

SHADES

2024-25



DELHI PUBLIC SCHOOL
DURGAPUR



Where
Dreams
Take Shape &
Wings Unfold.



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A message from the Vice Chairman



It gives me immense pleasure to pen down a few words for the 8th edition of our school magazine, 'Shades'. We are proud and exuberant to acclaim that we are ready once again-with all new hopes and hues-to celebrate the vibrant spirit of **Delhi Public School, Durgapur**.

A school is not just a place to gain knowledge-it is a dynamic space where young minds are nurtured, talents are discovered, and lifelong values are instilled. **"SHADES"** is a true reflection of that spirit. The articles, poems, artwork, and reports within these pages are a testament to the creativity, passion, and dedication of our students and faculty.

It is heartening to witness how our school continues to foster an environment that encourages innovation, critical thinking, and holistic development.

I extend my heartfelt congratulations to the School Management, the Principal, the Editorial Team, the teachers, and all the students who have contributed to making this publication a success. May this magazine not only serve as a record of our achievements but also as a source of inspiration for greater endeavors ahead.

I hope this edition of **"SHADES"** receives your appreciation and brings unalloyed joy and pleasure to all who read it.

Happy Reading!

Warm Regards,

Sri Ravi Vira Gupta
Vice Chairman
Delhi Public School Society





“The whole purpose of education
is to turn mirrors into windows.”

Sydney J. Harris

It is my privilege as to release 8th issue of the school magazine “SHADES” - a journal mirroring the creativity of young minds of Delhi Public school, Durgapur during the session 2025-26. It is a matter of great pride and joy to be part of this latest edition of your school magazine. A school magazine is much more than just printed pages-it is a window into the soul of the institution, capturing the creativity, accomplishments, and aspirations of its students and faculty.

As a member of the School Managing Committee, I have witnessed the unwavering commitment of the school towards academic excellence, character-building, and the overall development of each student. It is truly heartening to see how the school continues to adapt, evolve, and thrive in an ever-changing world, while holding firmly to its core values.

This magazine beautifully showcases the vibrant spirit of the school community. From literary contributions to artistic expression and academic achievements, it is a celebration of hard work and imagination.

I congratulate the editorial team and all the contributors for their dedication and effort. May this publication continue to inspire and reflect the wonderful journey of the school. We are indeed grateful to the parents for reposing their faith and complete confidence year after year, by entrusting their children to us.

I am sure that this edition of “SHADES” will once again enthrall the readers with its variegated compositions blended with colorful pictures and I wish our team at DPS Durgapur, stupendous success in all its future endeavours.

Best Wishes,

Sri V.K Shunglu
Chairman
Delhi Public School Society



“You can't use up creativity.
The more you use,
the more you have.”

Maya Angelou

It gives me immense pleasure to present the 8th edition of our school magazine, “SHADES”. This publication is not just a reflection of the academic and extracurricular milestones achieved throughout the year-it is also a celebration of the creativity, talent, and dedication of our students and staff at Delhi Public School, Durgapur.

A school magazine serves as a vibrant platform where young minds express their thoughts, dreams, and aspirations. It is heartening to witness our students channeling their energy into writing, art, photography and design-embracing new technologies and showcasing the dynamic spirit that defines our school community.

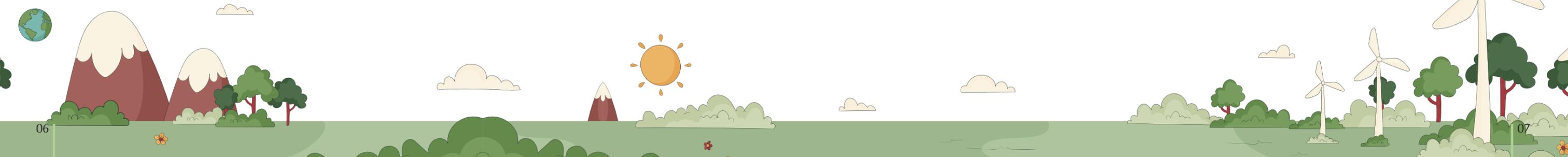
Each page of “SHADES” echoes the enthusiasm, imagination, and passion of our learners and educators. It is a testament to the rich and diverse talents nurtured within the walls of our institution.

I extend my heartfelt gratitude to the editorial team, student contributors, and everyone who worked tirelessly behind the scenes to bring this magazine to life. Your commitment and collaboration are truly commendable.

Let this edition of “SHADES” serve as a reminder of the remarkable journey we undertake each academic year-filled with learning, growth, and treasured memories. I hope it inspires many more students to participate, create, and share their voices in the years to come.

Happy Reading!

Sri Kaushik Dutta
Chairman, School Managing Committee
Delhi Public School, Durgapur





Dear Students and Parents

Warm Greetings!

With each passing year, we turn the pages not just of a magazine, but of an odyssey-woven with the dreams, reflections, and voices of young minds in bloom. This edition of "SHADES" stands as a quiet celebration of thought taking flight-where the pen becomes a compass and imagination, a boundless sky.

"The future belongs to those who believe in the beauty of their dreams."
- Eleanor Roosevelt

A school is a sanctuary where wonder is cherished, questions are welcomed, and every learner is invited to find their voice.

Within its nurturing fold, we witness the becoming of not just scholars, but storytellers, visionaries, and quiet changemakers. This magazine "SHADES" is a mosaic of moments-of stories whispered to the page, of ideas that dared to emerge from silence. Each line holds the cadence of curiosity, the stirrings of awareness, and the fire of expression.

At Delhi Public School, Durgapur, we believe that true education lies not only in acquiring knowledge, but in learning how to give it meaning. Through this literary endeavour, our students embrace the joy of articulation, the responsibility of thought, and the art of weaving the self into something larger.

My heartfelt appreciation to the mentors and editorial team who have guided this odyssey with insight and grace. And to our young writers-may your ink never run dry, may your thoughts remain fearless, and may your words always reach beyond the page. Keep exploring, keep questioning, and keep striving for excellence. Your journey is just beginning, and the future holds endless possibilities.

Best Wishes!

Sri S.S. Agarwal
President
Om Dayal Educational & Research Society

Dear Students, Parents, and Esteemed Readers,

It gives me immense pleasure to contribute to this edition of our school magazine "SHADES", a platform that captures the vibrant spirit, creativity, and achievements of our school community.

The past year has been a journey of learning, resilience, and growth. Our students have excelled not only in academics but also in sports, arts, and community service, showcasing their talents and commitment to holistic development and leveraging technology. I am proud of the dedication shown by our teachers, the support of our parents, and the enthusiasm of our learners, which together create the dynamic environment we cherish at our school.

In this digital age, technology has become an integral part of our lives, revolutionizing the way we learn, communicate, and solve problems. As educators, we must not only embrace this transformation but also guide our students to use it wisely, creatively, and ethically. This edition of "SHADES" stands apart from the crowd as it celebrates the achievements of critical thinkers, collaborators, lifelong learners and technically proficient as well.

This magazine showcases the incredible talents, innovative ideas, and digital accomplishments of our students and staff. Let us continue to encourage a learning environment where traditional values meet modern advancements-where technology enhances education, but character and integrity remain at the core.

I congratulate all contributors and the editorial team for their hard work and dedication. May this issue inspire our readers to think boldly, explore fearlessly, and build a future powered by knowledge and compassion.

Sri Sanjiv Agarwal
Vice President
Om Dayal Educational and Research Society
Pro Vice Chairman
DPS Durgapur



“The greatest glory in living lies not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.” - Nelson Mandela

In its early stage, the human mind is like a coarse grain of sand-needling the nurturing shell of diverse learning opportunities and experiences. With time, discipline, and perseverance, it matures into a luminous pearl-radiating strength, courage, and the spirit to overcome any challenge.

Since its inception, **Delhi Public School, Durgapur** has stood as that nurturing shell-molding not only intellectual brilliance but also physical endurance, emotional strength, and an indomitable will. At **DPS Durgapur**, we believe that true success lies not just in medals and trophies, but in the courage to persist, the humility to learn, and the determination to never give up.

A heartfelt note of appreciation to the **“SHADES”** magazine team-your commitment to showcasing not just achievements, but the journey, effort, and spirit behind them, is truly commendable. You have given voice to every sprint, every goal, and every leap of determination. Thank you for your tireless efforts in creating a platform that celebrates learning, creativity, and togetherness. Keep shining and inspiring!

Sri Sagar Agarwal
Secretary

Om Dayal Educational & Research Society

Swami Vivekananda's vision-“Educate and raise the masses, and thus alone a nation is possible”-reminds us that education is the foundation of a strong, ethical, and progressive society. At Delhi Public School, Durgapur, our curriculum is designed to foster holistic development through Rigorous Academics, Sports, Performing Arts, Olympiads, Robotics, Innovation, and Confidence-building Activities that nurture 21st century skills.

A school is a child's window to the world, opening hearts and minds to limitless possibilities. We are committed to compassionate, creative, and technology-mediated teaching, guided by sound values and the pursuit of excellence.

We congratulate the Editorial team of **“SHADES”** for their dedication in capturing our students' diverse talents and accomplishments and their inspiring stories thus creating a vibrant platform for celebration and reflection. Their efforts ensure that every milestone, innovation, and moment of growth is shared, inspiring our entire community to strive for excellence and contribute positively to society.

With Warm Regards,



Smt Natasha Agarwal
Treasurer

Om Dayal Educational & Research Society



Your ideas have the power to inspire and to lead.

Dear Readers,

It gives me immense pleasure to introduce this edition of our school magazine, SHADES-a beautiful blend of creativity, thought, and expression. Each year, this publication reflects the diverse “shades” of talent, imagination, and learning that our students embody.

In every poem, article, artwork, and reflection, we see the spirit of young minds who are not just learning facts, but learning to think, imagine, and innovate. This aligns beautifully with the vision of the **New Education Policy (NEP) 2020**, which encourages critical thinking, creativity, problem-solving, art integration, and a shift toward holistic and experiential learning. Education today is no longer confined to textbooks-it is about discovering, exploring, and expressing.

Delhi Public School, Durgapur is proud to be nurturing learners who are curious, confident, and creative.

Through project-based learning, co-curricular exploration, and integrated arts, we are helping shape future-ready individuals with open minds and compassionate hearts.

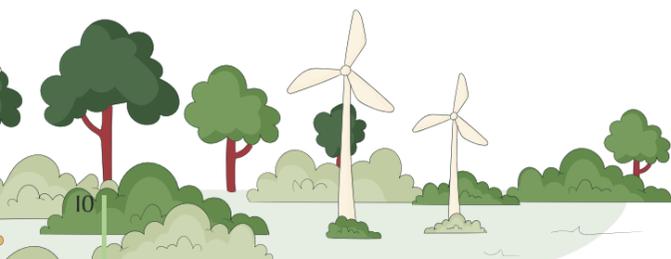
This 8th. Edition of **“SHADES”** is a testament to that journey. It showcases not just talent, but effort, collaboration, and courage. I take this opportunity to sincerely thank our Editorial Board, teachers, coordinators, students and all those who worked behind the scenes to make this magazine a reality. Your dedication, creativity, and teamwork are deeply appreciated.

Keep writing, drawing, thinking, and dreaming. Your voices matter. Your ideas have the power to inspire and to lead.

With warm wishes and heartfelt congratulations to everyone involved,

Happy Reading!!

Sri Umesh Ch. Jaiswal
Principal
DPS Durgapur





Editors' Note

Welcome to the fascinating edition of "SHADES", our treasured school magazine. As you explore the pages, you come across a mosaic of accomplishments, spoken words, artwork, and articles that enliven our school's soul as a whole. The unwavering commitment and enthusiasm of our gifted contributors, who have poured their hearts and souls into creating interesting stories, is evident in our 8th Edition of "SHADES".

We are grateful to everyone who has contributed to the creation of this journal, as we make our way through the complexities of this literary environment and maze of accomplishments. Your contributions have created a rich tapestry that captures the spirit of our school's creativity. With the same zeal that we have put it together, we hope that everyone will explore its pages. Every tale and piece of art is a stroke on the canvas of our shared history.

Your engagement and enthusiasm motivate us to continue producing a magazine that reflects the voices and interests of our vibrant school community.

The Editorial team, would like to express their sincere gratitude and look forward to share more stories, insights and echoes of creativity with you in the future editions of "SHADES".

Wishing you a Happy Reading!



Head Boy Rewant Kotriwala

Cherish memories for the right path and let your legacy be a beacon for others to follow

As I reflect on this shared journey, it is with deep gratitude and nostalgia that I pen these words. The pages of this magazine encapsulate the diverse experiences, challenges, and triumphs we have weathered together. Memories are the threads that weave the fabric of our time here—from spirited events to quiet moments of reflection, each one adds to the vibrant tapestry of our school life.

Cherish memories to guide you on the right path, and let your legacy be a beacon for others to follow. Our legacy lies not just in achievements, but in the bonds we've built and the positive impact we leave behind. To my juniors, as you step into leadership, remember: the path you choose shapes not just your future but also inspires those who follow. Embrace challenges, stay true to your values, and walk with purpose.

Thank you for this unforgettable journey. Here's to the memories we cherish and the bright future ahead.

With gratitude.



Head Girl Sohana Roy Barman

It is with great honour and warmth that I share a few thoughts in this edition of the school magazine. Every school has a soul and ours echoes in the voices, dreams and talents found in these pages. From fairytales to sci-fictions, unforgettable and touching experiences to the leaps of scientific imagination—'Shades', houses it all.

It records the bright faces of achievement and the vibrant events throughout the year. As the Head Girl today, I look back on the years gone by with admiration for the strength, creativity and spirit that filled our corridors. The varied written and art work, of our students, that decorate these pages, is an effort to prize originality and authenticity. It is a boundless sky painted with the different shades of the setting sun as this magazine makes the last year immemorial forever.

With gratitude.

Editorial Team

Chief Editor
Sri Umesh Ch. Jaiswal
Principal



Mr. Amit Rudra
Ms. Enakshi Dutta
Ms. Kanak Rai
Ms. Rituparna Das Dutta
Ms. Tina Das

~Team Members~

Mr. Rupak Deb
Ms. Meheli Sain
Ms. Jui Munshi
Ms. Trisha Barat
Mr. Santanu Chakraborty

Student Editors' Note

As we return to the pages of "SHADES", we invite you to witness the culmination of a vision that truly captures the spirit of our school community. Like the branches of a tree, each section of this magazine represents the diverse voices and talents of our students, teachers, and partners, all contributing uniquely to the vibrant tapestry of Delhi Public School, Durgapur.

The editorial team has worked tirelessly to ensure that "SHADES", authentically reflects the rich diversity, achievements, and activities that make our school exceptional. Every page celebrates our unity in diversity, our shared values, and the collaborative spirit that defines us. We hope this edition stands as a testament to our collective journey, rooted in tradition yet always reaching for new possibilities. **Happy exploring through words!**



Ekansh Kotriwala
Magazine Secretary

Trina Bhattacharya
Magazine Secretary

Minakshi Roy, Saneyika Bhattacharjee, Swastik Panda
Members of Magazine Committee



Congrats!

to the Toppers

90% plus of the Class X
Board Examination 2025

Topped the Charts, Won the Hearts!



ARYAA PRAMOTH SA



AVINABA CHAUDHURI



AYUSH CALVIN THOUNAOJA



AYUSH SHYAM



AYUSH THAKUR



BASUNDHARA CHATTERJEE



AANYA SAXENA



DEBADRITA CHAKRABORTY



DEBANJAN BHATTACHARYA



DEBARPAN DAS



DEVANSHI PALO



DEVANSHI VINAY MEHTA



DHANIKA BAGARIA



ABHIJEET DEY



ABHINANDAN UPADHYAY



ADITYA ARYAN



ADITYA KUMAR ARYA



ADITYA KUMAR SINGH



ADITYA PANDEY



DHRUBA DUTTA



DIVYANSHU SINGH



DIYA MANDAL



DIYA PRADHAN



DRISHTI BHANSALI



ELINA KUMAR



ADITYA PRAKASH



ADWITIYA P GHOSH



AFROJ JAHAN



ANIKET GARAI



ANKAN DUTTA



ANUSHKA DATTA



GAGAN



GOURIKA SINGHANIA



GURBANI KAUR



GURJYOT SUMIT SINGH



HARDIK GUPTA



HARSHIT KHEMKA



ARADHYA CHOUDHARY



ARIBA KHAN



ARITRA BANERJEE



ARITRA MUKHERJEE



ARMAN DATTA



ARPAN BANERJEE



HARSHIT PURI



HEMANG PATHAK



ISHANT DOKANIA



KALSHA SINGHAL



KASTURI GHOSH



KINGSHUK KESH



Congrats!



Topped the Charts, Won the Hearts!



LAKSHA DAMANI



MANAVI SHAKYA



MD KAIF



MINAKSHI ROY



NAIF HUSSAIN IMAM



NANDINI BANERJEE



SAURISH CHANDRA SINHA



SAYANTIKA SEN



SHAHBAJ ISLAM



SHAHIN FIRDOUS



SHASHWAT JHA



SHATAKSHI SRIVASTAVA



NETRA MAHATO



NIBEDITA DE



NIMISHA AGARWAL



OISHI GHOSH



PARIJAT BHAKAT



PAULAMI KAR



SHOVIKI MONDAL



SHREEVALLI KANODIA



SHREYA DAS



SHREYAN GOSWAMI



SHRISHANT KUMAR



SHRUTI SHAW



PRATHAM CHOUDHARY



PRISHA



PRIYANGSHI SARKAR



PRIYANSHI SAURAV



PRIYANSHU SARDAR



PUJA SINGH



SHULIN RAKHEJA



SIDDHARTH JAIN



SNEHA BISWAS



SNEHA HOM ROY



SOHAM CHOUDHURY



SOHAM GON



RAJASHI DANA



RAJDEEP SAMANTA



RIDDHISHA DUTTA



RISHIKA PEARL



ROSHNI HALDER



ROUNAK SINGH



SOUGATA PAL



SOUNIL SINHA



SUBHALAXMI THATOI



SUBHAM KUMAR GORE



SUJOY SARKAR



SUNITA BHATTACHARYA



SAANVI RAJNISH



SAMBUDHA CHAUDHURI



SANDIPAN ROY



SANEYIKA BHATTACHERJEE



SARAH JAVED



SATHI MAPUI



TANUSH PURANIK



TRINA BHATTACHARJEE



VIDUSHI VAGESHWARI



VIDYA MISHRA



VIRAJ RAO



VRITTI AGARWAL



"Excellence Earned, Success Deserved!"



ABHYUDIT LACHHIRAMKA	ADITYA MADAN	ANEK SI	ANIRUDDHA M RAO	ANJALI KAPRI	ALAPAN ROY CHOWDHURY
ARYAN SINGH	BHAVYA BARNWAL	CHANDRACHUR MONDAL	DIIPSA BASU	GUNGUN KOTHATWAR	NISHANT KUMAR GUPTA
OJAS RAJ	PRITY SHAW	PRERONA DAS	RAJDEEP ROY	RUPSA DEY	RITIKA KUMARI
RAJ TILAK	SOHAM DEY	SOHOM KUNDU	SOUHADRI MAJUMDAR	SOUPARNA MUKHOPADHYAY	SOUPARNO BISWAS
SUNETRA AIKAT	SWARNALI MAZUMDER	TEJAS SONTHALIA	TANMAY SARAIIYA	UPASANA LACHHIRAMKA	ABISHANKA GHOSH
SRIJITA BASU	DIPANNITA DEY				



Dreams Achieved,
Excellence Reached.



JEE ADVANCED



Rank-239	Rank-29609
SURYADWEEP TUNGA	ANEK SI



JEE MAIN



99.5 Percentile	99.4 Percentile
ANEK SI	DIBYANGANA PAL
98.9 Percentile	97.8 Percentile
ADITYA MADAN	RUPAM SEN
96.9 Percentile	95.6 Percentile
SWARNALI MAZUMDER	OJAS RAJ



NEET RESULTS



96.6 Percentile	94.1 Percentile
SOHOM KUNDU	PRERONA DAS
88.9 Percentile	88.9 Percentile
SOUHADRI MAJUMDAR	SOUPARNA MUKHOPADHYAY



CUET RESULTS



97.9 Percentile	96.9 Percentile
SUNETRA AIKAT	SOHAM DEY
96.4 Percentile	94.8 Percentile
RASHI CHATTERJEE	SRIJITA BASU
93.9 Percentile	
SOUPARNA MUKHOPADHYAY	



Awarding Brilliance that can't be Graded.



Class	Name	Prize
WWGC Quiz 2024 (WWF India Eastern Zone)		
IX	Shrestanshu Dhibar	Participated
IX	Ayushman Rai	Participated
Indian Olympiad Qualifier in Mathematics (IOQM) 2024		
VIII	Rithav Das	Qualified
X	Elina Kumar	Qualified
Regional Mathematics Olympiad (RMO)		
VIII	Rithav Das	Selected
X	Elina Kumar	Selected
Inter-School Elocution Competition (VAW-2024)		
XI	Debarun Banerjee	1st Position
IX	Suhasini Deb	Content Prize
District Championship		
VI	Shreyansh Sarkar <small>Kata (11-12yrs)</small>	Silver Medal
VI	Shreyansh Sarkar <small>Kumite (11-12yrs)</small>	Silver Medal
III	Souranil Chatterjee <small>Kata (<8yrs)</small>	Silver Medal
English Essay & Article Writing (QCI Summer Fun Camp)		
X	Tiyasha Sarkar	1st Prize
VIII	Rithav Das	1st Prize

Class	Name	Prize
Inter - DPS Music Festival 2024 'Samprikta' in Solo Song		
XI	Samprika Mukherjee	1st Prize
Inter - DPS Music Festival 2024 'Samprikta' in Group Song		
XI	Samprika Mukherjee	1st Prize
XI	Sanvi Dutta	
XI	Prayojit Majhi	
XI	Saptak Mukherjee	
XII	Dipasa Basu	
VIII	Rishika Saha	
VIII	Abir Rakshit	Best Theme Depiction
IX	Agria Mandal	
<small>(The group was the overall winner of the competition)</small>		
National Inter - DPS Dance Festival 2024 'Nriyjanjali'		
IX	Sohana Roy Burman	2nd Prize
VII	Adrija Das	
VIII	Annesha Mahapatra	
IX	Sreemoyee Makur	
IX	Sagnika Dey	
IX	Anvi Agarwal	
Vigyan Medha Aviksha		
II	Aadrik Chanda	2nd Prize
'Pragya' - Inter School Hindi Competition		
III	Yatwik Kishore	Runners-up
IV	Kriti Jain	
VI	Krishna Bhojnagarwala	
VI	Jashith Singh Wadhwa	
VIII	Angel Mondal	
VIII	Ishika Chawla	
VIII	Akshita Kumari	
VIII	Kisa Chakraborty	
XI	Raima Srivastava	
XI	Sanvi Dutta	
X	Diya Pradhan	
Vidyarthi Vigyan Manthan 2024-25 State Level Camp		
VIII	Rithav Das	Selected
VIII	Shreyaansh Acharya	Selected
Paschim Bardhaman District Badminton Tournament		
IX	Mridusmita Saikia	Silver Medal (Runner-up)
Parakram Diwas Quiz (Bharat Hai Hum series)		
XI	Anushka Ray	1st Position
XI	Archisman Pandey	3rd Position
'Western Waves' (Abhivyakti DPS Ruby Park)		
I	Erin Chawla	1st Prize
I	Pihu Singh	
I	Nyra Barnwal	
I	Srinjita Ghosh	
I	Amaira Munjal	
'Sketches & Strokes' (Beachwood School)		
V	Kriyansh Rakshit	3rd Prize (Gr- A)
X	Meghna Saha	2nd Prize (Gr- C)
Dance Debate - Celebrating the Power of Cultural Dance		
VII	Riddhima Choubey	2nd Runner-up

Class	Name	Prize
Tabla Solo (Talent Search)		
X	Priyanshu Ghosh	2nd Position
Kavya Avriti (Pragya Competition)		
VIII	Prableen Kaur	2nd Position
Unified International Mathematics Olympiad		
VIII	Rithav Das	National Rank 1
CBSE Reading Challenge		
IX	Riddhiman Deb	Outstanding Performance
All Bengal Open Rapid Chess Tournament		
VIII	Rishit Daga	Rank 3
Ankuran Science Talent Quest (Senior Working Model)		
XI	Saptak Mukherjee	3rd Position
XI	Shirshendu Das	3rd Position
IX	Srija Roy	3rd Position
IX	Amritanshu Manna	3rd Position
Hindustani Percussion (Tabla Solo)		
VIII	Abir Rakshit	3rd Position
NSEJS 2024 (Junior Science)		
VIII	Rithav Das	Scored 136 Shortlisted for INJSO-2025
SOF IMO 2024-25		
V	Arnav Jain	Int'l Rank 1
NSO 2nd Level 2024-25		
VIII	Rithav Das	Zonal Rank 01 Int'l Rank 11
IX	Shreyan Mandal	Zonal Rank 01 Int'l Rank 28
SOF ISSO Hindi 2024-25		
III	Yatwik Kishore	Zonal Rank 19
III	Naila Niyaj	Zonal Rank 18
IV	Suryanshu Kumar Patel	Zonal Rank 14
VI	Kirti Jewrajka	Zonal Rank 14
VII	Kinshuk Shandilya	Zonal Rank 20
VIII	Divya Sneh	Zonal Rank 09
VIII	Yash Jalan	Zonal Rank 05 Int'l Rank 24
IX	Swastik Panda	Zonal Rank 16
SOF ISSO Social Studies 2024-25		
III	Yatwik Kishore	Int'l Rank 03
III	Aayansh Acharya	Int'l Rank 10
VII	Aaman Chandra	Zonal Rank 06
VII	Sohan Sannigrahi	Zonal Rank 06
IX	Dev Agarwal	Int'l Rank 11
IX	Ayushman Jena	Zonal Rank 6
SOF ICSO 2024-25		
I	Dhruv Narayan Bhaumik	Int'l Rank 17
II	Pranay Prateek	Int'l Rank 12
VIII	Rithav Das	Zonal Rank 8
UCO 2024-25		
VIII	Shreyaansh Acharya	All India Rank 25
VIII	Chandrima Loha	All India Rank 45



Toppers Talk

100% SCORERS OF A SUBJECT IN CLASS X (2024-25)

X

MATHEMATICS

Scoring full marks in Mathematics was possible due to regular practise, understanding each concept deeply, and revising thoroughly before the exams. I'm truly grateful to Mathematics teachers of DPS Durgapur for their constant support, clear explanations, and encouragement throughout the year. To my juniors: Stay consistent, don't fear mistakes-learn from them, and success will follow!

- Paulami Kar

To score full marks in Maths, try to write a note below every question you solve where you would mention the difficulty of the question and what key concept is required. This helps you a lot when you revise.

- Siddharth Jain

During my preparation I used to go through the class notes regularly. I used to practise regularly from RD Sharma book and solve sample papers. During the last few days of my preparation, I practised from NCERT textbook and NCERT Exemplar. Lastly I would like to thank my teachers who always motivated me to improve myself.

- Sunita Bhattacharya

One of the most important pieces of advice I can offer to people preparing for this session's CBSE board exams is this - practise. The more past years' question papers and sample papers you practise, the more extensive your question-solving tool kit becomes. The second is, remember not to panic and you have all the help, support, and resources you'll need for this from the school!

- Elina Kumar

SANSKRIT

Consistent practise and understanding the basics were my key strategies for scoring full marks in Sanskrit. I focused on the grammar and didn't leave my doubts unclarified.

To my juniors: "Stay consistent, and never lose confidence. Hard work always pays off!!"

- Devanshi Vinay Mehta

HINDI

I had set clear and achievable goals for each day for my second Language, Hindi.

I used to track progress every day and in a time bound manner, I used to practise sample paper.

- Saanvi Rajnish

100% SCORERS OF A SUBJECT in CLASS XII (2024-25)

XII

CHEMISTRY

Attending classes regularly, thoroughly utilizing the class notes and study materials provided by the school along with analysing the several test papers can be very helpful for doing well in the exams. I attribute my 100 percent marks in chemistry to these strategies and the invaluable guidance provided by my teachers.

- Aditya Madan

ECONOMICS

I am grateful to my teachers and parents whose guidance and constant support helped me achieve 100% in Economics. Consistent practise, clarity of concepts, and self-belief played a key role in this success.

- Upasana Lachhiramka

PSYCHOLOGY

When I first started with Psychology I wasn't even aware of this upcoming achievement and upon the declaration of the results, it was an immense moment of joy and it wasn't just about my own preparation but also the constant dedication and support of my parents and my teacher, who helped me to explore the best of my potential to achieve what I have today.

- Srijita Basu

PAINTING

One of the most efficient ways to ensure a perfect score is to revise textual material and blurt it out, textually or verbally, till you don't miss a single detail. Furthermore, regularly referring to a journal wherein your mistakes and weak concepts are written shall ensure no impediments on the path to a perfect score.

- Souparno Biswas

Art has been my way of expressing what words can't. By practicing with dedication and believing in my creativity, I was able to turn that passion into a perfect score. I look forward to keep growing as an artist.

- Reshmi Barua

Just like a person and existence can't be judged for its significance, similarly a subject can't be categorised for it's importance. Painting is a subject where your mind plays with creativity and truly delves deeper into the historical gems. Just put in real efforts into the subject you'll do wonders for sure. A mantra which works everywhere.

- Prerona Das



To watch the
Topper's Experience,
Scan the QR code.



Investiture Ceremony

STUDENT
INVESTITURE

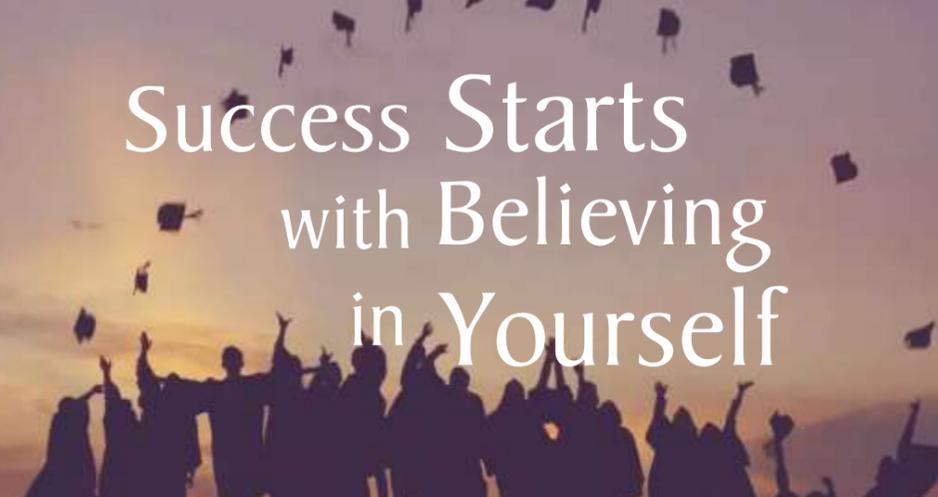


HOSTEL
INVESTITURE





Success Starts with Believing in Yourself



Improvement in Cubesat Communication using Patch Antenna

Researcher- Anirban Banerjee (Class X)

Where Curiosity Sparks, Innovation Ignites

CubeSats are a class of miniaturized satellites that follow a standardized cube shape. They are used primarily for scientific research, Earth observation, technology demonstration, and communication purposes, developed to make space access more affordable and faster. CubeSats can be categorized into different types, based on size, that is, 1U (10cm X 10cm X 10 cm), 2U (10cm x 10cm x 20 cm), 3U (10cm x 10cm x 30cm), and others. CubeSats have antennas that can be categorized as Deployable antennas (e.g., Turnstile antenna) and Undeployable antennas (e.g., patch Antennas). Deployable antennas are deployed in the last stage of the CubeSat mission, but the Undeployable antennas (patch antenna) are fixed and installed in their final position already.

In my research paper, I have shared how to make the patch antenna of a CubeSat more efficient. Patch Antennas are a part of CubeSat communication due to their lightweight design and ease of integration. Patch Antennas are a major reason for the increased success

rate of CubeSat missions, as around 40% CubeSat missions fail due to the failure to deploy their deployable antennas. However, certain limitations in the functionality of the Patch Antenna can hinder the performance of the CubeSat, such as Patch antennas facing only one direction, frequency dependency, and low bandwidth, leading to low gain.

It can be improved, by considering factors such the Material selection of the Patch Antenna (Graphene or Borophene, are 2D materials, that can be used to make the ground plane and the patch of the CubeSat, and EPP Foam can be used to make the Substrate, due to the light weight factor and excellent properties of these materials). For orientation management, my new design of the three-wheel system can be used rather than the traditional one (mentioned in my research paper). Many problems, due to the effect of the ionosphere, can be removed by installing Faraday cages and noise cancellation techniques mentioned in my research paper).

In Conversation with a Legacy: A Tête-à-Tête with Bratachari Naresh Bannerjee

Suhasini Deb (Class X)



When Feet Speak

On a rainy morning, I interviewed Bratachari Naresh Ji, a key figure in preserving Bengal's martial art, Raibenshe. His insights on tradition, gender inclusion and the Bratachari movement revealed his lifelong dedication towards this forgotten art form. What began as an interview became inheritance, beyond teaching, he invited us to be a part of Raibenshe and taught us some important lessons of life through Bratas. And in that moment, we weren't just documenting culture. We became part of its next chapter. In his eyes, Raibenshe wasn't the echo of the past- it was a pulse, and now, it beat in us too.



Scan the QR code for more.





National Inter DPS Hindustani Music Festival "SWARAGINI", 2024

The school had participated in National Inter DPS Music Festival "SWARAGINI", 2024.

Sampripta Mukherjee of Class VII won the 1st Prize in Solo Song.

The team also won the 1st prize in the Group Song category. **Sampripta Mukherjee, Sanvi Dutta, Priyojeet Maji, Saptak Mukherjee, Dipsa Basu, Rishika Saha** were the vocalist and they were accompanied on the tabla by **Abir Rakshit, Agriya Mondal** in the Dotara. The DPS team was also the overall winner of the competition.



The National Inter DPS Dance Festival "NRITYANJALI", 2024

The dance troupe had participated in NRITYANJALI, THE NATIONAL INTER-DPS DANCE FESTIVAL - 2024 and won the prize for The 'BEST THEME DEPICTION'.

The students who have brought accolades were - **Adrija Das, Annesha Mahapatra, Sreemoyee Makur, Sagnika Dey, Anvi Agarwal, Sohana Roy Barman.**



Inter DPS English Debate Festival

In INTER DPS ENGLISH DEBATE FESTIVAL 2025, our two students- **Debarun Banerjee** and **Bipasha Bhattacharya**, represented the school in New Delhi and won the hearts of the audience by their powerful oratorical skills.

Inter DPS Hindi Bhasha Festival



In ANNUAL INTER DPS HINDI & SANSKRIT BHASHA SAHITYA UTSAV "Srijan-2024" our students - **Saanvi Rajnish, Raima Srivastava, Gourika Singhania, Elina Kumar, Aryaman Tiwari, Anant Kulbhushan, Rishan Gupta, Riddhima Choubey, Srestha Sruzonika Panda, Drishee Paul** had participated.

Timeless Tune

SEMI-CLASSICAL MUSIC
Department of Music



Thumri

It was a really wonderful experience to sing the **Thumri**, and also it's one of the topics of music that I love the most. I got to learn many things through this, like, how to put more emotions and express the lyrics of a song, how to make the audience feel what actually the song and it's lyrics said. I myself felt the whole song as a part were both melancholy, waiting, longing and love exists. My school music teachers helped me a lot with this. It was their guidance and blessings that made me work more hard on the song. It was a slow and gradual step. They taught me to do detailing of each line of the song and how to ornament it more, how to make it sound more soothing and beautiful. As a music lover overall this was a great experience for me, and I believe that these teachings of all of my teachers will surely lead me to a very bright future.

Sampripta Mukherjee, (Class XII)



Bhajan

Singing a **Bhajan** in school was an incredible experience for me. I was nervous at first, but the support and encouragement I received from my teachers boosted my confidence. They helped me prepare and refine my performance, which ultimately led to me securing a position. This experience has motivated me to continue exploring my passion for music and strive for excellence in my future endeavors.

Rishika Saha, (Class VIII)



Ghazal

When I first started learning the **Ghazal** "Tum Ko Dekha Toh Yeh Khayal Aaya," I was both excited and a little nervous. It felt very different from the songs I usually sing, and I wondered if I would be able to do justice to it. With the patient guidance of my teachers, I gradually understood the beauty of this genre-how every word and pause carries emotion, and how a Ghazal is not just sung, but felt. The learning process itself was enriching and made me realize how much depth and expression music can hold.

Recording the song was a memorable experience for me because it gave me a chance to bring together everything I had learnt and felt during the practice sessions. This journey introduced me to a new side of music and showed me that every genre has its own charm. Singing this ghazal has not only helped me grow as a performer but has also inspired me to explore more such soulful pieces in the future.

Sanvi Dutta, (Class XI)

These forms showcase the diversity and richness of semi-classical music, with each form having its unique characteristics, themes, and emotional expressions.

To watch the entire program,
Scan the QR code.





DELHI PUBLIC SCHOOL, DURGAPUR

POOL PARTY



From ABCs
to Creativity
the Fun Never Ends!



Celebrating the Magic of Early Years

Small Steps Today, Giant Leaps Tomorrow!



Doctor's Day

"Healing Hands, Helping Hearts"



Connecting Art with Environment

"With little hands and big hearts, we paint the beauty of our earth."



One Earth, One Chance.

"Protect Today, Preserve Tomorrow"



Beat the Heat with Mango party

"Savour the sweetness of Summer!"





Monsoon Magic

"Raindrops of Joy, Splashes of Fun!"



Green Day

"Nature's Gift, Cherish It!"



Mother's Day

"Celebrating the Heart of every Home."





Father's Day

"Fathers: The Heroes We Admire!"



Market of Fun,



Baskets of Learning



"Learn, while You are at Market!"



No Fire

Cooking

"The Filling is Just the Beginning!"



Sparkle, Shine, Celebrate!

"Petals, Poises and Pure Joy!"



Halloween

"Spook-tacular Fun Ahead!"





Pulse Painting

"Seeds of Creativity, Artistic Blooms!"



Rath Yatra

"Divine Procession, Joyful Celebration!"



Excursion

"Little Explorers, Big Adventures!"



Folk Dance Competition

"Rhythm of Joy, Steps of Pride!"





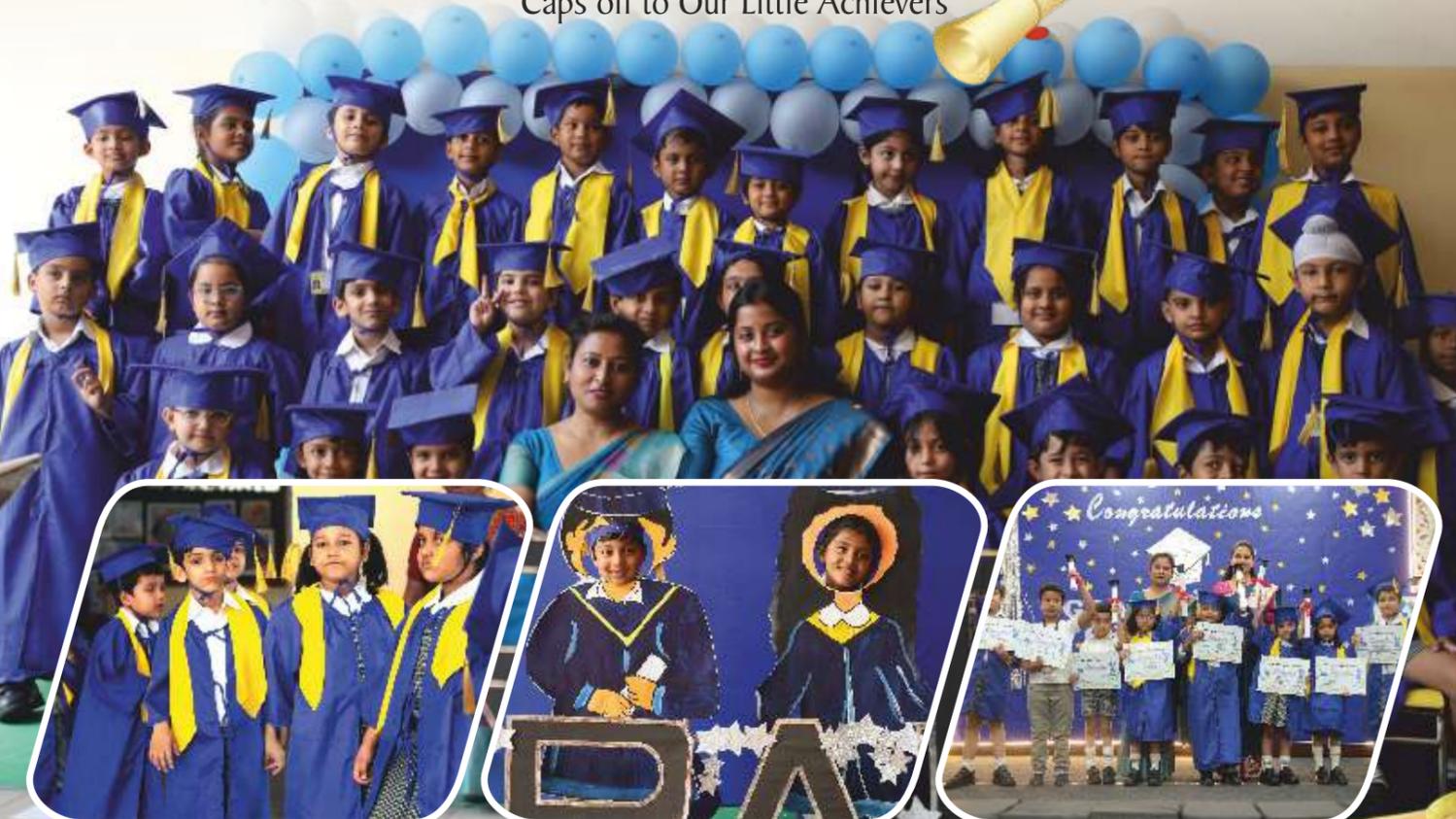
Vasantotsav

"Harmony in Every Splash of Color"



Graduation Day

"Caps off to Our Little Achievers"



Abhivryakti

"Where Expression Meets Excellence!"



1st Prize in Western Waves.
Pre-Primary Fest held at DPS Ruby Park, Kolkata

Flora and Fauna

"Flora and Fauna: Our Planet's Treasure"



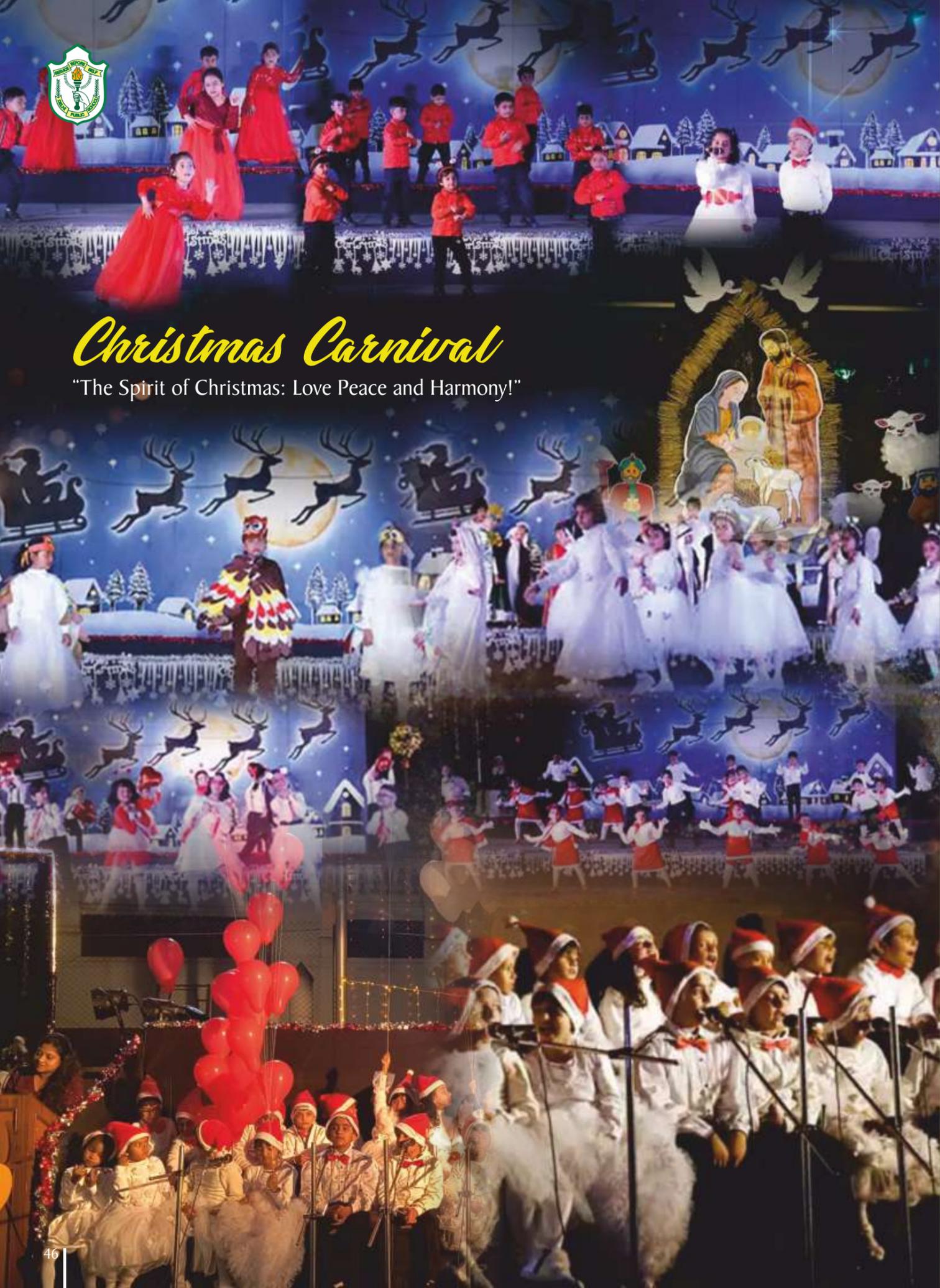


Sports Day

"Fit, Fun and Future Champions!"

Christmas Carnival

"The Spirit of Christmas: Love Peace and Harmony!"





DPS DURGAPUR

CREATIVE CORNER





art gallery



Aishwariya Mohapatra, (Class X)



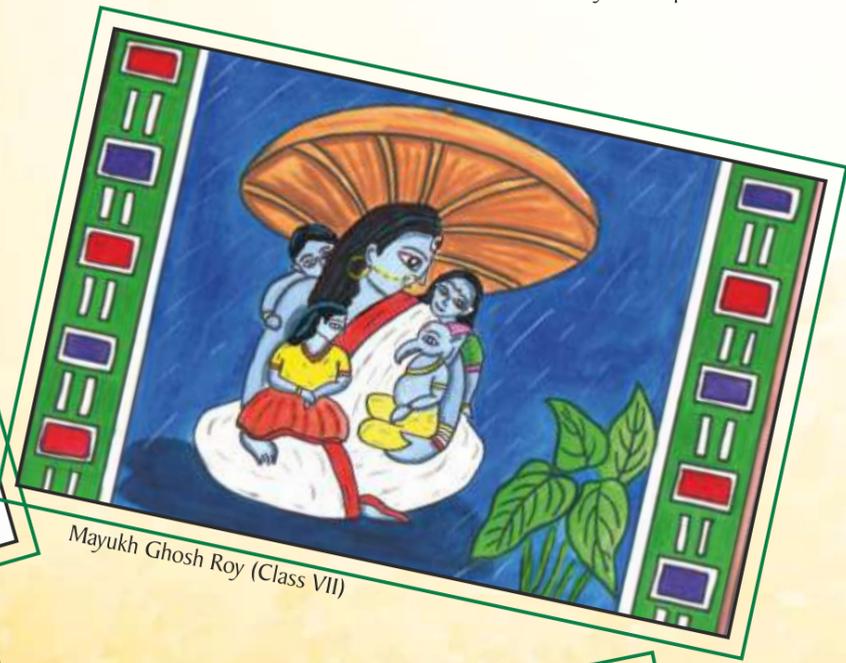
Rudranil Saha (Class XI)



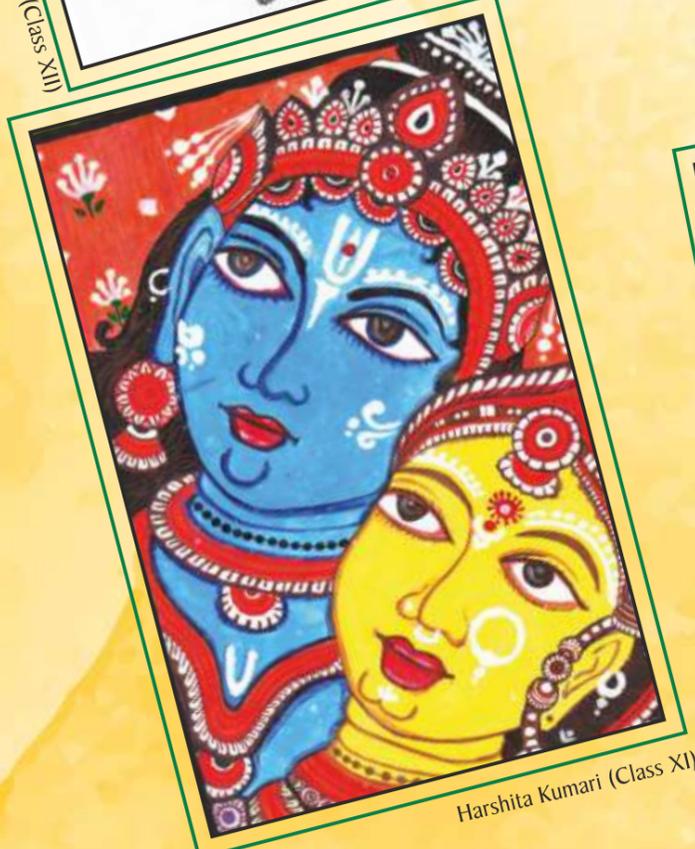
Roushanna Banerjee (Class XI)



Nivedita Jana (Class XII)



Mayukh Ghosh Roy (Class VII)



Harshita Kumari (Class XI)



Rishita Singh (Class XI)



Sampriti Sur (Class IV)



Satvik Singh (Class III)



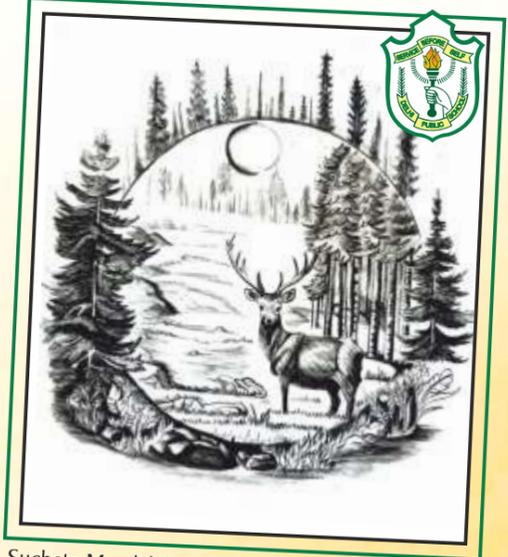
Sneha Gorain (Class VIII)



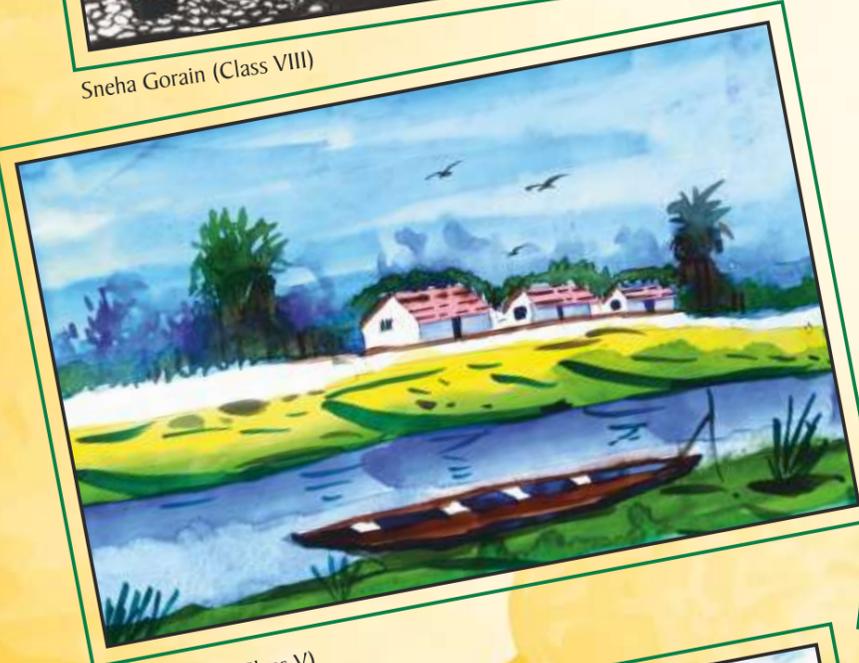
Eshhan Kesh (Class VI)



Adrish Ghosh (Class III)



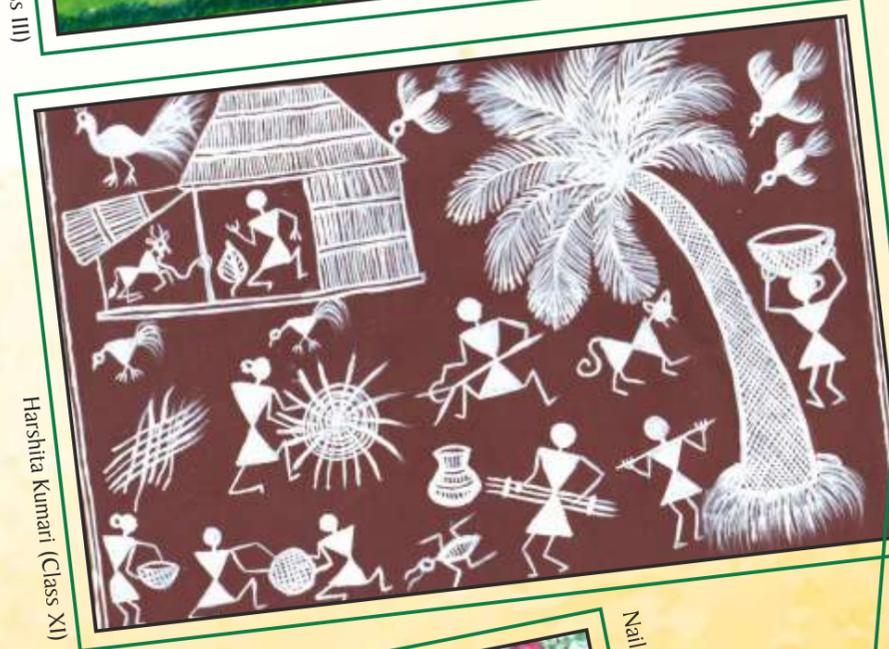
Sucheta Mandal (Class VIII)



Nancy Kumari (Class V)



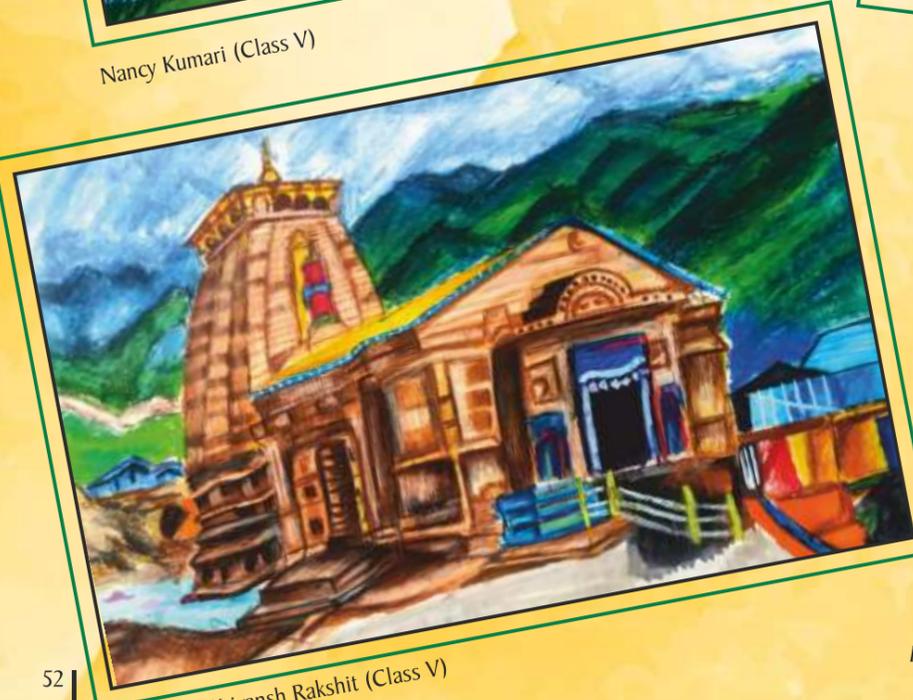
Megha Bhowmik (Class VIII)



Harshita Kumari (Class XI)



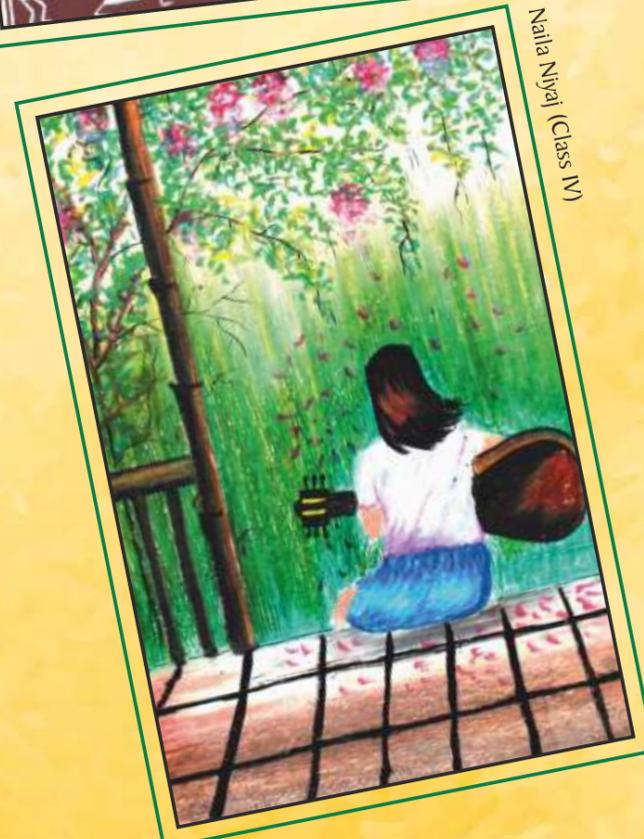
Inessa Kesh (Class III)



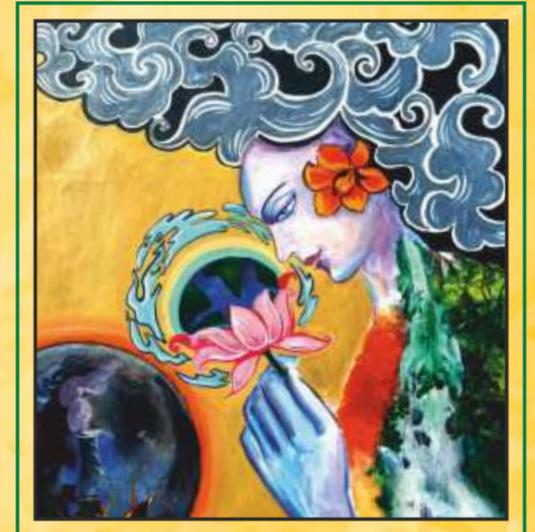
Kriyansh Rakshit (Class V)



Hridota Laha (Class VIII)



Naita Niyaj (Class IV)



Taapsee Ray (Class III)



My Kinder Joy - A Tiny Surprise!

Ranvith Singh Wadhwa (Class II)



Knock knock! Who's inside?
A tasty treat and a toy that hides!
I shake it once- rattle rattle -oh boy!
It's my magical Kinder Joy!



Twist the cap, open it slow,
Chocolate cream begins to show!
Dip my spoon and take a bite-
Mmm! So yummy, what a delight!

Now let's peek at the other side
Ooo! A toy I build with pride!
A car, a bird or a spinning top,
I play and laugh- I never stop!

It's not just sweet, it brings me cheer,
Kinder joy, I hold so dear!
Round and small, full of surprise,
You are a bundle of joy in a perfect size!

My Feathered Friend

Aadrik Chanda (Class III)



A little bird came flying near,
Built a nest so soft and dear.
On our curtain, snug and high,
Close beside the open sky.

Two tiny eggs she laid with care,
Now baby chirps fill the air.
I watch them grow with love so deep,
While they flap and chirp and peep.

One day they'll fly- it makes me blue,
But I'll keep the window open for you.



Perfect Pair

Amyra Choudhary (Class III)



Me and my brother a perfect pair,
We laugh and play without care.
We share our toys and have fun,
Together, under the sun.
We fight and make up, it's just our way,
But our love for each other shines every day.
I and my brother have a special bond.
Friendship and fun, that's what we've found.



Fluffy the Puppy

Aishini Mondal (Class II)



I have a puppy named Fluffy. Fluffy is soft and cute. Every morning, I give him some milk to drink. He loves to play with his small green ball. Last evening me and fluffy went for a walk when suddenly he saw a kitten hiding behind a bush and chased it. Fluffy fell into a ditch while chasing the kitten and started whimpering loudly.

I ran back home and called my father. My father rushed to save him and rescued fluffy and took him back home. Fluffy was fully covered with mud. I gave him a nice bath using hot water. He was looking like a soft, white fur-ball after the bath. I hugged him and promised to take care of him better than before.



Furry Paws

Udisha Patnaik (Class III)



White as a cloud,
Fluffier than cotton,
My two puppies came running-
Ice Cream and Bella!

They are little athletes who love to play,
Getting cuddles all through the day.

Sweeter than sugar
And softer than butter,
There they come,
Ready to play!



My Funny Little Cat

Amaira Munjal (Class II)



My funny little cat and me
We climb the couch like it's a tree
She hides inside my big school bag,
And plays a game of tail-tag.
She chases socks, she chases light,
She even jumps in bed at night.
She purrs and naps and gives me a hug,
My furry friend- my playful bug.

The Little Choo Choo Train

Abhigyan Ghoshal (Class IV)



There is a train
Going to Spain.
But, there came the rain
So, the train couldn't go again.

When it was day
There came a sun ray.
It was a sunny day
So the train didn't stay.



My Pet Dog

Sompriya Mukherjee (Class II)

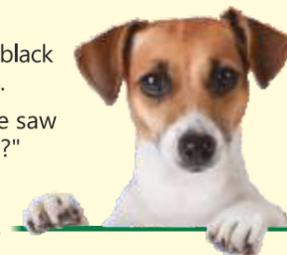


We had a sweet pet dog named Toffee. He was like a family member, and my dad's best friend. Toffee was super cute with black and white fur and a pink nose. He loved to play and protect us.

One evening, My Grandpa was walking in the yard when he saw something strange. He called out to my Mom, "What's this?" Mom shouted, "It's a snake! Go away!" Toffee heard the shout and ran to help. My Grandma cried, "Toffee, no! Come back!" But Toffee didn't listen. He bravely fought the snake and saved Grandpa.

After that, Toffee got very sick. His legs weren't working properly, and he couldn't walk. The doctor came and gave him special medicine. Toffee didn't like taking medicine, so we mixed it with his food. Slowly but surely, he got better.

We were so lucky to have Toffee as our loyal friend. Even though he's not with us now, we'll always remember his bravery and love. We miss you, Toffee!" Love you.



Bestie Vibes

Niharika Juin (Class IV)



You and me, we laugh, we play,
Side by side, come what may.
Secrets shared, giggles loud,
Dancing silly, feeling proud.
Fights? Maybe. But never long,
We bounce back - our bond is strong.
Through the highs and through the bend,
You're not just a friend - you're my best friend!



How the Crow Got His Black Colour

Shivansh Singh (Class II)



Jen ran to his mother with a picture and asked,
"Mummy, why are the crows black?"

Mummy laughed and said, "Well, there was a time when they were actually white."

And she started telling a story:

"A long time ago, the Sun asked a crow to deliver a ruby which he had put into a silken bag for his beloved, who was a princess on Earth. While passing over a village, the crow felt hungry and decided to stop for a while. He hung the bag on a small branch of a tree and flew off in search of some food.

Meanwhile, a merchant noticed the bag and pocketed the ruby. Instead, he put some rubbish in the bag. When the crow took the bag to the princess, she saw the rubbish in it and became furious.

Later, when the Sun came to know what had happened, he was so angry that under his burning glare, all the feathers of the crow got scorched and turned black."

Keep Hope Alive

Kiara Dutta (Class II)



A long time ago, there lived a boy named Raju in a village. He was very happy with his family. But his happiness could not last for long. Raju and his fellow villagers faced a severe drought. They waited for rains but with no luck. All the crops, land and even trees, dried up. The cattle started dying. As there was no rain, the stream was drying up slowly.

One night, during a meet with the villagers, Raju said, "Friends, we all have heard tales from our grandparents about an underground river flowing through our village. Why don't we dig and see?" The villagers agreed and started digging. They dug for some days but soon gave up. However, Raju kept on digging. When people told him to give up, he said, "God is helping and guiding my way! One day, when he had dug deep enough, Raju saw water. His attitude of not giving up saved the whole village. "Never give up so easily," Raju advised all the villagers. Now, they are never short of water. And whenever any problems arises, all the villagers came up, together and find a solution.



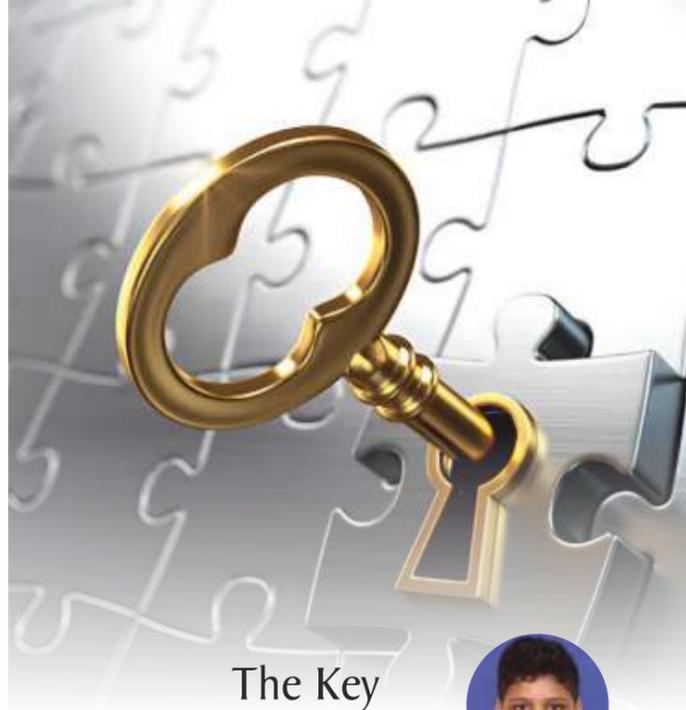


My Life My Mother

Riyanshi Roy (Class IV)



You are the sunlight in my day
 You are the moon, I see far away
 You are the tree I lean upon
 You are the one that troubles be gone.
 You are the one that taught me life
 How not to fight and what is right
 You are my love, my life, my mom
 You are the one, who cares for me
 You are the eyes, that help me to see
 You are the one, that knows me best
 When it's time to have fun and time to rest
 You are the one who has helped me to dream
 You hear my heart and hear my screams
 Afraid of life but looking for love
 I am blessed for God sent you from above
 You are my friend, my heart and my soul
 You are the greatest friend, I know
 You are the words inside my song
 You are my love, my life, my life.



The Key

Rudransh Mondal (Class V)



Curious, she tried every lock in the apartment – nothing fit.
 That evening, she walked past the old bookstore and saw a new sign:
 "Lost and found."
 On a whim, she walked in & handed the key to the owner. The man's face lit up. "You found it!" he said, and pulled a dusty box from under the counter. Inside was a note:
"To the one who wonders – here's a story waiting to be read."



The Teacher Who Spoke in Poems



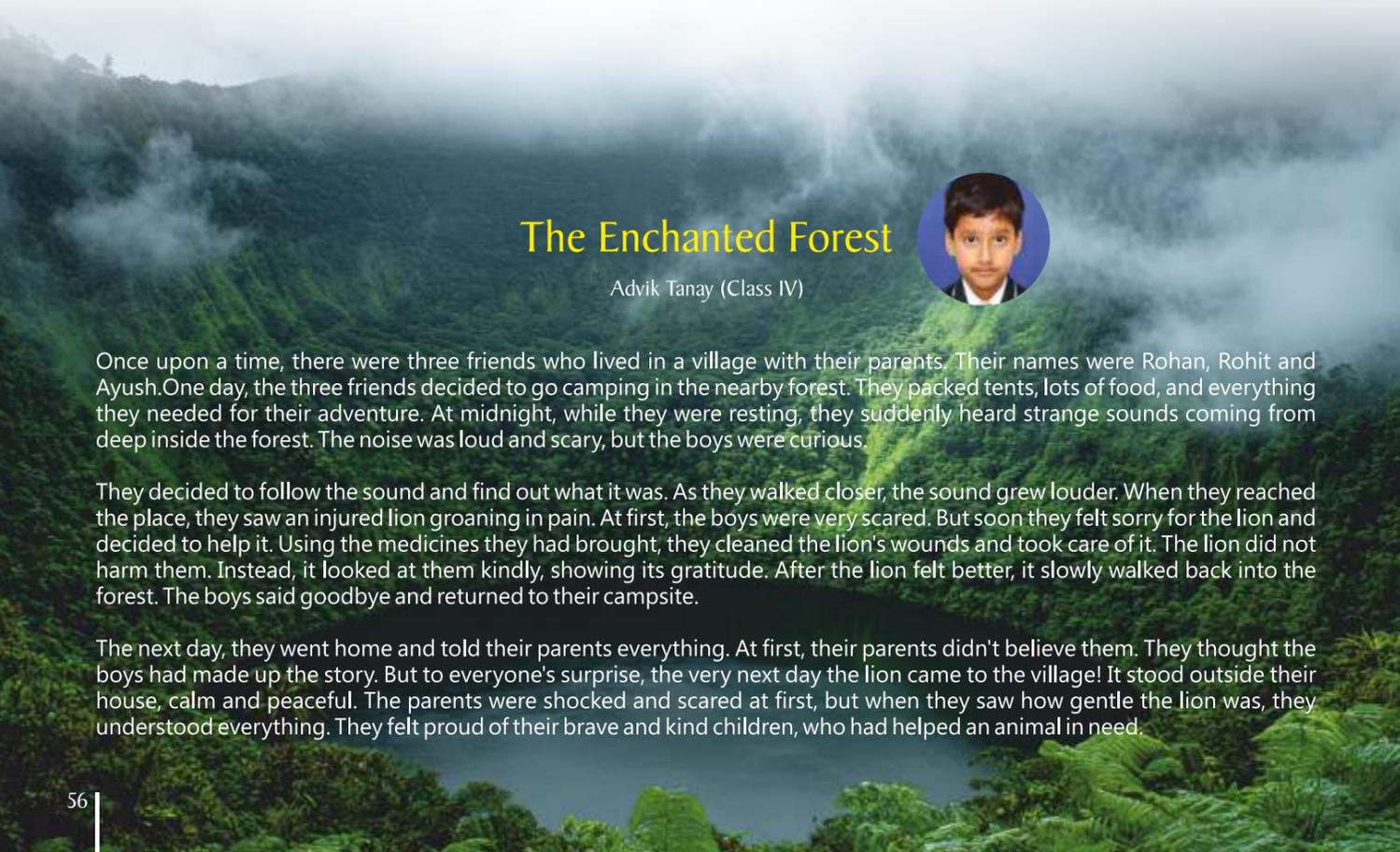
Krishna Bhojnarwala (Class VII)

I can't find it anywhere." Mrs Brou replied giggling, "Ah! Little boy, this is not from your textbook, I just wished good morning and introduced myself."

Everyone blinked. This was new. From the very first instant, kids understood that Mrs. Brou wasn't like any other teacher. She didn't just speak, she performed. Whenever a child got late, she would never get annoyed. Instead, she always exclaimed with a grin - "Oh! Looks like the snooze button was your best friend this morning! Class is in session and you are fashionably late." At any moment, if a child yawned, she patted him on the back and whispered, "Sleepy times over little one, brainpower needed!" Kids giggled and then laughed, and secretly began to adore her. Her blackboard never had boring notes. Instead, it had fun riddles and short poems. Grammar became super-duper fun. Adjectives weren't just describing words, they were the makeup artist which turned apples into juicy delights. Verbs were the engine that moved the sentence train. The best of all, prepositions became the GPS of the sentences, helping the words meet.

The English classes weren't the same anymore. The children were disheartened to learn that their English teacher had resigned, totally unaware of the upcoming adventures. Ms. Brou was their new English teacher who was also a poet by passion. Dressed in a crisp button up shirt covered with a blue blazer hanging on her shoulders paired with a classic knee length skirt, left the children in awe as she stepped into the class. Ms. Brou exclaimed, "Bright blossoms of tomorrow, the stars have faded, replaced by the golden glow of the morning. I, Ms. Brou is your new wizard, sentences are my spells, and stories are my stars." A child questioned "Ma'am, which book is this poem from?"

During recess, the kids would follow her around, asking her to describe things in a fun and a poetic way. She would peek in the canteen and comment - "Tummies on high alert, noodles dream about to come true with cola chasers in tow". The playground became, "A battlefield, where feet were on fire and the football stars were on a roll". In just a week Mrs. Brou became the favourite of all. She made the kids fall in love with English. She taught them to play with words, feel them and shaped them into magic. It's been years, but till date, in every English class, the moment children open their English textbooks, they hear the echo - "Let your words dance, every comma, every exclamation mark and every full stop, deserves a twist and a twirl."



The Enchanted Forest

Advik Tanay (Class IV)



Once upon a time, there were three friends who lived in a village with their parents. Their names were Rohan, Rohit and Ayush. One day, the three friends decided to go camping in the nearby forest. They packed tents, lots of food, and everything they needed for their adventure. At midnight, while they were resting, they suddenly heard strange sounds coming from deep inside the forest. The noise was loud and scary, but the boys were curious.

They decided to follow the sound and find out what it was. As they walked closer, the sound grew louder. When they reached the place, they saw an injured lion groaning in pain. At first, the boys were very scared. But soon they felt sorry for the lion and decided to help it. Using the medicines they had brought, they cleaned the lion's wounds and took care of it. The lion did not harm them. Instead, it looked at them kindly, showing its gratitude. After the lion felt better, it slowly walked back into the forest. The boys said goodbye and returned to their campsite.

The next day, they went home and told their parents everything. At first, their parents didn't believe them. They thought the boys had made up the story. But to everyone's surprise, the very next day the lion came to the village! It stood outside their house, calm and peaceful. The parents were shocked and scared at first, but when they saw how gentle the lion was, they understood everything. They felt proud of their brave and kind children, who had helped an animal in need.



My Dream that became True...

Naya Buchasia (Class V)



In the world where circuits hummed and gears talked, I am a robot but I dream to become an artist! When I go through my dreams, I see beautiful paintings filled with happiness and emotions. Everyone thought that whatever paintings I do is instructed but nobody notices that artist within my mechanical body. For me each stroke of painting is an emotion. My robot friends told me that I cannot do anything with my dream because no one can even think that a robot can do paintings. Without using technology I drew a world which is beyond the world of silicon and silver, a world imagined how the world looks like. Seeing my skills the owner of the shop sent me in a ceremony where robots did painting. There the curious passerby stood in front of me seeing the artist within my mechanical body. After some time I came to know that the curious passerby who saw my painting was a painter who is an expert in paintings of real world. He noticed that I did not know about many things in painting and decided to give art classes to robot like me. There I explored how the real world looks like. He was the one who helped me prove that robots can also do have great interest in art. They can also dream of becoming an artist and get success in it. I decided that I will also be a great inspiration for the robots who dream of a future where they are an artist.



स्विमिंग पूल की घटना

लेकिशा झुनझुनवाला

कक्षा – तृतीय



कुछ समय पहले की बात है। मैं अपने मम्मी – पापा के साथ कोलकाता घूमने गई थी। वहाँ मैंने स्विमिंग पूल देखा। मैं पूल में जाने की जिद करने लगी क्योंकि मुझे स्विमिंग पूल में तैरना बहुत पसंद है। फिर मैं पूल के किनारे बैठकर पैर हिलाने लगी। पैर हिलाने के दौरान अचानक मेरा संतुलन बिगड़ गया और मैं पूल में गिर गई। तब मुझे तैरना नहीं आता था और मैं डूबने लगी। उस समय मेरे पापा पूल में ही थे। जब पापा ने मुझे हाथ-पैर हिलाते हुए देखा तब वे समझ गए कि जरूर कुछ हुआ है और उन्होंने तुरंत मुझे पानी से बाहर निकाला। उस समय मैं बहुत डरी हुई थी। यह एक ऐसी घटना है जो मैं कभी भूल नहीं सकती।



बत्तख ने खोला होटल



राध्या अंजली कुर्शा

कक्षा – द्वितीय

बत्तख जी ने होटल खोला,
नाम रखा 'चप भोला।'
बना रही थी गरम पराठा,
पानी में गिर गया सारा आटा।
मेंढक बोला - "कृपा दिखाओ,"
मुझे एक-दो आलू खिलाओ।
बत्तख बोली - "भैया, रुक जा,
तवे पर बैठा एक कुकड़ू मुझसा।"
तभी वहाँ एक गिलहरी आई,
खटमिट्टे पर वह ललचाई।
बंदर भी आ धमका भाई,
केले खाने की उसने की फरमाइस।
होटल में मचा, खूब धमाल,
बत्तख जी हो गई, मालामाल।



मेरी प्यारी माँ

व्योम जीवराजका

कक्षा- तृतीय



मेरी माँ है सबसे प्यारी,
उनकी बातें लगे सुनहरी।
सुबह उठाकर गोदी लेती,
प्यारे-प्यारे किस्से कहती।
माँ है मेरी दुनिया सारी,
उनसे ही है खुशियाँ हमारी।



मेरा अनोखा सपना

श्रेयांश कुंडु

कक्षा – पंचम्



मैं हूँ राजा अपने सपनों का,
जहाँ हूँ मंत्री, मेरे प्यारे पापा।
आ जाते हैं, हज़ारों लोग,
जब मैं पुकारूँ, रामू काका।
मेरी मम्मी वहाँ की रानी,
करती है वह अपनी मनमानी।
मुझपर भी वह रोब जमाती,
अपना ही वह नियम चलाती
लेकिन सुबह जब मम्मी पुकारती,
तभी मेरी नींद खुल जाती।
मेरा सपना टूट जाता,
इसलिए मम्मी से मैं रूठ है जाता।



एक शापित गाँव

सानिध्य कुमार

कक्षा – सप्तम्



एक दिन मैं अपने माता-पिता के साथ राजस्थान गया था। घूमते-घूमते हम एक गाँव में पहुँचे। असल में उस गाँव में मेरे पूर्वज रहा करते थे। वह गाँव शापित गाँव के नाम से भी जाना जाता था। उस गाँव को देखकर ऐसा लग रहा था कि सदियों से यहाँ कोई नहीं आया होगा परंतु वहाँ जितने भी घर थे उनमें से कोई भी घर टूटा हुआ न था। हम सब जिस समय वहाँ पहुँचे, शाम हो चुकी थी। हम सब गलियों से होते हुए अपने गाँव की हवेली में पहुँचना चाहते थे इसलिए हम उन्हीं सँकरे रास्ते से होते हुए आगे की ओर बढ़े। मैं उन गलियों में भटक गया और अपने माता-पिता से अलग हो गया। चलते-चलते मैंने एक आदमी को तेज़ कदमों से आगे बढ़ते हुए देखा। पहले मुझे लगा कि मेरा वहम है परंतु थोड़ी देर बाद मैंने जो देखा, उसे मैं कभी नहीं भूल पाऊँगा। कुछ दूरी पर वही आदमी एक बूढ़ी औरत को बड़ी बेरहमी से पत्थर से मार रहा था। मारते-मारते अचानक उस व्यक्ति की नज़र मुझपर पड़ी। उसे देखकर मेरे होश ही उड़ गए। उसकी आँखें लाल थीं और उसका पूरा मुँह खून से भरा हुआ था। वह देखने में एक पिशाच की तरह लग रहा था। उसके भयानक चेहरे को देखकर मैं ज़ोर से चीखा और वहाँ से भागने लगा। पता नहीं वह कौन था? मैं इतना डर गया था कि मैंने हनुमान चालीसा पढ़ना प्रारंभ कर दिया। उसी बीच अचानक मैं अपने माता-पिता से टकराया। मैंने सारी बात अपने माता-पिता को बता दी। उसके बाद हम सभी हवेली की ओर चल पड़े। मेरे पिता ने मुझे उस शापित गाँव में अकेले घूमने से मना किया और बताया कि एक हैवान इस गाँव को अपने गिरफ्त में रखा है। यह सुनकर मैं डर गया और अपने माता-पिता से वहाँ से वापस जाने की जिद करने लगा। दो दिनों के बाद ही हम वहाँ से शहर के लिए निकल पड़े। मैं वापस दुबारा उस शापित गाँव में कभी नहीं गया।

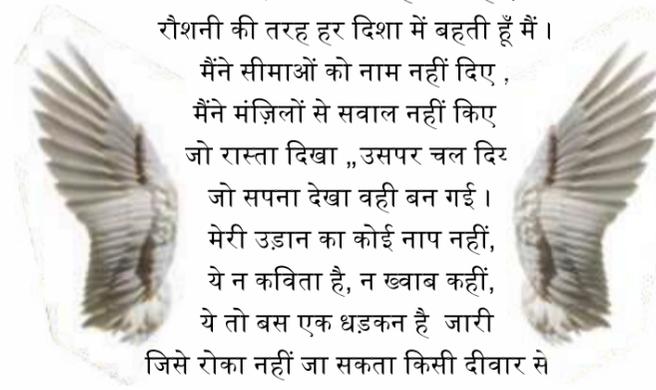
पंख नहीं फिर भी उड़ती हूँ मैं

वेनेसा अमित बगाडिया

कक्षा – सप्तम्



पंख नहीं फिर भी उड़ती हूँ मैं
हवा की लहरों से बात करती हूँ मैं
किसी इजाज़त की मोहताज नहीं,
रौशनी की तरह हर दिशा में बहती हूँ मैं।
मैंने सीमाओं को नाम नहीं दिए,
मैंने मंज़िलों से सवाल नहीं किए
जो रास्ता दिखा, उसपर चल दिए
जो सपना देखा वही बन गई।
मेरी उड़ान का कोई नाप नहीं,
ये न कविता है, न ख्वाब कहीं,
ये तो बस एक धड़कन है जारी
जिसे रोका नहीं जा सकता किसी दीवार से
न चीख है, न चुनौती,
बस एक मौन प्रवाह पूरी स्वीकृति
मैं समय नहीं हूँ, मैं उससे भी आगे,
मैं सृजन हूँ, मैं संभावना हूँ
मैं खुद में ही एक अनंत आकाश हूँ।



प्रकृति हमारी शान

विक्टर चक्रवर्ती

कक्षा – अष्टम्



हमें सदा ही रहा है, अपनी प्रकृति पर अभिमान,
पर हमने ही छीन लिया इस प्रकृति की शान।
स्वार्थ सिद्धि की खातिर हमने तोड़ दिया जीवों का आलय,
हमारी खातिर ही पिघल रहा है आज हिमालय।
जो हमारे लिए हो गए कुर्बान,
उसी प्रकृति को खत्म करने पर आज तुले हैं इंसान।
हमने कभी भी नहीं दिया अपनी प्रकृति को सम्मान,
अभी समय है सँभलो, नहीं तो,
इस करनी का फल भोगेगा इंसान,
फिर कभी न कर पाओगे तुम,
अपनी धरती और प्रकृति पर अभिमान।





आओ करे एक नई शुरुआत

सुप्रभो मुखर्जी
कक्षा – अष्टम्



हर एक साल ऐसे जियो जैसे पहले कभी न जिया हो
हर छोटी-छोटी चीजें "खुशी" पाने की कोशिश करो।
जिंदगी बहुत ही छोटी है;
तो इसे खुल कर जियो।
पुरानी बातों को भुलाकर आगे बढ़ो।
जिंदगी छोटी है और है बहुत ही मुश्किल;
पर मजेदार भी बहुत है।
अगर जिंदगी से रूठ जाओगे
तो कैसे खुश रह पाओगे ?

ये मत सोचो कि तुमसे नहीं होगा;
ये सोचो कि तुमसे क्या - क्या नहीं होगा।
तुम कुछ भी कर सकते हो
बस विश्वास रखो।
जिंदगी एक उड़ती पतंग की तरह है,
समझ जाओगे तो सही मार्ग पर उड़ पाओगे
नहीं समझे तो गुम हो जाओगे और टूट जाओगे।
तो चाहे कुछ भी हो जाए,
पीछे मत मुड़ो।
दोस्त गुस्सा हो तो उन्हें मना लो;
मम्मी-पापा से माफी माँग लो,
और आगे बढ़ते रहो।



न्यूटन स्ट्रीट का अनसुलझा रहस्य

ऋद्धिमा चौबे
कक्षा – सप्तम्

एक रास्ता जो पूरी तरह सन्नाटे से भरा था। न ही हवा चल रही थी, न पत्ते ही हिलते प्रतीत हो रहे थे। अचानक तेज़ हवा का झोंका मुझे झकझोर-सा गया। हवा का झोंका मेरे सिर से टकराया। पता नहीं क्यों, पर मुझे ऐसा लगा कि शायद कुछ गड़बड़ है क्योंकि न्यूटन स्ट्रीट हमेशा गाड़ियों से भरी रहती थी। वहाँ हमेशा चहल-पहल रहा करती थी, पर आज कुछ अजीब ही था। मैं आगे की ओर बढ़ी। कुछ देर चलने के बाद मुझे याद आया कि मैं अपना घर तो खुला छोड़ आई हूँ। मैं पीछे पलटने ही वाली थी कि मुझे ऐसा लगा मानों किसी ने मुझे पुकारा। मैंने पीछे मुड़कर देखा, तो वहाँ कोई न था। मैं हैरान होकर वापस अपने घर की ओर बढ़ने लगी लेकिन मुझे ऐसा प्रतीत हुआ कि कोई मेरा पीछा कर रहा है परंतु इस बार मैंने देखा, तो मुझे झाड़ियों में कुछ हिलता हुआ दिखा। न्यूटन स्ट्रीट में बहुत पेड़-पौधे थे। उस जगह को एक तरह से हम जंगल का हिस्सा बोलते थे क्योंकि वह स्थान पूरी तरह झाड़ियों और पेड़-पौधों से घिरा हुआ था। मैं आगे की ओर बढ़ते रही लेकिन एक क्षण मुझे ऐसा लगा कि रास्ता खत्म ही नहीं हो रहा। मैं तेज़ कदमों से अपने घर की ओर बढ़ने लगी। अचानक मुझे दूर पेड़ों के मध्य कुछ दिखा। मैं भागती हुई वहाँ गई। वहाँ पहुँचते ही जो दृश्य मैंने देखा, वह देखकर मेरी आँखें फटी-की-फटी रह गईं। मैंने एक कटा हुआ सिर पेड़ से लटका हुआ देखा। पर वह सिर किसी और का नहीं बल्कि मेरा ही था। मैं पूरी तरह से डर गई। मैं हिल भी नहीं पा रही थी। किसी तरह मैं पीछे मुड़ी और भागने की कोशिश करने लगी। अचानक न्यूटन स्ट्रीट के सन्नाटे को चीरते हुए किसी की आवाज़ गूँजी और डर के मारे मैं बेहोश होकर गिर पड़ी। जब मेरी आँख खुली तो मैंने स्वयं को अस्पताल में पाया। न्यूटन स्ट्रीट का राज़ राज़ बनकर ही रह गया।



शीशे के पीछे

सौम्या सिन्हा, कक्षा – नवम्



जब पापा ने हमारे बाथरूम का पुराना आईना बदला, तो सब कुछ सामान्य लग रहा था। नया आईना बड़ा था, चमकदार भी, और दीवार पर एकदम फिट बैठता था। मम्मी ने कहा, "अब तो पूरा चेहरा साफ़ दिखेगा।" लेकिन कुछ ही दिनों में अजीब बातें शुरू हो गईं। मैंने पहली बार तब गौर किया जब मैं ब्रश कर रही थी। आईने में मैंने देखा कि मेरी परछाई ने मुझसे एक सेकंड बाद हरकत की। पहले सोचा मैं थकी हुई हूँ, लेकिन अगली सुबह वही दोबारा हुआ। एक दिन, जब मैं आईने में देख रही थी, मेरी परछाई ने अचानक मुस्कराना बंद कर दिया, जबकि मैं अब भी मुस्कुरा रही थी। मेरा दिल जोर से धड़कने लगा। मैंने पापा से कहा, लेकिन उन्होंने मज़ाक में उड़ा दिया। "कभी-कभी ऐसा लगता है, ज़्यादा सोचा मत करो।" पर चीज़ें और डरावनी होती गईं। रात को बाथरूम से अजीब सी खड़खड़ाहट सुनाई देती थी, जैसे कोई अंदर धीरे-धीरे दीवार खुरच रहा हो। एक रात, दरवाज़ा अपने आप खुल गया, और मैंने देखा—आईने के अंदर कोई और है। वह मेरी तरह ही दिखती थी, लेकिन उसकी आँखें गहरी काली थीं। वह मुझे घूर रही थी, और फिर उसने धीरे-धीरे मुस्कराया। "अब मेरी बारी है," उसने कहा। मैं चीखना चाहती थी, लेकिन आवाज़ ही नहीं निकली। मैंने जल्दी से दरवाज़ा बंद किया और मम्मी-पापा को बुलाया, पर जब वे आए, सब कुछ सामान्य लग रहा था। अगली सुबह, जब मैं उठी, तो कमरे की हर चीज़ उल्टी दिशा में थी। दाएँ हाथ की घड़ी अब बाएँ पर थी। पोस्टर भी उल्टे। और आईने में जो दिख रही थी, वह मैं नहीं थी। अब जब मैं बोलती हूँ, तो आवाज़ आईने से आती है। असली दुनिया में कोई मेरी बात नहीं सुनता। मुझे लगता है, मैं आईने के अंदर कैद हो गई हूँ। और जो बाहर है, वह अब मेरी जिंदगी जी रही है।

जीवन एक पल

अइशी घोष, कक्षा – नवम्



हमारा जीवन बस एक पल की बात है। हमारा जीवन कब, कैसा मोड़ ले ले, इसका कभी पता नहीं चलता। कभी ककसी का जीवन मात्र कुछ ममनटों में बदल सकता है। लोगों के हृदय में कई बार एक क्षण में सब बदल जाता है। 12 जून को अहमदाबाद में हुए एयर इंडिया का भयानक हादसा ऐसा ही उदाहरण है। ववमान समुद्र में गगरकर टुकड़ों में बबखर गया। इस भयावह दृश्य को देखकर आँखों में खौफ और ददल में ददद पैदा हो गया।

दुननया में ऐसे अनगगनत हादसे हुए हैं, पर यह घटना सबसे भयानक थी। कई लोगों को यह घटना हमेशा याद रहेगी। हादसे में ककसी को बचाने का मौका भी नहीं ममला। ववमान 32,000 फीट की ऊँचाई से गगरा और 625 फीट की ऊँचाई में आते-आते पूर तरह से नष्ट हो गया। यह सब मात्र 32 सेकेंड में हुआ। ववमान में सवार 230 याबत्रयों को मौत ने अचानक घेर मलया। 30-40 ममनट तक उनकी मृत्यु की पीड़ा असहनीय रह।

यह हादसा हमें जीवन का असल अथद मसखाता है। हमें यह समझना चादहए कक जीवन बेहद अननश्चत है। कब क्या हो जाए, कोई नहीं जानता। इसमलए हमें अपने जीवन के हर क्षण को साथदक बनाना चादहए। जो सुख हमें ममला है, उसमें सींतोष और प्रसन्नता का अनुभव करना चादहए। भववष्य की गचींता में वतदमान को नष्ट करना उगगत नहीं है। जीवन का सह अथद यह है कक हर पल को प्रेम, खुशी और सकारात्मकता के साथ शजया जाए। हमें हर क्षण को महत्वपूणद मानकर अपने जीवन को साथदक बनाना चादहए।





जंगल बुक

चैतन्य मिश्रा
कक्षा – नवम्



जंगल का मोगली, भालू-भेड़ियों का यार,
छोड़ा वो घर, आया इंसानों के द्वारा।
नए कपड़े, नया खाना, नई बोली,
शुरू में लगा सब अजीब, न कोई संगी न सहेली।
जंगल की आज़ादी को मन तरसे,
पर धीमे-धीमे वो हर रंग में रंगे।
स्कूल गया, दोस्त बनाए, जीना सीखा,
इंसानों की दुनिया में भी वो अब दिखा।
यादें पुरानी हैं, नया भी है संसार,
मोगली अब दोनों दुनिया का हकदार।

वीरान हवेली का रहस्य

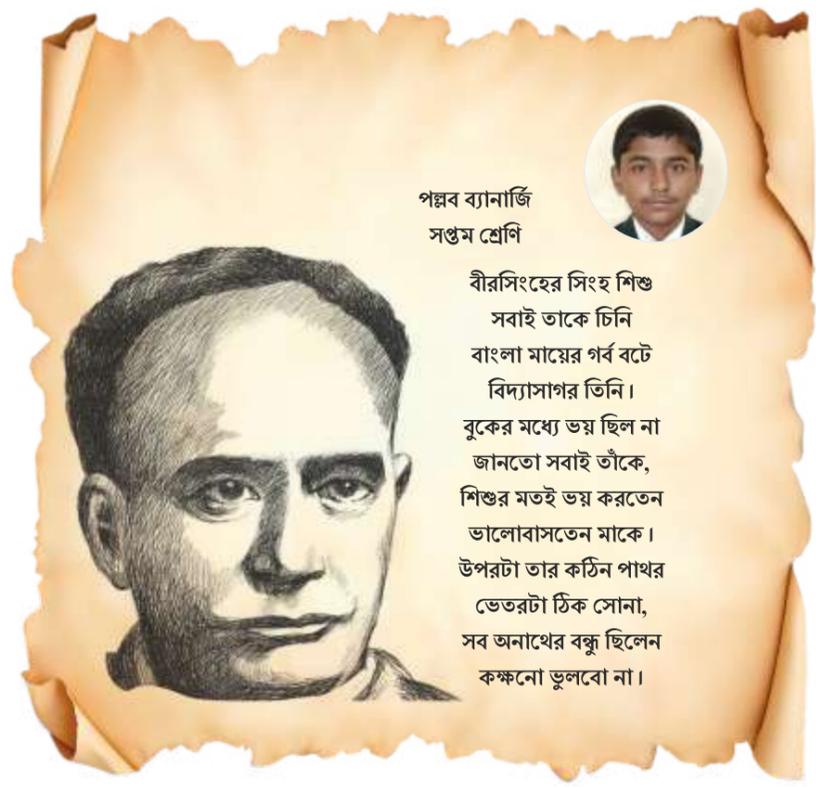
राजदीप मंडल
कक्षा – सप्तम्



ये घटना 13 नवंबर 1988 की है। रोहन अपने माता-पिता के साथ गर्मी की छुट्टियों में अपने खानदानी हवेली में रहने गया था। रोहन बहुत खुश था क्योंकि उसके पहले वह वहाँ कभी नहीं गया था। वह हवेली बड़ी और सुनसान थी। उस हवेली के पिछले हिस्से में कोई नहीं जाता था। रोहन के माता-पिता ने भी उसे सब्त हिदायत दी थी कि रात के समय वह हवेली के पीछे न जाया करे। रोहन जिस कमरे में सोता था, उस कमरे में एक खिड़की थी, जो हवेली के पिछले हिस्से की ओर खुलती थी। हर दिन रात के बारह बजे हवेली के पिछले हिस्से से अजीबोगरीब आवाज़ें आती थीं। रोहन के उस कमरे में भी अजीब-सी चीज़ें होने लगीं। कभी उसके कमरे की खिड़की खुल जाती, तो कभी उसे ऐसा लगता मानो उसके पाँवों को कोई खींच रहा हो। किसी तरह रात बीती। सुबह होते ही रोहन ने अपने माता-पिता से रात की घटना के संबंध में बताया। उसने अपने माता-पिता से इसके संबंध में पूछा। उसके माता-पिता ने कहा कि वह उसका मानसिक भ्रम है। लेकिन भई, रोहन तो था ही जिज्ञासु प्रकृति का। वह उस हवेली के पीछे के रहस्य को जानना चाहता था इसलिए रात होने पर वह चुपके से पीछे के दरवाज़े से बाहर गया और हवेली के पिछले हिस्से में पहुँच गया। हवेली का पिछला हिस्सा सुनसान था। वहाँ अंधकार फैला था। रोहन को समझ नहीं आ रहा था कि वह अब क्या करे। उसे डर तो लग रहा था किंतु वह उस हवेली के पिछले हिस्से का रहस्य भी जानना चाहता था इसलिए वहीं रुककर वह रात के बारह बजने का इंतज़ार करने लगा। जैसे ही रात के बारह बजे अचानक रोहन को चक्कर आने लगा। उसके आँखों के सामने कालिमा छा गई। आस-पास सिर्फ अजीब आवाज़ें उसके कानों में गूँज रही थीं। उसने बेहोश होने से पहले एक साया देखा। सुबह उसके माता-पिता उसे ढूँढ़ने निकले तो उन्हें रोहन घर के पीछे बेहोश हालत में मिला। जब उसे होश आया तो उसने अपने सामने अपने माता-पिता को देखा। उसने पिछली रात जो कुछ भी देखा और महसूस किया उसने उन्हें बता दिया। तब रोहन के माता-पिता ने उसे बताया कि किसी अनजान व्यक्ति ने रात के समय हवेली में घुसकर उसके परदादा को मार दिया था और उनकी लाश को हवेली के पीछे फेंक दिया था। तब से आज तक उनकी आत्मा हवेली के पिछले हिस्से में भटकती है। सह सुनकर रोहन की रूह काँप गई फिर वे सभी वहाँ से चले गए और रोहन कभी अपने खानदानी हवेली नहीं गया।



রূপশা নন্দী
দশম শ্রেণী



গল্পব ব্যানার্জি
সপ্তম শ্রেণী

বীরসিংহের সিংহ শিশু
সবাই তাকে চিনি
বাংলা মায়ের গর্ব বটে
বিদ্যাসাগর তিনি।
বুকের মধ্যে ভয় ছিল না
জানতো সবাই তাঁকে,
শিশুর মতই ভয় করতেন
ভালোবাসতেন মাকে।
উপরটা তার কঠিন পাথর
ভেতরটা ঠিক সোনা,
সব অনাথের বন্ধু ছিলেন
কক্ষনো ভুলবো না।



রোহন দত্ত
অষ্টম শ্রেণী

ঘন কালো মেঘ উঠেছে
সারা আকাশ জুড়ে,
বাড়ের সাথে মন ছুটেছে
বজ্রপাতের সুরে।
বৃষ্টির ফোঁটা নামলো বেয়ে
শীতল করলো ভূমি,
অপ্রাণেতে প্রাণ দিয়ে সে
সবুজ করল জমি।



গোলম্বেলে বাবা

অভিনন্দন উপাধ্যায়
একাদশ শ্রেণি



বাবা আমার বড্ড রাগী শাসন ভীষণ কড়া,
কোন ভুলের হয়না যে মাফ, পড়লে পরে ধরা।
সন্ধ্যাবেলা ফিরতে আমার একটু দেরি হলে,
চৈঁচিয়ে তখন সারাটা বাড়ি মাথায় করে তোলে।
দেখছি যদি কখনো টিভি ঘন্টা দুই বা তিন,
ঘরের মধ্যে বন্ধ রাখে আমায় সারাটা দিন।
মা রেগে যায় বলে "ছেলে হচ্ছ এখন বড়,
বৌধনছাড়া শাসন তোমার এবার বন্ধ করো।"
রাগ হয় যে আমারও ভীষণ আছি কি ছোট এত ?
ভয়ে বাবার তবুও আমার প্রাণটা ওষ্ঠাগত।
কিন্তু সেদিন যখন গেলাম দৌড়ে আমি হেরে,
মন খারাপকে সঙ্গে নিয়ে এলাম মাঠটা ছেড়ে।
বাবা এসে ধরল হাতটা বলল অল্প হেসে,
"পারিস যদি জিতে দেখাস জীবন নামের রেসে।
উঠবি যেদিন সত্যি কারের মানুষটা তুই হয়ে,
সব জয় যে তোরই হবে দেখিস সেদিন চেয়ে।"
রাগী নাকি এই বাবাটা কোনটা আসল হলো ?
বুঝিনা আমি তোমরাই তবে বিচার করে বলো।



মিস্ত্রির দেশে

সৌমিলি সৌ মন্ডল
চতুর্থ শ্রেণি



রসে ভরা জিভে গজা, পেয়ারের লসিয়
তাই খেয়ে ছোটমামা, নাকে দিল নস্যি।
মালপোয়া মিহিদানা আরো আছে দরবেশ,
ঠাকুমার আবদারে বাবা আনে সন্দেশ।
চমচম মনোহরা ক্ষীর দুখে রাবড়ি,
আস্বাদ নিয়ে দাদা পেল ভালো চাকরি।
লেডিকেনি কালোজাম ল্যাংচায় ভক্তি,
খেয়েদেয়ে বড় দিদি পেল গায়ে শক্তি।
অমৃতি জিলিপি প্যাঁচে প্যাঁচে রসালো,
চোখে দেখে মা বলে পাক রস জোরালো।
পাটালির স্বাদ বাড়ে হলে বেশি ঠাণ্ডা,
চুরি করে খেতে গিয়ে পিঠে পড়ে ডাঙা ॥



ভালো-মন

শ্রেষ্ঠা নাগ
তৃতীয় শ্রেণি



আঁধার যদি না থাকতো,
আলো কদর পাইতো না।
দুঃখ যদি না পাইতো,
সুখ কি জিনিস জানত না ॥
কালো মানুষ আছে বলে,
ফর্সা মানুষ সুন্দর তাই।
মন্দ ছেলে আছে বলেই,
ভালো কদর পাচ্ছে তাই ॥



বাংলা আমার অহংকার

শ্রুতার্থা ব্যানার্জি
সপ্তম শ্রেণি



বাংলা আমার অস্থিমজ্জায়,
বাংলা রঞ্জে রঞ্জে।
বাংলা আমার শব্দে বর্ণে
বাংলা আমার কণ্ঠে ॥
বাংলা আমার গানে গল্পে,
বাংলা আমার প্রতিবাদে।
বাংলা আমার রোজ নামচায়,
বাংলা আমার সহবতে ॥
বাংলা আমার হাতে খড়িতে,
বাংলা আমার কলমে।
বাংলা আমার বোঝাপড়ায়,
বাংলা আমার সংগ্রামে ॥
বাংলা আমার সাবলীলতায়,
বাংলা আমার অধিকারে।
বাংলা আমার অনুপ্রেরণায়,
বাংলা আমার অহংকারে ॥



আমার মা

কৃয়াংশ রক্ষিত
পঞ্চম শ্রেণি



মায়ের সুখের মিস্তি হাসি-
তা দেখে হই খুব খুশি।
যখন সে যায় তার কাজে-
দুঃখ হয় মনের মাঝে।
মা মাঝে মাঝে আমায় বকে,
বকাটাও আমার মিস্তি লাগে।
মায়ের আদর পাগল পারা,
আমি তাতে হই আত্মহারা।
মায়ের হৃদয় সীমাহীন
মাতৃক্রোড় আমার শান্তির নীড়।
এই কবিতায় আমার মাকে নমন,
এই মাকেই যেন পাই জনম জনম ॥



ঐশিনী ব্যানার্জি
সপ্তম শ্রেণি

ফেলে রেখে হোলির শুভক্ষণ,
বেরিয়ে পড়লাম বেড়াতে কুমায়ুন।
পরিচিত নয় জন মিলে,
পৌঁছে গেলাম নৈনিতালে ॥
অপরূপ সাজে সজ্জিত প্রকৃতি,
সৌন্দর্যের আবরণে ঢাকা পাহাড় -
পাহাড়ের কোলে ঝিলের মাঝে;
বৈকালে মোদের নৌকা বিহার।
সন্ধ্যায় নন্দাদেবীর মন্দিরে
সন্ধ্যা আরতি,
পাহাড়ের কোলে আলো ছড়ানো,
মনে হচ্ছিল, অগণিত জোনাকি।
পরেরদিন পৌঁছালাম কৌশানি,
চোখের সামনে হিমালয় -
ছেলেবেলায় পড়া বইয়ের পাতায়,
মুগ্ধ আমি
অদ্ভুত সেই আনন্দময় অনুভূতি;
এ কি বাস্তব ?
নাকি স্বপ্ন দেখছি আমি !
পাহাড়ের আঁকা বাঁকা পথ পেরিয়ে
সাথে ঝিরঝিরি করেছিল বারি,
সবকিছুকে পিছনে ফেলে রেখে
পৌঁছালাম মুন্সিয়ারি।
ভোরের আলো ফুটতেই দেখি
জানালার সামনে দাঁড়িয়ে -
এত সুন্দর কি কেউ হতে পারে!
নিষ্পলক নয়নে ছিলাম চেয়ে;
মন আনন্দে আত্মহারা,
এই আধুনিকতা যেন
তোমায় না পারে ছুঁতে
প্রার্থনার সাথে নেমে এল অশ্রুধারা।
এরপরে পৌঁছালাম পাতাল ভুবনেশ্বরে,
মনের জোরে -
সবকিছুকে জয় করা যায়,
বিশ্বাস যদি থাকে মনে
ব্রহ্মা, বিষ্ণু, মহেশ্বরের দেখা পাবে সেথায়
আলমোরাকে ছুঁয়ে
সময় বলল, এবার ফিরে যেতে হবে।
ফেরার পথে পাহাড়কে ফিরে ফিরে দেখা;
বললাম, বন্ধু আবার দেখা হবে ॥
পরিচিত, অপরিচিত মিলে
ছিলাম হয়ে একটি পরিবার,
কথায় বলে, পৃথিবী তো গোল
আশা করি, কোনো সময় কোনোখানে,
সবার সাথে দেখা হবে আবার।



মশার উপদ্রব

অশ্বষা গড়াই
দ্বিতীয় শ্রেণি



পড়ার সময় মশার কামড়,
এ কী ভীষণ জ্বালা-
কানের কাছে ভো ভো করে,
কানটা ঝালাপালা।
যতই বলি মাফ কর ভাই,
পায়ে তোমার পড়ি।
পা ছাড়িয়ে মশা বলে,
আই অ্যাম ভেরি সরি।



মুক্তির খোঁজে

নীলাঞ্জন দিয়াশি
দ্বাদশ শ্রেণি



অপার সাগর
কেন জানি চেয়ে আছে আকাশে,
সন্দিগ্ধ দৃষ্টিতে
এই পূর্ণ অবকাশে।
ওপরে মায়ামুক্ত মেঘ,
চেকেছে উন্মুক্ত চাঁদ,
মনের আশা যেন দিয়েছে ঘুচিয়ে
বিভোর আঁধার নিদ্রা গেছে মুছিয়ে।
ক্লান্ত মনের অগোচরে
প্রচ্ছন্ন আঁধারে সাহসও গেছে লুকিয়ে,
তবু পরাজিত সেই নাবিক
অসম্ভবের সব নিয়ম ভেঙে
দিয়েছে পাড়ি এই সাগরে।
মনের আঁধারে নিখোঁজ ধ্রুবতারার খোঁজে
প্রশান্ত মনের সাগর মাঝে
ভাসমান, দিশাহীন জাহাজ যেথা
আজ গতিহীন
নির্জন সমুদ্র মাঝে সেথা ফেরিয়া আঁখি
দেখে আঁধারও তারে দিয়েছে ফাঁকি
জোড়া আঁখি তবুও
জ্যোতিঃপুঞ্জের ন্যায় জেলে বাতি
খোঁজে মুক্তির আস্বাদ।
কোথা পাবে সে মুক্তি ?
যখন বেঁধেছে নিজে
তার নিজ ভয়ের কারাগারে।





পাহাড়ের দেশ

আরুণ চ্যাটার্জি
পঞ্চম শ্রেণি

দূর পাহাড়ের দেশে
যাব আমি নিমেষে।
থাকবো আমি ওখানে
ঘুরবো আমি সেখানে।
যাব আমি বর্ণীয়
তুলবো আমি ফুল,
খাব আমি ওখানে
বড় পাহাড়ি কুল।
দেখব আমি রাতের পাহাড়
অন্ধকারে ঢাকা,
ছোট ছোট জোনাকিরা
উড়ছে দেখো ভ্রাতা!
ভোরের আলো ফুটলে যখন
মেঘেরা উড়ে আসে,
মনটা সেই দৃশ্য দেখে
খুশিতে যেন ভাসে।।



মা

হাসমত আলি সেখ
দশম শ্রেণি

মা কথাটি ছোট খুবই
কিন্তু বড়ই মধুর,
মা থাকলে মন আমাদের
আনন্দে ভরপুর।
আমি বলি মায়ের মনে
দুঃখ দিতে নাই
মায়ের মত এ জগতে
গুরুজন আর নাই।
মা নেই যার, তার মনেতে
কত যে দুঃখ হয়।
মা থাকলে পৃথিবীতে
থাকে না কোনো ভয়।



টিকি

ঐশীকি দে মালাকার
পঞ্চম শ্রেণি

ছুটবো মোরা, খেলব মোরা,
গড়ব মোরা নতুন দেশ।
যে দেশেতে দ্বন্দ্ব বিভেদের
থাকবে না তো কোনই রেশ।
সবার দুঃখে সবাই মোরা,
থাকবো পাশাপাশি,
আনন্দেতে আমরা সবাই
থাকবো কাছাকাছি।
গর্ব করে বলবো মোরা,
আমরা ভারতবাসী।।



কারিগর

নীল মণ্ডল
নবম শ্রেণি

শিক্ষার দানে ব্রতী হয়ে,
গড়েছো কত ছাত্র কারিগর।
সেই ব্রতীতে চলছি মোরা,
জীবন চলার পথ।
তোমার শিক্ষার, জ্ঞানের আলোয়,
শিখেছি মোরা কত কি
আজ তোমার ন্যায়ের পরশে -
কেউ হয়েছে বীর জোয়ান
কেউ বা ডাক্তার, শিক্ষক।
সেই আদর্শে অটুট থেকে -
হয়েছি মোরা দেশ রক্ষায় বীর কারিগর।
তাই মোদের হৃদয় আসনে
হয়েছে শিক্ষার গুরু
সবশেষে রাখি তোমার চরণে
নতজানু প্রণাম।



খাদ্যগুণ

অদ্রীশ ঘোষ
তৃতীয় শ্রেণি

খালি পেটে
তুলসী খাও
সর্দি থাক দূরে,
গাঁদাল পাতায়
পেটের ব্যামো
পালাবে দেশ ছেড়ে।
গুণকারী থানকুনি
পলতা পাতায় বড়া
হিংচে ভাতে
অরুচির রুচি
নিম বেগুন সেরা।



গল্প হলেও সত্যি

ত্রিধা দত্ত
অষ্টম শ্রেণি

আমার জীবনে ঘটে যাওয়া এক অদ্ভুত ঘটনা, চেয়েও হয়তো ভুলতে পারবো না কোনদিন। দিনটা ছিল মঙ্গলবার। ভেবেছিলাম ডুবলাগাড়ি সী বিচে গিয়ে একটু রেহাই পাবো। কিন্তু অসহ্য গরমে তা হয়ে উঠল না। তাই হোটেলের রুমে না বসে থেকে আমি মাসি ও মামা ঠিক করলাম মা-বাবাকে না জানিয়ে একটু সী-বিচের দিকে হাঁটতে যাব। সন্ধ্যা গড়িয়ে রাত নেমেছে অনেকক্ষণ... হোটেল থেকে বের হতেই একটা ঠাণ্ডা হাওয়া গায়ে এসে লাগলো। শিউরে উঠলাম তিনজনে। সী বিচে যেতে গেলে একটা জঙ্গল পেরোতে হয়। লম্বা লম্বা গাছগুলো অন্ধকারে যেন দৈত্যের মতো দাঁড়িয়ে আছে। মাসি এগিয়ে যেতে আপত্তি জানালেও, আমরা তেমন একটা পান্ডা না দিয়ে হনহন করে এগিয়ে চললাম। হঠাৎ যেন কিসে হেঁচট খেয়ে পড়ে গেল মামা এবং তার হাতের টর্চটা মাটিতে পড়ে বন্ধ হয়ে গেল। চমকে উঠলাম আমরা। তাড়াতাড়ি করে আমি টর্চটা খুঁজতে লাগলাম। মাসি ততক্ষণে মামাকে উঠতে সাহায্য করছিল। মামাকে জিজ্ঞেস করলাম-"ঠিক আছে তো? পড়ে গেলে কি করে?" "কে জানে বুঝতে পারলাম না" উত্তর দিল সে। টর্চটা একটু ঠোকাঠুকি করাতে আবার চালু হয়ে গেল। আমরা আরেকটু এগিয়ে যেতেই পৌঁছে গেলাম সমুদ্র সৈকতে। চেউয়ের আওয়াজ আর ঠাণ্ডা বাতাস মনকে যেন সতেজ করে তুলল। কিছুক্ষণ কাটিয়ে বললাম- "এবার তাহলে ফেরা যাক!" মামা বললো, "আমার পায়ের একটু লেগেছে, আমি একটু আস্তে আস্তে হাঁটবো। তোরা এগো।" হাতের টর্চ নিয়ে এগিয়ে চললাম... কিছুটা গিয়ে দেখলাম কি যেন একটা পড়ে রয়েছে! মনে হচ্ছে মানুষ। টর্চের আলোয় যখন তাকে চিনতে পারলাম, তখন চোখ কপালে উঠলো আমাদের।

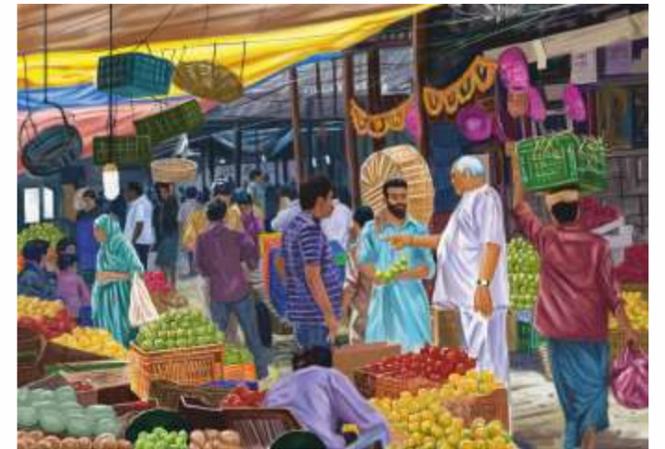


হাবানো সুব

কৌশানি ঘোষ
সপ্তম শ্রেণি

"তাড়াতাড়ি ওঠো, বাজার যেতে হবে!"- এই বলে মাধবী তার স্বামী চন্দনকে ঘুম থেকে ডেকে তোলে। "আজ পয়লা বৈশাখ। লিস্ট মিলিয়ে বাজার করে আনো।" কিন্তু ছুটির দিনে, বেশ আরাম করেই ঘুমাচ্ছিল চন্দন। কিন্তু কোথায় কী!! অগত্যা বাজারের ব্যাগ হাতে নিয়ে হাঁটা দিল চন্দন। মানুষ ভাবে এক আর ঈশ্বর করেন অন্য আর এক।

সকালের বাজার তখন জমে উঠেছে। পাঁচু কাকার মিষ্টির দোকানের গরম গরম জিলিপি আর কচুরির গন্ধে পুরো বাতাস ম-ম করছে। মাছের বাজারটাও আজ দেখার মত। ইলিশ, ভোপসে, পাবদা মাছের ছড়াছড়ি। চারিদিকেই শুধু শোরগোল। চন্দন ধীরে ধীরে সবজির বাজারে ঢোকে। জিজ্ঞাসা করে "বেগুন কত করে" এমন সময় হঠাৎ এক চেনা কণ্ঠস্বর ভেসে আসে। তার বাল্যবন্ধু অচিন্ত্য, কুড়ি বছর আগে আলাদা হয়েছিল দুইজনে। একসাথে সাইকেল চালিয়ে স্কুল, টিউশন, কলেজ, বিকেলের খেলার মাঠের সেই চিরসার্থী আজ সামনাসামনি। ওদের বন্ধুত্ব দেখে সকলেই বলত হরিহর আত্মা। কালের নিয়মে বদলে গেছে দুজনের পথ। চাকরি সূত্রে যোগাযোগ ছিন্ন হয়ে, দুজনই আজ আলাদা আলাদা শহরে। তারপর আজ প্রায় কুড়ি বছর পর...



আজ রবিবার। ছুটির দিন। মাধবী জানে, আজ চন্দন বেলা করে ঘুম থেকে উঠবে। কিন্তু মাধবীকে অবাক করে সকাল-সকাল বাজারের পথে হাঁটা দেয় চন্দন। পাঁচু কাকার মিষ্টির দোকানে আজ অট্টহাস্য। অচিন্ত্য ও চন্দন দুজনে আবার ফিরিয়ে আনে সেই ফেলে আসা ছেলেবেলাকে। দুজনের মুখেই আজ তৃপ্তির হাসি। আসলে বন্ধুত্ব শব্দটাই যে এমন, রক্তের বাঁধন নয় মনের বাঁধনে আবদ্ধ হয়ে থাকে সম্পর্ক।





संस्कृतम् – भारतस्य सांस्कृतिकं मूल्यम्

Pragya Bhattacharya (Class XII)



संस्कृतभाषायाः सौन्दर्यं मनोहरं, गम्भीरं च अस्ति । एषा भाषा न केवलं प्राचीनतमम् अस्ति, अपितु विश्वस्य अत्यन्तं वैज्ञानिकं भाषा अपि इयं एव । वर्णविन्यासः, व्याकरणनियमः च इयं भाषां विशेषतया शोभयन्ति । संस्कृते प्रत्येकं पदं सूत्रवत् अस्ति – तस्य स्पष्टं अर्थं प्रयोजनं च अस्ति । देववाणी इति प्रसिद्धा संस्कृतभाषा वेदेषु, उपनिषत्सु, रामायणे महाभारते च प्रयुक्ता अस्ति । यत्र भावानां चिन्तानां च उच्चतमं स्वरूपम् आवश्यकं, तत्र संस्कृतम् एव उपयुक्तम् अस्ति । संस्कृतकाव्येषु रसाः, अलङ्काराः च चित्तं हर्षयन्ति । इयं भाषा शब्दानां माधुर्येण, ध्वनिनियन्त्रणेन च प्रेक्षकस्य चित्तं आकर्षयति । अनेके महापुरुषाः – कालिदासः, भासः, पाणिनिः, पतञ्जलिः च – एषया भाषया स्वकौशलं प्रकाशितवन्तः । संस्कृतस्य अध्ययनं केवलं भाषायाः अभ्यासं न, अपितु सांस्कृतिकं, दार्शनिकं च ज्ञानं लभते । अतीतस्य गम्भीरं बोधं, वर्तमानस्य सुस्पष्टं चिन्तनं, भविष्यस्य सद्दिशा च संस्कृते अन्तर्निहिता । संस्कृतम् अध्ययनं न केवलं विद्वत्त्वाय, अपि तु चरित्रनिर्माणाय अपि सहायकं भवति । अतः संस्कृतभाषायाः सौन्दर्यं न केवलं भाषिकं, अपितु आत्मिकं च अस्ति ।

Sanskrit- The Cultural Root of India

The beauty of the Sanskrit language is captivating and profound. It is not only one of the most ancient languages but also one of the most scientific in the world. Its precise phonetics and strict grammatical rules enhance its elegance. Each word in Sanskrit is like a formula-carrying a clear meaning and purpose. Known as the languages of the gods, Sanskrit is the medium of the Vedas, Upanishads, Mahabharata, and Ramayana.

Wherever the expression of deep emotions and high thought is required, Sanskrit is most appropriate. In Sanskrit poetry, emotions and rhetorical ornaments delight the mind. The language captivates the listener through the sweetness of its sounds and the control of its phonetics. Many great scholars-Kalidasa, Bhasa, Panini, and Patanjali-have showcased their brilliance through Sanskrit. Studying Sanskrit is not merely a linguistic exercise, but a path to cultural and philosophical knowledge. The deep understanding of the past, the clarity of present thinking, and direction for the future are small embedded in Sanskrit. Learning its aids not just intellectual development but also character formation. Thus, the beauty of the Sanskrit language is not just linguistic, but also spiritual.



गङ्गा – नदी

Ananya Roy (Class VII)



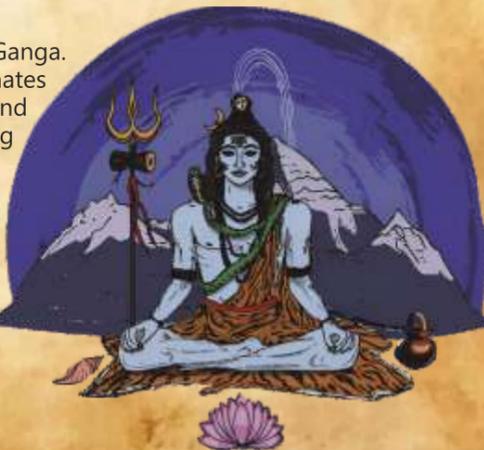
भारते बहवः नद्यः सन्ति । तासु गङ्गा महत्त्वपूर्णतमा नदी अस्ति । अस्याः भारतीय – संस्कृत्याम् अतीव महत्त्वपूर्णं स्थानम् अस्ति । सा हिमालय-पर्वतेभ्यः प्रवहति तस्याः जलं पवित्रं मन्यते । तस्याः जलं पीत्वा अथवा तेन स्नात्वा पुण्यं प्राप्यते । जनाः तां देवीरूपेण मन्यन्ते । सा उत्तरभारते विशेषतया महत्त्वपूर्णा । तस्याः प्रवाहस्य कारणात् तत्र भूमिः सरसा भवति । अनेके कृषिकाणां सस्योत्पादने सहायता भवति । पौराणिक – कथासु गङ्गा शान्तनुपुत्रस्य भार्या तथा च देवप्रतस्य (भीष्मस्य) माता । गङ्गायाः अन्यनामानि अपि सन्ति । यथा- भार्गीरथी जाह्नवी च । गङ्गायाः पवित्रतायाः कारणात् तस्याः तीरे तीर्थस्थानानि अपि सन्ति । “ वाराणसी, हृषीकेश, हरिद्वार ” इति । प्रयागे तस्याः यमुनया सह सङ्गमः भवति । जनाः स्नानसमये गङ्गां नित्यं स्मरन्ति । गङ्गे च यमुने चैव गोदावरि सरस्वति । नर्मदे सिन्धु कावेरि जलेऽस्मिन्सन्निधे

The River Ganga

Many rivers flow in India. However, the most important of them all is the river Ganga. She has a position of utmost importance in Indian culture. The river Ganga originates in the Himalayas. River Ganga is especially important in Northern India. The land there is fertile because of the river. The river water assists the farmers in growing crops.

In ancient Indian Stories, Ganga is depicted as the wife of king Shantanu and mother of Devavrata (Bhisma). Her banks are considered holy. At Prayag, the Ganga merges with the Yamuna River. People always remember river Ganga while bathing by reciting the following shloka.

O' Holy river, Ganga, Yamuna, Godavari, Saraswati, Narmada Sindhu, and Kaveri! Please enter this water in which I am bathing and make it holy.



Là où le temps s'arrête

in French

Rumaiya Raihana (Class IX)

Dans un recoin secret de l'esprit,
Vit un monde que nul ne suit.
Les arbres y dansent sans le vent,
Et les rivières montent doucement.
Le ciel change au gré de mes pensées,
L'orage meurt dès qu'il est né.
Les oiseaux chantent en doux accords,
Et le soleil brille sans remords.
Les couleurs n'ont de nom précis,
Elles suivent l'âme et ses défis.
Les rêves marchent dans la clarté,
Et le temps cesse, quand l'amour est vrai.
Là-bas, je suis tout ce que j'espère,
Sans peur, sans masque, sans colère.
Mon monde n'a ni mur, ni chaîne,
Il est fait d'âme, de feu — sans peine.

Where Time Stands Still

in English

In a secret corner of my mind,
A world exists, no one can find.
Where trees still dance with unseen roots,
And rivers chase the hilltop's truths.
The sky will shift with every thought—
Now calm with dew, now storm distraught.
The birds speak low in rhyming tone,
And stars at noon are gently shown.
The colors there have no set name,
They rise and fall like love or flame.
While dreams walk freely through the day,
And time just softly melts away.
There, I become all I believe,
No fear to fight, no past to grieve.
No walls confine, no chains remain,
Just soul and light—untouched by pain.

Sous les arbres

in French

Prachi Ghosh (Class VIII)

Sous les arbres, dans la brise,
Les feuilles chantent avec tant de douce aisance.
Le ruisseau coule entre les pierres,
Comme un secret que l'on retarde sans fin.
Le ciel glisse vers le sommeil du matin,
Où ombres et parfums doucement cheminent.
La terre parle sans un seul mot,
À ceux qui entendent ce qui reste inentendu.

Là où respire le silence

in French

Rishabh Kumar (Class VIII)

Il est des mots qu'on ne dit pas,
Mais que le cœur entend tout bas.
La vérité suit chaque pas,
Et l'amour ne crie jamais sa voix.
On rêve loin, on vise haut,
Mais ce qu'on cherche est souvent beau —
Un oiseau fuyant dans le ciel,
Un souffle doux, un temps réel.
Ce n'est pas l'or qui rend la vie claire,
Mais l'instant vrai, simple et sincère.
Le don le plus pur, c'est la clarté,
D'un son, d'une lumière partagée.
On aime sans bruit, sans couronne —
On aime en silence, on aime seul... personne

Where Silence Breathes

in English

There are words we never say,
Yet hearts can hear them anyway.
In every step, the truth may hide,
But love walks quietly by our side.
We dream a far, we aim so high,
Yet what we seek lives in the sky—
A fleeting bird, a whispered breeze,
A moment held that time won't seize.
It isn't gold that lights our days,
But silent looks and simple ways.
The sweetest gift is not what's shown,
But light and sound we've deeply known.
We give, not loud, nor carved in stone—
We love in silence, love alone.

Beneath the Trees

in English

Beneath the trees, in gentle breeze,
The leaves sing soft with graceful ease.
The stream flows on through stone and glade,
Like secrets that we've long delayed.
The sky drifts slowly into day,
Where scents and shadows softly stray.
The earth speaks low, without a sound,
To those who hear what won't be found.



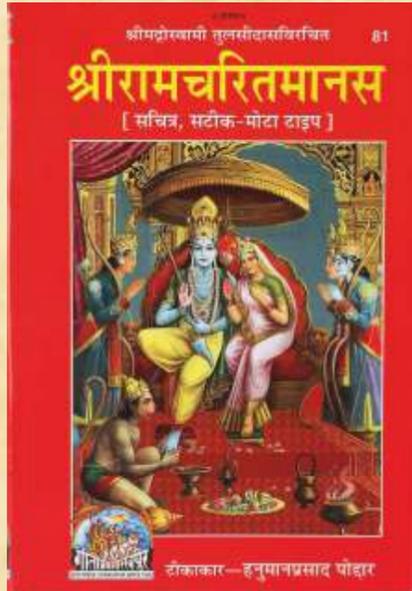


Where Every
Thought Counts



रामचरितमानस: एक पुस्तक समीक्षा

आशिश कुमार माहातो
कक्षा -- नवम्



तुलसीदास द्वारा रचित 'रामचरितमानस' जितना प्रभावशाली या गुणकारी ग्रंथ हमें बहुत कम देखने को मिलता है। 'रामचरितमानस' शब्द का शाब्दिक अर्थ है 'राम के कर्मों का सरोवर'। हिंदी साहित्य की सर्वश्रेष्ठ कृतियों में से एक मानी जाने वाली यह कृति भारतीय संस्कृति का सुंदर वर्णन है और मध्यकालीन भारतीय काव्य का सबसे अच्छा उदाहरण है। हालाँकि, तुलसीदास संस्कृत के महान विद्वान थे, लेकिन उन्होंने वेदों, उपनिषदों और पुराणों के ज्ञान को आम लोगों के लिए सरल बनाने के लिए अवधी में यह कविता लिखी। यह केवल वाल्मीकि रामायण का पुनर्कथन नहीं है, बल्कि यह रामायण की पुनर्व्याख्या है। अयोध्या के राजा और भगवान विष्णु के सातवें अवतार, भगवान राम धर्म, धार्मिकता, कर्तव्य, सत्य, त्याग, निस्वार्थता, करुणा और सहानुभूति के मूल्यों का प्रतीक हैं। रामचरितमानस में सात कांड हैं। तुलसीदास जी ने महाकाव्य के सात कांडों की तुलना मानसरोवर झील के पवित्र जल में जाने वाली सात सीढ़ियों से की है, जिनके बारे में कहा जाता है कि वे शरीर और आत्मा दोनों को एक साथ शुद्ध करती हैं। यह मुख्य रूप से चौपाई से बना है, जिसे दोहा द्वारा अलग किया गया है। प्रत्येक अध्याय मंगलाचरण से शुरू होता है। कहानी में गेरा पसंदीदा क्षण वह है जब राम ने शिव के दिव्य धनुष पिनाक को तोड़कर सीता से विवाह करने का अधिकार प्राप्त किया। प्रत्येक अध्याय, बालकांड से लेकर उत्तरकांड तक, राम के जीवन के एक अलग चरण का वर्णन करता है। यह हमें हमारी सांस्कृतिक जड़ों से जोड़ता है। इसलिए, हम सभी भारतीय को इस ग्रंथ का अध्ययन करना चाहिए। निष्कर्ष रूप में, यह कहानी सिर्फ धार्मिक ग्रंथ नहीं है, बल्कि हमारे समाज का एक महत्वपूर्ण अंग है, जो हमारी संस्कृति का उत्तम उदाहरण है।

हरि अनंत हरि कथा अनंता।
कहहि सुनहि बहुबिधि सब संता।।
(बालकांड, श्रीरामचरितमानस)

भारतीयों को क्रांति की ज़रूरत क्यों हैं?

अंकन बनर्जी
कक्षा - दसम्



क्रांति क्या होती है? क्रांति एक जरिया है जिससे किसी भी तरह समाज में बदलाव आए। क्रांति राजनैतिक, आर्थिक और सामाजिक रूपसे अनिवार्य है। 78 वर्ष की आज़ादी और आज भी हमारे देश में भ्रष्टाचार एवं राजनैतिक और सामाजिक हिंसा हो रही है। इसका उदाहरण हमारे देश के अन्य राज्य और कई महानगरियों में यह बात झलकती है जैसे - मुर्शिदाबाद हिंसा और मणिपुर हिंसा। हमारी मिडिया पक्षपाती है। यह नागरिकों को सही जानकारी नहीं देते हैं मगर किसी भी राजनैतिक संग का प्रचार करती है। देश का क्या, हम अपने इलाके के विकास के बारे में नहीं जानते। सबको बाबरी मस्जिद का विवाद पता है मगर विकास को लेकर कोई जानकारी नहीं है। हमारे देश में विकास बस कागज़ पर है। विकास का फ़ायदा हमारे देश के किसानों और कर्मचारियों को नहीं मिलता है, जो हमारे देश के उत्पादन का मूल स्तंभ है। क्या हमारे देश के क्रांतिकारी ऐसा देश चाहते थे जहां किसी भी कारण से हिंसा होती हो? क्या वह यह देश चाहते थे जहां मिडिया नागरिकों की ना होकर राजनैतिक संग की हो कर रहे? क्या वह यह देश चाहते थे जहां पूंजीवादी निचले कामकाजी वर्ग को शोषण करते हैं? भगत सिंह ने अपनी न्यायिक सुनवाई में कहा था कि क्रांति बम और बंदूकों की नहीं बल्कि परिवर्तन की होती है। हमें कम से कम अपनी आवाज़ उठानी चाहिए।





आखिर कब तक?

अदिति वर्मा
कक्षा – द्वादस



दुनिया कितनी जालिम है, यह बात तो सभी को पता है परंतु जब कोई व्यक्ति ही किसी की दुनिया बन जाए तो क्या वो दुनिया जुल्म करने के बाद भी ज़ालिम है? तब उस दुनिया रूपी खारे सागर के भीतर छुपी मोतियों की खोज में हम भी गोताखोर बन डुबकियाँ लगाना शुरू कर देते हैं। पर बात तो यह है कि गोताखोर सागर की गहराइयों में जाकर भी अक्सर खाली हाथ वापस लौटता है। चैत्र मास की संध्या में घर से बाहर किसे निकलने का मन नहीं करता है? पर उसका क्या जो चंद्रमा की तरह हमेशा उसी आसमान में रहता है पर बात यही है कि सूर्य की रोशनी की वजह से हम उसे देख नहीं पाते। उन लोगों का क्या जो हमेशा धूप-धाम में ही रहते हैं? यह बात तो उन्हें ही पता होगी जो दिन में सूरज की गर्मी में जलते हैं और रात में उसी रोशनी का इंतज़ार करते हैं। एक दुकान के सामने बैठी महिला को देखकर कुछ ऐसा ही लगा। वो स्थिर होकर बस वहाँ बैठी थी। आते-जाते लोग उसे घृणा के भाव से देख रहे थे। उसे देखकर ऐसा लगा मानो उसने अपने भीतर एक समुद्र को छुपा कर रखा था जो उसकी आँखों को गहराइयों में झलक रहा था। उस महासागर की लहर इतनी बड़ी थी कि उसके आँखों में वो खारा पानी पार-बार उफन रहा था। परंतु लहरें बार-बार समुद्र के भीतर लौट रहीं थीं, मानो वो किनारे खड़े लोगों के पांव स्पर्श करने से भाग रही हो। वो अपने ख्यालों में गुम थी जैसे गंगा किनारे कोई मोक्ष प्राप्त करने के लिए तप कर रहा हो। उसका भावरहित चेहरा, उसका कृष्ण समान रंग, उसकी मैली लाल साड़ी और उसकी समुद्र सी गहरी आँखें बहुत कुछ कह रहीं थीं। उसके जीवन में कुछ ऐसा हुआ था कि उसने दुनिया पर विश्वास करना छोड़ दिया बिलकुल वैसे ही जैसे गोताखोर गहरे सागर में जाकर भी मोती न मिला पर उम्मीद छोड़ देता है और हार मान कर खाली हाथ वापस आता है। उसको देखकर यह लगा कि उसने वह मटमैली लाल साड़ी कई दिनों से पहन रखा था। शायद वह किसी अपने का मन रखना चाहती थी या उसे याद रखना चाहती थी या फिर अपने कृष्ण रंग को संवार कर उसका इंतज़ार कर रही थी। ठीक वैसे ही जैसे सूरज दिन भर संध्या का इंतज़ार करता है ताकि थक कर उसकी आगोश में आराम से सो सके। सूर्य और संध्या का मिलन संपूर्ण एवं सुंदर होता है और वो सागर सी आँखें भी सूर्य का इंतज़ार करते-करते खुद संध्या में विलीन हो गई और सूर्य से मिलकर आसमान को अपनी लाल साड़ी से सजाने लगी।

My Voice, My Opinion

Saanvi Bahl (Class VII)



In today's generation, raising our voice against wrongdoings is a necessary act. A better nation is built when it listens to the voices of its own citizens and allows everyone the freedom to express their opinions. One voice raised against injustice can inspire thousands more to stand up and fight for their rights. People have varied opinions on different issues—political, national, social, or international—which help shape the nation through the innovative ideas of its citizens.

In many fields, such as politics, people's voices are often suppressed. This suppression of expression can lead to larger issues and resentment. The right to speak is a basic human right that ensures a broader and more nuanced perspective, especially in complex societies where multiple truths and realities coexist.

In today's digital world, expressing opinions and concerns has become much easier through social media platforms. However, this also increases the risk of misunderstandings and the spread of misinformation, which can lead to hate and harassment. Therefore, the power to speak must be used with great responsibility. We should avoid judging anyone without understanding their perspective or knowing their full story.

In conclusion, it is crucial to exercise our right to speak and express our opinions without fear or hesitation. In a world filled with diverse experiences and perspectives, the free exchange of views helps create a more connected and empathetic society.

Every voice should be valued and recognised.

Do Fairy Tales influence Children's Perception of Reality

Drishee Paul (Class IX)



I am Snow white from the well-known fairy tale, "Snow white and the seven Dwarfs". I can assure you that fairy tales take children to magical worlds, sparking their imagination and encouraging them to think beyond the boundaries of reality. But yes, I do think that our fairy tales influence your child's perception of reality.

Unrealistic gender stereotypes portraying women as passive and reliant on men are highly misleading. The portrayal of love and matrimony completely overlooking professional success is quite primitive. I myself found the love of my life at fifteen years of age. How often do we come across a fairy tale where the princess has some career goals and wants to marry later? Ambiguous "happily ever after" endings can make children disappointed when they realise that life doesn't always follow this pattern. And then comes, impractical beauty standards set by our stories, that subconsciously convey the message that happiness stems from outward beauty. What if I wasn't so white after all? What if my fellow friend Rapunzel was bald? Isn't it foolish to showcase me as such an imprudent protagonist who goes on accepting apples from strangers, she has met only once? Isn't it concerning about how those storylines depicted me being kissed while I sleep without my consent and be rescued by a male protagonist, I have never met before?

Although these days some fairy tales foster individuality and self-growth, they may never come at par with reality.

Shakuni by Harsha

Suhasini Deb (Class X)
Admission Number: 2013/1001



**" Every time a sister is wronged, a Shakuni shall rise.
And every time a Shakuni rises, the Mahabharata is inevitable."**

In the world of literature, where there are no boundaries to your imagination, authors nurture the plants we sow in the fertile land of our mind. Books are a way of nurturing our seeds of thought, and out of a sea of genres, mythological and historical retellings hold a special allure for me.

And in the heap of such creations I met Shakuni. 'The Shakuni', author Harsha had weaved. This book is not about the man we have known Shakuni as, an enigmatic and vilified persona rather it redefines his character. This book is a psychological thriller, brilliantly entwining ancient myth with modern crime.

Who was Shakuni ?

For us Shakuni was the mastermind and ignitor of the greatest wars of all time, The Mahabharata. A scheming, manipulative villain whose name is synonymous to treachery. But in Harsha's writing she shows us the other sides of this one dimensional antagonist, especially that of a loving brother.

The story begins with the protagonists, Ira and Ryan, two siblings now old and frail, narrating their past life to their grand children. Here they introduce the main protagonist of the past incident, Inspector Nishika Mehta, who was the person handling their 'Case'.

What enthralled me was the way Harsha managed to drive both the perspectives and incidents simultaneously, one that of Shakuni's real struggles and the other of the Case Inspector Nishika was solving. Shakuni has been portrayed as a tragic character driven by a slow burning fire of vengeance. The way the writer depicts him as the prince of Gandhar and brother of Gandhari, who was exposed to suffering, separation and betrayal are of such detail that readers can't help but feel empathy for the man.

The Case is narrated by the older siblings from Nishika's journal itself. Nishika writes that the Case was about the murder of the Bathra family – one of the wealthiest families in Delhi. The evil trickster of Mahabharata is what the killer believes himself to be. The killer claims himself to be the reincarnation of Shakuni and considers that faith and destiny have paved his way for revenge again after

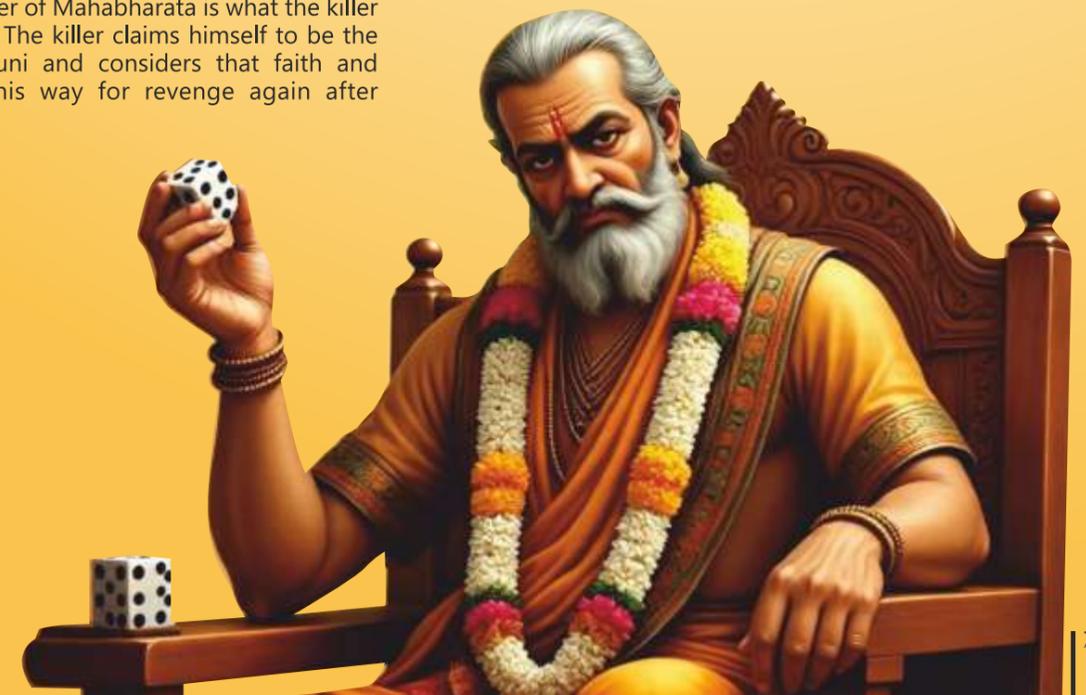
centuries. This time he will win the war and slake his unquenched thirst. As the story unfolds, we witness how Shakuni was a victim of a number of injustices and that the reason behind his evil mask was the vow to end all of her sister's sufferings and to slay all who caused her pain.

The story unfolds like a flower, each petal with its own unique fragrance. As you delve deeper into the story, it consumes you, making you doubt about who Shakuni really was, both in the story as well as in Mahabharata. In equal intervals we come upon Shakuni's transformation from good to evil as well as the acts of revenges in the form of brutal murders, thus coinciding both the scenarios, blurring the line between the two eras.

Ira and Ryan were each other's only support in this world. Ira was the newly wed wife of the Bathra's youngest son and was a victim of the family's atrocities. Nishika an orphan grew a deep bond with both of them, sympathizing their helpless conditions. In the wake of helping Ira and Ryan she witnessed the Case of the murders and thus took it up. The story is a roller coaster of emotions and incidents filled with innumerable twists in the plot. I too tried hard to guess the true killer but the end baffled me.

Can people's past, their experiences and unfulfilled wishes haunt them even in their next lives? Can the mind really play such dirty crooked tricks? Is it really the evil trickster? Are we mere puppets in it's evil game? And who was Shakuni?

I believe these questions were never meant to be answered, maybe even if we could the answers would never be right. This story is a game, a game that both our mind and Shakuni could play well, trapping mere mortals like us in their trap. Harsha has done something rare in literature – she makes the reader confront their own biases. In her words, Shakuni is a reflection of the world's imperfections and perhaps in a small way, a reflection of ourselves - a timeless mirror of our own complexities.





Alumni & Beyond

From School Bus to College Cycle: My Journey

Entering the serene IIT Guwahati campus was a dream come true after two years of hard work and preparation. Balancing board exams and JEE, required discipline, clear planning, and effective note-taking. Writing notes of everything was my go-to hack for learning anything new fast and easily.

My love for mathematics led me to pursue Mathematics and Computing here. Though the transition from school to college was challenging but self-discipline and time management proved vital. Success lies in realistic planning, breaks, and proper rest.

Finally, I would like to thank my parents, friends and teachers who stood with me during this journey and helped me throughout. And to all the current students aiming for a bright future, believe in yourself and put in your best, and the rest will be taken care of by your surroundings.



ANNWAY SAMAL
Alumnus of Delhi Public School, Durgapur



Indian Institute of Technology Guwahati



SCHOLARSHIPS & APPLICATIONS: HONEST ADVICE FOR STUDENTS WHO DARE TO DREAM

Applying to universities, whether in India or abroad, can feel like stepping into a maze of deadlines, documents, and doubt. But these will be some of the best years of your life, ones you will look back on fondly. I wish someone had told me this: you don't need a flawless profile. What you do need is sincerity, effort, and the courage to begin.

I started my preparation months in advance, got my teachers on board early for recommendation letters, and spent countless hours crafting my Statement of Purpose. Your Statement of Purpose isn't just a formality; it's your story. Make it personal, make it memorable. The secret isn't perfection, it is authenticity. I wrote about real experiences that shaped me, not what I thought admissions committees wanted to hear. When writing scholarship essays, I researched what each organization valued and aligned my genuine passions with their mission, instead of trying to sound impressive with exaggerated goals.

Most importantly, don't self-reject. It's not your job to decide whether you are good enough; let them do that if they must. Many universities don't even charge an application fee, so what's stopping you? A few hours and a little courage could change your life. Ask for help when you need it, lean on your support system, and keep going. Start early, stay true to yourself, and remember that the only guaranteed failure is the application you don't submit. Trust me, your story matter

RAMEET KAUR

Alumna of Delhi Public School, Durgapur

Hear from our other Alumni, Scan the code.





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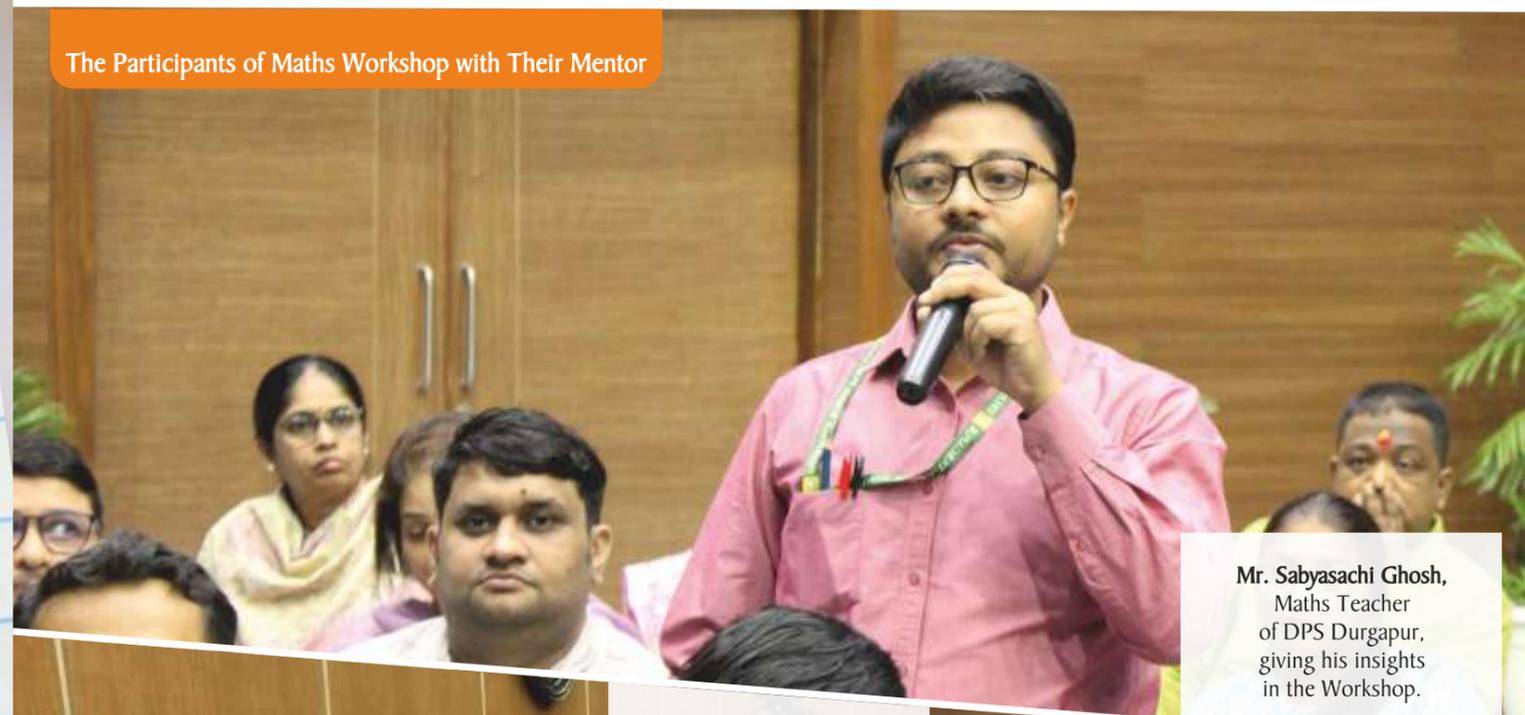
CAREER FAIR 2025 WHEREIN 68 GLOBAL AND INDIAN UNIVERSITIES INTERACTED WITH STUDENTS AND PARENTS.



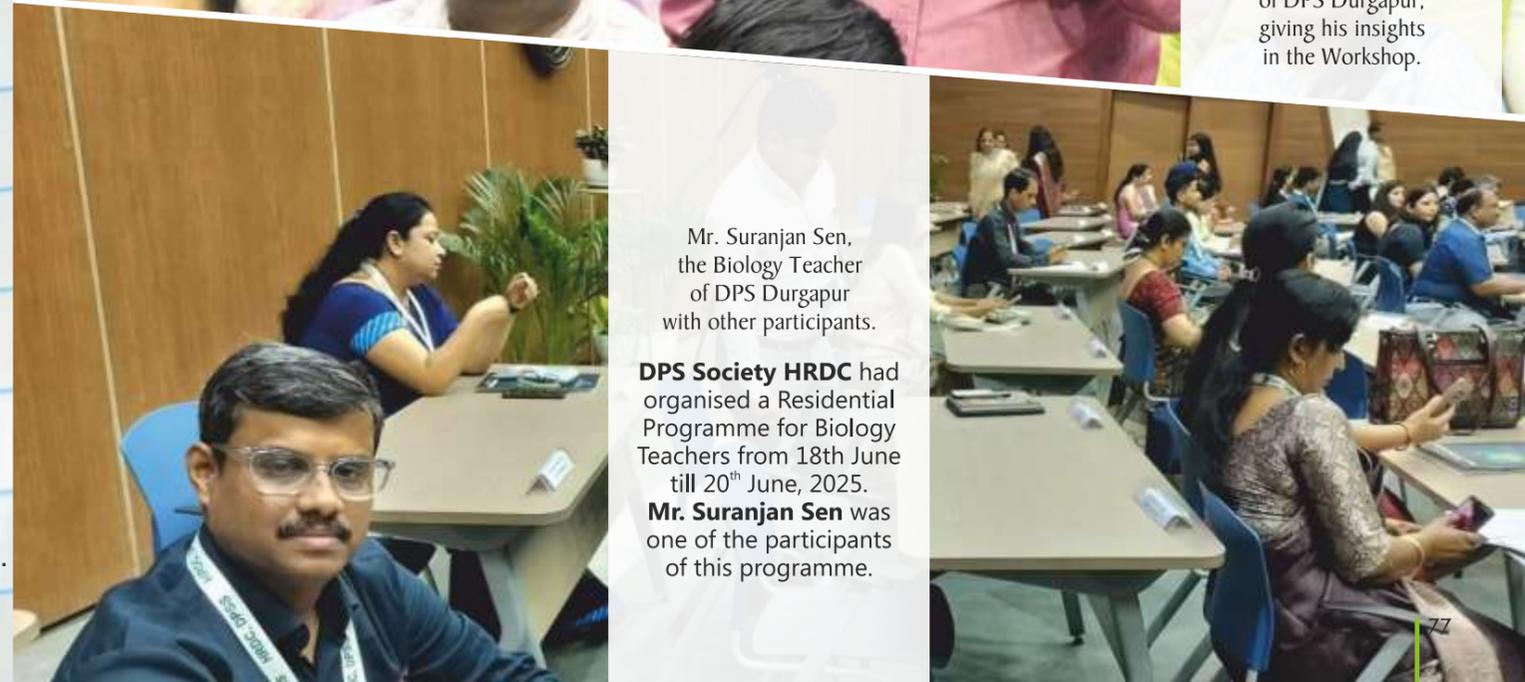
WORKSHOPS

DPS Society HRDC had organised a Residential Programme for Mathematics Teachers from 2nd July '2025. Mr. Sabyasachi Ghosh was one of the participants of this programme.

The Participants of Maths Workshop with Their Mentor



Mr. Sabyasachi Ghosh, Maths Teacher of DPS Durgapur, giving his insights in the Workshop.



Mr. Suranjan Sen, the Biology Teacher of DPS Durgapur with other participants.

DPS Society HRDC had organised a Residential Programme for Biology Teachers from 18th June till 20th June, 2025. Mr. Suranjan Sen was one of the participants of this programme.



Guiding Teams, Growing Future.



Beyond the Syllabus, into the Future.

*Dedicated Minds
and Compassionate
Hearts - the Soul of
Our School*



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Serving with Pride, Supporting with Care.



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Student



| Art Gallery - A Canvas for Young Creativity |



| The School Choir-Creating Magic with Every Harmony |



| Art Classes- Where Every Color Tells a Story |



| Dance Classes - Find Your Rhythm, Find Your Joy |





Poovar Island

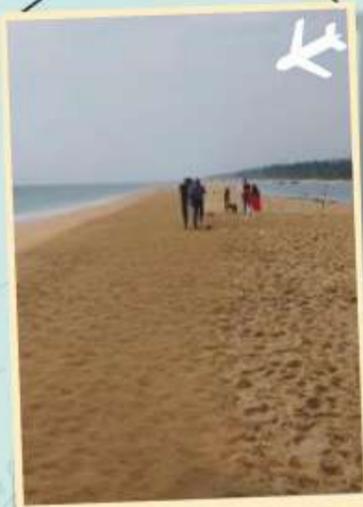
Hidden Gem of Kerala

 Srijal Pal (Class XII)

Located in the southern tip of Thiruvanthapuram, capital city of Kerala lies the Poovar island, a place where emerald backwaters weave through dense mangrove forests and where stretches of Golden sand meet the gentle lapping of waves. It's a place where backwaters hug the Arabian sea. It's rare and especially vibrant after the monsoon season.



Gliding through the tranquil backwaters on a motorboat, this isn't just a place; it's a symphony of nature!



The Golden Beach of Poovar, generally uncrowded as it is accessible only by the boats.

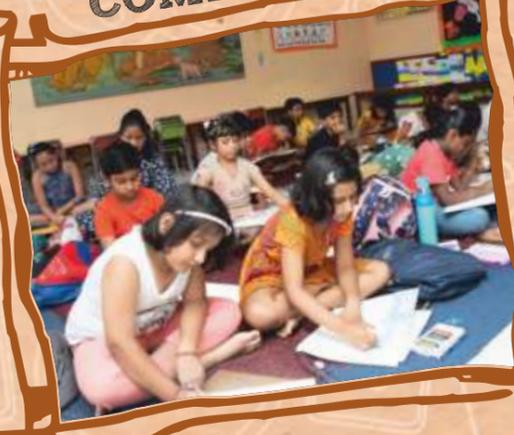


Taking a glimpse into the local life, seeing the traditional fishing boats. It's really beautiful to see how connected the community is to these waters. Poovar is also a haven for eco-tourism, which I absolutely love. Everywhere I look, there's lush greenery and vibrant bird life. Poovar Island is a place where two unique water body embrace each other—a placid lake, and the vast, open sea—both beautifully converging into one breathtaking panorama. The whispering backwaters and sun-kissed golden sands invite us to slow down. It's more than a getaway; it's a refreshing breath for our soul, promising not merely a visit, but a collection of cherished moments and serene memories that will linger warmly long after you've returned home.



Not just Dates, but Memories

SIT AND DRAW COMPETITION



DURGA PUJA ASSEMBLY



CHILDREN'S DAY

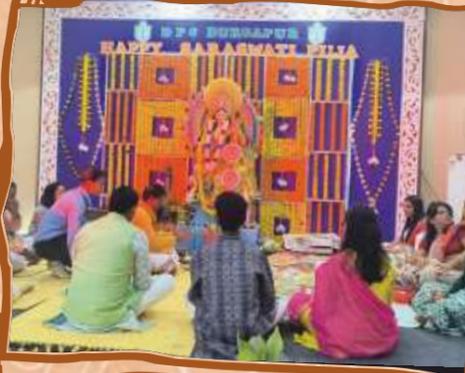




DANCE WORKSHOP



SWARASWATI PUJA



REPUBLIC DAY



SCIENCE EXHIBITION



RABINDRA JAYANTI



Mega Exents, Magical Memories.

Reverence-Recognizing Effort, Rewarding Achievement





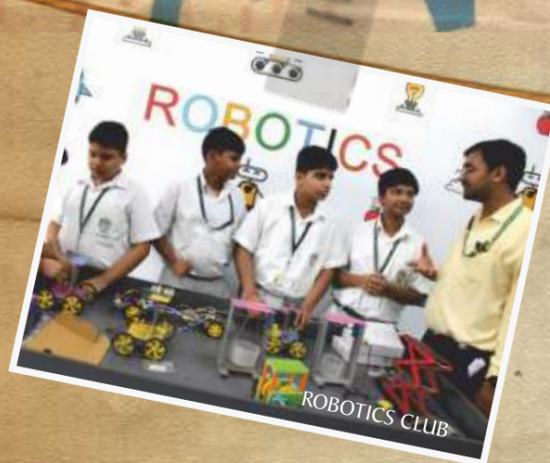
Mega Exents, Magical Memories.

Annual Sports Day - Strive, Sweat, Succeed





CLUBS and ACTIVITIES



ROBOTICS CLUB



BULBUL AND SCOUT CLUB



MATHS CLUB



TOURISM CLUB



ECO CLUB



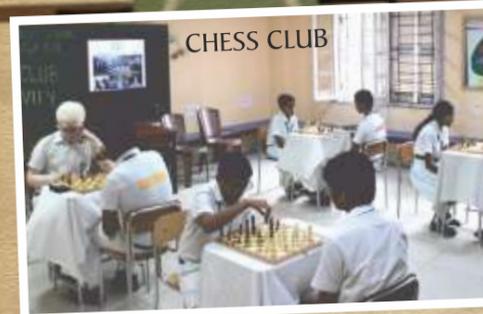
INTERACT CLUB



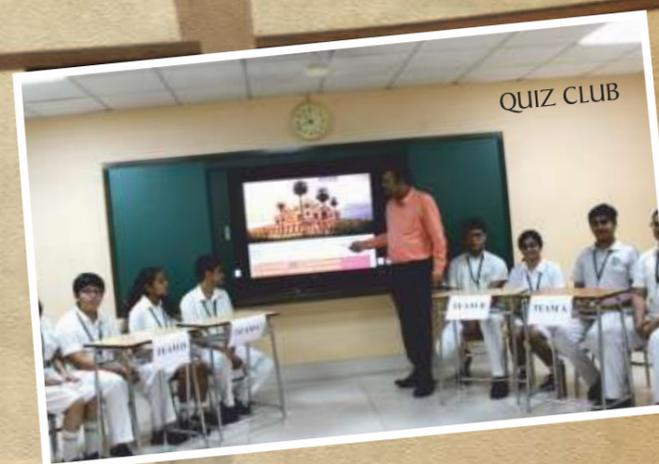
ASTRONOMY CLUB



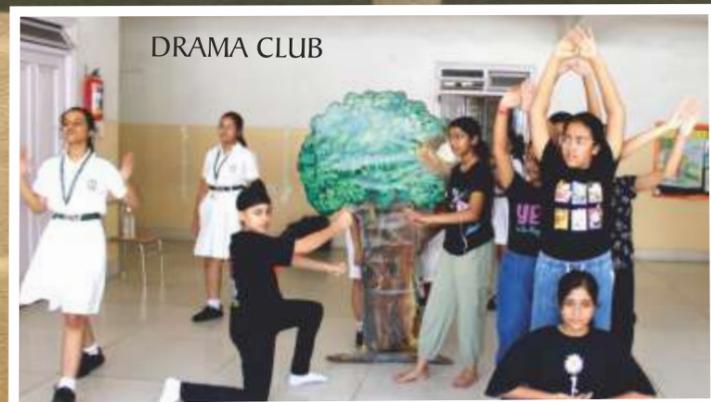
BOOK CLUB



CHESS CLUB



QUIZ CLUB



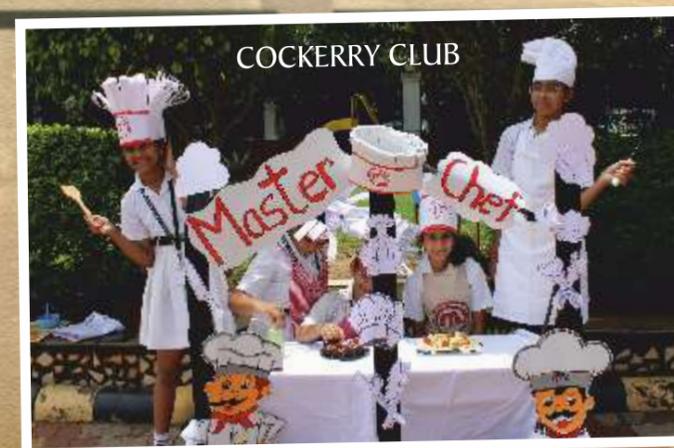
DRAMA CLUB



MUN CLUB



ENGLISH LITERARY CLUB



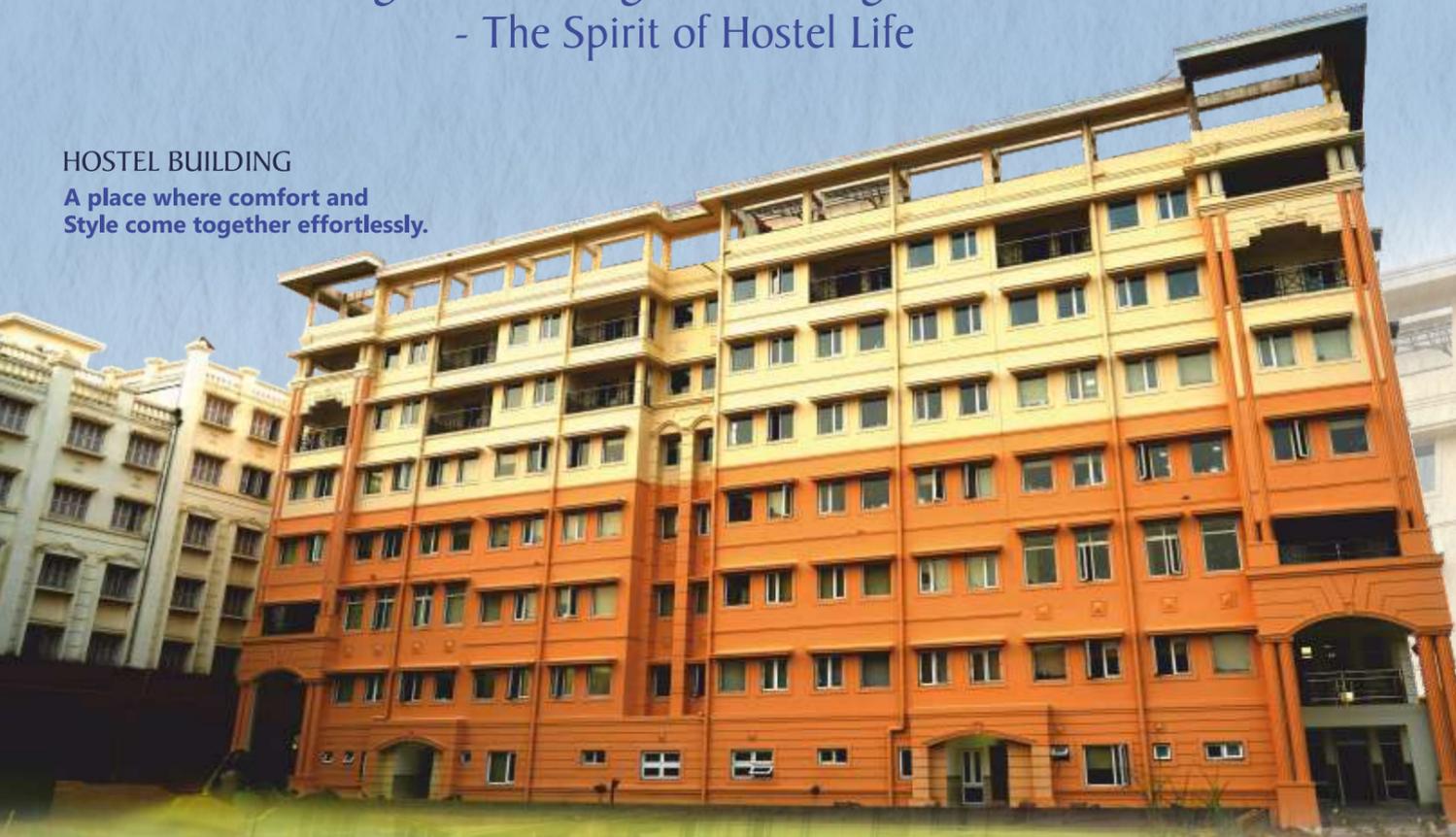
COCKERRY CLUB



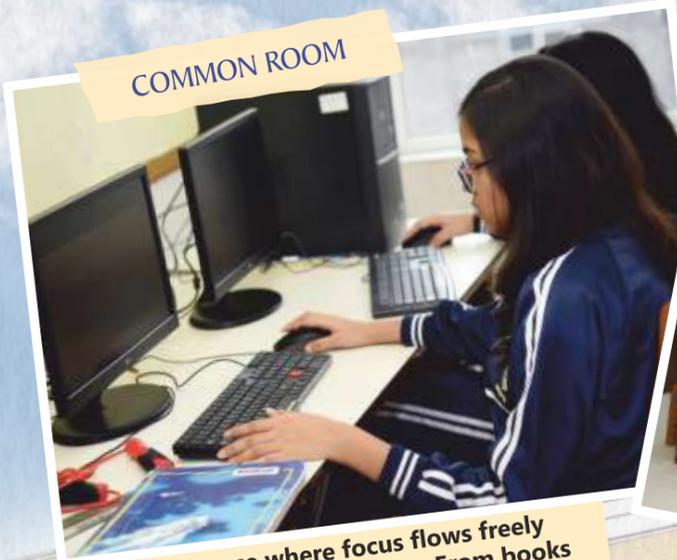
HOSTEL Life

Laughter, Learning and Late Night Stories
- The Spirit of Hostel Life

HOSTEL BUILDING
A place where comfort and
Style come together effortlessly.

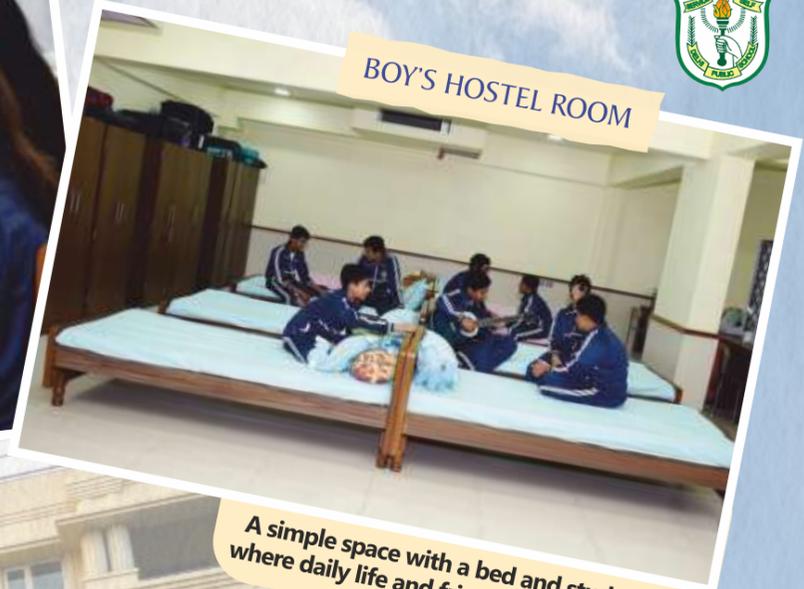


COMMON ROOM



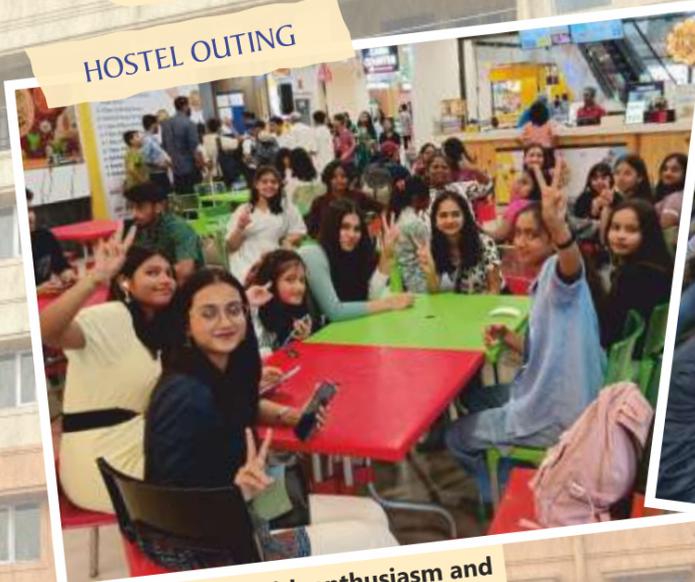
This is the space where focus flows freely and friendships grow stronger. From books to browsing, every moment here is a blend of learning and laughter.

BOY'S HOSTEL ROOM



A simple space with a bed and study corner, where daily life and friendships quietly grow.

HOSTEL OUTING



Bus rides filled with enthusiasm and chatter lead to fun-filled mall trips for movies and shared memories.

MESS TIME



Mess hours are a busy mix of food lines, quick meals and casual talks among friends.

EVENING EXERCISES & GAMES



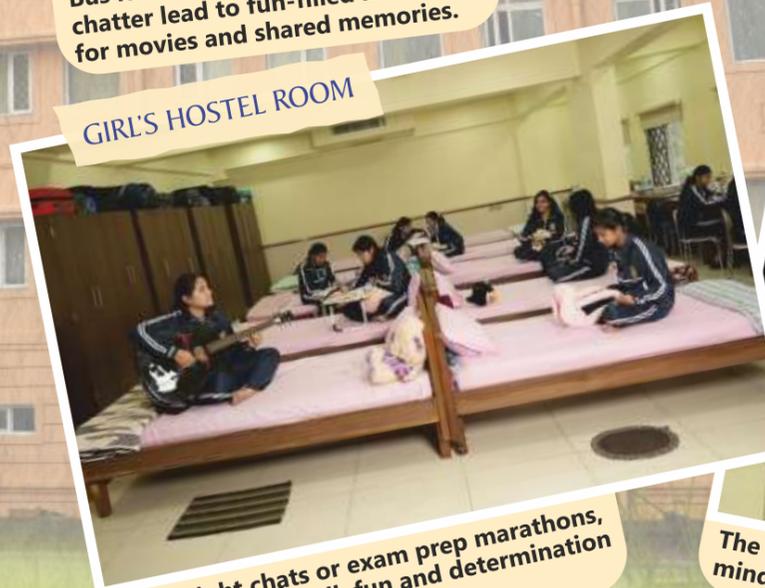
Evening come alive with friendly matches and energetic games on the hostel grounds.

LEISURE TIME



Hostel leisure is all about relaxing with friends, sharing of snacks or scrolling phones in common space.

GIRL'S HOSTEL ROOM



Late-night chats or exam prep marathons, this room has it all. fun and determination go hand in hand here.

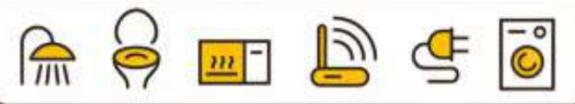
ACADEMIC TIME



The study room buzzes softly with focused minds turning pages and jotting notes.



HOSTEL



ACTIVITIES



CAKE MAKING WORKSHOP



BOOK TALK SHOW



DANDIYA NIGHT



MORNING ACTIVITY



CULINARY WORKSHOP



BEDDING ARRANGEMENT WORKSHOP



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