

THE SANAWAR NEWSLETTER



100

SEPTEMBER

2017

Section I : From The School

This is Daddy

Srijani S. Barik, U-VI

Beloved Quaith,

Being a ruthless antagonist to the mentalities of all beings pious, I had never thought about heaven or hell, never had I ever believed in life after death. You just die; I saw nothing more to it. You see, darling, I was a man who thought, and all thinking men are atheists. That way, you get to live your life without being scared. I am scared. I am selfish, and so, I am scared only for myself. I don't bother if the world forgets me, really. I am meant to be forgotten. Forty seven years of perpetual beauty just passing into nothingness. I am not ready for this. But darling, do I have an option?

What will happen to me after I die? Will it all just vanish away? Or will I be suffocating under incandescence? I am not talking about my body, you'll put it in a coffin, in a tomb, in the graveyard and forget about it, I know. Will I feel myself even after I die? Like these priests say, will my soul still exist? Will I see the Golden gate to heaven? Oh, don't bother; I am going to hell, it there is one at all. Will they weigh my heart against my sins? Will I be reborn?

I feel like this little naive child that I was, asking my father where my mother had gone. He said that mother had gone to the angels to be an angel and watch over me. I told him that mother was right there in the ground. Questions about death bother me, Quaith. They will bother you too, some day, when you know that life comes to an end for all. It is only then that you realize that it had always been easy, dying is so difficult.

Darling, I am dying with lots of regrets. Everybody has some. They lie when they say that they don't, it is just lame. Die with lesser regrets. You won't feel scared.

I smile through tears as I write this to you.

I write this to you, as you sit at home with your mother, too scared to see me die, Darling, will you too ask your mother where I am?

I write this, darling, as a catheter is pushed down my vein, for a death sentence.

Love,

Daddy.

The Last Bend

Ada Kolhi, U-VI

It started with excitement and fear,
And a completely different place to explore.
We knew it would be a long journey ahead,
Knew it's time that me want more.
How fast years flew past,
A lot of stories each of us have to share.
We may not see the same faces again,
It's going to be a very different life out there.
Your problems will be yours alone to face,
Just keep the strength inside of you.
Through the journey you can either frown or smile,
And learn alot that you never knew.
It's not about the best of times,
But the worst that make us see.
The values of the times we laugh,
After falling on our knees.
So don't look back at the negatives of life,
But the good that you derived from it.
Things may actually be falling into place,
You will get to see it bit by bit.
Do the best you think you can,
Don't let anything come in your way.
But if you fail again and again, don't lose hope,
Because tomorrow will be another day.
Everything always happens for a reason,
And so our time here is about to end.
Grab all the opportunities coming your way,
And make the most of your last bend.

Charred Memories

Lilly-Perle (Exchange Student from St. Philip's College, Alice Springs, Australia)

Fleur ambles down the featureless drive way stained with the tyre marks of her father's old crimson car. She misses him. *That's not why you're here.* She remembers the smell of it. Aged leather, musky and burnt, its seat covers peeling and sagging in the heat. How safe she felt in the seat's embrace. *No.* Fleur's matchstick legs burn with effort climbing upward towards the old house. Her sculpted figure and tapered waist, move swiftly and elegantly. Fleur's burnished complexion glistens in the soft glow of darkness and light as a pair of dark, arched eyebrows look down on sweeping lashes. Fleur's sapphire eyes gaze at the surrounding forest, entangled in green and towering wood. Her scarlet lips tremble in anguish as her body halts abruptly before the blackened stairs of the crumbling walls that own them. *It's okay.* A deep breath eases her mind as she runs her thin fingers through her long, brooding locks that plunge over her shoulders hiding her swan-like neck.

Against the dark sky, all Fleur sees are the skeletal ruins of her childhood home that are nothing more than a ghostly silhouette of some previous existence. The wind whistles through the trees, bringing with it the laughter of the children that once played and the caring call of a mother letting Fleur and her siblings know that dinner was ready. It sweeps tendrils of curled hair to gently caress the nape of her neck and skim her angled collarbones. Fleur forces herself to take a step on the remnants of what were once stairs. They moan in protest, gradually becoming more unstable. Another step forward means another step back into her past that she is not completely convinced she can face.

Fleur stares at the charcoal door barely holding on by rusted hinges, deciding if she is ready. After years, touching the thick beams of wood, blackened and charred from where the flames had licked them, they still felt warm. The timber seeps into Fleur's skin, as she traces the crusts of dirt ingrained inside the wood like thread. She holds the once gleaming handle and pushes. Screaming escapes the hinges to make Fleur wince. Her eyes open to see grey ashes and cold embers replacing the soft warmth that cushioned her childhood. Memories of mouth-watering aromas permeate the air bringing with it the ache of home. *Stop. You can't. You can't.* Her face twists in agony, destroying her features. *I'm sorry.* Tears streak beneath her eyes and fall onto her tweed trench coat. It catches the droplet that slowly start to soak the thick fabric. She begins to wipe her cheeks of her guilt, an uncomfortable pull of rough effort on her porcelain face. Fleur releases the buckle of suede that hugs her waist and feels a gentle lift. Sliding her hand inside her pocket to withdraw a tattered telegram reveals her purpose to return to the town.

Final Commuication. Miss F. Jones. We regret to inform you of the construction of the railway line which will unfortunately traverse your family

property. Please present yourself to our office before 30th July, 1946 to sign the necessary documents allowing demolition. Regards, Abernathy and Cadwell, Antorneys at Law.

She walks over the cold embers, like the soles of her feet kiss it lightly. She shuffles through the debris and ashes. *You can't give it to them, you can't.* Another tear falls beneath her, and pierces the lifeless ashes that were once part of her home. *But they won't stop, no matter how hard I try.* Pain engulfs her into tormented desperation as she prays for a miracle that will never arrive. *Be Strong.* She runs out of the house distraught and into the forest. The moon turns the falling leaves into a flaming patchwork of colours. Fleur stops and gently catches one. She twirls the leaf daintily between her thin fingers and observes its imperfections. She notes the swirls of red, yellow and brown bleeding into each other. Another ombre leaf floats effortlessly into her hand and she grasps it. Fleur feels a soft mist of rain that follows on the wind. The breeze whirls the falling foliage around her as she lifts her head to the sky and releases the leaves to it. A cold droplet is released from the clouds and falls upon her cheek, it follows her sharp jawline down her face to her chin. The bedarkened sky embraces the incessant pillows of white as glittering drops of silver are carried on a light, ruffling breeze, unlocking the raw fingers of the earth's hungry fist. She throws her arms into the wintry air flows through her fingers feeling like velvet. *I can't give this up to them.* She walks back to the house kicking leaves into the air as if she were a little girl again. Another groan escapes the stairs as she climbs them and soot fills the air around her feet. Fleur walks towards the back of her house but is interrupted.

Her piercing eyes dart to a crunch under her feet. Lifting her foot reveals shattered glass enclosed with an intricate blend of metal and seashell. It clutches the glossy photograph of sand clinging onto a family of blissful smiles with wondering eyes stretching far over the horizon encompassed in blue. *They aren't here anymore, they just aren't.* She bends down and holds the frame delicately to pull the colourless photo out of its protector. *I love you, but I need to let you go.* Fleur caresses the picture gently like a faint plume. *I should have been here when it happened. It's my fault. I'm sorry.*

Your Sky

Veni Gupta, L-V

Our life is just like a sky. You never know where it ends, when it ends and how it ends. The clouds are the people in your life. They come and they go. The clouds come and take over your sky. They either make your sky look pretty or scary. The white clouds make it look pretty and the black clouds make it look scary. But one has to keep in mind that they disappear too soon. The winds just

blow faster and faster until they disappear, they have no choice. Just how the world does not work according to one individual, similarly the wind does not work according to the cloud. The direction of the wind is set, just like how destiny is set. It is how nature works.

In your pretty sky you will have brightness and happiness. It makes everybody happy. So, the sun represents happiness. But just like the clouds, even the sun cannot stay forever. There has to be a sunset, a time when the sun has to set down. Let the moon take its place and let the darkness arise. The darkness symbolizes fear. There has to be an eclipse and a twilight. But even the darkness can make your sky look pretty and scary at the same time. And also, darkness gives some people happiness. Always remember that without the dark you cannot see the stars. According to me, the stars represent your dreams. Though darkness is predictable but even the darkness is not permanent.

Nothing is permanent in life. It is very uncertain sometimes because of the clouds. Sometimes life changes so quickly that it makes either you or the clouds cry-just like the rain. There may be storms too, but even the storms won't last long. Life, comes at us fast sometimes, as if we are running on the path of life than walking on it. These tears can do nothing but make you even more sad. It takes more energy to be sad than to be happy. Neither can it be bright throughout your life nor can it be dark. Never let the dark scare you. There are various ups and down in life which one has to face-many days and nights one has to make through. Just don't let fear or guilt lead your life. You are the ruler of your sky-your life. The clouds in it don't matter much. Just don't let anything ruin it.

So, if you are in the dark, just wait for the dawn to break through, make you happy again and pull you out from the dark-from the fear of life.

Life and Death

Akanksha, U-V

Someday it will all be over. Someday you won't have to worry about anything anymore. Someday life and death won't be very different. The end of one is beginning of another. One fades away to let the other shine. It gives away itself to give way for the other. Someday alive and dead won't be very different. In the end, we are all just a memory.

If remembered, then just by our deeds. To end your physical presence in this world, your body makes its way back to the soil. To give its bit to the earth. To pay back for all the love, care, nourishment this planet has offered. And most of all, for our very existence. We all leave this world one day. Our bodies are honoured by the ones who loved us or cared for us. For our bodies are all that's left of us. Once we leave this world

and go back to the world we truly belong to. Our own world exists within this world. It is very similar yet so different. A world where all your secret wishes and desires come to life in your death. Everything there works your way. Your world defines who you are. It's about you. And, in this world, the ones who loved and the ones who cared would wonder why you left and where you went. The trail of questions is endless. The pain seems to be everlasting. It may seem devastating but even in this world there is a subconscious knowledge of your alternate world of paradise. Someday it won't hurt. Someday death won't matter because before it, came life. The power of life lies in the word itself. Even when you are in your alternate world, there is always a part of you that remains with your loved ones. For even in death, you shall be there. The constant pillar of unconditional love and support. Because love never dies. It fights through all odds. It remains. Just like a soft kindling flame in a chilly breeze. Someday it won't be the same. Someday death won't hurt as much. Someday it will all be over. Someday, you'll see...

Broken Mess

Aarushi Thakur, L-V

Her smile so infectious,
Her laugh like harmony,
The incessant twitching of her lips always subtle,
But those eyes,
Oh! Those beautiful eyes glisten with sadness.
Those dark brows pleaded with me to walk away,
I could see the depth of her clouded eyes.
How she wanted me to stay
She needed someone to convey the lies to,
The lies she never told,
The truth she never let unfold,
The truth of what lay under.
But fear overpowered her need,
Fear was what she built a barrier upon,
The barrier that was her Kryptonite,
Weakened her and left her soul dry.
She couldn't hold on anymore,
Those dark brows losing their sparkle,
The light dimming in her life,
The one who was known by many, by none,
Walked away and left,
Left me to interpret what lay underneath the,
BROKEN MESS.

Stereotypical Mothers

Vidhi Agarwal, U-VI

First of all I would like to ask all of you that in your family is it your mother who has to always do what the entire family wants her to do including your grandparents, your father or in that case you, yourself or is it your mother who everyone has to listen to. I'm quite sure that in most of the families the dominated one is the mother but this for sure doesn't apply to my family. So how are the usual

mornings at your house? The mother waking up early, making breakfast, shouting at the helper, keeping the newspapers, praying and so on but my usual mornings are like my dad trying to wake my mom up, telling her it's time for my sister's school bus to arrive. I'm sure all of you miss your mom's delicious food in school, well I don't and it's not because she doesn't cook but, it's because she hardly cooks. It's quite usual for my dad to remind the helper about the finishing grocery but what's usual for my mom is demanding food on the dinner table and my dad screaming 'it's ready'. A normal parent teacher meeting for any child would be their mother complaining about them not studying, not eating or drinking milk or maybe too much indulgence in electronics but for me it's just my dad and I sitting at the back and laughing at the mothers who go on complaining about their own children. I have often heard mothers complaining about their husbands coming home late and not spending enough time with their family but in my family it's my sister and I waiting for our parents to come back home and sometimes it's my dad calling my mom up and telling her it's late and time to come home. My dad is actually a very hardworking man and it's not because he works too hard in office it's because he works too hard on convincing my mother for a small holiday. But I don't think you should be as shocked as you are right now because there is no such rule that it's always the mother who has to cook all the meals or the father can't order the helper. I think now is the time for the fathers to become househusbands and the mothers to become business women.

Miracle of the Giant Peach

Krishna Roy, L-IV

Once there lived a poor orphan boy named Brock. His parents loved him a lot. But when he was six years old, his parents went to buy some medicines for Brock's mother, Mrs. Bakelite, as she was suffering from fever. After they were returning, a mad rhino which had escaped from 'The Pewter Zoo', crushed them and ran away. Brock kept on waiting for his parents but his blood dried up when he heard the news of his parents.

From that time, he used to live with his aunts on top of the Vermillion Hill. They lived in a wooden house with fence all around and a small backyard. His elder aunts name was Almonda and her sister's (Brock's younger aunt's) name was Casheura. They treated Brock like a slave. Whole day he would be locked in a dark room with a small window. Luckily, they were on a great height, so the view was beautiful from the window. He came out of the room for washing clothes, washing kitchen utensils and then for cleaning the house. After that he got a little food and half glass milk mixed with water everyday and he went out to play for sometime from four O'clock to four thirty and then again go off to sleep, locked in the dark room. Even while playing he could not cross the

fence, otherwise he would be punished. Sometimes when his folks came, he tried to make them laugh by cracking jokes, so that they keep on coming again and again to give him company.

One day, he was playing in the small field while both the sisters were sitting and taking a sun-bath with a lemonade in their hands. Then suddenly, something caught the attention of Brock's eyes. It was a bright-orange, juicy, round and pulpy peach. He called Casheura and Almonda. They were fascinated when they saw the peach. They ordered Brock. "Hey you! young stupid guy, get that fruit for us!", said Almonda. "Yes! Yes! Get it right now!", said Casheura, supporting her sister. Brock threw pebbles at it, hit it with a stick, and even tried to climb up the tree. But the fruit was too high for a twelve-year old boy. It was really a very difficult job for him. But Almonda angrily said, "You won't get milk tonight!". Brock's luck was not with him and he failed in bringing down the peach.

That night when Brock was dreaming about the glass of milk, a sound woke him up. Sound of something falling down. When he looked outside the window, he did not find anything as it was too dark. Then he slowly moved down on the old creaky wooden stairs. He observed that both the women were asleep. He went outside in the back yard and an unimaginable sight greeted him, giving him a scandalized expression. The peach he saw in the garden grew as big as a..... giant peach. He moved towards the big fruit. There was a gate. He opened it to see what's inside. He entered the fragrant atmosphere and the juicy and bumpy surface. There he saw something he did not expect. His very own parents. They were scientists and they sent robots to buy medicine. But a greedy man kidnapped them for some bad works. But they escaped from there and made a laser gun which turned them small by pressing a red button and a green button had to be pressed to turn the small peach into a giant peach. After entering the peach, they turned the peach big and applied the laser beam on themselves to regain their size. They happily told him the whole story and at last told him that they had fit a G.P.S. in Brock when he was a baby. It took them six years to track Brock and they lived in the peach for a week, waiting for it to grow. They went away from that city and bought a new house and they lived happily ever after.

Moral :

Be good to a good person,
And good to a bad person,
Afterall, good things will come to the good person,
Who is good to everyone.

Louder Than

Ishika Sen, U-IV

Louder than the thunder rolls,
 Louder than the loudest train that goes;
 Louder than the lion's roar,
 Louder than the airplane that soars;
 Louder than the bear's growl,
 Louder than the wolf's howl;
 Louder than the giant walking,
 Louder than the people in the fish market talking;
 Louder than the shooters shooting,
 Louder than the owl hooting,
 Louder than the disco music,
 Louder than the country representative;
 Louder than anything more,
 That's how loud my dorm does snore!

In a Bed of Cheese

Zoya Khurana, U-IV

One day I woke up in a bed of cheese. There was cheese sticking to me. Slowly I realised that I was eventually going deeper and deeper into cheese. I had to rescue myself. So I looked for something. I then realised the long french fries roof. I extended my arm and a fry came towards me like a rope for rescue. Hanging and dangling through the roof I saved myself. I think then I realised two rats on the bed. I thought it was better to leave them alone feasting on all the cheese.

The Temple of Heartbreak

Aadya Gupta, Super Sixer

Tears streaming down his face
 Breaths in short, rapid gasps
 Hands working furiously,
 Heart beat pounding
 Slashing away
 Angry words in black ink on
 Pure white paper.

Sweat beads his forehead
 Anguish in his eyes
 Words on his lips
 And agony in his heart.

Up, down, the words are slashed
 Big angry strokes of pain
 Sometimes, the paper recoils
 Tearing under their anguish
 The very air cringes from him
 Writhing in aching, heart breaking sympathy.

Eyes black as midnight
 Shining with the radiance of a thousand
 Fiery stars
 Now blurred...
 With the mists of misery.

And...
 If you step closer
 And care to look at the words
 What you will see is sure
 To break...
 Your heart.

Your eyes will fill
 Your hands will tremble
 Your shoulders will shake
 And you will bow your head
 In obseance
 At...
 The temple of heart break.

DSMUN '17

Partesh Romana, L-VI

Our school participated in the Doon School Model United Nations, 2017 held at Dehradun. Our team comprising of four students took part in it and we were accompanied by Mr. Devesh Verma. Chaitali Verma, got a special mention in her committee DISEC representing Madagascar. The other students who took part were Gaurika Mehtani (UN FCC, United Arab Emirates), Soham Sharma (UNW Iran) and Partesh Singh Romana (UNW, Saudi Arabia). The chief guest for the ceremony was Mr. Rahul Gandhi who addressed the gathering about the importance of Human Rights among other social issues after which he answered the questions asked by the delegates sitting in the auditorium on national and international issues. The overall experience of all the students who took part was knowledgeable and enriching. We all went there with information about our country and agenda but these three days we came to know about policies of other countries by the delegates present in the committee, their lives and steps taken to tackle the issue at hand. After such a fruitful experience we all look forward for more MUN'S.

Inter-Class English Spell-Bee Competition

An Inter-Class English Spell-Bee Competition was held for L-IV and U-IV classes on 19th August, 2017 in Barne Hall. The participants were selected on the basis of the prelim round held during classes. The four teams that made it to the finals were L-IV C, U-IV B, U-IV C and U-IV D. The six rounds were Spell What I Say, Mr Word, Great Library, Miss Spelling, Books on Reel and Rapid Spell. The result is as follows:

Position	Name	Class
First	Noopur Sharma Param Raj Jot Singh Ahuja Saamarth Kharbanda	U-IV B

Second	Chitragada Thakur Rajdeep Pal Tanvi Sood	L-IV C
Third	Ishika Sen Shivaditya Singh Rathore Zoya Khurana	U-IV D

Silver Fiesta

Ananya Mukherjee, U-V

Silver fiesta, a movie appreciation competition. The name itself sounds so interesting and exciting. We too were really excited about it when we got to know we were expected to participate in this competition. So, on 28th of July, Srijini, Soham, Nixxita and I supervised by Major Priya left for KASIGA SCHOOL, DEHRADUN, to participate in the competition.

We were welcomed warm heartedly by the family of KASIGA SCHOOL. Since we were the defending champions, we had pressure on us. We wanted to prove ourselves.

The next morning there was the opening ceremony. After the inauguration, all the participating teams were to attend a workshop. In the workshop, we were told how to make a critical review of the movie and analyse it from different angles. We realised that a movie can be seen from different perspectives, which we doubted most of us had even thought about. We were also suggested to watch many movies which have been declared classics. Once the workshop got over we had a break. And then the movie was to be screened.

The movie was a Kurdish movie called 'Bekas' meaning homeless. The movie was set in Iran. Two orphan brothers Zana and Dana of six and ten years respectively try out all ways to go to America to meet superman (a fictional character) who will solve all their problems. But towards the end of the movie, Dana accidentally steps on an explosive in the middle of a dessert. Zana, goes to a nearby town to look for help, but the people were extremely unkind. Then Dana risks his life to save Zana and picks up in his foot. But nothing happens. It was a malfunctioning in the explosive. Then the brothers are together once more. They realise that they don't need superman to solve their problems. They both are each other's superman and if they stick together they can fight against all odds of life.

The movie left us on the edges of our seats. Then started the presentation. Each team had something different to say. Listening to all other teams widened our horizon of thinking. Srijini and Soham were the speakers from our team. Both of them spoke extremely well but the competition was very tough.

After the presentations, the prize distribution took place. All of us were of course nervous. We were extremely happy when it was announced that we were the first runner's up. The host school were the winners. We all witnessed a fabulous orchestra by the western band of the KASIGA School which was followed by tea.

We would like to thank our teachers for giving us this wonderful opportunity. Overall it was an extremely enriching experience.

World Schools Debates-2017

A group comprising of twelve boys and girls, escorted by an English Teacher, attended one of the hard core debating programmes. World Schools Debates at Karanjska Gora in Slovenia from 24th June to 1st July, 2017. It is an international debate training not only for advanced debaters but also for the beginners.

The participants got an opportunity to debate and interact with students and trainers from forty-five nations. The students attended lectures on public speaking, argumentation, refutation etc. which were followed by exercises on the same. Further, they had four practice debates and then five preliminary rounds of intense debates on a variety of issues. A total of four debates were won by Sanawarians.

Team Toronto was adjudged the Winner for the year 2017. Participating in World Schools Debates was a great learning experience, which has definitely helped the students to enhance their public speaking abilities along with argumentation and reasoning skills.

MUNs

Sanawar participated in three MUN Conferences—Jr. Oakridge MUN Conference at Mohali, Birla Public School MUN Conference at Pilani, Rajasthan and Doon School MUN Conference at Dehradun.

Jr. Oakridge MUN took place on 18th and 19th August, 2017 at Oakridge International School, Mohali.

Around thirteen schools took part in this conference. Nine students participated from our school and secured four positions.

Viyom Dhawan got a Special Mention in his committee—United Nation Special Commission on Drugs.

Shourya Gupta got a Special Mention in his committee—Maze Runner.

Simar Gabadia got an Honourable Mention in his committee—Disarmament and International Security Committee.

Yatharth got an Honourable Mention in his committee—Special Political and Decolonization Committee.

Other students who participated in this conference are :—Dhruv Singh Rathore, Anant Jain, Nishant Pajni, Priyam Gupta and Mannic Ahluwalia.

DSMUN Conference took place from 18th to 20th August, 2017 at Doon School, Dehradun.

Around twenty five schools took part in this conference. Four students participated from our school and we secured one position.

Chaitali Verma got third position (Honourable Mention) in her committee-General Assembly DISEC.

Other students who participated in this conference are:—Gaurika Mehtani, Partesh Romana and Soham Sharma.

Sr. BPSMUN Conference took place from 18th to 20th August, 2017 at Birla Public School at Pilani, Rajasthan.

Around twenty schools took part in this conference. Thirteen students participated from our school and secured seven positions.

Tarika Khanna got a Verbal Mention and a Cash Prize of Rs. 500/- in her committee-Senate of Rome-44 B.C.

Sheen Banga got a Verbal Mention and Cash Prize of Rs 500/- in her committee-Organization for the Prohibition of Chemical Weapons.

Yudeep Sinh Gaekwad got a Verbal Mention and a Cash Prize of Rs 500/- in his committee-United Nations Security Council

Anandita Maini got third position (Special Mention) and a Cash Prize of Rs 1000/- in her committee-International Court of Justice.

Arindham Bhatia got Second Position and a Cash Prize of Rs 1500/- in his committee-Organization for the Prohibition of Chemical Weapons.

Avanti Aggarwal got the Best Reporter Award of International Press.

Jaiveer Singh got the title of Best Delegate of Proceedings of the whole MUN Conference and Cash Prize of Rs 2000/- in his committee-United Nations Security Council.

Other students who participated in this conference are :- Rhea Bedi, Yakshita Bansal, Karanveer Kumar, Tushar Garg, Sanaabi and Aarav Khilnani.

Section II : SPORTS NEWS

HP State Shooting Championship

HP State Shooting Open Championship was held at Aradhana Shooting Academy at Rohru-HP from 8th to 10th September.

Twelve girls and nine boys from Sanawar participated in the championship and bagged six Bronze, six Silver and nine Gold Medals.

List of Shooters who won the medals are :

Event 1 : Open Sight Air Rifle

1. Unnati Swami won two gold medals in junior and youth age groups.
2. Arjun Brar won one gold medal in junior and one bronze medal in youth age group.
3. Sheen Banga won two silver medals in youth and junior age groups.
4. Isha Gupta won one bronze medal in junior age group
5. Gokul Arora won one bronze medal in junior age group.

Event 2 : Peep Sight Air Rifle

1. Navya Monga won two silver medals in junior and youth age groups.
2. Amiteshwar Singh Sidhu won one bronze medal in youth age group.

Event 3 : Pistol

1. Abheyjeet Singh Sidhu won two gold medals in junior and youth age group.
2. Dhriti Malik won two gold medals in junior and youth age groups.
3. Aamira Hundal won two silver medals in junior and youth age groups.
4. Muskaan Suri won two bronze medals in junior and youth age groups.

Event 4 : 25 Metre .22 Standard Youth Men

1. Abheyjeet Singh Sidhu won one gold medal in 25 meter .22 standard youth men.

Event 5 : Trap

1. Abheyjeet Singh Sidhu won one gold in junior men TRAP event.

List of other participating shooters :

- a. Anshruta Thakur—NGD
- b. Bhavica Seth—NGD
- c. Rhea Bedi—SGD

- d. Ria Uppal—SGD
 e. Surastie Phutela—HGD
 f. Arjun Ahluwalia—HBD
 g. Aryan Garg—HBD
 h. Jaiveer Singh—HBD
 i. Sagar Sayal—VBD
 j. Suryaveer Singh Kadyan—SBD

Section III : O. S. News

OS Reunion

(1) An OS Reunion was organised at the Royal Yatch Club in Mumbai on 2nd September, 2017. The Headmaster, Mr. Vinay Pande and OS President Lt. Col J S Chandel attended the same. The Headmaster spoke about his vision for Sanawar and the development agenda planned for the school.

(2) Prof. Parveen June Kumar (OS 58 SGD) has been conferred the prestigious Dames Commander of the Order of the British Empire (DBE) for services to medicine and medical education in June 2017.

The 74-year-old Professor of Medicine and Education, Bart's and the London School of Medicine, Queen Mary, Universty of London, is the co-editor and author of a revolutionary 1989 textbook, 'Kumar and Clark's Clinical Medicine', which is credited with improvements in the education of medical students, doctors and nurses in training both at home and abroad.

Heartiest Congratulations!

(3) Anirudh Singh (OS 93) and Lokinder Singh Verma (OS 64)

Meet Anirudh Singh, the man behind the panic/emergency button on mobiles. Father Lokinder and Son team have been awarded a global patent.

The Modi government become the first-ever government in the world to pass a law mandating the use of technology for women's safety. The government compelled all mobile manufacturers to include a 'panic' or emergency button on their handsets, for women safety and prevention of crime, from Jaunary 1, 2017. This successful lobby, however, was 16 years in the making. Anirudh Singh had been gunning for this cardinal alteration to mobile phones that could potentially be the difference between life and death for users since the turn

of the millennium. He has spent this decade and a half not only perfecting this technology, but also working on another feature that would take safety precautions to a whole new level.

Kudos!

हिन्दी खण्ड

प्रार्थना सभा में विचार

दिनांक—12-9-17

नाम—ईश्वरधन सिंह

कक्षा—आठवीं बी

नमस्कार ! आज मेरे वक्तव्य का विषय है "रामचरित मानस" से ली गई चौपाई—

"जहाँ सुमति तहँ सम्पति नाना,
 जहाँ कुमति तहँ विपत्ति निधाना ।"

सुमति का अर्थ है—अच्छी बुद्धि अर्थात् अच्छे मन से किया गया कार्य एवं व्यवहार । अतः जहाँ पर सुमति होती है वहाँ विभिन्न सम्पदाओं का निवास होता है । इसी के द्वारा मानव मन में प्रेरणाओं का उदय होता है । इससे मनुष्य स्वार्थ की भावना को छोड़कर सहयोग की राह पर चलना सीखता है । सुमति से जहाँ अज्ञान व अहंकार का नाश होता है, वहीं कुमति का निवास होने से मनुष्य का सब कुछ नष्ट हो जाता है । वह विपत्तियों से घिर जाता है ।

सुमति से मन का मेल दूर होता है और धीरे-धीरे हमारे मन में निर्मलता अर्थात् अच्छी बातों का संचार होने लगता है । इससे हमारे मन में निराशा के भाव उत्पन्न नहीं होते हैं । सुमति के अर्थ से हम अच्छी तरह परिचित हैं फिर भी हम दूसरों को कष्ट पहुँचाने का अवसर कभी नहीं छोड़ते हैं । इसका परियाय होता है—मानसिक अज्ञाति । अतः हमें जीवन में सदाचारी-व्रतना है तो अच्छे विचार, अच्छे व्यवहार एवं अच्छी बुद्धि का प्रयोग करके व्यवहार करना है जिससे हम आने वाली विपत्तियों से बच सकें । हमें त्याग एवं सुमति रूपी धन को प्राप्त करने के लिए साधना करनी चाहिए ।

धन्यवाद !

प्रार्थना :—

हे ईश्वर ! हमें ऐसी बुद्धि दीजिए जिससे हम समाज को ज्ञान का प्रकाश दे सकें ।

शिक्षा :— अच्छे विचार हमेशा अच्छे होते हैं जबकि बुरे विचारों से अपना ही नहीं दूसरों का भी बुरा होता है ।

प्रार्थना सभा में विचार

दिनांक—14-9-17

नाम—श्रुतिक राय

कक्षा—छठी सी

हिन्दी मेरे रोम-रोम में, हिन्दी में मैं समाया हूँ,
हिन्दी की मैं पूजा करता, हिन्दोस्तान का जाया हूँ...
सबसे सुन्दर भाषा हिन्दी, ज्यों दुःसहन के माये बिन्दी,
सूर, जायसी, तुलसी कवियों को, सरित-लेखनी से बही हिन्दी...
हिन्दी से पहचान हमारी, बढ़ती इसने ज्ञान हमारी,
माँ की कोल से जाना जिसको, माँ, बहना, सखी-सहेली हिन्दी ...
निज भाषा पर गर्व जो करते, छू लेते आसमाँ न डरते,
शत-शत प्रणाम सब उनको करते, स्वामिमान, अभिमान हे हिन्दी...
हिन्दी मेरे रोम-रोम में, हिन्दी में मैं समाया हूँ,
हिन्दी की मैं पूजा करता, हिन्दोस्तान का जाया हूँ ..

14 सितंबर को पूरे देश में हिन्दी दिवस मनाया जाता है। सरकारी विभागों में हिन्दी की प्रतियोगिताएँ आयोजित की जाती हैं। साथ ही हिन्दी प्रोत्साहन सप्ताह का आयोजन किया जाता है। हमारे स्कूल में भी हिन्दी चित्र लेखन प्रतियोगिता का आयोजन किया जा रहा है। हिन्दी भारत में सबसे ज्यादा बोली जाने वाली भाषा है और इसे राजभाषा का दर्जा प्राप्त है।

14 सितंबर 1949 को संविधान सभा में हिन्दी को राजभाषा का दर्जा दिया गया था। हिन्दी के महत्व को बताने और इसके प्रचार-प्रसार के लिए राष्ट्रभाषा प्रचार समिति के अनुरोध पर 1953 से प्रतिवर्ष 14 सितंबर को हिन्दी दिवस के तौर पर मनाया जाता है। 1918 में हिन्दी साहित्य सम्मेलन में भारत के राष्ट्रपिता महात्मा गाँधी ने हिन्दी भाषा को राष्ट्रभाषा बनाने के लिए पहल की थी। गाँधी जी ने हिन्दी को जनमानस की भाषा भी बताया था।

इस पर साल 1949 में स्वतन्त्र भारत की राजभाषा के प्रश्न पर 14 सितंबर 1949 को काफ़ी विचार-विमर्श के बाद यह निर्णय लिया गया जिसे भारतीय संविधान के भाग 17 के अध्याय की धारा 343(1) में बताया गया है कि राष्ट्र

की राज भाषा हिन्दी और लिपि देवनागरी होगी। क्योंकि यह निर्णय 14 सितंबर को लिया गया था। इसी वजह से इस दिन को हिन्दी दिवस के रूप में घोषित कर दिया गया।

प्रार्थना सभा में विचार

दिनांक—25-8-17

नाम—नूर सेठ

कक्षा—आठवीं बी

मजहब नहीं सिखाता आपस में वैर रखना

नमस्कार ! आज मेरे वक्तव्य का विषय है कि धर्म कभी किसी को आपस में वैर-भाव करना नहीं सिखाता अपितु वह तो पूरे समाज को एकता के सूत्र में पिरोने का काम करता है। हम सबको अपने-अपने धर्म ग्रंथों की लिकी गई बातों को अपने जीवन में उतारकर उनका अनुकरण करना चाहिए जिससे हम समाज को एक नई दिशा एवं सोच दे सकें।

आजकल जो माहौल बना हुआ है उससे पुरा प्रबुद्ध समाज भयभीत सा मालूम पड़ रहा है। लोग धर्म के नाम पर अपना उल्लू सीधा कर भोली-भाली जनता को बेवकूफ बना रहे हैं। ऐसे में हमें चाहिए कि हम धर्म की दीवारों को तोड़कर थोड़ा आगे बढ़ें और एक सार्वभौमिक धर्म की स्थापना पर जोर दें, जिससे पूरी पृथ्वी पर शांति स्थापित हो सके।

आज जो धर्म के नाम पर दंगे-फसाद हो रहे हैं इससे हमारा देश ही नहीं अपितु सम्पूर्ण विश्व इसकी आग में जल रहा है। इस समस्या से बचने के लिए हमें आपस में प्रेम एवं भाईचारे की भावना से रहना होगा वरना वह दिन दूर नहीं जब हम धर्म के नाम पर एक-दूसरे से लड़कर समाप्त हो जाएंगे।

धर्म हमें कभी भी आपस में वैर रखना या लड़ाई करना नहीं सिखाता। वह तो हमें सही रास्ते पर चलना व जीवन जीने की राह सिखाता है। लेकिन आजकल कुछ लोग धर्म का सहारा लेकर अपने राजनैतिक एवं आर्थिक स्वार्थों की पूर्ति कर रहे हैं।

आगत में मैं कहना चाहूँगी कि धर्म हमें इस पृथ्वी पर पावन रिश्तों में बाँधने का कार्य करता है न कि हमें तोड़कर बिलरने का।

प्रार्थना :—

हे ईश्वर ! हमें शक्ति दीजिए कि हम जीवन में अपने धर्म का सच्चे अर्थों में पालन कर सकें।

अन्तर्संदनीय वरिष्ठ हिन्दी भाषण प्रतियोगिता

तिथि—30-8-2017

नाम—अंशुल श्रोत

स्थान—तृतीय

कक्षा—बारहवीं

आदरणीय अध्यापकगण, निर्णायक मंडल एवं मेरे प्रिय सहपाठियो ! आज की इस भाषण प्रतियोगिता में मैं एक ऐसे विषय पर अपने विचार प्रकट करना चाहता हूँ जिसे बहुत ही साधारण रूप में लिया जाता है। मेरा विषय है—अनंत संभावनाओं के द्वारा खोलती निंदा। हम अंग्रेजी में इसे Criticism कहते हैं। कुछ ऐसा वातावरण बन गया है कि जिसे देखो निंदा ही करता रहता है।

पत्नी कामवाली की निंदा करती है, कामवाली पत्नी की निंदा करती है। बॉस कर्मचारी की निंदा करता है। कर्मचारी बॉस की निंदा करता है। छात्र अध्यापकों की निंदा करते हैं, अध्यापक छात्रों की निंदा करते हैं। हद हो गई है, पड़ोसी पड़ोसी की निंदा करता है। कमी संसद में जाकर देखिए, सरकार और विपक्ष एक दूसरे की निंदा करते हैं। मैं अब सोचने पर मजबूर हो गया हूँ कि निंदा को Professionalism के रूप में क्यों नहीं देखा जाता ?

बहुत पहले कबीर जी ने कहा था, “निंदक नियरे राखिए, आंगन कुटी छवाए। बिनु साबुन पानी बिना, निमल करे सुभाए।” अर्थात् निंदक को पास रखो, वह हमारे स्वभाव को साफ कर देगा, लेकिन दोस्ती ! जमाना बदल गया है। अगर आज आप निंदक को अपने पास रखोगे तो इतनी निंदा करेगा, इतनी निंदा करेगा कि frustration से भर जाओगे। आत्म-विश्वास हिल जाएगा और रातों की नींद उड़ जाएगी।

इसलिए मैं कहता हूँ, निंदक से बचकर रहिए और हो सके तो खुद ही निंदक बन जाइए। गया जमाना, अब निंदा करने से लोग लक्ष्य से भटक जाते थे। नए जमाने में यदि आपको निंदा

करना अच्छा लगता है, तो ना केवल आप सामान्य हैं बल्कि आप अपने आप को बचाते हुए तरक्की की राह पर बढ़ते हैं।

कई लोग तो ऐसे होते हैं, जो जब तक निंदा नहीं करते उनके भोजन नहीं पचता। पेट में गुड़-गुड़ होती है, तो फिर निंदा शुरू कर देते हैं। ये मुँह के सामने अच्छा बनेंगे और पीछे से आपके नाम को रोएंगे। भगवान बचाए, ऐसे निंदकों से। पर सच मानिए, निंदा से मन की बेचैनी दूर होती है और आप हल्का महसूस करते हैं। अगर आप अपनी गलती के लिए दूसरे की दोष देकर निंदा करें तो इससे बेहतर क्या हो सकता है।

समय आ गया है कि निंदा के लिए एक प्रोग्राम चलाया जाए। Professional निंदक जानता है कि कहाँ, कब, किसकी और कितनी निंदा की जाए। यह तो मैं नहीं कह सकता कि स्कूल में निंदा विषय की अपनी क्लास होनी चाहिए पर हाँ कमी-कमी Professional निंदक को Guest faculty के रूप में बुलाया जा सकता है।

हमें क्या लेना-देना बहादुर शाह ज़फर से, क्या लेना-देना trigonometry के Sin-Cos से, बस भारत के हर मंत्रालय से एक निंदा अधिकारी होना चाहिए, राजनैतिक दलों के निंदा प्रवक्ता होने चाहिए।

प्रिय साथियो ! निंदा बहुत सरल है। प्रशंसा करने में बहुत बल लगता है और कड़ी निंदा तो, सब कुछ हारकर भी सरकार ही कर सकती है। आम आदमी यह सहन नहीं कर सकता। इसलिए मेरी आप सभी को सलाह है कि भले ही चुप रहिए, सहन कर लीजिए, मुँह फेर लीजिए लेकिन निंदा न कीजिए क्योंकि तुलसीदास जी ने सही कहा है, “परनिंदा सम नहीं अधमाई। इसलिए इस मोक्ष कर्म से बचें और प्रशंसा करना सीखें।

अन्तर्संदनीय वरिष्ठ हिन्दी भाषण प्रतियोगिता

तिथि—30-8-2017

संदनगत परिणाम :

स्थान	संदन
चतुर्थ	नीलगिरी
तृतीय	हिमालय
द्वितीय	शिवालिक
प्रथम	विष्णु

व्यक्तिगत परिणाम :

स्थान	नाम	सदन	कक्षा व वर्ग
तृतीय	अंशुल शौक	नीलगिरी	बारहवीं-डी
द्वितीय	जयबीर सिंह	हिमालय	दसवीं-बी
प्रथम	करनबीर कुमार	विष्या	दसवीं-ए

कक्षा-नोंवी

स्थान	नाम	सदन	कक्षा व वर्ग
प्रथम	कृपांग कंवर कटयप	हिमालय	नोंवीं सी
द्वितीय	यक्षिता बंसल	शिवालिक	नोंवीं सी
तृतीय	हितैवी चंदाणा	विष्या	नोंवीं सी

अन्तर्वर्गीय हिन्दी चित्र लेखन प्रतियोगिता

तिथि—14 सितंबर, 2017

कक्षा-पाँचवीं

स्थान	नाम	सदन	कक्षा व वर्ग
प्रथम	आरन कृष्ण	शिवालिक	पाँचवीं बी
द्वितीय	ओजस जैन	शिवालिक	पाँचवीं सी
तृतीय	जयहर कौर	नीलगिरी	पाँचवीं सी

अन्तर्वर्गीय हिन्दी अनुच्छेद लेखन प्रतियोगिता

कक्षा-दसवीं

स्थान	नाम	सदन	कक्षा व वर्ग
प्रथम	तुषार गर्ग	विष्या	दसवीं बी
द्वितीय	जयबीर सिंह	हिमालय	दसवीं बी
तृतीय	लक्षिता सेठी	विष्या	दसवीं बी

कक्षा-छठी

स्थान	नाम	सदन	कक्षा व वर्ग
प्रथम	समाइरा अरोरा	हिमालय	छठी ए
द्वितीय	स्तुति कपूर	नीलगिरी	छठी ए
तृतीय	शीर्ष जग्ना	शिवालिक	छठी सी

अन्तर्वर्गीय पंजाबी निबंध लेखन प्रतियोगिता

तिथि—14 सितंबर, 2017

कक्षा सातवीं

स्थान	नाम	सदन	कक्षा व वर्ग
प्रथम	सहर संधु	शिवालिक	सातवीं ए
द्वितीय	खितरांगदा	हिमालय	सातवीं सी
तृतीय	अनाहत प्रभार	विष्या	सातवीं ए
	नीशांत पजनी	विष्या	सातवीं ए

कक्षा-सातवीं

स्थान	नाम	सदन	कक्षा व वर्ग
प्रथम	मोक्षी शर्मा	नीलगिरी	सातवीं बी
द्वितीय	अनुष्का मुखर्जी	विष्या	सातवीं सी
तृतीय	कोति जिंदल	हिमालय	सातवीं डी

कक्षा-आठवीं

स्थान	नाम	सदन	कक्षा व वर्ग
प्रथम	अनन्या जुल्का	नीलगिरी	आठवीं सी
द्वितीय	जानशीन बाला	हिमालय	आठवीं ए
तृतीय	नूर सेठ	नीलगिरी	आठवीं बी
	पुवम सोनी	हिमालय	आठवीं सी

कक्षा आठवीं

स्थान	नाम	सदन	कक्षा व वर्ग
प्रथम	पुवम सोनी	हिमालय	आठवीं सी
द्वितीय	समर्थ खरबंदा	हिमालय	आठवीं बी
तृतीय	इशिका सुन	विष्या	आठवीं सी

अन्तर्सदन कनिष्ठ हिंदी भाषण प्रतियोगिता

तिथि—16 सितंबर, 2017

सदनगत परिणाम :

स्थान	सदन
चतुर्थ	शिवालिक
तृतीय	हिमालय
द्वितीय	बिष्वा
प्रथम	नीलगिरी

व्यक्तिगत परिणाम :

स्थान	नाम	सदन	कक्षा व वर्ग
तृतीय	सानवी खुराना	शिवालिक	सातवीं डी
द्वितीय	आर्यन गुप्ता	नीलगिरी	नोंवीं बी
प्रथम	अर्जुन संधु	बिष्वा	नोंवीं बी

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