

# THE SANAWAR NEWS-LETTER



72

August

2014

## Section I : From The School

### The Best School of All

*Zia Mann, U-VI*

"Love is like the wind, you can't always see it, but you can feel it."

When I first stepped into Sanawar, I was a confused and baffled girl. It is here that I understood the true meaning of life and love. For the first time, I had actually fallen in love, head over heels in love, I had fallen in love with Sanawar.

From the first second that I entered, I felt that I had finally reached home. I had fallen for the people, the place, the routine and simply, the way of life. Everything here seemed like a part of me—an extension of my existence. It was perfect. Sorry, let me correct that. Sanawar was never perfect. I don't want to paint a false, rosy eyed image. It was not a bed of roses. It has its fair share of thorns. It was and is these thorns that makes us who we are and makes us appreciate the beauty in the little things of life. It's not perfect, but, it is the best school of all because all of us together make it so. We cover each others' weaknesses and give strength to each other. We have a thousand memories stored away in the recesses of our minds. We know each other inside out. Trust me, it's killing me to see you go after all this time.

So my advice to my juniors is, LIVE LIFE AND ENJOY.

To the batch of 2015, you're not the batch mates that I expected but you're definitely the ones I needed. This brings me back to my quote. "I know that even though we may now part ways, I know that you may not always be physically present, I know that none of you can or will ever leave me because no matter how far we may go, for our hearts, mile zero starts right here."

## You Think It and You Wish It

*Devika Punchhi, U-VI*

Aristotle once said: 'The energy of the mind is the essence of life.' My recent visit to a small holy village, Puttaparthi, made me realise this essence of life by learning about attraction—THE LAW OF ATTRACTION. Everything that happens in your life, it all comes down to attraction. You attract all that happens to you, every little thing. Whether it is totally awesome or truly awful, It's all about you. You do it with the power of your thoughts. Whatever you think about, that's what goes down, that's what happens. Have you ever had a thought about a song? Before you know it you're thinking about that song all day long, until the song is stuck in your head. Eventually, you'll be hearing that song everywhere you go because you're obsessed with it. You're attracting that song, whether it's in Chapel, in Dorms, in Birdwood or even walking back after supper. Wherever you are, your thoughts are attracting that song. Every thought you've ever had, comes back to you. It's like payback from way back.

'If you're going to be thinking anyway, you might as well think big.'

## Struggle to Reach Sanawar

*Ankita Kataria, L-V*

Lawrence, one of the historic schools, has established it's name even in the minds of the fooliest of fools.

When someone suggested me for it, I was uncomfortable a bit.

But, when I examined the Lawrence in Sanawar, My mind got set automatically to establish my power.

No fun, no joy,  
 Only books full of tissues, solutions and alloy.  
 For ten continuous days I did hard work,  
 Like a boss pressurises a helpless clerk.  
 From morn till wee, I had no rest,  
 Only worked hard to give my best.  
 Got headaches while studying Maths, Sci., Eng.,  
 Hindi,  
 But, what to do? The syllabus was too lengthy.  
 Finally I came for the entrance test.  
 Fully nervous and under stress.  
 Questions seemed to be quite easy,  
 But, the solutions were totally fizzy.  
 I went back home with a ray of hope,  
 Failing, seemed to have no scope.  
 Finally, the result was declared  
 I got tears, after learning that I had cleared.  
 I was happy and mesmerised,  
 And no more I felt pressurised.  
 I made my parents feel proud,  
 Their daughter was one of the few, which  
 Got selected from the crowd.

### Nothing Succeeds Like Success

*Yudhvir Kabuli, L-VI*

The word success is full of ambiguity. For some, being wealthy is success. For others, being at the zenith of their professional career is success. Success may be outstanding marks, excellence in sports or achieving a feat as great as scaling Mt. Everest. The whole ambit of success can be summed up as an inner feeling of contentment when what one achieves is commensurate to his efforts. Success is being better than the best and different from the rest. Success is a journey, not a destination. So the simple answer as to what is success, lies in the fact that 'Success is simple. It is doing the right thing, at the right time and in the right way.' The taste of success is so tempting and addictive that on becoming successful, lowering our bar is unbearable for us. To be successful is one thing, but to maintain that success is very tedious. The real challenge is to maintain the successful image. Once one has set out on the road of success, being complacent is not an option, because 'even if you are on the right track, you'll get run over if you just sit there.' The endeavour to reach the pinnacle of success is the true charm of life and that's why they say 'nothing succeeds like success.'

### City of Memories

*Aadya Gupta, U-V*

Remnants of reputations as building stones  
 Tombs of kings  
 Garbed in greed, gold as bones.  
 Memories of those  
 Who lived here  
 Where they lived, laughed,  
 Drank and ate  
 Those very ghosts  
 Still wander here  
 Bemoaning their fate

Far above the world  
 Rises the moon  
 Untouched as sense  
 She casts her pale light  
 On everything in her fight  
 All she can see  
 In a city full of memories.

No longer does music  
 Sweeten the air  
 No longer do the roses  
 Scent the night  
 All are faded  
 All is forgotten  
 For time has won the fight.

Courtyards ..  
 Where dancing maidens once  
 Leapt as twirled  
 Eyes flashing demurely beneath  
 Their veils  
 Now lie broken swords as stones  
 And honour lies,  
 Cold and pale.

In the quarters where the wives  
 Spent their days  
 Dreaming the golden hours away  
 Bedecked in gold as jewels  
 Now the torn curtains  
 Flutter in the breeze  
 None come here now  
 Nothing is heard but the buzzing of  
 The bees  
 Drunk on nectar  
 Mesmerized by the riotous green  
 Which grows everywhere  
 Unchecked as untamed.

The only movement in this  
 Realm of memories  
 In the wind...  
 Sighing as it swishes its way  
 Past the echoing palace halls.  
 The abandoned market places.  
 The once flourishing tea stalls.  
 When, long ago, once it carried  
 Snatches of whispered conversations,  
 Quietly spoken prayers as tender  
 Dreams...  
 Threads of laughter  
 Spools of gossip  
 The scent of scandal...

Now it carries nothing  
 But the haunting screech of  
 The owls.  
 This is a lovely place  
 It seems lost, melancholy,  
 A little wistful,  
 For none live here now  
 There is no one to love it,  
 No one to hear its cries  
 And its sighs are carried by the wind  
 Where they go unheeded...  
 Cries...  
 From a city full of memories.

### **Educational Trip To Chandigarh Museum**

*Karyna Thapa, Ishaana Mundy, L-VI*

On a Sunday morning when all of our friends were snoring away to glory, our other friends who have taken up Art and Sculpture were gearing up for a trip to Chandigarh Museum.

It was a bumpy ride but all so worth it for when we finally stepped into the magnificent museum we found it to be a breathtaking experience.

We began our Museum tour with the first section which showcased various textiles from across our peninsula which included Pashminas from Jammu and Kashmir, Pabuji Phada from Rajasthan, Kantha from Bengal, which was our personal favourite.

Next we carried into the Painting Section which had famous paintings like the Patua Scroll, Bodhisattva Padmapani, Chhadanta Jataka etc. Then we saw a good many sculptures in the Sculpture section. There was a wonderful collection of coins which had intricate motif and inscription from the Mughal Era. We had a slimy round of hide and seek game behind the see through glass. We also found the Contemporary Paintings and Sculptures very interesting.

All in all, after surviving the heat and almost getting our hair stuck in the gigantic pedestal fans which came to our rescue in this hot and humid environment, we headed back to School. It was a memorable trip where we had a lot of fun and learnt even more.

### **When Mr. Pant Is On The Hunt**

*Angadhir Singh, U-V*

When the juniors are on guard  
And the seniors are having fun  
That is the time when Mr. Pant is on the hunt.

When Mr. Pant is on the hunt  
Everyone hides their mobiles  
It looks as if he has been doing this job  
since Chandragupta Maurya's time.

I don't know how he gets to know  
When something is not right  
He comes fast sprinting with hope  
Like the speed of light.

But he is a good teacher for sure  
And a good housemaster as well  
Impresses all with his wit  
And has a laptop too of the company Dell.

Loves Nepalis  
Teases them a lot  
And is still remembered in our class  
Due to his occasionally rare shots.

In the morning he comes  
And wakes the dorm up  
In one fine look  
Now I would like to quote him by saying  
"OPEN YOUR BOOKS AND NOTEBOOKS."

### **Tears Went Rolling Down My Eyes**

*Nimish Goel, U-V*

Sunset on the beach, made me glow,  
Chirping little birds, made me fly,  
But no one knew the reason to cry,  
And the tears went rolling down my eyes.

There're lots of reasons come to my mind,  
And are scattered in memories like stars,  
Remembering them was not easy because the tears  
went rolling down my eyes.

No matter what the world says and what it does,  
keep on going till the end,  
Do what your heart says  
One day when the world will end,  
Tears will roll down everyone's eyes!

### **All Because Of A Smile**

*Aditya Ranjan, L-VI*

When you are sad and feeling bad  
If someone gives you a smile  
How do you feel for a while?  
When you think that the whole world is against you  
But then there is someone who really loves you  
If not there is a sweet little smile that will always  
remain in you  
When the sky is dark and nothing like blue,  
Someone smiles at you  
Doesn't the sky change from black to blue.

### **One Step**

*Ashesh K. Simha, U-VI*

To many, success seems to come suddenly.  
When you observe others and what they have  
achieved you usually don't appreciate what it has  
taken for them to get where they are. Ultimately, in  
failing to do this you also fail to learn what it would  
take for you to attain the same level of achievement  
and success. But, if you take the time to truly think  
about it, you will find that success is usually only a  
small step away. It is always so near, yet so far.  
Yes, it is important to dream but just take one step  
at a time. Don't worry about what will happen  
later, just think about each step, one small step to  
success. Take a break if you must but don't give up.  
Together the small steps add up, to hundreds of  
thousands of small steps. There will be obstacles  
along the way. But, with each small step they will  
be overcome. There will be hardship, frustration  
and uncertainties but with focus on the desired

destination it will be conquered. Let me tell you something that you already know. The world isn't all sunshine and rainbows. It can be a mean and nasty place and it doesn't matter how tough you are but it will beat you to your knees and keep you there permanently if you let it. You, me or anybody is going to be hit as hard as life. But, its not how hard you get hit, its about how hard you get it and keep moving forward, how much you can take and keep moving forward. That's how winning is done. Now if you know what you are worth then go out and get what you are worth. But, you have got to be willing to take the hits and not pointing fingers saying you are where you are because of him, her or anybody. We are better than that. You have got to dream big, have a goal to show what you are made of, keep moving towards your goal however small your steps may be. You've got to know where you're headed in life. The only thing worse than being blind is having sight but no vision.

### Those Lines

*Srijani Shankar Barik, L-V*

What are those infinite streaks and lines?  
Those which appear upon her face with passing years,  
Those lines aren't the cyphers of ageing,  
I know what they are, those lines that my mother's face wears.

The wrinkled smile is for those moments when her heart  
Ached but she had to hide her pain,  
Those around her eyes are for when she held back tears,  
And she was required to endure yet again.

Those creases on her forehead narrate the tale of  
The glorious yet struggling stride she made,  
And for times she had to be sager than the wise,  
Her marks on the temple tell me all about it.

The silvery and grey tresses you have mother,  
They convey the time that you had to be self-sacrificing.

Those frail hands that you have now talk about all of it,  
when you had calmly caressed my fevered head.

That hunched nether that you have at this time,  
They tell me how you forever stood beside me,  
Those slothful footsteps that you support with the stick say,  
How you've steadily paced this walk of life being free.

But, most importantly, mother, your heart that is made  
Of gold and that charisma you spread with every smile,  
For that beautiful heart, I salute you mother,  
And that love you gave is eternal, not only for a while.

(To my mother and all the other magnificent women of the world who have mastered the art of love, selflessness and earning hearts)

### Exchange Programme—2014

#### Founder's Term

*Binita Rishi, Exchange and Placement Co-ordinator*

#### OUTGOING Students:

1. Gauri Sood, SGD (July 22 to October 3, 2014) St. Cyprian's School, South Africa
2. Kesang Doma, SGD (September 5 to October 30, 2014) Athenian School, USA
3. Tejasvi Abrol, HGD (July 22 to September 22, 2014) Herschel Girls' School, South Africa
4. Tahhira Brar, HGD (July 22 to September 22, 2014) Herschel Girls' School, South Africa
5. Daksha Chawla, HBD (July 22 to September 22, 2014) Bishops Diocesan College, South Africa
6. Jaideep S. Cheema, NBD (July 22 to Sept. 22, 2014) Bishops Diocesan College, South Africa
7. Gobind S. Sangha, HBD (September 3 to Oct. 18, 2014) Tonbridge School, UK
8. Aryan Chauhan, SBD (Sept. 3 to October 18, 2014) Tonbridge School, UK
9. Jagrit Verma, SBD (Sept. 15 to October 30, 2014) St John's College, South Africa
10. Abhishek Gagneja, HBD (Sept. 15 to October 30, 2014) St John's College, South Africa
11. Prabhbir S. Mann, NBD Sept. 6 to October 6, 2014) The Fessenden School, USA
12. Karan Malhotra, VBD (Sept. 6 to October 6, 2014) The Fessenden School, USA

#### INCOMING Students:

1. Amber Young, SGD (Sept. 30 to Nov. 30, 2014) Stanford Lake College, South Africa
2. Claire van Zyl, VGD (Sept. 15 to November 15 2014) St Stithians Girls' College, South Africa
3. Simon Allen, NBD (Sept. 15 to November 15, 2014) St Stithian Boys' College, South Africa
4. Emma Leslie, HGD (Sept. 30 to November 30, 2014) Herschel Girls' School, South Africa
5. Nicola du Plessis, HGD (Sept. 30 to Nov. 30, 2014) Herchel Girls' School, South Africa
6. Boyd Kane, HBD (Sept. 30 to November 30, 2014) Bishops Diocesan College, South Africa
7. Joseph Linley, NBD (Sept. 30 to November 30, 2014) Bishops Diocesan College, South Africa

## Section II : SPORTS NEWS

### 17th All India Bhupinder Singh Memorial Soccer Tournament

*Abhijit Raman, L-VI*

The 17th All India Bhupinder Singh Memorial Soccer Tournament 2014 hosted by 'The Lawrence School, Sanawar' was inaugurated at an impressive ceremony at the school from 23rd August to 27th August.

The opening ceremony was marked by a traditional march-past by the eight participating teams: Sherwood College, Nainital, Vasant Valley School, Delhi, YPS, Patiala, YPS, Mohali, Bishop Cotton School (BCS), Shimla, Modern School, (Vasant Vihar), New Delhi, Punjab Public School (PPS), Nabha and hosts The Lawrence School, Sanawar.

Mr. Praveen Vasisht, the Headmaster of Sanawar took the salute at an impressive march-past. He extended a very warm welcome to Mr. Rohit Parashar (State observer) and Mrs. B. Singh along with all participating teams and tournament officials.

At the closing ceremony, Mr. Ashish Bhatia (O.S. 1980, HBD) was the Chief Guest on the occasion. He gave away the prizes and the trophy to the winning team. The Headmaster, Mr. Praveen Vasisht, presented a token of appreciation to the chief guest and felicitated the organizers and officials for their commendable efforts in the successful accomplishment of the tournament. The following were the awardees:

Winners	: Sherwood College, Nainital
Runners up	: YPS, Patiala
Player of the Final Match	: Suren Rana of Sherwood College, Nainital
Best Goalkeeper of the Tournament	: Sukhman of YPS, Patiala
Highest Scorer of the Tournament	: Rohan Yadav of Sherwood College, Nainital
Best Player of the Tournament	: Arpit Parihar of The Lawrence School, Sanawar

### 19th HP State Inter-School Shooting Championship-2014

The 19th H.P. State Inter-School Shooting Championship-2014 was organised by The Lawrence School, Sanawar from 28th to 30th August. The achievements of the Sanawarians are as follows:

1. Total Medals won by Team Sanawar:
  - (a) Bronze Medal : 09 Medals
  - (b) Silver Medal : 13 Medals
  - (c) Gold Medal : 17 Medals

### 2. Individual Awards:

- (a) Best Shooter Boys Category: Adil S. Grewal
3. HP State Inter-School Trophy for Girls Team: The Lawrence School, Sanawar
4. HP State Inter-School Trophy for Boys Team: The Lawrence School, Sanawar
5. HP State Inter-School Over All Team Trophy: The Lawrence School, Sanawar

### Inter-House Soccer Tournament-2014

PD Result-2014 (Combined Result of PDB L-III, PDB U-III & PD Girls)

Position	House	Points
Fourth	Vindhya	05
Third	Nilagiri	10
Second	Siwalik	14
First	Himalaya	22

GD Result-2014 (Combined Result of GD Jr. & GD Sr.)

Position	House	Points
Fourth	Vindhya	00
Third	Himalaya	07
Second	Nilagiri	13
First	Siwalik	14

BD Result-2014 (Combined Result of Atoms, Colts & 1st XI)

Position	House	Points
Fourth	Vindhya	07
Third	Himalaya	10
Second	Nilagiri	18/+8
First	Siwalik	18/+11

## Section III : O. S. News

### Obituary

Bhupender Kaul, HBD, 1970, passed away on August 7, 2014, at the age of 59. He is survived by his wife Kavary, his children Usha and Ashok and many loving friends and family.

Born in Mumbai, India, he attended The Lawrence School, Sanawar and Delhi University. As a New Yorker of more than 30 years, he pioneered new directions in the telecommunications industry, most recently at RCN.

Bhupender will be remembered for his love of music and movies as well as his well known skills as an accomplished chef. He left us too soon.

May God grant the strength and courage to his family to bear this loss! May his soul rest in peace!

### हिन्दी खण्ड

#### राजनीति पर अपराधिकता हावी है।

इसी साल जनवरी महीने में एक पार्टी के गुंडों ने लखनऊ-फैजाबाद हाइवे पर एक Toll Booth Attendant पर सिर्फ इसलिए हमला कर दिया था क्योंकि उसने Toll भरने के लिए कह दिया था। उसे बेरहमी से पीटा गया जबकि वह तो बेचारा अपना काम कर रहा था। एक बार यदि इन गुंडों को राजनैतिक संरक्षण मिल जाए तो उन्हें लगता है कि उनका कोई कुछ नहीं बिगाड़ सकता। वे दबी पड़ी सामंती हिंसा पर उतर आते हैं और बिनाश लीला मचा आते हैं। हिंसा के इस दुष्चक्र से कोई नहीं बच सकता, पुलिस भी नहीं। यही कारण था कि उत्तर प्रदेश के एक बड़े पुलिस अफसर की हत्या कर दी गई। मुंबई के पत्रकार ज्योतिर्मय डे की दिन दहाड़े गोली मार कर हत्या की गई।

ध्यान दीजिए, अपराधियों को राजनैतिक संरक्षण देने से जमीनी स्तर पर अपराधिक गतिविधियों के लिए अपने आप मंजूरी मिल जाती है। जैसे आप किसी वृक्ष को संरक्षण देते हैं तो निश्चित ही उसके नीचे पनपे पौधों को संरक्षण मिलता है।

अपराध और राजनीति की अर्थव्यवस्था बहुत गहराई तक जाती है। अपराधी चुनाव के लिए पैसा जुटाते हैं और उम्मीदवार के जीतने के बाद उसका ईनाम चाहते हैं।

इससे अलग चुनाव में बहुत सारा काला धन चलता है, जिसका इस्तेमाल चुनाव में लगे छोटे-मोटे अपराधियों की शराब व अन्य ज़रूरतें पूरी करने के लिए किया जाता है। यह पूरा Circulatory system है जो हमारे लोकतंत्र का दम घोट रहा है। क्या यह स्थिति अच्छी है? क्या ऐसे लोकतंत्र को जनता का लोकतंत्र कह सकते हैं?

मुझे प्रसन्नता है कि राजनीति को अपराधियों से मुक्त करना अब एक राष्ट्रीय एजेंडे में महत्वपूर्ण मुद्दा बन गया है। न्यायमूर्ति आर० एम० महोदय की बेंच ने सांसदों व विधायकों के अपराधिक मामले एक महीने के भीतर निपटाने का आदेश दिया है। अगर ऐसा नहीं होता है तो निचली अदालत के Chief Justice को इसकी वजह बतानी होगी।

मेरी नजर में यह दिन दूर नहीं जब यह कानून लागू होगा तो अपराधिक पृष्ठभूमि के लोग टिकट ही नहीं मांगेंगे क्योंकि उन्हें डर होगा कि यदि चुन लिए गए तो एक साल में ही फँसला हो जाएगा, दूसरी बात राजनैतिक दल भी ऐसे लोगों को टिकट देने से घबराएँगे क्योंकि यदि फँसला उलट हो गया तो सोट जाएंगे और सत्ता के गणित में सौटें कम पड़ने का जोखिम होगा। इस संबंध में Public Interest Foundation की माँग भी ध्यान देने योग्य है जिसमें कहा गया है कि ऐसे व्यक्ति को चुनाव लड़ने से रोका जाए जिस पर

ऐसे आरोप हों जिनके लिए उसे पाँच साल या उससे अधिक की सज़ा हो सकती है। यदि हम राजनीति को अपराधिक तत्त्वों से मुक्त करना चाहते हैं तो ऐसे लोगों को चुनाव लड़ने से रोकना ही होगा।

मुझे प्रसन्नता है कि हमारे वर्तमान प्रधानमंत्री माननीय श्री नरेन्द्र मोदी ने राजनीति को अपराधों से मुक्त करने के प्रति सकारात्मक दृष्टिकोण अपनाया है।

ध्रुव गुलेरिया  
कक्षा दसवीं-बी

#### नैतिक पतन-देश का पतन

देश की पहचान उसके लोगों से होती है। अगर देश के लोग ही अच्छे स्वभाव के नहीं होंगे, तो वह देश तरक्की कैसे करेगा? देश चलाने वाले लोगों में नैतिकता ही नहीं होगी, तो देश कैसे चला पाएँगे। हमारे देश में नैतिकता का पतन पिछले बीस सालों से देखा जा रहा है। हम चाहें जितनी डिग्रियाँ प्राप्त कर लें परंतु अगर हममें नैतिक मूल्य ही नहीं हैं, तो इन सब सफलताओं का क्या फायदा। एक इंसान उसके धन, गाड़ियों, घर से नहीं बल्कि अपने आचरण से जाना जाता है। अगर हमारा स्वभाव अच्छा है और हम नैतिकता का पालन करते हैं, तो हम सबका दिल जीत सकते हैं। देश की प्रगति में सबसे बड़ा हाथ उन्हीं लोगों का होता है और अगर हम आपस में ही लड़ते रहेंगे और एक दूसरे के प्रति अच्छा स्वभाव एवं नैतिकता न रखेंगे, तो हमारा देश चरबादी की ओर बढ़ता चला जाएगा। हम सबको एक दूसरे के प्रति भाईचारे से रहना चाहिए तथा अपना हृदय साफ रखना चाहिए। हमें अपनी सोच बढ़ी करनी होगी। आज की युवा पीढ़ी नले ही कितनी ऊँचाईयाँ छू रही है, मले ही वह विज्ञान के क्षेत्र में आगे बढ़ रही है परंतु अगर उनमें नैतिकता नहीं है तो ये सारी चीजें व्यर्थ हैं। आज के युवा ने अपने माता-पिता एवं बड़ों का आदर करना छोड़ दिया है और वह अपने आपको समझदार समझने लगे हैं परंतु उनकी यह सोच गलत है। हमें अपने माता-पिता से नैतिकता का ज्ञान लेना चाहिए क्योंकि उन्हें हम सबसे ज्यादा अनुभव है-ज़िंदगी का। हम ही देश का आगे वाला कल हैं। हमें आज से ही देश की उन्नति के बारे में सोचना चाहिए और नैतिकता का पालन करना चाहिए तभी हम ज़िंदगी में सफल हो सकेंगे और अपने देश को आसमान की ऊँचाईयों तक पहुँचाने में मदद कर सकेंगे। हमें नैतिकता और सहनशीलता से जुड़ना होगा तभी हम दूसरे लोगों को प्रेरित कर सकेंगे और समाज के लिए एक मिसाल बन सकेंगे। हमें अपने से बड़ों से नैतिकता का मूल्य सीखते रहना चाहिए ताकि हम समाज और देश की उन्नति में अपना योगदान दे सकें।

प्रयुक्त टुट्टेजा  
कक्षा दसवीं-बी

### पेड़

पेड़ खड़ा जो घर के बाहर,  
चीचीं करती चिट्ठियाँ उस पर ।  
हवा चले जब सर-सर-सर,  
परो उसके झूमे फर फर ।

देखकर हरे पेड़ खुल होता मन,  
माँ कहती उसमें भी जीवन ।  
शुद्ध हवा हमको देता है,  
अशुद्ध हवा खुद ले लेता है ।

करोगे धरा सुरक्षा,  
तभी होगी जीवन रक्षा ।  
तो ली आज यह प्रण,  
कि बचाएंगे पेड़ों को हर एक पल ।

पुरु मनजयरे  
कक्षा पाँचवीं-ए

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ने निम्नलिखित कहानी सुनाई ।

### भगड़े की जड़

एक व्यक्ति शहद से मेरा हुआ प्रड़ा लेकर कहीं जा रहा था । अचानक शहद की एक बूँद जमीन पर गिर गई । उस बूँद पर एक मक्खी जाकर बैठ गई । बूँद पर मक्खी को बैठे देखकर गिलहरी उस पर दूट पड़ी । गिलहरी पर बिल्ली दूट पड़ी और बिल्ली पर एक कुत्ते ने हमला बोल दिया । कुत्ते पर एक अन्य दूसरा कुत्ता दूट पड़ा । इस तरह झगड़ा बढ़ता ही चला गया । कुत्तों की आपस में लड़ाई छिड़ गई और जब कुत्तों की लड़ाई का उनके मालिकों को पता चला तो वे सब वहाँ आ गए । एक दूसरे पर दोषारोपण कर, वे भी आपस में झगड़ पड़े । बस, फिर क्या था । उनके समर्थन और विपक्ष में उनके अड़ोसी-पड़ोसी भी वहाँ आ गए । वे भी आपस में लड़ाई-झगड़ा करने लगे । लाठियाँ चलने लगी, सिर फूटने लगे, लोग लहलूहान होने लगे । उनमें से कई लोग अस्पताल जा पहुँचे । इस बात को खबर जब दरोगा को लगी, तो उसने बीके से कुछ लोगों को खाने बुलाया । अब उनसे लड़ाई-झगड़े का कारण पूछा । तो वे सब एक-दूसरे का मुँह देखने लगे, क्योंकि वास्तव में उन्हें पता ही नहीं था कि लड़ाई क्यों हुई । दरोगा ने सिपाहियों को लड़ाई का कारण जानने का कहा । पता चला कि यह झगड़ा सिर्फ शहद की एक बूँद के कारण हुआ । जब यह बात लड़ाई झगड़ा करने वाले लोगों को पता चली, तो वे सब पछताने लगे और दुस्रो होकर सोचने लगे कि क्या शहद की एक बूँद मानव

के रक्त से अधिक मूल्यवान थी, जिसके लिए इतने सारे लोग आपस में ही लड़ मरे, सारी बात जानकर दरोगा ने सबको सीख देते हुए कहा, "बिना कारण जाने आपस में मार-काट करना और लड़ना मूर्खता है ।" सब लोग दरोगा की बात मानकर शांतिपूर्वक वहाँ से चले गए ।

### डिजिटल दुनिया का युवा पर प्रभाव

मेरा मानना है कि इस डिजिटल दुनिया के शोर में मानवीय संवेदनाएँ खो रही हैं । लगभग दस से पंद्रह साल पहले ऐसा लगता था कि यह शोर पश्चिम देशों तक ही सीमित है । वहाँ लोगों के पास शिक्षा है, जरूरत से ज्यादा खाली समय है, पर एक दूसरे के लिए समय नहीं है । वहाँ परिवार टूट रहे थे, रिश्ते बिखर रहे थे इसलिए अनजान लोगों तक पहुँच बनाना उनकी जरूरत थी । वे एक ऐसे बाज़ार की तलाश में थे, जहाँ उनकी आवाज़ सुनी जा सके । लेकिन हमारे यहाँ भीड़ से सफ़कें नरो पड़ी हैं, लोग एक दूसरे पर चिल्ला रहे हैं । गलियों बाजारों, टी०वी० हर जगह बहस चल रही है । भारतीय समाज मजबूत परिवारों के लिए जाना जाता है, एक दूसरे के लिए किए गए त्याग के लिए जाना जाता है । तो यहाँ इस डिजिटल दुनिया की क्या जरूरत है ? हमारा अपना परिवार है, हमारी मिश्रमंडली है । इमें डिजिटल दुनिया के शोर में जाने की जरूरत क्या है ? एक तथ्य के अनुसार दो हप्ता बीस तक इस डिजिटल दुनिया में हमारा हिस्सा 35 से 65 प्रतिशत तक होने वाला है । अनुमान है कि अकेले भारत में इसका 10 प्रतिशत हिस्सा पैदा होने वाला है । क्या आप जानते हैं कि ईकोनॉमिक टाइम्स की एक रिपोर्ट के अनुसार यदि भारत में पैदा होने वाले सारे डिजिटल डाटा को 32 बीबी क्षमता वाले आई-फोन में स्टोर किया जाए तो हमारे पास इतने फोन जमा हो जाएंगे जिसकी ऊँचाई माउंट एवरेस्ट से ज्यादा होगी ।

यदि 2020 तक पैदा होने वाले डाटा की टेकस्ट रूप में छपाई की जाए तो इसमें जितना कागज लगेगा, हमारी धरती से पल्टो तक दस बार आने जाने के लिए काफी होगा । गूगल पर हर दिन सैतालिस लाख सर्च की जाती हैं । हर दिन कैंडिड-कांड से 300 लाख का लेन-देन किया जाता है । हम कौसी दुनिया में घूम रहे हैं ? कहाँ खो गए हैं हम ? इस जीवन की भाग दोड़ में क्या हमने अपनी मानवीय संवेदनाएँ खो नहीं दी हैं ? हाइबे पर घायल व्यक्ति को उठाने के लिए कोई गाड़ी नहीं रुकती, संकड़ों गाड़ियाँ पाम से निकल जाती हैं । बिल्ली के उस दर्दनाक हावसे को याद कर मेरा रूढ़ काँप उठती है, जब लगभग 25 मिनट तक दामिनी जीवन की जंग लड़ती रही पर, उसे उठाने वाला कोई न था । कहाँ खो गई हैं हमारी मानवीय संवेदनाएँ ?

मैं आप सभी श्रोताओं से पूछना चाहती हूँ कि आपने पिछली बार कोयल की आवाज कब सुनी थी ? कब गौरवों को गले हुए सुना था और रंग बिरंगी तितली के सौंदर्य को कब अपनी आँखों में बसा डाला था ? आपने कब सुकून से बैठकर खुद से बात की है, किसी दुलिया का दुख कब हरा है, कब किसके कान में एक मीठी सी बात कह डाली है ?

डिजिटल दुनिया पर हमारा विश्वास इतना बढ़ गया है कि हम अपने मन की लुशियों को महसूस करना भूल गए हैं। हमारा हमारी योग्यताओं से विश्वास उठ गया है। शांत होकर चिंतन करना हमसे दूर हो गया है। नई चीजों को समझने में हमारी रुचि नहीं रही, अब हम उन्हें तलाशने भर से संतुष्ट हो जाते हैं।

मैं चाहती हूँ कि हम सब डिजिटल दुनिया के शोर से बाहर निकले। हम अपने बज्र को तलाशें और खिलखिलाकर हँसना सीखें। यदि ऐसा हो तो हमारी मानवीय संवेदनाएँ कभी खो नहीं सकती।

क्या से क्या हो गया है आदमी,  
जाने कहाँ खो गया है आदमी,  
डिजिटल दुनिया ने हाथ ! क्या कर डाला,  
जागा हुआ ही सो गया है आदमी।

ईशा माटिया  
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