



DELHI PUBLIC SCHOOL GHAZIABAD

MEERUT ROAD

An initiative of Delhi Public School Ghaziabad Society

THE WONDER YEARS' MUSINGS

Students Creative Team



Sai Prasad Prusty
11-A1



Shivam Sharma
8-B



Kabir D Raj
8-B

Social Networking



Agrim Sinha
Class: 10-H

One of the most commonly asked questions today is whether you are a twitter, Instagram or Facebook user. In fact if we find a friend not using any of the popular social networking service, we find him/her strange. The moment we realize about our friends' absence from the site, we start labelling them as an outcast. This tells us about the kind of impact that social media has on us.

Social Media has become a medium which allows youngsters to voice their opinions and views when they feel something unjust is going on around them. Social media has become a source of information with thousands of hash tags trending that aware netizens of the new happenings.

As social networking becomes a common topic of discussion for teens and youngsters, most of us want to share our likes and dislikes with other people through such forums. This has given the software developers and engineers another reason to come up with the innovative ideas that are in sync with the contemporary lifestyle..which is indeed appreciable. However, the problem arises when youngsters overuse these social networking platforms and compromise their social life by constantly updating their profiles to let people know how 'cool' they actually are. This is also one of the main reasons why personal interaction has been affected to a great extent.

It is not that social networking is bad; it is doing what it has to do to connect people with their loved ones. But using it judiciously is in our hands. But I would like to forewarn my fellow teenagers... Don't let technology control you. Talk to people personally or call them up, get engaged in face-to-face communication and use social networking within limits to balance your life. Social networks are definitely a boon to the society, but too much of it can affect our social progress.

Motivation



Navya Dagar
Class: 7-J

When you are in the depths of depression, motivation is all that you need,
To get out of that chasm, which is so wide and deep.
I know the silent killer, it takes over you when you have no hope,
Then go to someone who won't say "I'm busy so nope".
A role model is one who inspires you to always smile,
Do what your heart tells you and never lie.
There is a speciality of humans I know,
If they work hard they can achieve anything in a row!
So never give up,
Bad times go as quickly as they come and good times last longer,
Just think out of the cup.



PLASTIC: A Threat to the Environment



Vandita Parasher
Class: 8-B

Plastic Plastic everywhere ...keep it in a limit otherwise it will harm the environment. Plastic is the most common material which is used in our daily life for various purposes. It is a synthetic material which can be molded into desired shape when softened and hardened to produce durable article. The term plastic means "easy to mould". Everyday approximately 8 million pieces of plastic find their way into the oceans. There are now around 5.25 trillion macro and micro – plastic pieces floating in the open ocean. Humans produce over 300 million tons of plastic every year. Plastic accounts for disturbing up to 90% of all marine life .

Plastic has become indispensable today because of its exclusive qualities of being durable, cheap, light weight, easy to mould. It is widely used in grocery shops, packaging, road stalls, stationery shops etc. The plastic articles are thrown carelessly then they get into dirty water drains and sewers and block the drainage system. Sometimes the animals eat up the used polythene bags causing death of these animals. The disposal of plastic is a major problem. Since it is a non-biodegradable material so it cannot decompose easily. The burning of plastic wastes gives out harmful gases which pollute the air. The waste plastic articles keep accumulating in the surroundings and pollute the environment. Plastic is now a worldwide environmental and health concern.

Since the use of plastic articles is not good for the environment, we should take some measures to save the environment from the harmful effects of excessive use of plastic. We can minimize the use of plastic by using bags made up of cotton cloth or jute instead of polythene bags. We should not throw polythene bags, wrappers of chips, biscuits and other eatables in water bodies, on the roads, in parks or at picnic places. One should reuse the plastic containers which come with jams, pickles, oils and other packed food materials for storing salt, tea leaves, sugar etc. in the kitchen. All the plastic wastes in the homes, shops and industry should be collected and sent for recycling to plastic making factories. One should remember the 5R's to save the environment. Reduce, Reuse, Recycle, Refuse and Recover. It's high time now, we should take some strict measures to protect our mother earth and our environment from the excessive use of plastic.

Self-Reliant India



Ananya Mayawala
Class: 9-G



Our beloved PM addressed the nation
To apprise the citizens,
Why Self-Reliant is must
In this leading century of 21st.

After the Pandemic or throughout it
We resolved to fight with it,
From zero, India now produces around 2 Lakh PPE kit
And soon we expect a label of "MADE IN INDIA" on each & every antiseptic,

We hope this dream comes true very soon,
And India will enlighten the world just like a new moon.

Online Learning



Jaanya Vijn
Class: 8-J

I can clearly recollect, our exuberance and excitement on being promoted to a new class and the beginning of the new session, but little did we know that the deadly pandemic is soon going to engulf us all in an unforeseen manner. There was a complete lockdown in the country. Schools and offices were shut as per the government orders to prevent the spread of the strain of this contagious disease. Though Government provided relaxations to the commercial sectors, our schools are still shut. It is not just me....but everyone around who is experiencing something like this for the first time in their lives.

As the old proverb says, "Every cloud has a silver lining". We finally witnessed some light. Our school initiated the process of online learning and I believe life has changed for good, post that. Initially it did pose some challenges like any new process would, but gradually with the support of our gurus, we all settled well in this new system of education. Students and teachers are now well versed and in tune with this new way of learning. Clarifying our doubts, engaging in discussions, various online activities and quizzes, and let us not forget online assessments, all these have become a part of our learning journey.

I would like to thank our teachers as this new way of teaching was new for them as well, without their efforts it would not have been possible. Our teachers teach us with the same enthusiasm and dedication. So what if the platform has changed, the relationship that we maintain with our gurus is just the same.

I would like to sincerely thank our School Management and Principal whose vision led to this new way of learning so that our academic growth steams ahead without a glitch.

The New Anomaly



Krrish Narrayan
Class: 10-D

The abode of all, the world was meant to be
But the wild has emerged as a new anomaly.
The idea of autonomy of all beings had an assent
But sapiens came up as an unwanted tyrant.
The life of other beings on the planet seems to be
ending surreptitiously
As the evergreens are being cut vehemently.
They hoped for us to be benevolent
But our desires made us to dissent
We continued with our expansions, while limiting
their space, obdurately
Whilst our heart continued to work brutally
We unheard their pleas, being nonchalant
They waited, for a place in this world, while
remaining silent.
We have to have an arrangement, a solution is
required solemnly
We have to work out something to change their
status of being anomaly.



The Titleless



Yashi Goswami
Class: 10-D



I feel,
The pain of losing a beautiful pearl,
Though I never completely owned it,
The more I try to forget , the more I remember it,

Memories,
Making the tears swirl,
The images even wound it,
The more I try to catch hold , the more I loose it,

The string
It broke down without a word,
I wish I could catch and hold it,
The more I try to weave, the more I have ruined it,

A blank face ,
Trying to hide from the world,
Knowing no one would mind it,
The more I try to smile, the more I am sad behind it

Importance of Education



Ayush
Class: 9-B

According to me education is very important in the lives of human beings because it brings empowerment. It provides financial security by helping us to get a good job and become independent. We may say that it's a key to success in life. As we know that human capital can be made more productive by investing in education. That's why many countries invest a lot of money on education. It not only helps in development but also helps a country to get a better economy. There are many countries which have less natural resources but are developed. One of the most prominent and successful examples of such a country is Japan which despite its meagre natural resources is a developed nation owing to its expenditure and investment in the sphere of education. In most of the countries uneducated people don't know about their rights due to which they are discriminated, exploited and deprived of their rights. In India the literacy rate is increasing fast which in turn will play a big role in boosting our economy. To promote education, the government of India has rolled out several programmes. The most prominent and famous programmes are provision of free elementary education in rural areas for children from 6 to 14 years of age and midday meal programme which encourages parents of rural areas to send their kids to school. Thus, in my opinion, education is very important to lead a happy and successful life.



Grandma's Best Gift



Suhani Jain
Class: 8-B

"I am so excited grandma is coming tomorrow and she always brings me a gift when she comes," said Manan. This time Manan wanted an iPad and he was sure that his Granny would bring an iPad for him. Next day the bell rang and Manan opened the door, there she was. His grandma entered the house and gave a gift wrapped in golden velvet to Manan. He excitedly opened the gift. "Oh! it is a red sweater not an iPad," said Manan hopelessly. In the evening grandma saw that Manan was sitting on the sofa. He looked disappointed. She came to him and said, "Do you know, the sweater I gave you is not an ordinary sweater but it is a magical sweater." "How does it work," said Manan excitedly. "Wear it and study, see you will get good marks," said grandma.

Manan wore the sweater and started studying. When the result came Manan stood first in the class. He was delighted. Now he started practicing for the football and cricket tournament and he won in both of them too. Now he was sure that it was because of the lucky sweater for him. One day his mother said to Manan, "Manan be fast, do you want to miss your school today?" He said, "I don't... but I can't find my lucky sweater." Just then grandma came with the sweater and said to Manan, "Son, there was no magic in the sweater." Manan understood that it was his own hard work that worked wonders for him. He went to his school. When he came back he asked his mother, "Where is grandma?" His mother said, "She has gone back to the village and will come in the next winter vacation."

Next winter vacation when grandma came, she saw Manan studying on the sofa. She handed a gift to him. When he opened it, he saw an iPad. He was delighted and said, "Thank you" to his grandma.

The Old Age Home



Teranika Tyagi
Class: 9-G



They were sitting in the nook,
Some trying to smile and others trying to cook.
I sat with them,
And shared my thoughts with them.
I saw many like my grandpa,
And many acting as grandma,
I had a dilemma,
I was suffering from an enigma.
How could someone so caring be forced to see
times so devastating,
That their children left them without hesitating?
I'd never thought in my dream
That I'd let out such a scream.
And there behind me, someone shouts,
"Oh! Dear, don't go!"
You won't believe it healed and worked
On the injury that was a week ago.
Ahh! But the time was over,
I wish the clock would stop ticking for sometime
Sadly now, it was the time to get back,
With a bag pack,
This was it!
The old age home!

Let There be Light



Pratyusha Verdhan Sharma
Class: 9-K

Let there be light
Let there be love
Let there be freedom from within
Let there be smiles
Let there be laughs
Let there be happiness from within

Let there be fights
Let there be cries
Let there be whines and sorrows all

There will be a morning
After every dark night
And for every war
There will be a knight

But why does it have to happen
The war why must it be fought?
Why can't we all live
In peace for once and for all?



The Feeling of Getting Lost in a Book



Navya Dagar
Class: 7-J



When I read a book, I lose sense of what's around,
With unimaginable creatures,
like serpopards and ferorehound.
When I read a book, I leave everything behind,
To enter the story, with the power of my mind.
Imagining the actions taking place,
right in front of me,
With my mind's eye, I become what I want to be.
In some places it is funny, and I break into
peals of laughter,
And sometimes I love the ending
"HAPPILY EVER AFTER".
I prefer adventure, mystery and comedy in
the rest.
I love reading and find in a book a true friend.

Deep Desires



Yashi Goswami
Class: 10-D

Deep are my desires,
High are your expectations,
But all I am is a little bird,
You captured for mere fascination.

Silent is my fire,
Loud are your anticipations,
But you aren't bold enough,
To curb my imaginations.

You say I have no one,
But I have my heart to love me,
You say I can never win,
But who are you to judge me.

I am a false liar,
Your truths are never true,
You show them only what you want,
But I am familiar with the real view.

Deep are my desires,
High are your expectations,
But I ain't small anymore,
Now I am much more than your imagination...



My Earth



Suhani Jain
Class: 8-B



My dear Earth, big and round,
Having a smile, on her foreground.
Green cheeks on her face,
Make me happy all the day.
Plants and animals living on you,
You are the life for them too.
Time for us to take care of you,
Like you nurture us we promise to nurture you.

Believe in Yourself



Raunak Agarwal
Class: 8-B

If you think you are beaten;
You are:
If you think you dare not
You don't,
If you'd like to win but think
You can't,
It's almost a cinch you won't.
If you think you'll lose,
You're lost,
For out in the world we find.....
Success begins with
A fellow 's will:
It's all in the state of mind.
Life's battles don't always go
To the stronger or faster .
But sooner or later
The man who wins
Is the one who thinks he can
It is only attitude which wins at last.



Wolfing Out



Nandita Krishnan
Class: 9-D



The howls in the wood,
Deep and shrill in the dark;
Like a midnight call to the moon,
Feel their footsteps, leaving every mark.

Here their gait is like those of leaders at full moon.
Hear them below towards the star and sky.
Fear the shadows that loom.
Hunt, till the night dies.

Claws as sharp as knife,
Canines to pierce and tear,
Survival is a lone wolf's life.

Woman



Teranika Tyagi
Class: 9-G

You have been calm in the face of chaos,
And kind amidst the vicious,
You've healed the un healable,
And walked the un walkable.
You have been protector, leader, counselor, and child,
You've fought the battles you've never talked of
And suffered wounds that you never complained of
You are fierce and soft
And fire and water.
You are mother and friend
And lover, and daughter
You are human
You are woman.



The Nature's Roof



Yashi Goswami
Class: 10-D



When I don't have a man made roof above,
I look up and stare at the nature's roof,
I've noticed each day, fairly enough,
The images and thoughts are the only proof,
Wonder what have I seen?

I could see a human face up there,
For my observations were keen,
I could feel its emotions in the air,
On a rainy day, a face of sorrow,
On a sunny day, a face full of hope,
An angry face on a stormy day,
A worried face on a day with smoke,
On a starry night, missing someone,
On a hazy day, a face so done,
I think the sky knows me well,
It shows me a reflection of my feelings,
On a happy day sunshine it brings,
It rains the day, when I dwell,
I wonder why it thunders during the day,
When I have thunders in my head...

MAKING OF A SURVIVALIST



Kunal
Class: 9-E

“It is not the strongest or the most intelligent who will survive but those who can best manage change.”
— Leon C. Megginson

In a scenario where we find ourselves comfortably settled in various parts of the globe, we might feel the need to turn into a survivalist. The question then arises: Who are survivalists? Survivalists are the people who actively prepare at the times of emergency, natural calamities, or any disruption in the society. The situation can be a terrorist attack or a nuclear war. We might find ourselves caught in any such unforeseen circumstance, hence the need to be a survivalist.

What are the skills of a survivalist? “Survivalists are not always the strongest, but they are the smartest.” It’s more important to be mentally prepared than being physically strong to face odd circumstances. A survivalist is a mentally tough person who believes ‘I can’. Adjusting to the changes in surroundings is also an art which one requires to become a survivalist. When we face any trouble, we must take it as an opportunity. Fortitude is one of the important traits that is shown by a survivalist which enables him to save not only his life but also the life of others. A survivalist thinks, analyzes the situation and plans accordingly. He/She is self-resilient and perseveres and keeps trying despite failures. A prepper needs to have a vast knowledge about flora and fauna; and how to survive in a forest. A prepper is a foresighted person who prepares himself/herself for the unseen situation.

A survivalist leads a simple life with minimum needs and commodities. He stocks up in advance the things like candles, first aid box, bottled water, sleeping bags and food. One can make a BOB (Bug out Bag) which contains the essential items one would require while evacuating from a disaster.

Preppers were ridiculed by other people. But today, in the present scenario of COVID-19 pandemic, we have realized the importance of preparedness and stockpiling things beforehand. In present situation, the preppers have enough food, surgical masks and hand sanitizers whereas the non-preppers are wandering in the markets for the essential commodities. If we want to survive in the future, we must learn to adjust to the changes.

Rain



Navya Dagar
Class: 7-J

It's raining, it's raining,
With swishes and splashes and plops,
All that I can hear,
Is the tinkling of water drops.
Cold is the dark, grey sky,
I wish in the rain I could fly.
It's swishing, it's splashing,
And I know you want to play,
For I am aware that,
In the rain it'll be fun to lay.
I wish it rains every day, to keep the sweat at bay.



Nature's Pain



Azra Naqvi
Class: 6-I

What has happened to man?
He is the one who invented the fan.
He invented harmful air-conditioners as well,
For irrigation he switches on the tube well.
The importance of waste management he does not feel,
In same dustbin goes plastic and vegetable peel.
Please stop now,
In front of your cruelty I kneel and bow.
Mother Earth calls you,
Poaching is frequent and tigers left few.
Earth and its bounties shall someday end,
Until people stop this trend.
No one pays any heed to nature's agony,
Then why does nature's fury seem like a cacophony.



Covid-19



Sanika Bansal
Class: 6-B



Even though its lockdown,
We won't be knocked down
Staying at home is the key,
If you want to be corona free
Sneeze and cough into a tissue,
These little steps can handle the issue
Avoid going to crowded places
Escape from becoming one of the cases
If you want corona to run
Then don't take masks for fun
Missing all the fun, feeling so lonely
The daily news becoming so ghostly
But yes, one thing is true
That family stays with you even in your blues.

TWO LEAVES IN RAIN



Chitvan Garg
Class: 11-CB

I swear to God when you'll come home,
I am going to hold you so close.
I swear to God when you'll come home,
I'll never let you go.

Like a river I flow, to the ocean unknown,
And you pull me close, guiding me home.
To the ocean unknown I stuck as a meadow,
Listening to Dad about your crest syndrome.

And I am not scared to say that,
Unknown is the same as hell.
But to the prince this queen has,
taught to be heroic as well.

Just like a raindrop on a leaf,
You are the one who gave me relief.
Always fighting against the world for me;
Isn't it so brief.

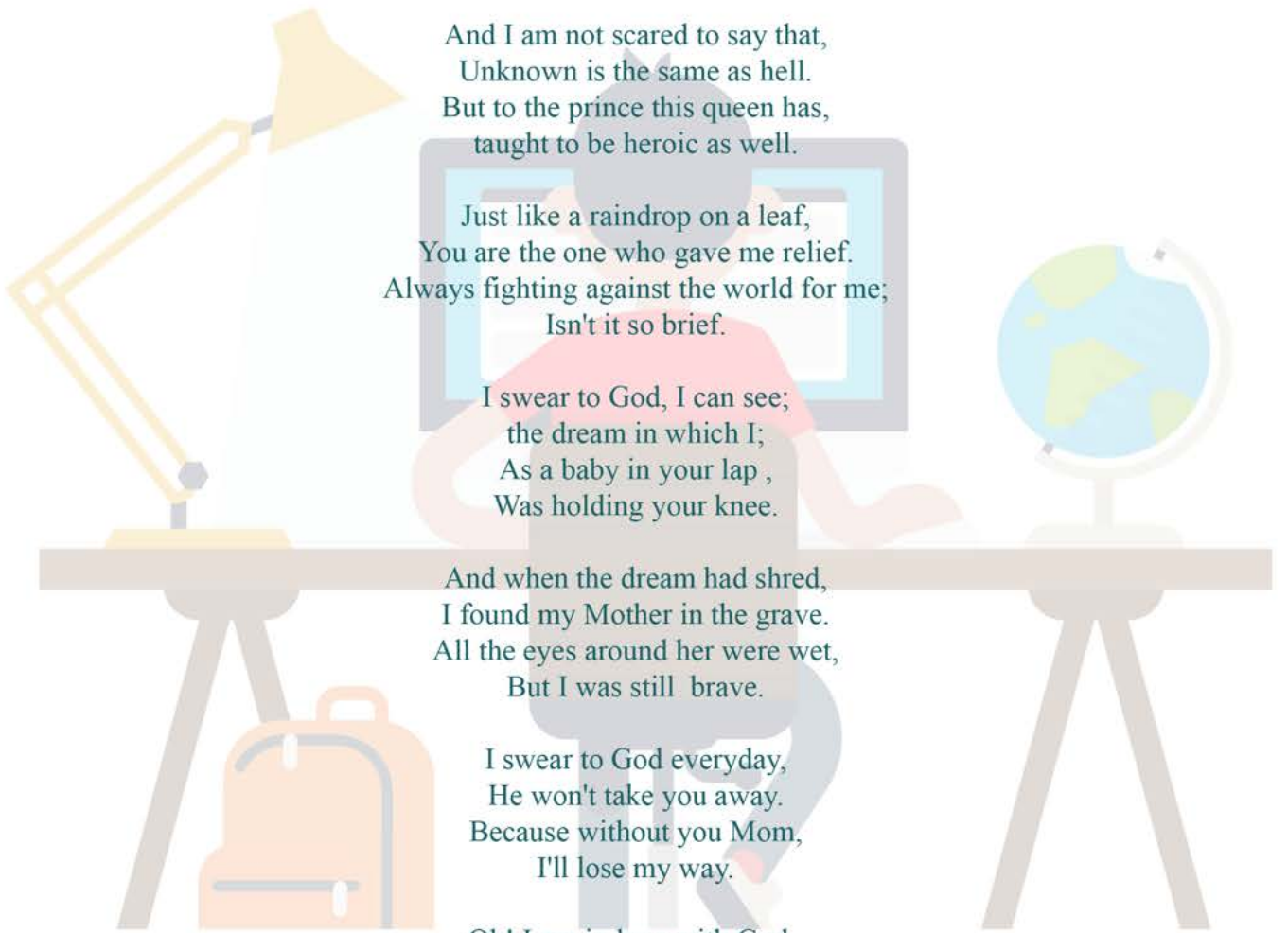
I swear to God, I can see;
the dream in which I;
As a baby in your lap ,
Was holding your knee.

And when the dream had shred,
I found my Mother in the grave.
All the eyes around her were wet,
But I was still brave.

I swear to God everyday,
He won't take you away.
Because without you Mom,
I'll lose my way.

Oh! I am in love with God ,
who has taken you away.
To prove that the lord
is in heaven, far away.

Oh! the leaf might have been tainted,
But the water drop has not evaporated.
It fell down to another leaf,
To the father who was unattended.



SCARED



Arya Srivastava
Class: 11-H2

I'm scared.
As a girl, as a woman, I'm scared.
I'm scared if I'll be talked about everywhere I go.
If I look and if my body is somehow 'normal'.
I'm scared I'll be a target, someone to make fun out of if I proudly say I'm a feminist.
I'm scared I'll be labelled an attention seeker if I try to talk about it.
I'm scared that people I call friends will turn their back on me to call me slurs.
I'm scared of going out without clinging desperately to my father,
Scared that someone will touch me.
I'm scared the moment I'm not at home,
Everytime I'm stared at for too long.
I'm scared as I zip up my jacket, or button up my shirt desperately
Because this man won't stop accidentally touching me.
I'm scared I'll be looked down upon if my skirt is way too above my knees,
If my body is somehow wrong,
If I show too much skin.
I'm scared that someone who has
Never lived as a woman before,
Will tell me not to be me.
For I'm reminded everyday;
That I'm as strong as a man,
Then why am I so scared?

THE CARSON CONUNDRUM



Dhruv
Maheshwari
Class: 12-A6

It happened on the 8th of the month of February 1972. The Boeing 747 was piloted by Alex Valdez, A 40-year-old with over 14 years of experience.

Although the Boeing had come out just 3 years back, Alex was already quite comfortable flying it, having completed over 300 flights without any major incidents. That is until the 8th. It was a routine flight flying from San Francisco to Carson City, Nevada. At precisely 1900 hours we received a transmission from a Boeing-747 piloted by someone by the name of Alex. He was barely an hour away from the Carson City airport when we received it. : “Hello? This is Alex Valdez. Over” came his voice over the speakers, muffled with slight static, but perfectly audible. We responded accordingly asking his reason of contact. He asked us, quite calmly, I feel in retrospect, “Is there any other identifiable aircraft in the airspace?” We checked our equipment and saw quite clearly that his aircraft was the only one within a hundred-mile radius in air at that time. “No.” we replied after consulting the RADAR. “Well, there seems to be some sort of an aircraft on my tail, and it’s like nothing I’ve ever seen before.” He said, slightly worried now. All of us were now paying full attention to the possible situation unfolding in front of us.

We rechecked all our monitors but came up with the same result. The equipment showed no other aircraft. We relayed this message to him and asked him to describe the aircraft following him. “Well... It’s a little over a hundred feet in diameter. It’s silver, sleek and shaped like a... well, a saucer.” “A flying saucer?” was our obvious and bewildered reaction. A couple of us smiled, not realising the gravity of the situation. “Anything else?” we asked urgently. There were a couple of minutes’ pauses before Alex replied again. This time definitely worried “It’s glowing! Green light. It is definitely following me, I thought it could just be a techie, with some new sort of aircraft playing a joke on me. But I seriously doubt that. This thing has been following me for the past half-hour!” his voice had risen by an octave by the end of his transmission. We tried to stay calm and asked him to maintain his cool, we reminded him that he had over 200 passengers. “I think.. I think it’s coming now, I can see it clearly. It has been circling around the plane for almost as long as I’ve been talking to you folks. It had maintained a 300 m distance, now it’s closing in.” came his transmission and barely a moment later another one “It’s.... It’s. Aaaaaaaargh!!!”

His second transmission ended abruptly with what was undoubtedly the most chilling sound any of us had ever heard. A bloodcurdling scream followed shortly by the screeching sound of metal being torn apart. Right in front of our eyes, we saw the plane disappear from our RADAR. As if it’d never been there. That was the last transmission we ever received from that plane, and the last time anyone spoke to Alex. The approximate area where we last heard from that plane was searched thoroughly, but not even pieces of the planes were found, much less any survivors. It seemed as if they’d just vanished off the face of the Earth. The area, which was the site of quite a few more such inexplicable disappearances, was later converted to one of the most infamous secret military bases of all time. You might know it as Area 51.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF 2020



Akansh Chaudhary
Class: 12-B

I am the black sheep of a 21st century family .

With my birth, the national capital and region around it were under a cast of smog but soon things got better.

Everyone had hopes and resolutions to be completed within my lifespan. As I was at the end of the decade everyone was very excited but this was temporary. Soon, news spread of a coronavirus outbreak in different parts of the globe. The festival of colors lost its essence and so did the world's second most populous country.

It started losing its crowd from streets and markets as the nationwide lockdown was announced. As the lockdown extended, month after month...people started losing hope from me, but it was just the beginning of disheartening events. I have a pouch of minor calamities which I introduced from time to time like

Earthquake , forest fire , cyclones , floods and grasshopper attack ; which I introduce from time to time . I saw people suffering, travelling long miles on foot , sleeping hungry . The only satisfaction I get in my lifespan is from Nature - rivers & air get purified , wild animals moving freely without any fear of humans . With each passing month , I kill their Optimism. They blame me , want my end but who will explain to these poor humans that it's just the beginning. Many years like me are going to take birth. If you don't believe me you can see my family history. My mother , 21st century , has already given birth to such three years. Her sisters , the 20th century gave birth to two such years , the 19th century one and so on . This was at that time when industrialization had just started and now when you are so advanced , you can imagine how frequent such births could be. Until and unless humans stop their destructive activities and take up the responsibility towards Environment such birth won't be aborted.

CELL-35, BLOCK-C



Varalika Singh
Class: 11-H2

"Dress drab," My Amma said, scribbling the names of my companions on the pocket notebook she carried everywhere. "Try not to be at the forefront." She pursed her lips, knowing far too well how accustomed I was to this segue of dread and restrained disquiet.

Perhaps it was the youth plodding over the saffron, sowing fear in their hearts. Perhaps, it was us donning skins of poetry; the etchings of Iqbal Bano and Faiz, or how we hurtled ourselves into fire to burn the shadows of yielding. I slowed my breath, counting them by pressing my thumb against the pads of my fingers; the way Amma taught me. The wind escaping through the grates of the bus whisked my red scarf, another wisp of rebellion which forwent her eyes.

The yellow walls of the police station were pleading for a new cloak unlike the harlequin of our protest signs. "Name?" The man put down his camel beret on the decaying veneer. He wore a red thread on his wrist and a vermilion tilak between his eyebrows, furrowing it with sweat birthed on the July afternoon. Truly, a sight enslaved of blind bloodlines. The clamor of the room was rather ordinary; a few constables scuffled with our intimacy with the law. "...Take her to Detention Block C." He spit betel juice in a nearby trash can. The waft of cardamom tea, copious amounts of hair oil, fingerprinting ink and the peculiar stench of criminality had pickled the air for so long, it was no longer noticeable.

The setting sun shoved me to my knees. 'Sanity is my respite', I thought. I leaned against the concrete of the cell. I seemed to have replaced the walls with a lover. The world had plunged itself into chaos; a broken clockwork of making our rights a political sparring, the rostrums reserved for those who sought to crush our voice. Born of this Earth, slaughtered on this Earth; this land has known my truth, my nerve and my flame and I shall quell its silence.

The Moon veiled her curtains round the voiceless cellblock. "Look at him," Her pallor echoed through the hall; "It has happened to more of your kind, He robs their blood of its sheen. The lust in his palms refuses to relent, unless of course, you look at the bars long enough to marry your conscience to consciousness," The Moon paused. I sighed, having heard this tale before. I looked at my roommate who was, yet again, preying on the drowse of ordeals no longer new. I had managed to salvage a piece of rusted iron when they replaced our door frame. In due hope of providing a solace for my sisters to come, the corner below the left bed in cell 35, Block C, was cast a fleeting musing of the Moon-stained skies,

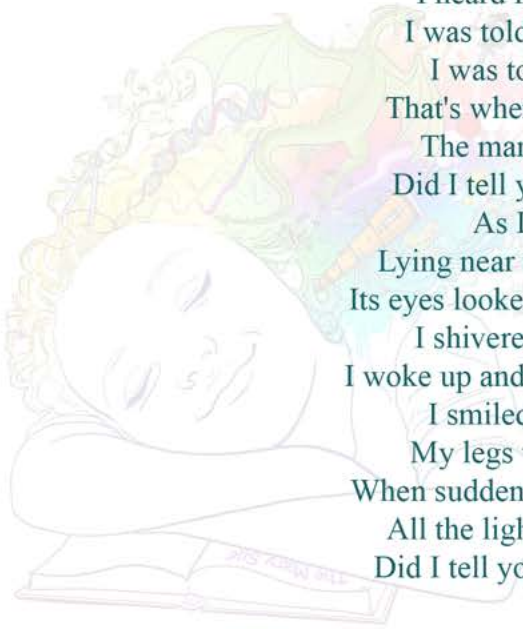
"The color of his khaki is not far
From the fading testimony
Of dried blood;
Sab Yaad Rakha Jayega."

DID I TELL YOU?



Ishita Aggarwal
Class: 11-CB

It was midnight and it was dark
When suddenly my dog started to bark
An ominous wind started to blow
And beyond the fence, I saw a shadow
I heard footsteps of the stranger
I was told that dogs detect danger
I was too scared to even walk
That's when I heard a muffled knock
The man's face was full of glee
Did I tell you he was staring at me?
As I ran I kicked a ball
Lying near my almirah, I saw my doll
Its eyes looked like they were eager to kill
I shivered and it gave me a chill
I woke up and realized I was just dreaming
I smiled and felt like cheering
My legs went stiff and I felt sore
When suddenly I saw the doll on the floor
All the lights turned off with a spark
Did I tell you I was afraid of the dark?



MANUFACTURING DEFECT



Sagnik Sen
Class: 12-A5

Some days I feel my body as mere skin
wrapped around a bone frame
and fitted with flesh,
as if in the course of its creation
I forgot to fill it with a heart and a mind.

MY NAME IS DRUGS

"It is not the strongest or the most intelligent who will survive but those who can best



Ishita Aggarwal

Class: 12-CB



I will take away your happiness
I will break your family apart
Don't underestimate my power
Baby it's just the start.
"Drugs can destroy you"
Again and again you were told.
But have a life with me
It's a sight to behold.
Still I will warn you
To think before tying me
Because once you get addicted
You won't be able to break free.
You will start to hate everything
You'll steal and you'll lie
You will cross all your limits
Just to get high.
You will forget who you are
You will forget how you were raised
I will be in control of your actions
And I will teach you my ways.
Once you get a taste of me
I will mess up your whole mind
But you can't give me up
Because the control will be mine.
All your friends will leave

They will be nowhere to be found
But if you ever need someone
I will always be around.
I will disrupt your sleep at night
"Help me!", you'll scream
But you won't find any person
Neither in reality nor in your dream.
The nightmares you get
The blurry sight which you see
The horrible thoughts you have
Are all gifts from me.
Don't you start cursing
Because you couldn't get through
It was you who came to me
And not I to you.
Once you reach my door
Don't hesitate to ring the bell
Come hold my hand
And I will take you to hell.

INDIA FIGHTS CORONA



Sanya Tyagi
Class: 12-H2

The world had never seen such an era when it had to be instructed that do not meet anyone and even if you do, meet and greet from a distance. Mankind, even in its wildest dreams, must have not thought about a virus threatening its entire existence. We humans would never have imagined that one such day will come when we won't like holidays and staying at our homes. But the celebrated British actress, Audrey Hepburn has rightly said that 'Nothing is impossible in this world' and this has been made POSSIBLE by a tiny virus; a virus which has given all of us many sleepless nights.

The outbreak of COVID 19 has not only affected India, but the entire globe.

There is not a single aspect of our daily lives which we can say is free from the clutches of this pandemic. Our working conditions, education, relationships, lifestyle, eating habits, everything has been hard hit by this virus. Agree or not, life has changed, IRREVOCABLY. We are working from homes, doing household chores and also those things which we never assumed to be in our job descriptions. Boundaries have blurred, even when 'Lakshman Rekhas' have been drawn. The world is fighting, not nations against each other but against a common unseen enemy. They are coming together, helping each other, providing condolences. They are marshaling their forces- not from the military but from medicines- to share learnings and accelerate the development of a cure.

Everything has its own pros and cons. On one hand where many lives and livelihoods have been taken, the economies of different countries are declining and there is much to be anxious about how everything can be brought under control, there are also some good things that have happened.

Surely Coronavirus is no good for us, but it did tell us- "high time it is to change our lifestyle." Nature is healing itself. The capital city, Delhi, which was always ranked as the most polluted city of the country, is now breathing. The pollution levels have declined. The birds have returned to the urban blue skies and the rivers are getting clean. We, who used to blatantly jump every queue, now stand patiently three feet behind each other. We wear masks, take care of our personal hygiene and don't sneeze into another's face as we used to.

We are using this time as an opportunity to know that 'slowing down' is not a bad thing. For the last 30 years, there has been a mad rat race which we have been running to overcome nature and other living organisms.

But now there is empathy in the air and people are more polite than ever before.

At the moment, it is required for all of us to work in cooperation with each other. We need to support our government and doctors as much as we can. It is important that we understand the sensitivity of this issue. We will need time to prepare ourselves and adapt to the consequences as we need to understand that life is a series of natural and spontaneous changes. For us to overcome these, we have to let them flow naturally.

Although there's no vaccine available for this virus, there are many companies working on it. Maybe we could have a vaccine in the following months or there are chances that a vaccine for COVID 19 never comes into existence. Despite this we need to survive as to survive is to live with what is left.

Time has been thrust upon us and it is necessary that we introspect where we were heading and now where the way is leading us. Man always looks for the silver lining behind every cloud.

DEAR FATHER



Nandini Sharma
Class: 12-A5

Even a trillion such write ups of mine, won't describe the kind of person you are

Unlike brine, water impregnated with sugar you are

Dear Best friend,

It's because of everything you make sure I do right,

Sometimes compel me to raise a fight,

But when things are actually done right

It always compels me to thank you while hugging you tight!

The prophecy of this universe has always maintained

a sheer distinction between parents and kids.

But; disobeys the prophecy and breaks the distinction

Blessed am I, you cheer me and remove my tears.

Dear Mentor,

The road not taken is always a dilemma, but the minds who get over it, are said to be great

This is what you taught me and I will remember it until fate!

Dear father,

What is God? Stephen was asked,

"The mystical energy that creates you and binds you to the multiverse"

the almighty who has brought me to this world,

left his ardent desires and dreams unaccomplished for me,

Day and night toiled to provide the best

my enhancer, I worship as God

your life challenged you, tried to pull you down,

A warrior crossing all the barriers

Tribute I pay....rippling into verse accounts.

DEATH THRONE



Sagnik Sen
Class: 12-A5

Crown me when I am dead,
as I succeed this death throne.

Flowers are customary, thorns were wilful,
the ceremonial gown wrapped around like a
shroud.

The royal bed vows the king a sleep never
slept.

My reign begins with my end.

ORACLE OF SEPTEMBER



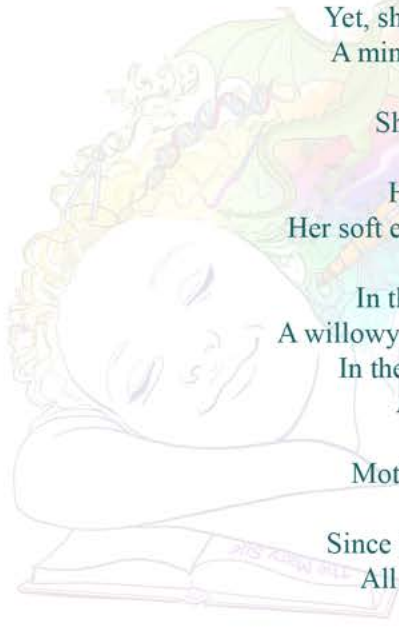
Varalika Singh
Class: 11-H2

When twilight dropped her curtains,
And pinned it with a star,
You were birthed in a scarlet euphony.
These scarlet flames, now forgone,
Have once seared her boughs.
Yet, she remains standing alone in the forest fire.
A minstrel of grim and bliss, carefully soughed.

She is the daughter of zeal and starlight.
Her smile spills silver,
Her satin soul cloaks misery and ruth,
Her soft embraces stain my skin to a saccharine dream.

In the nightfall, she is a spent white flower;
A willowy ocean breeze whisking forgotten wildflowers.
In the daylight, she plants seeds in the ground,
And dreams in the colossal blue sky.

Mother, the years have rendered me callous.
It has been far too long
Since I last listened to your broken lullaby song.
All my love begins and ends at your hems.
Your mere existence is enough,
To teach me why
The bruising darkness was slain by the dying tapers.



THE SILVER LINING OF MY DARK CLOUDS



Sanskriti Agarwal
Class: 11-H1

The person who held me in his hands for the first time with utmost precaution
With warmth in his hands and a smile of adoring emotion
He was probably living the best moment of his life while I was shedding tears
Yes, that was the time of my birth.

Today I take all my steps with utmost confidence
Almost forgetting the hard work behind them
Today when he sees me deciphering all the codes of my life
He just stands behind, smiling, for he was the creator of the codes of my life because he is the almighty
in disguise

It's not his achievements; it's mine which makes him feel proud
My father is the silver lining of my dark clouds!

EVENTIDE CHRONICLES

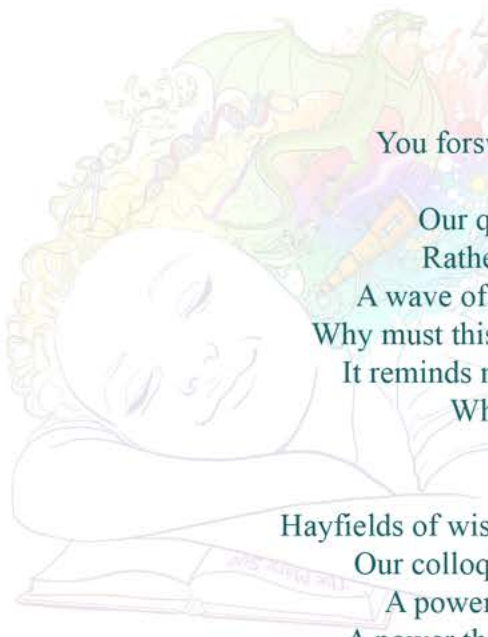


Varalika Singh
Class: 11-H2

The sunlit parlor reminds me of that August afternoon,
When your smile creased your eyes at a pixelated memoir.
Glasses, epistles and walnut shells;
Our revel was strewn.
To be righteous,
To be reckless,
Or to drown midway,
You forswore my ills to keep me ashore.

Our quarrels are fairly inimitable;
Rather, an unhinged Jataka fable.
A wave of longing through my body swept;
Why must this dusk retire to an uncharted eclipse?
It reminds me of your citadels, now enduring,
Which have religiously wept
And woefully accept.

Hayfields of wisdom and flowerbeds of the glass-devil.
Our colloquial ballad certainly has a power;
A power that cannot be seen nor heard,
A power that cannot be crushed and flattened
To fit the bleached leaves of mortal remembrance.



BECAUSE OF YOU, I AM ME



Sanskriti Agarwal
Class: 11-H1

This poem is dedicated to a person who brought me into this world
Gave me more than I deserved
I first saw this world from her eyes
And now she just stares and catches all my lies
To be honest I first saw this world from her perspective
And now when this world makes me cry I find her arms wrapped around me which are so protective
It's you and your hug Mumma in front of whom this world seems a bit deceptive!

The only person who gave up on her happiness and made sacrifices for me is you
And now I realise it's me for whom every action of yours is dedicated to.
Whenever I find myself in a dilemma, it's your name which is screamed by my inner voice
It was not your duty to make sacrifices but your choice.
Your sacrifices began the day you shared your share of nutrients with me through the umbilical cord
You can't be replaced by anyone mumma, even by the lord.

It were your hands which touched me first
And I know it was for that moment that you rehearsed
It was you who felt the pain and it was me who was in blood
You and your love is my lifeblood.

The first person to smile seeing me was you
The first tear I shed was in front of you
The first person to wipe my tears off was you
The reason for my existence is you.
The silver lining of my dark clouds

AYUBOWAN SRI LANKA



Chaarvi Singh
Class: 12-H2

The history of Sri Lanka can be traced back to one of the oldest Pali chronicles.

Once upon a time there was a lion named Singha in the northern part of India who fell for a beautiful princess whom he wanted to make his own. As this was not possible, he captured the princess and kept her in his cave. Over the years the lion and the princess bore a son and a daughter. They became one happy family. When the children grew up, they married each other so as to keep their blood in the family.

As time passed, Singha's son Singhabahu became restless to acquire the throne. This desperation led him to take his father's life. Angered by her son's actions, the princess asked Singhabahu to go. Singhabahu and his wife left to start a new life in the southern part of India and establish their own kingdom.

Soon, Singhabahu's wife gave birth to two boys. The boys went on to marry two South Indian princesses and due to this were abolished from their kingdom. Both the sons along with their wives set out to make new lives for themselves. While one son, Vikrama, went on to discover Singapura (Singapore) the other one, Vijaya, discovered an island full of gems which we now know as Sri Lanka!

The new king of Sri Lanka finally had his own kingdom. There were a lot of naval explorers who used to come to his island in search of gems. The new king used to capture these wanderers and kill them. But he used to spare the children of these naval explorers, who soon started settling on his island and became the population of this small island which the lion king lineage went on to rule for many years!

Remembering their ancestors, the first president of Sri Lanka adopted the Sri Lankan flag which has a lion holding a sword, representing authority. The flag also has orange and green stripes depicting the Sri Lankan Hindus and the Sri Lankan Muslims respectively. The four leaves that you see around the lion represent the Buddhists in Sri Lanka.

There are many more stories like this that you can find in the land of gems called Sri Lanka.

CREATIVITY IN CAPTIVITY



Vrinda Gupta, 12
CD and Chaarvi
Singh, 12 H2

2020 has been a year of paradigm shifting developments, shaped by a global pandemic of prodigious proportions. The world has undeniably been turned upside down. What has been extraordinary about the entire scheme of events is the fact that every individual, on a personal level, has felt a certain way, at certain points in time.

Most feelings have been characterised by anxiety, uncertainty, vexation and uneasiness. Knowingly or unknowingly, it has altered us in more ways than we realise. In such unprecedented times, creativity is something that has allowed mankind to seek a temporary refuge in a place, that is far, far away from the reality we refuse to accept and find hard coming to terms with.

Everything having a spark of creativity in it has the remarkable ability to move people, to bring a smile on their furrowed faces when they're having a particularly bad day, to give them food for thought and to stimulate their minds and hearts in striking ways. A little piece of poetry, a book you can't help going back to, an indelible quote, a delightful sketch/painting, a snippet of music; each of these is capable of manifesting a piece of the creator's heart, and of stirring something deep within the viewer. It is essentially an expression of an emotion, a feeling, a sentiment, that begs to find an outlet. Something that refuses to show in ordinary human actions, owing to its sheer intensity and complexity; immense elation, baffling confusion, despairing despondency, unabated excitement, inexplicable frustration.

There's gratification, not just in letting your innate creativity pour, but even in appreciating creativity that didn't necessarily come out of you.

Creativity is searching deep within, and letting out a piece of you, that wrestles to break free.

As Osho very rightly described, "Creativity is not a doing, it is an allowing."

"It is becoming a passage, so the whole can flow through you."

ENVISAGING HAVOC



Tiya Verma
Class: 11-A3

Your worship is your furnaces,
Which, like old idols, lost obscene,
Have molten bowels; your vision is
Machines for making more machines.

The antiquity of science revolves around the concept of life on the planet earth. From the invention of wheel to that of the nuclear incendiary, the hominoids have held a number of pre-eminent discoveries which are leading to the elevation of the human society. The modern machines have reduced the human workforce to the zenith. This magnificent lifestyle that the scientific breakthrough has given to the human race seems to be an exquisite benefaction, but the astonishing truth is that this breakthrough has led to unimaginable exploitation of natural wealth.

Every day I see the huge material, intellectual and nervous resources of thousands of people being poured into the creation of a means of total destruction, something capable of annihilating all human civilization. I notice that the control levers are in the hands of people who, though talented in their own ways, are cynical.

In this day and age, we have reached the pinnacle of destruction of nature. It had all started with the development and discovery of elements for the benefit of the human race, to make existence easier. But eventually, all this has led to severe devastation of the resources that we extract from the nature for new inventories.

For instance, the environmentalist today, are seeking to call attention to the usage of water because it is the softest contrivance, yet it can perforate the mountains and the earth. It is one of the pre-eminent benefactions of nature to the human beings. From the primitive to the contemporary times, water has played the role of irreplaceable natural wealth. But on the contrary, the water in its part has always encountered the filth, profane and destructive culmination of its magnificence. Water starts its peregrination from the zenith of the mountains, amputating the rocks making way for itself in the form of a river. This journey of the watercourse from the pinnacle to the depths of the ocean is the chronicle from being pure to polluted. In legend and in sanctity, in prose and poetry, the river Yamuna has been enshrined as a primordial Goddess, constituting the agricultural lifeline of the many encampments preceding the present-day Delhi. But the capital city of Delhi offloads about 58% of its remnants into the river Yamuna. Due to this the Yamuna is often heeded as 'EFFLUENT CONDUIT'.

Now, it is the need of the hour to make prudent use of our natural wealth. Therefore, the phenomenon of SUSTAINABILITY is the most talked off today so that even our future generations get to experience the magnificence of this nirvana on the Earth. This is the time when the humans have to bring out some dexterous concepts for the sustainability of the resources to maintain the paradise on earth.

EXULANSIS



Arya Srivastava
Class: 11-H2

First it started when he was 5,
when he used to lie on the roof
and gaze at the stars,
when he used to laugh with no
fear in his heart.
then they said "You're just wasting your time."
So, he stopped looking.

Then it started when he was 10,
when he used to read books,
get lost within.
when he didn't feel like smiling all the time anymore. when the fear started settling in.
then they said, "Those won't help you get anywhere in life."
So, he stopped reading.

Then it started when he was 13,
when he found solace in the piano,
his emotions flowing with his fingers sliding through the keys.
his smile slowly fading away, just a ghost.
then they said, "That is not what a man is made for."
So, he stopped playing.

It ended when he was 20,
when all he wanted was to follow
His dreams,
His heart,
His desire.
When his smile was gone, his eyes withheld tears.
then they said, "How much more of a disappointment can you be?
Can't you learn how to be good enough?"
So, he stopped dreaming,
and gave himself a slash on each damned wrist.
then they said, "What a beautiful person you were."
But he never heard it.

Editorial

Unfurling the talent of the creative minds, who present their dreams and desires candidly through the mighty pen, the thinkers and the reflectors with their own perspectives of the world they live in. Each composition is an anecdote of their own reflection and experiences. The compilation will take you on the wings of poesy and celebration of their enigmatic creativity.

Happy Reading!

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