



MET RISHIKUL VIDYALAYA
MRV
A SCHOOL FOR LIFE MANAGEMENT

RHAPSODY

MRV SCHOOL MAGAZINE 2017 - 2018



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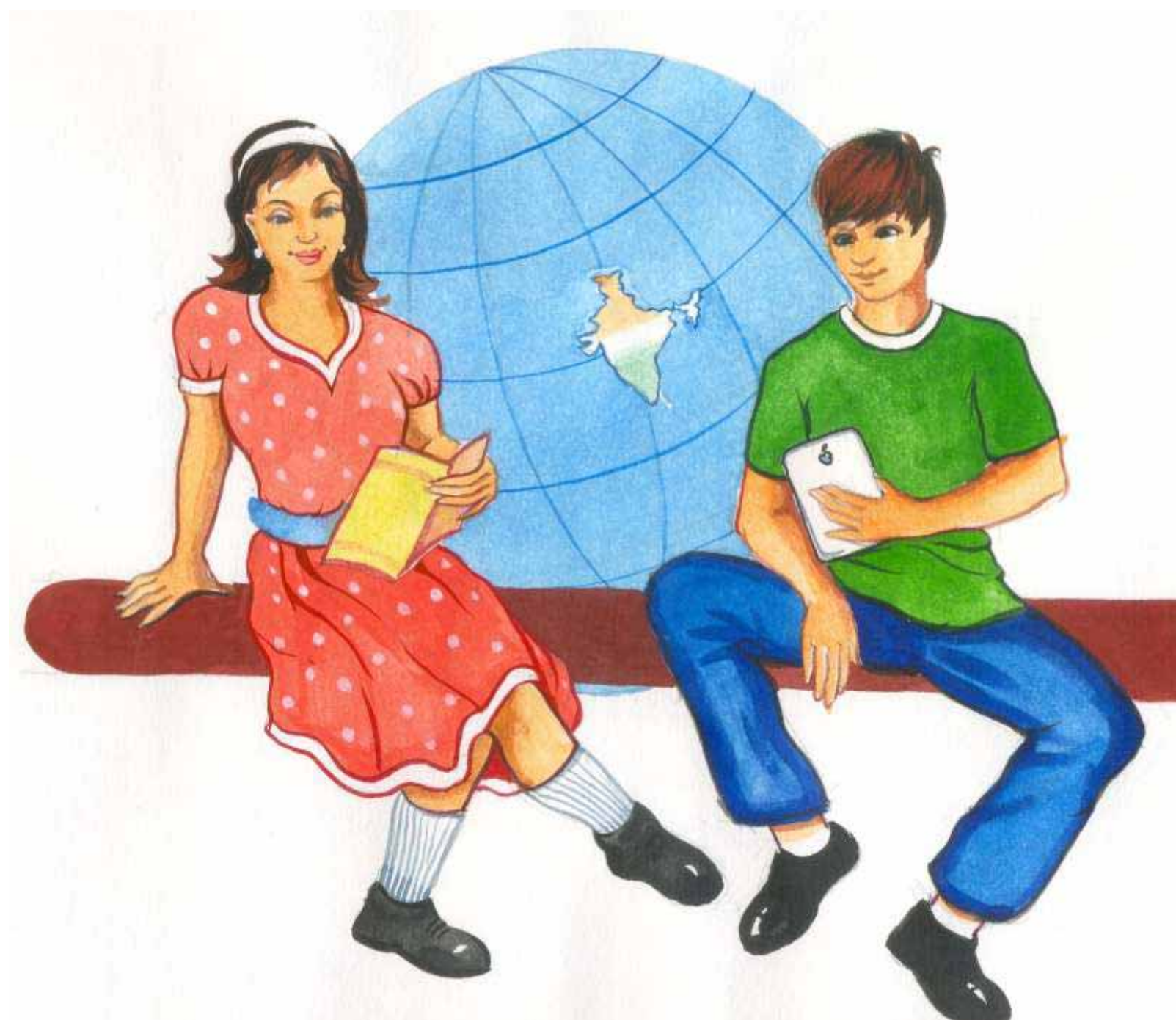


Cambridge International School

ISO 9001:2008 certified,

MET is an NGO in Special Consultative Status with United Nations (ECOSOC).

MET RISHIKUL VIDYALAYA
MRV
A SCHOOL FOR LIFE MANAGEMENT



India and the World



Mahatma Jyotiba Phule
(1827-1890)

Shrimati Savitribai Phule
(1831-1897)

विद्येविना मती गेली । मतीविना नीती गेली ॥
नीतीविना गती गेली । गतीविना वित्त गेले ॥
वित्ताविना शुद्र खचले । इतके अनर्थ एका अविद्येने केले ॥

Lack of knowledge leads to indiscretion;
Indiscretion leads to lack of ethics.
Lack of ethics leads to absence of direction and momentum;
Absence of direction and momentum result in bankruptcy.
Such is the havoc caused by the lack of knowledge.

- Mahatma Jyotiba Phule

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OUR FAITH

न चौर हार्यम् नच राज हार्यम् |
न भ्रातृभाज्यम् नच भारकरी ||
व्यये कृते वर्धते एव नित्यम् |
विद्याधनं सर्वधन प्रधानम् ||

Knowledge can neither be stolen by a thief,
nor snatched by a king.
It is indivisible unlike ancestral property,
it never burdens the bearer,
it multiplies manifold when offered to others.
Knowledge is the supreme form of wealth.

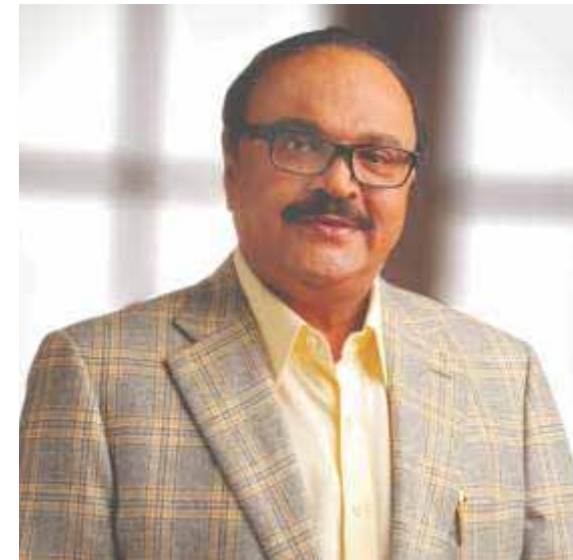
OUR VISION

To shape professionals, to conquer the present and future challenges
to the socio economic fabric of our society, by institutionalising search,
development, research and dissemination of
relevant knowledge through structured learning systems.

OUR MISSION

To evolve, develop and deliver dynamic learning systems
to equip professionals with conscience and commitment
to excellence and courage to face business challenges.

FROM THE CHAIRMAN'S DESK



Chhagan Bhujbal
Hon. Founder Chairman, Mumbai Educational Trust

Empowering Institutions for a Learning Society

As we complete the seventh decade of our Independence and celebrate the sixty seventh year of our Republic, we hold our head high with pride for achieving the unique distinction of being the largest democracy in the world. There are many other achievements to our credit - the fifth largest economic power, the second largest user of mobile phones, as well as the largest number of youth engaged in educational pursuits, to name a few. Besides setting up hundreds of universities and thousands of institutions of higher learning, we are gradually approaching the superpower status in academic pursuits as well. Indian academia is occupying a place of honour in universities abroad, as we uphold the sobriquet of a 'Learning Society'.

The credit for achieving this milestone seemingly appears to be delicately balanced between the state and private sector institutions. Education being a subject in the Concurrent List of the Indian Constitution; both the state and central government have been dynamically engaged in building a credible and inclusive value chain. We had to achieve this transformation of a generation from information → knowledge → wisdom through the tools shaping literacy → proficiency → excellence skills, while institutionalizing the learning-teaching pedagogy. We have achieved this through a vibrant public policy shaped by an open dialogue between the regulators and the stakeholders of education, both working tirelessly for the benefit of society.

However, the challenge of skilling five hundred million Indians in the next decade is a daunting task. It is rightly said that tomorrow's challenges cannot be met with yesterday's tools. We have to work tirelessly for liberating the educational institutions from the shackles of statutes and habit, while upholding the meritocracy and equal opportunity norms to deliver excellence for global competency building. With the advent of Internet Of Things (IOT), digital technologies and Artificial Intelligence (AI), it is imperative that we need to work towards building and sustaining world class institutions, offering state-of-the-art STEM (Science, Technology, Engineering & Mathematics) and Management inputs with the Indian value system. This is only possible through liberalising and unshackling credible institutions of learning. Thus empowered, one can hope to shape the youth with the right attitude and innovation to reach the commanding heights in the global arena.

Chhagan Bhujbal
Hon. Founder Chairman
Mumbai Educational Trust

॥ इतिहास ॥

आलस्य कुतो विद्या, अविद्यस्य कुतो धनम् ।
अधनस्य कुतो मित्रम्, अमित्रस्य कुतः सुखम् ॥

Meaning

The one who is lazy and doesn't put in efforts is unable to acquire knowledge.
Wealth does not come to the one without knowledge and qualification.
In such bad times, one cannot make good friends and happiness is far away from him.



Editorial

It's that time of the year again when the creative talents of our children come to a fore. This has been an eventful year for us at MRV. The school has seen a rush of adrenaline and victory in academic as well as co-curricular activities. We had introduced two new events, 'The Ink Link Fest' and the 'The Science Utsav'. The energy, creativity and enthusiasm of the students was infectious and heart-warming.

Our school magazine this year focuses on our motherland India and her relationship with the world. Since its birth as a nation more than 60 years ago, India has seemed poised on the edge of two very different futures...on one side lay greatness; on the other, lay collapse. That drama has now ended and a new one has begun. The spectre of collapse has passed and a new one has begun. India is soon emerging as a major Asian power along with China and Japan. India has begun economic reforms that promise at last to realise its vast economic potential. It occupies strategic position at the crossroads of the Persian Gulf, Central Asia, and Southeast Asia. The change is apparent to the entire world!

Our students have tried to capture the essence of their country; they have arduously worked on short stories, poems, artwork and so much more. Keep reading...



Vision

To shape responsible learners to contribute to the global community through international mindedness and networking, MRV equips and enhances skillsets, giving you a competitive edge to conquer present and future challenges of the society.

Mission

To evolve and deliver dynamic, structured education systems manifesting experiential learning and intercultural understanding founded on humane values.

Philosophy

‘Cognition begins with our senses, then proceeds to understanding and ends with reason.’

‘Knowledge increases with diffusion and grows by dispersion.’

Along with bricks and mortar, in 2002, the foundation of MRV was laid on the above principles. MRV is a school for life management where students are empowered with the expertise to conquer the present and the future challenges of our society. Here, importance is laid on education with secular values and a world vision.

Our students are exposed to relevant information, dynamic research and learning based methods and strategies. Thus at MRV, we nurture the custodians of our future by imparting to them the supreme wealth of knowledge.

When our students set out into the world, they are not only armed with the strength of upright character but also have the ability to make a positive difference.



From The Director's Desk...



Dr. Arundhati Hoskeri
(Director and Management Representative MRV)

International Education With Indian Values Is The Need Of The Hour.

Thousands of years ago, when humans were surviving with basic instincts of life in rest of the world, India already had an organized and highly educated society. The nomadic tribes of Aryans had learnt to settle down and social interactions had emerged out of the realization that, man is a social being and he is definitely different than other animals. As the intellect and knowledge in humans was refined and improved over time, there developed an urge to pass the same on to the next generations and this was perhaps the beginning of Education system.

The ancient Indian education system is recognized as “Vedic Education System” which was imparted by learned brahmins / teachers and offered as a great service to community. There was no specific amount charged or demanded, and students stayed

with the teachers in their “Ashramas” and were part of the teacher's extended family. The students served their teachers, helped them in household chores, were sheltered and fed by the teacher's family. Children gained knowledge which was not just bookish, but experiential in nature as well. The king / chieftain and the entire community / society looked after the needs of teachers. Teachers never traded their knowledge for wealth. The Vedic education system was value based and emphasized on holistic development of an individual based on moral excellence and character building. The major focus was on higher order thinking and self-realization of an individual. It was not mandatory for every individual to get formal education at Gurukul but it was by choice and majority of the children received

informal education in their own family by their fathers and other relatives to continue their family tradition by developing adequate skill sets to make a decent living. Today the education system in India is one of the best in the world. With newer pedagogies in teaching, international curricula, digitalization and technological advance our children are equipped to survive in any part of the world. While our children are keen to learn western languages like French, German and Spanish other than English, rest of the world is keen to learn our ancient language Sanskrit! This keenness to exchange the best is the soul of 21st century. Sanskrit is one of the subjects offered by Cambridge International at IGCSE level now.

Modernization is the need of the hour, we have to move ahead with times but we must be glued to our roots, always remember our core values which make us live better and lead happy life. Respecting the elders, valuing what we have i.e. counting our blessings, attitude of gratitude, compassion, humility, caring and sharing attitude, sensitivity towards the environment are our core values. This is why we Indians worship trees, animals, natural forces, sun, moon and all human incarnations, who were born on this earth to spread love and peace. It is our humility not superstition that makes us different from the rest.

Our children with international education and Indian cultural values would be the best asset to the world. It is the responsibility of all the adults around at home, school and society at large to lead our children towards their best future and I'm sure we will.



Celebrations For IGCSE Batch 2017-18

IGCSE Results:

It was a proud moment when the result was declared.
The air was jubilant with welcoming joy and pride.
The students and teachers have put in immense efforts to produce these results.

1stRANK



Asfiyah Qadri

2ndRANK



Simran Bathija

3rdRANK



Aashna Dolwani

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Aashna Dolwani -A*	SHAILVI SHAILESH SHAH-A*	Aashna Dolwani -A*	ASFIYAH MANSOOR QADRI-A*	URJA MEHUL DESAI-A*	Aashna Dolwani -A*	Aashna Dolwani -A*
ASFIYAH QADRI-A*	SIMRAN SANDEEP BATHIJA-A*	AKSHAK K DAGHA-A*	DIYA DEEPAK GUPTA-A*	ASFIYAH MANSOOR QADRI-A*	ASFIYAH MANSOOR QADRI-A*	ASFIYAH MANSOOR QADRI-A*
	URJA MEHUL DESAI-A*	ASFIYAH MANSOOR QADRI-A*	PRAMEET MILIND AGLAVE-A*	SIMRAN SANDEEP BATHIJA-A*	DIYA DEEPAK GUPTA-A*	BHUMI PIYUSH DEDHIA-A*
		DIYA DEEPAK GUPTA-A*	SHAILVI SHAILESH SHAH-A*	DIYA DEEPAK GUPTA-A*	PRAMEET MILIND AGLAVE-A*	DIYA DEEPAK GUPTA-A*
		PRAMEET MILIND AGLAVE-A*	SIMRAN SANDEEP BATHIJA-A*		SHAILVI SHAILESH SHAH-A* SIMRAN SANDEEP BATHIJA-A*	SHAILVI SHAILESH SHAH-A*
		SHAILVI SHAILESH SHAH-A*			URJA MEHUL DESAI-A*	URJA MEHUL DESAI-A*
		SIMRAN SANDEEP BATHIJA-A*				
		MEHUL DESAI-A*				



MRV Staff

*"Education is simply the soul of a society
as it passes from one generation to another"*

-By Gilbert K. Chesterton.

The staff of MRV is the backbone of the school which constantly is at work to create global citizens.

Pre-Primary Staff



Primary and Secondary Staff



Administration Department Staff



Ancillary Staff





Investiture Ceremony

After more than a month of hard work and dedication the candidates from the four houses, i.e. Tagore, Shivaji, Ashoka and Gandhi were elected by our very own students. These candidates had campaigned for an entire week by visiting the younger grades and giving them a reason to vote for them. The captains elected were Abhimanyu Mhatre, Yug Moramkar, Tiya Padhi and Vedant Parekh respectively. The event marked the beginning of the academic year. All the students were gathered in the convention hall with great enthusiasm as they were looking forward to watching their captains receive their sashes.

Our school uses the voting system in order to give the students of the respective houses a sense of belonging that makes them feel part of the team, with this they would also get the feeling that it was their responsibility to help their house reach zenith. The captains made a heartfelt speech. One could tell that they were excited and ready for the upcoming challenges they would have to face.

An equally exciting moment was when the Head boy(Aryan Tambe), Head girl(Arya Patil) and the Games Captain(Yugant Bhatt) took their sacred pledge.



Being Enthusiastic about Math and Science...

It's that time of the year, when we're set out to be proud scientists and mathematicians! Science; is not only a subject but; is an attitude, a skill, a perspective. Science is a way of life.

The students explored and elucidated the magnificent feat of humans in Science and Mathematics, through the theories, ideas and understanding of manmade structures, where they took everyone on a tour of "MEGA STRUCTURES-REDEFINED".

The highlights of the event were redesigning famous world



structures as per the students imagination. It exhibited their creativity, usage of mathematics and science principles in explaining the design confidently to the younger students and to the parents. It was a magnificent display of structures be it Indian or



Worldwide. An interschool competition was organised where primary and secondary grade competed with each other.

We were honoured with the presence of Mr Dhaval Bathia, an educationalist, who specialises in Mathematics and Memory



Enhancement, as the guest of honour. Mr. Dhaval Bathia addressed the parents marking the beginning of day two. The parents then proceeded to the classrooms to observe the work produced by their wards.



Misa Synergy And Velocity

A Gathering of Young Scientists and Sportspersons



M u m b a i : Members Of International Schools association (MISA) organized two events on 2nd February 2018 and 13th January 2018 for students who were interested in sports and science. The events were held at Sai Ground, Kandivali and Utpal Sanghvi Global School respectively.

MISA is an organization formed in 2009 under the Society Act with an objective to help all Cambridge International Schools in India. Currently over 76 international schools are members of MISA across India. MISA was a thought of a few like-minded people who came together wanting to share common concerns and probable solutions that ensured smooth functioning of international

schools in India. Now coming back to Synergy and Velocity, Synergy is a platform for all those students who wish to make this world a better place to live in with the help of science. Students from different schools come together to compete with each other based on a common theme. Some veteran scientists attend Synergy as judges or as guests. MET Rishikul Vidyalaya bagged 2 prizes at synergy: 1st prize for junior category (Cyber Bullying and cybercrime) and 2nd prize for senior category.

Velocity is a competition organized by MISA for all the young athletes who aspire to be famous sportspersons in the future. Students participate in this event independently, unlike Synergy. This year's Velocity was held on 1st February and 2nd February for primary and secondary sections respectively. The results of Velocity have not yet been announced, according to a source.

“It was a pleasure to meet these young scientists. Everybody



has put in great efforts to make their presentation the best and I really appreciate that.” Said Dr. Kavita Aggarwal, chairperson of MISA.

MISA would continue to hold these kinds of meets and MET Rishikul Vidyalaya will most definitely continue to shine.

MISA would continue to hold these kinds of meets and MET Rishikul Vidyalaya will most definitely continue to shine.

Bidding Adieu



MET Rishikul Vidyalaya conducted a farewell for the students of Grade - X on 16 March 2018. Grade IX performed the inaugural dance, welcoming everybody in their spirited mood. The vivacity and zest was further accentuated by a talent contest. The contest was judged by the in-house teachers. The sash draped Kaushek Haldar as Mr. MRV. Likewise, the crown adorned Gargi Shetty as Ms. MRV. A plethora of talent and enthusiasm was exuded by the students during

the talent competitions. All the questions were deftly and precisely answered by the students.

The teachers and students experienced nostalgia, as they were taken through a journey,



from inception to graduation. The teachers and students shared their memorable experiences and also expressed their heartfelt emotions, on the same. Finally, the Dr. Arundhati Hoskeri, Director, MET Rishikul Vidyalaya inspired the outgoing students, with her valuable speech, on seeking

excellence and cultivating virtues, in all spheres of life. The students were

dispersed with a class photograph and a heart-felt memento.

Australian Connect



Leeanne Moriarty, International Marketing Corporation, from Mercedes College, South Australia, visited MRV interacted with our students. Our students were delighted to meet her.

MRV Skills 21 Graduation Ceremony



In yet another first this academic year, MRV is the only school in India to introduce Skills 21 - a gaming programme aimed towards virtue building developed by ARC Skills.

The duration of the programme from August 2017 to March 2018, saw Grade VI students become curious gamers, critical learners and effective global citizens. The programme culminated with a Graduation ceremony held on 13th March, 2018.

The ceremony for students,

teachers and parents took place in house and MRV was host to eminent dignitaries. Our director, Dr. Arundhati Hoskeri welcomed our Chief Guest Mr. Aravinda De Silva, the brand ambassador of Skills 21 and former Sri Lankan cricketer and captain.

Mr. De Silva addressed our students and explained the importance of following one's passion. Ms. Mamta Thakur the GM of ARC Skills informed parents of the purpose of the Skills21 programme, the need for practical learning of virtues and

the importance of developing life skills in order to succeed in the workforce. The ceremony concluded on an all-time high with students and teachers being awarded their certificates of achievement and a photo session for all with Mr. De Silva.

The Skills21 programme at MRV has left a lasting impact on all who have been a part of it; proving that learning can be fun and creating kind, compassionate students is possible, thereby forming the basis for a better tomorrow.

Societal Efforts Appreciated



Tata Institute of Social Sciences (TISS) and Forum for Emotional Intelligences Learning (FEIL) bestowed upon MET Rishikul Vidyalaya an Award at the 'Emotional Intelligence Summit for Schools 2018' held at TISS, Mumbai on 24 February 2018. MRV received this Award for its

commitment and contribution towards the holistic development of students in the category of 'Community Services'. MET Rishikul Vidyalaya with its focus on overall development of students, continuously strives to sensitise them to the needs of the society and environment. Recently as part of the Global Perspective activity, MRV students organised and hosted parents and teachers fun races on

Annual Sports day and also conducted a donation drive. Proceedings were donated to St. Catherine's Home of Destitute in Andheri. They also raised money through art exhibitions which will be used for a similar social cause. MRV actively gets involved in Societal Causes. In the past MRV has organised events like 'human chain to create awareness about noise pollution', 'beach clean-up drives', 'street play to create awareness about cleanliness' and much more.

Consistent efforts indeed pay off and win recognition. Congratulations!

MET Utsav 2017-18

The unique mega annual festival MET Utsav 2017 - The Grand Annual Cultural Fest of the MET League of Colleges, was celebrated on 27-28 January at Bhujbal Knowledge Centre, Mumbai. Enthusiastic METizens who began preparations weeks ahead showcased their energy and talent through some of the extraordinary feats.

On the Inauguration Day dancing



group of MET students formed the human pyramid to unfurl the MET Utsav flag that marked the launch of the event. It was followed by the



creativity exhibition overloaded with creative arts, crafts, paintings, photography, sculptures etc which was highly appreciated.

Annual Sports Day

Let the Feet Do the Talking



It never gets easier, you just get better. On the 9th of February 2018, one of the biggest and most awaited events of our school MET Rishikul Vidyalaya (MRV) took place. It was our Annual Sports Meet.

MRV's Annual Sports Meet is an



event not only for the children but for everyone who is part of the school. Be it students, teachers, ancillary staff, parents and even the management.

The event started at sharp 8 with a



warm welcoming speech which made the live audience feel at home. The Trustees, Director and a first-class cricketer Mr. Amit Dani were given a warm welcome by MET's own melodious band. The event was declared open by the Trustees & Director by unleashing



the MRV flag into the open sky. Like all other prominent sporting events, this one too started with a torch run, comprising our champion athletes who have won many accolades, making the school proud.

It was followed by the magnificent March Past which was led by the sports captains. As the march past ended the music team's role came into the spotlight. The heart touching sports pledge and a harmonious sports song captivated everyone's attention. Next came the band's beguiling display and then the awe-inspiring yoga forms followed by a series of martial arts



acts. Then it was time for the most awaited event - The Races.

Master Aadit, one of the band members and a participant in the races commented, "This year's sports day was splendid, the band was spectacular and so were the races, this day was fabulous."

Mr. Amit Dani, the chief guest remarked, "Wow! This is definitely one of the finest and outstanding meets I have ever been part of."

The event symbolised the spirit of competition amongst houses which blended beautifully with the feeling of brotherhood. Parents and peers cheered the contestants. We look forward to welcoming Sports Day 2019 with the same spirit. Till then Adios!



Master Stroke by MRV



This year MRV's annual art exhibition

Master Strokes, took on a new life. The exhibition displayed the best of students' art works over 15th and 16th March 2018. A new concept of inculcating the value of sharing with the less fortunate to build a sense of community service in our students was initiated this year. In line with this, students' art works was sold for a minimal charge.

Parents were extremely supportive and generously contributed to the growth of art and society. The initiative is purely with the intention of sensitizing our students towards the weaker section of society. The proceeds of the Master Strokes Art Fest were donated to Charity.



Scientific Minds Carve an Impression



'The Science of today is the technology of tomorrow' said Edward Teller, the Hungarian American Nuclear and Molecular Physicist, Author and Science Communicator. This is what our students did at Synergy, an annual Science Exhibition, which was conducted by MISA on 13th January 2018. Around 29 schools participated in this event including MET Rishikul Vidyalaya.

MRV students participated in this

inter-school competition, wherein they had to conduct science experiments related to any stream (Biology, Physics, Chemistry and ICT) with the theme 'Science for a Sustainable Development'. Projects needed to be eco-friendly, sustainable involving ideas that work on scientific principles. The projects were divided into junior and senior category. MRV students showcased their creativity and a rare grasp of the intricate principles of physics & environment.

couldn't help but ask for more from our little geniuses who are not only self-motivated but also sincere, innovative and confident.

MRV students made the school proud by winning First Prize in Junior category and Second Prize in Senior category. Congratulations!!!

MRV: Time to Emerge



MET Rishikul Vidyalaya was bestowed upon the Top Emerging International School Award (Cambridge/IB) by Times Group amidst a glitterati event held on 27th November 2017. Mr. Shailesh Lodha, the famous TV star felicitated Ms. Kavita Sanghvi, Principal, MRV on the occasion and conferred the honour. Notable education icons, academicians, industry professionals and media comprised the gathering that appreciated the accolade. Many congratulations!

On the other hand some of them exhibited their Information and Communication Technology skills. MRV's little scientists fascinated the judges who



Model United Nations(MUNS)



As a delegate, I have always looked forward to the next MUN (Model United Nations) to come by, for it brings with it hours of research, speeches and exciting debates. It is a thrill to share your perspective about real life matters and debate about it and to finally

solve a problem, just like they do in the UN. Being amidst people who share your views (or oppose them!), forming allies and discussing

your research, it all leaves me with an immense sense of satisfaction, like one may have contributed to the world, that you have may be helped to solve its problems. Personally, MUNs have helped me, and many others like me expand our knowledge, improve

our public speaking skills and the satisfaction of going through pages and pages of research to later put forth in front of the committee. MUNs even provide a platform of experiential learning to students from the 6th grade, allowing them to feel like a part of

the world of grown-ups, where their opinions are considered and they can make decisions on their own. Having been part of 5 or 6

MUNs now, each one has offered a unique experience, wherein I met multitudes of new people and debated over various problems. It's not about winning or losing because simply being part of a

MRV Amongst Future 50 Schools



MET Rishikul Vidyalaya recently made it to the list of 'Future 50 Schools Shaping Success'. MRV participated in the 'Future 50 - Schools Shaping Success' certification, which is a unique, one of its kind school recognition programme.

It honours schools that prepare students for the 21st century, have a vision to craft 'Student Success' and go beyond academics without compromising on academic rigor. It recognizes schools across India with national and international curricula with the best teaching-learning pedagogy. Constantly evolving teaching methodology and focus on experiential learning, besides many other parameters have earned MRV the place among the Top 50 schools all India that are shaping success. Congratulations!

Appreciation Note ..

Appreciation Note for Anandvan 2017-18

This year's Anandvan which was an evening of lights, sounds and actions was a treat to our eyes as I discerned the most spectacular show. The varied acts were vividly portrayed in the form of instrument, singing, dance and drama. Watching are children growing and performing as independent actors was indeed a delight and proud moment for us.

This year's Anandvan couldn't have been a success without the sedulous efforts of teachers, production team and audio visual team who showcased their skills behind the stage.

Mr. Sonu Nigam had underlined the mood of the evening by singing songs for the audience. Lastly a big thank you to the entire Anandvan team to have given us this transfixing experience and rendered our kids to their best.

As an audience this was the most memorable, enthralling and vivacious Anandvan!

~Mrs. Kothari
Parent of Priyanshi and Heer Kothari

Dear Miss Maya & Miss Yashodaa,

Unlimited fun, Extravagant, Entertaining. All the hard work and the efforts put in by the brilliant MRV staff, supporting staff, children was reflected clearly. Really loved the theme of Anandvan this year. Few of the acts made us smile, few made us feel patriotic, few made us almost cry and few gave us goosebumps. Appreciate the efforts taken by the school to invite chief guests like Mr. Sonu Nigam and Mr. Naved Jaffrey to keep the energy levels high. The dances, music, drama, backdrop and costumes were well planned and selected.

- Minal Tinna (Parent of Reesha Tinna)



Dear Ms. Yashodaa and Ms. Maya,

Heartiest congratulations on a splendid Anandvan , 2017. The entire show was outstanding and kept us excited throughout the performance. I appreciate all your efforts to bring out the best in our children. The theme took us back to our yester years... from the sets, production,dazzling dances , dildaar drama , melodious music ...it's been a magical, memorable Anandvan for us.

Appreciate your motivation to help Ananya to anchor the program so confidently.

Loads of appreciation and gratitude,

- Mrs. Monisha Narke (Parent of Ananya and Sakshi Narke)

Respected Shamsa Ma'am,

It gives us immense pleasure to share that with God's grace and the guidance of his mentor Ms. Aarti, Eklavea has cleared his Pravinya Ganit Exam with flying colours and has scored 90/100.

We are really thankful to you too for always being Eklavea's guiding star and helping him at every stage. We are proud to be connected with MRV.

Thank you.

Regards.
- VARSHA SHAH

Great teachers emphathise with kids, respect them, and believe that each one has something special that can be built upon.



Ink Link- The MRV Literary Fest



Literature is the art of discovering something extraordinary about life; it is one of the most interesting and significant expressions of humanity. To open newer avenues of literature to the students, MRV proudly conducted its first literary festival, Ink Link, between 5th March & 14th March 2018. The experience and exposure of this enterprise was delightful.

The literary realm of Ink Link offered a range of events like: animated poetry recitation through Poetry in Motion, elocution through Present Me Well, Thespian- the dramatic monologue, Vox Populi- the inter-house debate, Tete A Tete- the experts' talk, Word Splash & Verses Vs Verses- the poetry illustration & writing competitions and #screenit, a short film review. Students also



presented their research, based on the life and works of celebrated authors allotted to them through Writer's Lane.

Ink Link was blessed with the presence of eminent professionals like Mr Vivek Vaswani, the famous producer, writer and director of Hindi films & Ms Shaili Parekh, an environmental activist, who talked to the students not only about becoming vigilant language learners but also responsible human beings.

The students participated in all the competitions with unparalleled excitement. Arya Kulkarni, a student of Gr VIII Emerald representing the Shivaji House,



bagged first prize in Thespian, the mono acting competition and Verses Vs Verses, the poetry writing competition. Vox Populi, the inter-house debate was dominated by the Shivaji House in the junior group and the Tagore House was victorious in the senior group. Arya was accompanied by Soumya Shah of Gr VIII Ruby representing Tagore House and

Kirsh Veera of Gr IX representing Gandhi House as winners of Verses Vs Verses. Word Splash, the poetry illustration competition was won by Aarav Pasad of Gr VI Emerald representing Shivaji House and Arhaan Bhivandkar of Gr VII Ruby representing Tagore House.



Students engaged in these programmes with great zest. The events were concluded on the culmination day with a grand finale. Ink Link was successfully organised with the endearing support of the Management, the Director Dr Arundhati Hoskeri, the coordinators, teachers & non-teaching faculty, the students and last but not the least, the parents, who have always supported MRV in each of its advent.

Ink Link, the MRV Literary Fest, will return in the next academic year with more fun and a lot of learning.

Primary Literary Fest-INK LINK



The literary fest Ink Link was introduced to our young ones to enjoy the beauty of literature as well as help them to gain confidence in the written and spoken word.

The grand finale of the Ink Link festival commenced with a phenomenal performance by our brilliant first and second graders. Present me well exuded articulation of both thought and expression. The exhaustive and innovative research, eloquent expressions, perceptive knowledge was insightful. The ideas were well-knit for a young class as grade I and II.



"Know Your Poet" and "Poetry In Motion" reflected beauty and imagination in the realm of poetry. The students articulated the aesthetic beauty of thought, expression, emotion, rhythm and imagination through poetic talent.



The synchronization of the actions with thought blended perfectly, as the students radiated their imaginative emotions rhythmically.

The students have imbibed a profound insight that enabled them to idealize reality and see things or situations, in a different way.

The knowledge of our little champs was further enhanced, by the arrival of our eminent guest speaker, Mr. Shankar Ramachandran-a chartered accountant by profession, committed to research, in training children to read.

Through his simple, yet arresting story, Teeny Tiny Old Woman, he was building the imagination, by the use of rhetoric similes and imagery.



Republic Day 2017 Saluting the Unsung Heroes



MET celebrated the 68th Republic Day of India in a unique way by saluting the unsung heroes of India's struggle for Independence. We all are aware that history of Indian independence from British rule is marked with toil, tears and sacrifice of lives. Commonly when revisiting the history, we tend to read the pages written about some iconic fighters who have been crowned with glory and credit for

playing significant roles.

Seldom do we realize that there have been those who have made equal and sometime even greater sacrifice for the same cause, yet they are lost somewhere and have never been duly acknowledged. MET decided to highlight their zeal, contribution, martyrdom and their impact in the overall movement.

Hearts were stirred and all eyes turned moist when stories of these freedom fighters were narrated by METizens. On this occasion Guest of Honour – D. Sivanandan, Retd.

Director General of Police, Maharashtra along with all present were deeply touched. Further Mr. D. Sivanandan's patriotic address led the audience to be firmly committed to the cause of valuing who we are as a nation and upholding the pride of this great motherland. He also bestowed the MET Gaurav and MET Bhushan Awards to the recipients. Amongst the enthusiastic gathering of MET and MRV students, staff and faculty, patriotic dances and songs added to the colourful celebrations.

Foreign Delegates at MRV Green Mela



MRV Green Mela 2017 is an annual event organised by MET Rishikul Vidyalaya PTA. The initiative began with the intention to create awareness about sustainable living amongst all the stakeholders associated with the school. A lot of activities

culminated on the day, ranging from parents setting up stalls of food, clothes, accessories, organic products, etc. Students also put up a number of game-stalls which were enjoyed by all. It also involved music and dance performances that added entertainment to the day.

A lot of prizes were distributed. To add to the Green Mela Celebrations, a delegation from Russia – Berlin visited MET to explore the opportunities to work together in the field of education and social engagement of youth.



The delegation comprised of Dr. Yakunin, Member - Board of Moscow University, Dr. Pooran Pandey along with the Research Head of DOC.

STREET PLAY- Swachh Bharat Ho Apna, Yahi Hamara Sapna



Indians believe that, 'cleanliness is next to godliness.' A clean city invites prosperity and the blessings of Goddess Lakshmi (the deity of wealth and prosperity.) It has been ingrained in us since childhood to keep a clean environment. However increasing population coupled with pollution has taken a toll on our sense of hygiene and sanitation. Also a certain kind of apathy has taken over our residents wherein they display indifference and insensitivity towards this rising issue of

cleanliness. Illiteracy plays a major role in shirking civic responsibilities but surprisingly it is the literate urban citizens too who add to the already existing filth.

To lend a seriousness to this massive problem, the students of MET, RISHIKUL put up a wonderful street play with a view to create awareness and ensure a clean present and future. The play was performed in King Circle, Tejukaya Park where there was an ongoing crowd who had come to worship God Ganesha on 1st of September, 2017. The play was based on UN sustainable goals ;number 6 (clean water and sanitation) and goal number 12; (production and consumption with responsibility). Lastly the

students included The Clean India Campaign which impressed all passers-by. Students were lauded and appreciated for their sensitive performance. The music added to the flavour and zest of the evening. It was astounding that our young children enacted and projected on serious issues like; pollution, awareness and sensitivity towards our environment.

Better keep yourself clean and bright; you are the window through which you must see the world.

- George Bernard Shaw



MRV TRAILBLAZERS

STAR ACHIEVERS



Annsh Navale from grade VII State level - Annsh has a scientific temperament and is inquisitive about Physical phenomena and has scored a state rank in the Dr. Homi Bhabha Balvaidnyanik.

Eklavea Shah From Grade V French Word Power Exam State Level Winner In Foreign Language (french) By Securing A1 Position

Hriday Shah From Grade V, 7th National Field Indoor Archery Championship (sports) National And State Level Archer- Hriday Shows An Excellence Display Of Concentration And Discipline In The Field Of Archery Which Has Garnered Him With Winning 1st Position In National Field Indoor Archery Championship U-10 Boys For His Credit.

Yug Moramkar From Grade IX 10th Maharashtra State Ice Skating Championship (sports) 13th National Ice Skating Championship Shimla National And State Level Skating Champion – Yug A Balanced Learner Which Keeps His Roller Skates Rolling And Winning Competition Nationally And State Wise. He Was Ranked 1st In State Level And 2nd In National Level.

Vedant Parekh From Grade XI 3rd Invitational National Archery Championship (sports) National Level Archer- Vedant Shows An Excellence Display Of Concentration And Discipline In The Field Of Archery Which Has Garnered Him With Winning 1st Position In National Archery Championship U-14 Boys For His Credit.

Sanvy Kulkarni From Grade IV Trinity College London (music) Sanvy Has Been Awarded 9 Credits At Level 1 Of The Electronic Keyboards Competition Organised By Trinity College Of London.

Sia Raut From Grade VI Universal Taekwondo Federation (sports) Sia Achieved 1st Position In Taegeuk Competition In The Fourth International Taekwondo Championship

Gargi Shetty From Grade X Pearson National Level Interschool Creative Writing Contest Gargi An Author At Age Of 15 Has Really Made A Remarkable Move In The Field Of Literature. Her Short Story Was Published In Mypedia Reader Book Titled Kaiser The Emperor.

Fayed Hakim From Grade IX State Level Saber Fencer (sports) Fayed Brought Fencing (a Sport Of Swords) To Limelight By Winning Third Position In Individual Event In Saber And Foil Respectively.

Vivaa Kanani From Grade II International English Olympiad (academics) Vivaa Made Us Proud Internationally By Achieving 1st Rank In So Exam.

Sitanshu Nisar From Grade VII 54th National Roller Skating Sports Championship (sports) Sitanshu A Very Hardworking And Disciplined Learner, He Was Awarded Third Position In Classic Slalom And 2nd Position In Speed Slalom.

Niskha Sipahimalani From Grade II State Level Star Gels (academic - Abacus) Nishka Our Very Own Young Math Lover Who Won 2nd Prize In The Star Gels State Level Abacus Competition



Krish Gada From Grade VII Maharashtra Open International Fide (sports) Krish Our Young Star Won The 1st Prize In Young Star Trust Maharashtra State Chess Tournament And In Maharashtra Open International Fide



MET Rishikul Vidyalaya gives an opportunity to build a strong bond and connection between the toddler and their mother through the Mother Toddler programme. The toddlers are given an exposure to various activities where they learn through play way method, where the mother and the teacher are the guiding forces enabling the toddlers to move ahead at their own pace. The toddlers are engaged in various activities like fine and gross motor, concept, music and movement, art, messy play and pottery. It is a year filled with fun learning and experiences. By the end of the year it is a joy to see the toddlers blooming beautifully with lot of memories of them to cherish until we look forward to welcome a new batch full of little ones.

- Ms. Vaishali Gala

Play Group



Our Playgroup children display tremendous transition making them independent through the year. They become more expressive with their thoughts and share their experiences easily. At Rishikul, students are engaged in activities which provide them with opportunities to explore the world around them. Through concrete object learning and active participation their senses are enhanced as they discover things through fun and lively activities. The classroom is beautifully decorated which is a source of attraction and is also imperative for effective learning. The children enjoy messy play where they experiment with different materials and make their own discoveries using their senses, curiosity and knowledge. Our enthusiastic teachers never fail to surprise the children as they are able to bring in a larger than life experience for them.

- Ms. Aditi and Ms. Reshma

Pre-Primary Section

Learning Through Fun-Field Trip



Rishikul believes that visual learning is the most effective way to learn, it engages the students and motivates them. MRV conducts field trips for concepts that is taught in class. When children step out in the real world it increases their curiosity and relates to their learning. Virtual field trips are organized for various concept topics that students are unable to visit. These interesting class set ups bring the outside world directly into the classroom!



Pre-Primary Section

Celebrations and Festivities

Celebrations an integral part of Rishikul.

Every fortnight the Pre-Primary section of MET Rishikul Vidyalaya adorns a festive look wherein the full school gathers to celebrate a Festival/ Event. India being a country of diverse religions there are many different festivals celebrated in our country for eg Diwali, Christmas, Eid to name a few. Apart from these we have two important national days that are celebrated by all Indians, irrespective of caste, creed or sex. And that is our Independence Day and Republic Day.

The purpose of celebration is to get our children acquainted with different cultures and religions of our country. In Rishikul, every child, regardless of the community he/she belongs knows how most of the festivals are celebrated. It helps them accept the different customs and traditions, knowing the importance of their existence and understanding towards our culture.

The celebration comes to an end with the birthdays of the students. We follow the traditional way of celebrating the birthday by performing the aarti of all the birthday children done by their teachers and parents. Hence this kind of wholesome celebration brings a sense of a community building and also unity in diversity among our students.

- Ms. Humera



Pre-Primary Section

Sports Day



MET Rishikul Vidyalaya moulds children into all round athletes. Our children excel in all the co-curricular activities. Sports Day at MRV is always a triumph as it leaves everyone with a feeling of pride. The whole school recited the Sport pledge and took the oath of sportsmanship with the help of two of our Sr.KG students. The children demonstrated a wide range of displays starting with March Past which is a wonderful way to imbibe discipline and develops stamina followed by Aerobic Drill which helps to mobilize the bodily muscles to keep us stress free. Karate and Gymnastics helped them in gaining confidence. This year for the very first time we had youngest cricket team in MRV, our Sr.KG class had their own mini IPL displaying team spirit, partnership and fair play. It was entertaining to see our little champions.

This year the theme for the races were conventional stories and rhymes having different hurdles which were challenging and made them physically fit at the same time building the spirit of sportsmanship. At the end of the day parents cherished every moment of the athletic meet.

Pre-Primary Section

Music in Childhood



From the very first hours of a child's coming into this world, irrespective of the culture, she feels calm as she is cradled and hummed to. India with its rich heritage has music in every aspect of life. There are songs for every occasion and, though we do not break into song and dance like Bollywood depicts; music is a very strong part of who we are.

Worldwide, it has now been seen that learning through music helps children especially in the early years. Rishikul having recognised this on the onset has been founded on the principle of learning through music. Children learn and recall better when taught

through songs. They enjoy learning songs related to phonic and concept.

Children at Rishikul also learn basics of Ragas, like Swaras in a particular Raga, origin of Raga, songs (Dhun) based on the raga. Learning the basics and listening to it from the early years helps children develop their hearing skills, a structured and disciplined mind and also enhances their thinking process. Music has a calming effect on the children.

During CCA (co-curricular activities) they have music classes wherein they learn to play

different instruments. Apart from teaching the basics of all instruments these classes invariably give the children a constructive outlet to their energies and imagination while strengthening their motor muscles. Talents can also be identified at an early age and honed accordingly.

“Sarva Dharma Samabhav” as is the motto we follow at Rishikul. It is pleasurable to see the tiny tots kneel in abeyance during the Muslim prayer and join hands in unison during Sikh prayer. In a country, where some individuals try to create unrest and divide among people in the name of religions, Rishikul works towards creating a generation that will grow up learning to respect and appreciate all religions. As they grow they will definitely learn to imbibe the good in all faiths and be stronger and work towards one nation, one India.

- Ms. Swatee Shetye



Pre-Primary Section

Art and Craft



Aiding children to develop their faculties in order to better express themselves, is one amongst the multiple reasons that M.R.V. ensures a versatile learning in art and craft at the Pre-primary level. As necessary as academics is for the development of the child, one cannot overlook the dire need of relief from instruction and evaluation that sets the children free to 'think' for themselves.

That it is possible for a person to teach a child to draw and paint is a general misconception; a proficient artist may pass on a particular technique to his/her student, but perception and interception of ideas and visuals-children must be allowed to discover for themselves. Children are much more gifted than adults at being uninhibited by their self-discovery; it is nothing less than astounding- the articulate manner in which children illustrate their imagination and views. Curbing their visuals on paper is just another folly we often make in order to make sense of the unbridled imagination that unfolds before our eyes.

If given our patience and a chance to explore ideas, children tend to flower with their self-expression. Their art still might not

necessarily take a specific, tangible shape, but then the aim is not to produce an individual who can duplicate a scene before him; it would much rather be to instil a sense of wonder and curiosity to explore and enunciate their thoughts and concerns through a medium.

We may eventually train children in technique and medium, but within the timespan that they spend at the kindergarten level, it is best if we leave them be. At best we may offer them colours and paper and pigment and glue; we may offer them nature to wonder at and the time to spend understanding its functions, we may give them clay to shape and crayons to break, but the drawings of three winged butterflies and rainbow coloured rain pirouetting from a candy pink clouds and hand watches with more time drawn on it than we could ever have for ourselves- this, we should leave to our little people.

But there does exist a useful trick to become a poised connoisseur of your child's art - pay no heed to reason and logic vying for your attention; there is much pleasure to be derived from unbecoming an adult through the eyes of your young one. As Antoine de St Exupery puts it simply - "All grownups were once children... But only few of them remember it".

- by Art and Craft Team



Pre-Primary Section

Our Little MRVian Graduates !!



Hats Off to the Graduates!!

Like every year our Sr. KG students were excited and curious to celebrate their graduation day which was held on 5th April 2018. The theme - Literally us - was very apt for the day. The children happily expressed themselves through stories, rhymes, poems, songs and riddles. The efforts of parents and teachers were visible as they spoke confidently on stage. The

hall was beautifully adorned with decorations for this special day. The lively vibes of the audience through their cheers and applause kept the children highly motivated. The Graduation day was well received and highly appreciated by one and all.



Teachers Appreciation Week



"Education is a shared commitment between dedicated teachers, motivated students and enthusiastic parents with high expectations" - By Bob Beuprez

And Rishikul is blessed to have enthusiastic and supportive parents who really went out of their way to make our 'Teacher's Day' special.

The entire week was filled with wonderful 'Notes of Gratitude', Roses, 'Thoughtful Stationery', and the sweet 'Sweet Surprises' and not to forget the immense love and gratitude shown by our little MRVians.

These gestures only motivate us teachers further to put in our best for the students.

Pre-Primary Section

I Express Day



Bushra Shaikh: (Sr. KG)

Topic : If there were no gadgets
We need gadgets in our day to day life. Gadgets make our work easy and save our time. If there were no gadgets without gadgets life become more difficult. It is very easy and simple to handle and use it. We should not misuse any gadgets.



Special events like 'I Express Day' give our students a platform to share and effectively express themselves. It also equips them to learn from their environment which they are so curious about. Each class was given a few topics to choose from which the parents helped them to select and prepare.

Nursery: Myself, My Family and My School

Jr. KG : My favorite food, Best thing about school and The games I like to play outdoors.

Sr. KG : What qualities make me a good friend, What changes would I make in the world if I had a wand, If there were no gadgets and I love to read.....

All our students spoke wonderfully! We truly had an 'Eloquent Day'



Ayaan (Nursery) -

My name is Ayaan , My schools name is MRV, I enjoy coming to school. Story time is my favorite activity.

Hiyaan Raichurra (Nursery) -

My name is Hiyaan Raichurra, I am 4 years old. I belong to a Gujarati joint family. Mama, papa, didi, chachi, chacha stay with me.

Daisha Mehta (Jr. KG.)

Topic : My favorite food
Square box
Round pizza
Triangle slices
I'm a pizza princess
Pizza is my favorite food
It is flat bread topped with sauce and yummy cheese and then baked.
So next time when you bake one. Do invite me to have one.
Thank You.



Pre-Primary Section

School Awards



1. Maharashtra School Merit Awards 2017

MET Rishikul Vidyalaya was recently ranked No. 1 in Maharashtra under the Top International Parameter for 'Co-Curricular Activities' in a survey conducted by Education Today.co.

The coveted Maharashtra School Merit Awards 2017 was bestowed upon MRV amidst glitterati in the presence of dignitaries at a function held on September 09, 2017.

Few more feathers were added in our cap, this year. We received the following awards:-

2. June 2017 - We received our second British Council's International School Award (ISA) for the period 2017- 2020. The comprehensive methodology of International School Award created a stimulus to develop analytical thinking for our students.

3. September 2017 – For our exemplary contribution to the education field we received an award for the Top International



Parameter for 'Co-Curricular Activities' and were Ranked No. 1 in Maharashtra.

Teachers Excellences



Here at MET Rishikul Vidyalaya we teachers get great opportunities. One of them was the 'Inter school teachers singing competition' held at Dr. S. Radhakrishnan International school, Malad west.

Miss Sonali Joshi and I participated in solo singing. It was a great platform where we met talented teachers from other schools. There were group performances too and teachers performed brilliantly. It was a day full of music and learning. I felt blessed and honoured to win the 2nd prize for my performance.

I thank Rishikul for giving me this opportunity to step out and be a part of this competition.

- Ms. Sweety Gurnani

Workshops

"Tell me and I forget, teach me and I remember, involve me and I learn"

- Benjamin Franklin.

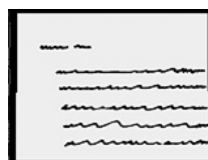
At MRV, we live by those words. We believe that learning isn't merely a process, it's a way of living. As teachers, we're in a state of perpetual learning, from the simple things like what our kid's needs are, to more evolved notions like interpersonal relationships, everyday teaches us something new. It's in this spirit that we encourage teachers to pursue extracurricular courses designed to take their skills to the next level.

This academic year, teachers and school co-ordinators went for different trainings and seminars by the Early Childcare Association, the Emotional Intelligence Summit conducted by TISS, the Communication and Mind Mapping by JBCN, Fostering Emotional Health of Young Minds by SNTD, Ghatkopar and many more other workshops, all for the benefit of our young buds.--

- Ms Shruti Padwal

Handwriting an Expressive gesture.

Have you ever thought that handwriting can be a medium of expression? This expressive gesture is called as graphology. Graphology is the study of how an individual's handwriting indicates their character attributes. Do you know, your writing is a physical process. The brain sends an order through the nervous system to the arm, hand and fingers where together they manipulate the writing tool and hence the intent to write, forms



Size of the script – Writing size reveals the degree of energy the writer is willing to invest in his environment, large the size of the script indicates that the writer is energetic and wants to produce noticeable effect on their environment and loves

SPACING BETWEEN THE WORDS

please stay away

NEEDS PRIVACY & DISTANCE FROM OTHERS..

be close to me

.. SEEKS CONSTANT CONTACT AND CLOSENESS..

deep impression within the creative processes of the mind and make writing an expressive gesture. Let me give you all a basic guide on this expressive gesture which will help you to know about yourself as well as your child.

Have you ever noticed yourself or child leaving a lot of place on the left side of your paper- it indicates that the writer shows a strong desire to move forward and leave the past behind, more the space indicates some degree of extravagance and narrow the margin shows the writer is comfortable with its past and looks to old friends and family for support. **Word spacing-** Narrow word spacing signifies an

impulsive, spontaneous person or a child who doesn't take time to reason things out, narrower the word spacing extreme the need to surround with people and balanced the word spacing the person is comfortable asserting his need for space.

attention, A medium size script writer is much stable and likes to be in naturalness they prefer to strike balance to see things run smooth and the small size ones are the intellectual ones who likes to spend alone time and are often specialist in their chosen field. This basic guide will definitely help you learn and

know about yourself and the people around you.

- Ms. Prathama

Being Alive In The Present Moment

In this highly competitive world where living, eating, drinking, working is all done in a hurry we hardly tend to live in the present moment. We just let pace of life take over and don't even care to enjoy what is happening around us. Spending some time to acknowledge the happenings around us will make us aware of the blessings surrounding us. We should be thankful for everything in our life because everything happens for a reason.

We should try to realize that although we have difficulties and troubles, God has blessed us with so many talents and abilities. We should use them to the full and make the best of what we have now at this moment than to think of what we don't or should be having.

Learning to appreciate nature and all the simple things in life will help to make life worthwhile. We should be grateful for our family, friends and near and dear ones and thank God for them every day. Being optimistic will help to focus on the brighter things in life.

We should treat life which is an unending struggle as a challenge and accept all that it presents to us. Sometime during the day we should reflect on our life and just live in the moment as we cannot be sure whether there will be a tomorrow or not.

- Ms. Asiya Shaikh



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help them follow the correct order of sequence. It also helps them to form stories and narrate it based on the rhymes.

Since their attention span is short these sessions should be short which will help them stay

How Learning can be Fun with Rhymes and Jingles for Children

Rhymes and jingles have a huge impact on students'. Listening to and reciting them enhances their language, communication and literacy skills. Singing traditional lullabies, rhymes/jingles to infants before they learn to speak, is "an essential precursor to later educational success and emotional wellbeing", argues Blythe in a book. "Song is a special type of speech.

Rhymes are a great way into learning early phonic skills which includes the ability to hear, identify and manipulate letter sounds. It helps them to develop correct usage of pronunciation, vocabulary building, and voice modulation and also expands their imagination. It allows the child to enter an imaginary world where they see animals or birds talking to them. They explore a fantasy world with the help of their imagination. Rhymes also

focused and participate happily too. There are various ways adults can make this type of learning fun like using props, voice modulation, puppets or musical instruments.

Rhymes are used as starter activities in schools. It helps in assembling the children, grabbing their attention and making the concept more interesting. They also help develop children's social skills as they sit, sing and follow actions together. The benefits of rhymes will always help little ones go a long way.

So are you ready to inculcate rhymes and jingles in your every day's routine and make it a fun learning experience for your children? If yes then here are a few fun rhymes which you would love to teach your children:

- Ms Sonali Joshi

Mowgli

Dubla patla mowgli,
Pedd pe chadd gaya,
Niche aaya tiger,
Mowgli darr gaya,
Dubla patla mowgli,
Mummy ke paas gaya,
Mummy ne diya doodh,
Mowgli pii gaya,
Kaise? Gatt, gatt, gatt,
gatt finished.
Doodh peeke mowgli strong
ban gaya,
Strong banke mowgli tiger
ke paas gaya,
Aur bola TIGGERRRR...
Aur tiger darr gaya,
Toh dubla patla mowgli,
Zorr se hass pada,
Kaise??? Hahahahahaha

Have you seen the baby ducks?

Have you seen the baby ducks?
Swimming in the water,
Father mother baby ducks,
Grand mumma and daughter.
Have you seen them dip
their beak?
Drinking up the water,
Father mother baby ducks,
Grand mumma and daughter.

Chanda chanda mama

Chanda chanda mama,
Saath mere tum aana,
Saath mein saare sitaaron ko,
Rahul(take your child's name)
ke ghar le aana.



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Teaching, Thinking, Deep

foundations for high order thinking skills in early learners.

In retrospect, we as teachers, experience challenges in engaging skill mastered students who complete their assignments before the given time. Here the teacher's intelligence of asking smart questions is challenged and tested. The art of engaging young smart learners is by making them frame their own sums or questions and also by challenging their intellect with varied questions like, "How?" "Why?" and "Can you tell me something more about it?" with proper reasoning, thereby stimulating their curiosity to understand and learn more about the subject they already know.

Mindfulness while teaching, embedded with interpretative quality questioning can enhance mindfulness in learning and

develop analytical and critical thinking skills, thereby increasing the attention span of students, resulting in effective learning.

As an educationist I truly believe that the art of tutelage encompasses nurturing their developing minds by supporting them to explore these skills and facilitate the children to acquire a positive attitude towards deep introspective thinking which helps expedite their learning and that of others around them.

- Ms. Anjana Bayas



The memories of my school days flash back, where we had multiple test or we would sit on the desks listening to our teachers, while they spoke to us on varied subjects. These images are neither assertive, nor do they assist us in creating good early childhood classrooms.

It is my solemn belief, that a teacher should be well equipped with the skills of asking quality questions to spark enthusiasm for meaningful classroom interaction, thereby helping the students think deeper to reach and conquer challenging and achievable goals. Such a shift in conventional paradigms is pertinent in laying strong

Simple Take Away



Children are precious in every way, for us as educators even more. Each one of them is unique and beautiful. The onus to mould them and make them ever more beautiful and precious lies in our hands as parents and teachers. Like an uncut diamond that goes

through the polishing process. So dear all to aid this process let me reiterate:

Every child is exceptionally precious so cherish them
Let them bloom at their own pace.
Comparing them to others will only be hurtful

Correct and guide them wherever and whenever required by being assertive

Spend a good fifteen minutes each day talking to them and giving them eye contact

Listen to what they have to say
Shower them with hugs and kisses

Appreciate them
Bless them

The most difficult part of being parents and teachers is accepting these young ones for what they truly are. They display signs early on which we need to identify and help them overcome.

As it is rightly said "Every child is a different kind of flower and all together they make this world a beautiful garden." And this task of creating a beautiful garden entrusted to us needs to be done willingly and wholeheartedly.

- Ms. Anita Mistry



Bullying



aggression as their means of expression.

• **Inconsistency in behaviour modification:** It simply means there is a lack of consistency in meting out consequences for this unacceptable behaviour. The child feels confident in repeating an unwanted behaviour which wasn't consistently corrected.

• **Feeling important and powerful:** The first few attempts of bullying makes the child feel that he has an upper hand at the victim. The popularity he gains in terms of other children following him only strengthens his confidence to continue the behaviour.

• **Adult supervision or lack thereof:** This factor also contributes to the rise of bullying at home, schools etc. When a child knows that no one is looking, it becomes easier to find targets to bully.

So, how can we as caregivers, help the children change bullying behaviour? It is simple, really! The answers lie in the factors!

• **Overly permissive or authoritarian (strict) parenting** can give way to authoritative (balanced) one. Keep the lines of communication open!

• **Motivate the child to accept their emotions of anger, distress etc and help find ways to positively express them.** Drawing, physical activities and dramatization are few ways for positive expression.

• **Be consistent and practical in**

setting up clear expectations from the children along with appropriate consequences for unaccepted behaviour. It is NOT okay to bully. Make that clear.

• **Encourage them to seek other friends** if it is suspected that they are being influenced by some other children.

• **Be alert in supervision**, along with giving them their space.

• **Enlist the school's help!** It's easier to modify unwanted behaviour if all the caregivers are on the same page. The child will understand that such behaviour will not be tolerated in school or at home.

• **Seek help!!!** It cannot be stressed enough. Gone are the days when counselling was considered a taboo! If you feel you are unable to change the bullying behaviour, it is not only okay, but necessary to seek counselling for the child and yourself. Counselling will help you find ways to help the child. It will empower the child to think for himself, about his actions and expressions!

• **Lastly**, as Dr. Miriam Stoppard quotes, "Happy healthy parents make happy healthy children."

- Ms. Jiya Chhabria.



My experience as an educator



Somewhere, sometime I read a quote “ Classrooms should have no boundaries” and I pondered over it but little did I know then what it meant, until I became an Educator.

As a pre-primary teacher, I can speak with firsthand experience as to how difficult the task is, and how underappreciated the profession is. Yet, I love this profession and I am passionate about it.

Being an educator has enlightened me in numerous ways and it has been an exceptionally delightful journey. I take great pleasure in this profession where you get to play so many roles - a friend, philosopher, guide, disciplinarian, mentor and moreover a mother too.

One, who is contemplating to be

an educator, needs to be extremely tolerant and open minded concerning children's needs. Students are innocent beings who have feelings and who don't want to feel cornered. Their enthusiasm, zest and curiosity never cease to astonish me. They want to learn but they also want to feel as if they have some control over themselves. We as teachers need to go above and beyond the curriculum to find effective ways of imparting knowledge to the students.

We have to cater not only to their cognitive needs but also their socio- emotional needs. We have to be possessive about the class which enables us connect to them and create a bond which promotes and further facilitates effective learning.

One should reach out to students and treat each and every one of them as individuals and not just a roll number on the attendance register. Acknowledge children whenever required, as appreciation works wonders with them. Never make assumptions about any student and avoid being judgmental. Every student is unique; no two students react in

the same way. It is our task as teachers to find not only what motivates each student to learn but also what propels them to misbehave. If we can meet their requirements at that point we can go a long way towards a more effective classroom.

Each teacher can narrate highs and lows in their teaching career. Personally, I have experienced many great moments while teaching. Those were days when I ended so cheerful and enthusiastic that I knew I had chosen the right profession. On the other hand, I had days where I definitely questioned teaching as a career. There were days where the students seemed uninterested, too talkative, or even worse and nothing got accomplished. Thankfully the average combined with the positive days outshines my negative ones.

- Ms. Priya Vijay Navgire .



Anandvan *The garden of joy*



Our New Found Friends Scripted and Directed by Pre-Primary Team

Anandvan is the most awaited event of the academic year. Our annual day is fusion of performances put together in a well woven story with a strong message. The theme – 'Our New Found Friends' laid the importance of reading books in the early years was well narrated by the different characters appearing from books kept in the library. Each character told their story in the form of drama and dance.

Our little angles performed beautifully through dramatization, dancing as well as speaking fluent Sanskrit. Our little talented instrumentalists and vocalists left the audience asking for more. The parents were in such awe with the performances of the children that they wanted an encore just to relive that moment again.

The essence of Anandvan helps each child to learn, groom and enhance his / her inter and intra personal skills.



Primary Anandvan



Anandvan

A Legendary Tryst/Twist

The Primary Play, "A Legendary Tryst/Twist?" this year was conceptualised and directed by our very own teachers. The play took the audience on a magical journey through the realms of Asgard and Earth.

The characters of Thor and his evil brother Loki, Wonder Woman and Harley Quinn, Joker and the Hulk, brilliantly played by our tiny stars, enthralled everyone present.

The Play spoke about the goodness of humanity and legends in different fields that have made the world beautiful without possessing superpowers. Our heroes and villains travelled through India and the world and showcased the brilliance of legends like Rabindranath Tagore,

Sachin Tendulkar, Walt Disney, Michael Jackson.

Through their power packed dances, music medleys and enigmatic performances, the students not only thoroughly entertained but also gave all the message of hope and the power of humanity.

The primary script was written by Ms. Carol, Ms. Sangeeta, Ms. Neelam, Ms. Paribhasha, Ms. Sagnika, Ms. Pooja and Ms. Amanda. The dances were choreographed by Mr. Harish, Ms. Harshada, Mr. Sujoy and Ms. Rucha. The Art work and pro team comprised Mr. Prashanth and Mr. Amit. The music was composed by Ms Paribhasha, Mr. Jackson, Mr. Sachin, Mr. Kuldeep and Mr.



Nilesh. The audio-visuals were created by Ms. Rekha, Ms. Ruth and her student team. The entire programme was coordinated by Ms. Amanda and Ms. Carol. We would like to appreciate Ms. Akshada and the entire production team for their constant support to ensure the success of Anandvan



Secondary Anandvan



Anandvan

Son et Lumiere

This year the theme of the Anandvan was, 'Son et Lumiere' a sound and light show tracing the history of film. The evening was produced and ideated by our very own teachers Ms. Yashodaa Budhkar and Ms. Maya Iyer. The show was an astounding display of talent, creativity and toil. The breathtaking performances of the students were highly appreciated by all present. It was obvious that our children are amazingly talented and have inner potential to scale greater heights. Magic was recreated as the children brought to life the bygone era and the greats who created

celluloid films. Since films is a vast subject, the focus was on the historical, tragic, romantic, comedy and action genres. The performance was a **Magnum Opus** replete with Dance, Drama and Music.

The event was graced by the popular RJ and dancer Naved Jaffrey and the renowned singer, actor and producer Sonu Nigam.

The primary script was written by Ms. Carol, Ms. Sangeeta, Ms. Neelam, Ms. Paribhasha, Ms. Sagnika, Ms. Pooja and Ms. Amanda. The dances were choreographed by Mr. Harish, Ms. Harshada, Mr. Sujoy and Ms. Rucha. The Art work and pro team comprised Mr. Prashanth and Mr. Amit. The music was



composed by Ms Paribhasha, Mr. Jackson, Mr. Sachin, Mr. Kuldeep and Mr. Nilesh. The comic medley composed by Mr. Gautam will be remembered for a long time. The audio-visuals were created by Ms. Rekha, Ms. Ruth and her student team. The entire programme was coordinated by Ms. Amanda and Ms. Carol. The Secondary Anandvan was co-ordinated by Ms Maya and Ms. Yashodaa. We would like to appreciate Ms. Akshada and the entire production team for their constant support to ensure the success of Anandvan.

This year's Anandvan would not have reached its zenith had it not been for the help and support extended by our Director, Mrs Arundathi Hosekeri and the Trustees, Mrs and Mr Bhujbal.



Acceptance



rather go out to clear her mind and cheer up and that's exactly what Gwen planned on doing. So, without further ado, she forced Myra to get up and go out to the park along with her.

Forlorn...Broken... Dejected... These were the words that described Myra sitting in her room that no longer felt like home to her. After all, home is the place where you are happy, right? Her shoulders were slumped in defeat and sorrow could be recognized in her tear-brimmed, puffy, bloodshot eyes. However, her lips did not quiver even the slightest bit. The face that would light up the entire room by showing up, now sunk low beyond rescue. The harder she tried to control her emotions and pretend as if her parents were not in fact separating, the more she fell down the deep hole of desolation.

"Hey! Come on, we are going out to the park", the booming voice of her best friend Gwen broke Myra out of her unpleasant reverie. Myra's state was not lost on Gwen; but the knowledge of 14 years of friendship enabled her to know that if there is one thing that Myra despised the most, it was consolation and sympathy. Hence, Gwen acted as if it was just like any other day of summer. If Myra wanted to talk, she would but her silence communicated that she'd

When the two friends were together, there was never a dull moment. They were content in each other's company. However this time was different. The storm that had whizzed into Myra's life consumed all her thoughts. She felt as if someone had sucked all the happiness out of her life. Her idea of happiness was a long drive at night around the city with her dad and mom singing loudly along with the radio, whilst completely ignoring the on-going argument between Myra and her little brother over the choice of restaurant for dinner. It used to be days like this that made her grateful for everything she had but now while facing this day, the same ecstatic memories transformed into ones that haunted her and caused heartache. Never in a million years had she thought that she would ever face such a situation. So she ran; ran far away from anything that reminded her of happy times because after all that's what she did best, she thought, running away from her problems.

Leaving Gwen behind, Myra

wandered to a secluded part of the park where no one could see her as she camouflaged into the bushes. Nevertheless, she could see everything and everyone clearly. As she looked above her; she noticed the gloomy, dark sky which depicted her doleful state of mind. Before her, she witnessed a little child taking his first steps while his father guarded him from all sides, his mother encouraging him to take a few more steps towards her. Watching the scene caused her stomach to churn and uncontrollable tears rolled down her cheeks.

After a couple of hours of letting her emotions flow, Myra came to peace with her situation. She understood where her parents were coming from. "You can not force two people who do not love each other to stay together. Love does not last forever and all that's left behind is concern. If this is what it took for my parents to be happy then so be it. They have made enough sacrifices for my happiness and now it is my turn to repay them," she thought to herself. Thankful for the life she got to live so far, she picked herself up and wiped away the tears on the sleeves of her shirt. The girl who left the park that day was more mature than the girl who had entered and that was the day Myra truly understood that the most important lesson in life is "acceptance."

- Maithili Salvi Grade X

Nostalgia...



Right after the end of my semester I went home. My first visit home, after my family had perished in an accident!

I stood by the gates looking at the small and tiny gardens filled with flower beds of fuchsia pigmented flowers. That was how it looked one year 11 months back. Today it was a tiny square villa fading in colours, cracked walls, creepers bubbling up the walls and dusty doors. As I opened the creaking door a harsh cry, sound of a rusty hinge was heard and a shiver ran across my spine. However, everything looked the same. The hanging chandelier which became the home for spiders stood right above the half eaten wooden table. Amma's (mother) favourite table cloth was yet there placed in perfection, two inches draping down from every edge.

Appas's (father) flute was kept near the newspaper stand. As I touched it I could hear the mesmerising rhythm of the flute

he played every Saturday night and Raghav dancing on the tune. "Ta Tina Thai Thai" (classing Indian tune 'taal') beating on time.

As I entered the kitchen, I felt Amma's presence. The spluttering of the mustard and the crackling hiss of tempering oil on the lentil soup. The cascading hiss of curry leaves all over the house. The softness of her 'Poha' (spiced puffed rice) and the burning spices in the tangy lemon rice used to be the perfect weekend meal. To call it a day she made four glasses of saffron milk that soothes the firing spices in our mouth.

As I walked down the hallway to the bedroom, I stumbled upon the broken wooden flooring and landed on a puddle of rain water tripping from the ceiling. I opened the fragile door of the bedroom. The musty smell of the untouched room. As I sat on the bed a cloudy dust blew into my nose. I sprawled on the bed tangling my hair and looking at the dusty flowery

wallpaper, humming the lullaby Amma sung to me. A shaft of sunlight had slunk inside the musty room. It lead me to the tiny garden.

The warm air was thick with the smell of hundreds of dying flowers, and full of gentle, soothing whispers and murmur of insects. I remember the flaming red wrinkled blooming marigold flower. The coconut trees swaying with the winds and the smell of the salty sands of the coast line.

The last memory of the garden as I recollected was the family photo. Amma was dressed in her gold and white Kanjiwaram saree (traditional South Indian saree) contrasting with her coffee brown glowing skin and a bright red bindi between her dark and thick eyebrows. Appa looked like a young gentle man in his coat and smelled like coffee just made from the factory. Raghav insisted on wearing his superman t-shirt.

As I looked at the sea coast from the top of the villa, the sunlit skies changed to hues of orange, and then almost tangerine. Silhouettes of birds flew home across a sky that was now magenta; and the sun kissed the horizon, half sunken into water but its reflection in the sea made it look complete. The mauve of the dusky sky intensified, and in just a while, the biggest star had set, giving way to thousand others including Amma, Appa and Raghav.

- Arya Patil Grade X

The Effects of Music on Plants

The effect of music on plants is still quite unknown. Plants do not have ears, so how do they listen? Plants are sensitive to the light sound waves which help them grow faster. The vibrations of rock music are too heavy for plants to absorb, hence they wither and die.

Just like plants grow towards light, they grow towards the healthier vibrations emitted from classical music. Music such as classical music and slow jazz have good structure and rhythm which is soothing to the soul and nourishing to plants.

Heavy metal and rock music is detrimental to the growth of plants. The heavy vibrations emitting from such music disturbs them and they grow away from it. Since they can't really escape the vibrations they die even if they are just seedlings!

Plants respond to voices and conversations as even they have positive vibrations in them which enhance plant growth, hence it is important to talk to them at least once a day.

- Shaurya Gupta Grade III

There are many experiments performed by many scientists to prove that plants can grow better and faster if they are exposed to music.

How?

Music generates sound waves that travel through the air at varying frequencies.

When the plant is exposed to the same music it also received sound waves which work as some form of stimuli for them. This shows that they are sensitive, like human beings towards sound.

Observation

Effects of classical music

1. The height and growth rate are greater of plants which are exposed to the music than the plants which are not exposed to the music.

2. Music is able to speed up seed germination effects of rock music

3. The grow of the plant was uneven and growing away from the loud speakers

- Tanishqa Bhujbal - Grade III

INCREDIBLE INDIA



I love my country, India. It is a rich cultured country and many languages are spoken by different people from different religions. Yet everyone is united and living together.

In India many festivals- like Holi, Lohri, Eid, Christmas, Onam-are all celebrated with great enthusiasm.

Many great people like Mahatma Gandhi and Jawaharlal Nehru were born here.

India is a beautiful country - Goa with its amazing beaches, trees and rivers, Jammu and Kashmir and many more other places!

I am a happy and proud to be a citizen of India.

I love India very much!

Jai Hind!!!

- Nishka Jain - Grade I



Festivals of INDIA

There are many exciting, Indian festivals Especially the ones with carnivals.

Holi is full of colours
The colour code is white
No one cares how messy they get
As all the colours are cheerful and bright!

The festival of light - Diwali
With a legendry story behind it,
Everything seems fun and jolly,
And the cities are brightly lit!

Eid is of two kinds,
One with sacrifices and the other with fairs,
Everyone leave their sadness and concerns behind,
There's happiness in the air!

Christmas is the children's favourite time of the year,
Santa arrives to town with many surprises,
The environment is full of cheers
There is happiness in everyone's eyes

Easter is very joyful
Full of exhilaration,
The tasty sweet eggs are indeed wonderful,
Easter is a beautiful way of celebration!

Ganesh Chaturthi is an enthusiastic festival,
Beautiful idols adorn the vicinity,
The memories one makes are unforgettable,
The devotees portray divinity!

Festivals are good and glad,
It can be the best day a person has had,
It is a day of wonderful creation,
As there is a lot of celebration!

- Poetic Minds (Raahi , Aahna, Jia,Tvisha)

FREEDOM

Today at the dawn of independence,
Awakes our country
Freedom in her heart
Tears in her eyes

With a new ray of hope ignites the
young minds
Awakes in the silence of darkness to

rebuild the nation
Deep down in her desirable soul
Her heart dreams of a colourful
creation

Let's spread the wings and soar high,
Bask in the blissful sunshine of life,
A pleasant day awaits, my young boy,
To attain a bigger frame of mind,
Push the mountains apart,
Let the water of serenity flow,
Listen to the sound of the waves

touches your soul,
Let's not forget the soil, on which you
stand barefoot,
This is the blessing one should not

miss,
Oh! My friend that is the freedom,
Waiting for you with the first drop of
rain!

- Bhuvaneshwari Bhujbal Grade IV



Maybe Tomorrow

wrath and turned green, but to no such avail. Giving up on my mental powers and my dream to join the Avengers or the X-Men. I pressed my face to the glass and tried to peer at

7:15 That was the time we had left home.

7:15 am. On a Saturday morning, my mother had woken me up before the sun was awake. And now, here I was, crammed in the front seat of our Honda Civic, my stomach rumbling because of last night's waffles. I hadn't had the time to carry out my daily hygiene routine because my mother wanted a head start from the traffic.

But, yet, here we are. Stuck in traffic. Just as the digital watch ticks 8.00 am. I wanted so desperately to tell my mother that we should have gone to our local 24/7 below our building, but one look at my mother's state and I realized that I would rather die another day. Her almost grey hair stuck out in the oddest way, she wore a dark pink loose t-shirt with food stains and she had Nike track pants with running shoes on. As if, she was going to burst through the supermarket and snatch up the last box of 'Honey Loops' imported from Canada.

My mother's calloused fingers tapped the steering wheel in an unpatterned beat, and I kept my eyes trained on the red traffic light willing it to succumb to my mental

the cars ahead of us. Great, we were the last ones in the long serpentine line of cars and now thanks to one red Audi which initiated the honk that pierced through the air, the other drivers' decided that it was probably a good idea to join in as well.

Now, I wasn't only hungry but apparently deaf as well. But, maybe tomorrow, I thought. Maybe tomorrow we could go to the supermarket. But, I didn't dare open my mouth. And, just as the honking faded to a silence, a man on a bike zoomed through the cars and my mother didn't hesitate to roll down her window, stick her head out and yell out a string of harsh words at the man who hadn't even heard her. Settling down in her seat, she continued tapping un-rhythmically to the soft 1980 jazz music that played on the radio.

As I turned to look back. We were still the last ones and we could turn back any time we wanted to, but again, my mother was too egotistical and I was too afraid of her to say anything.

As the watch changed to 8:15 am, I decided to accept fate and realize that I would have to adapt to the lack of leg room for the rest of my

life. But, just as I was planning out survival techniques, I noticed the car was moving backwards. Reversing! We were reversing out of the line and back the lane. Back home.

I turned my head to ask why, but my mother gave me a look that shut me up.

"Maybe tomorrow," Was what she muttered and I had to refrain a smile and also refrain myself from blurting out, 'I told you so'. Maybe I could finally eat those waffles?

- Gwyneth Pereira - Grade IX

Bronze & Gold

To all those people with 1a varied and dark complexion-

You are bronze and gold,
Bronze and gold painted on
the canvas of beauty.

Don't let their narrow
standards define you!

So what if you not
milk and honey,

You are the bronze and gold.
You are the daughter of the night-
dangerous and electric.

You are bronze and gold...!

- Soumyaa Shah Grade VIII



I Can't Imagine What It Would Be

If the energy supply stopped,
I would be dead.

I wouldn't be able to toast
any bread.

There wouldn't be any Wi-Fi
for the phone,

All my sisters would start
to groan!

There wouldn't be power supply
to the T.V.,

So my baby brother would
cry Wee! Wee!

Mom would scream as she
wouldn't be able to heat food,
Till electricity doesn't come,
no one will be in a mood.

What if power will restore
after years,

'No Electricity' will become
one of my fears.
I think we should save electricity,
Or the next generation live in
futility!

- Khwaaish Punjabi Grade VI

Heaven

Gods and Goddesses

Stay in a place

Where the winds

Run a race.

It is a place

Where waterfalls run down

Alive trees give their fruits

And the lords wear crowns.

It's a place where none frown

It's a place where beauty is
crowned

It's a place where people love
each other

It's a place where people respect
each other.

But do you know

Where is the place?

What is this place called?

This is a place

Which no one will find

This is a place

Higher than the sky

It is a place called Heaven.

- Saanvi Vaidya and Dia Gala
Grade V



The City Of Dreams

"Mumbai-The City Of Dreams"
Mumbai is fast,
Mumbai is slow,
Mumbai is the most interesting
place
You'll ever know

Mumbai... it never sleeps.
On its roads you'll always hear
beeps.

Delicious Vada Pav,
And spicy samosa
You'll also love
Mumbai's Idli-Dosa.
Gujrati Theplas and Punjabi
Chhole,
Of course, you can't forget
movies like
DDLJ and Sholay!

Gateway of India and Rajabhai
clock tower
Give Mumbai its historic
POWER!
Marwadis, Maharashtrais,
Are all Mumbai's citizens.
This is what
Mumbai a COSMOPOLITAN!

Holi is colourful,
Diwali is joyful.
All festivals make Mumbai
wonderful.
BUT

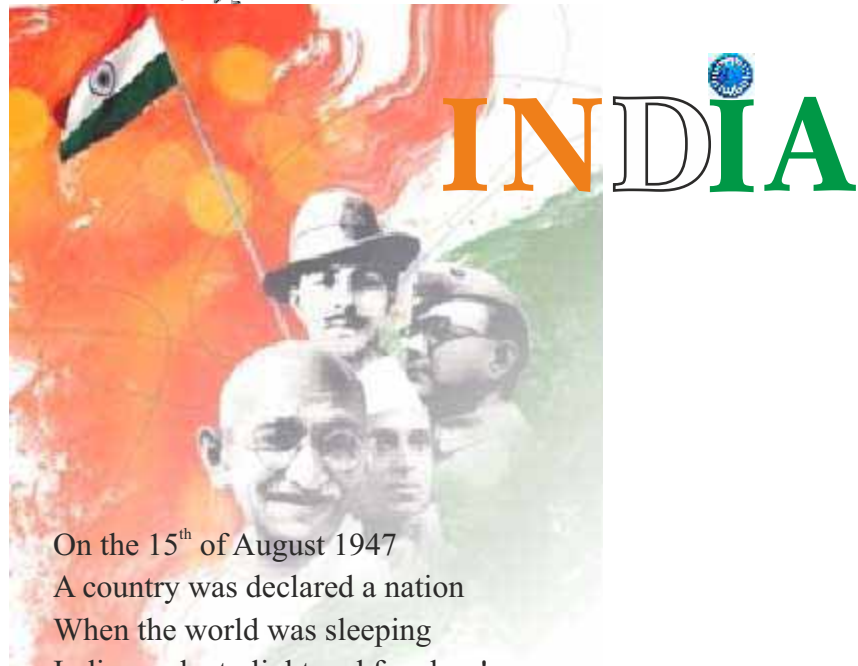
Floods and traffic are the worst
things in the city
The biggest problem is electricity
Still Mumbai is the BEST,
Better than the REST!
That's Mumbai!

- Poetic Minds
(Rahi, Aahna, Jia, Tvisha)

INDIA MY MOTHER

India, the great land of diversity.
India, the symbol of unity.
The holy place of God where
people live together.
Here we stay united in every
weather.
In happiness, in sadness our spirit
does not shatter.
The Himalayas are the crown,
To every people who live in those
towns.
My great mother, for you my
head
bows down,
Here in the sea of knowledge
superstitions drown.
Where we worship our parents as
divinity,
Where everything is the symbol
of
purity,
My mother, India is the land of
humanity.

- Izan Shankla - Grade 5



On the 15th of August 1947
A country was declared a nation
When the world was sleeping
India awoke to light and freedom!
An equal constitution,
A fast evolution.
Her powers are sometimes underestimated
But deep within she stores pure diamonds of heritage
Tied in the threads of unity,
She respects her diversity.

Given birth by Mahatma Gandhi,
Adopted by Nehru
She is a country that glows on the world map.
She was once just a British territory
Today she dances to the tunes of popularity
Inviting guests from all over to visit
The Taj Mahal in Agra,
The majestic lions of Gir,
Or the snowy jewel Kashmir

From Qutub Minar in Delhi
To Bollywood in Mumbai...
Speedy growth and progress have achieved her a name
Over these years she has conquered fame.
India's beauty and history can never be limited to just words,
It extends much more beyond that
This is why India deserves her flag
To touch the highest of the clouds!

- Tamanna Shroff - Grade VIII

Ups and Downs

I was standing on a boulder
covered with some moss. I got a
fine grip on it as my toes were
covered with the grainy sand.
From the top of the boulder I could
see miles away but still there was
no sight of people, just the
mockingbirds chirping and the
unique sound of the monkeys
swinging from the trees. The trees,
something about them surprised
me and left me in utter confusion.
It was the leaves. Every single one
of them had a whole different
pattern. In the distance I could
hear a 'whooshing' sound. Once I
got a closer look I saw the
waterfall.

The purity of the water and the
even rhythm of the rocks made me
think it was artificial. But the rock
that flowed down and hit me in the
head assured me that it was real.
The soil was damper than I
thought but that did not make the
twigs blunter. I rushed back to the
beach for my feet to sink in the
sand and absorb the pain of the
pins that had etched into my toes.
With a few shells I managed to
knock down a few coconuts. The
succulent inside kept me at peace
while the water helped me aid my
wounds. I went into the water to
try to get a better look, that was
when I slipped on a rock.
Memories, that I did not even
know about came flooding in.
With these images racing through
my brain I got a glimpse of my
family. The thought of them made

tears roll down my cheek while
almost every bit of joy was taken
away from me.

After a while, when I finally had
the confidence to open my eyes I
was back on the boulder but this
time on the other side I was left to
find everything dark with just a
hint of red merged with the grey
clouds. As I set foot in the sand
another wave of memories hit me,
it wasn't joy or comfort but the site
of destruction, despair and
sadness. Fragments of images
flashed in front of my eyes as I
relived the memory of my parents
passing away again and again and
again. I had no tears left, not a
spark of happiness, just an empty
soul. Once again I saw the
withered trees and the thunder
clouds. With a loud bang the bright
stroke of electricity that emerged
from the sky caught my eye while I
watched the forest burn to the
ground.

After I opened my eyes there was
no boulder just a fine line dividing
the two sides, to my right the
destruction and to my left the
tranquility. I stood in the centre
with the two halves of my body in
either side. Just then I realized the
message that this figment of my
imagination was trying to convey.
Life has it's ups and downs you
just have to accept it.

- Krish Punjabi Grade IX

Why OH Why

Why OH WHY
Is the sun so high?
Why OH WHY
Do we sigh?

Why OH WHY
Do we wear a tie?
Why OH WHY
Do the birds fly?

Why OH WHY
Do we use oil to fry?
Why OH WHY
Do the babies cry?

Why OH WHY
Does everyone lie?
Why OH WHY
Do we say goodbye?

Hmm...
Ill tell you why

- Dia and Muskan - Grade V

The Straight Line



"So students, with this we are done with the portion of this semester," happily announced the teacher. "Do you have any questions about how to draw these objects?"

"Ms. Kosha, how are we supposed to draw the buildings? I just can't draw them properly!" exclaimed a student. "Your drawing is good but the only problem is the straight lines! Straight lines are extremely important especially when it comes to drawing." It was a regular class like always at the Delhi School of Arts. The students happily celebrated another day with an interesting art class. Ms. Kosha; an art expert knew exactly how to teach students the skill of drawing. She was indeed an artist who could paint a picture just as good as one's dream. There wasn't any thought that she couldn't portray. Her long fingers were lonely without a pencil sketching on the small strips of white paper at the edge of newspapers. Her bright brown eyes were protected by a pair of creative glasses which were painted with nail paint that made the

frame look more than just alive. She walked home across the busy streets which were full with chaotic ladies bargaining for vegetables. She climbed up the stairs and knocked at the door hoping for her son to be the one to see her face. Unfortunately, her maid responded to her knock informing that her dear child was busy making his project.

"Zakhir!" screamed Ms. Kosha. "Won't you give mom a hug?"

"Mumma! I need help with this. Can you please come fast?" replied Zakhir.

Ms. Kosha shuffled across her heavy old furniture and gazed at her son's chart which was filled with messy lines. Apparently, Zakhir was supposed to make a chart for the science exhibition. The sky blue sheet of paper stretched across his arms as he smiled and hoped for his mother to give a positive reply. His mom gazed at the black ink spread randomly on the chart. It felt as if ants had run on the page with ink on their feet, without any sense of direction.

"What is this Zakhir? Can't you draw a straight line? How many times will I have to tell u draw a straight line? It looks like you have just scribbled on this chart! You are the son of one of the best art teachers this city has ever had and you cannot even draw a

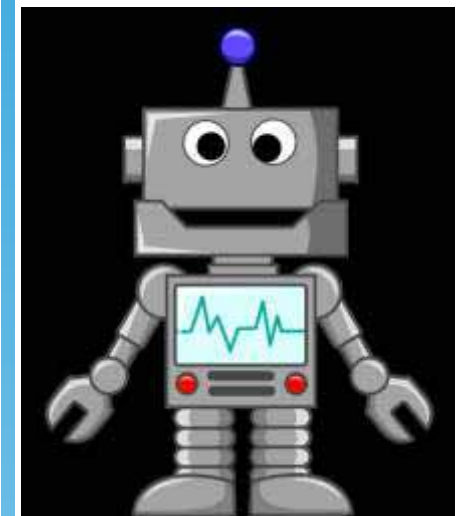
straight line. Shame on you. I feel ashamed to call you my son. I don't think it is the first time I am yelling at you to draw a straight line. I made you practice with various rulers a thousand times but still you can't even draw a straight line. Your art teacher too has no words to express his feeling towards you. The son of Kosha Husain doesn't even know how to draw a straight line!"

May be she said too much at once but it seemed like Zakhir was used to all these rebukes when it came to drawing a straight line. Tear drops trickled down his cheeks while he was left motionless by another shout on his ability to draw straight lines. He looked at his master piece which he thought was the best he could make while his mother commented it to be the worst he had ever made.

Zakhir ran into his room across the corridor filled with beautiful paintings made by his mom. It had great strokes of colors which represented happiness by straight lines shining across the paintings. But Zakhir could only see the sorrow the paintings reflected that questioned his ability to making straight lines.

The Earth had rotated once again and the Sun was hidden by the brightness of the Moon's shadow. The stars were sprinkled on the sky and Zakhir gazed at them and observed the straight lines formed within them. Looking at the nature cursing his weakness, he couldn't control the cyclonic thoughts which traumatised him almost every

The Future's Bright



day.

"All my friends can draw straight lines perfectly. My mumma loves them more than me. I can't even remember the last time she appreciated me for my good work. All my drawings are just dumped in the bin because they do not have any straight lines. They look beautiful with colors sprayed all around with smiles on my stick figures. I don't know what joy she gets in disregarding all my efforts just because my lines aren't straight. She says my stick figures are more like thread figures. She screams at me by saying that my lines are like a dog's tail, which can never be straight. Those straight lines are just impossible for me to make!"

He had lost hope...

He pulled out all the pages he could find. He glanced around his room to find a pencil. He started drawing straight lines which never reached their destination. He scribbled and scribbled and used all his time in attempting to full fill his mummas

wish. He had forgotten about dinner. Ms. Kosha too seemed to have forgotten the lecture she had given to her son just for a straight line. She slept on the sofa outside and was lost in her dreams where her son was busy drawing straight lines with a smile shining across his face.

Without any food granules entering his stomach he felt the thirst of drawing straight lines. Time slipped as fast as possible but the sheets of paper couldn't embrace the joy of straight lines embedded on them. Pencils broke, Pages tore but a

straight line was never drawn. His hands ran on pages without resting for a minute but then all of sudden they had to stop...

"Zakhir!" scream Ms. Kosha. She stumbled across the pages and lifted her hand to wake her son for school. But it was too late. It seemed as if he wouldn't wake up at all. She rushed to the hospital with her son taking his few breathe in his arms. He was immediately shifted to the ICU. The ventilator was put to work. The oxygen mask almost covered Zakhir's full face. The ECG machine beeped vigorously. His heart was in a deep trance. It was hardly beating. The doctors were doing their best. Zakhir was in this stage because of the depression he was suffering since the past few years. The demotivation his loved ones gave just for a straight line was too heavy for his shoulders to bear. MS Kosha looked at the ECG machine and said "Dear son I will not mind if you never make a straight line. Please don't make the straight line. Please don't..."

But it was too late a straight line was already drawn by Zakhir on the ECG machine. At last he did make a straight line. Looking at that Ms. Kosha collapsed. She yelled and screamed but it was too late. She murmured to her son "I should have never taught you to make straight lines!"...

A few months later her colleague said "What's wrong with you Ms. Kosha why can't you make a straight line?"

- Mansi Goud - Grade IX

Now this poem let me start,
The next generation will be
super smart.
The image that I slowly see
Is how technologically evolved
the next generation will be.
Robots doing our work is where
life will lead,
They'll pamper us and fulfill
every need.
Letting us sit back and wonder,
We will think and think and
deeply ponder,
Questions so confusing they will
be announced on a mike
Questions especially like,
"Why on Earth through all time
and tide,
Does the bread always fall on
the buttered side?"

- Akiva Barrett - Grade V

Metamorphosis

It struck her, one night at 12:50. The twenty something woman in an astray tie and crumpled shirt stepped into her tiny shared apartment. Her woozy eyes glazed with alcohol. Another night, a few other friends, another broken promise. On the black marble table she noticed was, wrapped neatly a glossy purple package.

She looked at it, knowing it was yet another Diwali gift, from some sweet shop that one of her roommates must've brought over. Quietly laughing to herself at the fact that this box would find itself in the trash the next morning, she began unwrapping it. Kaju Katli (Indian sweet). She simply stared for a few moments, stunned. Memories swam through her confused brain. Memories of her brother snacking on the Kaju Katli, stacks of four in one go, transformed into emotional exhaustion as tears splattered onto the glossy purple. She wondered how he was now. If he still wore his hair in that silly quiff. Staring at the purple she remembered her mother's purple silk dupatta (Indian stole). It had been months since she'd basked in its warmth, hid in its shadow escaping from the mean, mean world she was now a part of. A wispy hair fell around her face.



she realizes that the trying has to stop. It is now that she realises that she's not the girl with the boy cut. She's changed.

No one can truly piece all the parts of emotional and psychological metamorphosis but everyone's seen parts. This isn't some sad tragedy she thinks to herself. She still has air in her lungs and blood in her veins. She's simply accepting the fading away. Then why the tears

every night! It's the fear that she's changing every second, how guilty she feels every second for doing or not doing every little thing. It's the fear of realizing, that she's not the girl in the pigtails anymore. That she's different. So different that even her past seems foreign to those who have so evidently been a part of it.

Wiping away her tears she smiles. "Aah, the things alcohol does to me. I really should stop wallowing in this liquid that makes me feel like I'm all mush". Swallowing an aspirin for the already advancing headache she goes to sleep and thanks her alcohol. At least it puts her in a dreamless sleep, where her reality can't haunt her beautiful dreams.

- Gargi Shetty- Grade X

My School: MET Rishikul Vidyalaya (MRV)

The center of knowledge, our modern day 'gurukul' where children learn and experience how to face the world as individuals, the school has a lot of significance in a student's life today. It is where a student spends most of his day, and is like his second home.

Students often do not know a lot about the place that is shaping them to becoming a better and sharper human being who can make a difference to this world and me as the student of MRV feels the urge to talk about my school on this platform.

My school, MRV, is one with all sections including pre-primary, primary and secondary and a college for art students. It is located in Bandra, the posh part of our city, Mumbai.

Right in front of Lilavati and sharing one side of its campus to a huge public ground, it is conveniently placed next to required facilities for both, extra-curricular activities and, in extremely rare cases, need for immediate medical help.

The school has an equilateral balance between co-curricular and academic activities. The high participation in competitions like MSSA and DSO which the school is participating in football, chess, throw ball and other competitions of singing, dance, music, and art

with many others.

That isn't it! The school has teachers that are solicitous and ones that bond with children so they can learn and understand better.

The school's success is all portrayed in their trophy cabinet where it proudly displayed various awards.

The singing team of MRV won the 1st consolation prize in the 'Western Music Choir Competition' and the football team of 2015-16 was it the top 16 in their MSSA division. It has also won the Maharashtra School Merit Award 2017 for ranking No. 1 in Maharashtra under the top international parameter in 'Co-curricular activities'; all of which just compliments my statement about its tremendous success in the co-curricular section.

As for the academics purposes, it has won the No. 1 School in Maharashtra and No. 6 in India for Montessori schools.

These awards showcase the school's exquisite structure of building the children into the future of the planet!

- Ansh Juthani - Grade VIII

Sam and The Magical Book

Once a young lad named Sam visited a library near his house. He picked a book 'Fantasy World', it was a magical book.

He opened the book, it was blank. Suddenly he got pulled inside the book. It was a mysterious place with pink swirly clouds and colour changing footpaths. There was no one around. There was a magical river which made wishes come true.

He had a lot of fun but eventually felt very lonely, he wished that he knew how to get back home. A voice came from inside the river. The voice said, "There are two ways: firstly to go through a dark jungle and climb trees, or secondly to read the book 'Back to Your Home'.

Sam thought for a long time and decided that he will read the book. He found the book very interesting and soon completed it, he turned to the last page and got pulled into it and reached the library again.

He started liking books and realized that books aren't so bad, in fact they are interesting

- Arnav Narayan Grade II



No Pain, No Gain

Great sportsmen have said, “Don't practice until you get it right, practice until you can't get it wrong.” I started my skating career in the year 2008. My beloved aunt gifted me some toy skates and that brought me to join a class. So today here I am, one of the fastest skaters in Mumbai, in my age group, with numerous club level victories, three state medals and two international trophies.

My ten-year-old career has been phenomenal and quite exhilarating. But all the credit goes to my precious parents and my coherent coach. Without his exceptional teachings and my parents support I would be nothing

today. In my very biased opinion, skating is the best sport I have ever played. I have a deep affection with the sport. But like everyone's story even mine was not easy. It was filled with obstacles and mistakes, but as the saying goes, “Mistakes are the stepping stones for success.”

Now when I look back on my journey, I see the right decisions I made and I don't regret them. But sports have given me a different perspective to see the world. I have become stronger after every practice session, I have become smarter after every race and ultimately, I have become wiser after learning from my mistakes

and accepting a new perspective.

As I look to my very bright future, I expect to see me bettering myself and learning a lot of things. My aim; to be one of the greatest minds in the world, will never change, and sports are the stepping stones to my aim. Every race, every practice session, every experience has something to teach and I shall accept that knowledge to get closer to my goal. Like my coach always very rightfully said, “The race doesn't get slower, you become faster.”

- Riyansh Bhatia- Grade VII

Dear Diary,

Today's day was a marvel!

When I came to know the topic of my geography project, I was very enthusiastic about it. My preparations were awesome. I webbed a lot of information on Karnataka, collected artefacts and tried new dresses.

The level of enthusiasm increased day by day until the day arrived. I kept on wondering will my teachers like my presentation. Will my classmates laugh at me? To tell you the truth I was also blustering with pink.

That morning I was very quiet. I kept on rehearsing but realised I was just spitting out unnecessary words. When my sir arrived at my bench, I gathered the confidence and told him all about Karnataka. I did practice speaking Kannada. It was fun after all.

All the teachers were happy of our presentation and told us to keep it up. I was overjoyed and will always love projects like these.

- Saanvi Vaidya - Grade V



It Was Long Ago



This story, I will tell, you see,
Involves me sitting beside
the old plum tree
The tree that existed years
before,
Around the time when I was four.

In the evening I remember
being free,
Resting besides
the old plum tree.
Something that happened
long ago,

On its bark, I remember,
it had a big red bow.

Every time
I forgot my house key,
I would lie down under
the old plum tree.
Oh! What shade it would give
back then,
I wish I'd get a chance
to go there once again.

Believe me, you have to agree,
How peaceful it was underneath
the old plum tree!
These memories, although
they have passed,
Make me delighted

so quickly and fast.

But now the tree is cut,
it had to be,
When I look out of the window,
I miss the old plum tree.
It's hard to believe that
it's so gone now,
But you know,
I need to get over it somehow.

- Anusha Jain Grade VI

LIFE



“A hundred years won't do,
She wouldn't come!”
The brothers-moon and sun-
moaned.

Moon tried to impress her,
But she was too bright.
Sun tried to win her,
But she was partially
unilluminated.

They were confused,
“Neither is she decor,” said
moon.
“Nor is she shining and
gleaming” said sun,
“This gifted universe of ours

won't survive without her.
We will need her, or time will
slip out of our hands.”

Suddenly it was pitch black, and
she was the only shimmering
object.
She was as beautiful as the
angels,
No one had seen.
Her hair was like
blazing fire,
But she was as calm
as the sea.

She spoke,” I won't
live forever like you
both,
But I will do you one favor for
lifetime.

Dear moon, now, from this
moment I will be your wife,
So that you no longer depend on

your brother.
And sun, “I will be delighted to
be your sister,
Because only you know what it
is like to be the only sign of light
and hope.”

Thus it was.

She was finally here
She was their first, last
and only wish .
She was the only star in
the darkest of skies.
She was their last sign
and hope

She was life.

- Namya Shah -Grade VII





One Moonlit Night...

It was a moonlit night. The moon was lighting my path. I had left home without telling anyone (at midnight) to walk under the watchful eyes of the moon. That night the skies were clear, the stars had come out of hiding. What a sight it was! I could walk for hours to see the moon and the stars.

Hours of looking at the sky didn't tire me. It was as if I had been hypnotised by them. Neither did my eyes feel sleepy nor did my legs feel weary. It was once in a blue "moon" that one could see the stars and moon so clearly, the most beautiful part of nature, the most

beautiful experience of my life. The stars (had a faint silver tint) had arranged themselves into various constellations. The hooting of the owl and the faint whisper of love were the only sounds that resonated all around. The warmth of new love was spread all over. The warm winds blew effortlessly. I got goose bumps all over. The atmosphere was perfect for the young lovebirds to fall in love.

Every passing moment made me feel more relaxed. It washed away all my stress and gave me a new memory to relive in future. The air

was filled with the fragrance of the new rains, the damp soil and the fragrance of new love. It felt as if time had stopped...it was tired of ticking all day.

But soon it retired and went on with its journey. The night was about to end and the dawn was about to rise. The birds had begun to rise and shine.

Today whenever I feel sad or lonely I remember that night...that night where I was alone yet I did not feel lonely...

- Pratha.Kini - Grade VIII



Land Of Chocolate, Land Of Dreams...

can see the petit and edible jelly fish swimming around. But there is no need to get scared as the jelly fish don't sting!

If you ever get tickets to the Chocolate Land of Dreams, you have won a jackpot! The entrance gate of marshmallows welcomes you to Chocolate Land. The clouds are made of fluffy and sugary candy floss and the ground is made of smooth milk chocolate. Then comes the white chocolate sign board which shows you the directions.

If you go to the right, you enter the land of the endless, noisy, chocolate waterfalls in which you

If you go to the left, you enter the land of colourful popsicles and giant cones filled with ice cream where you find yourself two new pets - A chocolate cat and a gingerbread dog. Unfortunately, you will have to eat one of them as they quarrel a lot. It's up to you to decide which one to eat.

If you keep walking straight, you will find yourself in the land of scrumptious jellies and varieties of

gum drops. You can smell the fresh scent of the strawberry and orange flavoured jellies. Right in front of you is a humongous jelly trampoline on which you can bounce all day long.

Keep going straight and you will enter a cave of stretchy gumdrop icicles.

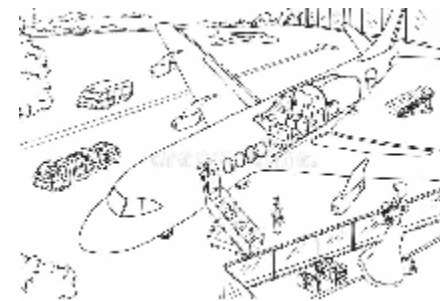
If you are lucky enough, it will rain toffees that day! To reach here you need to turn right at Shaftesbury Avenue and take a short cable car ride to sweet Chocolate Land.

Have a scrumptious day!

- Dhriti Shah - Grade VI



The Abandoned Airport



I stumbled upon a decade old airport that seemed quite like the forgotten old lady of airports. The abandoned airport was dark, with only a handful of light rays streaming through the webbed and cracked windows.

Dusty cobwebs hung on the crevices of the homeless airport emphasising on its loneliness. Broken metal seats and gnawed conveyor belts resembled skeletons that just gave me goose bumps.

The air was laced with dust yet gave the once lively airport a malevolent vibe. The feeling of Monachopsis (or being out of place) persisted.

Airports should be vibrant, nostalgic places; but where am I? And what kind of haunted house is this? Maybe, in the flight of future, ironically this airport's journey got hijacked and remained in the past...forgotten and angry.

There was a sharp deafening

silence. All I could hear was my fast breathing and speedy heartbeats.

Airport shops lay abandoned, with broken counters and random objects littered. The grey darkness loomed overhead. Dust blanketed everything. I looked through the cracked glass window and saw dead metal birds...dormant and waiting on the runway.

The passage of the airport still had remnants of their old glory but that was disguised by the burned-black walls. Maybe a fire had raged on and robbed the airport of its shine. The atmosphere was eerie, almost like a funeral or like a graveyard. As I moved forward I could hear the echo of my footsteps. I could feel eyes glaring on me, chills ran down my spine.

I turned and began to go back. These walls were filled with melancholy and decades of dust. The metal over there was rusted and fragile (almost like the existence of this place).

I recall visiting an airport once; there was an unmistakable buzz of excitement but over here the airport is sad and miserable and musty. It looked like the airport was suffering from post-dramatic stress disorder (PTSD).

I stifled a scream as I walked out; I recalled images of the airport: planes with their paint chipping away revealing grotesque and ugly rust; the lifeless airport hallways and the eerie atmosphere. Blood curdling. Threatening. Abandoned.

- Soumyaa Shah - Grade VIII



It's today's important matter
Or tomorrow the planet
will be hotter.

- Rhythm Mamania - Grade I





The Great Day Dawned



It felt as if I had been waiting all my life for this moment, it was finally the day of my grand keyboard performance. Why grand? Because I was going to perform in front of about a thousand people. All the hard work I had put in since the last seven years, all the hours I had spent training with my teacher, all of it was going to be tested today. All the sweat, all the effort! I had to prove it right! My teacher had trusted me; I had to show him that it was all worth it.

A chill ran down my spine as I entered the magnificent auditorium. The set-up consisted of neat lined chairs, speakers and my keyboard on the stage. I watched as people started filling in – my friends, my parents and my teacher. They were all here to see me. Beads of sweat started rolling down my forehead as the reality settled in. In about an hour, I would be performing. I was guided to the green room, where I had to get ready.

Adrenaline kicked in as time passed. 'Lub – dub, lub dub'. My heartbeats were racing. As I

walked on the stage, I masked my nervousness with a smile. I replayed the notes in my head hoping to not forget anything. For a moment I stood rooted to the ground, looking at the now crowded auditorium. I sat on the chair, set right in the middle of the stage, behind my keyboard. The auditorium grew silent as the beat started; my breathing heavy. I let my heart take control as I started to play the melody I had prepared. I closed my eyes and played the notes, recollecting all the days of my training. I was connected to music in a magical way. I trusted myself with my music. I trusted myself with my music, knowing that I couldn't go wrong. I recalled the days my teacher scolded me when I played the notes wrong, even the days when he stood and applauded for me.

I opened my eyes to the sound of claps, taking a moment to realize the performance was over. The claps were enthusiastic and truthful, as if people knew I had done great job. I looked over at my teacher who was clapping continuously. Looking at him, I knew I had succeeded; I had lived up to his expectations. I couldn't stop smiling and before I knew it, I was running towards him. He pulled me into a hug, whispering in my ear, "You have made me proud."

- Khushvi Shah - Grade X

The Sweet Fights

Like all brothers even Preet and Neev would fight. They could never agree on the same thing. If Preet would say ice-cream, Neev would say chocolate. Their mom would get tired fulfilling both their demands.

One day they argued about which game to play-Cricket or Football. They wasted half their play-time. Just then John, who was their common friend came. He said, "Let's run a race whoever wins they get to decide." Preet and Neev agreed. It was a tie so they played a game of John's choice-Hide n Seek. Preet and Neev enjoyed playing Hide n seek more than football or cricket.

Nowadays they do fight but they love each other a lot...No one can separate them. These sweet fights have become one of their sweetest memories.

- Preet Gala - Grade I



The Green Flash



I lay on the golden sand as I sunk my feet into its warm softness. The warmth, felt like a mother's hug and the softness felt as if my feet were enveloped by the silkiest linen there is. The sand below my hand drifted between my fingers. Yet, it gave me a sense of solace and support as I reclined on my palm over it.

Behind me, a green paradise comprising short bushy hedges of all shapes and palm trees that were set in a satisfying pattern by nature herself. In front of me, the big blue spreading across the horizon, far beyond the human eye could see. Besides me, hills - standing on each other's bold green shoulders. All of this together made a heavenly delightful creek.

For the first time in my life, I found myself completely detached from the modern civilisation. Time was no longer raging through the Universe; it had slowed down for me... Giving me an opportunity to admire all the details Mother Nature had so beautifully carved onto the earth - those details that I truly never got or actually "made" time to appreciate.

The gentle tides that approached the shore, brought along the waves that cautiously lapped each other before collapsing on the moist resonating rhythm - harmonised with every fall - that eventually silenced. However, before it could quiet down, it was replaced by another rhythm brought in with the next batch of waves...

The palms behind me, made a soothing rustle as the pleasant breeze blew from the sea and head inland; right after brushing over me. Before reaching the palms the wind whispered into my ears and then swept through the trees one by one. I could hear the sound "violet shift" behind me; almost synchronising with the one made by the waves.

I looked up at the sky; bewildered by its vastness and splendor. Shades and gradients that I had never noticed before! Right at the top, that is where it was the darkest, a combination of dark blue and a hint of deep purple. Moving my eyes towards the horizon, the shades became warmer. A gradient of bright pink to a sullen scarlet and then finally to a shy orange - right around the Sun.

The big ball of fire was no longer scorching yellow; instead it was a calm yet bright vermilion. The clouds all over the sky had been highlighted by the fluorescent rays that looked like cascading colour strokes striking across the sky. It looked as if God himself had used

his virtual paint brush, to put a 'cherry on top' of this picturesque sight.

Eventually the sand beneath me grew colder as the sun began its descent into the horizon. As dusk approached I spotted seagulls gliding in the sky - heading back to their nests to brood. This reminded me of a scenic painting I once drew when I was much younger; only this time it was more accurate and very much real.

Although time had slowed down, it hadn't stopped. The sun had now touched the horizon and it began to sink lower and lower. The darker and colder shades began to take over the brighter and warmer ones. I realised that nothing in the world remains constant, everything eventually changes - except change itself. As the view morphed, I stared at the sun. I had heard rumours a green flash that you could see right after the sun had completely sunk. I wanted to see the flash for myself before I left this paradise.

Just before the sun vanished I had seen it! It was truly magnificent. Earlier I was afraid of the darkness when it came, now I realised that true darkness isn't the absence of light, but is the conviction that light will never return; however, light always does, there's always hope for a better tomorrow...

- Aditya Patil - Grade X





The Witch's Tree

where the lady was going. She took her walking stick and moved out of her house with a fire lit lamp calling out the neighbor's name in her feeble voice, "Supriya, Supriya!" Even after umpteen attempts the lady turned a blind eye to her, the granny found

something fishy and continued to follow her.

She was off the beaten track. The damsel turned like a frozen scary doll. She had blood tripping from her lips and teeth wrapped in blood, a piece of human leg in her hand, partly eaten, her filthy and very long nails were pierced in the leg. She boasted her blood stained teeth and cleaned it all by racing her tongue through her teeth. She threw the piece of flesh and blinked, all of a sudden there was an eye ball in her hand. She licked the eye with her tongue and threw inside her mouth like a ball and chewed it with an ear piercing and gruesome munching sound.

The lady's breath stopped and her jobs dropped and her jaws dropped. She screamed vociferously and was paralyzed as she dropped the fire lit lamp which broke making an exotic carpet of crystals. The fire broke out and the roaring fierce flames engulfed the witch like a predator around its prey. She turned into black smoke and vanished into thin air. The old lady stood there while everything was Greek to her. She could hardly

breathe and sprinted back to her abode.

It was almost time to welcome the sun but the old lady fell pale and couldn't sleep. The next day she decided to forget everything that had happened the previous night and moved on with her daily chores. She went to get water from the well which was on the same road on which the ghost had perished. She was shocked to see a tree, which never existed on the place the ghost had disappeared. What was surprising was that the tree resembled the shape of the lady. To top it all news had passed through the grapevine about her missing neighbour...

- Yutika Shetty - Grade VIII



Fairy Fairy Tooth Fairy
Broken teeth you carry.

From Fairy land
get me a cherry,
Eating cherry I'll be merry.
I told my friends about you
tooth Fairy,
Even they want a cherry.
So come again, come again,
Tooth Fairy Tooth Fairy.

- Dia - Grade I



This story dates back to the 1960's, in a small village area; when keeping doors open and electricity fusing off was very normal. Not only no one feared burglars or criminals but also everyone lived like peas in a pod and ushered strangers with open arms.

It was 16th December, around 3:30am, the time when super natural powers are at their peak. The whistling gale sprinted through the vicinity while the moon guarded the village. The robust trees danced skillfully to the tunes of the wind. The old wooden doors and windows slapped the walls. The weather made people freeze to their bones. The elevating disturbance woke up the skinny old lady, the one who stayed in the broken ancient house.

'Ahem, ahem' she got up clearing her throat as she picked up her glasses that lay besides her to close the banging door. While she proceeded towards the door, she saw a damsel draped in a white 'saree' and a mile long hair; she resembled the lady who stayed next door. The old lady was submerged in apprehension as to



Living Dead

telling my mom that I'd go and stay at my sister's place which was right around the corner. I walked quietly out of the lane trying to sight a taxi (a local cab). I began walking out of the lane and onto the main road.

Everyone stood quiet in their designated positions. Each looking at one another. One gazed at the floor in disgust; one stared at another with lust. Ahana stood behind the wooden bars on one end of the room and held the bars with utmost and immense pressure as the opponent kept his word in defense. She tried her hardest to prevent any noises from entering her ears. She looked up at the judge when the whole room waited for her side of the story, for her defense. Everyone had their eyes on Ahana with the tiniest ray of hope. She looked through all and up at the judge's face, and told her story all from the beginning.

"I lifted up my sling bag and slung it over my shoulder while telling my friends a goodbye at the exit of the party. Being in a pretty drunk atmosphere, I cut each and every call from my mom as I knew all she would ask is 'have you left' or 'how long would you take'. I chucked my cell phone deep into my clutch under my lipstick and compact, thinking nothing at all for needing it later. I remembered

Amongst the utmost darkness on the street, the only possible source of light was from a small chai ka thela (small tea stall) at the end of the lane. As I walked ahead I tilted my head slowly to see who could possibly be having at tea at 1:30 in the morning. All I could see was a tall fair man with freckled skin and crow eyes holding a small plastic cup with tea and staring all the way up my legs and into my very timid and nervous eyes. As his eyeballs followed my footsteps across the tea stall I felt shrivels down my spine and gulped in a huge breath as I walked past him.

A sigh of relief escaped me as I crossed that path and reached beside a huge truck. I stood there trying to recognize the way to my sister's place. As I looked around I heard a soft inhalation right behind my ears along with a warm wrinkly hand stroke above through my thighs and near my dresses hem. A crumpled white warm napkin was forced into my mouth as I was about to reach out for help. My body's strength gave up against the old man and made

me into a forced puppet for him. He did as he wanted. He pushed me against the truck's body, throwing my bag over the gutters grill below the footpath. However still amongst so many noises nobody, was around.

I could feel the length of my dress shorten faster than an eye's blink. Seeing no one around and my squeaky noises reaching no one, I was forced but to close my eyes. All happening to me was out of my choice and without consent. I was forced to feel so much within moments that definitely have scared my life here onwards. I was forced, as it felt and was, to feel nothing, to say no word, to see no one around, to see nothing happening with or around me. It all came to me in a hurry like never before. Instead of thinking about all I was forced to do, I decided to do something. I decided to let loose and actually not feel a thing. I allowed my soul to part from me and be free from the pain it was going through, and that's when I felt, saw and heard no more."

Silence struck the room and everyone was moved. Each and everyone looked at Ahana and then at each other. The old man's face was camouflaged amongst his white shirt, trousers and moustache and that's when he had no face to show to the people around him.

- Nannika Bhuptani , Grade X





The Little Prince' - Turned Into Modernist Fable

The Little Prince who loved a rose but left her behind...

The masterstroke of “The Little Prince,” Mark Osbornes reimagining of Antoine de Saint-Exupéry's 1943 children's classic, is its side-by-side use of two styles of animation. Today's cold, corporate world, in which gray-faced, hunched-over adults grimly slog through life, is depicted in severe, rectilinear computer-generated animation. The magical universe of Saint-Exupéry's wistful, poetic novella is rendered in stop-motion animation, with pastel shades that evoke his original watercolor illustrations. “The Little Prince” is really a movie within a movie; the author's delicate, fanciful story is folded into a harsh, modernist commentary on depersonalization and conformity in the contemporary workplace.

The main character, the unnamed Little Girl (voiced by Mackenzie Foy), who is about to turn 9, is relentlessly pushed by her fiercely controlling mother (Rachel McAdams) to gain admission to a snooty school and spend all her

spare time studying. The poor child is overscheduled within an inch of her life: A calendar charts her existence down to the millisecond.

“The Little Prince,” with the Little Girl, voiced by Mackenzie Foy, and her grandfatherly neighbor the Aviator (voiced by Jeff Bridges), who shares his adventures.

A respite from the mental discipline arrives when she meets their next-door neighbour, the Aviator (Jeff Bridges), after a propeller flies off his backyard airplane and onto their property. With his magician's beard and old-coot drawl, he is a kindly, eccentric, wise man. Climbing through the hole in the fence separating their houses, the Little Girl begins a clandestine, through-the-looking-

g l a s s friendship with this dreamer, who tells her o f h i s aeronautical adventures of decades past. At this

point, the stop-motion animation enters the movie. Mr. Bridges, affecting a grandfatherly voice, gives the film a steady, warm emotional glow.

For all its magic and imaginative flair, the story of “The Little Prince” is not especially happy, although the screenplay, by Irena Brignull and Bob Persichetti, puts as euphoric a spin as possible on events. That tale, unlike the modern shell into which it's been nestled, is deliberately flighty (if you'll excuse the pun). It involves the pain of abandoning childhood dreams, growing up and accepting mortality. This film reflects human nature at its best!

- Pratha Kini &
Zaynah Andleeb - Grade VIII



Ten phrases to never say in - French

1. Don't use “TU” when you should use “VOUS”

There are few exceptions on how tu and vous are used. As a general rule, tu is used for talking to children and friends and vous is for talking to adults in a formal setting (eg –colleagues, boss, teacher and to strangers).

2. Don't use Bonne nuit for Good - bye

Even though bonne nuit does mean “Good night”, unless you mean to make a point of the fact that you're going straight to bed, it's better so use <Au revoir!> Meaning Good bye! Or <Bonsoir!> For Good evening!

3. Don't use “Garçon” or “Porteur”

Unless you want to offend the waiter, then don't call out Garçon! Meaning Boy! Same goes for calling airport and train staff porteur! Meaning “porter”. A more polite alternative is to say <monsieur> meaning Sir.

4. Don't say “Je suis chaud(e)/froid(e)”

If you're feeling hot then replace the verb être with avoir and say <J'ai chaud or J'ai froid.>

5. Don't say “Je suis plein/e” to mean you're full

Je suis plein/pleine actually means “I'm pregnant”. Instead you opt for J'ai fini meaning I've finished or <J'ai assez/trop mangé> meaning I ate enough/too much.

6. Don't use de la glace to

merci

request ICE

When you're in a restaurant and you want ice cubes in your drink, you usually have to say so. The trouble is, if you ask de la glace, the waiter may ask you <Quel parfum?> Meaning which flavor? In this context la glace refers to ice cream. Instead you should request <des glaçons> meaning “ice cubes”

7. Don't use Je suis ...Ans to tell Your Age.

Instead, you must use the verb avoir (to have) because the French say <“J'ai 30 ans”> which literally means “I have 30 years”.

8. Don't ask for change with “J'ai besoin de change”

Need change of a large bill? Then don't say “J'ai besoin de change” because the listener may think you need a fresh set of clothes! Instead say <“j'ai besoin de monnaie”> (I need change) or <“J'ai besoin de faire du change”.>

9. Using the verb “Visiter” in reference to People

One way to guarantee a good laugh when you're telling someone that you're going to visit friends is to say something like “Je vais visiter mon ami Paul.

Why so funny? Because the verb visiter (to visit) is used for places and monuments, in other words for sightseeing, not for people. You probably don't plan to walk around your friend or your aunt in the same way that you walk around a monument, right?

Instead, say <“Je vais voir Paul”> meaning “I'm going to see Paul” or use the expression that is used for people, <rendre visite à> which means to pay a visit to as in <Je vais rendre visite à Paul> (I'm going to visit Paul).

10. Don't say “Je suis excité” when You're excited

The sentiment of being excited could be conveyed by the expression <“J'ai hâte de”> Meaning “I look forward to” or <Je suis très heureux/heureuse> for “I'm very happy”.

FRENCH IS REALLY A FUNNY LANGUAGE

Il pleut des cordes
It's raining cats and dogs
It's raining strings

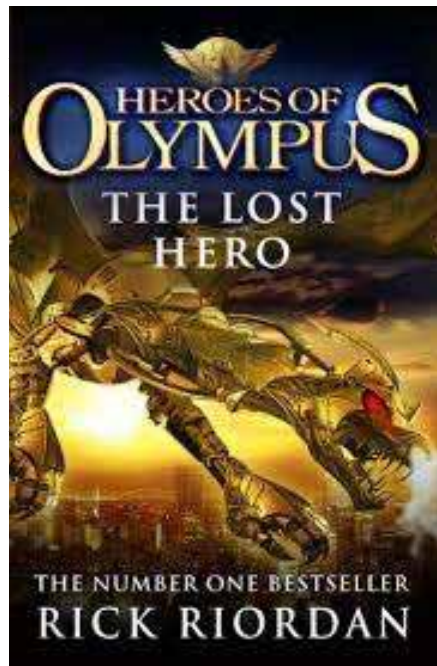
Avoir une faim de loup
To be hungry as a horse
To be hungry as a wolf

Parler français comme une vache espagnole
To speak French very poorly

Avoir la patate
to be in good shape
To have the potato



Heroes of Olympus : The Lost Hero



demigod of Zeus, god of gods,

thunder and the sky. Leo then finds a whole metal dragon robot and gets him under his control with his ability to create fire. Piper gets a dagger that gives glimpses of the future, Leo gets a tool belt from which he can take out anything and Jason has a coin which if he flicks, it turns into a weapon he wants it to be.

The three of them then go on a quest to free the goddess Hera from the clutches of a giant. That is when they realise that Jason is not a Greek demigod but a Roman demigod. In the quest, the three of them free their half goat friend (known as satyr) and soon they

learn that Jason can fly and that he also has an elder sister named Thalia. The three of them then come to know that the giants are the sons of Gaia, the goddess of earth, who want to destroy all gods. A giant can only be killed when a god and a demigod work together. The three successfully rescue Hera and when Jason was about to defeat one giant, he disappeared and Hera was saved. To know more read on...

A must read for all teens!

- Aarya Kulkarni Grade VIII

The Boomerang Of Deeds



This article takes us back to the time of Hitler's reign.

Francine Christophe is a holocaust survivor who was born on the 18th of August 1933 – the year Hitler took power. Eight years later, she was taken to the Bergen Belsen Camp.

All the prisoners of war were allowed to bring with them a small bag with two or three items in it. Francine's mother decided to take two pieces of her daughter's favourite chocolate.

However, Francine never ended up eating that chocolate.

It so happened one day that a pregnant lady named Helene came to the camp and went into labour that very day. Francine's mother who was the barracks chief told her that giving birth here would be very hard and Helene may die. She then asked Francine if it would be okay if she gave her piece of chocolate to Helene and Francine replied with a yes.

Helene survived and gave birth to a weak baby girl. The child never cried, not until the camp was liberated six months later. On that day, as soon as the baby was unraveled, she let out her first wail. According to Francine, this was when she was born.

Many years later, Francine's daughter asked her if it would

have been better if the deportees would have had some kind of psychological help. This got Francine thinking and she organized a lecture on the topic. A lot of people showed up for the lecture - elderly survivors, psychologists and psychiatrists.

One of the visitors – a pretty young lady who was a practicing psychiatrist living in Marseille, stood up on the podium and said: "Before I deliver my speech, I would like to give something to Ms. Francine."

She took out a piece of chocolate from her pocket and said: "I am the baby."

This heart touching story proves that what goes always comes back and that life is in fact, a boomerang of deeds.

- Zaynah Andleeb.



Art and Science



"Art has a double face, of expression and illusion, just like science has a double face: the reality of error and the phantom of truth."

The collaboration done by students reveals that knowledge could certainly be called creative and even artistic. Students were first surprised when I said, "We are going to learn plant and animal cell through art and craft." The joy on their faces was unexplainable, when everyone completed the task and also learned the concept. With this activity students learned the various parts of the organelles present in both **Animal and Plant cells** accurately and were able to label the same.

The students have the potential to surprise us, to create new knowledge, to develop insights that move our disciplines forward. Students

of grade 8 folded paper with plant and animal cell diagrams on it and pasted them together to understand the similarities and differences. Science can certainly be surprising, but the scientific comparison takes away some of the human interaction that makes teaching such an amazing, exhilarating profession to begin with.

- Ms. Sapna Pandey



YOGA & MEDITATION- Integrates Body, Mind and Spirit.

Yoga has been in practice since 5,000 years, and while many may take it as just another form of exercise; it is actually a wholesome remedy which energises one mentally, physically and spiritually.

At MRV, we take steps not only to teach this ancient art but also empower our students to teach others. Grade 4 took up the topic of Ahimsa and maintained a worksheet for 45 days, recording their behaviour wherein they exercised self-control. Grade 5 maintained a record of Pranadharma-the first step to meditation and recorded their breathing activity for 45 days.

Grade 6 prepared a one minute talk on the benefits of Yoga. This helped children to gain confidence and also reading since they read varied books related to Yoga.

Grade 7 selected an Asana and gave a lesson plan. They made charts, and demonstrated the pose they had chosen.

Grade 8 had to perform a difficult Yoga Pose and maintain it for two minutes. This helped in focus, concentration and stamina.

Yoga practitioners have been known to possess inner calm and self-control. They are most likely to succeed in life due to their inner discipline.

- Ms. Pooja and Ms. Kalpana



Chaturanga, India and the world



The word chess is thought to be derived from 'shah' the Persian word for King and the word checkmate from 'Shah Mat' meaning the King is dead. Chess is one of a group of games related from 'Chaturanga', a game believed to have originated in India in the 6th century. Chaturanga is Sanskrit word referring to the four arms or division of an army. Chaturanga spreaded eastward from China to Japan. It also appeared in Persia after the Islamic conquest. In Persia the game was first called chatrang, the Persian form of chaturanga and then shatranj the Arabic form of the word. The spread of Islam brought shatranj to Western Europe. It reached to Russia through trade routes.

Modern Chess and India

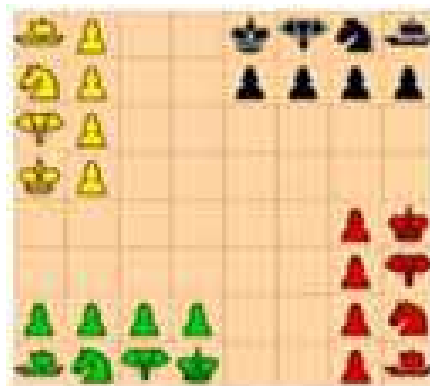
The game of chess as it exists today emerged in southern Europe towards the end of the 15th century. The new game achieved popularity all over Europe.

The interesting encounter between the players of the old Indian version occurred between 1929 & 1933 when Mir Sultan Khan became British Champion and managed to get a draw against the World Champion Alekhine and defeated the former World Champion Capablanca.

- Mr. Rajesh Bandekar



MRV students learning
to play Chaturanga



Arrangements of
pieces in Chaturanga

No To Aha!

RAM, ROM, CMOS, AGP, SMPS, HDD, SSD were all just abbreviations until hands on experience to open the cabinet of the computer, feel and touch the various internal parts were given to the students.

Ms. Ruth arranged for an informative session by Mr. Nitin Pol, Network Technician at MET. The session began with a silent class of disinterested students and as the internal parts started coming out with a detailed explanation the curiosity of the students rose and the questions started pouring in. The words which were merely learnt to be written in an exam paper started to make sense. The students started drawing a parallel with the working of other devices like the mobile. The collaborative working of the various internal parts was well understood, never to be forgotten.

"The experience gathered from books, though often valuable, is but the nature of learning; whereas the experience gained from practical lessons is one of the nature of wisdom" – Samuel Smiles.

- Ms. Ruth D'Souza

Shark Tank @ MRV



When I first introduced entrepreneurship to grade VIII, I quoted Tony Gaskins and said, "If you don't work towards building your dreams then somebody else will hire you to help build theirs."

So we decided that we will start by taking a baby step towards our dreams. The first step was generating a business idea.

Students had to brainstorm ideas and finally pitch the same in class using a PowerPoint presentation, just like a Shark Tank Episode. Their presentations were focused on points such as the purpose of their business activity, description of the product /service, why do they think this has a potential and their short term goal with respect to this business. The students came up with ideas for a wide variety of products and services and some of these ideas may really have potential in the real world.

A student has planned to start a Tiffin services business – TheVegBox, as she discovered a

gap in food services market. It is a start-up providing homemade, vegetarian food aimed at people who do not have the time to cook or simply are not able to cook i.e. senior citizens.

This project developed business planning, creativity, research, presentation and other skills relevant inside and out of the classroom. This activity successfully collaborated language skills and Business Studies. Students' enthusiasm and attention to detail really made this a fruitful exercise.

- Ms. Sonali Karawade

Towards Protecting Our Earth



A Papier Mache workshop for students of Grade VI and VII was conducted on 5th August, 2017 by Ms. Shilpa Shetty, an eco-warrior, who works for the NGO - Global Green Renaissance.

Our students were taught the process of

At, MRV we strive to protect the environment and promote sustainable living. With this in mind, we set out to recycle waste generated during the previous academic year.

breaking down old paper into pulp and then reconstructing it into beautiful, handmade usable paper. The students' excitement to see their hard work take form and be

ready for use was on display as they used their creativity to create a variety of items from the handmade paper – bookmarks, diaries, greeting cards. The students are now looking forward to apply what they've learnt in their everyday lives and creating awareness amongst society for the betterment of the environment.

- Ms. Ruth D'Souza

Raising your child's inner self-esteem



Parenting is the process of promoting and supporting the physical, emotional, social and intellectual development of a child from infancy to adulthood.

Raising a happy and healthy child is one of the most challenging job. Parents exert enormous influence over their child's development. It is especially important that parents give children a good start but they also recognise that children come into the world with their own temperament and it's the parent's job to provide an interface with the world that eventually prepares a child for complete independence.

As a parent, it is important to develop an open and honest line of communication with your child from the time they are small. Verbal praises means a lot to children especially when they come from those they love. Discipline is a means by which parents teach children to obey. Parents who set firm boundaries for their children and ensure they stay within these boundaries will be able to enjoy a happier home environment. Discipline helps to set a child's moral compass and provide him with a moral foundation and standard in which to grow.

Children learn their sense of value from the home environment.

Children and teens respond better to parental authority when they are treated with respect. Love also encourages the child to do what's right and grow into responsible and caring individuals. Children can also feel your love when you take time to listen, show genuine interest in them and shower them with encouragement and praise. Love doesn't mean indulging your child or letting them get away with wrong behaviour. Sometimes older children and teens need tough love, whereby parents enforce certain rules or restriction on them to protect them from making wrong choices that will ruin their lives. Through tough love older children and teens learn to follow the rules and take responsibility for their actions. As your child grows into adolescence they may embrace beliefs and opinions that differ from your own although you may not agree with your teen on everything, you should treat him with tolerance and respect. Being tolerant and respectful to your teen's opinion will teach him to respect the opinion of others.

A parent's personal example is one of the best tools for imparting this training. Children whose parents living such moral concepts as honesty, integrity, diligence and conviction are more apt to adopt those values in their own lives as they mature into teens and adults. A parent's love will go a long way towards building a child's character, confidence and self-esteem.

Adolescence can be a very difficult time for a parent as teens begin to make decision on their own. Many teens reject parental authority or supervision this time. Skills like

patience, tolerance, respect and love can help smooth understanding that may arise. Parents need to have a good balance between being firm and allowing greater freedom for teens to experience life and learn as they grow. There is such a thing as over parenting and aiming for perfection in parenting might be a fool's mission. Too much parenting cripples children as they move into adulthood and renders them unable to cope with the merest setbacks. There is also such a thing as too little parenting and lack of parental engagement often leads to poor behaviour outcomes in children. It encourages the children to be too reliant on peer culture.

There is no 'one-size' fit list of parenting skills that will work for every parents. Parents need to adapt certain skills to work better on different ages or personalities. Teaching children the difference between right and wrong early in life strengthen their conviction and helps them make smart decision as they grow. By honing parenting abilities and skills you can be more effective in raising your child into confident and responsible adults

- MS Lata Uchil



History 2018



Grade 9 presented a comprehensive project on contemporary affairs of the world. Last term they studied Syria in detail. This term it was decided that they would study, 'Countries in Conflict'. The class was divided into 4 groups and they discussed in detail... Baluchistan (Present day Pakistan), Yemen, Philippines and North Korea.

Through videos, power point presentations and charts, the students discussed the areas of conflict, the economy and the effect on environment. The efforts of the children were painstaking and endearing. After each presentation, the students recited a popular anti-war poem thus collaborating History and Literature.

- Ms. Maya Iyer

Love (for English) is in the air ...

Pyaar (English Ke Liye) Hawa Me Hain...

Teenage is the best age! I was a teenager just a few years ago (well... I know I am 'old' now). And I remember how deeply affected I was when I got introduced to the concepts of love and romance through literature. I fell in love immediately, not with a person in flesh and blood, but with countless heroes of countless stories I read.

I got a chance to bring this romance to the class of Grade IX. The romance and love my kids identify with the most, is the one they witness in Bollywood movies. So we brought in a beautiful song from *Rajkumar Hirani's* PK. *Chaar Kadam*, the song we took, is sung by Shaan and Shreya Ghoshal. The students heard the song once... twice... thrice. They still didn't know why they were listening to the song but enjoyed it regardless the doubt. The lyrics of the song were displayed on the smart board for them.

As non-native speakers of English most of us tend to think in our local, regional languages and then translate our thoughts to English. That's it! I wanted the students to use their translation skills, to express their thoughts about love and romance. *Swanand Kirkire* had already penned down these enchanting lyrics. My new-age lyricists now had to convert this

Hindi poetry to an English one. Children worked in pairs to translate the poem. All they had to do is translate and create a new English poem without changing the meaning and effect of the Hindi example. The results of this activity were stupendous.

Some wrote... 'Keeping our traditions aside Walk a few steps with me With you always on my side It's not you and me, it's 'we'...' 'Without caring what the world thinks, Let us be together, Walking hand-in-hand, Today, tomorrow and forever...'

The students understood how important it is to know and use the structure of any language, that the translations couldn't be from word to word, that every language is profound and effective, if used correctly.

The students went home humming their own tunes. Happy faces always make happy classes.

- Ms. Yashodaa Budhkar

Emotional Quotient... Much required!



In a world full of competition, development and progress, love and kindness are missing. This belief has shaped my teaching and learning strategy.

The hardships with implementing strategies that promote love and kindness lay in the fact that portion completion, attendance, evaluations, report card entries, assemblies and workshops are at the forefront of school life for a teacher. This leaves one with the question - 'Can this work and will it help the students?

During the course of the last two years, I've realized it is possible and tremendously helpful. Maybe not directly changing every aspect of a student's life, but at least to make a ripple, a step in the right direction that motivates the

students to not only to succeed in academics but become happy, kind and humble human beings.

Through these two years, I've used emotive gaming strategies to enhance social responsibility and compassion. Strategies like:

1)Tidy Treasure Trove - a box where names of the tidiest students every week was kept and the winners picked and rewarded at the end of the week

2)Best Behaviour Benefits – a jar for rewarding appropriate and model behaviour.

3)Kindness Ambassadors and Kindness Corner – using Post-its to promote kindness towards parents, teachers, helpers and each other.

4)Social Work through academic subjects– using Essays, Letters and Field trips as mediums for introducing students to problems faced by the weaker and forgotten sections of society and finding ways to give them a sense of belonging and love.

5)Days of the week- every day of the week was given a fun theme that peak the students' interest. We had Motivational Mondays, Theatre Tuesdays, Winner Wednesdays, Thankful Thursdays and Flashlight Fridays.

6)Inclusive Education – developing learning techniques to encourage all types of learners

I've observed that if these strategies are used effectively and consistently, they can help build bonds between teachers and students as well as amongst students. In today's world, it is eminent that we create informed and socially responsible students who can prevent bullying, aggression, body shaming and a whole list of negative behaviours that students face at school. By doing this, we will be able to provide all the stakeholders of school, a pleasant and joyful schooling experience.

- Ms. Amanda Sampey



Red Cabbage-Natural Indicator

This experiment was conducted in Chemistry for Grade VII Ruby.



In this experiment, the students of grade 7 used red cabbage to make the natural indicator. The pigment that gives the cabbage its colour is called Anthocyanin, which is a water-soluble pigment also found in apple skin, plums and grapes. Anthocyanin acts as a good indicator to identify acids and bases.

Procedure for making the indicator:

- Just chop the red cabbage into small pieces
- Add it to boiling water
- Let it boil for a minute
- Stir the mixture and filter it and collect the filtrate. The filtrate is used as the indicator.

How it works:

All acidic solutions, having pH less than 7 will turn the indicator into a shade of red colour. When added to something that is neutral (neither an acid nor a base) , the

red cabbage juice will not change colour, it remains purple, and the basic solutions, having pH more than 7, will give a shade of green or blue, when tested with the natural indicator.

Experimenting it:

Our next target was to investigate the colour change in acidic or basic solutions. We took some commonly found substances like, Hydrochloric acid, lime juice and vinegar, sodium hydroxide, soap and water. Next step we carefully poured the red cabbage juice into all the beakers containing the respective solutions.

As the red cabbage juice slowly diffused in the liquids, the colours began to show more clearly. Finally when the colours were clear enough to segregate the solutions we arranged them from lowest to highest pH. The acidic lemon Juice turned Red whereas basic baking powder solution turned green.

Students really had a lot of fun experimenting and investigating the pH using a natural indicator.

- Ms. Akshada Khadpe

INCREDIBLE INDIA!

A Grade V Geography Project

It was a project based learning in pairs with a meaningful learning experience.

It was a self-selected topic - ' Incredible India'.

From the Himalayas to the Indian ocean, from the Thar desert to Arunachal Pradesh, the students portrayed every state of India.

The material and information collected by the students helped them to become aware of the beauty of heritage sites to the current progress and development in each state.

The most wonderful part of the project was that the students dressed themselves in the traditional costumes of those states and learnt the regional language too. Some students sang melodious songs and recited poems of their respective states.

The classroom was vibrating with real authentic learning.

A special mention of the parents' invaluable contribution and support to the kids was highly appreciated.

- Ms. Amber Jain





Children's corner

भाषण लेखन

नशे की लत



अपनाता है ताकि वह अपनी समस्या को भूल सके। देखते ही देखते वह हर समस्या से बचने के लिए नशे का उपयोग करने लगता है और इसका आदी बन जाता है।

युवाओं की सबसे बड़ी समस्या है कि वे अपने

परिवारजनों खासकर अपने माता-पिता से अपनी समस्याओं पर बात नहीं करते जबकि वे ही ऐसे हैं, जो हमें इस विषय पर खुलकर समझा सकते हैं या फिर हमें किसी जानकार से मिलवाकर हमारे मन में उठे सवाल के हल ढूँढने में हमारी मदद कर सकते हैं। यहाँ बैठे माता-पिता से भी मैं ये ही कहना चाहूँगी कि अपने बच्चों के दोस्त बने और उनके साथ बचपन से ही ऐसा रिश्ता बनाएँ कि आपका बच्चा अपनी समस्या लेकर खुद आपके पास आए। इतनी सावधानी के बाद भी यदि कोई इस समस्या से घिर जाए तो जगह-जगह बहुत से रिहबिलिटेशन सेंटर खुल गए हैं, जहाँ इस समस्या का इलाज किया जाता है।

अंत में मैं बस इतना ही कहना चाहूँगी -

“किसी के घर का चिराग न बुझने पाए, नशे की आग को जो हम बुझाएँ।”

रोकथाम इलाज से बेहतर है इसी संदेश के साथ मैं अपनी वाणी को विराम देना चाहूँगी, मेरा भाषण ध्यानपूर्वक सुनने के लिए धन्यवाद।

- प्रथा किनी (कक्षा ८)

दोस्तों आपने सुना होगा कितने ही अभिनेता, गायक और खिलाड़ी इस नशे के जाल में फँसकर अपने कैरियर के साथ खिलवाड़ कर चुके हैं और अंत में पछतावे के सिवाय उन्हें कुछ नहीं मिला। आपको क्या लगता है ? नशा करने के क्या कारण हो सकते हैं ? मेरे हिसाब से इस समस्या का मुख्य कारण है - बुरी संगति और कभी-कभी अवसाद (डिप्रेशन) भी इसका कारण हो सकता है। जैसा कि मैंने पहले भी कहा कि मित्रों के व्यवहार की हम नकल करते हैं, तो यदि मित्र अच्छे आचरण वाले न हो तो हम ऐसी गलत आदतों में आसानी से पड़ सकते हैं। कई बार देखा गया है कि जो व्यक्ति किसी न किसी समस्या से घिरा हो वह डिप्रेशन में आकर नशे को

मोहन की सीख



एक बार की बात है। एक लड़का था, जिसका नाम था - मोहन। वह जहाँ जाता, कचरा फैलाता। उसके माता-पिता और उसके सारे मित्र उसकी इस आदत से परेशान थे। एक दिन मोहन अपने माता-पिता के साथ एक शादी में गया। वहाँ भी उसने अपनी आदत के अनुसार कचरा फैलाया। सभी लोग जो उसकी इस हरकत को देख रहे थे, उन्होंने उसके माता-पिता से उसकी शिकायत की। यह सुनकर उसके माता-पिता बहुत शर्मिंदा हुए और उसे डाँटते हुए कहा कि यदि तुमने अपनी आदत न बदली तो आगे से हम तुम्हें अपने साथ कहीं नहीं ले जाएँगे। मोहन ने उनकी बात पर ध्यान नहीं दिया और सोने चला गया।

मोहन की माँ उसकी इस हरकत पर बहुत दुखी हुई और उसे उसकी गलती का एहसास दिलाने का उपाय सोचने लगी। उन्होंने मोहन के मित्रों को बुलाकर कुछ समझाया। अगले दिन जब मोहन विद्यालय पहुँचा उसके सभी मित्रों ने एक-एक कर के उसपर कुछ न कुछ फेंकना शुरू कर दिया। मोहन ने नाराज़ होते हुए कहा - “तुम सब मेरे आस-पास कचरा क्यों फेंक रहे हो? क्या मैं तुम्हें कूड़ादान दिखाई दे रहा हूँ ?” इसपर सभी दोस्तों ने एक साथ मिलकर कहा - “तुम भी तो रोज़ धरती पर इसी तरह कचरा फेंकते हो, उसे भी ऐसा ही लगता होगा ना !”

अब मोहन को समझ में आया कि वह धरती माँ के साथ कितना बुरा बर्ताव कर रहा था। मोहन को सबक मिला और उसने दोबारा कभी भी धरती पर कचरा न फेंकने की कसम उठाई।

सीख : दूसरों के साथ वह व्यवहार मत करो, जो तुम्हें खुद के लिए पसंद नहीं।

- राही सोनी (कक्षा -५)



खेलकूद कर सेहत बनाओ



क्या आज के ज़माने में खेलकूद की आवश्यकता है ? जी हाँ “पढ़ोगे-लिखोगे बनोगे नवाब, खेलोगे-कूदोगे बनोगे खराब” यह कहावत तो विश्व भर में प्रसिद्ध है, परन्तु क्या हम पढ़ाई के साथ-साथ खेलकूद को भी महत्व दे रहे हैं ? अगर आप खेलकूद पर ध्यान नहीं देते हैं, तो चाहे आप पढ़ -लिखकर जितने भी बड़े इंसान बन जाएँ परंतु आपका शारीरिक विकास नहीं हो पाएगा, क्योंकि जितना ज़रूरी दिमाग का विकास है उतना ही ज़रूरी शरीर का विकास भी है।

आजकल की बढ़ती टेक्नोलॉजी के साथ बच्चों ने अपने आप को वीडियो खेलों के साथ बाँध-सा लिया है। उनका मानना है कि यह भी खेलकूद ही है, जबकि मेरे हिसाब से यह सिर्फ समय बर्बाद करने तथा सेहत बिगाड़ने का एक साधन मात्र है। वीडियो खेल से आप कुछ भी हासिल नहीं कर पाएँगे, बल्कि कहीं न कहीं ये आपको आपके जीवन के लक्ष्य से भटकने में मदद जरूर कर देंगे। असल में देखा जाए तो ये सब पैसा बनाने का खेल है और बच्चे आसानी से इसके जाल में फँस जाते हैं।

इसके विपरीत बाहर जाकर कसरत करने से आपकी हड्डियाँ मज़बूत बनेंगी आपको दूसरे लोगों के साथ खेलने और उनके बारे में जानने में भी मदद मिलेगी, आप में सामाजिकता का विकास होगा साथ ही साथ आप में चुस्ती का प्रसार होगा जो एक विद्यार्थी के लिए काफी महत्वपूर्ण है। आप जितना भी अच्छा खाना खा लें मगर शरीर को उस खाने का उचित पोषण तभी मिलेगा जब आप खेलकूद और कसरत करेंगे। इसीलिए मैं इस बात में यकीन रखता हूँ कि एक विद्यार्थी को पढ़ाई के साथ-साथ खेलकूद भी करना चाहिए। मुझे पूरी उम्मीद है कि मेरे इस लेख को पढ़ने के बाद इस विषय पर आपके नज़रिए में कुछ बदलाव अवश्य आएगा।

- राहुल केला (कक्षा - ८)

निराली सीख



एक दिन की बात है, मैं और मेरे भाई-बहन खेलने के लिए मैदान में गए। हम वहाँ काफी देर तक खेले। कभी झूला झूले, कभी मिट्टी का घर बनाया तो कभी तितलियाँ पकड़ी। कुछ देर बाद जब हम घर लौट रहे थे तब हमने देखा कि कुछ लोग पेड़ों को काट रहे थे। हम भाग कर वहाँ गए और उनसे पूछ कि वे ऐसा क्यों कर रहे हैं? वे कहने लगे कि हम यहाँ पर इमारत बनाने वाले हैं।

मेरे छोटे भाई ने कहा कि क्या आप नहीं जानते कि पेड़ों की वजह से ही हम जीवित हैं? इस पर उन्होंने कहा कि पता है पर हम मजबूर हैं। तुम लोग यहाँ से जाओ और हमें अपना काम करने दो। हम उदास होकर घर लौट आए पर, फिर हमें एक उपाय सूझा। हमने अपनी माताजी को साथ लिया और बाज़ार गए कि वहाँ से हमने कुछ पौधे खरीदे।

अगले दिन शाम को हम फिर से मैदान गए, पर आज खेलने के लिए नहीं, जहाँ से पेड़ काटे जा रहे थे वहाँ नए पौधे लगाने। मैदान में जाते ही हमने अपना काम शुरू कर दिया। थोड़ी ही देर में वो लोग फिर आ गए और पेड़ काटने लगे। हमें पौधे लगाते देख वे कुछ देर रुके, फिर वापस अपने काम पर लग गए। हम पौधों को लगाकर उनको पानी देकर वापस घर लौट आए। पाँच से छह दिन बाद हम मैदान में वापस लौटे। हमारे पौधे बड़े खूबसूरत लग रहे थे, पर ये क्या? वो पेड़ भी वहाँ खड़े थे, जिनको काटा जाने वाला था। तभी हमें वो लोग दिखाई दिए जो पेड़ों को काटने आते थे, हमने उत्सुकतावश उनसे पूछा कि आपने पेड़ क्यों नहीं काटे ? उन्होंने कहा कि आप छोटे-छोटे बच्चों ने हमें ये सीख दी कि हमें पेड़ नहीं काटना चाहिए। अब हम कभी पेड़ नहीं काटेंगे।

सीख : हमें पेड़-पौधों को उगाना चाहिए और भारत को स्वच्छ रखना चाहिए।

- अनाया मेहता - कक्षा -३

Children's corner

माँ



परेशानियों में उलझना हमारी खूबी है, पर, उनको सुलझाना है उसकी। बातें करना तो सभी को आता है, पर, सुनना बस उसने ही सीखा है। पग-पग पर जो साथ दे उसे साथी कहते हैं, पर, जीवन को जो राह दिखाये उसे माँ ही कहते हैं। जादू करने वाले जादूगर तो सभी ने देखे हैं, पर, माँ के स्पर्श का जादू उन सब जादूगरों से परे है। मुसीबतों को देखकर जब हाथ-पैर फूलते हैं, तब, उसकी समझदारी के सामने हम सब कुछ भूलते हैं।

डूबते को तिनके का सहारा ही काफी होता है, पर, जब मैं दुखों में डूबती हूँ तो मेरा तिनका हमेशा मेरे साथ होता है। जिसका चेहरा देखकर मैं हर सुबह की शुरुआत करना चाहती हूँ, वो मेरी माँ है, मैं हमेशा जिसके साथ रहना चाहती हूँ।

- मानसी गौड (कक्षा -९)





जंगल का असली राजा



बहुत पुरानी बात है, सुंदरबन नाम का एक जंगल था। उस जंगल में कोई राजा नहीं था। वहाँ सब मिल-जुलकर रहते थे। शेर, बाघ और बंदर बहुत अच्छे दोस्त थे। एक दिन सभी जानवर जंगल में घूम रहे थे। घूमते-घूमते सभी को प्यास लगती है और वे सब झील के पास जाते हैं। जब सब पानी पी रहे थे, तो बंदर का ध्यान झील के बीचोंबीच खिले एक सुंदर फूल पर जाता है। वह बाकी जानवरों को भी उस फूल को देखने के लिए कहता है, सबको फूल बहुत सुंदर लगता है। उसी फूल के बारे में बातें करते हुए सभी वापस अपने घर लौटने लगते हैं। चालाक लोमड़ी को एक शरारत सूझती है। वह शेर की गुफा में जाकर उसे कहती है कि झील में जो सुंदर फूल खिला है उसे आपके पास होना चाहिए। इसके बाद वह लोमड़ी बाघ की गुफा में जाकर उसे भी यही कहती है।

शेर और बाघ दोनों ही फूल को लेने के लिए निकल पड़ते हैं। दोनों एक ही समय पर झील के किनारे पहुँचते हैं। बाघ शेर से पूछता है कि तुम यहाँ क्या कर रहे हो? वह चालाकी से बात को टालते हुए कहता है कि मैं तो ज़रा टहलने निकला था। थोड़ी देर यहाँ-वहाँ की बातें करने के बाद बाघ झील की ओर उस फूल को लेने के लिए जैसे ही बढ़ता है शेर उसे रोक लेता है और कहता है, 'यह फूल जंगल के राजा के लिए खिला है, जो मैं हूँ।' बाघ भी यही कहते हुए फूल की ओर झपटने की कोशिश करता है। दोनों में झगड़ा होने लगता है, जिसे देखकर बंदर बीच-बचाव करने आ जाता है।

बंदर - 'क्या बात है? आप दोनों आपस में इस तरह क्यों झगड़ रहे हो?'
शेर - 'मैं जंगल का राजा हूँ और झील में खिला फूल मुझे ही लाना चाहिए।'
बाघ - 'नहीं, जंगल का राजा मैं हूँ, फूल मुझे मिलना चाहिए।'

बंदर ऐसे तो कुछ फैसला होगा नहीं, एक काम करते हैं, जंगल में चलकर सबके सामने इस बात का फैसला करते हैं।

तीनों जंगल में पहुँचते हैं और जानवरों की सभा बुलाई जाती है सभी मिलकर तय करते हैं कि जो सबसे पहले उस झील में से फूल को ले आएगा वो ही जंगल का राजा बनेगा। सब अपने-अपने तरीके से फूल को लाने की कोशिश में लग जाते हैं। चिड़िया उड़कर फूल लाने की कोशिश कर रही थी तो शेर तैर कर परंतु किसी की कोशिश कामयाब नहीं हो रही थी। शाम होने को आई, मगर कोई भी फूल तक नहीं पहुँच पाया। सबने सोचा कल फिर से कोशिश करेंगे। बंदर कुछ और ही सोच रहा था। जैसे-ही सब जंगल लौटे बंदर चुपचाप दोबारा झील के पास गया और फिर से कोशिश करने लगा उसकी कोशिश में फूल टूट कर झील में गिर गया। अब बंदर घबरा गया और ठीक वैसा ही फूल ढूँढ़कर जंगल आया और सबसे कहने लगा कि उसने फूल तोड़ लिया है और अब से वह जंगल का राजा होगा। उसे क्या पता था कि सारस ने उसकी सारी चालाकी अपनी आँखों से देखी थी। उसने सबको बता दिया कि बंदर झूठ बोल रहा है फिर क्या था सभी जानवर जोर-जोर से चिल्लाने लगे और सबने मिलकर तय किया कि आज से हम सब जंगल के राजा होंगे।

- जे दोधी (कक्षा -६)

मेरी प्यारी सहेली

मेरी प्रिय सहेली है वो,
क्या मैं उसकी बात कहूँ।
साथ-साथ वो मेरे रहती,
यहाँ रहूँ या वहाँ रहूँ।

बहनों जैसा प्यार है करती,
जितना भी मैं लड़-भिड़ लूँ।
शैतानी भी जम कर करती,
उसकी डाँट मैं खाती हूँ।
जब भी कभी दुखी मैं होती,
अकसर उसको पाती हूँ।
मुझको बस इतना है कहना,
प्यारी सखी बस यूँ ही रहना।

- धीया शाह (कक्षा -६)



ऐसा देश है मेरा...



भारतीय संस्कृति विश्व भर में प्रसिद्ध है। पुरातनकाल से हमने देखा है कि भारत अनेकता में एकता प्रदर्शित करने वाला शायद धरती पर एकमात्र देश है। यहाँ विभिन्न जाति-धर्म के लोग मिल-जुलकर रहते हैं, अपने धर्मानुसार अपने पर्व मनाते हैं। सबका खान-पान, पहनावा, रहन-सहन, बोली-भाषा आदि अपने-अपने शहर और गाँव के अनुसार ज़रूर है, पर उनके दिल एक जैसे ही धड़कते हैं। यहाँ की माँ, अम्मा, आई, बा, अममी जैसे अनेक उच्चारणों से संबोधित की जाने वाली स्त्री अपने बच्चों के लिए कुछ भी कर गुजरने के लिए तैयार है।

जब देश प्रेम की बात आती है तो शूरवीरों और वीरांगनाओं के इतने किस्से हमारे देश के इतिहास में भरे पड़े हैं कि सुनते-सुनते आप थक जाएँगे पर ये किस्से खत्म नहीं होंगे। यहाँ की सबसे विशेष बात यह है कि यहाँ शाकाहारी और माँसाहारी दोनों प्रकार के लोग रहते हैं, कभी-कभी कुछ बातों में उनमें मतभेद भी हो जाता है, परंतु उनके देश पर यदि कोई बुरी नजर उठाता है., तो ये दोनों पक्ष अपने मतभेद भूलकर उसे मुँहतोड़ जवाब देने से नहीं चूकते।

दोस्तों इस बात में भी सच्चाई है कि हम में से कई लोग विदेशी नजारों से इतने प्रभावित होते हैं कि वे अपने देश की तुलना उन देशों और वहाँ के रहन-सहन से करते हैं और अपने देश की कमियाँ निकालते हैं। मैं इस बात से इंकार नहीं करता कि कुछ देश हमारे देश से अधिक विकसित और खूबसूरत हैं, परंतु जैसा अपनापन और मानवता हमारे देश में है, वो अन्य किसी देश में नहीं ये मेरा विश्वास है।

- दर्श सावला (कक्षा-७)



क्या हम जिंदा हैं ?



आजकल के बढ़ते शोर से मैं तंग आ गई हूँ। जिंदगी में सब एक ही काम में लगे हैं - और अधिक प्रदूषण। क्या ये लोग धरती माँ को रोते हुए सुन नहीं पा रहे? उसने हमें क्या कुछ नहीं दिया, पेड़, पहाड़, पक्षी, नदियाँ, समुद्र आदि और बदले में हमने क्या किया? पेड़ काटे, नदियों में अपने घरों का कचरा बहा दिया, इलैक्ट्रॉनिक्स आदि का जम कर इस्तेमाल किया। हमारे द्वारा किए गए इन बुरे कामों का अंत ही नहीं। ज़रा सोचिए, यदि नदियों का जल एकदम स्वच्छ और निर्मल होता, चारों ओर पेड़ों से हरियाली होती, उन पेड़ों पर चिड़िया के घोंसले होते और सड़कों के दोनों ओर कचरे के ढेर नहीं बाग-बगीचे होते तो कैसा होता?

लेकिन, आज ये सब परियों की कथाओं जैसा लगता है। हम टैक्नोलॉजी के जाल में इस तरह फँस गए हैं कि इन पेड़ों के चिल्लाने की आवाज़ हमें सुनाई भी नहीं देती। सिर्फ कुछ लोगों को ये आवाज़ सुनाई देती है और वे अपनी पूरी कोशिश कर रहे हैं पर्यावरण और पेड़ों को बचाने की। कभी-कभी मुझे लगता है कि शायद हमें जीवित कहलाने का भी हक नहीं है, क्योंकि यदि हम जीवित होते हो दूसरों के दर्द को महसूस कर पाते। काश हम सब अपनी व्यस्त जिंदगी से कुछ समय निकाल कर अपनी धरती माँ की आवाज़ सुन पाते और उन्हें बचाने की कोशिश करते।

- संजिनी गाला (कक्षा-६)



रोम - एक शानदार शहर

रोम के शानदार शहर को केवल इटली की राजधानी कहना अनुचित होगा। यह श्रेष्ठ शहर उससे कहीं अधिक है। यह अपने आप में ही एक आलीशान स्थान है और यदि कोई आपसे कहे कि एक शहर के भीतर सम्पूर्ण अलग देश है, तो क्या आप मानेंगे? नहीं ना? किंतु न चाहते हुए भी आपको ये मानना होगा, क्योंकि रोम के भीतर एक अलग देश है - वैटिकन सिटी।

रोम तथा समस्त इटली में बोली जाने वाली भाषा है इटैलियन। यह एक अति विनम्र भाषा है। यह कुछ हद तक फ्रेंच से मिलती-जुलती भी है। रोम का भोजन स्वादिष्ट है और यहाँ कई प्रकार के खाद्य पदार्थ मिलते हैं, जिसमें 'कासीयो ए पेपे' व 'कार्बोनारा' सबसे मशहूर हैं। यहाँ अलग प्रकार के भोजनालयों के अलग-अलग नाम होते हैं, जैसे - ओस्टेरिया, ट्रोटोरिया, जेलाटेरिया, पानीनोटेका, पास्टिसेरिया तथा रिस्टोरेन्ट। प्राचीन रोमवासियों को उस समय का सबसे सफल वास्तुकार माना जाता है।

रोम को अपनी उत्तम वास्तुकला के लिए जाना जाता है। विशाल कोलोज़ियम, अद्भुत रोमन फोरम, भव्य ट्रेवी फाउन्टेन, शानदार पान्थीरॉन तथा महाप्रतापी सेंट एंजेलो का महल इस बात का प्रमाण है। ऐसी मान्यता है कि ट्रेवी फाउन्टेन में सिक्का उछालने वाला प्रत्येक व्यक्ति रोम वापस अवश्य आता है। इतिहासकारों का मानना है कि रोमवासियों का अपने पड़ोसी, यूनानियों से विजयी होने में उनकी वास्तुकला का ही हाथ है, जबकि

ग्रीक वास्तुकला अधिक सुंदर थी तो रोमन वास्तुकला ज़्यादा क्रियात्मक।

आइए अब जानते हैं वैटिकन के बारे में, यह हर तरह से एक अलग देश है। यहाँ की अधिकतर कलाकृतियाँ वैटिकन म्यूजियम में प्रदर्शित हैं। रफेल रूम्स की खूबसूरत पेंटिंग्स से लेकर मायकलैन्जिलो के प्रतिष्ठित सिस्टीन चैपल तक, यहाँ सभी कुछ देखने योग्य है। सेंट पीटर्स सिलिका, जो कि ईसाई समुदाय का मुख्यालय माना जाता है, वह गजब का है। ऊँची, संत पीटर की अत्युत्तम मूर्ति एवं स्वर्ण क्रॉस इस चर्च की शोभा बढ़ाते हैं। इस चर्च के बाहर एक विराट 'पीआज़ज़ा' अर्थात् चौक है, जहाँ हर बुधवार 'पोप' भाषण देते हैं। मजेदार बात तो यह है कि इस देश की अपनी, 'पोस्ट वाटिकाने' नामक डाक व्यवस्था भी है, साथ में यह विश्व का एकमात्र पोप द्वारा संचालित देश भी है।

आपने वह कहावत तो ज़रूर सुनी होगी - 'रोमैस नोत बुलतीन। दाय' अर्थात् रोम एक दिन में नहीं बना था। इस उत्तम शहर को बनाने में चाहे कितनी भी देर क्यों न लगी हो, किंतु इसका परिणाम लाजवाब है। वाकई मैं, इस उत्कृष्ट शहर की जितनी भी तारीफ़ की जाए कम है।

- मल्हार मानेक (कक्षा -६)



Children's corner

कहानी

अनहोनी...



पिछले गरमी की छुट्टियों में मैं अपने दादा-दादी के साथ उत्तराखंड की चार धाम की यात्रा पर गई। कहते हैं कि जब भी कोई खुशी का पल आए तो ऐसा कोई हादसा हो जाता है, जो सारी खुशियों पर पानी फेर जाता है। इसीलिए खुशी और प्रसन्नता दोनों भ्रम हैं। गंगोत्री में गंगा नदी के किनारे मैंने ऐसा कुछ देखा जिसके उपरांत मैंने तय किया कि मैं वहाँ कभी नहीं जाऊँगी। भयानक है, किंतु क्या सुनना चाहेंगे आप मेरी कहानी ?

दो घंटे के सफर के बाद हम गंगोत्री धाम पहुँचे। ऐसा अतुलनीय दृश्य देखकर हमारा मन आमोद से भर गया।

गंगा के तट पर एक बड़ा-सा शिवलिंग था, जिसे सब यात्री पूज रहे थे, कुछ लोग किनारे पर बैठकर फूलों के दोने नदी में बहा रहे थे, कुछ लोग पंडित जी के साथ पूजा कर रहे थे, तो कुछ लोग पूजा करने से पहले स्नानागार में स्नान कर रहे थे।

काफी भीड़-भाड़ के बीच हम भी पूजा करने के लिए बैठ गए। जैसे ही पूजा आरंभ हुई पंडित जी ने मुझे से गंगाजल लाने को कहा। नदी के तट पर जब मैंने पानी में प्रवेश किया तो पानी के नीचे पड़े पत्थरों पर पैर रखकर बहुत सुकून महसूस हुआ। गंगा नदी की धारा बहुत तीव्र थी और उसमें संभल पाना काफी कठिन था, पर जैसे ही मैं कलश भरकर वापस मुड़ी मुझे चीखने-चिल्लाने की आवाज़ आई और मैं वहीं ठिठक कर रुक गई।

मैंने देखा एक व्यक्ति पानी के बीचों-बीच खड़ा था और उसकी पत्नी तथा संबंधी उसे बाहर आने के लिए कह रहे थे। पानी का बहाव बहुत तेज़ था और ज़रा-सी असावधानी उस व्यक्ति पर भारी पड़ सकती थी, पर न

जाने सबके चिल्लाने पर भी वह बाहर क्यों नहीं आ रहा था। अचानक पीछ से पानी का बहाव एक बाढ़ के रूप में आया, उस व्यक्ति ने संभलने की काफी कोशिशों की पर संतुलन खो दिया और अचानक वो जैसे गायब हो गया।

ये देखकर मेरा मुँह तो खुला का खुला रह गया। उस व्यक्ति के प्राणों की रक्षा के लिए कई लोगों ने पानी में गोता लगाया, किंतु भगवान को शायद कुछ और ही मंजूर था। देखते ही देखते वह व्यक्ति लोगों की दृष्टि से अदृश्य हो गया। उसकी पत्नी शोक और घबराहट में चिल्लाते-चिल्लाते बेहोश हो गई। उसके बाद उनके गाइड उन्हें वहाँ से ये कहकर ले गए कि अब उसे ढूँढ़ पाना नामुमकिन है। मैं न जाने कब से स्तब्ध खड़ी ये सब देख रही थी कि तभी मेरे दादाजी ने आकर मुझसे कहा कि यह सब देखने का अब कोई अर्थ नहीं। हम सब वहाँ से उस दिन पूजा किए बिना ही लौट गए। आज मुझे पता चला कि मृत्यु जीवन के विपरीत नहीं, उसका एक हिस्सा है।

- पिया शाह (कक्षा-आठ)

Teacher's Corner

आडाखे

लहानपणी आडाखे बांधायची सोपी पद्धत होती
आंबे संपत आले की पावसाची वाट पहाण्याची ठरलेली
रीत होती
Weather forecast च्या apps ची तँव्हा चंगळ
नव्हती
शाळा सुरू व्हायच्या आधी एकदा तरी भिजायला
मिळावं अशी माफक इच्छा होती
आणि 'पक्का वादा' असल्या सारखा पाऊस वेळेत
यायचा
वळवाचा का होईना, मनाला चिंब भिजवून जायचा
वाट बघण्यात आम्हीच नाही फडताळातले कांदा आणि
बेसनही होते,
तँव्हा 'Eating bhaji' चे status updates द्यावे
लागत नव्हते
पावसाआधी गांडुळं, बेडुक वास्तव्याला आले की

'Feeling crazy' चे Check in द्यायचा अट्टाहास
नव्हता
तँव्हा लख्ख उघड्या डोळ्यांनी पाऊस दिसत होता
Camera च्या झापडांमागून पहावा लागत नव्हता
Technology हा फक्त दिलासा तर नाही ?
आपलं अधोगतीकडे लक्षांच जाऊ नये
म्हणून प्रगतीचा अवास्तवी खुलासा तर नाही?
सगळंच आता दुर्लक्षित, पार बदलून गेलंय
विहीरतलं काय डोळ्यातलंही पाणी आटून गेलंय
कारण आता मात्र पावसाची वाट खूप खूप लांबली
आणि वाट बघता बघता माणूसकीही थोडी आटली
पाऊस नाही म्हणून आम्ही पाणी विकू लागलो
पाण्यावरती आता आम्ही हक्क गाजवू लागलो
पण लहानपणी आडाखे बांधायची सोपी पद्धत होती
कारण तँव्हा माणसाला पाणी होतं आणि थोडी
माणूसकीही होती
- Ms. Yashodaa Budhkar



Teacher's Corner

गलती का एहसास

कल जब अपेक्षा अपनी स्कूल बस से घर लौट रही थी, तब उसने देखा कि एक बट्टी औरत और उसकी पोती सड़क किनारे बंठे थे और पोती एक थैली में से अपनी दादी को कुछ खिला रही थी। अपेक्षा बस में बैठे -बैठे सोच में डूब गई, मैं भी तो दादा जी और दादी के साथ रहती हूँ पर मैंने कभी उनके साथ ठीक से बात भी नहीं की और इस लड़की के पास कुछ भी नहीं है फिर भी ये अपनी दादी के साथ प्यार से बाँट कर खा रही है।

आज उसे अपनी गलती का एहसास हो रहा था, उसने मन ही मन तय किया कि आज से वो पूरी तरह बदल जाएगी और रात में थोड़ा समय निकालकर दादा-दादी के साथ बैठा करेगी। मन में कई आशाएँ लिए वो कब घर पहुँच गई पता ही न चला। मगर ये क्या ? जैसे ही उसने घर के अंदर कदम रखा दादी अपने सामान का बैग लेकर दूसरे कमरे से बैठक में प्रवेश कर रही थी। उसने पूछा- दादी क्या हुआ ? आप कहाँ जा रही हैं ? उनकी आँखों में आँसू थे, ये देखकर अपेक्षा दादा जी के पास पहुँची, जो अपने बैग की ज़िप लगा रहे थे, उसने उनसे भी वो ही सवाल पूछा। पहले तो दादाजी चुप रहे फिर कुछ संभलते हुए बोले कि बेटा हमें यहाँ पंद्रह दिन हो गए, पर ऐसा लगता है जैसे बहुत दिन हो गए, सच तो ये है अप्सू कि हमें गाँव में रहने की आदत है और हमारा यहाँ मन नहीं लग रहा है। तम्हारे पिताजी से टिकट मँगवा ली हैं आज शाम की गाड़ी से वापस जा रहे हैं।

अपेक्षा का मन बहुत दुखी हुआ क्योंकि उसे पता था कि दादा-दादी अब बूढ़े हो चले हैं और वो यहाँ (मुंबई) हमेशा के लिए रहने आए थे। दादी के आँसू देखकर उसे समझ आ रहा था कि गलती कहाँ है ? उसे याद आता है वो दिन जिस दिन वो अपने मम्मी-पापा के साथ दादा-दादी को लेने स्टेशन गई थी, जैसे ही दादी ने उसे देखा गले से लगा लिया और काफी देर तक मन ही मन उसे निहारते हुए दुआएँ देती रही। दादी उसके लिए बहुत ही स्वादिष्ट मिठाई बनाकर लाई थी और दादाजी ने उसे एक डायरी दी जिसमें उन्होंने अपने गाँव के बहुत सारे किस्से लिखे थे। एक-दो दिन तक सब बहुत अच्छा था मम्मी-पापा की

छुट्टी थी, इसलिए सब लोग साथ में बैठकर खूब बातें करते, पर सोमवार आते ही मम्मी-पापा अपने काम पर निकल गए और अपेक्षा स्कूल के लिए। दिन-भर बेचारे दोनों किसी तरह अपनेआप को व्यस्त रखने की कोशिश में लगे रहते, पर शाम को जब सब घर लौट आते तब भी सब अपने में ही व्यस्त दिखाई देते, मम्मी खाना बनाने और घर की कामों में लग जाती, पापा फ़ोन पर लगे रहते और अपेक्षा स्कूल के कामों में।

जब दादी ने इस बारे में मम्मी से बात करने की कोशिश की तो उन्होंने ये कहकर टाल दिया की माँ जी बस सोमवार से शुरुवार तक हम व्यस्त रहते हैं फिर शनिवार, रविवार हैं न आपके साथ खूब सारी बातें करने के लिए। फिर दादाजी ने भी पापा से बात करने का प्रयास किया पर उन्होंने ये कहकर अपना पल्ला झाड़ लिया कि पिताजी मुंबई का ये ही कल्चर है, हफ़्ता भर खूब काम करो और फिर दो दिन आराम करो, आप नहीं समझ पाओगे, आपने तो बड़े आराम की नौकरी की है। फिर भी दोनों ने यहाँ रहने का बहुत प्रयत्न किया पर इस बार अपेक्षा की एक बात ने दोनों बुजुर्गों के दिल को इतना दुख दिया कि उन्होंने वापस गाँव लौट जाना ही उचित समझा। हुआ यूँ कि अपेक्षा के स्कूल में ग्रैंड पेरेंट्स डे मनाया जाना था, सभी छात्रों को कहा गया कि वे अपने दादा-दादी या घर के किसी बुजुर्ग को स्कूल लेकर आएँ। अपेक्षा अच्छे स्कूल में पढ़ती थी और अपने दादा-दादी के रहन-सहन को देखकर उसने अपनी शिक्षिका से ये कह दिया कि मेरे घर में कोई बुजुर्ग नहीं है और जब वो ये बात अपनी मम्मी को बता रही थी तभी दादी ने सुन लिया और उस दिन से ही दोनों दादा-दादी चुप रहने लगे और वापस गाँव जाने की ज़िद करने लगे।

कई बार कारण पूछने पर भी जब दादा-दादी ने कुछ नहीं बताया, तो पापा ने टिकट लाकर दे दिए। अपेक्षा को अपने किये पर बहुत शर्मिंदगी थी, पर अब कर भी क्या सकती थी तभी उसने सोचा कि अगर अभी भी न रोक सकी तो कुछ नहीं होगा और ज़िन्दगी भर मैं इसी ग्लानि के साथ रहूँगी कि दादा-दादी मेरी वजह से वापस लौट गए। वो सोच रही थी कि कैसे उन्हें रोकूँ कि तभी उसके दिमाग में एक विचार आया, और

उसके मुख की गंभीरता मुस्कान में बदल गई। वो भाग कर दादी के पास गई और बोली - दादी, "हमारे स्कूल में एक प्रतियोगिता होने वाली है जिसमें सबको घर से एक मिठाई बनाकर लानी है, क्या आप वो मिठाई मुझे बनाना सीखा देंगी ? वरना हर बार की तरह रोहिणी जीत जाएगी।" दादी ने पूछा- "कब ले जाना है ?" अपेक्षा बोली अगले सोमवार। इसपर दादी ने कहा तो मैं तुम्हें लिखवा देती हूँ तुम बनाकर ले जाना। अपेक्षा रौने लगी और बोली दादी क्या तुम मेरे लिए इतना भी नहीं करोगी ? मैं बहुत बुरी हूँ न ? मुझे ये ही सजा मिलनी चाहिए। इतना सुनना था की दादी ने उसे गले लगाया और खूब फूट-फूट कर रौने लगी और बस बार-बार ये ही दोहराती रही कि नहीं, मेरी अप्सू बहुत अच्छी है।

रौने की आवाज़ सुनकर सब लोग कमरे में आ गए। दादाजी ने धीरे से कहा कांता ट्रेन का समय हो गया है, चलो तैयार हो जाओ इसपर दादी ने कहा अब आए हैं तो कुछ दिन और रह लेते हैं अपेक्षा को मिठाई प्रतियोगिता जिता कर जायेंगे। अपेक्षा ने झट से अपना सिर उनकी गोद से उठाया और कहा कि अब मैं आप दोनों को कहीं नहीं जाने दूँगी, हमेशा अपने साथ रखूँगी। ये सुनकर दोनों के चेहरों पर एक मीठी मुस्कान दिखाई देने लगी। दोस्तों गलती हम सबसे होती है, पर जो व्यक्ति समय रहते उस गलती को सुधार लेता है, उसे ही समझदार माना जाता है। आज हम सब अपनी दिनचर्या में बहुत व्यस्त हैं, और कई बार इस व्यस्तता को बहाना बनाकर हम अपने बूढ़े माता-पिता की ज़रूरतों को नज़रअंदाज़ कर देते हैं, इस उम्र में हमें उनकी ज़िम्मेदारी उठानी चाहिए पर हमें वे बोझ लगने लगते हैं, ये हम भी जानते हैं कि उन्हें हमसे कोई लालच नहीं, वे बस अपने जीवन के इस मोड़ पर हमारा साथ चाहते हैं, क्या हम उनका साथ दे सकते हैं ? आपके जवाब का इंतज़ार रहेगा।

- कविता गाँग्यान



Teacher's Corner

याला जीवन ऐसे नाव



जीवनगाणे गातच राहावे
जीवनगाणे गातच राहावे
झाले गेले विसरून जावे
पुढे पुढे चालावे.....

जीवनावबद्दलच्या या चार ओळीत केवढा गर्भितार्थ दडलेला आहे. खरंच आयुष्य म्हणजे नेमकं काय ? या प्रश्नाचे समर्पक उत्तर अगदी मोठ्यात मोठा शास्त्रज्ञदेखील देऊ शकणार नाही, कारण माणसागणिक प्रत्येकाचे अनुभवविश्व वेगळे असते. हरदिन येत जाणाऱ्या चांगल्या वाईट अनुभवांचा आढावा म्हणजेही आयुष्य असू शकेल परंतु कित्येक माणसांना आपल्या आयुष्याचे मोल कळत नाही आणि जीवनात येणाऱ्या छोटयाशा निराशेपायी ते आपल्या आयुष्याचा अंत करू पाहतात याची अनेक उदाहरणे आपण निकालानंतर होणाऱ्या विदयार्थ्यांच्या आत्महत्यांमधून दुर्दैवाने पाहत असतो. आयुष्यात धरलेला नावीन्याचा, परिपूर्णतेचा ध्यास, स्वतःची ओळख निर्माण करण्याची दुर्दम्य महत्त्वाकांक्षा मनात बाळगून जर अखेरपर्यंत वाटचाल करीत राहिलो तर सर्व अशक्यप्राय गोष्टी शक्य होऊ शकतात. कोणत्याही कार्याला प्रयत्नांची जोड मिळाली तर यश नक्कीच दूर नाही. नेपोलियनच्या म्हणण्याप्रमाणे 'Impossible is the word to be found in the dictionary of fools.' हे सूत्र आज लक्षात ठेवण्याची गरज आहे.

आयुष्य हे एक गूढ रहस्य आहे ते उकलण्याचा प्रयत्न केला तर आपल्या हातून ते कधी निसटून जाईल ते कळणारदेखील नाही. त्यामुळे ते व्यर्थ न दवडता प्रत्येकाने त्याचा पुरेपूर आस्वाद घेण्याचा व सतत शिकत राहिण्याचा प्रयत्न केला पाहिजे. जीवनात येणारा क्षण नूक्षण निस्वार्थी भावनेने उपभोगला पाहिजे. कुठलीही गोष्ट आपलीशी करून घेण्यासाठी त्या गोष्टीविषयी आपल्या मनात आवड नि कुतूहल निर्माण होणे अत्यंत जरूरीचे आहे. 'प्रयत्ने वाळूचे कण रगडिता तेलही गळे' या उक्तीप्रमाणे कोणतीही कला चटकन आत्मसात करता येत नाही त्यामुळे नैराश्य झटकून प्रयत्नांची पराकाष्ठा करायला हवी आणि एकदा का एखादी गोष्ट आपण आत्मसात केली की त्या कार्याविषयी आपल्या मनात आदर वाढतो व आपण नव्या उमेदीने, जिद्दीने दुसरे काम सफल करण्याच्या दृष्टीने पावले उचलू लागतो. प्रत्येक मनुष्याच्या आयुष्यात अनेक चढ - उतार येतच असतात पण दोनच गोष्टी ज्या आयुष्यभर साथ करतात त्या म्हणजे जिद्द नि सकारात्मकता. मनात जर जिद्द असली तर कुणीही आकाशालाही गवसणी घालू शकतो. जीवनात सूर्याच्या प्रखरतेसारखी दुःखंही असतात, तर चंद्राच्या शीतलतेसारखी सुखंही असतात. परंतु दुःखानंतर येणाऱ्या सुखाची अवीट गोडी काही औरच! कित्येक बडे साहित्यिक, कलाकार, प्रवचनकार यांच्याही आयुष्यात अनेक दुःखांचे डोंगर कोसळले पण ते आपल्या कार्यापासून कधीही मागे हटले नाहीत, उलटपक्षी त्यांनी आपल्या कार्याची व्याप्ती आणखी वाढवून समाजापुढे एक जीवंत उदाहरण ठेवले, अशी अनेकविध उदाहरणे आपल्याही आजूबाजूला पाहायला मिळतील. आपण त्यांच्यापासून निश्चितच प्रेरणा घेतली पाहिजे. स्वतःचे दुःख आळवत न बसता आपल्या पुढील आयुष्याचा प्रवास सुखकर कसा होईल यासाठी योग्य त्या मार्गाचा अवलंब केला पाहिजे. कोणत्याही संकटाला सामोरे जाण्यासाठी हवी असते ती योग्य निर्णयक्षमता. मग तो निर्णय योग्य असो वा अयोग्य त्याच्या परिणामांनादेखील तोंड देण्याची पात्रता अंगी असणे महत्त्वाचे आहे. जीवनाच्या संध्याकाळी मागे वळून पाहताना आपले काहीतरी करायचे राहून गेले असे न वाटता आतापर्यंत उपभोगलेल्या आयुष्याबद्दल आपण संपूर्णतः तृप्त आहोत अशी भावना निर्माण झाली पाहिजे.

भूतकाळातील वाईट आठवणींचा विचार करण्यात वेळ न दवडता आपले वर्तमान व भविष्य सुंदर कसे होईल याचा प्रथम विचार करायला हवा. याप्रसंगी मंगेश पाडगावकरांच्या दोन ओळी आठवतात-

'या जन्मावर या जगण्यावर
शतदा प्रेम करावे'

यालाच कदाचित 'जीवन ऐसे नाव' म्हणत असावेत नाही का?

- प्राजक्ता चंपानेरकर

नवलाई

जे नाही त्या प्राप्त्यर्थ पळे जन
जया परी रातदिन हळहळे मन

नियतीने घटीका आणिता प्राप्त होते फळ
नव्याचे नव दिन मन करते चंगळ

मग नव्याचे नव होई नित्याचे
जुनू वाटू लागे ते नव कालचे

एकसुरीपणा उणे कराया करे घाई
पुनः फिर शोधत एक नवी नवलाई

नवे - जुने - पुनः नवे खेळ चाले आगळा
'स्व'तील सृजनाचा जणू आनंद सोहळा

- पूजा बोरामणी

Children's corner



ओटमील मफेन्स



नाचोज़



सामग्री -

- मैदा - आधा कप
- मक्का का आटा - आधा कप
- नमक - स्वादानुसार
- मिर्च - स्वादानुसार
- हल्दी - स्वादानुसार
- गर्म तेल - २ बडे चम्मच
- तलने के लिए तेल
- पानी आटे को गूँथने के लिए

विधि

तेल और पानी को छोड़कर सारी सामग्री एक साथ अच्छी तरह मिला लें। अब उसमें तेल मिलाएँ, अब धीरे-धीरे जरूरत के अनुसार पानी मिलाकर मुलायम आटा गूँथ लें।

इसके बाद इस आटे से नीबू के आकार के गोले बना लें और चपाती बनाएँ। अब इन चपातियों को तिकोने आकार में काटें और साथ ही इसमें चाकू की मदद से छोटे-छोटे छेद कर के इन्हें हल्का भूरा होने तक तल लें। आपके स्वादिष्ट नाचोज़ तैयार हैं। इन्हें अपनी पसंदीदा चटनी के साथ परोसें।

- दिवा सावला (कक्षा - ६)

सामग्री -

- रोलड ओट्स- ४ कप
- केले - ६ से ७
- दूध - १ कप
- चीनी- १ चम्मच
- अंडे- २ (वैकल्पिक)
- शहद- आधा कप
- बेकिंग पाउडर- २ छोटे चम्मच
- कप केक बेस - १ या (जरूरत अनुसार)
- चोको चिप्स सजावट के लिए
- वनिला एसेंस - १ चाय का चम्मच

विधि -

केलों को ग्रेट करके एक तरफ रख लें। उसमें अंडे मिलाएँ, फिर दूध डालें, शहद डालें और वनिला एसेंस को डालकर अच्छी तरह से फेंटे।

उसके बाद दूसरे बर्तन में १/४ रोलड ओट्स और २ चम्मच बेकिंग पाउडर और एक चम्मच शक्कर डालकर और सबको अच्छी तरह से मिलाएँ।

अब इन दोनों मिश्रणों को मिला लें। कप केक बेस को ग्रीस करें और ये मिश्रण उनमें भरें। चोको चिप्स ऊपर से सजाएँ और १८० से ३६० डिग्री. के बीच में २५ से ३० मिनट के लिए बेक करें। स्वादिष्ट ओटमील मफेन्स तैयार हैं।

- ईशा ठाकूर (कक्षा - ६)

अरेबियाटा होल व्हीट पैन पास्ता



सामग्री :

- ऑलिव आयल - १ बड़ा चम्मच
- १ प्याज - बारीक कटी हुई
- २ टमाटर - बारीक कटे हुए
- २ लहसुन की कलियाँ - बारीक कटी हुई
- ४ टमाटर - पिसे हुए
- १/४ कप पार्सले - बारीक कटा हुआ
- १/४ कप सेलेरी - बारीक कटी हुई
- २ छोटे चम्मच पास्ता हर्ब मिक्स
- १ छोटा चम्मच - चिली फ्लेक्स
- १ छोटा चम्मच - ऑरिगैनो
- १ छोटा चम्मच काली मिर्च
- आधा छोटा चम्मच चीनी
- १ बड़ा चम्मच टोमैटो सॉस
- १०० ग्राम चीज़ (ग्रेटिड)
- ४०० ग्राम होल व्हीट पैन पास्ता

बनाने की विधि

• पास्ता को बड़े से पैन में नमक डालकर उबाल लें और छानकर एक तरफ रख दें। अब एक पैन में तेल गर्म करें उसमें बारीक कटी हुई प्याज डालकर मुलायम होने तक चलाएँ।

• अब उसमें बारीक कतरा हुआ लहसुन मिलाएँ और एक मिनट तक भूनें। उसके बाद बारीक कटे टमाटर और टोमैटो प्यूरी डालकर उबाल आने तक पकाएँ।

• अब इसमें बारीक कटे हुए पार्सले और सेलेरी मिलाएँ। आँच को मध्यम करें और मिश्रण को गाढ़ा होने तक भूनें।

• ५ मिनट बाद इसमें पास्ता हर्ब मिक्स, ऑरिगैनो, चिली फ्लेक्स, काली मिर्च और चीनी मिलाएँ। इसके बाद ग्रेटिड चीज़ डालकर अच्छी तरह मिलाएँ। स्वादानुसार नमक मिलाएँ और अंत में उबले हुए पास्ता को इसमें मिलाकर परोसें।

- अनुषा जैन (कक्षा - ६)

In Gratitude



“Imagination is everything. It is the preview of life's coming attractions.”

- Albert Einstein

The students of MRV work relentlessly to understand **India's relationship with the World**. They are geared to face all challenges to emerge as global leaders. The aim of this year's Rhapsody is to focus on our children's creativity and appreciate their differences.

We are thankful to the esteemed MET Trustees and the MRV Management Committee for their help and support which gave direction to our journey of learning at MET Rishikul Vidyalaya.

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Cover Credit: Mr. Prashanth Suvarna

The Next Issue: 'Laughter is The Best Medicine'.

AT MRV, THE WORLD OPENS UP FOR YOU!



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