positivity in every domain of life. That was the only time when stress, worries, and even exams were unrevealed to us rather were kept in a dark room away from our sight and extent.

That era was like falling off a log and bouncing off the wall.

It was a time when alacrity and honesty were companions and jealousy was appreciating itself in a sphere far from our tender minds.

Let us try to bridge this gap and live back our childhood with the same purity in our hearts. Let us try to revert to the garden of our life, an enchanted place where the colors are brighter, the air is softer and the mornings more fragrant than ever.

Smriti X B



THE MUSIC *Industry*

From "Love Story" to “Shake It Off,"
Taylor Swift's lyrics never fall off.
Her songs are filled with iconic lines,
That stay with us throughout the times.
"Blank Space" taught us to laugh at rumors,
And "You Belong With Me" made us all consumers.
Of teenage dreams and heartache woes,
That we all could relate and expose.
"Red" showed us the passion of love,
And "Style" gave us fashion to shove.
Into our own wardrobes and style,
That we could show off with a smile.
"Delicate" taught us to take a chance,
And "Bad Blood" showed us how to dance.
With confidence and fierce devotion,
To ourselves and our own emotion.
Taylor's lyrics are more than just words,
They're anthems for the young.
Her music brings us all together,
In a world that's often rough as leather.
So, here's to Taylor, the Queen of our hearts,
Whose lyrics will never fall apart.
We'll sing them loud and sing them proud,
And let the world hear them, clear and loud.

Nimrit XI B



Melodies, Muses, Mousike

It's the sound of solitude that often calms our mind. The stressful life and the hush of the cities, amidst everything , there is still one thing that can bring peace to our soul - Music. Music is like a dream, it evokes our laughter , our fears and our highest aspirations. There's a quote well said, "Where words fail, music speaks." and it's felicitous since the sounds of the tunes dancing in our ear, fill us with joy. It takes us to a world of our own, it takes us to the imaginary world we have dreamt of as a child. "Without music, life will be a mistake," the statement of Friedrich Nietzsche, a German philosopher, simplifies the essence of music in the life of a human. Just like caterpillars build their cocoons and evolve into beautiful butterflies, corresponding to it is the effect of music in the life of humans. It helps us to evolve into a better version of us. Music is another dimension to life , that's why our hearts have beats.

Music is a form of meditation. It helps in our growth by maintaining our mental peace and producing a calming and delightful effect in our bustling lives in a way that nothing else compares to it. Recent research and history, both are clear evidence to the above statement. For example, during the Dwapar Yug, the enchanting melodies from Lord Krishna's flute captivated the people, touching the hearts of those who hear it, symbolising a divine and spiritual connection. Music serves as a potent channel to connect with the divine. It can be concluded that music represents the most sincere form of worship and a means to establish a profound connection with our inner selves. Music is indeed spellbinding. It is the closest means we have to time travel. One piece of melody can get you reminiscing about your past or dreaming up your future. The magic of music is such that once it's admitted to the soul, it becomes a sort of spirit and never dies. In other words , as quoted by William Shakespeare, "If music is the food of love, play on, Give me excess of it; that surfeiting, The appetite may sicken, and so die."

Derived from the Greek 'mousike,' meaning 'art of muses,' music is a captivating art form. Artists weave melodies that resonate with the soul, creating timeless masterpieces. Music is known as the Universal language because it knows no boundaries. It flows freely beyond the barriers of language, religion, country, etc. Music isn't just heard, it's felt in the depths of your soul. Anything rhythmic has music, including our breath. Consequently, every person and living being carries an inherent essence of music. Like a symphony, it extends beyond human composition to the natural world; the melodic harmony of a waterfall, the pouring of rain, gentle rustle of leaves or a distant hum of a soft breeze. The connection is profound, showcasing that music exists everywhere, beyond the confines of human creation. Here, I'd like to quote the wisdom of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, a maestro of music "The music is not in the notes, but in the silence between."

Shagun Sehgal XI A

I Still Long for Them

The games of joy that I used to play,
With my friends on the streets, throughout the day.
Now, the roots of nostalgia penetrate deep into my mind,
I still long for them, those friends whom I left behind.
Now, I sit by the window,
Which seems a little mellow.
I've no friends to express about my prestigious post today,
With whom I used to talk heartily any day.
I close my eyes and take a deep sigh,
To feel the memories that have passed by,
Of love and friendship, of bliss and fight.
Oh! That giggling on sleep over nights.
This seed of loneliness I did sow,
If that day, I would not have let them go.
Indeed, they were precious, like pearls in my treasure.
For today, I have success, but no friends to make this life a pleasure.
Still, I have their memories very neat,
My jovial friends of the street.
And, I still long for them,
My friends whom I left behind.

Diva Dhir VIII C

Aroma of the Air



A butterfly cupping and clapping through the sky,
A caterpillar that wriggles by,
Lying under the tree looking at the beautiful sight,
Glorifying its whole beauty under the bright daylight.
Every creature is in a sphere of its own,
All of it feels like a different zone.



Every string is unique,
Just a look of it is all I seek.
Each drop of rain has its own essence,
Each grain of soil has its own fragrance.
Petrichor dispersing smoothly from the earth,
The aroma surely has a whole lot of worth.

Aakriti Maithani, VIII C

Life without Parents



In my opinion, life without parents is like a body without soul. Parents not only provide shelter, but they also act as a roof in this challenging world. Right from our childhood, parents often take all our decisions. However, we, at times, are not convinced with them and even I have experienced the same. But, we should respect them because they are the ones who know, what is good and what is bad for us.

In one phase of our life, we seek someone to take decisions for us because we fail to do the same for ourselves. Parents are the root of a well grown tree and children are its branches. As we all know, neither the leaves nor the branch can be grown without the roots.

Likewise, no child can ever imagine her life without her parents, just like me!

Hazelynn Kaur II B





My school CJM Ambala



CJM Ambala, my Alma mater,
I have spent the best days of my life.
I have learnt so much, both inside and out,
And have made memories that will last a lifetime.
The teachers are kind and supportive,
Always willing to help me succeed.
The classmates are friendly and fun,
Making school a joy to attend.
The campus is green and lush,
With plenty of space to play and explore.



The labs are well-equipped,
And the library in a hub of knowledge.
CJ M Ambala, I will always cherish my time spent here.
It is a time of growth and learning,
of friendship and laughter.
I am grateful to the Almighty,
For making me proud CJMite.
Here is my prayer for CJ M Ambala,
May it continue to produce great leaders and thinkers,
May it always be a place of learning and growth,
of friendship and laughter.
May it always be a place of leaning.

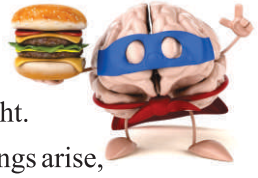


Rigya Sandhu V B





In the realm of students,
where dreams take flight,



A battle erupts, a tempting plight.
A clash of desires, where cravings arise,
Between junk food's allure and student's wise.
Oh ! Junk food, the dazzling, indulgent delight,
That beckons with colours,
so vivid and bright.
Sizzling and savory,
it tantalizes the taste,



yet lurking beneath lies a health - depraved waste.
Students, with minds astute and ambitions high,
Yearn for knowledge,
reaching for the sky.
They seek nourishment,
to fuel their ascent,
Making wise choices,
towards goals they're bent.
Oh ! the classroom, a temple of growth,
Where students gather,
minds eager to clothe.
Yet tempting fast food,
with its cunning approach,
Thwarts concentration
causing minds to reproach.
In this battle between
junk food and mind,
Let wisdom triumph,
with minds strong and hand sane.

Sanvi Garg IX C





Are You What She Used To Call 'Me?'

You're aware of the possible subtraction of your actions,
Then, why march forward before taking precautions?
You know sprinkling glitter on garbage isn't the key,
Then why, by collecting big black bags, do you run away from reality?





Flipping the same pages repeatedly won't change the printed text,
Then, why, by looking for new words, do you want to alter the context?
The clock hasn't stopped,
Look closely the batteries might be dead.

Oh dear! let me clear,
This is just another year.
You cannot win over time, but you can definitely maintain the pace,
To be a part of the well known race.





At the end of the day, you have a position to hold,
Standing on the top of the pedestal, fierce and bold!
You're no different from the ones you idolize,
Just like them, you're also a product of addition and,
Subtraction of all the divisions you make,
The Blood, The Sweat, The Sacrifice.



Just like shaping play dough won't turn it into a knife,
Living the same week a few thousand times can't be called life.
Recycle those black bags and make space to sow the seeds of oxygen,
Don't mutualize them though, that's the reason of your life,
The world doesn't need to know.
Don't flip the same pages again,
Get yourself a new book instead .
That's what you call 'Change'
Something which only you can comprehend.



Go and get a new pair of batteries,
Good things come by working hard
No game play, No lotteries
Don't leave any questions unanswered or any stories untold.

If you look at the world from a wider point of view,
You'll have a million more momentums to unfold.
That person from your past, with that Oh, so innocent smile,
Which she carried not just for that single click,
But wished to have it forever,
Is this what she ever wanted to be?
Are you what she used to call 'Me'?

Ayushi Saini XI A

WHEN THE MOONLIGHT HITS



As I look out of the window and turn my face,
I get mesmerized by the moon's elegant gaze.
It's so fascinating how the night has its own beautiful ways,
And I could look at them for hundreds of day's
As the days go by, I look into the night,
The night sky appears vague and I wonder if everything will be alright?
Nights are calm, peaceful and quiet
And I could never get over their eye-pleasing sight.
The moon is bright and pale,
The peace it brings is similar to a fantasy tale.
As the sound of the night pleases my ear,
I continue to think, Moonlight is so beautiful
How can anyone fear it ?

Hargun Kaur VIII C

Until I Found Them

If there are some you can talk to, some who no one can replace,
If there are some you can laugh with, till tears run down your face.
If there are some you can think of, as each day ends,
Then congratulations! you've found yourself some special friends.
What a joy it is, to have friends like you,
No one understands me, the way you do.
You are always there, through joy and tears,
You help me in overcoming my fears.
You are those who make me smile,
Your existence makes our moments worthwhile.
I'm glad that you're here,
For me, you are very dear.

Reet Chauhan, VIII-B

The day I met MYSELF



That cold evening when I checked my mailbox covered with dew drops, I found a letter, written in a child's handwriting which read, 'Meet me at the best place, at the best time. Good day :).' This gave my baffled mind the task of decoding 3 things: Who sent this letter? Which is the best place? Does something like the best time even exist?

I took the letter inside, and put it in the suitcase labelled as 'Unimportant Stuff' which is a home to all the letters from my college friends and relatives. I am currently in my thirties and working for an MNC. I do have my priorities set.

The next morning was surprisingly sunny and the air was filled with enthusiasm. I received a new letter, similar to the one I found inside the mail box yesterday, which read:

Dear Sir,

I know your time is precious, but it's a request, kindly meet me at the time and place of your choice.

Warm Regards

This time curiosity came, accompanied with my dignity, for this was the first time since the past decade of my life someone had decided to give me genuine respect. Someone had asked me about my choices.

Today after almost a week, it's raining and the entire city is shivering with cold, but sweat is flowing down my forehead because I have a meeting with the CEO of my company and if it doesn't go well, I might even lose my job. I always thought my doorbell needed repair because it always rings at the wrong time. Yes, it is ringing right now. Unsurprisingly, I am also looking at another letter.

It's not a child's mischief or a teenager's request, it's an order, by a 33 year old and it's written in my own handwriting.

I want you to meet me right now.

It is addressed to my parents' house.

The dark clouds and the heavy rain do not scare me anymore, not having an umbrella does. Having no job, no security is a nightmare. Deep down I knew this was my only chance to get an explanation to all of this.

A while later, I found myself running in the rain without an umbrella.

After I reached my parents' house, I saw my room, it was just like it had always been, perhaps a tad bit better. When I looked around the walls, the old room felt better than every cubicle I've ever worked in. My eyes were dry until they settled on an album titled "The best days, the best times." When I flipped through the yellow pages of my album, I saw my whole life flash in front of my eyes : my first birthday, the first day of school, my graduation photographs. It contained everything.

The album was really huge, as if it could hold the rest of my life but for some reason, it was empty. I found a torn page inside the album on which I had scribbled something in 9th grade. Something about how my choices will always define me. My eyes became moist and when I looked in the mirror, I started sobbing. I'm sobbing like I haven't sobbed in years. I'm realising things I haven't realised yet, but deep down I know them. I am not a person whose life is empty like the unoccupied pages of my album. I am not a person, who doesn't know how to choose, I am not a person who would label letters handed by the near and dear ones as 'Unimportant.' I am someone who knows how to live but I've forgotten it, I am someone who knows how it is to grieve for my long lost self. It's just I don't have the time to shed tears. That was the time which wasn't the best, and that was the place I haven't chosen. That day I wanted to give in all I had and live life to the fullest. That was the day I met myself, a little late but a lot earlier, which I will always be grateful for.



Anushka Sahni-XI A

See You Soon



Dear batch mates,
As we reach the end of our Roller coaster ride,
Sweet memories weave a cardigan bright,
Of days, weeks and years spent together,
Living, laughing and crying together.



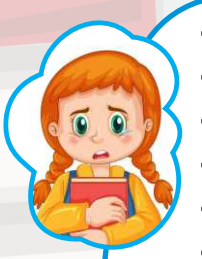




Some days filled with laughter, some with fear,
Some full of excitement of the trips and picnics coming near,
Some filled with nervousness and guilt trips in honour of exams,
And some filled with the craziness of the classroom's bubbly dear.



Looking back at those fourteen years,
Which went by with the speed of light,
I hope to discover a cassette of these memories some day,
So I could rewind and live those moments again.





The fun we had during our trips and picnics,
The fights and cheers which echoed through the playground,
The chaos and feuds which the auditorium witnessed,
The iconic dramas with which our classrooms roared,
The garden blooming with flowers and the trees adorning the school,
The panicked shouts after the recess got over,
The fete and the ghost stories erupting on every Children's Day,
And not to forget our beloved Cross-country race.





As I pen down my thoughts, a sudden realisation comes,
These days won't come again,
These rules won't bound again,
These exams won't haunt again,
These classrooms won't be entered again,
These teachers won't teach again,
These vacations won't return again.

So, before our eyes get flooded with tears,
As our minds go travelling through these years,
I wish we all meet each other again,
In the pink of health and full of life,
For now I would love to say,
See you on the flip side!



The Shades of Resilience



In the heart of our school ground
Stands a tree, it's silence profound.
On a tree bench, it lays still
All alone, battered and worn.

It's bare branches, stretch towards the sky
A symbol of time passing by.
It's leaves once vibrant, all flew away
It seems lifeless, feels astray.

A dying tree
A lonely tree
Weightless and free
Yet, yearning to flee.

Oh! But look beneath
Marigolds bloom, a glimmer of hope in this quiet gloom.
It's weathered itself
But tries it's best to shelter the rest

A dying tree
A strong tree
Endured the storm, scars adorn.
Through the howling winds, from tempests born.

From branches stark, promise rings
Of spring's embrace, on gentle wings.
For even when the winter bites,
Hope shelters deep, in patient light.

A dying tree
A hopeful tree
With every new sunrise
It braves the murk of the previous night,
with strength undefined.

Alive tree
Courageous tree
You are not fading, your story is not left untold.
Symbol of might, symbol of hope.

Your spirit soars free in the embrace of dawn's first light
And even in the dusk's ending ray of sunshine.
You stand tall, resilient still
Alive tree, brave against every hill.

Alive tree
Brave tree
A symbol of hope for you and me.

हमारी दुनिया की निर्जीव सजीवता



हमारी सच्ची मित्र - किताब
मुझे होता है खेद
देखकर मूर्खता इन व्यक्तियों की
कितने अंजान हैं ये असलियत से
सामने होकर भी, ये उम्मीद रखते
अंजान शक्तियों की।

जहाँ खुशियाँ बरसती हैं बेशुमार
हर मोड़ पर आती है रोमांच की बहार
कितनी विचित्र दुनिया बस्ती है
साथ ही होता है इनमें हर विषय का सार।



अरे ! अभी भी नहीं समझे
कि हम कर रहे हैं किसकी बात
ये वही है जो देती है अटूट साथ
फिर चाहे जो दिन या हो रात
जी हाँ ! ये है प्यारी किताब।

चाहे हो विद्यार्थी
या दुःख का शरणार्थी
सहायता की वर्षा है ये बरसाती
अनेक विचारों को कितने अच्छे से है दर्शाती।



इस झूठ व धोखे की दुनिया में
जिसने बना लिया किताब को अपना मित्र
वो हो जाएगा परे उस दुरूख से
वहाँ पहुँचेगा, सच्चाई है जिधर

बचपन से देखते हैं जो हम सपने
वो जितने भी मंत्र हैं जपते
सब कुछ पाने की कुंजी है ये किताब
इसमें तो अनमोल ज्ञान का खजाना पाया जाता है जनाब !

इसके एक-एक पन्ने व एक-एक शब्द में छुपी होती है कुछ विशेषता
जिसने पढ़ लिया सब को दिल जान से
वे जाएंगे सफलता के आसमान पर, जमीन से ।

तो आज ही बाँध लो मेहनत की गाँठ
और ध्यान से सुनो अभी कहीं जाने वाली बात
कभी ना छोड़ना अपनी किताबों का साथ
लगन से करना इनके साथ अध्ययन दिन-रात ।

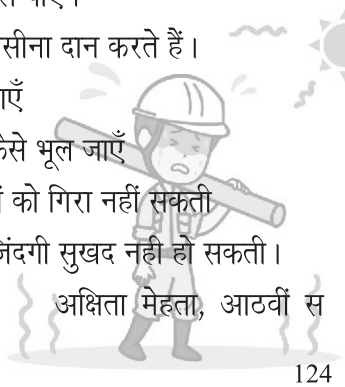
कुलनूर कौर, नौवीं स

श्रमिक का पसीना



आप हम सब के लिए काम करते हैं
रोज हमारी दिनचर्या का इंतजाम करते हैं ।
हम आपके बिना एक कदम भी न चल पाएँगे
क्योंकि आप श्रमिक श्रम नही खून पसीना दान करते हैं।
आज मौका मिला है हम कैसे चूक जाएँ
आपके खून पसीने के कर्ज को हम कैसे भूल जाएँ
सर्दी, गर्मी कुछ भी हो आपके हौसलों को गिरा नहीं सकती
आप सब की मदद के बिना हमारी जिंदगी सुखद नही हो सकती।





अक्षिता मेहता, आठवीं स

सपनों की उड़ान



तू कुछ कर अलग, तू कुछ बन अलग,
तभी तो नाम कमाएगा।
सपनों का है यहाँ ऊँचा आसमान,
तू कुछ सोच अलग इस दुनिया से,
भरनी है तुझको लंबी उड़ान,
तभी तू ऊँचा बन पाएगा।।
माना राहों पे आएँगी मुश्किलें हज़ार,
तू संघर्ष कर, तू आगे बढ़,
तभी तो सपना साकार कर पाएगा।
पंख होगा तेरे भी मजबूत,
जब तू सपनों में साहस भर पाएगा,
तू गिर, तू हज़ार बार गिर, फिर उठ खड़ा हो,
तभी तो सपनों में उड़ान भर पाएगा।
तू कुछ कर अलग, तू कुछ बन अलग,
तभी तो नाम कमाएगा।।

जयेशा सरिन, दूसरी स

क्या लिखूँ



स्कूल की पत्रिका छप रही है,
मिला मुझे समाचार।
रचनाएँ दो चार।
कविता लिखूँ, कहानी लिखूँ,
या फिर कोई लेख।
इसी सोच में बैठी मैं,
सिर तकिए पर टेक।
पूछा भैया विषय बताओ,
या कोई प्रसंग।
जिसे पढ़ें मजे से सब,
और हो न कोई तंग।
इन्हीं विचारों में खोई।
जब दिमाग होने लगा खराब,
तब टूटे-फूटे शब्दों से
कविता हो गई तैयार !



हरजस कौर बत्तरा, पाँचवी ब

पढ़ाई

पढ़ाई

पढ़ाई पढ़ाई सिखाती भलाई
दोस्तों इससे कभी ना भागो पढ़ाई करने जल्दी जागो।
अज्ञान का जो है अंधियारा
ज्ञान से हो जाए उजियारा।।



पढाई से मिले है ज्ञान
सबसे आगे है विज्ञान।
जीवन में आएगा ऐसा पर्व
सब को होगा तुम पर गर्व।



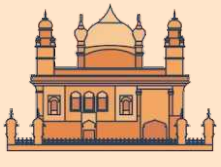


भारत को होगा तुम पर गुमान
बन जाओगे जब चतुर सुजान।।

हरजस कौर बत्तरा, पाँचवी ब

जैसलमेर का भ्रमण

राजस्थान की शान बहुत ही प्यारी हैं
कही दूर तक फैली रेत
कहीं प्राचीन इमारतें बडी ही न्यारी हैं।



कहीं त्रिकुटा की पहाड़ी पर बना
सोनार का किला सोने सा चमकता है
पटवों की हवेली, भारत की उत्कृष्ट कला
का नायाब नमूना लगता है।



यहाँ का लोक नृत्य, घूमर और कलवेलिया
मन को हर्षित कर जाता है
गड़ीसर झील की छटा देखकर पर्यटकों
का मन प्रफुल्लित हो जाता है।
थार का रेगिस्तान तो है राजस्थान की शान
भारत की गौरवगाथा का करता है गुणगान।

तायशा तिवारी, पांचवी ब

नैतिक मूल्य



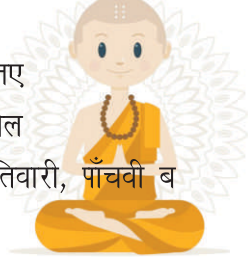
नैतिक मूल्य का होना
एक सभ्य समाज की पहचान है,
मैत्री भाव, नीतिमय जीवन यही तो
सच्ची मानवता का प्रमाण है ।



आधुनिक युग में ज्ञान, विज्ञान का
हो रहा निरंतर विस्तार है,
संस्कार पड़ रहे कमजोर
झूठ, छल, कपट का चल रहा व्यापार है।



नैतिक मूल्यों से वंचित शिक्षा
समाज का कल्याण नही कर पायेगी
सही-गलत का औचित्य न समझकर
व्यक्ति की कथनी-करनी भिन्न-भिन्न हो जायेगी ।
महापुरुषों की कहानियाँ व जीवनियाँ
सब से रही है बोल,
कीमत इसकी जान लीजिए
नैतिकता है बहुत अनमोल



तायशा तिवारी, पाँचवी ब

मेरी समझ के परे



ये दुनिया कितने आडंबर रचती है
आज जिसका साथ निभाती है,
कल उसी की पीठ में खंजर चुभाती है
कई कहते हैं कि वक्त बदलता है ।
तो कइयों ने गिरगिट को बदनाम किया है
मेरी मानो तो इंसान इनसे बढ़ कर बदले हैं
लेकिन ये अजब गलतफहमी मेरी समझ के परे है।।







वैसे गायों को मानते हैं माता
फिर क्यों होता है उनके प्रति अत्याचार,
शुभ दिनों में करते हैं गायों की पूजा
मगर असलियत में उन्हें देते हैं मार।
देखने को भरे पड़े हैं खाने के बाज़ार
फिर क्यों वह गाय भूख से मरे है,
ये अजब दिखावा मेरी समझ के परे है।।

माँ को तो सब बहुत प्यार करते होंगे
मगर बेटियों के साथ होता है बुरा व्यवहार,
भूल गए कि माँ भी एक बेटी ही है
अगर बेटी ना हो तो माँ भी नहीं होगी सृजनहार।
ये जानकर भी क्यों लोग बेटियों की हत्या हैं करें
ये अजब प्यार मेरी समझ के परे।।

कुलनूर कौर, आठवीं स

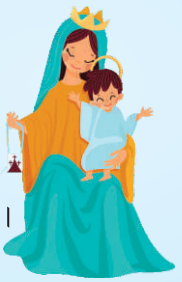






माँ शब्द की कोई परिभाषा नहीं है

माँ शब्द की कोई परिभाषा नहीं है,
माँ शब्द अपने आप में पूर्ण है।



ये वे शब्दों में ब्या नहीं किया जा सकता।
उसे माँ कहूँ या भगवान, बात तो एक ही है।

माँ शब्द की कोई परिभाषा नहीं है
हर बच्चे की पहली अध्यापिका उसकी माँ ही है।



माँ की लोरी के समान कोई कला नहीं है।
माँ ही हमें जीवन जीने का पाठ पढ़ाती है।

माँ शब्द की कोई परिभाषा नहीं है,
माँ शब्द में खुद भगवान वास करते हैं।

माँ हमारे मुहँ से निकलने वाला सबसे प्यारा शब्द है।
मेरी कहानी की शुरुआत और अंत माँ है।

अविका गर्ग, नौवीं ब

सुखी जीवन के आठ मंत्र

पूजा करते हो तो – विश्वास करना सीखो
बोलने से पहले – सुनना सीखो
खर्च करने से पहले –कमाना सीखो
लिखने से पहले – समझना सीखो
हार मानने से पहले – फिर से कोशिश करना सीखो
रिश्ते बनाने से पहले – निभाना सीखो
मरने से पहले – खुलकर जीना सीखो
रोने से पहले – किसी को हँसाना सीखो !

पृथ्मा, तीसरी ब

आज का बदलता समाज:वाद-विवाद

समाज हमेशा बदल रहा है, यह एक अविरल सत्य है। प्रौद्योगिकी, सामाजिक परिवर्तन, और राजनीतिक दलदल - ये सभी तत्व नए समाज की रचना में योगदान करते हैं। लेकिन इस बदलाव के साथ विवाद और विरोध भी बढ़ते जा रहे हैं।

आज का समाज बदल रहा है, लेकिन इस बदलाव के साथ कई विवाद और मतभेद भी उत्पन्न हो रहे हैं। एक तरफ जो लोग नए विचारों और प्रौद्योगिकी को स्वीकार कर रहे हैं, उन्हें दूसरी ओर जो इसे अस्वीकार करते हैं, उन्हें इसमें समस्याएं नजर आ रही हैं।

एक ओर जहां युवा पीढ़ी नए विचारों और प्रौद्योगिकी को स्वीकार कर रही है, वहीं बड़ी आयु के लोग इसे अस्वीकार कर रहे हैं और इसके विरुद्ध उत्तेजना बनाए रखने की कोशिश कर रहे हैं।

समाज में बदलाव के साथ यही वाद-विवाद का समय भी है। जहां एक तरफ लोग नए सोच के साथ समाज को आगे बढ़ाने की कोशिश कर रहे हैं, वहीं दूसरी ओर कुछ लोग इसे पुरानी सोच का प्रतीक मानकर विरोध कर रहे हैं।

इस वाद-विवाद की माध्यम में हमें समझना होगा कि समाज का बदलाव सिर्फ एक तरफ से नहीं हो सकता। हमें समाज में बदलाव के लिए उन्हीं विवादों का सामना करना होगा और उन्हें समझने की कोशिश करनी होगी।

आज के बदलते समाज में, हमें बदलाव को स्वीकार करने के साथ-साथ विवादों को हल करने के लिए सामाजिक समझ और सहयोग की आवश्यकता है। इस वाद-विवाद के माध्यम से हम समाज को आगे बढ़ाने के लिए समाधान ढूंढने में सहायक हो सकते हैं।

धान्या बेहल, नोवी अ

शैक्षिक नीति में बदलाव:वाद-विवाद

शैक्षिक नीति में बदलाव एक विवादास्पद विषय है, जो समाज में व्यापक चर्चा का विषय बना हुआ है। विभिन्न शैक्षणिक उद्देश्यों, विचारधारा और अभिप्रायों के साथ, विद्यालयों में शैक्षिक नीति में बदलाव लाने पर लोगों के विचार विभिन्न होते हैं।

एक ओर जहां कुछ लोग नई शैक्षिक नीतियों का समर्थन करते हैं, वहीं दूसरी ओर कुछ लोग इसे अस्वीकार करते हैं और पारंपरिक शैक्षिक तंत्र की भावना को महत्वपूर्ण मानते हैं।

नई शैक्षिक नीतियों का समर्थन करने वाले तात्कालिक बदलाव के लिए हैं, जो छात्रों के स्वर्णिम भविष्य की तैयारी

में सहायक हो सकते हैं। ये नीतियां छात्रों को नई तकनीकों, विचारधाराओं और कौशलों को सीखने का अवसर प्रदान करती हैं, जो उन्हें आधुनिक विश्व के साथ कदम से कदम मिलाने में मदद करता है।

हालांकि, पारंपरिक शैक्षिक नीतियों के पक्षपात करने वाले लोग संस्कृति, संस्कार और गुरु-शिष्य परंपरा के महत्व को विशेष महत्व देते हैं। उनका मानना है कि पारंपरिक शैक्षिक तंत्र छात्रों को समृद्ध, संतुलित और सद्गुणी नागरिकों के रूप में तैयार करता है।

इसलिए, शैक्षिक नीति में बदलाव के माध्यम से न केवल शैक्षणिक, बल्कि सामाजिक और सांस्कृतिक उत्थान को भी ध्यान में रखना आवश्यक है। विवादों के बावजूद, हमें समाज के हर वर्ग की भावनाओं को समझने और समाधान ढूंढने के लिए मिलकर काम करना होगा।

माही कपूर, दस अ

श्यामपट्ट की आत्मकथा

मैं श्यामपट्ट कॉन्वेंट ऑफ जीसस एंड मेरी स्कूल की तीसरी कक्षा की दीवार पर लगा अपनी आत्मकथा बयाँ करता हूँ। मुझे इस कक्षा में बहुत वर्ष हो गए हैं। विद्यार्थी मुझसे बहुत कुछ सीखते हैं एवं मुझ पर लिखने का अभ्यास करते हैं। मेरी ही तरह मेरे बड़े भाई - बहन अगली कक्षाओं में खड़े अपना कर्तव्य निभा रहे हैं। उस समय मैं खुशी से गदगद हो उठता हूँ जब अध्यापक द्वारा किसी छात्रा को मुझ पर लिखने को कहा जाता है। मेरे करीबी मित्र चॉक और डस्टर हैं जो हमेशा मेरा साथ देते हैं। मेरा शरीर स्लेट पत्थर से बना हुआ है। मुझे चमकाने और सजाने के लिए छात्राएँ मेरे ऊपर अपनी कई तरह की कलाओं का प्रदर्शन करती हैं और तब मैं अपने - आप पर गर्व महसूस करता हूँ। कई बार अध्यापक की अनुपस्थिति में जब छात्राएँ मेरे शरीर पर कार्टून बनाती हैं एवं शरारत भरे शब्दों का प्रयोग करती हैं तो मुझे भी अपना बचपन याद आ जाता है। अध्यापक के लिए तो मैं उसका वो परम मित्र हूँ जिसके बिना अध्यापक अधूरा है और अध्यापक के बिना मैं अधूरा हूँ। मेरी नई पीढ़ी जैसे स्मार्ट बोर्ड, वाइट बोर्ड आदि ने आधुनिकता को अपनाते हुए विद्यार्थियों के लिए शिक्षा को अत्यधिक प्रभावशाली एवं रोचक बना दिया है और शिक्षकों के कार्य को अत्यंत सरल कर दिया है।

इस प्रकार आज के समय में मेरा पतन होता जा रहा है और मुझे कक्षाओं से हटाकर केवल सरकारी स्कूल की दीवारों पर चिपका दिया गया है लेकिन मैं विद्यार्थियों को आगे बढ़ते हुए देखकर बहुत खुश होता हूँ।

लेकिन अंत में मैं फिर भी यही कहना चाहूगाँ कि मैं हूँ तो काला लेकिन स्वयं काला होकर भी विद्यार्थियों के भविष्य को रंगों से भरने की क्षमता रखता हूँ।

गायत्री बजाज, पाँचवी अ

मेरी पुस्तक

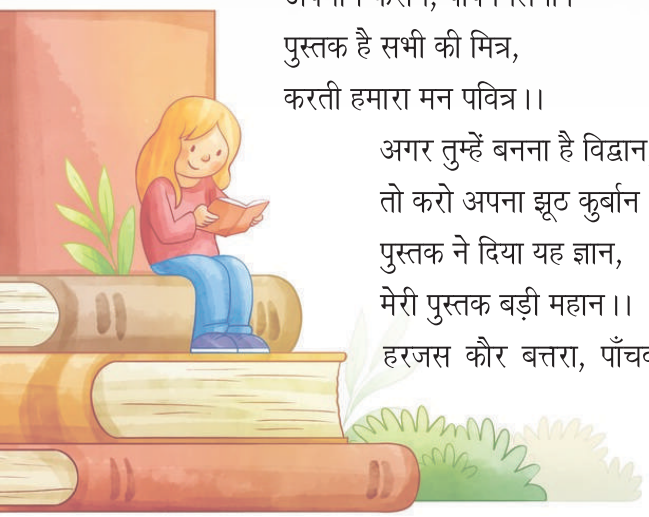
पुस्तक है ज्ञान का स्वरूप
वे देती हमें शिक्षा भरपूर।
अच्छे विचार हमें सिखलाती,
नई-नई बातें हमें बताती।।

हमें देती वो नूतन ज्ञान,
सदा करो पुस्तक का सम्मान।
मन लगाकर तुम पढाई करो,
खुशियों से अपनी झोली भरो।।

खूब पढ़ोगे ध्यान बढ़ेगा,
अपमान करोगे, पाप मिलेगा।
पुस्तक है सभी की मित्र,
करती हमारा मन पवित्र।।

अगर तुम्हें बनना है विद्वान,
तो करो अपना झूठ कुर्बान।
पुस्तक ने दिया यह ज्ञान,
मेरी पुस्तक बड़ी महान।।

हरजस कौर बत्तरा, पाँचवी ब





कराटे

माँ की लाडो, पापा की परी हूँ मैं,
छोटी सी बगिया की, नन्ही कली हूँ मैं।

डरती है माँ कि खराब है दुनिया,
मासूम सी है मेरी प्यारी सी मुनिया।

पापा बोले भला क्यों हैं डरना,
चलो आज से क्लास कराटे की करना।

बनना मजबूत हिम्मत से भरपूर,
बनना न छुई मुई, न कोई हूर।

सहने, सुबकने की तोड़ देना रीत,
जो कोई उठाये हाथ तो देना पीट।

हमेशा रखे याद, जाए न भूल,
मार कचूमर चटा देना धूल।।

मायरा शर्मा, दूसरी ब



माँ का जीवन





कभी खुद खेलती थी बचपन में,
अब बचपन को खिलाती है।
कभी दौड़ती थी बचपन में,
अब बचपन को पकडती है
ये माँ है जो सारी जिंदगियाँ जीती,
और सारी दुनिया सिलती है।



कभी हँसती थी बचपन में,
अब बचपन को हँसाती है।
हँसती कभी रूठती थी बचपन में
अब बचपन को मनाती है।
ये माँ है जो सबका ध्यान रखती है,
और खुद को भूल जाती है।
कभी डरती थी बचपन में,
अब बचपन को डराती है।
कभी सहारा माँगती थी बचपन में,
अब बचपन को सहारा देती है।
ये माँ है जो सबको जोड़ती है,
और खुद जुड़ जाती है,



कभी लड़ती थी अपनों से,
अब अपनों के लिए लड़ती है।
कभी समझती थी बचपन में,
अब बचपन को समझाती है।
ये माँ है जो सारे दुख भोगती है,
और सारे सुख संजोती है।



कभी घूमाती थी बचपन में,
अब बचपन को घुमाती है।
कभी झूलती थी बचपन में,
अब बचपन को झुलाती है।
ये माँ है जो सबकी चाहत है,
और इसके होने से ही घर में राहत है।

तुसारा नय्यर, चौथी स



मेरी माँ

भगवान का दूसरा रूप होती है 'माँ'। 'माँ' एक आसान सा शब्द हो सकता है लेकिन इस शब्द की गहराई को समझना बड़ा ही मुश्किल है। माँ शब्द हम सब के जीवन का पहला वो शब्द होता है। जिसे हम हर दु:ख दर्द में सबसे पहले लेते भगवान का नाम भी इंसान दु:ख दर्द में लेते हैं।

लेता माँ का नाम लेना कभी नहीं भूलता। माँ हमारे जीवन का वो हिस्सा होती है जिसके बिना जीवन जीना असंभव हो जाता है। माँ प्रेम, त्याग और सेवा की मूर्ति है। माँ हर वक्त मेरा साथ देती है। मेरा दिन अपनी माँ की मुस्कुराहट के बिना अधूरा है। वह मेरी सबसे अच्छी मित्र है। सचमुच 'माँ' ईश्वर का रूप है।

अरिका खजुरिया, तीसरी स

माँ की दुनिया



माँ की दुनिया उसके बच्चों से शुरू
और बच्चों पर खत्म हो जाती है।
मार देगी थप्पड़ तो खुद भी रोती है।
दरवाजे पर पहुँचते ही बस्ता हमारा थाम लेती है
पापा की डाँट से हमें कैसे भी बचा लेतीं।
जब वह मुझे खिलाती और मैं खा लेती।
मेरे पेट भरने का सुकून उनके चेहरे पर होता
गुस्से में भी हो, तुम्हें भूखा नहीं छोड़ती।
तुम एक खाओगे तो तुम्हें दो खिलाती।
यह सोच कर आँखे मेरी पूरी नम हो जाती।
माँ की दुनिया उसके बच्चों से शुरू
और बच्चों पर ही खत्म हो जाती है।

ओनिका, पाँचवी स

गणित का महत्त्व



गणित एक रहस्यमय विज्ञान है, समस्याओं का समाधान है।

के संख्याओं की जगत से जुड़ा, हर क्षेत्र में इसका महत्त्व बढ़ा।

गणित बिना नहीं चल सकता विज्ञान, शिक्षा, विकास में यह है प्रधान। गणित की मदद से ज्ञान विकसित हो, भविष्य को बनाएँ स्वर्णिम सफलता हो।

व्यापार, अर्थशास्त्र, फिजिक्स, रसायन, गणित का यहीं है निर्माण। कंप्यूटर से लेकर अंतरिक्ष यात्रा तक, गणित का रहता है अपार महत्व महत्त्व जगत सकारात्मक।

सोचने की क्षमता विकसित करता, गणित विद्या का नाम लिया। जीवन के हर क्षेत्र में जरूरी, इसके बिना हैं विज्ञान अधूरी।

गणित है विचारों की पंखुड़ी, समस्याओं को कर देता दूर। अध्ययन कर इसका सफलता के साथ, गणित की महत्वता सदा बनी रहे अपार। यात्रा का सार्थक सारंश।

अगमजोत कौर, नौवीं अ

भाषा में पहेलियाँ

बूझो बच्चों एक पहेली,
ये है हम सबकी सहेली।
व्याकरण में पहले आती,
सबका नाम यह कहलाती
संज्ञा बार बार जब आए,
संज्ञा वाक्यों को नीरस बनाए।
उसे हटा मैं वाक्य में आता,
बोलो बच्चों क्या कहलाता ?

काम करो भई काम करो,
लाती हूँ मैं यह पैगाम।
सबकी हलचल देखूँ मैं,
बूझो तो अब मेरा नाम ।
सीधा अर्थ न मुझको आता,
उल्टा काम मुझको भाता।
उल्ट फेर ही मेरा नाम,
बूझो तो सब मेरा नाम ?

चंदा एक तारे अनेक,
फूल एक भँवरे अनेक।
एक अनेक का ज्ञान कराऊँ,
बोलो तो मैं क्या कहलाऊँ ।

उत्तर : संज्ञा, सर्वनाम, क्रिया, विलोम, वचन

तनवी मेहता, पाँचवी अ

पहेलियों में भाषा

1. कौन सी चीज़ धूप में नहीं सूख सकती ?

2. मैं पहली बार मुफ्त मुफ्त में आता हूँ, दूसरी बार भी। तीसरी बार पैसे लगेंगे, बताओ कौन ?

3. मैं अपने हाथ हिला सकता हूँ, तुम जब भी मेरे साथ होते हो तो ठंडा महसूस करते हो।

4. लोगों को मेरी जरूरत है लेकिन, उन्हें रोज अपने से मुझे दूर करना पड़ता है बताओ कौन ?

5. ऐसा कौन सा फूल है जो तेज धूप आने पर खिल जाता है, छाया होते ही मुरझा जाए।

उत्तर : 1.पसीना, 2.दांत, 3.पंखा, 4.पैसा, 5.छाता

प्रविका, चौथी अ

जरूरी नहीं हर कहानी किताब में हो !

कभी वक्त निकाल कर गहरी साँस लेकर सुनोगे, तो मैं भी एक कहानी बन जाऊँगी, क्या है कहानी, जिसके कई भाग हो? भागो में बँटी जिंदगी, कहानी जैसी पिरोई तो नहीं हुई पर सुनो तो पिरो दूँगी, सुनो तो सुना दूँगी और मैं भी तुम्हारे लिए एक कहानी बन जाऊँगी !

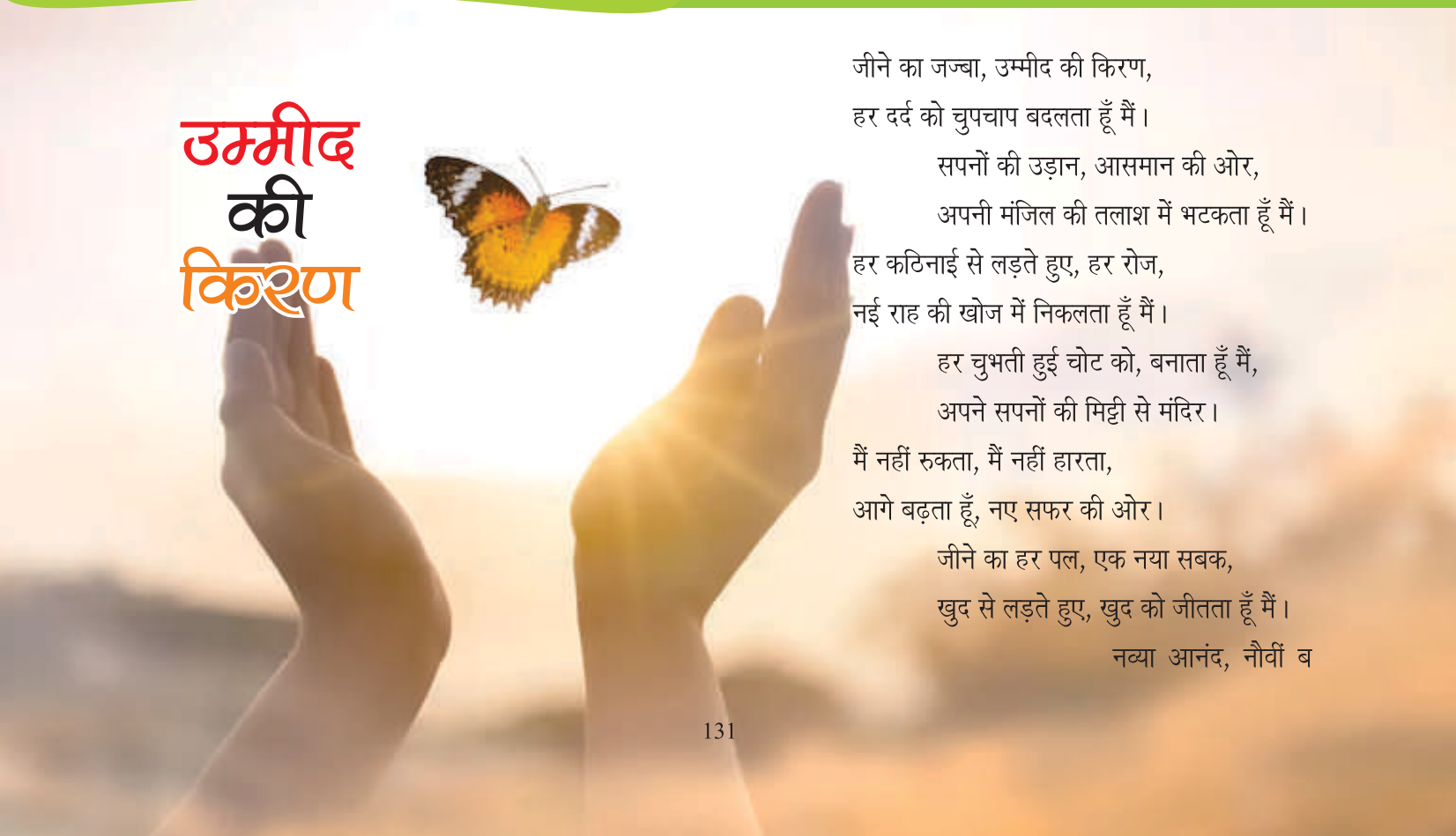
कैसे सोचलिया तुमने, जो पेड़ तुमने देखा उसकी कहानी थी ही नहीं, गहरी साँस लेकर सुनोगे तो पेड़ भी एक कहानी बन जाएगा, वो भी कभी एक पौधा था जिसको कभी किसी ने पानी कभी धूप कभी प्यार और कभी मार दी, पर वो सुना ना सका तो क्या उसकी कहानी नहीं थी?

ऐसी ही मेरी कहानी, तुम्हारी कहानी, सबकी कहानी अनसुनी रह जाती है, तो क्या हमारी कोई कहानी नहीं थी?

इसलिए जरूरी नहीं हर कहानी किताब में हो !

चेताली, बारह स





उम्मीद की किरण

जीने का जज्बा, उम्मीद की किरण,
हर दर्द को चुपचाप बदलता हूँ मैं।
सपनों की उड़ान, आसमान की ओर,
अपनी मंजिल की तलाश में भटकता हूँ मैं।
हर कठिनाई से लड़ते हुए, हर रोज,
नई राह की खोज में निकलता हूँ मैं।
हर चुभती हुई चोट को, बनाता हूँ मैं,
अपने सपनों की मिट्टी से मंदिर।
मैं नहीं रुकता, मैं नहीं हारता,
आगे बढ़ता हूँ, नए सफर की ओर।
जीने का हर पल, एक नया सबक,
खुद से लड़ते हुए, खुद को जीतता हूँ मैं।

नव्या आनंद, नौवीं ब



दोस्ती

हमारी एक पहचान है कि दोस्तों के लिए जान भी कुर्बान है।

में वो साथ मे फसना और फिर बैठकर हँसना ही तो याद बन जाती है और फिर जिंदगी भर दिल मैं छप जाती है। वो एक साथ खेलना-कूदना, हँसना, रोना एक आदत है कि ये साथ कभी मत छोड़ना ।

अंत में ना तुम दूर जाना ना हम जाएँगे और साथ रहकर अपने-अपने किसे की दोस्ती निभायेंगे। असलियत तो तब पता चलती है जब वक्त बदल जाए पर यार ना बदले।

हमसे कोई नही करता छेड़खानी क्योंकि सभी ने सुनी हुई है हमारी दोस्ती की कहानी।

सुना है समय के साथ लोगों के रंग बदल जाते है लगता है मेरी किस्मत बहुत खास है तभी तो तुम जैसे दोस्त अब तक मेरे साथ है।

पनाह, नौवीं अ

एक छोटी सी मोमबती की रोशनी



एक बार एक छोटी सी मोमबत्ती थी। वह एक बड़े से बॉक्स में बंद थी, अन्य मोमबत्तियों के ढेर के नीचे दबी हुई थी। वह अपने आसपास के अंधेरे को महसूस कर सकती थी और डरती थी। उसे नहीं पता था कि उसका उद्देश्य क्या था, वह क्यों अस्तित्व में थी ।

एक दिन, बॉक्स का ढक्कन खोल दिया गया। एक छोटी लड़की ने मोमबत्ती को उठाया और उसे एक केक के ऊपर रख दिया। लड़की ने माचिस जलाई और मोमबत्ती की बाती सुलगा दी।

अचानक, मोमबत्ती के अंदर एक प्रकाश जगमगाया। यह एक गर्म, सुंदर रोशनी थी जिसने अंधेरे को दूर भगा दिया। केक के चारों ओर बच्चों के चेहरे चमक उठे। वे गा रहे थे और हँस रहे थे।

मोमबती बहुत खुश थी। उसने महसूस किया कि उसका एक उद्देश्य था। वह रोशनी लाने के लिए, खुशी फैलाने के लिए थी। उसने अपनी पूरी ताकत से जलना शुरू कर दिया, केक के ऊपर एक छोटा सा सूरज बनकर।

धीरे-धीरे, मोमबत्ती छोटी होती गई। उसकी लौ कमजोर पड़ने लगी। लेकिन वह तब तक जलती रही जब तक कि आखिरी टुकड़ा नहीं पिघल गया।



बच्चों ने तालियाँ बजाई और केक खाया। मोमबती चली गई थी, लेकिन उसकी रोशनी उनके चेहरों पर बनी रही। उसने एक छोटा सा काम किया था, लेकिन इसने एक बड़ा बदलाव ला दिया था।

यह छोटी सी कहानी हमें सिखाती है कि हम सभी में एक प्रकाश है, चाहे हम कितने भी छोटे क्यों न हों। हमारे पास दूसरों के जीवन को रोशन करने और खुशी फैलाने की शक्ति है। हमें बस इतना करना है कि अपनी लौ को जलाए रखना है, तब भले ही वह कितनी भी कमजोर क्यों न हो।

नव्या आंनद, नौवीं ब

स्त्री : शक्ति का पर्यायवाची

भारतीय समाज में सदियों से महिलाएँ एक महत्त्वपूर्ण भूमिका निभाती आ रही हैं। वे घर की आधारशिला होती हैं, समाज की रीढ़ होती हैं और राष्ट्र की प्रगति में महत्वपूर्ण योगदान देती हैं। फिर भी, उन्हें अक्सर उन अधिकारों और अवसरों से वंचित रखा जाता है जिनके वे हकदार हैं। महिलाओं के अधिकारों और सशक्तिकरण के बारे में बात करना आज समय की माँग है।

महिलाओं के अधिकार : जन्मसिद्ध अधिकार

सबसे पहले, यह समझना महत्वपूर्ण है कि महिलाओं के अधिकार जन्मसिद्ध अधिकार हैं। उन्हें किसी धर्म, जाति, वर्ग या सामाजिक मान्यता के आधार पर इन अधिकारों से वंचित नहीं किया जा सकता है। भारत का संविधान महिलाओं को समानता, स्वतंत्रता, गरिमा और न्याय का अधिकार देता है। इसमें शिक्षा, रोजगार, संपत्ति, विवाह और प्रजनन का अधिकार भी शामिल है।

महिला सशक्तिकरण : सपनों की उड़ान

महिला सशक्तिकरण का अर्थ है महिलाओं को उनके अधिकारों के प्रति जागरूक करना और उन्हें प्राप्त करने में सक्षम बनाना। इसका मतलब है उन्हें शिक्षा, कौशल और अवसर प्रदान करना ताकि वे अपना जीवन स्वतंत्र रूप से जी सकें और अपने सपनों को पूरा कर सकें। सशक्त महिलाएँ न केवल अपने परिवारों का बल्कि पूरे समाज का उत्थान करती हैं।

चुनौतियों का सामना : पथरीला रास्ता

हालांकि, महिलाओं के अधिकारों और सशक्तिकरण की राह में कई चुनौतियां हैं। लैंगिक असमानता, शिक्षा का अभाव, बाल विवाह, घरेलू हिंसा और कार्यस्थल पर भेदभाव जैसी समस्याएँ आज भी व्याप्त हैं। इन चुनौतियों का सामना करने के लिए सरकार, समाज और व्यक्तियों के संयुक्त प्रयास की आवश्यकता है।

बढ़ते कदम : बदलाव की लहर

हमें यह बात समझनी चाहिए कि महिलाओं का सशक्तिकरण समाज के सभी वर्गों के कल्याण के लिए आवश्यक है। शिक्षा का प्रसार, बालिका शिक्षा पर जोर, कौशल विकास कार्यक्रम, महिला उद्यमिता को बढ़ावा और सखी जैसी महिला हेल्पलाइन जैसी पहल महिलाओं के जीवन में सकारात्मक बदलाव ला रही हैं।

आपकी भूमिका : बदलाव का सूत्रधार

हमें सभी को महिलाओं के अधिकारों और सशक्तिकरण के लिए काम करने की जिम्मेदारी लेनी चाहिए। हम लैंगिक भेदभाव को खत्म करने के लिए जागरूकता फैला सकते हैं, महिलाओं के खिलाफ हिंसा के खिलाफ आवाज उठा सकते हैं शिक्षा और रोजगार के अवसरों को बढ़ाने में मदद कर सकते हैं।

एक सशक्त समाज वह है जहाँ महिलाएँ और पुरुष समान रूप से सम्मानित और सशक्त हों। आइए, हम सब मिलकर महिलाओं के अधिकारों और सशक्तिकरण के लिए काम करें और एक बेहतर भविष्य का निर्माण करें।

ममता रानी
हिंदी अध्यापिका



सच्ची दोस्ती

मैं यादों का पिटारा खोलूँ तो,
कुछ दोस्त बहुत याद आएँगे ।
मैं गाँव की गलियों से गुजँरू
पेड़ की छाँव में बैठूँ तो,
कुछ दोस्त बहुत याद आएँगे ।
मैं यादों की किताब खोलूँ तो
कुछ हँसते गाते चेहरे नजर आएँगे
गौर से देखा तो कुछ दोस्त पुराने याद आएँगे ।
मैं ना जानूँ दोस्त तेरे दूर हो जाने के बाद,
यह जिंदगी कैसे जंग बन गई है ?
यह गाँव की गलियाँ कैसे सूनी हो गई है ?
वो खेल का मैदान अब क्यों सूना लगता है ?
मैं ना जानूँ दोस्त तेरे जाने के बाद,
कैसे फूल जैसी जिंदगी पत्थर बन गई है ?
मेरे चेहरे की हंसी कहाँ गुम हो गई ?
बाजारों की रौनक भी फीकी क्यों लगती है ?
तू कब आएगी मेरी बहन, मेरी सखी ?
तुझे हर दिन गले लगाने का मन करता है।



मौली नागपाल, नौवीं स

नया सवेरा



चलो आगे बढ़ें, नये सवेरे की ओर,
खुद को पाकर हम सफलता की और।
हर कठिनाई से लड़ो, हर मुश्किल को जीतो,
खुद को बनाओ अपनी मंजिल की पहचान।
जीवन की राह में होंगे बहुत रुकावटें,
पर विश्वास बनाएं, आगे बढ़ते जाएं।
हर सपने को आजमाओ, हर इरादे को पूरा करो,
अपनी मेहनत से दुनिया को दिखाओ अपना दम।
जीवन की राहों में, हार ना मानो कभी भी,
जो भी सपना है, उसे पाने के लिए हो जाओ तैयार।
चलो आगे बढ़ें, हर दिन नया सवेरा है,
अपने अंदर की शक्ति से, जीतें जीवन का खेल।

रिज्ञा संधू, पांचवी ब

सकरात्मक सोच

1. पुरानी बातों को भूल जाने से खुशियाँ आपको नहीं भूलती।
2. वो इंसान कभी आपकी कदर नहीं करेगा जिसके आगे आप हमेशा झुकोगे ।
3. लक्ष्य एक होता है और रास्ते अनेक कभी रास्ता बंद हो जाए तो रास्ता बदलो लक्ष्य नहीं ।
4. जिंदगी जीने के लिए बाप की दौलत नहीं बाप का साया ही काफी होता है।
5. ज्ञान सिर्फ इन मोटी-मोटी किताबों तक ही नहीं सिमटा है इस ब्रह्मांड की हर एक चीज आपके लिए ज्ञान का स्त्रोत हो सकती है।
6. माचिस की तीलियाँ सिखा देती है कि कैसे खुद जल के दूसरों को रोशन किया जाता है।
7. असफलता के बाद हौंसला रखना आसान है लेकिन सफलता के बाद नम्रता रखना उतना ही कठिन है।

हरमनप्रीत कौर, नौंवी स

उत्साह सपनों की उड़ान का मंत्र

जीवन का सफर एक अनंत प्रेरणा का सागर है, जो हमें हर कदम पर नई ऊंचाइयों की ओर आगे बढ़ने के लिए प्रेरित करता है। हर किसी के जीवन में चुनौतियां और परिस्थितियां होती हैं, लेकिन वे हमें नई सोच, संघर्ष और सफलता की दिशा में अग्रसर करती हैं।

सपने हमारे जीवन की ऊर्जा हैं, जो हमें अपने लक्ष्यों की ओर आगे बढ़ने के लिए प्रेरित करते हैं। जब हम अपने सपनों की पूर्ति के लिए प्रतिबद्ध होते हैं, तो हर मुश्किल को अपने साथ मंजिल तक ले जाने का उत्साह मिलता है।

उत्साह एक ऐसा शक्तिशाली और अद्वितीय भावना है जो हमें हर कठिनाई को पार करने की ताकत प्रदान करता है। यह हमें नई ऊंचाइयों की ओर आगे बढ़ने के लिए प्रेरित करता है, और हमें संघर्षों को नई चुनौतियों में बदलने की क्षमता देता है।

उत्साह से भरे जीवन के लिए, हमें खुद को संवेदनशीलता, साहस और समर्थता से लाखों रूप में सुशोभित करने की आवश्यकता होती है। हमें अपने सपनों की प्राप्ति के लिए अपने आत्म-विश्वास को मजबूत रखना होगा, और हर मुश्किल को एक नई अवसर में बदलने की क्षमता दिखानी होगी।

उत्साह हमें अपने सपनों की प्राप्ति के लिए लगन, मेहनत और समर्पण की आवश्यकता को समझाता है। यह हमें हर चुनौती को एक अवसर में बदलने की क्षमता प्रदान करता है, और हमें अपने जीवन के हर पल को पूरी ऊर्जा और उत्साह के साथ जीने का संदेश देता है।

उत्साह ही हमारे सपनों की उड़ान का मंत्र है, जो हमें नई ऊंचाइयों तक पहुंचने के लिए प्रेरित करता है। इसलिए, आइए इस अद्वितीय भावना के साथ अपने सपनों की प्राप्ति की ओर बढ़े, और अपने जीवन को सफलता की नई ऊंचाइयों तक ले जाएं।

त्रिपती हीरा, पाँचवी अ



सच की कहानी:एक नई दृष्टि से संगीत का सफर

संगीत - यह वह कला है जो हमें सीधे अपने दिल के कई सर्वोत्तम संवादी हिस्सों को सुनाती है। इसके माध्यम से हम अपने भावों, विचारों, और अनुभवों को व्यक्त करते हैं। यह कहना गलत नहीं होगा कि संगीत एक ऐसा मंत्र है जो हर व्यक्ति के दिल को छू जाता है।

परंपरागत भारतीय संगीत के साथ-साथ, आधुनिक संगीत की धारा भी हमारे समय में अपनी अनूठी पहचान रही है। यह नई धारा लोगों के दिलों में अलग से स्थान बना रही है, और इसके पीछे छिपी कहानियां अद्वितीय हैं।

आधुनिक संगीत के इस सफर की कहानी, हमें उन शिल्पकारों तक पहुंचाती है जो नए ध्वनियों को जन्म देते हैं। इन कलाकारों की विचारशीलता, उनकी साहसिकता और उनकी संवेदनशीलता संगीत को एक नया आयाम देती हैं। आधुनिक संगीत का यह सफर न केवल विनोद के लिए है, बल्कि यह एक मंत्र है जो हमें जीवन की सभी रंगों को समझने और महसूस करने का नया तरीका सिखाता है। इसके माध्यम से हम अपनी भावनाओं को अभिव्यक्त करने का साहस पाते हैं, और अपने आत्मा को सांझा करने का उत्साह मिलता है।

इसलिए, आइए इस संगीत के सफर में साथ चलें, और नए ध्वनियों की खोज में निकलें। यह न तो सिर्फ हमें मनोरंजन प्रदान करेगा, बल्कि हमें जीवन की सच्चाई को भी अनुभव कराएगा।

संगीत के माध्यम से हम अपने आत्मा की गहराई को छू सकते हैं, और एक नई दृष्टि से जीवन को समझ सकते हैं। इसलिए, आइए इस अद्वितीय संगीत के सफर में साथ चलें और नई कहानियों को खोजें।

पिहू वर्मा, पाँचवी ब

Snapshots of School Life



CJM STAFF

Crafting a legacy of Enlightenment - Our Educators



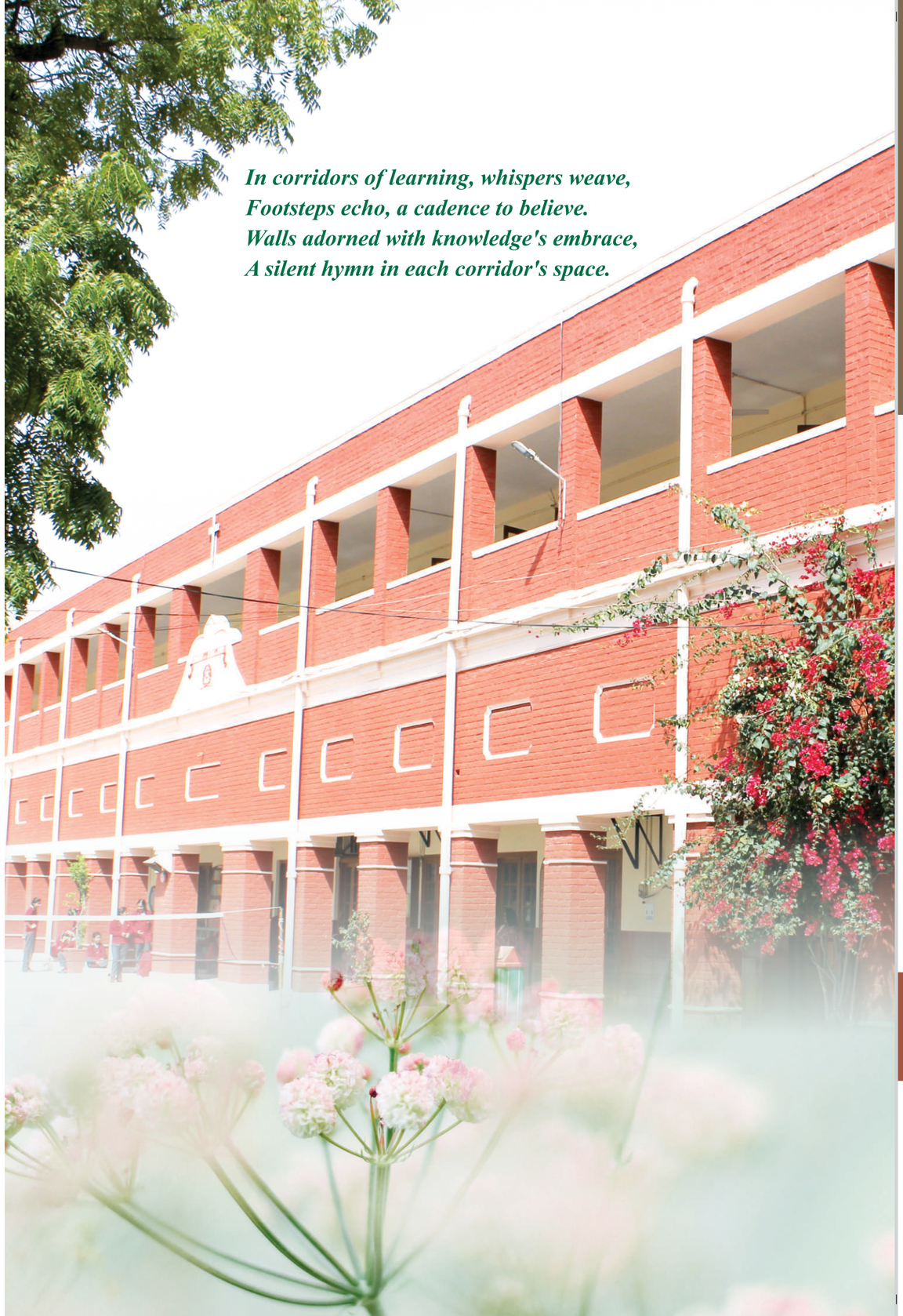
LEFT TO RIGHT

FIRST ROW : *Ms. Renu Chaudhary, Ms. Puneet Kaur, Ms. Ruchi Gupta, Ms. Monika Khosla, Ms. Shalini Sharma, Ms. Rajveer Kaur, Ms. Harpreet Kaur, Ms. Shalini Anand, Ms. Ritu Yadav, Sr. Lucy D'Souza, Sr. Greta, Sr. Dominic Fargose, Ms. Gurpreet Walia, Ms. Lovleen Seth, Ms. Alka Sharma, Ms. Ranjana Behal, Ms. Sunita Shivhare, Ms. Sakshi Saini, Ms. Neha Sonkar, Ms. Rachna Jyoti, Ms. Sonali Chatterjee, Ms. Geeta Sharma*

SECOND ROW : *Ms. Balwinder Kaur, Ms. Vojata Malhotra, Ms. Bharti Malhotra, Ms. Anupamjit, Ms. Kaushambi Tomar, Ms. Barkha Chopra, Ms. Bhawna Chadha, Ms. Sanju Rani, Ms. Jasmine, Ms. Sarita Ahuja, Ms. Chandni Kapoor, Ms. Anchal, Ms. Shubhi, Ms. Amarjeet Kaur, Ms. Deepti Gulati, Ms. Vibha Manocha, Ms. Nainpreet, Ms. Monika Kohli, Ms. Teenu Jolly, Ms. Mamta Rani*

THIRD ROW : *Ms. Shweta Gagneja, Ms. Kavita, Ms. Puneet Kaur, Ms. Nidhi, Ms. Dimple Rajpurohit, Ms. Lakshmi, Ms. Indu Kochhar, Ms. Swastika Mishra, Ms. Meenakshi, Ms. Jasheet Bindra, Ms. Geetika Gulati, Ms. Isha Sharma*

FOURTH ROW : *Mr. Nirmal Yadav, Mr. Neeraj Kumar, Mr. Rohit Chauhan, Mr. Yogeshwar Sharma.*



In corridors of learning, whispers weave,
Footsteps echo, a cadence to believe.
Walls adorned with knowledge's embrace,
A silent hymn in each corridor's space.



Administrative Staff

LEFT TO RIGHT

Mr. Naveen Raturi, Mr. Rajesh Kumar, Mr. Dinesh Dhingra, Sr. Greta, Ms. Taruna, Ms. Gurpreet Kaur, Ms. Kiran



Support Staff

LEFT TO RIGHT

FORST ROW : *Smt. Sulakshana, Smt. Alka, Smt. Meena Rani, Sr. Lucy, Sr. Greta, Sr. Dominic Fargose, Smt. Krishna, Smt. Deepa, Smt. Hema, Smt. Kavita*

SECOND ROW : *Sh. Neeraj Kumar, Sh. Vikram Kumar, Sh. Vikas, Sh. Rajesh Kumar Yadav, Sh. Ram Raj, Sh. Bel Bahadur Thapa, Sh. Pardeep Kumar, Sh. Sachin Kumar, Sh. Prince Kumar, Sh. Tilak Raj, Sh. Mukesh Kumar, Sh. Sanjay Kumar, Sh. AJI.P.George*

From the *Student Editor's Pen*



Editing is not just about fixing typos; it's about shaping a story, refining its rhythm, and polishing it until it gleams.

In May 2023, handed to us was the opportunity to join the Student Editorial team for the session 2023-24, which proved to be a truly enriching experience. Being part of the School Editorial Team was a privilege, allowing us to contribute to the creation of the School magazine and witness the transformation of raw ideas into polished and impactful stories.

During the quiet hours of editing, we often found ourselves immersed in delightful compositions, occasionally transported to an entirely different realm where the forces of literary magic and passionate dedication gracefully converged; where imagination and innocence combined. This role gave us the opportunity to endorse ourselves in the world of literature and art. This not only aligned with our passion for writing but also presented us a unique chance to collaborate with like-minded individuals, shaping the narrative of our school's literary pursuits and achievements. It was a task both tedious and incredibly worthwhile.

This pivotal role had bestowed upon us the honor of shaping language for our future writers and literati, a responsibility for which we are grateful. Our hearts danced along with the symphony of the poems and resonated with the rhythm of the written works as we prepared them for our readers. Editing the magazine has undoubtedly deepened our appreciation for the power of words. We trust you must have enjoyed reading it as much as we enjoyed compiling it.

LKG-A

Class Teacher
Ms. Jasneet Bindra



LKG-B

Class Teacher
Ms. Kaushambi Tomar



LKG-C

Class Teacher
Ms. Bhawana Chadha



UKG-A

Class Teacher
Ms. Teenu Jolly



UKG-B

Class Teacher
Ms. Sarita Ahuja



UKG-C

Class Teacher
Ms. Meenakshi Katoch



I-A

Class Teacher
Ms. Shweta Gagneja



I-B

Class Teacher
Ms. Chandni Kapoor



I-C

Class Teacher
Ms. Swastika Mishra



II-A

Class Teacher
Ms. Monika Kohli



II-B

Class Teacher
Ms. Amarjeet Kaur



II-C

Class Teacher
Ms. Kavita Verma



III-A

Class Teacher
Ms. Lovleen Seth



III-B

Class Teacher
Ms. Puneet Kaur Sethi



III-C

Class Teacher
Ms. Nidhi Goel



IV-A

Class Teacher
Ms. Lakshmi R



IV-B

Class Teacher
Ms. Dimple Rajpurohit



IV-C

Class Teacher
Ms. Anchal Rana Dadwal



V-A

Class Teacher
Ms. Sanju Rani



V-B

Class Teacher
Ms. Indu Kochar



V-C

Class Teacher
Ms. Sakshi Saini



VI-A

Class Teacher
Ms. Vibha Manocha



VI-B

Class Teacher
Ms. Dipti Gulati



VI-C

Class Teacher
Ms. Isha Sharma



VII-A

Class Teacher
Ms. Nainpreet Gill



VII-B

Class Teacher
Ms. Ranjana Behal



VII-C

Class Teacher
Ms. Geetika Gulati



VIII-A

Class Teacher
Ms. Bharti Malhotra



VIII-B

Class Teacher
Ms. Ritu Yadav



VIII-C

Class Teacher
Ms. Rajveer Kaur



IX-A

Class Teacher
Ms. Sonali Mukherjee



IX-B

Class Teacher
Ms. Rachna Jyoti



IX-C

Class Teacher
Ms. Barkha Chopra



X-A

Class Teacher
Ms. Monika Khosla



X-B

Class Teacher
Ms. Shalini Sharma



XI-A

Class Teacher
Ms. Shubhi Aggarwal



XI-B

Class Teacher
Ms. Shalini Anand



XI-C

Class Teacher
Ms. Renu Chaudhary



XII-A

Class Teacher
Ms. Ranjana Behal



XII-B

Class Teacher
Ms. Geeta Sharma



XII-C

Class Teacher
Ms. Anupam Jit Kaur



Reframe

In the quiet embrace of captured time, memories unfurl,
Each smile a gem, each glance a world.
Within this woven tapestry of shared tales,
Class photos whisper of our collective sails.

Acknowledgement

A special word of appreciation for the 'Creative Hands' :

Vrinda Goyal
Designed the Cover page

Dhanya Behal
Designed the Back page

Gurmehak Sandhu
Designed Page no. 99

Divya
Designed Page no. 136



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