



THE SANAWAR NEWS - LETTER

74

October

2014

Section I : From The School

Love You Mom

Kesang Doma, L-VI

If you would ask me what's the first word that comes to my head when you say cancer, two years ago I would've probably said "death". But now the answer would be my "mom".

It was October 1st, 2011, the sun was unsympathetic and relentless. With Uma Shankar's voice echoing on Peacestead and the excitement in the air, I decided to call my parents and give them a reminder of my first Founder's, only to know that they won't be able to come. Without even listening to the reason, I hung up on them and rushed to my dormitory. My friends saw me turning red, blue and green and preferred to stay away from me before I snapped at them. It was 4th October, when my dad came to pick me up and told me that my mom had undergone a "minor" surgery. I forgave him in a second and couldn't wait to get home to my mom just to realize that she was in Delhi, hospitalised.

My mom sounded just her normal self every time I called her up from school until one day when I spoke to my brother and I asked as to how she was doing to which he replied that she had just had her first chemotherapy. I asked him to say that again and no, I did not hear that wrong! It was chemotherapy. I screamed "What! Mom has cancer!" and all I could hear then was my dad in the background shouting at my brother for spilling the beans.

The idea of my mom having cancer ate me up every day. I met her on the 11th of December and she wasn't the same, with her hair fallen down and the weakest of face, she hugged me but with trembling hands and murmuring lips. I never once cried in front of her just to seem brave until one day when I went to see her at the hospital. My

brother and I ran to my mother's room just to see her arms lay waxen at her sides and the needles and tubes removed. I rooted my face into her body and pressed it against her belly and howled.

I can assure you nothing is worse that your own mother wanting to die. To see her in pain is a misery. It wasn't only me finding my way out of the woods but also to lend a hand to my mother and get her across the bridge. With every therapy, she looked more tired. With every medicine she felt worse. What was I to do when my own mother couldn't help but cry because she did not want to live anymore, because she could handle the pain but did not want to anymore.

It was only then when my brother stepped in. He came up to me one day and said that all mumma wants is for us to be happy, to which I snapped at him saying, "How can we when our own mom is at her worst?" He just walked away but after that every day I would see him put on a smile on his face and do the daily chores like any other day. He would treat mom as nothing had happened and occasionally fight with me too. I could hear him sob at night and sometimes during the day too. But never would he dare get that awful sad face of his in front of 'ma'.

With the last chemo medicine injected for her cancerous cells also came the last stage of her suffering. Recovery wasn't easy but it was surely what she needed. With every passing day I saw a leaf of sadness fall off her and a bud of hope and happiness grow. It is truly said that all's well that ends well. Because even though for two long years she went through immense pain, it seems like just a bad dream which had to end. She recovered successfully and is in the perfect health now and is living her life to the fullest.

All Work and No Play Makes Jack a Dull Boy

Nandini Prakash, L-VI

I had the strangest dream some nights ago.

I dreamt I was getting old and my hair were beginning to grey. I sat at my kitchen table doing nothing and only staring out of the window on a cold foggy morning. Images from the past came to my mind.

'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.'

Grandpa repeated this saying to me with a naughty gleam in his eyes whenever he saw me studying hard for an exam.

Twenty-Five or more years later I think he was both right and wrong.

Right because I missed out all the fun other kids of my age were having, playing in the park when I sat buried in my books. Last year at my class' silver jubilee reunion I could not but notice how well some of my classmates, who did not burn the midnight oil as I had done, were doing in their professional and personal lives. One was a Senior Police Officer, another a Chartered Accountant in the U.S. while another was the president of a reputed Multinational Company. I felt I had toiled uselessly. I should have played when everyone played. I had probably become dull and that is how I felt an outsider to all the mirth and laughter at the reunion.

Wrong because I guess we fail to recognize who we are and what we enjoy doing. Kahlil Gibran has said in his famous work 'The Prophet': "When you work you are a flute through whose heart the whispering of the hours turn to music." We often end up doing work we do not like and that work then becomes drudgery. For people who enjoyed doing what they are doing, work is the love of their lives and they attain mastery in what they do. Look at any successful person like a loved actor, a business tycoon or a famous sportsman you would invariably find that they are passionate about their work.

I woke up and I have been thinking about the meaning of my strange dream.

I think the dream was about making me aware, I must be careful in choosing my career and I must be very successful and happy. I must choose to do something I love to do. The dream was also to make me aware that there are deeper dimensions to the saying 'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy' and though Grandpa may have been correct at the superficial level, all work could actually make Jack a Sachin Tendulkar, Amitabh Bachchan or Steve Jobs.

"Happy Girls are the Prettiest"

Ambika Mahajan, L-VI

When I was small, I would always have a perpetual frown on my face and my mother would quote Marilyn Monroe and say, "Happy girls are the prettiest."

When I grew up, things didn't get better for me and I still would not smile. Not because I didn't like smiling but because I never really saw the point in showing people around me that I was feeling good or joyous. I would look in the mirror and see a gloomy, dull face staring back which upset me further. After all, in the race 'who is the prettiest amongst all?' I didn't want to be the last. My mother would sit beside and repeat 'happy girls are the prettiest' like a chant.

This quote did not really get into my head until a year back when I realized the meaning of those words and the fact that smiles are free so we should give them away. It dawned on me that being happy or smiling was not to show people anything but for my satisfaction. I realized being pretty isn't enough, one has to be beautiful through one's personality. Now why are happy girls the prettiest? It is because when you smile—a genuine, real smile—your eyes crinkle up in the cutest manner, your face lights up like a thousand bulbs, you feel happy overall and the best part is if someone looks at you then they end up smiling too. I don't think there's any feeling better than the one you get when someone smiles because of you. Being happy makes you feel pretty because it is not only about the looks but about how you feel too. You feel happy, you look happy and way more prettier than how you look when you're sad.

If you're happy, you're healthy and everything comes your way, all you have to do is to keep a positive outlook. Be and do things that make you happy.

Hence, today I would like to quote Marilyn Monroe and say, "happy girls are the prettiest." So keep smiling.

I was Born Intelligent but Education Ruined Me

Shiv Mehrotra, L-VI

I would like to share a very deep secret, I was born intelligent but education ruined me. I would like to quote Albert Einstein "What is education? Wasting half your life to learn how to waste the other half." To me the system of education seems quite illogical. You are marked for almost each and everything that you learn in the classroom which to a certain extent spoils it completely and then most of what we learn is just

written on a sheet of paper and then forgotten. Drawing conclusions and using it in real life situations is hardly encouraged. I don't remember what I learned in class X or in Class IX and next year I will most probably forget what I'm learning this year. Interesting, isn't it? They say don't be a part of the crowd but all the students of every school are expected to do the same things at the same time for the entire year.

Failure, as many great people say, is the first step towards success and you learn from failure but failing according to our education system is the biggest crime. Learn from mistakes they said, but still some marks would be cut, they never said. If a child fails, rather than trying to understand why he failed or what problem he has, the first thing that is done is his cheques are cancelled, Sundays are spoilt which further add onto his grief.

How often do we hear that each child is special and different, then how do you expect each and every child to appear for the same examination and do well. If someone is not good at doing something, don't force him to. The system is busy highlighting the students' flaws on the report card and not appreciating what he does well.

I would like to share an interesting story. There was once a monkey, a leopard and a fish. The monkey told the examiner, "I'm good at climbing trees." The fish said, "I'm good at swimming." And the leopard said, "I can run really fast." But the examiner had other ideas. He said, "Sorry, I can't judge all of you for what you are good at, everyone must appear for the same test. So all of you go, climb the tree." The monkey passed with flying colours, the leopard also did well but the fish failed.

One needs to understand that everybody is a genius but if you judge a fish by its ability to climb a tree, it will live its whole life believing that it is stupid.

Swachh Bharat

Karan Beniwal, U-V

The father of the nation had two goals in his mind—Quit India and Clean India. The Quit India dream was successfully accomplished but the Clean India dream still remains a dream. No stone should be left unturned to fulfil this dream. Before coming here, I thought is it only the job of the "Safai karamchari" to keep the premises clean? Isn't it the duty of the seven hundred and fifty students? We have to change our mindset. Therefore, as citizens of India, all of us are responsible to keep our school and country clean. Whenever we see filth or someone littering, we need to step forward.

I know that the "Swachh Bharat Abhyian" initiated by our Prime Minister will not be accomplished just through publicity campaigns. But, I am

grateful to the media and our Prime Minister for initiating the same. If we make this a collective people's movement, then I don't see any reason why India can't be counted as one of the cleanest nations of the world. If we Indians can reach Mars, then there is no doubt that we can clean our neighbourhood. Just like we keep our homes clean, India is our home and I believe that we will not leave India dirty. I have seen many villages where the "Sarpanch" is so alert that the village is totally clean. Many people are like that. Teachers of our school also take interest in keeping the premises clean.

When we go towards Rashtrapati Bhawan we feel good to see the clean surroundings. Shouldn't every corner of India be that clean? Gandhiji did not go to every locality to clean up, but, his commitment created awareness amongst Indians. We have to do it together. This is the work of the 125 crore Indians and not only the Government organizations and devoted Social workers—this is a mass movement.

In 2019, when Gandhiji will turn 150, we ought to give him a "Swachh Bharat" created with a collective responsibility. Quit India was successful due to the involvement of everyone in the freedom struggle—So will clean India. Now it's time to realize Gandhiji's words, his trust, his sacrifice and dedication, and believe his dream of a clean India. Often I meet people who come home after a foreign trip and talk about the cleanliness of the country visited. My question to them is always—Was the state of cleanliness the appealing factor? Was any body spotted littering or spitting? The answer is always NO! The secret of cleanliness is the discipline of its citizens. If we manage that, I'm sure India will do wonders.

Now, I invite you all to kindly rise and take an oath along with me :—

I take this pledge, that I will remain committed towards cleanliness and devote time for cleanliness I will devote at least, two hours per week, to voluntarily work for cleanliness.

I will neither litter, nor let others litter.

I will initiate the quest for cleanliness with myself, my family, my locality and my school.

With this firm belief, I will propagate the message of "Swachh Bharat", in villages and towns.

I will encourage hundreds of others, to take this pledge, which I am taking today.

I am confident that every step, I take towards cleanliness, will help in making my country clean.

Thank you and Jai Hind.

Destitute

Manan Gupta, L-V

I heard a cry,
from a boy near by,
He was asking for help,
for he was going to die.

He was lying under a thatched roof,
 where rain poured in drop by drop.
 He was suffering from starvation,
 there was nothing to eat, not even a chop.
 His thoughts were spinning in his mind,
 but the words wouldn't come out.
 He could see the death signs,
 but numb was his cold mouth
 he was an orphan since two,
 by fates game he was destitute too.
 People would see him and walk away,
 He was ignored as if he was a model of clay.
 He lay there in distress,
 On the floor, in a mess,
 He was about to breathe his last,
 And the time ran out fast,
 I ran towards him,
 I wished, I could yelp. But to my horror
 He was already dead!
 I stood there for a minute or two,
 And cried 'Oh Destitute'

Daddy's Daughter

Srijani Sankar Barik, L-V

Lieutenant Colonel Gilbert was a resilient man, old though. He was bald and ageing. He was the best soul in the orphanage, well, that was what I manipulated. I was the ugliest one in the orphanage, trust me. I had merely survived a knife through my body and glass on my face. It would take my lifetime to recover, according to the doctors.

After advertisements in the newspaper and the commercials on the television, most of the kids were taken away, I mean owned once again; but not me. I asked Gilbert as to why I wasn't taken by any parent; he answered that it was because I was special, and he owned me and loved me more than anyone else. That was just a consolation but it completely satisfied me.

And about my looks, Gilbert always told me that if he was my age, he surely would have fallen for me. He said that if you're satisfied with whatever you have, there's nothing that people can make you feel bad about.

Gilbert proved it that he loved me more than anybody else. He never was attached to someone like me. He was divorced so he was over with love for women, now it was only love for children. He told me stories about the Himalayas; he told me he went there on a skiing expedition where he lost his arm because of major hypothermia. He told me about the Yeti, Buddha and all other saints and spirits of the mountains.

Six years in the orphanage and I never felt single-handed. I went out to Mandalay and started up with rubies and other stones. I was affluent; I hadn't had enough space to keep my dosh. I made an angel of pure rubies for Gilbert and guess what, he didn't accept it. He disagreed and instead asked me to live with him.

I so didn't know that those were his last days. But we enjoyed a lot. We were never like strangers or some acquaintances; we were like friends, the best of friends. We played scrabble, monopoly and ludo. He said that he hated chess, but on my request, he played a turn and won to me. I cooked for him. He cooked for me. He even painted a masterpiece and I later went on to stud that with rubies and give it to the world magazine. We organized a soiree where there was a get together of all old age home citizens of the city.

One day, he was wheezing and coughing at his worst. So, I decided that he needed some sleep. He said that he didn't and I didn't argue. He started talking sentimental about how much he loved me and he had no grandchild or someone to be looked after by, except me. I just kept my head on his shoulder and listened. He sent me off to get the Geysler on so that he could take a bath.

As I returned, I saw him lying on the bed inside the covers with his face to the wall. I saw him sleeping. I didn't want to wake him up, so I decided that I could go to Aura and get Gilbert's surprise 70th birthday party planned. I came back at 5:00 to see that he was sleeping in the same position. I shook him. No response. I shook him more rigidly now, no response. I did the compression and CPR rescue, nothing. No, no. This couldn't have happened. Gilbert couldn't have died just a day before...no!

I broke down. I collapsed right beside the bed. I spotted a note written with Gilbert's signature Parker. I picked it up. In jagged, uncontrolled hand writing, it read, "Hey my Winnie the Pooh, Love you. Just gift me a wig on my burial. Sorry! I've always loved ya!"

Gilbert went away. Through my life time, I never bothered to call Gilbert Dad or Dada. I just called him his name. But he always had a dad's space inside my heart. Now, in my official documents I always state myself as Jamie Gilbert Robins D.O. (daughter of) Lieutenant General Gilbert Robins. Gilbert made me feel like a daughter and not just merely like any ordinary child. In case something happened to me, I've told my friends to inscribe Daddy's daughter on my grave.

Stand Out of the Crowd

Shreyas Dewan, U-IV

Stand out of the crowd,
 In order to survive,
 In the vast desert of sorrow,
 and difficulties of life.

Be only you and yourself,
 Don't imitate anyone else,
 Or, you'll just be a mere elf,
 In front of the tall towers of wealth.

Build up your own goal,
 which no other man can store,
 Work when others are enjoying,
 To achieve more and more.

Find your own way to the river of success,
Follow it and feel proud,
Handle situations wisely,
Then only you'll be above the rest of the crowd.

The Future

Manik Sood, U-IV

Nobody knows what future would be,
Well because it's impossible to see.
How would we look, what would we wear,
How much would we think and how much would we care.
When I think of future, I see flying cars
Outer space railways and life on Mars.
If someone would say that the future will be odd
Well, I know the person who can prove this,
That's the almighty Lord.

Keep Going

Rachna Brar, L-VI

You'll go places,
You'll see faces,
You know you have to be strong,
You know you cannot go wrong.
Keep going, don't turn back,
Trust yourself, you are on the right track.
Don't let anyone tell you, your life is over,
Be every colour that you are,
Because you know you'll get through.
They will rip you, bring you down to their size,
But they will never get to the heart you hold inside.
Just remember don't waste your life,
Just spread your wings, little butterfly.
Don't let what they say, keep you up at night,
And they can't detain you
Because wings are made to fly.
There will be another mountain,
You'll always make it move.
It's always going to be an uphill battle,
So, just keep going, don't turn back.
Trust yourself, you are on the right track.....

Educational Trip To Geological Survey of India

Serchen Doma, U-VI

"The application of GIS is limited only by the imagination of those who use it"
—Jack Dangermond.

On the 8th of August, 2014, the upper six Geography class accompanied by our teacher visited the Geological Survey of India, Chandigarh.

We were received by the staff at Geological Survey of India, who escorted us to the Geo-informatics department where Mrs. Satinder Dhillon a senior geologist gave us a presentation on the topic Geographic Information System (GIS). She touched

upon the relevant points such as the elements, types, features, sources, tools and uses of GIS. We learnt that GIS was invented in 1985 and its applications ranged from forests, wildlife, public works, commercial area analysis, agriculture and defence forces to name a few. We were also given an opportunity to see the various maps displayed on the notice board and other equipment essential for computerized map making such as, a manual digitizer, scanner and printers. This was followed by an interactive session where Mrs. Dhillon answered some of our queries.

After this we were taken outside to learn how to operate the GPS (Global Positioning System). As an exercise we located a place from where one of our batch mate came from. Once all of us had our chance to handle the GPS. We moved to the rock museum at Geological Survey of India which had a number of rock samples and fossils. In the end we watched a short film on the exploration of the GSI team of Geologist in Antarctica.

We are grateful to Mr. Yoginder Singh, Deputy Director General—Geological Survey of India, Chandigarh for permitting us to visit this prestigious institution. This visit helped us to gain a better understanding of the topic Geographic Information System which will go a long way in enhancing our performance in the Geography Practical Examination.

Extempore Competition-2014

Sindhu Bahuguna

Every year the school organises Inter-section English Extempore Competition for PD children. Extempore means spontaneous expression on any given topic without previous study or meditation. It may be a speech or poetry composed with little or no preparation or forethought. However, keeping in mind their tender age, they are given some time to think on all the topics and then express their views on the allotted topic. This year the Competition was held on 23rd August and the students exhibited their talent by speaking extempore on the topics that included "My Favourite Destination," "Advantages and Disadvantages of Cell Phones," "Importance of Mass Communication," "My Favourite Movie" and many more.

The result of the competition was as follows:

Class positions U-III	Class positions L-III
1st U-III C	1st L-III C
2nd U-III A	2nd L-III A
3rd U-III B	3rd L-III B

Individual positions U-III	Individual positions L-III
1st Manvender S. Chahal	1st Emaan Bhullar
2nd Tarika Khanna	2nd Karmanbir Singh
3rd Vivaan Singh	3rd Arjun Baweja

Life

Advaita Singh, L-V

Life is an opportunity, gain from it.
 Life is beautiful, smile towards it.
 Life is a dream, make it come here.
 Life is a challenge, overcome it.
 Life is a duty, obey it.
 Life is a game, win it.
 Life is a promise, fulfil it.
 Life is sorrow, forget it.
 Life is a song, sing it.
 Life is struggle, go through it.
 Life is a tragedy, face it.
 Life is an adventure, have fun with it.
 Life is luck, dare it.
 Life is too precious, do not kill it.
 Life is life, challenge it.
FIGHT FOR IT !

Intra-Class Sculpture Making Competition

Janhvi Arora, L-VI

The sculpture competition was held on the 21st of August '14 during the classes for all sculpture students of L-6 and U-6 who have taken it as the fifth subject. Each child made a three dimensional sculpture based on the topic "Animal forms". The animals like—dogs, squirrels, snakes, fish, camel, cats, polar bears, etc. were turned into beautiful forms in clay and were accompanied by various elements like shells, logs of wood, plants, sea creatures, etc. were seen in their natural habitats or mingling indirectly with the human world. It proved to be a very exciting and enjoyable experience. It boosted the confidence of all the students and provided them with a sense of accomplishment. The competition was successful and was judged by the related department staff members and the result is as follows :

Position	Name	House
U-6 :		
First	Abhichandra Shah	NBD
Second	Simar Kharbanda	VBD
Third	Lhenzin Choden	HGD
Consolation :		
First	Jenine Sandhu	NGD
Second	Sarah Yadav	VGD
L-6 :		
First	Udayan Roy	SBD
Second	Janhvi Arora	NGD
Third	Gurman Singh Dhillon	HBD

I Might Have Someone

Nimish Goel, U-IV

The people I wanted the most,
 Left me crying when I didn't know who I was.
 They left me in the dark,
 And I felt a dried piece of bark.
 Whoever by me is trusted well,
 Makes my life quite a hell.
 I wait for the day when I will have a life of my own,
 And will not have anything more to lose.

Oblivious

Aadya Gupta, U-V

The sky rumbled
 Lightning flashed
 The wind screamed
 And the rain pelted even harder.

The water fell like ice, soaking straight
 Through his sodden clothes
 His face felt numb, raw and exposed
 To the merciless wind and pitiless rain.

Defiantly, he cried out
 Thinking of love, happiness, courage, faith of
 happy times
 But, his thoughts pleasant as they were
 And his mission noble as it was
 Was no settlement to the elements
 And their fury unabated
 They carried on.

The ship tossed and turned on the violent sea
 Sails straining against the tempest
 The mast shuddering,
 Almost bending with the effort of straightening and
 the man saw it.
 His death.

A huge spur of rock,
 Black as midnight
 Stood in his path
 Bearing down on him with all its might
 Majestic in its size
 The ship heading straight towards it.
 Faster and faster blew the wind
 Louder and louder thundered the sky
 Harder and harder the clouds cried
 Bemoaning their misery for all to hear.
 A clap of thunder and a flash of lightning
 The captain stood erect
 All traces of desperation
 Vanished from his face
 And you could see it replaced
 By the grim lines of determination.
 And alone he stood
 Proud and erect,
 In front of the rock
 Haughty and arrogant
 With a last cry, a last cry
 Of defiance
 He crashed
 And down he went
 Slowly accepting his fate.

While fathoms below
 In the belly of the sea
 Where nothing is heard
 And everything is felt
 Where the movement of water
 Is a gentle rise and fall
 A far cry from the tempestuous storm above
 The multicoloured corals lie,
 Dreaming
 Seemingly oblivious.

PD Inter-Section English Declamation

The PD Inter-Section English Declamation Competition was held on 13th September, 2014. The children of L-III and U-III took part with a lot of zeal and enthusiasm.

They spoke on a variety of topics like Books-our best friends, importance of newspapers, empowerment of women, importance of saving our environment and many more. They expressed themselves with a lot of quotes, anecdotes and related incidents accompanied with gestures and facial expressions. Altogether, it was a delight watching the preppers speak on such mature topics with a lot of conviction. The following were the positions:-

	Individual Positions	Class Positions
First	Aamira Jain L-3 C	L-III C
Second	Shlok Mittal L-3 C	L-III B
Third	Aashi Shekhar L-3 B	L-III A
First	Rehan Verma U-3 A	U-III A
Second	Shourya Gupta U-3 C	U-III C
Third	Avanti Aggarwal U-3 A	U-III B

PPS—Nabha 2014

Ananya Bhadauria, U-VI

The Shri J.K. Kate Memorial, Inter-School Conclave consisted of a quiz, a debate and a round of creative writing. The debate team consisted of Ananya Bhadauria and Ajaitaj Thakur and the quiz team comprised of Aryaman Malhotra and Shivendra Singh Chhabra. Sanawar stood second in the quiz, which was truly commendable as it was a spontaneous participation. The school qualified in the preliminary round consisting of twenty two school and made it to the top six. Thereafter, we were runners up in the quiz.

The debate team made it to the top four schools, others including Mayo College Girls, Ajmer, Genesis Global School, Noida and Punjab Public School, Nabha. Sailing through the prelims we made it to the semi-finals and stood third overall. Ananya Bhadauria was adjudged the 'Best Speaker' for the semi finals.

Life is a Beautiful Struggle

Sarah Yadav, U-VI

Life is not always simple. It is not a fairytale. It is as complicated as we want it to be.

Being a teenager in today's world is demanding and exact. We have to fit.

Fit with other's wishes, fit with ourselves. Fit with our peer groups. In all this fitting we seem to lose sight of ourselves, who we really are.

Often we get bagged down with what life demands out of us and we may not necessarily present the best side of us to the world.

However, we must remember that if we want the world to believe in who we are, first we must believe in ourselves and let our 'inherent beings' be true. Frustration, anxiety and anger come along naturally.

So, take a deep breath, calm down, count to three and you'll realize that the world is a beautiful place.

Smile at people, hug a tree, pet a dog, listen to music, read a book, dance a little, laugh until you cry.

Countless ways to get rid of all that negative and distressing baggage. Then you'll fit.

Somewhere down the line you'll understand that the turbulent times of 'now' are the first phases that are shaping us for the future.

Don't let situations get the better part of you, instead like the phoenix, rise up, high and above and soar into the glorious future that awaits you.

Section II : SPORTS NEWS

All India Dulip Singh Memorial Hockey Tournament—2014

Our hockey team participated in the 12th All India Dulip Singh Memorial Hockey Tournament 2014 for Senior Boys held at BCS, Shimla from 30th October to 1st November. A total of 6 teams participated including Pinegrove School, Dharampur, Mother Teresa School, Kurukshetra, SINC School, Coimbatore, TISC, Bengaluru, The Lawrence School, Sanawar and the hosts BCS, Shimla. Although we did not make it to the finals, our boys received quite a few individual awards. Shiv Mehrotra got the man of the match award in the 1st match against Pinegrove. Aryan Chauhan and Bir Aftab Singh Randhawa also got the man of the match awards in the third and the fifth matches against Coimbatore and BCS respectively. The best Goalkeeper of the tournament award was also bagged by Shiv Mehrotra. Sohrab Gill's hatrick against TISC, Bengaluru was like the icing on the cake.

Section III : O. S. News

Gaurav Shrinagesh, HBD-1988, is an alumnus of The Lawrence School, Sanawar and holds a Bachelors degree in Economics and Statistics from St. Xavier's College, University of Mumbai, prior to his MBA. Gaurav is the CEO of Penguin Random House in India since the two global publishing giants merged a few months back. Gaurav joined as a consultant with Bertelsmann AG in 1999 post his MBA from Melbourne Business School and donned several hats like heading the Business Development function for Bertelsmann China, heading the overall operations for Bertelsmann in China as Managing Director, and then taking up the role of Managing Director for Random House, Bertelsmann in India in 2009. Post the merger with Penguin, Gaurav was named as the Chief Executive for the Indian operations of the entity.

हिन्दी खण्ड

दिनांक 10-9-14 को हुई अन्तर्वर्गीय हिंदी चित्र लेखन प्रतियोगिता के परिणाम निम्नलिखित रहे :

कक्षा-छठी

स्थान	नाम	कक्षा
तृतीय	उत्कर्ष सिंह	छठी-सी
द्वितीय	शौर्य गुप्ता व साक्षी गुप्ता	छठी-सी छठी-बी
प्रथम	तारिका खन्ना	छठी-ए

कक्षा पाँचवीं

स्थान	नाम	कक्षा
तृतीय	पथ्या सिंह	पाँचवीं-ए
द्वितीय	साहिल गर्ग व पार्थ शर्मा	पाँचवीं-ए पाँचवीं-ए
प्रथम	सिद्धार्थ अरोड़ा	पाँचवीं-बी

दिनांक 20-9-2014 को हुई अन्तर्सदन हिंदी कविता पाठ प्रतियोगिता के परिणाम निम्नलिखित रहे :

सदनगत परिणाम :

स्थान	सदन
चतुर्थ	--- हिमालय
तृतीय	--- शिवालिक
द्वितीय	--- नीलगिरी
प्रथम	--- विंध्या

व्यक्तिगत परिणाम :

स्थान	नाम
तृतीय	... रिमानिका भूटानी
द्वितीय	... पुरु मांजरे
प्रथम	... पार्थ जैन

दिनांक 26-9-14 को विद्यार्थियों ने प्रार्थना समा ने विभिन्न लेखकों के निम्नलिखित विचार पढ़े :—

इस दुनिया में अनेक प्रकार के धन हैं। सभी धन तृष्णा जगाते हैं। मनुष्य एक धन को पाकर दूसरे धन को पाने के लिए बेचैन हो उठता है। परिणामस्वरूप मनुष्य का जीवन अशांत हो जाता है। वह दिन भर कुछ न कुछ पाने के लिए प्रयत्न करता रहता है। रात को कल की योजनाएँ बनाते-बनाते सो जाता है। परंतु जिस दिन मनुष्य को संतोष रूपी धन मिल जाता है, उस दिन वह सचमुच सुखी हो जाता है। उसकी चिंताएँ मिट जाती हैं। हलचलें शांत हो जाती हैं। भाग-दौड़ रुक जाती है। वह अपने भीतर आनंद ही आनंद पाता है। मन में बेपरवाही की भस्ती छा जाती है। संतों ने भी कहा है— 'चाह गई चिंता मिटी, मनवा बेपरवाह।' ऐसे आदमी के सामने अन्य सांसारिक सुख फीके प्रतीत होते हैं। इसलिए जो कुछ मिला है, जितना मिला है, उसमें संतोष कीजिए। मैं यह नहीं चाहता कि हम उन्नति करने के लिए प्रयास करना छोड़ दें। हम प्रयास तो करें पर जितना भी पास है उसमें संतोष करें, तभी सुकून मिलता है, शांति मिलती है।

धर्मवाद
मनमोत
कक्षा नौवीं

कहते हैं कि मन ३ हारे हार है, मन के जीते जीत यानि जो व्यक्ति मन से अपने आप को हर बात, हर चीज या हर काम के लिए हारा ही महसूस करता है, वह सच में किसी काम को करने की काबिलीयत नहीं रखता है, लेकिन जब आपके मन का आत्मविश्वास कमज़ोर पड़ने लगे तो खुद को शाबाशी देना भी अच्छा रहता है। कैसे बढ़ाएँ अपना सेल्फ एस्टीम ? लक्ष्य तक पहुँचने तक का रास्ता जानबूझ कर इतना मुश्किल बनाया गया होता है ताकि व्यक्ति में सचमुच अपने भीतर बदलाव की इच्छा हो। इसलिए निरंतर बदलावों के लिए प्रयास करते रहना चाहिए।

किसी व्यक्ति का आत्मविश्वास कमजोर हो तो उसे सब से पहले अपनी समस्या पहचान कर हल करने की दिशा में कोशिश करनी चाहिए। कोई भी व्यक्ति संपूर्ण नहीं होता। कुछ न कुछ कमी हम सब में होती है, कुछ लोग इन कमियों को दूर कर लेते हैं तो कुछ इनमें बिना बदलाव लाए भी अपना काम चला लेते हैं। दिक्कत तब आती है, जब कोई व्यक्ति अपनी कमियों में सुधार लाने की कोशिश ही नहीं करता और सिर्फ उनके बारे में सोचता रहता है। ऐसे लोगों के आत्मविश्वास में तेजी से कमी आती है। अगर आपके साथ भी ऐसी समस्या है तो आपको आज से ही मिशन काॅन्फ्रेंस में जुट जाना चाहिए और अपने व्यक्तित्व को नए शिखर पर पहुँचाने का प्रयास करना चाहिए।

इस मिशन के तहत मैं आपको एक बहुत ही आसान एक्सरसाइज बताऊँगा, जिसे 'सेल्फ टॉक' कहा जाता है। आप मन ही मन अपने आपसे बातें करते हुए खुद अपना आत्मविश्वास जगाएँ, ध्यान रहे कि इस दौरान आप अपनी बहुत ज्यादा गलतियाँ न निकालें। सिर्फ अपनी किसी एक कमजोरी पर फोकस करते हुए उसे दूर करने के लिए खुद से कहें कि यह काम ज्यादा मुश्किल नहीं, मैं इसे खुद करके देखता हूँ या मुझे पक्का यकीन है कि मैं इसे अच्छी तरह पूरा कर पाऊँगा। जिन लोगों का दृष्टिकोण नकारात्मक होता है, वे पहली बार में पूरे विश्वास के साथ खुद से काम पूरा करने का वादा नहीं कर पाते। ऐसे लोगों को शुरू में खुद से कहना चाहिए कि यह काम मैं करके देखता हूँ। हो सकता है कि सफलता मिल ही जाए। इसके बाद व्यावहारिक जीवन में इसे लागू करें।

हर इंसान में आत्मविश्वास की कमी के कारण अलग-अलग होते हैं और सभी में इसका स्तर भी समान नहीं होता। इसलिए ऐसे लोगों को उनकी समस्या के स्वरूप और उसकी गंभीरता को ध्यान में रखते हुए सेल्फ एस्टीम बढ़ाने के लिए एक्सरसाइज बताई जाती है। अपने इस मिशन पर काम करते हुए धैर्य का साथ न छोड़ें। अपने प्रयासों को कई छोटे-छोटे चरणों में बाँटते हुए आगे बढ़ें। उदाहरण के तौर पर अगर आपको दूसरों से नज़रें मिलाकर बातें करने में घबराहट होती है तो सबसे पहले शीशे के सामने खड़े होकर खुद से नज़रें मिलाकर बातें करने की कोशिश करनी चाहिए। ऐसी प्रैक्टिस करने के बाद आप खुद को सहज महसूस करने लगे तो दूसरों से नज़रें मिलाकर उनका अभिवादन करें।

प्रार्थना :

हे ईश्वर ! ऐसी कृपा कीजिए कि हम मन से कभी न हारें तथा संतोषी बनें।

अर्चित डेल्हू
कक्षा दसवीं

फिर क्यों

इस दुनिया में
लड़ना है सबको,
विघ्नों, रुकावटों से।
जीवन मंजिल पर चलना सहज
तो नहीं, पर लक्ष्य तक
पहुँचना है शान से।
कुछ धनवान, कुछ निर्धन
थोड़ा ज्ञान, थोड़ा अज्ञान
हैं सभी एक
फिर क्यों ?
सम्मान-अपमान।

मालिक, महाजन को सम्मान ?
रात-दिन इमारतें खड़ी
करता है जो,
फूलों को संतान सा
प्रेम देता है जो,
मज़दूर माली को,
फिर क्यों अपमान ?
मानव जाति ने जन्म लिया
एक ही मूल से
सभी लौटेंगे मिट्टी बनकर
असीम शक्ति के पास
सभी एक पिता की संतान
फिर क्यों ?
सम्मान-अपमान।

सृजनो शंकर बारिक
कक्षा नौवीं

दिनांक 13-9-14 को सम्पन्न हुई अन्तर्सदन कनिष्ठ हिंदी भाषण प्रतियोगिता में प्रथम स्थान प्राप्त करने वाले छात्र कबीर खान ने निम्नलिखित भाषण प्रस्तुत किया।

“छेड़ो न कमानों को, न तलवार निकालो,
जब तोप मुकद्दिल हो, अखबार निकालो।

आदर्शनाथ सभापति महोदय, नीर-क्षीर विवेकी निर्णायक-गण एवं मेरे अजीज वीस्तो ! इतिहास गवाह है कि विचारों की ताकत के आगे बस व तलवार भी नाकाम हुए हैं। इंसान मर जाता है मगर विचार नहीं। देश 28 सितम्बर को शहीद भगत सिंह की 107वीं जयंती मनाएगा। इसलिए यह अत्यंत प्रासंगिक है कि आज की युवा पीढ़ी शहीद भगत सिंह के विचारों से प्रेरणा ले। आज मेरे वक्तव्य का विषय भी यही है— 'शहीद भगत सिंह के प्रेरक विचार।'

अपनी शहादत से कुछ ही समय पहले शहीद भगत सिंह ने देश के युवाओं को संबोधित करते हुए कहा था—“देश के लिए शहीद होना सबसे सर्वोच्च पुरस्कार है और मुझे गर्व है कि मैं यह पुरस्कार पाने जा रहा हूँ। ब्रिटिश सरकार सोचती है कि वह मेरे शरीर को नष्ट करके भारत में सुरक्षित रह जाँगे। यह उनकी भूल है। वे मुझे तो मार सकते हैं लेकिन मेरे विचारों को नहीं। ब्रिटिश हुकूमत के सिर पर मेरे विचारों की तलवार का प्रहार तब तक चलता रहेगा, जब तक वह भारत छोड़कर भाग जाने पर मजबूर न हो जाएँ।”

कुछ लोग शहीद भगत सिंह को हिंसा का समर्थक मानते थे जबकि यह गलत है। जब भगत सिंह से ‘क्रांति’ के बारे में पूछा गया तो उन्होंने कहा था—“क्रांति के लिए खूनी संघर्ष जरूरी नहीं है। नाही क्रांति के लिए बम या पिस्तौल की जरूरत है। क्रांति का उद्देश्य होना चाहिए—अन्याय पर आधारित समाज व्यवस्था में आमूल-मूल परिवर्तन।”

फाँसी पर चढ़ाए जाने से 3 दिन पहले शहीद भगत सिंह ने एक पत्र में लिखा था—“जब तक एक इंसान द्वारा दूसरे इंसान का और एक राष्ट्र द्वारा दूसरे राष्ट्र का शोषण चलता रहेगा। तब तक विश्व में शांति की स्थापना नहीं हो सकती। आज भी मजदूरों को अपने प्राथमिक अधिकारों से वंचित रखा जा रहा है और हमारे अन्नदाता किसान खुद सपरिवार दाने-दाने को मोहताज हैं। दुनिया भर को कपड़े पहनाने वाले बुनकर और

कारोगर अपने तन ढकने भर भी कपड़ा नहीं जुटा पाते। सुन्दर महलों को बनाने वाले राजमिस्त्री और मजदूर अपनी पूरी जिन्दगी बिना छत के ही बिता देते हैं।”

भगत सिंह देश की विषमताओं से दुखी रहते थे तथा दलितों के उत्थान पर जोर देते थे। छुआ-छूत का विरोध करते हुए उन्होंने कहा था कि कैसा निर्मम समाज है हमारा, जहाँ हम पशुओं की पूजा तो करते हैं, परन्तु एक इंसान को साथ नहीं बैठा सकते।

अन्त में मैं यह कहना चाहूँगा कि भगत सिंह के विचार आज भी अत्यंत प्रासंगिक हैं और हम नौजवानों का कर्तव्य बनता है कि हम उनके विचारों को अपनाएँ और देश तथा विश्व को बेहतर बनाएँ। यही उनके प्रति हमारी सच्ची श्रद्धांजलि होगी। शहीद भगत सिंह ने अपने छोटे भाई कुलतार को लिखे आखिरी पत्र में लिखा था—

हवा में रहेगी तेरे स्यालों की बिजली
ये मुझे छाक है फानी
रहे न रहे, रहे न रहे।

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