

Role of Discipline in Daily Life

Discipline is not a word that we generally embrace with great joy. It often connotes to us a regimen of forced work that is joyless and thankless. It is often imposed on us by an external authority and we are made to feel that no matter how unpleasant it may be, it is all for our own good and we will be thankful in the future.

In the face of such discipline, it is quite natural that young and energetic minds will rebel, and reject the premise on which it is based. Questions will be asked about the validity of the analysis that predicts that this forced labour will yield magnificent fruits in the future. 'If your analysis is wrong' our young enquires will point out, 'we would have lost our golden opportunity to enjoy life. Moreover, our generation likes to be natural. We don't like the idea of regimentation or being made to act like machine. We should like to be free and spontaneous.'

These are very valid concerns and cannot-indeed, should not – be dismissed without careful consideration. Let us delve into the meaning of the word 'discipline' and ask whether it is of relevance to us. Is it a remnant of a bygone era, which improvements and advancements in the style and quality of life have made irrelevant? Or is it a tool that will help us to shape ourselves into what we want to be? This is the question that we would like to discuss.

It is reasonable to begin by being clear on what the word means. According to the dictionary, the word 'discipline' has several meanings. Firstly, it could refer to a branch of knowledge or learning. For example, within Science, there are several disciplines such as Chemistry, Biology, Mathematics, Physics, and so on. Secondly, it could refer to the training that develops self-control, character, orderliness and efficiency. One might ask what disciplines one should follow to master a certain skill. Thirdly, it could be the result of such training or control. For instance, we speak of Olympic athletes as being very disciplined. Fourthly, it could refer to a system of rules for the conduct of members in a community. A monastic community may follow the discipline of rising at a certain time and spending a certain amount of time in formal prayer and meditation. Fifthly, it could refer to treatment that corrects

or punishes. We may speak of disciplining someone for having violated a rule or code of conduct.

Listening to the objections raised by our young enquirers, it is clear that they are interpreting the word according to the fourth and fifth meanings given above, whereas, we are using the word as an English equivalent of the Sanskrit word 'tapasya'. As such, it is the second meaning (i.e. self control, orderliness, and efficiency) that we would like to focus on.

It is said that the whole universe was created as a result of tapasya. When Brahma came into being, he wondered who he was and what his purpose was. He heard the word 'tapah' (which literally means to burn off or heat up) and started practicing spiritual disciplines. Out of this tapasya, the entire universe is said to have emerged. And the effect of this discipline can be seen all through nature.

We will point out to our young friends who want to be 'natural' that nature itself is not natural! Planets are obliged to follow prescribed orbits. The physical universe is obliged to behave according to predictable laws. The morning dew is obliged to refresh the plants and the grass. The flowers are obliged to bloom according to a set pattern. From the tiny amoeba to the giant sun, all are obliged to behave according to prescribed laws. The tapah of Brahma is everywhere, from the wings of the butterfly to the symmetry of the snowflake.

But not, from the tapasya of Brahma, let us bring it down to a more common level. Our young friends will be quick to point out that all the examples given above refer to either insentient objects or to life forms that are not human. But the human being is a sentient, intelligent being. To assert that the human being is subject so strictly to law would be a great injustice to humanity and would be unacceptable.

To this we reply that though in principle we are in agreement with the freedom of the human being, we wish to explore further where that freedom actually resides. It surely cannot refer to complete freedom in action. Society imposes a discipline on all of us and we are obliged to act within the confines of that discipline. If we are driving a car, we are obliged to follow the rules of the road. If we are in a social gathering, we are obliged to follow certain etiquette. Otherwise,

cooperation and collaboration would be impossible, and social structure could not be sustained. For the sake of working together and interacting properly with each other in society, it is necessary to maintain restraint and discipline.

As society seeks to exercise control over the actions of individuals for the sake of advancing the community, so also individuals should exercise control over their own actions for the sake of advancing themselves. Great scientists, musicians and athletes became so only through discipline. They exercised control and this enabled them to develop their abilities until they were able to bring out the best.

In these examples, we see that discipline has become self-discipline. That is, the authority that exerts control is not an external authority, but we ourselves. Moreover, it is not control for its own sake, but the exercise of control for its own sake, but the exercise of control with the idea that it will help in identifying, developing and unleashing a hidden talent or ability. Sri Ramakrishna said “you sadhan, tan siddhi” – what you discipline, that you perfect. In other words, we ourselves are the beneficiaries of the discipline that we practise.

Discipline has three components. The first one is ‘lakshya’ or goal to be attained. The desire to attain that goal is what sustains all our further efforts. The second is ‘dhriti’ or determination. It is fuelled by the memory of our ‘lakshya’ and our eagerness to reach it. The third is ‘sadhana’ or practise. This is the actual set of activities that we practise for the purpose of disciplining ourselves and reaching our goal.

All three are essential for a complete and fruitful discipline. If we only have the desire to reach a goal, but no determination or practice, our desire will only remain a dream. If we are determined, but are not aware of our goal and do not make any effort, we will only grow in frustration. If we act without determination or an awareness of the goal to be reached, it will be an aimless movement of the limbs. We may make efforts, but it will only serve to dissipate our energies.

On the other hand, when all three components are present, our progress will be steady and deliberate. It is amazing to note the kind of results that can

be produced by systematic effort. Sri Ramakrishna once went to a circus in which he observed a woman standing on one leg on the back of a horse while the horse was running at a fast pace. The woman was able to maintain her balance and even jump through hoops that were placed in the way. He remarked that such an amazing feat is possible only after much practice. He drew the analogy to spiritual life, and remarked that with practice, amazing results could be achieved.

It is important to be aware that in any discipline, at first we get apparently negative results. For example, when we first begin a program of physical fitness, initially we get aches and pains. This is because our system resists change. It prefers to remain in the current state of inertia. But discipline is a rebellion against the status quo. It is an assertion that we have the right to choose what we will be and become.

To overcome these initial reactions that we need determination. We also need to remind ourselves of our goal. It is love for the goal that will overcome all obstacles.

Youth is the best time to begin the practice of discipline. When clay is baked and hard, it cannot be changed, but when it is soft, it is possible to put it on the potter’s wheel and give it any desired shape. The young mind and body are sufficiently flexible that they can be shaped and moulded into whatever shape is desired. Whatever we want to be and whatever we want to achieve, it is easier to achieve it if we begin in our youth. That is the right time for discipline.

This is not to suggest, however, that there is any time in our life when we can afford to be without discipline. It is, in fact, necessary for all—regardless of age. However, in youth, there is a natural abundance of energy and freshness that suggest that a little discipline will result in a very rich harvest. Moreover, the discipline practised in youth will turn out to be our saviours in old age. This is why swami Vivekananda said ‘Do in youth what will help you in old age.’

But if the abundance of energy referred above is allowed to flow unchecked, it results in a restless and rebellious mind. This is why youth is a time when rebellious attitudes tend to be so prominent. We rebel against authority and against those who try to control us, be they are our parents, teachers or friends.

We have so much energy that we confidently and repeatedly assert that we are free beings and that no one can dictate how we should live our lives.

In essence, this spirit of rebellion and assertion of freedom is correct. But as we alluded to at the beginning, we have to find out where freedom actually lies. Rebellion can be directed at external symbols of authority. But it will be more beneficial for us to direct it against the lethargy and selfishness within ourselves. If we do not achieve anything in life, it is easy to blame others but more difficult to point the finger at ourselves. We must rebel against indolence and laziness. It is up to us to give our lives a shape through the practice of discipline. And if we do this, the results can be astonishing and beautiful. Rabindranath Tagore writes, 'The fire restrained in the wood blossoms forth as flower.'

And as regards freedom, it is quite correct to want to be free, natural and spontaneous. However, such a state rarely comes without discipline. Swami Ranganathanandaji once related an interview with a reporter in which he was speaking about the need for discipline. The reporter said that he really did not like discipline. He rather admired spontaneity and expressed how much he liked the naturalness and spontaneous nature of the music of the sitar maestro Ravi Shankar. At this, Swami asked whether he had considered how much discipline – how many years of continuous practice – Ravi Shankar had undergone to bring himself to the point where he could be natural and spontaneous. It is true that desire is a good one, but the road to it is through discipline.

*Mr. Y. Debata
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A CREATIVE TEACHER

The use of hidden human talents in a better, richer and more productive way is known as creativity. It is considered to be the highest attainments of human intellect. It is not limited to artistic creation or scientific inventions and discoveries. It can be expressed in any activity, howsoever simple and grand it may be. The work of a mason, carpenter, cook or a mechanic can also be as creative as the work of persons occupying high positions in the society.

Creativity is not limited to a few gifted adults. Children also can be creative or experience the process that leads to creative production. This experience will develop in them a creative attitude which in future help them find a solution to all problems and can make their lives happy & satisfying.

The starting point of creativity is a felt need that initiates the creativity endeavour. The process of creativity takes several forms like combining unrelated elements, seeing in a new perspective, extending an idea in a new direction, new ideas through analogy. These are the some ways where a creative mind works. A great capacity for imagination and a curious questioning mind are also needed. The teacher has to consider how these qualities can be encouraged in the children.

To promote creativity in schools is to do away with or minimize the impediments to creativity. They are as follow: -

1. Excessive stress on Memorization and Drill – There are certain things that should be memorized. Spellings should be learnt by heart. Multiplication tables have to be memorized. But unnecessary memorization should be avoided.

In primary classes the teachers usually take up the exercises and write answers on the black board. The students copy down the answers in their note books. The teacher follows the easy method to avoid too much of correction & workload. Here the purpose of the exercise is to make the students go through the lesson once again & write the answers in their own words, the way they interpret the question. Here the very purpose defeated.

2. Examination system – The examination system also encourages unnecessary memorization. There are two things related to examination that come on the way of creativity. The first is unnecessary learning of some facts given in the text book. There is no harm in memorizing the facts, but the life of such learning is very short. Many facts are likely to be forgotten soon after the examination. Broader concepts if learnt are retained better. The student who reproduces a large number of facts is likely to get more marks and this is the reason why students memorize all kinds of superficial details. In later life they do remember much. This

should serve as a warning to those who want the students to amass a large amount of superficial information without any specific goal.

3. Rigid Discipline – Some teachers insist upon absolute silence in the class. They should remember that students learn not only from the teachers but also from their classmates. When a student intersects with another student nearby, it does create some noise in the class, a certain level of noise is to be tolerated. Students are active by nature. It is unnatural for them to sit quietly for the whole period. Imposing strict discipline creates a kind of distance between the teacher & the taught. Scolding, threatening, ridiculing, creating fear for the examination create such a climate in the classroom which is not conducive to promotion of thinking abilities. Students especially in the primary classes, who have limited command of language, tend to shy away from participating in the classroom activities. If the teacher creates a congenial and friendly atmosphere in the class room, the children will be motivated to participate.

4. Dependence on the teacher – Creative thinking requires independence of thinking with new ideas. If the students remain dependent on the teacher, they will hardly do think independently, which is one of the serious drawbacks of private tutors. Since the students can easily get the answers from the class teachers or tutors, they will not have much to do and they will be deprived of the opportunity of doing some thinking on their own. Since our aim is to develop qualities like independent thinking, self-confidence and problem solving, too much dependence on teachers should be discouraged.

5. Restrictions imposed by the syllabus –

A creative teacher is not confined to syllabus. To explain something better, it may be necessary to discuss things that do not strictly fall within the ambit of prescribed syllabus. Creative teaching transcends the limit set by the framers of syllabus.

6. Passive learning – A creative teacher should not expect that the students will passively accept whatever is given in the text book, or what he/she tells in the class. Things change. Scientific and historical discoveries keep on changing in the face of knowledge. The student who has access to magazines and

periodicals may have more recent information than what is given in the text book or what the teacher told in the class. Child needs encouragement & space of freedom from the teacher to present his viewpoints independently.

Teacher is the best judge to find out both the weak as well as strong points of a child and accordingly evaluates his creativity. The moment one acknowledges his shortcomings, he may be inspired to do things better than before.

Mrs. Subarna Rout
Head Mistress

Our Theory of Origin of Species

When Darwin talked about the bio-chemical evolution of various animal species on the Earth, not many things on physics, chemistry and Bio-chemistry were known to the people of Biology. So the chemical evolution to unicellular organism, and from unicellular organisms to fishes, from fishes to frogs, frogs to monkeys, and from monkeys to men multi-step evolutionary chain theory was easily accepted by men during Darwin's time. However, our discovery of the concepts of space-time constraints and their application on chemical evolution in our chemical research world has given a completely different and revolutionary picture of the origin of species.

As far as my knowledge goes – benzene can be synthesized from ten different chemical origins just by changing the space-time constraint values. Similarly around a thousand different kinds of new chemicals can be derived from benzene by changing the parameters of space-time constraints such as, pressure, temperature, concentration, gravity, identity, symmetry, solvents, substituent's, catalysts, sound, light, space, time etc. Woodward's synthesis of vitamins B12 is not receiving much honour now a days, because more cost and time effective methodologies have already been invented from different origins by many other scientists. In the organic chemistry research world the billions of molecular entities that we see in various text books, have been appeared due to matter-energy interconversion techniques of various kinds from numerous other matter-energy

sources. Thus it is not necessary that men should be evolved from fishes always. It is equally probably that a milipid can be evolved into either a man or a snake or 3. dinosaurs under different space-time unification ratio or space-time constraint values. Although these things in our natural system appear to be unbelievable, we, are however, very much habituated with these kinds of results in our synthetic chemical laboratories every day.

Things could be very much trivial in the animal world, because the synthesis of DNAs, RNAs, proteins, enzymes, hormones, etc are very much space-time dependent. More ever, the genetic mutations in animals are also certainly dependent on the parameters of the space-time constraints. The non-observation of an immediate differential evolutionary phase change on the surface of Earth might be due to the prevalence of a very low value of the space-time unification ratio in its space-time domain for a longer time period, which means that the stars, the planets and the galaxies nearer to the Earth are not probably undergoing revolutionary change of courses very frequently. Therefore this phenomenon indeed would minimize the perturbations on the space-time parameters on the surface of the Earth. But it does not mean that when things have been true in our organic chemicals research laboratories, it should go wrong in natural bio-organic molecular systems such as, milipid, centipid, earth worms, round worms, fishes, frogs, monkeys, men and dinosaurs, etc. The same thing is also true incase of all the plants in the plant kingdom.

Our major problem is that a human being only consciously remain active between 25-75 years of his total age. This much of time gap is not sufficient enough to observe a phenomenon like a milipid evolving into a man. This kind of phenomenal observation would probably require a billion years unless there is a miraculous deformation in our astronomical arrangements to bring an effective change in the space-time unification ratios on various places of the Earth surface. However we are very frequently visualizing a mother giving birth to a doublet, triplet, quartet and sometimes to a nonate babies also. In many cases jointed children birth have also been observed. A single mother delivering an intelligent child, a mentally retarded child and a physically handicapped child

have also been very much common in our human society. Similarly in animal world the total number of new-borns in case of a tigress, or a dog, or a pig has always been a variable factor. The productivity of a bird to lay eggs also varies depending on different conditions of the Natural parameters. We usually feel happy to co-relate these variations or deformities with the differential changes in the interdependent parameters of the space-time constraints.

When Darwin made his statements for chemical evolution of animals in animal kingdom or plants in plant kingdom, the concepts of atoms, molecules, valence and quantum electro-dynamisms were not known. Thus criticizing the ethics of Darwin's logic for origin of species would many times discomfort our moral aesthetics. Because we know very well that everything happens due to chemical evolutions within the space-time manifold. The geometry and the genetic matrixes of the evolved species have been usually decided by the symmetry elements of the space-time constraints. The space-time constraint values in a reference space-time matrix also fixes the symmetric criteria for natural evolution. Therefore although the origin for all the animals and plants on the surface of our planet Earth has been a carbon based molecule, variation of space-time constraint values along the time axis has been preferring a huge diversity in our molecular world in various chemical laboratories, and also in animals and plants in animal kingdom and plant kingdoms respectively. So when carbon based molecules are inherent in all the plants and animals, it is quite obvious that all the plants and all the animals could be inter-convertible to one another via matter-energy inter-conversion mechanism by adjusting space-time unification ratios.

We have already pointed out that matter and energy are complementary characters of our space-time. Newton's law of conservation of energy always justifies another law called the law of conservation of matter (or mass) via the relativistic equation $E = mc^2$ (or $E = mv^2$ in general). Otherwise the concept of the universal system would remain incomplete always. If at all an object in this Universe differs from the other (Since the present system of Universe has been assumed to be a multi Universal continuum), it is these matter-energy compliments that have been making

it possible. But all are inter-convertible only when the space-time constraints assume numerous differential observables along the time axis. When these things are happening in our chemical research world, almost in everyday, the same things are bound to happen in animals and plants too as they are all made up of numerous bio-chemical frames.

Another interesting thing that we observe in our physical and chemical laboratories is that the matter and energy are inter-convertible by $E = mv^2$ equation formalism, and benzene and naphthaline are inter-convertible via several variations in the parameters of space-time constraints. Similarly a milipid and a man could also be inter-convertible due to several changes in the space-time unification ratio. We may have to pass through a time period between a big-bang and a black-hole if we so wish to observe that event! But that does not happen in case of a man as he survives maximum up to period of 60-90 years at present. !!

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A BITTER TRUTH

“Jodi tor dak sune keu na ase tabe ekla chalo re.....

Tabe ekla chalo ekla chalo ekla chalo re.....”

Hmm, nothing to be puzzled, it has been the ringtone ever since the lunch of the “Swatch Bharat Abhiyan.” Yes my phone was ringing. Being in slumber, hesitatingly I picked the cell phone to receive the wishes of “Teachers Day” of one of my old students at the other end. A short conversation pushed me long to the past, recalling the days and consciously recognizing the old faces. I began to compare the deliberate changes around. I felt happy and proud being a teacher to have contributed to the promising future of many students. But the ground reality tells me something otherwise. Old thoughts began to flash before me. Exactly a year past, the question that hunted me was the hymn-

*“Guru Brahma, Guru Vishnu, Guru Devo
Maheswara,.....”*

Yes, on this day last year, like this year too, our honourable Prime Minister had an interactive session

with the school children and put a simple question to a child-“Why don’t many bright students opt to be teachers rather than engineers or doctors?”

It had a multi-angled, multi-faceted answer, which is of course a bitter truth. Teaching profession has no longer remains a sought after profession for many. It has become a profession, admired by many but adored by a few, appreciated by many but adopted by few. I was trying to figure out the nobility in the so called noble profession. Perhaps the changing environment coupled with cravings for materialism, blitzed and glamour has brought attitudinal change to this profession. The employment oriented system has replaced the value based education; ultimately the teaching profession. The sustainability has substantially affected the standard.

Who in really is any more worried about a teacher, the so called nation builder? Speaking high about and realizing things has become the opposing ends. Days are gone, when students used to dream consciously to become teachers. Not surprisingly, I too think now that perhaps it would have been different, if I had not aspired to be a teacher. The social position and applause for a teacher was once the driving force for many bright students to choose the noble profession. Will it revive? Could we get back the days of high notes? Not sure. But of course one can be hopeful. And may it be for a day, we feel blessed being applauded, appreciated and respected in a mechanical way by the name of the great iconic legendary teacher Dr. Sarvapalli Radhakrishnan, who has left behind a legacy to cherish with.

“Jodi tor dak sune keu Naase tabe ekla chalo re.....

Tabe ekla chalo ekla chalo ekla chalo re.....”

Excuse me! One more call to attend.....

T.K Palai

T.G.T. Social Studies

MATHEMATICS, WE NEED

Mathematics is a terror for many but interestingly is used by everybody either covertly or overtly in day – today life. Hence, its importance is not felt easily.

Let’s imagine this would without mathematics.

There won't be any sort of account banking and the entire business system would be paralyzed. What will happen to our engineering? We won't have a house to live in; bridge to cross rivers, dams to produce electricity etc. In this way, what we enjoy today in our life would certainly not be available and we would be no better than a savage or primitives.

The need of learning mathematics is felt right from the early morning by every one of us starting from getting up at the right time to joining our duties. Even a housewife, how insignificant she is, may also need mathematics for looking after her house, preparing family budget and estimating the family budget. Mathematics is utilized even by petty shopkeepers, humble coolies, small carpenters and labourers for earning their livelihood and spending wisely and making their future bright.

Mathematics in one sense has bread and butter values. It is responsible for giving us a system, social and cultural, intellectual assets and essential abilities for leading a successful life. We will be handicapped in our life in case we remain ignorant of mathematics.

*Umakanta Sahoo
Department of Mathematics*

A NEW HORIZON OF MY LIFE IN THE HIMALAYS

Everyone dreams – dream to climb the highest ladder of success. Like any other Youngman. I too had a dream – the dream to climb the highest peak of mountain and get name & fame. By the grace of God, I got an opportunity to translate my dream in to reality. The opportune moment came when I joined N.C.C at my college. It turned out to be a turning point in my life. During my N.C.C Career I was given to understand the importance of mountaineering course being offered to students without any second thought I joined the course and secretly nursed the desire to have a look at the panoramic view of the Himalayas from very close quarters. It is really a defining moment for me to share my experience with my esteemed readers.

With courage in me and ambition in heart I started

for the Himalayan mountaineering institute, Darjeeling after completing all the formalities. There I attended a No-232 Basic mountaineering course. Strange! Despite having the strong evil power I could not overcome a little nervousness. It is because I was the lone girl from Odisha. There, after interaction with the all cadets I felt quite comfortable. Language was not a problem at all, since I was good at Hindi and English. My athletic skill in juggling, drilling and some exercises was a bonus point to make my training easy.

During the course of one month, we were taken to Sikkim, the Himalayas for glacier training and I got some basic idea about mountaineering and its equipment. As I handled the equipment with the help of my esteemed teachers, I became more enthusiastic. And my hope of reaching the Horizon which was aroused at Bhadrak College, took a greater speed. The basic course filled my mind with more interest and my heart's desire to touch the Himalayan peak made me ambitious to reach at my goal and I reached up to 17500ft. during the course. When our course started, I was shivering with cold. Though I was not acquainted with so much cold, yet the inspiration of my respected teachers made me courageous and bold. At the end of the course, I discovered a new man in me.

After finishing my course I was not in a hurry to come back home. I wanted to stay back and experience the adventure. But I had to come back home. I reached home with rich memory trove. I was waiting for the result with bated breath. Finally, my result came out and I was awarded 'A' Grade. It lifted my spirit and I wanted to scale further height in the field of mountaineering. I happened to meet my N.C.C. teacher and he advised me to take up an advanced course on mountaineering but my father was hesitant initially as he wanted me to get married and settle down in life. But after a great deal of persuasion, he finally agreed to let me continue with the course. My teacher agreed to sponsor my course. Finally, I became a part of 114 advance mountaineering course and the duration of the course was from 23rd May to 19th June 2003.

I started my journey with so many hurdles by changing different vehicles to reach my destination, i.e. The Nehru Institute of Mountaineering (NIM), Uttarkashi Uttaranchal, India. During the one month

course, I got some advance learning like rock, Ice and snow craft and streaking. I faced some trouble as I was not acquainted with the hilly environment and its atmosphere. Gradually, I got used to the environment and reached an altitude of 19.000 ft. Again I got "A" grade. NCC has helped me a lot achieve this. Otherwise, it would have been impossible for me to achieve all these. I also want to suggest all my friends to avail themselves of various types of opportunities being offered by NCC including mountaineering and other courses.

By the blessing of God I was able to reach the peak in the first attempt. Really those days were very memorable for me. At last I am proud to say that I am an Alumni of this great mountaineering institute. It has built up my confidence, shaped my personality and helped me reach a new horizon of my life.

AMRITA BISWAL
(Teacher)

Games & Sports in India

Games & Sports in India are integral features of the culture of the country. A wide range of sports has been played across the Country, like khoko, kabadi, Gili danda, Polo, Swimming, Archery, Boxing Badminton Motor Sports, Cycling, Snookers and Billiards from times immemorial.

The chronicles of sports in India goes back to the age of Vedas! In prehistoric India physical exercise was an indispensable feature of the life style of people. It was nourished by a dominant energy which was spiritual rights. In Atharva Veda, a number of clear ethics such as The Mantra mentioning. "Duty in my right hand and the fruits of victory in my left" are there. When taken as a superlative, these expressions carry similar sentiments as the conventional vow in the Olympics for the honor of my country and glory of sports.

During the British regime a number of popular sports were introduced in the country. Cricket was one of them.

After the country's independence India has been

the proud organizer of a number of globally acclaimed sporting events including 1951 Asian games, 1982 Asian games, 1987 Cricket World Cup, 1996Cricket world cup, 2003 Afro-Asian games, 2010 COMMON WEALTH GAMES, 2011 Cricket World Cup. Important international sporting events such as Mumbai marathon, Chennai Open, Indian Masters, Delhi Half Marathon etc., are held in our Country every year.

The formal national sports of India is field hockey. However, the most watched sports in India is Cricket. In the area of field Hockey India is the winner of 8 gold medals in Olympics. India's performance in this game is quite commendable so far. The Country has lifted the world cup in 1975. In Cricket India is two times Champion in the world cup in 1983 and 2011. India is doing well in cricket but its performance in football has been lacklustre just for significant period of time. At present the rank of India in FIFA rating in 154 which is disheartening. Comparatively the performance in Basketball is satisfactory. In Tennis Mahesh Bhupati and Leander Paes have been winners in a number of Grand Slam Tennis Tournaments. Vijendra Kumar is a known name in Boxing circuit enjoying in the top rank in the middle weight category. In Badminton Sania Nehwal is the 4th best player in the world, Viswanathan Anand has glorified India and has won World Chess Championship beating Gelfand, of Israel recently. India is lagging behind in the terms of infrastructure and other facilities that are essential to make India a Prominent name in World sports. Financing is also a major issue which hinders the growth of sports in India.

Despite our huge population, we have not been able to leave our impact on International sports. Otherwise also, Indian sports have not been able to achieve the standard which they were supposed to achieve. Athletes have been much below the standard and since the Olympic Games started .India has been able to bag hardly a few gold medals.Moreover, most of the medals were bagged either by our hockey team or by our wrestlers. Does it mean that the people in India have no interest in sports and games?

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How to Become Outstanding Parents to Your Kids

Kindergarten is too late! Parents: Be Alert!

Why good schooling alone is not enough to develop the kids?

- 1. Kindergarten is too late!
- 2. Reading skills are too important!
- 3. Children spend more than twice as much time at home as in school!
- 4. Competitions increase every day & day by day!

1. *Kindergarten (Pre schools)*

By 8- months, a healthy baby's brain has about 1,000 trillion nerves connections. By the age of 10, that number is reduced to about 500 trillion.

As the brain operates on a 'use it or lose it' basis, early experiences are the defining factor affecting the rate of reduction in nerve connections. Research studies on neglected children, who had been deprived of physical and mental stimulation, found that parts of their brain were un-developed and 20-30% smaller than most children of their age. .

2. *Reading habits are important!*

The most important thing that parents can do is to talk and read their children. During the toddler and preschool years, it is critical to provide children with different language and reading experiences."

Reading to your children...

- Is an integral part of teaching them how to read
- Makes it easier for them to develop their speech
- Builds their listening skills and increases their attention span
- Stimulates their imagination and fosters their natural curiosity
- Develops their ability to express themselves more clearly and confidently in spoken and written terms
- Is a great way to prepare them for the school environment
- Is a wonderful bonding experience that nourishes emotional development.

About 20 to 30 percent of school-age children

have difficulties learning to read? At this young age, this can be embarrassing for them, and can result in low motivation and self-esteem.

3. *Children spend twice as much time at home as in school !!!!*

Lists Holidays: Summer Vacation: 60days/yr

Xmas/Winter Vacations:20days/yr

Sundays:57days/yr & Public holidays:23days/yr,

Total Holidays is:150 days /yr (5 months)

Total Time spend at Schools is :

$365\text{days} - 150\text{days (Holidays)} = 215\text{ d} \times 7\text{hrs (schools time)} = 1,505\text{ Hrs}$

Hence Balance Holiday's Time is: $150\text{ days} \times 14\text{hrs} = 2,100\text{ Hrs}$

(out of 24hrs ,10hrs can be spent like sleeping, others activity)

Now your child spends $2100\text{ Holidays hrs} + 215 \times 7\text{hr (Waking hrs after school)} = 3,605\text{ Hrs}$

Hence your ward spends more than twice as much time at Home but not in the School.

**Before your child starts kindergarten, He or She would have spent about 15,000 waking hours with you at home already?

[3 years x 365 x 14 hours per day = 15,330Hrs, Do you know?]

During a typical school day each child receives approximately 8 minutes of individual attention?

[40 minutes a period ÷ 40 children x 8 classes = 8minites/day] Do you agree to this? If yes!! Now you should alert the Time as per the his/her psychology / mood swing at Home Only....

4 Competitions increases every day & day by day!

A. The importance of parents and relationships

Parents understand how to respond to the physical needs of a developing baby, a crying newborn likely needs food, sleep or a change of clothes. But recent brain science and early childhood development studies show that a newborn has additional needs that we as parents might not be as aware. Children need healthy relationships.

Children use relationships to learn about the world.

Parents who actively engage themselves with their children significantly improve the capabilities of those children to learn and develop emotional security and social competence as they grow. Parents also want for their children to acquire the skills being required to be a good citizen along with need to attend the adulthood to serve the humanity.

B. Making a difference with others:

Each Parent want to do the best for their children. We see our role as helping parents better understand the building blocks of how children think, feel and learn so parents, and all who share in nurturing the development of a child, can significantly improve that child's opportunities to live a normal life. Skills given here under may help the parents nurture their wards.

- Social - Emotional - How children feel, how they act, and how they learn to relate to others
- Cognitive - How children learn and think prior to expression
- Language - How children learn sounds, words, and sentences and connect them to meaning , experience and then express to all
- Sensory - How children hear, see, taste, smell and feel
- Motor Skills - How children learn to sit up, crawl, walk, and run

As you'll see, each milestone shows a range of ages typically seen in children's development, but a child may not meet every milestone and still be progressing normally.

Don't be surprised if your child's growth is different from what's included on this timeline, or if your child develops more quickly in some areas than in others.

Above all, enjoy learning about the many fascinating ways children develop.

Early years are the most critical learning period, and kindergarten is too late to start learning.

Do you agree!!

Reading habits are important and need to be developed early. Do you agree!!

Children have a lot of free time that can be used more productively. Do you agree!!

Now is the time to prepare our children for the competition they will face in the future.

And above all, raise a happy and well-balanced individual!

Children can't always make the best choices for themselves. Isn't it, then our responsibility as BEST PARENT to provide them with environment that takes care of their total development?

It is you, not others who can do the best.

Mr. S. Kamilla
Facility Manager

SELF-DISCIPLINE AND ITS IMPORTANCE

Discipline means order or code of behavior. Self-discipline which refers to the ability to control one's own feeling is very important. Self-discipline leads to overcome one's own weakness. Life without self-discipline is no life. We need to be guided by rules. We have to be respectful to our elders. We must obey our seniors.

Self discipline is the most needed thing to achieve success in life. Discipline is a must whether we are at school or at home. It is equally necessary whether we are in the office or on the playground. Our life, our society, our country or even the world will go astray without discipline. So some sort of discipline is required everywhere. There is order in nature. Even small disorder in the world of nature leads to chaos.

Self discipline has to be learnt at every walk of life. Childhood is the best period for it. The young mind learns things quickly and easily at school, the students are taught to behave well .They are taught to respect their elders even on the play ground the boys are taught to follow the rules of the games. So the student's days are the most formative period in which the value of self discipline can be learnt.

A man is just like an animal without Self-Discipline. His life and action becomes aimless. In the present age, it is being felt in every walk of life. Today, if the crime graph is on rise, it is because of lack of

self discipline. People seem to have forgotten the value of self-discipline. In India over –crowding in buses and trains is very common. Travelling without tickets is also a normal feature. Student indiscipline is the talk of town.

Lack of employment is a major cause of indiscipline and unrest. Over population makes the situation still worse. Overcrowding in schools and colleges causes indiscipline. Finally, poverty leads to disorder, unrest and indiscipline.

In fact, discipline is a good thing. It builds character. It develops strength and unity. It creates a sense of co-operation. So, self discipline must be taught from the beginning. It is a key to success in life. The higher is the sense of self discipline, the better it is for the people and the country.

*AUROSAMPAD BEHERA
Class - VII*

A Tribute to Dr. A.P.J. Abdul Kalam

Born on 15th October 1931 at Ramesharam, in Tamil Nadu, Dr. Arul Pakin Jainulabdeen Abdul Kalam, specialized in Aero Engineering from Madras Institute of Technology was known as the Missile man of India.

He initially worked in DRDO in 1958 and then joined ISRO in 1963. Dr. Kalam made significant contributions to Indian satellite and launched vehicles of ISRO and also in the missile programme of DRDO. He contributed to the design, development and management of India's first indigenous satellite launch vehicle (SLVIII). He was responsible for the evolution of ISRO's launch vehicle programmes and configurations.

He was the scientific Advisor to Defence minister and secretary, Department of Defence Research & Development from July 1992 to Dec 1999. He was the 11th President of India.

As a chairman, Technology information forecasting and Assessment council, he generated the Technology and Vision 2020 Documents - a road map for transforming India from a Developing Country to a Developed India.

Dr. Kalam served as the principal scientific advisor to the Government of India, in the rank of cabinet Minister, from November 1999 to Nov. 2001.

Dr. Kalam was conferred with the Doctorate Degree by 30 universities all over the world for his immense contributions in the field of science and technology. He was the recipient of Indira Gandhi Award for National Integration in 1997. He was also awarded Padma Bhusan in 1981 and BHARAT RATNA in 1997.

Such was the towering personality of Dr. APJ. Abdul Kalam. India is proud to have given birth to such a genius, who will remain in the heart of millions forever and ever. He is no more with us but the very name would continue to inspire millions of youth to achieve greater heights of success.

*Pratham Priyanshu Mohanty
CLASS- VII*

MORNING ASSEMBLY OF MY SCHOOL

The best hour of the day is the time which one enjoys or likes the time most. The time of the day which I enjoy the most is the morning assembly. The day starts with lots of positive thoughts, full of energy and strength. We receive the first lesson of discipline from the beginning of the day from our morning assembly because discipline is the jewel of life. We learn to be disciplined, regular and hear a lot about good manners and other moral ethics from our friends, teachers and especially from our Director Sir. School Assembly is a place to gather and gain knowledge. Students get an opportunity to feel that the School is an organized group. We come to know various customs, celebrations and the things about the world. School assembly works as an inspirational force and builds confidence to face any kind of public speaking successfully because our Director Sir makes the children speak all of a sudden on a topic of his choice. Such as proverbs, current affairs etc. The most important of all is the basic fundamentals of life which our Director Sir shares with us and it will remain in our memory till the end of our life, helping us overcome all the hurdles that come in our way. I feel myself lucky to be a part of SBD International School's morning assembly every day.

*PRASHANTI MISHRA
Class - V*

SHOCKING NEWS

Doctors got confused and bewildered. Why dramatic increase in Kulamani Babu's blood pressure! May precipitate into heart attack, unless checked. Specialists have cautioned his wife, Mrs. Ray, - "keep him tension-free; administer medicine to time". Dr Sahoo also examined him today.

- Well, Mrs. Ray, keep your husband away from tension; convey him no shocking news. More ever, yours is a happy family. Blessed with God's plenty-man, money, what not? So why worry? Remember, worries cause fatal disease, said Dr. Sahoo.

Mrs. Ray's vigilant; she does not want her husband attend office; he has been on leave for a month. Damn with office duty! Will it bring salvation? Health first, let him recover, and then he may join his work. She is Cross at his anxiety for duty. How silly! Is he the only workaholic in the world? Let him rest fully.

But Kulamnai Babu has grown impatient with so much regular medication. Why not office? What ails him? Blood pressure will not come down if he continues to stay at home. He wailed to Mrs. Ray's exhortation, "No, you lie down on the bed; we won't allow your whims ... lie till you are completely cured".

"Father, why worry so much? You have long earned leave. First be cured, and then think of office work". Eldest son Promath consoled him.

- You see, pressure is normal now. I'm bored, idling away my time and lying in bed. Kulamani Babu replied.

- Handing over a glass of fruit juice his youngest daughter Jhilli cut him short

- No father, unless advised by doctor, we won't let you leave home.

Kulamani Babu kept mum vis-a-vis such warning, cajolery. He has been upto doctor's advice for a month, to take things easy. Also he has appropriated some techniques to keep away from tension, yoga in the morning, meditation on a particular deity in lotus-posture, chanting hymn to Lord Shiva to ward off Saturn's evil eye as prescribed by the astrologer. Yes, an amulet ordered is to arrive very soon; in addition, daily recitation of holy Ramayan in the house has started along with taking medicine, wearing a ring of

stone of a certain colour to suit his stars. Triple scheme he has engineered – science in taking medicine, listening to the Ramayan and applying ancient tantrik method. He has not minced whatever anyone suggested to him. Rather he is avid to any new advice or prescription. Besides he has vowed to construct a marble floor for the village temple. Jhilli has vowed to spend rupees fifty on offering to Goddess Subarnamukhi. His son, too, vowed to offer hundred coconuts to Goddess Tarini for his speedy recovery.

Blood pressure seems arrested now. No more increase like horse's gallop. Kulamani Babu sometimes gets panicky. He may not survive in case of another stroke. Death is everybody's horror. Even gods feel scared. He felt deeply concerned – two unmarried daughters, three sons yet to be settled, house-building loan to be paid off with its staggering interest. His paternal bounds at village not yet decisively partitioned. His children, strangers to the village, had no knowledge about it. He turned more emotional – in case he dies now ... his family will be left in the lurch.

He came to his senses, he has been advised not to feel tense. Remain calm. Mentally equipoise. He has been practising Sabasana, meditation twice daily. He starts the asanas meticulously – loosening his muscles from toes to head, lying down on a mat for ten minutes. Without a wink even. In such a posture he imagines either a flower or constructs 'OM' in his mind and concentrates on it. He tries to remain in a fluid state. But, strangely enough, Markanda Babu's visage appears at regular intervals. Image of 'OM' disappears.

Markanda Babu, his colleague, ugly Odia and quite sly. A thorough – bred Machiavelli maneuvering his promotion over him, the legitimate one. Kulamani Babu thought of Markanda Babu's underhand deal to free his middle son from police custody, his terrific bickering with his brothers at village concerning his share of paddy, his daughter's heinous sexual escapade...

Nibbling thoughts, galore. He is trying hard to escape these thoughts, yet they forced their way into his mind. He fails abjectly to free his mind ... Oh, his own eldest daughter Basanti, what a shame! eloped with a Kerali Romeo. What would she be doing at Tata? Ungrateful bitch. Alas! had I married her off to Uma,

there would be no such profligacy. His wife, a lame duckling ... good for nothing. Markanda Babu must have intrigued for his promotion, that too, in his long absence. I shall kick him through a tribunal. I am senior to him. Let them tally our dates of joining mine's tenth May sixty four, his fifteenth May sixty five. May be he has got accounts training to his advantage. Is that all for his promotion to the post of head clerk? Why was I not sent for the training? Applied time and again but refused on the pretext of workload in the office. I have preserved the Xerox copies of all documents; shall produce them when needed. He mused.

Kulamani Babu began to arm himself with so many strong arguments in his favour. Made a rehearsal how to transmit it to his lawyer. How foolish ... ! He tried to restrain himself from such gnawing thoughts. Very much aware of doctor's warning. He should concentrate on 'OM', instead. He cursed himself. Invoked 'OM' again lying on a mat. Tried hard to meditate on the images of Radha Krishna within the letter 'OM'. Just relax. But the contrary happened. Within a minute hundreds of ill thoughts floated on his stream of consciousness like dust particles sailing invisibly in air.

He rose up, paced up and down across the room, hands in tight grip. A knock on the door. May be the stranger's attention has escaped the calling bell.

He never likes such demeanour. However, he asked Reena, his daughter, to open the door.

- Hi, Markand Babu, welcome. Reena, bring some tea for uncle. Well, what's news?

"My youngest daughter's marriage is settled. It is on the 15th instant. I invite you". He handed in a folded card.

Kulamani Babu thanked him for such an auspicious news. Queried about the groom.

- The boy is an I.A.S. Officer; his father, a mechanical engineer with TCS. They live here though they come off a village.

- Lucky indeed! You see, I am too unwell to attend the ceremony. My children will go.

Markand Babu departed swirling Kulamani Babu in a whirlpool of nervous excitement. Ha, Markanda, that ugly little thing, able to negotiate with an I.A.S. !

His eldest daughter has already married to an engineer, now in America. But Basanti, our eldest daughter hell with her, bitch! Ran away with a Kerali youth! How shameful! Since then he has taken an oath not to let his house to any young bachelor. As a result his rear house has remained unoccupied for several months. He broached about Markanda's daughter's marriage to his wife. However, she pooh-poohed Markanda's achievement.

- Not a difficult task at all to find out a suitable groom as a very few educated girls in their caste are available. She ejaculated.

Kulamani Babu nodded his head in assent.

- How long shall we keep the house vacant? Loss of seven hundred rupees a month. He sighed.

- Why blame others? You yourself refused time and again the people who came in search of rented house. Your plea was to let the house to a good family only.

- What nonsense ...? Do you want to rent the house to profligates like that Kerali bastard for romantic dalliance?

- Don't get angry so much. Doctors have advised not to take tension. Let's forget that shameful incident. It's good the girl has gone away once for all. She is dead. Don't ruminate over that matter. She blurted out.

She asked her daughter Jhilli not to open door at anybody's call. Rather she should call her. She narrated to her the serious impact of the shocking news of Markanda's daughter's marriage on her father. She cautioned her not to allow anybody to talk to her father. He might be shocked. His pressure would rise. She asked her to prepare horlicks for her father.

To everybody's panic, Kulamani Babu's pressure leaped up suddenly in the afternoon. Worried, his wife started massaging his legs. "Let's not bother about anybody. Let's be content with whatever little we have got. Who cares for I.A.S? Invertebrate creatures – yes men of ministers, zero without number now-a-days". Kulamani Babu consoled himself musing. Wondered how Kanduri Babu, his colleague and neighbor was not like him though neck deep in debt. A world of domestic troubles, yet jovial all through.

- Please call in Kanduri Babu. I'll have some chit chat with him.

His wife did accordingly and said, "Know you, the papaya plant you had planted has borne fruit?"

- O, yes that's hybrid. Kulamani babu fell into a nap.

Next morning. He was basking in sunshine in the courtyard. Suresh, his neighbour Chandrasekhar Babu's son approached and asked him where Tulu was.

- Hello, Suresh, what do you do now?

- Uncle, I have been admitted to Burla Medical college. Sorry, couldn't get a seat at Cuttack.

- Doesn't matter. Be a good doctor, that's all, my boy.

He went inside the room. Turned meditative. Paced up and down. Rested himself on a cot and shouted at his wife.

- O, do you hear? Chandra's son has been admitted to Burla Medical College.

She knew it much before, Didn't think it wise to divulge this shocking news to him lest he would be upset.

She acted as doctors had advised.

- You see, my dear, it's nothing extraordinary. Money works miracles today. You have read in newspaper about the scandal involving MBBS entrance examination. Parents got desperate, ran to court of law for justice. Only the corrupt thrives today. Hell with that; I won't allow my children such corruption. I prefer begging to such immorality. She fumed.

Kulamani Babu stood still. A volley of thoughts criss-crossed his mind. Eldest son failed in entrance examination four times. No more. This time he will get him admitted into any engineering college in Madras or Bangalore, whatever may be the donation. Worse still is the middle one. Caught copying in the examination hall. The hero dragged the invigilator – lecturer from his bicycle in pitch dark and thrashed him horribly at O.T. Road. The police registered a case. How insulting ! Last but not the least, the youngest son is in high school now. A cricket maniac. His future, a big conundrum.

- Where is Bulu? He asked his wife.

- To market.

- Hey, don't tell a lie. May be he is out for cricket. You bloody people – mother, sons, daughters have made an unholy alliance. Will make a hell of my existence.

- Oh, don't get angry so much. Pressure will rise.

- I don't care. Let it rise to my death. I shall get rid of you all. Why did you give him money to purchase a bat without my permission? Let him come back. I shall teach him a lesson, idiot.

Excited, he rose up, sat down on the cot again. In an exasperated voice he said to his wife, "This time we will admit Tulu in an engineering college somewhere in Madras."

- Ok. Rantha came from village yesterday. Father has sent five thousand rupees for your treatment. Mother has written Chaitanya Pandit has read your horoscope. You will come round by the coming December.

Kulamani Babu had fallen asleep. His wife left the place in silence.

- Didn't I tell you not to allow anybody inside? She fumed at her daughter.

- What can I do, mother? Chandra uncle's son met him at the courtyard. He enquired him about brother.

- You could have told that brother was not there.

- Mother, you get unnecessarily angry without any rhyme and reason. She left hastily.

- Kulamani Babu woke up this morning earlier. He had no sound sleep. On his way to the drawing room he chanced upon a slice of coconut and some 'bhoga' kept in a leaf plate on the dining table.

- Who sent it, Jhilli?

- Markand Babu's son Mania. He said they had been to Goddess Tarini on uncle's promotion. Father, shall we not visit the goddess at least once?

- O, yes. That's after my recovery. Your mother has vowed such a divine visit.

Strange! Markanda has maneuvered his promotion! He kept it to his breast so cleverly, lest I move

the tribunal. He has become head clerk by manipulation. I shall drag all bloody bastards to the court of law. All accomplices. I may move the Supreme court, if need be. They have played down my seniority. How shocking, how strange! He raved and called his wife.

- Hey, do you hear? Send Bulu to call in Sharada Babu (a petition writer in the local court). He tackles all his legal problems. Just he pays money, that's all. Sharada Babu can order a stay in this matter, no doubt.

- Why Sharda Babu, so early morning. She wondered.

- Have you heard of bloody Markanda's guile? Mrs. Ray caught the thread. She ran inside instantly, hid the 'bhoga' plate in the midsafe. Asked Jhilli if she had told her father about Markanda Babu's promotion.

- Yes, mother. Why so tense about it?
- You know, dear, doctor's advice is not to divulge any shocking news to your father.

Kulamani Babu succumbed to a severe heart stroke that night. The second indeed. The neighbourhood could know of the reason of heart-rending wailing in his house.

Kanduri Babu shut his windows. He decided to get his pressure checked by a doctor the same day. Otherwise ...

*Prof. SAILENDRA MOHAPATRA
(Mentor SBDIS)*

*Ex-Principal, Bhadrak Autonomous College, Bhadrak
(Translated from the original Oriya story by : Braja Mohan Mishra)*

Role Model: An Inspiration

A certain king had a son. Although in his late teens, the son looked very small and bony. His spindling legs, sunk chest, thread muscles and a poor stamina to match, indicated that he needed help. The royal doctor suggested nutritious food and tonics to vitalize the young prince, but nothing worked. He still remained weak and under-developed. The king became very worried and wanted a solution. One day, as good luck would have it, a wandering monk came to the king's palace. He was given a warm welcome and was accommodated in the royal guest house. The

monk, endowed with a keen power of observation, soon learnt of the king's worry and offered to help the young prince. He asked the king to send for the royal sculptor. When the sculptor arrived, the monk asked him to carve out a statue of a fully grown up, well – built man. He wanted a full-size statue with perfectly formed muscles and biceps, well expressed in it. The sculptor followed the instructions and made the statue ready in a short time. 'Look here, young man,' the monk addressed the young prince, 'you must keep this stature in your room and look at it as often as you can.' Thus saying, the monk went away. The young prince, having placed the statue in his room, would look at the statue everyday. When he got up in the morning, he looked at the stature. As he walked in and out of the room, he looked at the statue. While sitting, studying, eating, resting, all through the day, his eyes fell on the statue. 'Can I too have a well formed and beautiful body as this?' the prince asked himself one day. He had developed a desire to be what he admired. Soon, he learnt how to do physical exercise, how to lift weights, flex his muscles and follow other related rules of body building. Within a few months, the skinny, bony, young man was transformed into a strong, well formed muscular figure. The statue had transformed a weakling into a strong man, just a statue.

Every field of life, has a statue. A sports man has his statue, his favourite idol. A cinema goer, a scientist, a teacher, a politician, an accountant, a driver, even a thief, everyone has his own statue. The point is not whether you have a statue, but what statue you have. Does your 'statue' make you a complete human being? Does it take care of all your needs?

That is how one must select one's role model. Once a role model is selected, one can't help becoming that. Swami Vivekananda said, Take up one idea. Make that idea your life – think of it, dream of it, live on that idea. Let the brain, muscles, nerves, every part of your body be full of that idea, and just leave every other idea alone. This is the way to success.'

*Mr. Bhaskar Kar
Department of English*

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE

I met a friend of mine after 10 years quite unexpectedly and then.....

"I'll give her a pleasant surprise", I muttered to myself. I have travelled from my native town to the steel city of TATA to visit my uncle and aunt. A small town girl as I am, I was completely bewildered to see the big malls and majestic buildings in Saatchi Bazaar.

"Uncle, look there, how a woman is speeding through the crowded streets in her car?"

"shh...don't talk rubbish! This is TATA. Really, you are a mere village girl, you have come from a different world, my dear".

I remained mum. My uncle could know that I was scowling. "Don't take it seriously my child, I was joking with you. Now you are quite grown up. You understand things better." Cars and vehicles were hissing past by us. The evening settled down suddenly, the light along the street and shops though glittering beamed around the wonderland of a big mall, full of noisy crowd.

It was winter evening, men and women were in their fine pull overs and winter garments. We had come to our destination.

"You want to buy a saree, right. Here is the most popular saree store, you can make your choice and buy one for your friend". "What kind of saree do you want ma'am?", asked the salesman to me. "Please show me some Banarasi silk saree", I asked him.

The salesman in his professional way gave me a smile. Smile is his trade secret. This probably he knew. He displayed heaps of silk sarees before me. "This one red one. What is the price?" I asked.

"One thousand ninety-nine only". replied he.

"Well, give me the bill," said I

Uncle paid the bill at the counter and we stepped out the mall holding the packet.

"Anything more you want for your friend," asked my uncle

"Yes some more cosmetics and bangles," said I

"Well, let's go upstairs," said uncle

I went upstairs and bought a dozen of bangles of

green colour that Rina used to like when we were school going children.

Rina is my best friend. The moment I reached TATA, I was completely surprised to hear from my uncle that Rina is staying in this town. I decided to visit Rina without giving her any prior information just to spring a surprise on her. "Yes she will be surprised to meet me after long ten years". "I have been missing her all these years. She must be missing me too". When strange thoughts were streaming through my mind and my heart was throbbing with excitement, our taxi came to a screeching halt in front of a house. My eyes fell on the wall, "Rina Agarwal".

I pressed the calling bell. Out came Rina followed by a little kid.

"Who is it?" Asked Rina

"Don't you recognise me, I am Sheila," said I

"Oh my God! it is a strange meeting, How did you get my address?" Asked Rina with a strange voice

She clasped me with joy and suddenly I found a change came on her face. I sat on her sofa and said, "Rina, Open the parcel and see what gifts I have brought for you".

Rina opened the parcel with her nimble fingers. And all of a sudden tears came to her eyes and she said, "Sheila thank you for your gifts but you don't know why I can't use them now. Just a month ago he"

She burst out in tears and began to sob.

"Oh my God....."

POOJA PARIDA
CLASS:-X

THE CHANGED RAFAEL.....

"Rafael, my dear, get back to your studies right now. These games are of no use to you. They are just destroying your life." shouted Mr. Cullen from his room.

"No, Daddy. Up till now I was studying. And please don't ask me every time to study, they are just aching my head." shouted irritated Rafael.

Rafael, not taking a little interest in what Mr.

Cullen was speaking further, continued with his games. He was least interested in his studies. Unlike Rafael, Mr. Cullen, his father, was a very ambitious person. He always gave importance to studies. He was a business man, having a factory. He had two wishes in his life. First, he wanted to take his business to the number one position and second, he wanted to open up a hospital from its fund. As a father, he always wanted his son to fulfill his wishes. He wanted his son to help him in his business. But Rafael was not at all interested in it. Time passed. Rafael completed his studies. He, then, became a loafer, spent all his time and father's money in partying with friends, enjoying. He didn't even care about the condition of his father.

Once his father got a terrible loss in his business & he became insolvent. He took loans from the bank. Mr. Cullen was simply horrified. Moreover he was also not having the support of his son. So he got much tensed which led to a severe heart attack. Mr. Cullen died in this incident. This gave a shock to Rafael. He realized his mistake and took it as a challenge for him to fulfill his father's wishes. But he didn't have any money to start his business once again. His factory was situated in the outskirts of his town where there were many slums. The people living in these slums were having many cows as their pets. Rafael got an idea. He collected the cow dung. And with that, he started a gohar gas plant. He used the power generated from this for his factory. In this way he was able to cut off the electric bills of his factory. The extra power generated was sold by him. In this way he collected money and repaid all his loans taken by his father and stored enough money to start his business. But to start his business he not only needed money but also needed employees. But the employees, who were working before, were very much irritated with Rafael as they thought that if Rafael would have given some support to Mr. Cullen then their boss would have been alive till date. Rafael requested all the employees especially his manager to be patient. At last he succeeded in convincing them. They started working in the factory but not with the same dedication and commitment as before.

Once Rafael asked his manager to complete an important task before leaving for home. But his manager refused giving the excuse that he had promised

his children for exhibition at 6 o' clock. Then Rafael instructed him to complete whatever he could by 6p.m. and after that he could go. The manager then got back to his work but he was so involved in his work that he forgot to leave his office at 6. When he completed his work he realized that it was already 8 o' clock. He was very upset as well as angry then. He was cursing Rafael in his mind for giving him such a work that he could not keep his promise made to his children. He returned home and found that his wife was watching TV. When he inquired from his wife about his children, his wife replied, "Don't know, your boss took them to the exhibition and they had their dinner at a restaurant?" The manager then realized that he was wrong. He then went to him and apologized. Then he alongwith other employees worked very hard. As a result, Rafael succeeded in fulfilling his father's wish. He brought his business to the number one position and opened up a hospital.

*Ms. Bipasha Tripathy
Std- X*

THE DREAM THAT IS WORTH A THOUGHT

On the terrace of her house Amrita was sitting at the corner dreaming her ambitions. In the backwaters of Bhadrak she had a bundle of dreams to fulfill, thousands of ideas to add her creative ink on and hundreds of wishes that she wanted must come true.

Amrita, a girl born in free India, free to see dreams, is very fond of cricket, huge fan of Virat Kohli, a complete day dreamer as the people think her to be.

Her story is very simple that she wants to be the media manager of the Indian cricket team one day.

After she got exhausted being scolded by her mother, Amrita switched on the television to just get out of whatever her mother said to her, when she turned up to open a sports channel where a match between India and Australia was telecast and just to divert her mind she started watching the match with rapt attention. She enjoyed the batting of fierce batsmen and bowling of fast bowlers. That's when she started taking interest in the game. She started rec-

ognizing players, how they play and how they conduct themselves off the field. Once while sharing her experiences with her best friend, Amrita received a strange answer. Her friend said, "Why do you watch cricket? It's sport meant for male folk. They play it, we watch it". She couldn't eschew the reply of her friend and was deeply hurt. "Why do people admire boys watching cricket but discourage girls to do so?" Thereafter she began to take more interest in cricket, reading articles, books and interviews, enquiring about various players, their lives and everything about cricket. But the saddest part for her was that she had no one to share her experiences with, no one who would listen to her patiently and that made her feel lonely. In her search of a cricketmate, someone with whom she could share the story of cricket. She found a diary. She gave her diary the name "Cricmate" and would write everything that happened in cricket. The diary never spoke but the reality was that it had become a silent listener who could listen to her without complaining to her who spoke too much about cricket. Even though her parents, her friend and the complete unfair world never understood her passion, love and bond with cricket.

Years passed on and she decided to pursue MBA at India's prestigious institution IIM, Ahmadabad. She pursued her studies with hard work, dedication, Commitment and conviction to fulfill her ambition kept close to her chest. But in all these years something that never changed was Amrita's love and interest for cricket. Over the years there were not many matches that she could see but she was regular in reading newspapers and magazines that published articles and interviews of various players, match summary and most importantly results. She was living in Ahmadabad and was regular to the matches that were held in the city. She also tried her level best to meet the players and once her dream came true when she was successful in meeting Virat Kohli. When she passed IIM she got selected for many jobs but her real world lies in being team India's media manager and her passion took her to the interview of her life, the moment she realized that the vacancy for the post of assistant media manager was lying vacant she gave it all she could to apply for that position. And the day finally arrived when she was about to give the interview.

While she was waiting outside the room, she was teased by others sitting there that girls can't manage the men's cricket team and its better that she should forget about this job. But, she kept her cool and with confidence entered the room gracefully. The interviewers looked at her with surprise as they never found a girl approaching for the job before. So, the first question to Amrita was, "Being a girl, why do you want to apply for this job". Amrita gathering all her confidence said, "The reason why I want to opt for this job is, I want to change the mind set of the people that girls are not fit for these jobs, my passion and love for cricket has driven me here". The interviewers then went on asking a few questions and every time Amrita answered calmly and there by demonstrated her passion for cricket. At last the interviewers seemed to be quite impressed with Amrita's professionalism and idea about cricket. She was quite confident of getting this offer. And that's when the story changed. Her elder brother, an established businessman wanted her to be the CEO of his company and when he declared his secret desire in a party, Amrita got a severe jolt. But Amrita couldn't oppose her brother directly since her brother brought her up after parents demise. She decided to take her brother in confidence and take final decision. She went to bed, tried to sleep but she couldn't. "What would happen to my dream if my brother didn't agree. The next morning as usual. She went to her brother and said, "Bhai, I want to be the media manager of Indian cricket team and I appeared an interview in this regard and I am sure, I will be selected for the job. Brother shouted, What a stupid idea! A girl becoming the media manager of Indian cricket team. come to your sense, be practical, you can never become a successful media manager". Amrita left suddenly. The next morning she was in for surprise when a letter came in Amrita's name that she was selected for the job of the Assistant media manager. She then went to her brother to give him the good news, but later realized that this might hurt her brothers feeling, she walked back to her room. Sitting on her bed she tried to configure what to do and the words of her Dad kept on ringing, "Always find the priorities of our life, if something is important to you that you must give priorities to your dreams. This made Amrita think for her priority. "Is it her brother's wish or the wish of her life that needs

to be given priority". Amrita weaver between these two - on the one hand, her brother's desires and on the other, her ambition. To be or not to be, a question to decide. At night, she summoned all her courage and went to her brother to let him know about her resolution - resolution to join as media manager. Out of shock her brother shouted at her, "What do you want to do more than this". Amrita politely replied, "Bhai I want to be the media manager of the Indian cricket team and I am also appointed for this job by the BCCI". Her brother became angry and told her to leave his house. Amrita left the house and walked to a friend's house from where she managed to move to the BCCI office easily to meet the players and she was surprised to know that her first assignment would be the World Cup 2011. She thought that it was really an opportunity of her life and she forgot all her pain and started working. She went to different channels to configure the journalists, the people who visited the press conference and the camerapersons. She did it all and the time for the world cup came close, under the captaincy of MS Dhoni. The team started building their strengths and for Amrita it was always a learning experience as the media manager of the team. But the pain of leaving her brother used to trouble her every time and more painful was her brother not accepting her calls. The world cup was over and they won the World Cup. The joys that Amrita experienced was just could not be expressed in mere words. Then for years she remained as the media manager of the team and was the part of tour to various countries like Australia, England, Sri Lanka, etc. but the best time of her career came when she was made the permanent media manager of the team in the year 2014 during the India Vs Sri Lanka match. The news spread and when Amrita's brother came to know that she had reached such a position he was in the moon. "My sister made all of us proud. She is truly a genius" He said to himself. He took out his cell phone and gave her a call wishing her all the best. Since then everything changed for good. When she returned to her native place she was accorded a hero's welcome and that made her really feel proud.

What Amrita's story tells us "Understand your priorities, live with your passion, have faith on yourself,

believe that you can be there and most importantly dream, dream out of the box".

Madhulika Tripathy
Class - X

THE LOST LIGHT OF HOPE

Once upon a time there lived a man in the states. He was a small businessman, and the owner of a small I.T. company. However he managed to lead a good life style. But days are not always same. Once his company made a huge loss.

Life became a hell. He moved here and there to get help. He approached his friends, his family but no help he got from anybody.

He had no way to come out of this hell, how to bring his life back to normalcy. He had no ideas. He wandered here and there throughout the day.

Finally the day came when he had nothing left. He started behaving like a mentally depressed person. To sustain his family, to meet his both ends, he took a huge loan from the bank.

Days went on and on but because of the crisis he could not repay his loan. Once the bank personnel came to his residence and asked him to repay his loan. He couldn't do that as he had spent all the money on the daily affairs. All of them went away.

When he failed to repay the loan, all his property was seized. Nothing was left with him except a single bed room. He came there with his family to spend the rest part of his life. Every morning he heard hear curse from his son and wife. It became a part of his life.

One day he was sitting in the park thinking of his life-how it was filled with miseries, how he suffered a lot. He was thinking to put end to his life but his thought suddenly was distracted when he saw a man running to him. He came and sat near him and took water from his bottle. He was looking frail, tired and weak.

He wanted to know why the man was in a sad mood and what he was thinking. The man replied to him that he was thinking of committing suicide as there was no light of hope in his life. He expressed this with a sad face and he asked the man why he

wanted to know about him. The man said "Do you know the biggest businessman of states"?

"Of course I have never seen him but heard that he is Sir D. Rock Feller."

"Yes my dear, you have heard it right and the truth is before you. Yes I am D. Rock Feller." "Oh, my goodness! You are D. Rock Feller. I am proud to meet you sir." The man said.

"Don't address me "sir". A loser in life doesn't deserve respect", he said to the man sitting near him. The man said, "I am a loser in life yet I never think of putting end to my life, though at some times the Devil in me wants me to get rid of this painful world by committing suicide. Never try to be loser in the game of life. As you know I am business man. I never trust a person. But after learning your story I am beginning to trust on you".

Saying this the old man opened a cheque book, handed over a cheque of ten million Dollars and said "I am giving you this amount to start your business but repay the amount after one year. "

The man thought if a stranger could have trust on me then why I can't have faith on myself.

He didn't use the money. By sheer hard work, he could reestablish his business and made his life better than before.

By that time a year was over and he took the cheque out of the locker and went to the park. It was late and he had to go for a meeting. The old man came running in the same direction with but this time with a nurse. The old man came and sat near the man very tired.

But this time he was no longer the same person. By the way, the nurse, who attended the old man revealed that he is now mentally retarded. Now this man is in a fix. He could not know how to give the cheque to this man. He also realized what would have happened to his life if he had not been shown mercy. The man said to himself with an exclamation: - "And that changed my life."

UDIPTA KUMAR BAHALI
CLASS:-X

STRANGE MEETING

"I think I have made a fool of myself", muttered Ramesh, Coming out of the interview room. "I could have answered that question of the interviewer." He was full of regrets for not being able to answer all the questions to his satisfaction.

He climbed down the steps of the huge Rex fabricators company's building at Mahatma Gandhi Road. Probably luck was against him. He was desperately in need of a good lucrative job to support his wife, parents and the new-born child. He was never happy with his present job of an auditor with the textile company whose boss seemed to be a tigress.

"Ma'm, if you are not satisfied with my work, I am prepared to quit." He said to his lady Manager calmly, but with a firmness in his tone. "No, Mr. Das, I don't mean what I say. But you have to update your skills," his Manager advised him.

Coming down the steps, Ramesh tumbled on an empty plastic bottle. He kicked it away as if he was hitting at his present job.

Cold wind from the North was beating his face. He must hurry to his hotel room before it was dark. He must leave Kolkata tonight: Ramesh started walking on the footpath, looking at the huge boards hung in front of the shops and buildings. It was an alien city for a young man who had migrated from a tiny nondescript village, Srirampur, in some remote corner of his native state of Odisha. There was constant stream of people and traffic, never ending, never stopping. He felt suffocated.

He stopped near the corner of a narrow lane and waited for a taxi.

Evening was setting down; street lights and lights from the shops and houses jumped up.

"I could have got better jobs, had I", he began to think. "My life is full of wasted opportunities." Yes, he had wasted his time, money and energy in fruitless pursuits when he was at the school and at the college, neglecting his studies in spite of repeated advice from the elders. His classmates and intimate friends Anil, Rajesh and Bimal were on the top in academics. Where are they now? They must have secured good positions in life and settled down quite com-

fortably. He used to visit Anil's home frequently, particularly on the eve of examinations to seek his help.

"I can't make a head or tail of this physics problem, Please explain it to me," Ramesh would coax.

"Dullard ! what were you doing all these days? Didn't you learn from the story of the "Ant and Grasshopper" narrated by our Miss?"

"Hell with your Miss ! Tommorrow is our physics paper, please explain, all say, it'll come in the exam."

He was simply delighted when Anil made the seemingly complicated problem so simple to him. Anil was simply brilliant – the jewel of our class. And he, always a back bencher, a dunce, a butt of jest of the teachers and mates.

"Please make way," he heard a pedestrian telling him to move.

"I am sorry."

Ramesh came back from the fairyland of his school and college days. Oh! Good old days...

A gusty cold air rustled his hair.

"Taxi, " he called. But the vehicle sped away before him without stopping.

"sh"

He felt very bad.

"Let me go and have a cup of tea." He mumbled to himself. He turned towards an almost deserted café and pushed the door and entered the dining room hall.

"Tea," he motioned to a boy attending on a table, and sat on a chair, his eyes swirling around the room. All of a sudden his eyes rested on a young man and he began to gaze at that face.

Yes, it is Anil, as usual dressed in a T-shirt, narrow eyes blinking, round face now looking care-worn.

How is it possible? Is it a coincidence? They call it telepathy. It is, for sure, Anil, his most intimate childhood pal.

Ramesh got up and went to the table at the extreme corner of the dinning hall. Sure, it's Anil.

"Hello ! Anil ! How is it you are here", exclaimed Ramesh in excitement and joy.

The young man sitting at the table, worn out and

looking grief-stricken, did not answer. At first he gave out a blank look at Ramesh, thinking the man had mistaken him to be Anil.

"What ? Don't you recognize me? I am Ramesh ! Ramesh ! your"

The young man jumped to his feet.

"Oh, Ramesh ! How can I believe you are to be here ! Quite strange ! Really strange."

"Yes, it's strange. We've not met since ages.

"Tell me, what has brought you here. Why didn't you contact me for all these years?"

Anil became silent for a few minutes. He appeared more and more frustrated. Perhaps he was groping for some words to tell something to his lost friend.

Anil's face started shriveling like a moth in fire.

"It's a long story, Dear Ramesh after we left college and parted ... I need not bore you with my awful story."

"No, no, tell me, I'll never feel bored. You are my best friend, sincere and brilliant and honest."

"That, exactly became my undoing."

"What do you mean?"

"Listen then."

"You know I got a good job with a multinational company after doing my Master's degree in business management. A fair salary, promotions, a comfortable life. People became jealous of me and called me blue-eyed boy of the management."

"Quite natural. One could be easily envious of your success."

"They plotted against me. I was charged of irregularities, I was declared guilty by the court." Anil's voice was choked. He was trying to hold back his tears from his bleary eyes.

"Then, then ..."

"Then" ?"

"I had to remain behind the bars for two years and only yesterday I was released from the jail."

Anil broke down, Ramesh had no words to console. He said, "Remember what our professor used to quote some lines."

“Cast a cold eye on life in death, Horseman, pass by!”

There was a long pause. Then calling to the serving boy, Ramesh ordered, “Two cups of coffee.”

*Subhra Sradhanajali Bahal
Class – VII*

THE GIFT OF PATIENCE

A man of Bhadrak, Abu by name, once a prosperous merchant, fell into evil days. He lost all his money he had invested in his business. Even his house and luxurious furniture that adorned it were taken possession of by his creditors. He had to retire to a small, neglected plot of land, in a remote corner of the town. That was the only property he still possessed, Abu had to work hard everyday to make both ends meet. One rainy day Abu could not get any work anywhere in the town. Consequently he had to go without food for the whole day. In the evening he wept and prayed to God to be merciful to him. At night he dreamed a strange dream: a person who looked kind and compassionate told him “The key to your fortune lies in Cairo. Go there and find it”

Abu woke up. It was still dark! But he set out for Cairo without any delay. He walked on and on until it was evening. He saw a hamlet and entered it. He was so tired that he begged for food and shelter at the very first house he came across. He was granted both. His host became curious to know why he was on his way to Cairo. Abu narrated his dream to him. The host listened to him with great sympathy. But at last laughed and said, “My dear friend, I tell you, you are not acting wisely. Should any one undertake such a long and strenuous journey for the sake of a dream? You see, during the past one year I had dreamt a similar dream three times. It is like this. A person appeared before me and pointing his finger in a certain direction, said, “In the western suburbs of the town there, there is an old orchard with five palm trees. Much wealth is hidden there. But I have never taken these dreams seriously. I am not a well-to-do man and I manage a family which is rather large. Yet, I do not wish to run after a dream”

Abu realized that there was much sense in what his host said. He thought of giving up the idea of go-

ing to Cairo. But something in him said “The dream may or may not prove true, in any case, if I give up the idea of going to Cairo that would mean that I have no patience” Abu continued his journey towards Cairo the next day. He gathered a few fruits from the trees by the road and satisfied his hunger with them. He could not see any village though he walked till midnight. However, he saw a deserted house and slept in a corner of its portico.

Now, the house turned out to be the favoured rendezvous. Soon after midnight the bandits gathered there to divide their shares among themselves. When they saw Abu, who was lying there fast asleep, they kicked him to wake him up. When poor Abu got up and looked at the bandits with his eyes wide open, they accused him of being a spy and beat him hard.

Abu pleaded again and again that he was an innocent traveler on his way to Cairo. The chief of the gang somehow believed him, but demanded to know the purpose of his travelling to Cairo.

He began to laugh. It is foolish of you to believe in a dream. I dreamt many times but wise enough not to believe them.

I am further told that there is a well with a dry base at the centre of the orchard and who digs the base, he would find a heap of wealth. I have never cared to give any thought to the dream. But you had a similar dream only once and you are inspired by that! What a foolish man you are! Again Abu thought of returning to Bhadrak. But again he was told by his inner voice to have patience. At last he was in Cairo. It was evening. He sat inside a mosque, exhausted. Some pious visitors saw him and they could understand from his pale face that he was starving. They gave him some food. Abu did not know when sleep overtook him.

At the dead of the night, some thieves entered a rich man’s house which was behind the mosque. A party of patrolling policemen by chance came to know of it. As they tried to catch the culprits, the latter jumped into the inner courtyard of the mosque. The thieves were captured. Insulted and humiliated Abu could not check his tears. Fortunately he attracted the attention of the police chief of the town who knew well that a seasoned thief does not weep easily. The chief felt that Abu might have been arrested by mis-

take. Abu was led into the chief's cabin where he was examined by experienced officers. They agreed that he was unlikely to be one of the thieves. The chief asked him, "How were you found inside the mosque along with the thieves"? Abu told him all about himself and his good old days and his days of misfortune. Finally he related his dream to the officer at which the officer burst in to laughter and said, "I see, you are as innocent as a lamb! Seven times I have dreamed a similar dream: A person has asked me to go to the western suburbs of a certain town where there is an orchard by an old wall: inside the orchard there are five palm trees and a well without water: there are seven steps leading to the base of the well. The person in the dream has assured me that if I would care to find out the place and dig the well, I would become fabulously rich. I have never given a thought even for a moment. But you have dreamed a similar dream only once and you set out on a journey all the way from Bhadrak to Cairo. What a pity! However, you have fairly paid for your foolishness. Go back your home and try to lead the life of a sensible poor man". The police chief then let Abu go near the well which the officer described to him was unused and dry well which was there in his own small land.

His land indeed was situated in the western suburb of the town. Once there was an orchard on it. Though he was told of the orchard and the well twice beforehand, it did not strike him that they could be his own orchard and well, until the officer mentioned of the seven steps leading to the base of the well.

Abu immediately returned to Bhadrak. He had to remove only a handful of earth from the base of the well to find a treasure. He thanked Providence who had given him gift of patience.

*Rashmi Ranjan Nayak
Std - VIII*

AN ART OF ACCEPTANCE

This story begins at a far- far away, in a very magical place. At the side of a lake, on the edge, a quiet green forest, there stands a beautiful little pine tree. But the tree doesn't think it is beautiful. In fact, it is very unhappy with the way it looks.

"The other trees all have beautiful leaves, but

mine all small needles-like one", says the little tree sadly. "People prick their fingers on them and don't want to come near me" "How I wish I could get rid of these sharps and pointed needles and have smooth golden leaves", it wishes silently. "Then everyone would surely like me".

When the little pine tree wakes up the next morning, it has a very big surprise. Its wish has come true, and a new coat of beautiful golden leaves,

"How wonderful", thinks the tree. "Now everyone would admire my new coat of leaves"

It feels proud of its glittering golden leaves.

When the local people saw the tree they couldn't believe their eyes. They had never seen a tree with golden leaves before. The people all wanted to take some of the precious golden leaves to their home. Everyone took the leaves one by one, until the tree was left completely bare with no leaves left behind. "Oh, my god," Cries the little tree, full of disappointment and wishes again for glass leaves so that people would not want to take them away".

For the little tree's, it was filled with delicate glass leaves from the next morning. It was delighted to see new shiny glass on that day. The weather became worse. It rained torrentially. Strong winds howled through the forest.

All the glass leaves were blown off by wind, fell on the ground and broken into pieces. Soon, not a single leaf was left out on the tree.

It got very upset and became sad for while. Later the day the tree wished about the tender green leaves just like all other trees had around it. The next early morning the pine tree woke up to find a new coat of tender green leaves. It liked its leaves very much and spoke out", "It is sure nothing can go wrong with these fine leaves as they move gently in the breeze."

To its surprise, a herd of goats were attracted towards the little tree and eagerly munched all the tender leaves. All the leaves vanished and the little pine tree was bare once more. It became upset and now it wished for some leaves which would keep it warm, like a coat of feathers.

"Lovely", it exclaimed, the little tree found in the next morning that it was covered with pretty white

feathers. It was very happy. But after a while, it saw a huge flock of birds flying towards it.....

The birds took all the feathers to build their nest and the little pine was left bare once more. Now it wished for something that no one could take away.

“A coat of snow, in the morning!”, the pine tree exclaimed. The pine tree found that snow was falling on it alone and it was covered with fresh white snow. It said to itself “I look gorgeous in my new coat and this time it is sure to last”. It was a bad luck for the little tree, as snow began to melt up when the sun rose up high in the sky. People were amazed to see little tree covered with the melting snow. “It’s magic or wonder” they told to themselves. “The little pine tree drips buckets of tears”, the people exclaimed. “I don’t want change anymore,” said the pine tree. “I feel so cold standing naked in front of all and murmurs “I wish if I had my own sharp needle like leaves back, they could at least keep me warm”.

The next morning the little tree was relieved to have its own needle – like leaves. Nearly, the other trees let out a sigh of relief and they whispered to themselves “Our leaves are beautiful in the summer, but we lose them in winter and have only bare branches”, they said to themselves. Turning to the little pine, they said, “You are so lucky because your leaves will stay green all year round. Be happy with your own natural leaves”.

That winter, it began to snow heavily. Everything in the forest was covered with a coat of thick white snow. The pine tree stands out from the other trees. Its branches and leaves created good and warm place for the birds and the animal of the forest to take shelter. Everybody murmured,” “Wow! it is safe to stay by the tree in the winter” and thanked the little pine-tree for its generosity and possessing a big heart to give shelter to all.

The tree felt contented at last.

“I am happy to be a pine tree”, it thanked and prayed to the Nature, “I wish to stay just as I am! I will take good care of my needle leaves and remain beautiful in my own natural way”.

*Miss. Kamilla Shrutichetana,
Std: VII*

21st Century New Version of the Grasshopper and Ants Story

One fine day in winter some ants were busy drying their store of corn which had got rather slightly wet during a long spell of rain. Presently up came a grasshopper and demanded that they give him a fair share of their store. The ants stopped working for a moment, though this was against their principle “May we ask”, said they, “What were you doing with yourself all last summer? Why didn’t you collect a store of food for the winter?” The fact is, replied the grasshopper, “I was busy with more important things like hugging trees, holding hands, & singing with similar minded people like me. Unfortunately these activities are not prized by the stupid elites & rich people. They unfairly oppress the lower class and try to exploit us by such means as having them do meaningless, underpaid work which is beneath our dignity.”

“If you spend the summer by singing, holding hands and hugging trees, you will suffer.” replied Ants, “when will you plan for the winter and build up your stores to see you and your family through the winter, you can’t do better than spending the winter by dancing due to bitterly cold wind.” And they went on with their work. The grasshopper, who was very sensitive person, was deeply offended by the selfishness and unwillingness of these wealthy ants that were unwilling to provide their fair share to support the less fortunate members of the country. Like himself “You didn’t build the corn you reaped it, for your greed. You didn’t expose it to rain or the sun to shine or the bees to pollinate the immature and nascent crops. You simply reaped the benefit of the bounty of nature that belongs to nature, that belongs to everyone and greedily attempted to keep for yourself a harvest provided not by your work but by the grace of mother earth. You are thieves, hoarders and shellfish beasts that would take for yourselves which nature provides for all of her Children in equal measure.” He then stormed upon them, while the ants shook their heads, & returned to their work.

Later that day the grasshopper returned with a group of similar minded people seething about the disrespect shown to them by the selfish, cruel, heartless ants. Then they started beating the greedy ants

and conquered over the half of their stores and rest of their harvest was burnt by them. The grasshopper danced into the night around the bonfires of their victory.

Rainy season came soon. The ants starved as the grasshopper had damaged their stores. The grasshopper came and said, "It is a lesson for you. Don't be selfish. Keep as much food as you require. Don't hoard the grains which you don't need. Help others who require the food the most, teach them the art of saving for the rainy day. Take your food that will feed you through the rainy days. After my departure from here, I visited other store house of other ants who hoarded much more than they required. We punished them, took away half of the grains which were sufficient enough to take care of all of us. Take it. Having said this, the grasshopper went away. The ants realized their mistake. Let's try to help those who are not even prepared work hard. Let us feed them, make them understand their laziness. Let them feel guilty. Finally let them die of same.

*Abhinab Dash
Class- X*

What "THE ASCENT" means to us

It gives immense joy and ecstasy that the first edition of "THE ASCENT" presents the beautiful petals of creativity. The school, the great icon of learning, is filled with tiny buds having innumerable hidden talents. It is always desirable to exploit their in-born potentialities to the fullest extent to ventilate the aroma of their capabilities. To materialize it, "THE ASCENT" has taken birth from the womb of intoxicated motivation and as such a long-cherished dream has been fulfilled, "The Ascent is a source of inspiration and the articles featured here, are like small and delicate buds confident of blooming to sensitize and fragrant flowers in the days to come. Thus, this is only a preface to the budding talents from where, perhaps someone, someday may land up becoming a brilliant poet, scholar or writer.

I welcome constructive criticisms and valuable suggestion to give "THE ASCENT" a unique shape and shade in forthcoming years.

*Sudhansu Panigrahi
Class - IX (B)
Students' Editor*

REAL FRIENDSHIP

Once upon a time there was a lion in the forest. The lion was the most powerful and also the king of the animals. Other animals were afraid of the lion and hiding themselves from the king. One day while the lion was resting, a little mouse ran over the lion. It was because a wild cat was chasing the mouse. The lion caught the mouse and asked the matter in an angry voice. The mouse told all about the matter with folded hands and trembling voice in fear. Then the king of the forest gave a slap with its paw to the cat and killed it. Then the little mouse said, "Please forgive me, I will be your friend and re-pay your kindness one-day". The lion laughed hearing it but accepted the friendship because he had no friends there. Every day the lion and the little mouse were playing together. One-day while the lion was wandering in the forest at night he fell into the net of a hunter. Applying all its strength he tried to get out of it, but it was vain. Out of anger the lion roared, all the animals of the forest became calm and quiet hearing the angry sound of their king. The roaring sound of the great friend woke-up the little friend. The little mouse realized that his friend was in danger. So immediately the mouse followed the sound and reached the spot. Looking at his friend in hunter's net the mouse said, "My dear friend, do not worry, I will make you free". Hearing the mouse the lion underestimated and asked "Are you stronger than me?" But the mouse started cutting the rope and in a few minutes he finished his work. Tears of joy came out of the lion's eyes. The little and powerless friend saved the life of the king of the forest, the most powerful lion. So it is said, "A friend in need, is a friend indeed."

*ALOK CH. BISWAL
Class – VI*

JOKES

- Chintu: Why does Narendra Modi go for evening walk, not for morning walk?
- Mintu: Because, Narendra Modi is PM, not AM.
- Wife saw a sign board-Banaras saree 10/-, Nylon saree 8/- and Cotton saree 5/-.

- Wife: Give me 500/- rupees I will buy many.
- Husband: Andhi ye istri ki dukan hai.
- Officer: What is your father?
- Candidate: He is ICS in summer and HCS in winter.
- Officer: Explain it.
- Candidate: He is Ice Cream Seller in summer and Hot Channa Seller in winter.

MANISHA DEY
Class - VIII

War, Be not proud

Torment us no more
We are sick of you.
Bring us no more suffering
Else you will be reduced to nothing.

Enough is enough,
Can't give you a free hand.
The sheen must be taken out of you,
Else the world will be marooned.

Don't be proud anymore
For you are just a tool
Sate the lust for power
And supremacy of your master.
Dance at the master's back and call.

Don't be proud
The agent of the wolves you are
Bloodshed, violence their bread & butter
Hell-bent on separating the brothers.

Damn it!
Damn your master's evil designs
Can't dampen the spirit of brotherhood and peace
Humanity will ultimately shine.

Don't be proud anymore
For you are the precursors to peace
Calmness follows after a storm
At the end of a tunnel there is always light.

Be not proud
Seeing the humanity groaning under pain
Temporary phenomenon it is
Strike back they will
reduce you to insignificance.

Be not proud
Persuade your master to forgo violence
Put you in the cold storage
The world can realize its essence.

We have seen enough of you
Each time made to bite the dust
Each time disgraced and humiliated
Don't be proud anymore.

"MY LIFE, MY MESSAGE"

When you feel you are lost
Moving forward towards an aimless destination
Tired, weary from trudging along.

The path along may be difficult
And a bit rough and each step so very tough,
The destination is beyond the Horizon
when you lose the capacity.
The urge to fight

Just don't despair,
Try again and again
A different life
You may regain.
Life is a Challenge
And worth winning
One who faces it.
Find it loving and giving
It is easy to give up
And accept defeat
But the fighter is one
who always fights
There are many a time
You would have stopped,
Just keep moving on, on and on,
Don't worry or flatter
But try again.
Courage and strength you must retain
Grit and dedication
Are your steps to the top
Many give up,
Without a thought,
Success is theirs who fight
without thinking whether win or defeat.
Why are you longing for something?
With a wishful sight.
A peaceful moment has gone by,
Oh dear! Just awake, arise and accept
the challenge again.
There is much more
In life you retain.

Mr. Saroj Kumar Satpathy
Editor-in-Chief
THE ASCENT

Sangeeta Parikshya
Department of English

DEFIANCE

Batter me, whip me to the bone
 But when I stand I do not stand alone
 Why should I be afraid of you?
 Strong man you think you are,
 But coward and weak too.
 You can bruise my body
 Tell me all kinds of profanity
 But believe me, you can't touch my soul!
 You may look at me with despise
 But never kill the fire in my eyes.
 You may scar my body
 Try to break my bones
 But that will not change my personality
 I will hold on to my dignity
 I am what I am and what I was meant to be.

*Miss Rasmita Biswal
 Department of English*

Captive

Yes I am captive
 I am happy to be here
 Don't try to release me
 For it is my life.

It casts its spell on me
 Reduced me to nothing
 I can't live without it
 For it is my life.

Helps me take a dip in the ocean of knowledge
 Sends me to utopia
 I just can't resist it
 For it is my life.

Strength it is to me
 Vision it is to darkness
 Speech it is to the speechless
 Oh! My dear, you are my life.

It has influence over me
 Refines my wit, intelligence and spirit

I am a changed man altogether
 For you are my life.

I am a prisoner in your land
 Show me the light
 a gate way to bliss
 a passport to new world
 For you are my life.

Oh! Books, the creations of the intelligent
 The reflection of the wise
 Keep me as a captive
 Will be happy forever
 For you are my life.

*Miss Bhagyalaxmi Mohanty
 Department of Science*

UGLY HOOD

Desperate I am,
 Desperate for no obvious reasons,
 Yet desperate for something,
 That haunts me on and on.

It raises its deadly hood,
 Ready to overpower my wits,
 Leaves me baffled,
 as there is no hope at sight.

Know not why I am desperate,
 Is it for some valid reasons?
 Or a part of my ceaseless dreams,
 But it kills me day and night.

It steals my sleep,
 Stirs my inner being,
 It's like an ugly creature,
 Alas! I can't withstand its sting.

Desperate to be a millionaire,
 Or desperate to be a saint,
 desperate to accept the call,
 And meet the tragic end.

*Mrs. M. Samantray
 Department of English*

I wish I were

Mechanical my life is
PC my world
earns bread and butter for me
everything it is to me

Know not a world beyond it
leaves me ignorant
vast the world is
can't read its vastness

Damn it! The beauty of life
scarified for a few shillings
dull and dreary life it is
If fail to penetrate
deep into its meaning

Busy I am with its keyboard
supersonic jets my fingers are
Piles of file translated into the bosom of my master
I want to leave it forever.

Prefer to be a master
than a servant to the call of the software
release me from this painful world
give me sunshine and rain.

*Mr. Nirnajan Sahu
D.E.O*

Oh! Dear Examination

Oh! Dear Examination ,
I know your intention,
You try to take us
Towards the world of perfection.
Oh! Dear Examination
You help us to take correct decision
And thus, strengthen our
Will power and determination.
For you, we are bound to do preparation
We are denied to enjoy and go

For picnics and excursion.
Oh! Dear Examination, you are responsible
For the present competition
And life's confusion.
Oh! Dear Examination, in order to give education
Please do not put us in tension.
Forget this young generation, if you say, we can com-
plain
The minister of education for your abolition.
Hence, O Dear Examination!
Let us live and lead a life free from confusion,
Without any cut-throat competition.

*Sudhansu Panigrahi
Class –IX
Student Editor*

MY P.C

Message comes from my brother from America
Instantly like instant coffee
Another from a friend, some non descript village.
Instantly like fast food
No-more I feel abandoned,
Thanks to my computer
My arbiter

Knowledge is at my door
I needn't go to encyclopedia Britannica
or National Library.
It's here at my foot
My pocket twists with information to boot.

You, who have given the gift
You are the very civilization
You remain with the immortals,
But unknown and hidden,
Like fragrance of wild flowers.

Girls don't haunt for your autograph
As they run to Tendulkar or Dhoni
School boys don't scream to hear you
As they do for Shahrukh and Rani.

*LIZA ACHARYA
Class - X*

The Ascent, the First Number

The first always brings joy and cheer
 I welcome my first 'Ascent' here.
 It's like first showers of Summer
 It's first bud of Spring
 It's my first new dress
 It's my first article in paint
 It's my first cycle ride
 It's my first cup of tea
 It's like the first child
 It's like first meeting with one
 Who's dear
 My "Ascent" is first and it brings
 me joy and cheer.

Gargi Nayak
Class – VI

Far Beyond the Sea

The vast blue Ocean is playing its tricks
 With the great Mountains and Peaks,
 Miles away from the Sea shore
 It struggles hard more and more.

Yes, it was a little boat
 With just some pieces of wood,
 And a radar beneath
 It fights hard even to breath.

"No, I can't do", it replied
 With a violent, harsh voice it cried,
 But still it's inner soul is persuading it to take the
 plunge
 with the feeling of farness and slung.

Then suddenly it felt a shock
 Yes, it was his inner confidence

It assumed all its might
 And took a fierce flight
 It continuously sailed aloof,
 Above the sea under the sky's roof,
 And it never breaks off again.

Debabrata Padhi
Class-VIII(B)

A Tribute To Teacher

We held their hands on the first day of school.
 Our hearts were filled with pride.
 There was an aura of fear and apprehension
 As we stood close to their side.
 We deposited our children at your door,
 Our most precious and prized possessions.
 We trusted that you would give them more,
 Then reading and writing lessons.
 They are little children, respect their right,
 Teach them love, compassion and respect
 Use a firm hand
 To break up their fright.

As the years went by, you made us proud.
 With your guiding hand and winsome smile.
 You gave us much more than we expected.
 What higher tribute can we pay?
 What higher tribute can we pay to a teacher?
 Than to have his student s praise his work
 And say "He is my friend".

M.Priyanshu RanjanSahoo
Class-VII

Horror In Vain

I was sitting in my balcony,
 At around five past hour
 Completely ignoring the cacophony.
 because there was something else which
 Interested me more.

There was a baby crow
 Lying under a tree all alone
 The mother was sitting on a branch
 Looking down with a fear unknown.

Her carelessness hurt me but
 As I looked down
 I noticed a furry beast
 With hungry eyes, big and round

I understood that the mother's heart
 Was shattering

As she completely lost all hope
 Alas! If she knew that the cat was
 Actually looking
 At a rat hiding behind a rope.
 Things happen in its own way
 Be it sad, harmful or gay
 Time may pass like a jet aeroplane
 But I will always remember this
 Horror in vain!

Abhilipsa Dhal
 Class – IX

MOM

Mom, Mama, Mother
 Whatever you call
 It's a magical word
 That is created by God.
 It is a memorable Gift
 That I have ever been gifted with
 You tender me with all your
 Love and affection.
 You guide me through the
 Difficult paths
 You are not just mom
 But a friend of mine .
 A friend whose place cannot be replaced
 Without whom my life is hell.
 I thank you Mom for teaching me
 And allowing me to see this wonderful universe.
 You love me unconditionally and
 Your heart is always open for me .
 I will worship you forever and ever.

Astha Mohanty
 Class – IX

My Mother's Office

My mother has a big office
 Kitchen is its name,
 We're the staff and boss is our mom
 This office has earned a name.

Her table is the cooking gas
 And chair is the mat,
 Her pen is the matchsticks
 Her enemy is the cat.

Vegetables are her projects
 To make the products of good taste,
 Chapattis are her employees
 When mixed they make the best.

Her files are the bowls & plates
 Where she stores the papers,
 Dustbin is the closet, where
 She keeps the things in wrappers.
 This office is an important place
 Which everybody likes
 But when this office is closed
 Against mom, we stage a strike

Priyanka Panigrahi
 Class- VII

Let your light shine

Light begins with you
 A tiny spark will do
 Gently, gently,
 blow and blow,
 With bits of love and joy.

And fan it with your patience
 And shield it from the wind,
 That's how
 You the light be seen
 By everyone near.

You, the light be
 A reflection of the Almighty
 To illumine truth, peace and justice

You, the light
 Let it shine
 Shine and shine always
 To be a path maker to all around.

Sushree Tanyaruba Jena
 Class-X

What's Life?

Life is full of happiness.
Life is full of sorrows.
But it is a mixture of happiness and sorrows.

Sometimes it gives you many things.
And sometimes it takes from you something.
But be happy whatever comes to you.

Sometimes you get victory in war
And sometimes you face defeat in war
But try to learn something from it.

Life is like a journey,
Full of thorns and flowers
try to put thorns away and move forward.

Laxmipriya Pati
Class -IX (A)

Who Am I?

I am honest & truthful.
I wonder if anyone else is truthful too
I see sad, dishonest people
I want happy smiles again.
I am honest and truthful.

I pretend like liars, don't bother
I feel bad for others,
I touch people's hearts
I worry about their disturbing lives
I am honest & truthful.

Satyam Singh
Class-IX

This is the Morning

This is the morning which shows light,
Light to the new life, new aims and new flight.
This is the morning which shows light,
New ambition rises up to fly like a kite.
This is the morning for which I wait
And have a belief - to give courage to
reach greater heights.

Ayush Kumar Swain
Class-VII

My Grandma

I caught her hands and walked,
Till dusk I talked
Those were the days she taught me.
She laughed when I smiled
She wiped tears away when I cried,
Those were the days, she advised me.
During my childhood days,
She showed me various paths
To lead a disciplined life,
Those were the days, she inspired me.
The comfort that she gave,
By her words I was moved,
Those were the days, I realized who I was.

The advice that she gave,
From many problems I was saved,
Those were the days; I learnt to live in this world,
In every place,
I felt her guidance and grace,
Any time I was alone,
Her love was also shown.

She is my grandma, always my own.
Her kind heart is always light,
Her face was always warm and delightful,
Like the Sun,
It always shines,
My grandma was she,
And always will be.

Jay Barai
Class-VIII

Nature

Nature in all her pristine glory
Was peacefully dozing
Till Mr. Sun gently woke her up,
Lifting slowly the veil of darkness.
Get up, my dear, he seemed to say,
The world is waiting for us.
They have to start their day,
So, let's be up before them.
"It is winter, sunny boy", nature said

"Let me sleep a while longer",
 Don't pull away my blanket?
 Please, let me get up a little later.
 And so friends, winter days are shorter
 And nights seem longer
 For just like us, made the nature
 Retire early and rise later.

Baishnabi Behera
 Class-VI

Ministers have Tension
 For their administration
 Police have Tension,
 Of the thief's location.
 How wide spread is tension
 Has become today's fashion.
 It can be removed by the power of meditation
 Tension, Tension, Tension.

Sitansu Panigrahi
 Class-IX-A

Easy and Difficult

It is easy to tell a lie
 But difficult to speak truth
 It is easy to be violent
 But difficult to be non-violent
 It is easy to smoke, drink and gamble
 But difficult to avoid them
 It is easy to kill
 But difficult to preach the message of love
 It is easy to become angry
 But difficult to be calm and cool
 It is easy to deny God
 But difficult to accept him
 And also something are easy we think
 But they are most difficult when we practise.

Ananya Pahi
 Class- VI

WHAT EDUCATION IS.....??

When I Ask my father,
 What education is.....??
 He says education means
 Success in life.....
 When I ask my mother
 What education is.....??
 She says education means cooking.....
 When I ask my teacher,
 What education is.....??
 He says education means
 Gaining knowledge.....
 When I ask my friend,
 What education is.....??
 He says education means
 To pass in exam.....
 My heart says
 Education is nothing.....
 But a never ending phenomenon.....

TENSION

Tension, Tension, Tension
 Children have Tension
 For their examinations.
 Parents have Tension
 For their children's admission.
 Teachers have Tension
 for completing the portion
 Old people have Tension
 For their pension.

Shariya Jainab
 Class-VI

My Friend

My friend is a Mirror
 who corrects my error
 My friend is soap
 who modifies my hope
 My friend is a dictionary
 who is not ordinary

My friend is poetry
 who carries my history
 My friend is a light
 who wants to make my future bright
 My friend is everything
 Who gives me tricks of living.

Samir Patra
 Class – VIII

Keeping students comfortable,
 As a warm and helpful guide,
 Teacher, you do all these things,
 With a pleasant attitude;
 You're a teacher for all seasons,
 And you have my gratitude!

Omkar Biswal
 Class-IX

The Rainbow Fairies

Two little clouds, one summer's day
 Went flying through the sky,
 They went so fast, they bumped their heads
 And both began to cry.
 Old father Sun looked out and said.
 Oh! Never mind my dears,
 I'll send my little fairy folk
 To dry your falling tears.
 One fairy came in velvet
 And one wore indigo,
 In blue, green, yellow, orange & red
 They made a pretty row
 They wiped the cloud of tears all away,
 And then from out the sky,
 Upon a line their sunbeams made,
 They hung their gowns to dry.

Shireen Sabahat Quadri
 Class – IV

A Teacher for All Seasons

A teacher is like spring,
 Who nurtures new green sprouts,
 Encourages and leads them,
 Whenever they have doubts,
 A teacher is like summer,
 Whose sunny temperament
 Makes studying a pleasure,
 Preventing discontent,
 A teacher is like fall.
 With methods crisp and clear,
 Lessons of bright colours
 And a happy atmosphere,
 A teacher is like winter,
 While it's snowing hard outside,

Rain

Rain! O Rain,
 Please go back to Spain.
 Don't bring us flood again,
 Houses are ruined down.
 Bridges are falling down.
 Rain! O Rain,
 Don't cause destruction again,
 Trees have fallen down
 Crops have lost their crown
 People are dying of hunger
 Our mother land is crying low
 Please go back to Spain.

Gopi Ballav Das
 Class- VIII

Writing a Poem

Inspired by my life
 I feel compelled to write a poem
 having control on my self
 will allow me to compose a poem.
 standing with my glorious past
 and with some refreshment
 will help me pen a poem.
 pen and paper are of no use
 unless emotions and feelings
 strike my inner beings.
 poems don't form by copying a poet,
 It forms by stirring the imagination and emotion.

Master Chinmay Sahoo
 Class – IX

I am off to School

I am off to school
 To learn and play,
 And meet my friends
 All through the day.
 We colour and we draw,
 We read and we write,
 We are pretty girls,
 Smart and bright
 We dance and we sing,
 And we play in garden with swing.
 Such a peasant thing
 When our friends together sing.

Arpita Ray
 Class-V

On Nature

Nature is like beauty for us,
 I and my soul used to go in sunny day
 We used to do the funny things
 And the Nature is like a morning way.
 Trees give us fruits and flowers
 And Nature gives us the reason to spend many hours,
 When I used to get up early in the morning,
 The Sun shines in the day
 When in the night I used to go bed,
 The smile of everyone became like a funny day,
 I and my soul spent many hours with the Nature
 With a smiling face,
 For everyone the Nature is like a beautiful place,
 The Nature is like a beauty for us,
 I like the Nature very much.

Archita Nanda
 Class –IX

A Letter to God

Oh God! Where are you?
 Please appear in front of me.
 Where shall I search for you?
 Are you within me?
 Please tell me
 Your permanent address
 I want to write a letter
 To tell you my happiness
 After getting your letter
 Please don't forget it.
 Write me your kind answer
 To fill my life with pleasure
 And also tell me
 What my mistakes are
 I shall try my best
 To throw them
 Out of my sets
 I know God
 You'll never come to me
 Therefore I pray you
 To make my life divine
 God is within us
 Our purity makes it appear.

Sujal Suman Tanti
 Class-IV

The Beauty of Nature

The beauty of nature is so amazing
 I wonder
 If I could take a snap
 And trap it in eyes forward
 The humming bees and butterflies
 I wish
 I could fly about like them,
 And give the flower a kiss
 The seven coloured rainbow
 I find
 How short-lived beauty it is!
 Fascinates each and weary mind.
 The seasons, day and night
 I proudly say
 Nature appears in its full grace

Rauya Akhter
 Class- IV

The Questions Having no Answers

Why do tears roll down your cheeks, O Goddess?
 Why do you look so sad?
 My children are suffering down in the earth

How can I be glad?
 Why do you all offer me flowers and prayers?
 When you do not know my worth?
 I am the woman, the power of the world.
 It's I who gave you birth.
 If I am your goddess, then why does the little girl,
 Have no right demand?
 Why is she always considered to be inferior?
 Why is she barred from joy?
 Why does the daughter
 Have no right to spell?
 Why does she always have to bow?
 Why is she considered so weak?
 Why is the wife
 Always supposed to bear a son?
 Why does the world cripple her and put her life in fire
 to burn?
 Why does the mother have her daughters kill unborn?
 Why does the world have intense desire for a son?
 Why is the young lady forbidden to be free?
 In every word of the dominating world
 Why is she forced to agree?
 Why then do you worship me
 when my daughters are suffering hard?
 Why do you call me your mother?
 When you do not know a woman's worth?

Pooja Rani Behuria
 Class -IX

TO MY LIVING GOD

I look at the sky and think
 It is shorter than your heart.
 I peep in to the earth and think
 It is not greater than your mind.
 I see the sea and think
 It is not deeper than your lake.
 I touch the rose and think
 It is not softer than your lovable lap.
 You are my mother
 You are my living God
 I bow my head before thee

P. Ananya
 Class- VIII

God

O God! You are Almighty and all loving
 You are creator and father.
 You have given us everything
 We have our parents and our teachers are your gift.
 We thank you for being kind and loving
 We thank you for your entire gift to us.
 We thank you for giving us our parents, teachers and
 friends
 We love you and we adore
 We are sorry for offending you
 forgive us for our mistakes, "O Lord"!
 We will try our best not to offend you again.
 Look after us, and keep us safe and give us all the
 blessing
 Be with us forever.

Tanisha Dutta
 Class- VII

Friendship

Friendship is a relationship between eye and hand.
 When hands get injured eyes will cry,
 when eyes cry, hand will wipe it
 next to impossible it is to define you
 let me define you with all my might.
 F: - full of love
 R: - root of joy
 I: - island of God
 E: - end of sorrow
 N: - name of hope
 D: - door of understanding
 That's Friendship

Jagannath Tripathy
 Class-VI

My Mother

O! My Dear Mother! Sweet, Sweet Mother
 You are my lovely, lovely mother
 Your face is brighter than Sun shine
 Your voice is sweeter than honey
 You are great for me forever
 You are my lovely, lovely mother
 You teach me lessons as my teacher

You kill my fear
 Inspire me to face the challenges
 Try hard to build my career
 You are my lovely, lovely mother

Ankita Mohanty
 Class IX

My parents: my life

I love my papa
 Papa loves me too
 Whatever I want
 Papa has to do
 He takes me to park
 Some time for a change
 He gives me ice-cream
 Chocolate and cake
 In my family
 Papa has a greater say
 I always pay respect
 From heart and soul
 Papa and Mama are two hands of my body
 I can't imagine my life without them both.

Aditya Hrudya Mohanty
 Class -IV

Two short prayers

O God! O God!
 You are my father
 I am your little child
 Give me your love
 Show me your light
 That I may, follow the way
 To things good
 And things right.

Tanushree Panda
 Class-II

A puzzle Life is

World is like a mirror
 Glance it with a smile
 Smile will return like a overflowing river

To keep you happy all the while,
 Life is a garden of roses
 But thorns do appear
 Leave the thorns and take the roses
 So that good things you'll remember.
 High peak goal is like
 But hurdles do appear
 Guidance, sincerity and hard work
 Can take you always there,
 Feelings are like an ocean
 Waves come and go by
 Which brings love, joy and pain
 But never keeps the beaches dry.
 Life is a picture puzzle
 You have to solve i.e. giving others joy
 Your tasks in life will be like pearl
 people will cry when you die

Amlan Tejaswi Pati
 Class -IX

I love you Dad

The person whom
 I come from to see the world,
 is my father, my God
 The person whose fingers
 help me to walk one day
 On the surface of the earth
 my father he is
 The person whose affection and love
 Has made all the differences
 Is my father,
 Someone who attracts me a lot
 Gives me every tip
 To live a meaningful life in the society,
 He is my father.
 The person whose
 dreams are reflected in
 My every action and reaction
 He is my father.
 The person for whom
 I am very grateful
 In front of God,
 He is my father.

Aniket Das
 Class-IX

The Furniture Fight

The hand of the clock
 Pinched the foot of the cot
 So, the foot of the cot
 Kicked the seat of the chair
 So, the seat of the chair
 Sat on the head of the table
 So, the head of the table
 Bit the leg of the desk
 So the leg of the desk
 Twisted the arm of the sofa
 So the arm of the sofa
 Slapped the face of the clock
 And they pinched and pinched
 And they banged and knocked
 And they ripped and flipped
 And they rolled and rocked
 And the poor drawer
 Got a couple of socks
 There was sawdust and dirt
 When I turned on the light
 After that horrible furniture fight
 That's how all the furniture got broke!

Shreyas Mishra
 Class-VII

The Story of S.B.D.I.S.

In the crowd of tall,
 Arose a school of small.
 The crowd was like a trap,
 There it found a small gap,
 Entered it without a hesitation,
 With all effort and dedication
 It found itself in the lead,
 It felt, that's what I did !
 All pulled it from back,
 But couldn't pull him out from the track,
 It tried and tried,
 Without having little bit of pride.
 At last it got all the fame,
 And we know SBD is its name.
 Today tops the list, I pay my respect to it,
 Be the centre of excellence

March ahead ignoring
 all the hindrances that may come
 on its way.

Subham Adikari
 Class-VIII

Self Reliance

If you can't be a pine on the top of the hill,
 Be a scrub in the valley but be
 The best little scrub by the side of the hill;
 Be a bush, if you can't be a tree.
 If you can't be a bush, be a bit of a grass,
 And some highway happier make;
 If you can't be a flower, then just be a bud
 That grows by the side of a lake!
 We can't all be captains; we're got to be crew
 There's something for all of us here.
 There's a big work to do and there's lesser to do
 And the task we must do is dearer
 If you can't be a highway, be a lane
 If you can't be Sun, be a small star
 It isn't by size that you win on you fail.
 Be the best of whatever you are!
 To cultivate a mental attitude that will bring us
 Peace and freedom, remember.....
 Let's not imitate others
 Let's find ourselves and be ourselves.

Sainaj Sahoo
 Class-IX

GURU

Guru is our teacher
 And Guru is our mother
 We are his sons
 We are his daughters
 He gives us pleasure
 He builds us and
 Makes our future
 Guru is God
 Guru is Goddess.
 He gives us loving heart
 And thought I

Let's worship Guru.
To make the world full of peace.

Shakti Sourav Parida
Class -VII

The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent.

Shradha Suman Singh
Class-X

We and Our School

If SBDIS is the sky,
We are the stars.
If it is the field,
We are the crops.
If it is the tree,
We are the leaves.
If it is the ground,
We are the players.
If it is the book,
We are the pages.
If it is a bus
We are the passengers.
If it is the sea,
We are the wave.
If it is our Lord's temple
We are the worshippers
Our school is our life.
For igniting our souls.

Ankit Abhisek Nayak
Class - IX

Her Beauty

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless and starry sky
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meets in her aspect and her eyes;
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.
One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impaired the nameless grace
which waves in every raven trees
or softly lightens our her face,
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling place
And on that cheek and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,

Never Ending Success

He slept beneath the moon,
He basked beneath the sun
He lived a life of going to do
and died with nothing done.
Some in fact dream of big aim and achievements
But majority of us finally end up our life doing
nothing.

We set our aims and goals high but
Become chickens when it is actually comes to do.
Fear not that if it doesn't work out,
You will be embarrassed;
Fear rather if you don't try, time only prove
Fear not that you might be hurt;
Fear rather that you might never grow,
If you keep waiting for pain,
Success is not assured.
Keep in mind always
Success is never ending
and failure is never final.

Adyasha Priyali
Class – VII

Dreadful books

Books, Books, Oh! Books
To me as fierce as a tiger you look
When I go to sleep,
I dream of the heaps of books
When I read English stories
They fill my mind with explanation and worries.
Why must we study social Studies?
Why can't we have fun of movies?
We must always practise Maths.
Or Big eggs in tests
When my exams are near,
I begin to fear,

But when my result comes,
Yes! all right were my Sums!

Udit Naraayan Jena
Class- IX

If You Love

If you love your father,
Money comes sooner.
If you love your mother,
Food becomes tastier.
If you love your teacher,
Lessons become easier.
If you love your duty,
Work becomes finer.
If you love your God
Life becomes easier.

Anwakshyika Dash
Class-VII

Importance of Time

Importance of one second,
A person can understand,
when he is going to die.
Importance of one minute,
A person can understand
who has failed the train?
Importance of one hour,
A person can understand,
who is waiting for any guest
Importance of one day,
A person can understand,
Who has not eaten the food for one day.
Importance of one month,
A person can understand,
who has not got the salary for one month.
Importance of one year,
A person can understand,
Who had failed in an exam.

Rojalisha Pradhan
Class-VIII

MY MUMMY AND DADDY

My mummy and Daddy are very sweet,
I always touch their feet;
They give me whatever I want,
Even though they save me from an ant.
My father gives me blessings,
In the form of wishes,
My mother gives me wishes,
In the form of kisses.
My parents are my world,
Their happiness is my happiness;
Their sorrow is my sorrow,
Thank you God, for the best gift,
I have ever got.

Auro Prasad Das
Class - IX

My Parents

My father is the God
My mother is the Goddess
They bring me good wishes.
My father is like the sky
My mother is like the earth
They love me from my birth
My father is the candle
My mother is the light
They remove all darkness of my life
My father is the teacher
My mother is the guide
They teach me all the things of my life.
My father is the bird
My mother is the warden
I cannot forget them till I die.

Saideep Behera
Class-VIII

The Night and Light

How long the night,
How great the height
I am sleeping,
Silently at night.

The moon at night
 Shining the light
 Stars at night
 Twinkling the light
 To avoid darkness of night
 We use light
 To avoid darkness of life,
 We use our teachers light

Ankeeta Nayak
 Class- VII

He is one who shows us light,
 He is one who makes us bright
 He is one who makes us win
 He is one who forgives our sin
 He is one who understands our pain,
 He is one who showers the rain
 He is one who takes our test,
 He is one who makes us the best
 God is the ultimate,
 He is one who decides our fate

Dibyajyoti Das
 Class-X

Teachers can do Wrong

When we are in class, we are students
 When they are in class,
 They are madams & sirs
 When we write over their writing
 It is over writing
 When they write over our writing
 It is correction
 When we do something wrong,
 We are idiots.
 When they do something wrong,
 They are human beings
 When we gather to discuss
 It is gossiping.
 When they gather to discuss
 It is a meeting
 When we don't do our work on time
 We are lazy.
 When they don't do our work on time
 they are busy.
 We agree and conclude
 they are always right and we are wrong.

Hrithik Jena
 Class-IX

The Ultimate Almighty

God is the ultimate,
 He is one who decides our fate
 He is one who removes our stress,
 He is one who makes us feel blessed.

Once I wish to stand

Once I wish to stand without help
 Once I wish to stand myself
 Once I wish to stand with focus, with challenge
 Once I wish to stand without any damage
 Learning is my principle
 Reading is my habit
 I follow the standing erect at
 a greater height
 Like a road, I want the mile to alight.
 I want the colour of knowledge
 I wish to stand without any damage
 Learning is my passion
 Reading is my fashion
 I follow the position
 With the perfection
 Without any hesitation
 With a mere fascination
 I want to follow my attitude
 which can lead me to a great altitude
 Learning is a game
 Habit of reading is the fame I wish

Navneet Patwari
 Class - X

The Underground Animals, “Why We can’t Live”

We are in the earth
 We are in the place
 We are in the ground
 We are in underground
 Why we can’t live
 The small animals living
 The small creature living
 Why we can’t live
 The small ant digging the ground
 The small palace under the ground
 Why we can’t live
 We are in city
 We are enjoying
 The ants are working in the ground
 Why we can’t live

*Ansuman Abhisek
 Class-VII*

Water

Don’t you know?
 The pond has colourful frogs and fish;
 Who shall not like to take pictures, as I wish
 Don’t you see?
 The pond is clean and free of snakes;
 Thus nothing can scare us away from the scene.
 Don’t you think?
 Water is life and needed every time;
 Then, why shall not we love it a while and make it
 prime
 But I shall only enter into the water
 When it’s not cold and I don’t shiver
 Who shall not like to swim and run
 When water is so much fun.

*Anwasha Nayak
 Class-VIII*

To My Friends

We are in Class Nine
 Soon we shall be Ten
 A time of hard work
 A struggle for our brain
 Time is so precious, once if it is gone
 Remorse and repentance
 but without any gain.
 We are in a world with throat-cut competition
 unless we utilize our time.
 We are rewarded for our negligence
 One who wastes time,
 each minute and second,
 He will be a puppet
 at time’s cruel hand.
 Life will be hellish,
 dear ones will desert
 Hope will turn to despair,
 Excuses he will resort.
 My dear friends,
 come, take oath in God’s name
 To make us worthy of rewards,
 victory, recognition and fame
 As the first batch of class Ten
 As an SBDian
 Bring glory to the institution,
 Parents teachers and nation.

*Sambit Tripathy
 Class - X*

It’s THE GIRLS WORLD

If he is late for class he is told
 “Time and tide waits for none”
 If she is late,
 The bus was late !!!
 If a girl is dressed as a boy
 She is modern.
 But if a boy is dressed as girl,
 “he has escaped from the zoo”
 If he talks to a girl
 He is trying to lover her, they say
 But if a girl talks to a boy
 she is trying to be friendly

When a girl cries the world is convinced of her.
 But when a boy cries,
 come on, Man! Don't behave like a girl.
 If a boy sits in the front seat of a city bus,
 he is manner less and a cultureless brute,
 But if a girl sits on the gent's line,
 O' Man, try to respect ladies.
 If a boy, gets a low rank in an entrance exam,
 "you've to work hard".
 But if a girl gets a low rank
 Still gets 33% reservation.

Nirmalya Ojha
Std – IX

WE AND OUR SCHOOL

If S.B.D is the sky,
 We are the stars.
 If it is the field,
 We are the crops.
 If it is the tree,
 We are the leaves.
 If it is a playground,
 We are the players.
 If it is a bus,
 We are the passengers.
 If it is a book,
 We are the pages.
 If it is the sea,
 We are the waves.
 If it is our lord's temple,
 We are the worshippers.
 Our school is our life
 It is a temple of igniting minds.

Divya Patel
Std - VII

But I love one

Some love teacher
 Some love parents
 But I love one
 That is my character
 Some love play
 Some love song

But I love one
 That is mother tongue.
 Some love work
 Some love lectures
 But I love one
 That is pleasure
 Some love Goddess
 Some love God
 But I love one
 That is my lord

Swostika Sahu
Class – VII

H.R.P

Home rule period,
 You are so dear
 Diary checking, Newspaper reading
 Words finding make you clever
 To the student and class teacher,
 Many don't know you closer,
 They call you hand rest period,
 Many call you half recess period,
 Will you define yourself?
 To all here and there
 Home rule period, home rule period.

Sobhan Mishra
Std – VII

OUR INDIA

Goa for Beauty
 Delhi for Majesty

Bengal for Writers
 Punjab for Fighters

Kashmir for cakes
 Andaman for breaks

Odisha for Temples
 Tamil Nadu for Culture

Kerala for breakers
 Tripura for Workers

Jharkhand for mines
Sikkim for Pines

MP for Vegetation
Assam for tea plantation

Karnataka for Silk
U.P for Milk

Nagaland for Hills
Haryana for Mills

Rajasthan for Desert
Maharashtra for Resorts

(India is a land of Diverse cultures,
Each state has its own uniqueness)

BISHAL KU. TANTI

Class - VIII

Enemy

They were in fear,
The date came near.
 Like a twinkling star in the sky,
 They were very shy.
It was like a water bubble,
They were in trouble.
 They didn't want to mention,
 Because it was full of tension.
There was no response,
Because foes were holding weapons.
 Everyone was setting an imagination,
 But we were thinking about our mission.
They wanted to go,
Without the permission of the foe.
 They were extremely tired,
 So, they died.
Then the mission was successful,
Their condition was terrible.

Subham Samant
Class - VIII

ଖୁସିର ଠିକଣା

ସମୟ ସ୍ରୋତରେ ବାଟ ଚାଲୁଚାଲୁ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନଟିଏ ଉଠିମାରେ
ଖୁସିର ଠିକଣା କେଉଁଠି ହଜିଛି କାହିଁ କେତେ ବା ଦୂରେ ।

ଜୀବନର ଯୁଦ୍ଧ ଜିତିବା ନିମନ୍ତେ ହୁଏ ସଂଘର୍ଷ ପ୍ରତିକ୍ଷେପଣେ
ସବୁ ପ୍ରାପ୍ତିର ଶେଷରେ ଅନୁଭୂତ ହୁଏ ଶୂନ୍ୟତା ହୃଦୟର
କେଉଁ କୋଣେ ।

ବ୍ୟସ୍ତ ବହୁଳ ଏ ଜୀବନ ଖୋଜେ ସ୍ୱର୍ଣ୍ଣ ଚିକେ ଖୁସିର
ଖୁସିର ସେ ସଂଜ୍ଞା ଜାଣିବାକୁ ପୁଣି ମନ ଉଠେ ଜିଜ୍ଞାସାର ।
ବିଳାପର ସ୍ରୋତ ଝରିଯାଏ ମନେ ମନହୁଏ ଅନାମନା,
ଖୋଜିଲେ ବି ଯେତେ ମିଳେ ନାହିଁ କେବେ ଅସଲି ଖୁସିର
ଠିକଣା ।

ଶ୍ରୀମତୀ ଆରତୀ ପାଣିଗ୍ରାହୀ

ଓଡ଼ିଆ ବିଭାଗ

ହେ ଇଶ୍ୱର !

କେଜାଣି କେଉଁ ଜନ୍ମର କୃତକର୍ମରେ ମୁଁ ପିଞ୍ଜରା ବନ୍ଧ
ନିରପାୟ ପକ୍ଷାଟିଏ ପରି ଏକାକୀ ଜୀବନ ।
ବନ୍ଧନ ନାହିଁ, ବନ୍ଦୀ ମୁଁ ଏକଲା ପଣରେ
ସାଥୀରେ ଅପେକ୍ଷା ନାହିଁ ବନ୍ଦ କବାଟ, ନାହିଁ ଆସିବାର ବାଟ
କେଉଁ କଥାରେ ଅବସୋସର ଶେଷ ଯେ
ମନ କରିବି ଉଚ୍ଚାଟ ।

ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ଦିନ ଆସେ ରାତି ଆସେ, ମୋ ପାଇଁ ବି
ତେବେ ମୁଁ କାହିଁକି ଅଭିଶପ୍ତା ହେବି ?
ଦୂରଦୂର ଡର ନାହିଁ କଇଁପରି ଚନ୍ଦ୍ରମାଙ୍କୁ ଚାହିଁ
ଜୀବନର କାରଣ ଜଳରେ
ପଢ଼ିନୀର ପ୍ରେମ ସୂର୍ଯ୍ୟପାଇଁ ବଞ୍ଚିବି ମୁଁ
କେବଳ ଲୋଡ଼ା ଚାହିଁବାର କଳା
ପତ୍ରର ସୁଅକୁ କ'ଣ ଭୟ

ଯଦି ଜଣା ଅଛି ଭାସିବାର କୌଶଳ
ଏକଲା ପକ୍ଷୀ ପାଇଁ ଆକାଶ ଥାଉଥାଉ
ବସା ବାନ୍ଧିବାର ବ୍ୟଗ୍ରତା କାହିଁକି ? ଥୁଣ୍ଡା ବୃକ୍ଷରେ ବି ବିଶ୍ରାମ
ଯଦି ନାହିଁ ତା'ର ସୃଷ୍ଟିର ସ୍ୱାଦ ଚାଖିବାରେ ମନ
ତେବେ ବୁଆ ଆଶା ଓ କଳ୍ପନା
ଜୀବନଟା ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ ବିଡ଼ମ୍ବନା ।

ଶ୍ରୀ ବିଭୁଦତ୍ତ ନାୟକ
ଆକାଉଣ୍ଟ ମ୍ୟାନଜର

ହେ ଇଶ୍ୱର ! ପୁଣି ଥରେ ନିଅ ଅବତାର

କଲୁଷିତ ଏ ପୃଥିବୀର
ପାପ, ତାପ କରିବାକୁ ହ୍ରାସ
ହେ ଇଶ୍ୱର !

ପୁଣି ଥରେ ନିଅ ଅବତାର

ଦୁଃଖୀ ଦୁଃଖ ନାଶିବାକୁ

କରିବାକୁ ଅଧର୍ମ ବିନାଶ । ୧ ।

ଶେଷ ଶଯ୍ୟା ପରିହରି

ଦେଖ ବାରେ ଦୁର୍ଦ୍ଦଶା ସୃଷ୍ଟିର

ହେ ଇଶ୍ୱର !

ପୁଣି ଥରେ ନିଅ ଅବତାର

କର୍ଷ୍ଣ ଡେରି ଶୁଣ ବାରେ

ଧରା ପୃଷ୍ଠେ ଆର୍ତ୍ତ ହାହାକାର । ୨ ।

ନିଭୂତ କାରା ପ୍ରକୋଷ୍ଠର

ତମସାକୁ କରି ଉଦ୍‌ଭାସିତ

ହେ ଇଶ୍ୱର !

ପୁଣି ଥରେ ନିଅ ଅବତାର

ମେଦିନୀକୁ କର ପୁଣ୍ୟମୟ

ସୃଷ୍ଟି ଲଭୁ ନୂତନ ଦିଗନ୍ତ । ୩ ।

- ସିମୋଲିନ୍ ବେହେରା -

୭ମ ଶ୍ରେଣୀ

ବିନତୀ

ଜୀବନ ରୂପକ ବଳିତା
 ଜଳି ଜଳି ଯାଏ ନିତି;
 ସୁଖମୟ ହେଉ ଜୀବନ ଆମର
 ହେ ପ୍ରଭୁ ଏତିକି ମୋର ବିନତୀ ।
 ଦୂର ହେଉ ଦୁଃଖ ଦୁର୍ଦ୍ଦଶା
 ଦୂର ହେଉ ଦୁର୍ନୀତି;
 ହେ ପ୍ରଭୁ ସର୍ବଜ୍ଞ, ସର୍ବବ୍ୟାପୀ,
 ଏତିକି ମୋର ବିନତୀ ।
 କମିଯାଉ ଆତ୍ମ ପାପ କୁଳକ୍ଷର
 କଟି ଯାଉ ଏ ଅନ୍ଧାର ରାତି;
 ହେ ମୋର ପ୍ରଭୁ ସତ୍ୟର ପ୍ରତୀକ,
 ଏତିକି ମୋର ବିନତୀ ।

- ଅଭିଳିଷା ମହାନ୍ତି -
 ଟମ ଶ୍ରେଣୀ

ମୁଁ ଏକ ଦୁଷ୍ଟ ପିଲା

ମୁଁ ଏକ ଦୁଷ୍ଟ ପିଲା,
 ନାଁ ମୋର ଗୁଡୁ ।
 କରୁଥାଏ ବଦମାସି,
 ସକାଳୁ ଉଠୁ ଉଠୁ ।
 ବାପା, ମାଁ, ଭାଇ ମୋତେ
 କରୁଥାନ୍ତି ଗାଳି ।
 ଭଗିନୀ ଦେଖୁ ହସୁଥାଏ
 ମାରୁଥାଏ ତାଳି ।
 ଦାଦା ମୋତେ ବୁଝେଇଲେ
 ପାଖକୁ ମୋ ଆସି ।

ଭଲ ପିଲା ହେବୁ ଯଦି,
 ମିଳିବରେ ଖୁସି ।
 ଭଲ ପିଲା ହେବି ବୋଲି
 ଭାବିଲି ମୁଁ ବସି ।
 ଭଲ ପିଲା ହୋଇ ଦେବି
 ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କୁ ଖୁସି ।

- ବିଶ୍ୱଜିତ୍ ଖୁଣ୍ଟିଆ -
 ଟମ ଶ୍ରେଣୀ

ବୋଉ

ଯେତେ ଯିଏ ଅଛି ଦୁନିଆ ଭିତରେ
 ବୋଉଠାରୁ କିଏ ହେବ ନିଜର,
 ସୁଖରେ ଦୁଃଖରେ ଅଳି ଅଝଟରେ
 ସେହି ଏକା ଥାଏ ସାଥେ ଆମର ।
 ଫୁଲୁଳା ଦେହରେ ଶୀତ ଲାଗୁଥିଲେ
 ଘୋଡ଼ାଇ ଦିଏ ତା ପଶତ କାନି,
 ଭୋକ ଲାଗୁଥିଲେ ଖୁଆଇ ଦିଏ ସେ
 ପେଟରୁ କାଟି ତା ଭାତ, ତୋରାଣି ।
 ଅଝଟ କରିଲେ ବୁଝାଇ ଦିଏ ସେ
 ମିଠା ମିଠା କଥା କାହାଣୀ କହି,
 ଝୁଣ୍ଟି ପଡ଼ି ପାଦେ ରକତ ଝରିଲେ
 କୋଳେଇ ନିଏ ସେ ଆଉଁସି ଦେଇ ।
 ରୋଗରେ ପଡ଼ିଲେ ଜଗି ବସିଥାଏ
 ସବୁ ସୁଖ ତା'ର ପଛକୁ କରି,
 ଦିଅଁ ଦେବତାଙ୍କୁ ପୂଜା କରୁଥାଏ
 ଆମରି ମଙ୍ଗଳ କାମନା କରି ।
 ବୋଉ ଡାକ କେତେ ମଧୁର ଲାଗଇ
 ଦୁହେଁ ସରିତାର ମମି କି ମାମା,

ସରଗ ସୁଷମା ଝରି ପଡୁଥାଏ

ଯେତେ ଡାକୁ ଥିଲେ ଲାଗଇ ନୁଆ ।

ସିଏ ପରା ଆମ ଚଳନ୍ତି ଠାକୁର

ସରଗ ନୁହଁଇ ତା'ଠାରୁ ବଡ଼

ତା' ଆଶିଷ ଥିଲେ ମଥାରେ ଆମର

ଯେତେ ଆସୁ ପଛେ ଜୀବନେ ଝଡ଼ ।

- ସିଦ୍ଧାର୍ଥ ସ୍ଵରୂପ ଦାସ -

୯ମ ଶ୍ରେଣୀ

ଆଶା

କୁନି କୁନି ପିଲା ଆମେ

କୁନି ଆମ ମନ

କୁନି ଆଖିରେ ଆମେ

ଦେଖୁଛୁ ସପନ ।

କୁନି ହାତେ ଦେବୁ ଆମେ

ଗୁରୁଙ୍କୁ ସମ୍ମାନ

କୁନି ପାଦେ ଚାଲି ଆମେ

ହୋଇବୁ ଯେ ଧନ୍ୟ ।

କୁନି ମନ ନେଇ ଆମେ

ଉଚ୍ଚ ଆଶା ବାନ୍ଧିଛୁ

ଦେଶ, ଜାତି ହିତ ଲାଗି

ଜୀବନ ଦେବୁ ଭାବିଛୁ ।

କୁନି ଫୁଲଟିଏ ଫୁଟି

ବିତରୁଛି ସୁବାସ

କୁନି ହୋଇ ଆମେ ଭରିବୁ

ସବୁରି ମୁଖେ ହସ ।

କୁନି ବୋଲି ଆମେ କେବେ

ହୋଇବୁନି ହତାଶ

ଅସହାୟ ପ୍ରତି ଦୟା

ମନେ ବହି ଅଶେଷ ।

ଗୁରୁଜୀ, ଗୁରୁମାଙ୍କ ବାଣୀ

ଆମେ ମାନି ଚଳିବା

ବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟର ନିୟମ

ମାନି କାମ କରିବା ।

ସଭିଙ୍କ ଆଶୀର୍ବାଦ ବଳେ

ହେବା ସୁସଙ୍ଗୀନ

ଇଶ୍ଵରଙ୍କ ଠାରେ ଲୟ

ରଖି ସବୁଦିନ ।

- ଦେବଜ୍ୟୋତି ମାଇତି -

୭ମ ଶ୍ରେଣୀ

ବରଷା ରାଶୀ

ନିଦାଘ ଶେଷେ

ବରଷା ଆସେ

ଲାଜରେ ନଇଁ ନଇଁ,

ତପତ ଧରା

ଆଶୁଛି ଲଭେ

ତାର ପରଶ ପାଇ ।

ବରଷା ରାଶୀ

ଓଡ଼ିଶା ଟାଣି

ଧରା ବନ୍ଧକୁ ଆସେ,

ଓଡ଼ିଶା ତଳୁ

ଦୁଇ ଆଖିରୁ

ଲୋତକ ଢାଳି ବସେ ।

ଲୋତକ ଢାଳି

ଆଖିରୁ ତାର

ମାଟି ମାଆ ପାଦ ଧୁଏ,

ସେହି ଲୋତକେ

ଧରଣୀ ରାଶୀ

ଶସ୍ୟ ଶ୍ୟାମଳା ହୁଏ ।

ସୁଜଳା ସୁଫଳା

ଶସ୍ୟ ଶ୍ୟାମଳା

ସ୍ୱର୍ଣ୍ଣ ପ୍ରସ୍ତୁ ଭୁଜ୍,

ହୋଇଛି ଯାହା ସମ୍ଭବ ତାହା

ବରଷା ରାଣୀ ପାଇଁ ।

ଜୀବ ଜଗତ ବଞ୍ଚି ରହିଛି

ତାହାରି କୃପା ବଳେ,

ଉଜୁଡ଼ି ଯିବ ସାରା ଦୁନିଆଁ

ବରଷା ରୋଷ ଫଳେ ।

- ସୁଧାଂସୁ ବାଳା ପାଢ଼ୀ -

୨୫ ଶ୍ରେଣୀ

ଫୁଲର ଗୁଣ

ଫୁଲ ସୁଗନ୍ଧ ଦିଏ ଆମକୁ

ଖୁସି ଆଣିଦିଏ ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କ ମନକୁ

ଦୁଃଖ ଥିଲେ ସେ ଖୁସି କରିଦିଏ

ମନରେ ସେ ବାସ୍ନା ଭରିଦିଏ

ଫୁଲ ଦେଖିବାକୁ ଏତେ ସୁନ୍ଦର

ତା ବାସ୍ନା ଲାଗେ ଅତି ମଧୁର

ଦେଖିବାକୁ ସେ କେତେ ସୁନ୍ଦର

ମନ ହରିଦିଏ ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କର

ଅଛି ତା'ର ମହତ ଗୁଣ

ତା ଭିତରେ ଅଛି ଆପଣା ପଣ

ଫୁଲ ଭିତରେ ଅଛି କେତେ ଗୁଡ଼େ କଣ୍ଠା

କିନ୍ତୁ ହେଇଯାଏ ଅନେକ ଜାତି ଭିତରେ ବଣ୍ଠା

ସିଏ ଆମ ବନ୍ଧୁ । ସିଏ ଆମ ସଖା

ହେଇପାରିବେନି କେହି ତା ପରିକା

ସଖା ସେ ଆମର ସବୁ ଜୀବନର

ହୋଇରହିଥିବ ସେ ଆମର ।

- ଅନନ୍ୟା ପାଣିଗ୍ରାହୀ -

୮ମ ଶ୍ରେଣୀ

ନାରୀ ମହତ୍ତ୍ୱ

ସଂସାରର ଝିଅ ମୁଁ

ରଖିବି ଦେଶ ଜାତିର ମାନ

ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କୁ ଆଦର କରିବି

କରିବି ମୁଁ ପୁଣ୍ୟଦାନ

ରଖିବି ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କ ସମାନ ॥

ଫୁଲ ପରି ମୋ ଦେହ

ଲାଜକୁଳି କଣ୍ଠାସହ

ଗାନ୍ଧିଜୀଙ୍କ କଥା ମାନିବି

ସତ୍ୟପଥରେ ମୁଁ ଚାଲିବି ॥

ମୋ ନୟନରେ ସବୁ ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ ଅଛି

ତାରା ପରି ମୋ ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ ଚମକୁଛି,

ପୁରା କରିବି ମନ ଦେଇକି

ଏତିକି ମୋ ଚେଷ୍ଟା ରହିଛି ॥

ଭାବିବନି ଆମେ ପୁରୁଷ ନୁହେଁତ

ଆମ ଦେହର ନାହିଁ ଶକ୍ତି

ମହିଷାସୁ ର ବଧ କଲାନାରୀ

ସେଥିପାଇଁ ନାରୀକୁ କରଭକ୍ତି ॥

ପୋଛେ ଯେ ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କ ଲୁହ ତା କାନିରେ

ଝରୁଛି ଲୁହ ଆଜି ତା ଆଖିରେ

ଭାବୁଛନ୍ତି ଲୋକେ ନାରୀ ଜାତି ଛୋଟ

କିନ୍ତୁ ସକାଳରେ ସେ ଦେଖାଏ ବାଟ

ଖୁସି ଆଣିଦିଏ ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କ ମନରେ

ଯେମିତି କି ଫୁଲ ରଙ୍ଗ ବିରଙ୍ଗରେ

ନିଜ କଷ୍ଟ ରଖି, ପର କଷ୍ଟ ନିଏ

ସଂସାରର ସବୁ ଖୁସି ଆଣିଦିଏ ।

ସିଏ ଜନ୍ମଦାତା

ସେହି ସୃଷ୍ଟିକର୍ତ୍ତା
ତାରି ପାଇଁ ଆମେ ଏ ଜଗତରେ
ଶୁଭିଚାରିବାନି ଆମେ ତା ରଖିବୁ
ରଖି ହୋଇ ରହିଯିବାରେ ॥

- ପୂଜାଶ୍ରୀ ନାୟକ -

୮ମ ଶ୍ରେଣୀ

ଛୋଟ ଅଟେ ମୋର ଗାଆଁଟି

ଛୋଟ ଅଟେ ମୋର ଗାଆଁଟି
ଛୋଟ ଅଟେ ମୋର ଗାଆଁଟି
କେଡ଼େ ଲୋଭନୀୟ କେଡ଼େ ଯେ ସୁନ୍ଦର
ବାସୁଦେବପୁର (ତା') ନାଆଁଟି ।
ଛୋଟ ଅଟେ ମୋର ଗାଆଁଟି । ୧ ।
ସକାଳ ସୂରୁଜ ସେଠି ଯେବେ ଉର୍ଦ୍ଧ୍ୱ
ଛୋଟ ପିଲାଙ୍କୁ ଅପଲକେ ଚାହେଁ
ବହି ବସତାନି କାନ୍ଧରେ ଝୁଲାଇ
ଇସ୍କୁଲୁ ସେ ଯେ ଯାଆନ୍ତି ।
ଛୋଟ ଅଟେ ମୋର ଗାଆଁଟି । ୨ ।
ଯେବେ ଗାଆଁ ଦାଣ୍ଡ ବୁଲିବାକୁ ଯାଏ
ଫେରି ଅଇନାରେ ନିଜକୁ ମୁଁ ଚାହେଁ
କୁନି ପିଲା କରି କଇଁ କଇଁ କାନ୍ଦେ
ମନ ହୁଏ ଛୋଟ ହୁଅନ୍ତି ।
ଛୋଟ ଅଟେ ମୋର ଗାଆଁଟି । ୩ ।
ଯେତେ ସବୁ ମୋର ଧୂଳି ଖେଳ ସାଥୀ
ବାଟରେ ଘାଟରେ ମୋତେ ଯେ ଦେଖନ୍ତି
କେଉଁଠି ଦେଖନ୍ତି କେଉଁଠି ଦେଖନ୍ତି
ମନେ ମନେ ଭାଳି ହୁଅନ୍ତି ।

ଛୋଟ ଅଟେ ମୋର ଗାଆଁଟି । ୪ ।
କହେ ମୁଁ ମାମାଙ୍କୁ ବୁଲି ଯିବା ଚାଲ
ଫୁଟି ଅଛି ସେଠି କୃଷ୍ଣଚୂଡ଼ା ଫୁଲ
ପୋଖରୀରେ କଇଁ, ବଗିଚାରେ ହେନା
କେତେ ଯେ ସୁନ୍ଦର ଦିଶନ୍ତି, - ଛୋଟ ଅଟେ ମୋର ଗାଆଁଟି । ୫ ।
ଗାଆଁ ଛାଡ଼ି ଆଜି ସହରେ ମୁଁ ପଡ଼େ
ହେଲେ ମନେ ମନେ ଗାଆଁକୁ ଯେ ଝୁରେ
ଇଚ୍ଛା ହୁଏ ସବୁ ଛାଡ଼ି ଛୁଡ଼ି ଦେଇ
ଗାଆଁକୁ ମୁଁ ଚାଲି ଯାଆନ୍ତି । - ଛୋଟ ଅଟେ ମୋ
ଗାଆଁଟି ।
ହେଲେ, କେମିତି ବା ମୁଁ ତାହା କରନ୍ତି
ପାଠ ନ ପଢ଼ିଲେ ଅପଗଣ୍ଡ ବୋଲି
ଆଜି ଯେ ସମସ୍ତେ ଭାବନ୍ତି,
ଛୋଟ ଅଟେ ମୋର ଗାଆଁଟି - ଛୋଟ ଅଟେ ମୋର
ଗାଆଁଟି ।
ଛୋଟ ଅଟେ ମୋର ଗାଆଁଟି
ଛୋଟ ଅଟେ ମୋର ଗାଆଁଟି
ମୁନିସିପାଲିଟି ପାଲଟି ଯାଇଛି
ସେହି ମୋର ପ୍ରିୟ ଗାଆଁଟି, - ଛୋଟ ଅଟେ ମୋର
ଗାଆଁଟି ।
ଛୋଟ ମୋର ଗାଆଁଟି
ଛୋଟ ମୋର ଗାଆଁଟି
କେଡ଼େ ଲୋଭନୀୟ କେଡ଼େ ଯେ ସୁନ୍ଦର
ବାସୁଦେବପୁର (ତା') ନାଆଁଟି ।
ଛୋଟ ମୋର ଗାଆଁଟି । ୧ ।

- ପାର୍ଥ ସାରଥୀ ପାଣିଗ୍ରାହୀ -

୮ମ ଶ୍ରେଣୀ

କିଛି କଥା ଭାବିବାର ଅଛି

ସମାଲୋଚନା ଭିତରେ ଯିଏ ରହେ,

ସେ ନିନ୍ଦା କରିବା ଶିଖେ ।

ଶତ୍ରୁତା ଭିତରେ ଯିଏ ରହେ,

ସେ ଦଙ୍ଗା କରିବା ଶିଖେ ।

ଲଜାକର ପରିବେଶରେ ଯିଏ ରହେ,

ସେ ଅପରାଧ କରିବା ଶିଖେ ।

ଉତ୍ସାହ ଭିତରେ ଯିଏ ରହେ,

ସେ ପ୍ରଶଂସା କରିବା ଶିଖେ ।

ସହିଷ୍ଣୁତା ଭିତରେ ଯିଏ ରହେ,

ଯେ ଯୈର୍ଯ୍ୟବାନ ହେବା ଶିଖେ ।

ବନ୍ଧୁତା ଭିତରେ ଯିଏ ରହେ,

ସେ ସ୍ନେହ, ପ୍ରେମ କ'ଣ ଶିଖେ ।

ସତ୍ୟ ଭିତରେ ଯିଏ ରହେ,

ସେ ଭଗବାନ କ'ଣ ଶିଖେ ।

- ବର୍ଷା ବିଜେୟିତା ଦାସ -

୨୫ ଶ୍ରେଣୀ

ବିଦ୍ୟା ଦଦାତି ବିନୟମ୍

ବର୍ତ୍ତମାନର ଭାରତ ତଥା ପାଞ୍ଚ ହଜାର ବର୍ଷ ପୂର୍ବର ଆର୍ଯ୍ୟାବର୍ତ୍ତର ପ୍ରାଚୀ ଓ ପାଶ୍ଚାତ୍ୟ ବିଦ୍ଵାନଗଣ ଜୀବନ ଗଠନ ପାଇଁ ବିଦ୍ୟାର ଯେତେ ମହତ୍ଵ ଦେଇଛନ୍ତି ତାହା ଅବର୍ଣ୍ଣନୀୟ । ବିଦ୍ୟା ପ୍ରତ୍ୟେକ କ୍ଷେତ୍ରରେ ଆମକୁ ମୁକ୍ତି ଦିଏ । ମଣିଷ ଶିଶୁଟିଏ ହୋଇ ଜନ୍ମ ହେବା ମାତ୍ରେ ପିତା, ମାତା, ଗୁରୁ ଆର୍ତ୍ତତ୍ୟ ମାନଙ୍କ ଠାରୁ ଶିଖେ । ସେହି ଉପଦେଶକୁ ପାଥେୟ କରି ଜୀବନ ଗଠନର ପ୍ରଥମ ପାହାଚ ତିଆରି କରେ । ତଥାପି ପ୍ରତି କ୍ଷେତ୍ରରେ ସେ ଝୁଣ୍ଟି ପଡ଼େ ହେଲେ ପୁନଃ ନ ଝୁଣ୍ଟିବା ପାଇଁ ଅନ୍ୟମାନଙ୍କ ପ୍ରେରଣା ଆବଶ୍ୟକ କରେ । ସେତେବେଳେ ସେ ଗୁରୁ ଏବଂ ବିଦ୍ଵାନ ମାନଙ୍କର ପ୍ରେରଣା ଋହେଁ ଏବଂ ପ୍ରେରକ ମାନଙ୍କର ପ୍ରଚେଦିତ ବାକ୍ୟ ଗୁଡ଼ିକ ପିଲାମାନଙ୍କର ଜୀବନର କଣ୍ଠାକୁ ଆଡ଼େଇ ଦିଏ । ଫଳରେ କଣ୍ଠକିତ ମାର୍ଗ ସରଳ ଏବଂ ସୁଗମ ହୁଏ । ଜୀବନ ନିର୍ବାହ ସରଳ ହୁଏ । ଏହି ସବୁ ପ୍ରେରଣା, ଉପଦେଶ, ଉତ୍ସାହ ଆଦିର ମୂଳ ଭିତ୍ତି ହେଉଛି ବିଦ୍ୟା ଅର୍ଥାତ୍ ଯେ ମୁକ୍ତି ଦିଏ ତହାହିଁ ବିଦ୍ୟା ।

ବିଦ୍ୟା ଅନନ୍ତ, ଅସୀମ, ଅପରମିତ । ତଥାପି ସେସବୁକୁ ଜାଣି ମଧ୍ୟ ବିଦ୍ୟା ପ୍ରାପ୍ତି ପାଇଁ ପ୍ରଜନ୍ମ କରେ । କିଛି ଜାଣେ ଅସୀମ ଜ୍ଞାନ ଉତ୍ସାରରୁ କଣିକାଟିଏ ଉଠାଇଛି ଭାବି ସେ ଧୀର ଓ ନମ୍ର ହୋଇଯାଏ । ବିଦ୍ୟା ବିନୟ ଦିଏ । ବିନୟ ସ୍ଵଭାବର ବ୍ୟକ୍ତି ଉପଯୁକ୍ତ ପାତ୍ର ଅର୍ଥାତ୍ ଭଲ ମଣିଷଟିଏ ହୋଇଯାଏ ।

ମନୁଷ୍ୟ ବିଦ୍ୟା ବିହୀନ ହେଲେ ପଶୁ ହୋଇଯାଏ ଯେଉଁ ମାନଙ୍କର ବିଦ୍ୟା ନାହିଁ, ତପସ୍ୟା ନାହିଁ, ସଦ୍‌ବ୍ୟବହାର ନାହିଁ ସେମାନେ ପଶୁ ସଙ୍ଗେ ସମାନ । ଜୀବନ ପ୍ରତିକ୍ଷଣରେ ଆଗକୁ ଯାଉଛି । ଅନ୍ୟ ଅର୍ଥରେ ଆତ୍ମମାନଙ୍କର ବଞ୍ଚିବାର ଅବଧି କମି କମି ଯାଉଛି ସ୍ଵଳ୍ପ ଆୟୁ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ପ୍ରିୟ, ସତ୍ୟ, ମଧୁର ଏବଂ ଆକର୍ଷଣୀୟ ବ୍ୟବହାର ଯଥା ସମ୍ଭବ ଅନ୍ୟର ଉପକାର କରି ତଥା ଆତ୍ମିକ ଉନ୍ନତି କରିବା ପାଇଁ ବିଦ୍ୟାର ଆବଶ୍ୟକ ଏକାନ୍ତ ଦରକାର । ବିଦ୍ୟା ଆଗକୁ ଆଗକୁ ଯିବାର ମାର୍ଗ ଦେଖାଏ । ମାର୍ଗରେ ଆସୁଥିବା ପ୍ରତି ବନ୍ଧକ ସବୁକୁ ଧୈର୍ଯ୍ୟ ସହ ସମ୍ମୁଖୀନ ହେବାର ସାହସ ଦେଖାଏ । ନିରାଶା

ହୋଇଥିବାବେଳେ ଆଶା ଦେଖାଏ । ଏଣୁ ସମାନ୍ତରାଳ ଭାବରେ ଭୌତିକ ବିଦ୍ୟା ସହିତ ନୈତିକ ଏବଂ ଆଧ୍ୟାତ୍ମିକ ବିଦ୍ୟା ଜୀବନର ଲକ୍ଷ୍ୟ ହେବା ଆବଶ୍ୟକ ।

ଯଥାର୍ଥ ବିଦ୍ୟା ହିଁ ଆମକୁ ଅମୃତର ଶ୍ରେଷ୍ଠ ଭଣ୍ଡାରର ସମ୍ଭାଳ ଦିଏ । ବିଦ୍ୟାର ଉନ୍ନତି ବିନା ଅନ୍ୟ ମାର୍ଗ ନାହିଁ ।

- ସେବାଶ୍ରୀ ସାହୁ -

୯ମ ଶ୍ରେଣୀ

ସ୍ଵାଭିମାନ

ଗୋଟିଏ ଗାଁରେ ଗୋଟିଏ ଛୋଟ ପରିବାର ଥିଲା । ସେମାନେ ଭାରି ଗରିବ ଥିଲେ । ପିଲାମାନଙ୍କର ବାପା ମୂଲ ଲାଗି ସେମାନଙ୍କୁ ଚଳଉଥିଲେ । ଦିନେ ଗାଡ଼ି ଧକ୍କାରେ ବାପା ମରିଗଲେ । ବାପା ଗଲାପରେ ମା ମଧ୍ୟ ରୋଗରେ ପଡ଼ି ମରିଗଲେ । ପିଲା ଦୁଇ ଜଣ ନିହାତି ଏକୃତୀ ହୋଇଗଲେ । ଏଠି-ସେଠି ବୁଲି ଭିକ ମାଗି ଚଳୁଥିଲେ । ଦିନେ ଜଣେ ସହୃଦୟ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତି ତାଙ୍କୁ ପାଖକୁ ଡାକିଲେ ଏବଂ ପଚାରିଲେ, ପିଲାମାନେ ତୁମେ ଏତେ ଛୋଟବେଳୁ ଭିକ କାହିଁକି ମାଗୁଛ ? ପିଲା ଦୁଇଜଣ କହିଲେ ଆମ ବାପା'ମା ମରିଯାଇଛନ୍ତି, ଆମକୁ କିଏ ଖାଇବାକୁ ଦବ, ସେଥିପାଇଁ ଆମେ ଭିକ ମାଗି ଚଳୁଛୁ । ସେ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତି ଜଣଙ୍କ କହିଲେ ମୁଁ ତୁମମାନଙ୍କୁ କିଛି ପଇସା ଦେଉଛି, ତୁମେମାନେ କିଛି ଉପାୟ କରି ଚଳିବ, କିନ୍ତୁ ଆଉ ଭିକ ମାଗିବ ନାହିଁ ।

ଭାଇଟି ଟିକେ ବଡ଼ଥିଲା, ସେ ମନେ-ମନେ ଉପାୟ ଚିନ୍ତା କରି ଗୋଟିଏ ସ୍କୁଲ ପାଖରେ ବସି ପାଉଁରୁଟି ଓ ବିସ୍କୁଟ ଦୋକାନ କରି ବସିଲା । ତା' ପାଖରେ କିଛି ପଇସା ହେବାରୁ ସେ ତାର ସାନ ଭଉଣୀକୁ ସେହି ସ୍କୁଲରେ ପାଠ ପଢ଼ାଇଲା । ଭଉଣୀଟି ବହୁତ ପାଠ ପଢ଼ି ଦିନେ ତାଙ୍କରି ବ୍ଲକ୍‌ର ବି.ଡ଼ି.ଓ ହେଲା ଏବଂ ଭାଇଟି ଜଣେ ସଫଳ ବ୍ୟବସାୟୀ ହେଲା । ପିଲା ଦୁଇଟି ପରିଶ୍ରମ କରି ସତ୍ ଉପାୟ ଅବଲମ୍ବନ କରିଥିବାରୁ ସଫଳତା ପାଇଲେ ।

ଯେତେ ବଡ଼ ମଣିଷ ହେଲେ ମଧ୍ୟ ସେମାନେ ତାଙ୍କୁ ସାହାଯ୍ୟ କରିଥିବା ଲୋକଙ୍କୁ କେବେବି ଭୁଲିଲେ ନାହିଁ । ସବୁଦିନ

ସେମାନେ ତାଙ୍କୁ ଭଗବାନ ଭାବି ପ୍ରଣାମ କରନ୍ତି ।

ପରିଣାମ ନିଜେ ଭୋଗକଲା ।

- ଇନ୍ଦ୍ରିଜିତ୍ ଦାସ -

- ବି. ଦିବ୍ୟାଂଶି ଦିକ୍ଷିତ୍ -

ଷଷ୍ଠ ଶ୍ରେଣୀ

୩ୟ ଶ୍ରେଣୀ

ଦୁଷ୍ଟ ବୁଦ୍ଧିର ପରିଣାମ

ସବୁଦିନ ପରି କାଉଟା ବାଡ଼ିପଟ ଗଛ ଡାଳରେ ବସି କା' କା' ବୋବାଇଲା । ଇତୁନକୁ ଆଉ ସମାଲେ କିଏ ! ମାଆ କୋଳରେ ବସି ଖାଉଥିବା ବେଳେ ବାଡ଼ି ପଟକୁ ହାତ ଦେଖାଇ ଯିବାକୁ ଜିଦ୍ କଲା । ସବୁଦିନ ପରି ମାଆ ଗୋଟିଏ ପାତ୍ରରେ କିଛି ମୁଢ଼ି ଓ ଇତୁନର ଖାଦ୍ୟ ଧରି ବାଡ଼ିପଟକୁ ଚାଲିଗଲେ । ମାଆ କାଉ ପାଇଁ ମୁଢ଼ି ପାତ୍ରଟି ଥୋଇଦେଇ ଦୂରକୁ ଘୁଞ୍ଚିଗଲେ । ଇତୁନ ତେଣେ କା ଆ ଆ କହି କାଉକୁ ଡାକୁଥାଏ ।

କାଉଟି ଉଡ଼ିଆସି ମୁଢ଼ି ଖାଇବାରେ ଲାଗିଲା । କାଉକୁ ଦେଖାଇ ମାଆ ବି ଇତୁନକୁ ସବୁତକ ଖାଦ୍ୟ ଖୁଆଇଦେଲେ । ଇତୁନ ଏବେ ପଡ଼ିଉଠି କୁନି କୁନି ପାଦରେ ଚଳି ଚଳି କାଉ ପାଖକୁ ଗଲା । କ୍ରମେ ଇତୁନ ତା' ପାଖକୁ ଗଲେ ବି ସେ ଉଡ଼ି ପଳାଇଗଲା ନାହିଁ । ସବୁଦିନ କାଉଟି ଇତୁନର ଖାଇବାବେଳେ ହେଲେ ଆସି ପହଞ୍ଚିଯାଏ । ପେଟେ ଖାଇ ଉଡ଼ିଯାଏ । ଦିନେ ଇତୁନର ମାଆ ସକାଳେ ତୁଳସୀ ଚଉଁରାମୂଳେ ପୂଜାସାରି ଇତୁନର ଖାଇବା ଯୋଗାଡ଼ କରିଥାଆନ୍ତି । କାଉ ଆସି କା' କା' କରିବାରୁ ଇତୁନକୁ ଖୋଇବା ଛାଡ଼ି କାଉ ପାଇଁ ମୁଢ଼ି ନେଇ ଆସିଲେ । କାଉଟି ମୁଢ଼ି ଖାଇ ଚଉଁରାରେ ଦିଆଯାଇଥିବା ଧୂପକାଠିକୁ ଜଳନ୍ତା ଅବସ୍ଥାରେ ଥଣ୍ଡରେ ଉଠାଇ ଆଣି ଛପର ଘର ଉପରେ ପକାଇ ଦେଲା । କିଛି ସମୟ ପରେ ଛପର ଘରଟି ହୁ ହୁ ହୋଇ ଜଳିବାକୁ ଲାଗିଲା । ସେହି ଘରକୁ ଲାଗି ପୁରୁଣା ଆମ୍ବ ଗଛଟିଏ ଥିଲା, ତା' କୋରଣରେ କାଉର ବସାଟି ମଧ୍ୟ ଜଳିଗଲା । ନିଜର ବସା ପୋଡ଼ିଯିବା ପରେ ନିଜେ କରିଥିବା ଭୁଲ୍ ପାଇଁ ମନସ୍ତାପ କଲା । ଲୋକେ ନିଆଁ ଲିଭାଇବା ବେଳେ କାଉଟି ସେଠାରେ କା' କା' କରି ଉଡ଼ିବାରୁ ଲୋକେ ଅଶୁଭ ବିଚାର କହି ଗୋଡ଼ାଇଲେ । ଗାଁରେ ଆଉ କାଉକୁ ରଖାଇଦେଲେ ନାହିଁ । କାଉ ନିଜ ଦୁଷ୍ଟ ବୁଦ୍ଧିର

ବସ୍

ଅବସରପ୍ରାପ୍ତ ହେତୁମାଷ୍ଟର ରଘୁନାଥବାବୁ ଦିନେ ତାଙ୍କ ନାତି ପାଇଁ ଗୋଟିଏ କୁକୁର କିଣିବାକୁ ଯାଇଥିଲେ । ଦୋକାନରେ ପହଞ୍ଚି ସେ କୁକୁରମାନଙ୍କର ମୂଲ୍ୟଲ କରିବାକୁ ଲାଗି ପଡ଼ିଲେ । ଦୋକାନୀଟି ତାଙ୍କୁ ପିଲାମାନଙ୍କ ସଙ୍ଗେ ଖେଳି ପାରିବା ଭଳି କୁକୁର ଗୁଡ଼ିକୁ ଦେଖାଇଲା । ସେଗୁଡ଼ିକର ଦାମ୍ ଥିଲା ହଜାରେ ଟଙ୍କା ଲେଖାଏଁ । ରଘୁନାଥ ବାବୁ ଦାମ୍ ଶୁଣି ଟିକିଏ ଅପ୍ରତିଭ ହୋଇଗଲେ । ଅବସରପ୍ରାପ୍ତ ହେତୁମାଷ୍ଟର ରଘୁନାଥ ନାୟକ ସିଏ । ସେ ପୁଣି ବିଖ୍ୟାତ୍ ସଫ୍ଟୱେୟାର ଇଞ୍ଜିନିୟର ମନୋରଞ୍ଜନ ନାୟକଙ୍କର ବାପା । ଭଦ୍ରକରେ କିଏ ବା ନ ଜାଣେ ତାଙ୍କୁ ? ଅଥଚ ଏଇ ଦୋକାନୀଟା ତାଙ୍କୁ ଏକ ଶସ୍ତା କୁକୁର ଦେଖାଉଛି ? ସେ ଛାଡ଼ି ଫୁଲାଇ କହିଲେ, “ଓ ବାବୁ ! ଏ ଦୋକାନରେ ଥିବା ସବୁଠୁ ଦାମୀ କୁକୁର ମାନଙ୍କୁ ଦେଖାଅ । ମୋ ନାତି ପାଇଁ ସେଗୁଡ଼ିକ ଭିତରୁ ଗୋଟିଏ ବାଛି ବାଛି କରି ନେବି । ଦୋକାନୀଟି ସଙ୍ଗେ ସଙ୍ଗେ ତିନୋଟି କୁକୁର ଦେଖାଇଲା । ରଘୁନାଥ ବାବୁ ଭାରି ଖୁସି ହୋଇ କୁକୁର ଗୁଡ଼ିକୁ ଲାଞ୍ଜରୁ ମୁଣ୍ଡ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ଭଲଭାବେ ନିରୀକ୍ଷଣ କରିଗଲେ । ତା'ପରେ ସେଗୁଡ଼ିକର ଦାମ୍ ପଚାରିଲେ । ଦୋକାନୀଟି ପ୍ରଥମ କୁକୁରକୁ ଦେଖାଇ କହିଲା, “ବାବୁ ! ଯେ କୁକୁରଟି ଲାଠିପତ୍ତ ଚଳାଇପାରେ । ଯାର ଦାମ୍ ହେଉଛି ଦଶ ହଜାର ଟଙ୍କା,” ରଘୁନାଥ ବାବୁ ଦ୍ଵିତୀୟ କୁକୁରଟିକୁ ଅନାଇବାରୁ ଦୋକାନୀଟି କହିଲା, - “ଯା କଥା କୁହନ୍ତୁ ନି ବାବୁ, ଏଇ ତ ଇଣ୍ଟରନେଟ୍ କାମ କରୁଛି । ଗୁଗୁଲ୍ ଠାରୁ ଆରମ୍ଭ କରି ଫେସ୍‌ବୁକ୍ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ସବୁ ଯା ପକେଟ୍ରେ । ଆଜ୍ଞା, ଯାର ଦାମ୍ ହେଉଛି ମାତ୍ର କୋଡ଼ିଏ ହଜାର ଟଙ୍କା । ରଘୁନାଥବାବୁଙ୍କର ଆଖି ପଡ଼ିଲା ତୃତୀୟ କୁକୁର ଉପରେ, ଯିଏ କି ମୋଟା ସୋଟା ଦାଦା ଚେହେରା ଭଳି । ଦୋକାନୀକୁ ତା'ର ଦାମ୍ ପଚାରିବାରୁ ସେ କହିଲା - “ଅଜ୍ଞା ! ଯାର ଦାମ୍ ପଚାରି ହଜାର ଟଙ୍କା । ରଘୁନାଥବାବୁ ଚମକି ଉଠିଲେ । ତାଙ୍କ

ପାଟିରୁ ବାହାରି ପଡ଼ିଲା - “ଆରେ ଯେ କଣ କେଉଁ ଦେଶ
 ଫେଶ ଚଳଉଛି କି?” ଦୋକାନୀଟି ଧୀର ସ୍ଵରରେ କହିଲା -
 “ନାହିଁବାବୁ! ଯେ ସେମିତି କିଛି ଚଳାଏନି। କିନ୍ତୁ ଯାକୁ ପ୍ରଥମ
 ଓ ଦ୍ଵିତୀୟ କୁକୁର “ବସ୍” ବୋଲି ଡାକନ୍ତି। ସେଥିପାଇଁ ତ
 ଯାର ଏତେ ଡ଼ିମାଣ୍ଡ।” ରଘୁନାଥ ବାବୁ ଦୋକାନୀର ମୁହଁକୁ
 ବଲ ବଲ କରି ଚାହିଁ ରହିଲେ ଓ ତା’ପରେ ରୁମାଲରେ ମୁହଁରୁ
 ଝାଳ ପୋଛି ପୋଛି ଦୋକାନୀରୁ ଚାଲିଗଲେ। ବାଟରେ
 ଭାବୁଥିଲେ, “ସତରେ! ବସ୍‌ମାନଙ୍କର କ’ଣ ଏତେ
 ଡ଼ିମାଣ୍ଡ!”

- ଆର୍ଦ୍ଧଶତାବ୍ଦୀ ନାୟକ -
 ୮ମ ଶ୍ରେଣୀ

ଯାହାର ଦିବ୍ୟ ରଶ୍ମିକୁ ଲାଭ କରି ନର
 କରିଥାଏ ବିକସିତ ନରତ୍ଵ କୁ ତାର।”
 ସ୍ଵଦେଶ ପ୍ରେମ ଜାତୀୟତାବାଦକୁ ହିଁ ବୁଝାଇଥାଏ।
 ଜାତୀୟତାବାଦ ଦିବ୍ୟ ରଶ୍ମି ସହିତ ସମାନ। ଯାହାକୁ ଲାଭ କରି
 ନର ତା’ର ଜୀବନକୁ ଧନ୍ୟ କରିଥାଏ।

ତେଣୁ ପଣ୍ଡିତ ଗୋଦାବରୀଶ ମିଶ୍ର କହିଛନ୍ତି ଯେ: -

“ଜନମତୁଣି ଯେ ମାଟି ପଥରର
 ଜନନୀ କି ବଳି ବଡ଼
 ସେ ଜନମ ତୁଣି ସେବା ଯେ, କରଇ
 ନର ଜନ୍ମ ଧନ୍ୟ ତାର।”

ଅତୁଳ ଧନ ସଂପତ୍ତି ବା ଅଗାଧ ଜ୍ଞାନର ଅଧିକାରୀ ହେଲେ
 ମଧ୍ୟ ଯଦି ଜଣେ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତି ତାର ମାତୃଭୂମି ଓ ମାତୃଭାଷା ପ୍ରତି
 ମମତା ନଥାଏ ତା ହେଲେ ସେ ମୁତ୍ତ ଏବଂ ଅଜ୍ଞାନ ବୋଲି
 ପଦବୀତ୍ୟ ଅଟେ। ସ୍ଵଭାବ କବି ଗଙ୍ଗାଧର ମେହେର
 ଜାତୀୟତାବାଦ କ୍ଷେତ୍ରରେ କହିଛନ୍ତି ଯେ: -

“ମାତୃଭୂମି ମାତୃ ଭାଷାରେ ମମତା
 ଯା ହବେ ଜନମି ନାହିଁ
 ତାକୁତ ଯେବେ ଜ୍ଞାନୀ - ଗଣରେ ଗଣିବା
 ଅଜ୍ଞାନ ରହିବେ କାହିଁ।

ଯଦି ଆମେ ସ୍ଵଦେଶ ପ୍ରେମରେ ବନ୍ଦି ହୋଇ ଏ ମାଟିର ସେବା
 କରିବା ତେବେ ଏ ଓଡ଼ିଶା ସମୃଦ୍ଧି ପଥରେ ଆଗେଇ ଚାଲିବା
 ଓଡ଼ିଶା ତୁଳନାରେ ଅନ୍ୟ ରାଜ୍ୟମାନେ ସମୃଦ୍ଧି ପଥରେ
 ଆଗେଇ ଚାଲିଛନ୍ତି। ଯଦି ଆମେ ସେବା ମନୋବୃତ୍ତି ଏବଂ
 ଜାତୀୟତାବାଦ ଭାବ ରଖିବା ତେବେ “ଆମେ ମିଳିମିଶି ଏ
 ମାଟିର ଉନ୍ନତି କରିପାରିବା। ତେଣୁ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ବର୍ଣ୍ଣବୋଧରେ
 ଉଲ୍ଲେଖ କରାଯାଇଛି: -

“ମାତୃଭୂମି ମାତୃଭାଷା ଉଭୟ ଜନନୀ
 ସେବ ତାଙ୍କୁ ଭକ୍ତିଭରେ ଦିବସ ରଜନୀ”।

ମାତୃଭାଷା ଏବଂ ମାତୃଭୂମିର ଉନ୍ନତିରେ ଆମର ପ୍ରଗତି
 ଜଡ଼ିତ। ତେଣୁତ ଆମେ ସମସ୍ତେ ମିଳିମିଶି ପ୍ରଭୁ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥଙ୍କ
 ଠାରେ ପ୍ରାର୍ଥନା କରିବା ଯେ ସେ ଆମ ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କ ମନରେ
 ସେବା ମନୋବୃତ୍ତି ଏବଂ ଜାତୀୟତାବାଦ ଭରି ଦିଅନ୍ତୁ, ଯାହା
 ଫଳରେ ଏ ଓଡ଼ିଶା ମାଟିର ସମୃଦ୍ଧି ପଥରେ ଆମେ ନିଜକୁ

ମାତୃଭାଷା ଏବଂ ମାତୃଭୂମି ର ଉନ୍ନତିରେ ନିଜର ପ୍ରଗତି ।

ଯିଏ ଯେଉଁ ଜାତି ଯେଉଁ ବର୍ଣ୍ଣର ହେଉନା କାହିଁକି ସିଏ
 ପ୍ରଥମେ ତାର ମାତୃଭାଷାରେ ହିଁ ବାର୍ତ୍ତାଲାପ କରିବା ଶିଖିଥାଏ।
 ମାତୃଭୂମିରେ ତାର ଲାଳନ ପାଳନ ହୋଇଥାଏ। ସେ ତା
 ମାତୃଭୂମିର ପାଣି ପବନରେ ଗଡ଼ା ହୋଇଥାଏ। ଯଦି ଜଣେ
 ତାର ମାତୃଭୂମି ଓ ମାତୃଭାଷା ପ୍ରତି ପ୍ରୀତି ରଖିଥାଏ ତା’
 ହେଲେ ତା’ର ପ୍ରଥମ ଲକ୍ଷଣ ହେଉଛି ଜାତୀୟତାବାଦ। ଯେଉଁ
 ବ୍ୟକ୍ତି ନିଜର ଜୀବନ ନିଜ ଜାତି, ନିଜ ମାତୃଭୂମିକୁ ଅର୍ପଣ
 କରିଥାଏ, ତାହାଠାରେ ସ୍ଵଦେଶ ପ୍ରେମ ପରିଲକ୍ଷିତ
 ହୋଇଥାଏ। ସେଥିପାଇଁ ଉତ୍କଳ ଗୌରବ ମଧୁସୂଦନ ଦାସ
 କହିଛନ୍ତି: -

“ନିଜର ଜୀବନ ଜାତିକୁ ଅର୍ପଣ
 କଲେ ମିଳେ ଜାତି ପ୍ରାଣ
 ଜାତୀୟ ଜୀବନ ନମିଳିବ କଲେ
 ହାଟେ ବାଟେ ଅନ୍ୱେଷଣ।”

ଯଥାର୍ଥରେ ଭକ୍ତ କବି ଗୋସ୍ଵାମୀ ତୁଳସୀ ଦାସ କହିଛନ୍ତି ଯେ:

“ସ୍ଵଦେଶ ପ୍ରେମ ଅଟଇ ସଦା ପୁଣ୍ୟ କ୍ଷେତ୍ର
 ଅମଳ, ଅସୀମ ତ୍ୟାଗ ଦ୍ଵାରା ବିଳସିତ।

ସାମିଲ କରି ପାରିବା । ଉକ୍ତ ସମସ୍ତ କଥା ପ୍ରମାଣ କରେ ଯେ ପ୍ରଗତି ଶେଷରେ ମୁଁ ମଧୁସୂଦନଙ୍କର ଗୋଟିଏ କଥା କହି ରଖୁଛି ଯେ -

କୋଟିଏ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଗୋଟିଏ ସ୍ଵରରେ
ଡାକ ଡାହି ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ
ଅନ୍ଧାର ଘୁଞ୍ଚିବ ନିଶ୍ଚୟ ଦେଖିବ
ଜାତିର ଉନ୍ନତି ପଥା ।
ସୁଦର୍ଶନ ଚକ୍ର ଗରଜି ଉଠିବ
ବଳିଆର ବାହୁକରେ
ମାତାର ଶ୍ରୀଅଙ୍ଗ ପୂର୍ବବତ ହେବ
ଶତ୍ରୁ ପଳାଇବ ଡରେ ।

ଜୟ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ
ବନ୍ଦେ ଉତ୍କଳ ଜନନୀ ।

- ପିନାକ ମହାପାତ୍ର -
ଦଶମ ଶ୍ରେଣୀ

ଅତ୍ରିରେ ଗୋଟିଏ ଦିନ

ଆମ ରାଜ୍ୟ ଓଡ଼ିଶାରେ ତିନୋଟି ଉଷ ପ୍ରସ୍ରବଣ ଅଛି । ପ୍ରାକୃତିକ ସମ୍ପଦରେ ଭରପୂର ଆମ ରାଜ୍ୟରେ ଏହି ତିନୋଟି ସ୍ଥାନରେ ଯଥେଷ୍ଟ ମହତ୍ତ୍ଵ ଅଛି । ଦକ୍ଷିଣ ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ଗଞ୍ଜାମ ଜିଲ୍ଲାରେ ‘ତପ୍ତପାଣି’ ସର୍ବାଗ୍ରେ ଅଛି । ତା ପଛକୁ ଖୋର୍ଦ୍ଧା ଜିଲ୍ଲାର ‘ଅତ୍ରି’ । ସର୍ବଶେଷରେ ଅନୁଗୁଳ ଜିଲ୍ଲାର ଆଠ ମଲ୍ଲିକ ସର୍ବତ୍ରିଭିଜନରେ ଥିବା ‘ଦେଉଳ ଝରି’ ।

ଗତ ସପ୍ତାହରେ ମୁଁ ମୋର ବାପା, ମାଆ ଓ ସାନ ଭାଇ ସହିତ ଅତ୍ରି ଯାଇଥିଲି । ଭୁବନେଶ୍ଵରରୁ ବାହାରି ଦଶପଲ୍ଲୁ ରାସ୍ତାରେ ପ୍ରାୟ ୫୦ କି.ମି. ଗଲାପରେ ପଡ଼େ ବାଘମାରୀ ଛକ । ସେଠାରୁ ୨ କି.ମି. ବାମକୁ ଗଲେ ସବୁଜ କ୍ଷେତ୍ର ମଝିରେ କୁଣ୍ଡଳି ମଝିରେ ଅଛି । ଏହାର ଜଳ ସବୁବେଳେ ଚକ୍ରମାଳ ହୋଇ ଫୁଟୁଛି । ଏହାର ତାପମାତ୍ରା ୬୦°C ବୋଲି ବୋର୍ଡ଼ରେ ଲେଖା ହୋଇଛି । ମୁଖ୍ୟ କୁଣ୍ଡର ଉତ୍ତର ଦିଗକୁ ଆଉ ଗାଟି କୁଣ୍ଡ ଅଛି । ମୁଖ୍ୟ କୁଣ୍ଡର ଉତ୍ତର ଦିଗକୁ ଆଉ ଗାଟି କୁଣ୍ଡ ଅଛି । ମୁଖ୍ୟ କୁଣ୍ଡର ଗରମ ପାଣିକୁ ପ୍ଲାଷ୍ଟିକ ପାଇପ ଦ୍ଵାରା ୨ୟ

କୁଣ୍ଡ, ଗାୟ କୁଣ୍ଡ ଓ ସବାଶେଷରେ ୪ର୍ଥ କୁଣ୍ଡକୁ ନିଆଯାଇଛି । ଏହି ଶେଷ କୁଣ୍ଡର ଜଳ ଅପେକ୍ଷାକୃତ କମ୍ ଗରମ ଓ ସ୍ନାନ ଉପଯୋଗୀ । ଏହି କୁଣ୍ଡରେ ଲୋକମାନେ ଗାଧୁଅନ୍ତି । ଯେଉଁ ମାନଙ୍କର ଚର୍ମ ରୋଗ ହୋଇଥାଏ ସେମାନଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ଏଠାରେ ଗାଧେଇବା ହିତକର । ଅନ୍ୟମାନେ ଗାଧେଇବା ସହିତ ଏଠାକାର ପାଣିକୁ ପିଇବା ପାଇଁ ନିଅନ୍ତି ।

ବୈଜ୍ଞାନିକ ମାନଙ୍କ ମତରେ ଏଠାକାର ଜଳରେ ଗନ୍ଧକ ଦ୍ରବିତ ଅବସ୍ଥାରେ ଅଛି । ଓଡ଼ିଶା ରାଜ୍ୟ ଝୁରିଜିମ୍ ଡେଭଲପମେଣ୍ଟ କର୍ପୋରେସନ୍ ଦ୍ଵାରା ଏହି ସ୍ଥାନ ସଂରକ୍ଷିତ । ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କର ଅନ୍ତତଃ ପକ୍ଷେ ଅରଟିଏ ଏଠାକୁ ଯିବା ଉଚିତ ।

- ରୁଦ୍ର ମାଧବ ମହାନ୍ତି -
୮ମ ଶ୍ରେଣୀ

ପାଠ ମନେରଖିବେ କିପରି ?

ଆଜିକାଲି ଛାତ୍ରଛାତ୍ରୀମାନେ ବହୁତ ପାଠ ପଢ଼ୁଛନ୍ତି, ମାତ୍ର ନିଜର ମନ ମୁତାବକ ସଫଳତା ପାଇ ପାରୁନାହାନ୍ତି । ଏହାର କାରଣ ପାଠର ପରିମାଣ ତଥା ପାଠକୁ ଡରିବା ଦ୍ଵାରା ଓ ବିଶୃଙ୍ଖଳିତ ହେବା ଦ୍ଵାରା ସେମାନେ ଦୁର୍ବଳ ମନା ହୋଇ ଯାଉଛନ୍ତି । ପାଠକୁ କିପରି ସେମାନେ ମନେ ରଖିବେ ତାହାର କୌଶଳ ଜାଣି ପାରୁ ନାହାନ୍ତି । ନିମ୍ନ ଲିଖିତ କେତୋଟି ଉପଦେଶ ପ୍ରତି ଧ୍ୟାନ ଦେଲେ ସେମାନେ ଅତି ସହଜରେ ପାଠକୁ ମନେ ରଖିବା ସହିତ ଶୃଙ୍ଖଳିତ ତଥା ସଫଳତା ଅର୍ଜନ କରିପାରିବେ ।

- ❖ ଶୃଙ୍ଖଳାର ସହିତ କ୍ଲାସରେ ପ୍ରବେଶ କରି ଧୀର ସ୍ଥିର ହୋଇ ବସନ୍ତୁ ।
- ❖ ଶିକ୍ଷକ ଶ୍ରେଣୀରେ ପଢ଼ାଉଥିବା ସମୟରେ ଅନ୍ୟ କୌଣସି କଥା ଚିନ୍ତା ନକରି ସାର୍‌ଙ୍କ କଥା ଭଲଭାବରେ ସ୍ଥିର ମସ୍ତିଷ୍କରେ ଶୁଣନ୍ତୁ ।
- ❖ ଶିକ୍ଷକ ପଢ଼ାଇବା ସମୟରେ ସାର୍‌ଙ୍କୁ ପଠେଇନ୍ତୁ ଏବଂ ସମସ୍ୟାର ସମାଧାନ କରନ୍ତୁ ।
- ❖ ସାର୍ ପଢ଼ାଉଥିବା ସମୟରେ କେତେକ ଗୁରୁତ୍ଵପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ କଥା କହିଥାନ୍ତି । ସେଗୁଡ଼ିକୁ ଖାତାରେ ଲେଖି ରଖନ୍ତୁ ।
- ❖ ଏହାଛଡ଼ା ସାର୍ ପଢ଼ାଉଥିବା ସମୟରେ ବହିରେ ଥିବା

ଗୁରୁତ୍ୱପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ କଥା ଗୁଡ଼ିକୁ ଯେଉଁଠିରେ ଗାର ଟାଣି ଚିହ୍ନିତ କରି ଦିଅନ୍ତୁ । ଏହାଦ୍ୱାରା ବହିଟି ପଢ଼ିଲାବେଳେ ତା ଉପରେ ଆଖି ପଡ଼ିଲେ ସହଜରେ ମନେ ରହିଯିବ ।

❖ ସାର୍ ଶ୍ରେଣୀଗୃହ ପରିତ୍ୟାଗ କଲାପରେ ଯେଉଁ ବିଷୟଟି ପ୍ରସଙ୍ଗରେ ଆଲୋଚନା କରିଥିଲେ ସେହି ବିଷୟଟିକୁ ଆଉଥରେ ପଢ଼ିନିଅନ୍ତୁ ।

❖ ବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟରୁ ଘରକୁ ବା ହଷ୍ଟେଲକୁ ଫେରିବା ପରେ ଏକ ପତଳା ଖାତାଟିଏ କରି ମୁଁ ଆଜି ବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟରେ କ'ଣ ପଢ଼ିଲି ଏବଂ ପାଠ୍ୟ କ'ଣ ଦିଆଯାଇଛି ସେହି ବିଷୟରେ ଖାତରେ ଲେଖିଦିଅନ୍ତୁ ।

❖ ତାପରେ ଚିକିଏ ଖେଳିସାରି ଆସି ଭଗବାନଙ୍କୁ ୧୦ ମିନିଟ୍ ଧ୍ୟାନ ବା ଯୋଗ କରି ପଢ଼ିବା ପାଇଁ ବସନ୍ତୁ ।

❖ ସଂଧ୍ୟା ୬ଟାରୁ ୬ଟା ୧୫ ମିନିଟ୍ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ଆଜି କ୍ଲାସରେ ପଢ଼ାଗଲା ତଥା ସାର୍ କ'ଣ କହିଥିଲେ ତାକୁ ନିଜର ପଢ଼ା ସ୍ଥାନରେ ବସି ଖାତା ବହି ବନ୍ଦ କରି ମନେ ପକାନ୍ତୁ । ଯେଉଁଠି ମନେ ନପଡ଼ୁନି ଖାତାଟିକୁ ଦେଖି ମନେ ପକାନ୍ତୁ ।

❖ ଯେଉଁଦିନ ଶ୍ରେଣୀରେ ଯାହା ପଢ଼ା ହେଉଛି, ସେହିଦିନ ସେହି ପାଠକୁ ହିଁ ଭଲ ଭାବରେ ପଢ଼ା ସମୟରେ ପଢ଼ନ୍ତୁ । ବିଶେଷ କରି ପଢ଼ା ସମୟରେ ଭୌତିକ ବିଜ୍ଞାନ, ରସାୟନ ବିଜ୍ଞାନ ଏବଂ ଗଣିତକୁ ଅଧିକ ଗୁରୁତ୍ୱ ଦେଇ ପଢ଼ନ୍ତୁ ।

❖ ଶେଷରେ ଶୋଇବା ପୂର୍ବରୁ ୧୫ ମିନିଟ୍, ମୁଁ ଆଜି କ'ଣ ପଢ଼ିଲି କେତେ ପାଠ ମନେ ରଖିଲି ତାହା ମନେ ପକାଇ ଶୁଅନ୍ତୁ ।

- ଗୌରବ ଦାସ -

୭ମ ଶ୍ରେଣୀ

हमारा ज्ञानवृक्ष

महत्वाकांक्षा का पावन सृजन

पवित्र मिट्टी की असीम लगन

ज्ञानवृक्ष शोभित कर्मों का आह्वान

अग्रज रघुनंदन की आशीष गुंजन

देवता-देवशीष की प्रत्यक्ष निहार

शाश्वत लक्ष्य का प्रगति निरंतर

आनंद सफल - साकार का मधुर संभार

विराजित शैलेन्द्र उद्यम-उदयमान - अपार

शांत-स्निग्ध पल्लवित-विटप झंकार

नन्हें-नन्हें कदमों की शक्ति - और भक्ति का धार

सुवर्णा शोभनित समरस - सद्भावन

अवर्णित स्वर्णाक्षर अटूट उद्भावन

अग्रज राम से चिर-पूज्य-आदर

नमस्ते शत-शत समार्पित - चरण समर्पण

सुवाष चन्द्र दास
अध्यापक - हिंदी विभाग

अभिलाषा

कृपा करो प्रभु मुझ पर ऐसी

रश्मिपुंज सा निखर जाँऊ,

सत्कर्मों की सुगंध बनकर,

कण-कण में बिखर जाँऊ।

विभय बन्नूँ मैं, बन्नूँ विजेता

लेकिन केवल तुझ पर इतराँऊ,

तेरा वैभव हो और तेरी विधि हो

लीन तुझामें शीतलता अनवरत पाँऊ।

दीनता का भी आनन्द यदि

प्रेमचंद का 'हमिद' मैं बन जाँऊ,

राम राज्य की हो स्थापना

'नींव की ईंट' मैं बन जाँऊ।

जीवन एक धर्मक्षेत्र है

मैं भी युद्धरत हो जाँऊ,

कर्ण का शौर्य दे मुझे,

हरावल मैं बन जाँऊ।

ऐसी महागति मिले मुझे एक

'अभय' राष्ट्र का अभ्युदय कर जाँऊ,

सत्कर्मों की सुगंध बनकर,

कण-कण में बिखर जाँऊ।

- रमेश चन्द्र रथ -
हिन्दी विभाग

पुकार

मत काटो रे हमें,

हमें काटोगे तो,

खुद मिट जाओगे।

मत करो ये अत्याचार,

क्यों? इस जन्नत में,

हमें दुख पहुंचाते हो।

हमी से शुरू होती है,

तुम्हारे जीवन की शुरूवात,

और हमी पर खत्म।

क्यों? अन्जान बनते हो,

तुम्हारी हर सांस मे,

हमारी सांसें पिरोयी जाती है।

तुम्हारी हर धडकन,

हमारी सांस से चलती है,

तुम्हारे हर खेत-खालियान,

हमारे आंसुओं से सींचे जाते हैं।
हे! निर्मम मनुष्य,
वक्त है अभी भी,
छोड़ दे ये अत्याचार,
वरना एक दिन मिट जायेगा,
तेरा सम्पूर्ण आकार।

लक्ष्मी बलदेबा
शिक्षयत्री

एक नयी शुरूआत

आगे की सुधि लेते हुए बीते कल को न याद करो,
मिला है एक अवसर, फिर से नयी शुरूआत करो।

बीते कल की नाकामियों से अब तुम न कमजोर बनो,
सफलता पाने के लिए सदैव ही उचिततम मार्ग चुनो।
वर्ष है नया, ऊर्जा है नयी, सुबुद्धि से तुम काम करो,
कामयाबी के शिखर को छूने के लिए फिर से नयी
शुरूआत करो।

नए सत्र की चुनौतियों से कभी भी न निराश हो,
दूंद करो ऐसा कि सफल तुम्हारा प्रयास हो।
अपने लक्ष्य कि प्राप्ति के लिए, एक ऊंची उड़ान भरो,
सुनहरे भविष्य की कामना करते हुए, फिर से नयी
शुरूआत करो।

- स्वागतीका सामल -
विज्ञान विभाग

प्यारी माँ

माँ ही मेरी माँ,
मेरी प्यारी माँ,
सबसे न्यारी माँ,
वह है मेरी माँ।

मैं कभी बता नहीं पाती माँ।
मैं अंधरे से डरती हूँ माँ।
जब तू न हो साथ माँ,
अवोला शब्द को पाती हूँ माँ।
तूझसे हर न जाऊँगी माँ।
पास तेरे आ जाऊँगी माँ,
मेरी प्यारी माँ
सबसे न्यारी माँ।

- गीतान्जली पाढ़ी -
९म कक्षा

वरदान माँगूंगा नहीं

यह हार एक विराम है
जीवन महासंग्राम है
तिल-तिल मिटूँगा पर दया की भीख में लूँगा नहीं;
वरदा माँगूँगा नहीं।

स्मृति - सुखद प्रहरी के लिए
अपने खड हरी के लिए
यह ज्ञान लो विश्व की संपत्ति चाहूँगा नहीं,
वरदान माँगूँगा नहीं।
क्या हार में, क्या जीत में
किंचित नहीं भयभीत मैं
संधर्ष- पथ पर जी मिले, यह भी सही, वह भी सही,
वरदान माँगूँगा नहीं

- तनीशा गुप्ता -
९म कक्षा

प्रकृति

सुन्दर रूप इस धरा का,
आँचल जिसका नीला आकाश,
पर्वत जिसका ऊँचा मस्तक,
उस-पर चाँद सुरज की बिंदियों का ताज
नदीयों झरनो से छलकता यौवन

सतरंगी पुष्प-लतागों ने किया श्रृंगार
कोत-खलिदानों में लहलाती फसले
बिखराती मंद-मंद मुस्कान
हाँ, यही तो हैं
इस प्रकृत का स्वच्छंद रूप
प्रफूलित जीवन का निच्छल्ल सार ।

- दर्शन कदम -
९म कक्षा

देश कि धरती

है ये मेरे देश की धरती
जिसमे उगते है हिरे-मीती
झर झर करके प्यार है झरती
है ये मेरे देश की धरती ।

यहाँ कि मिट्टी है जैसे माँ की गोदी ।
शाम की कहानी सुनाए दादा दादी
सुबह सुबह माँ करती है भक्ती
है ये मेरे देश की धरती ।

पाँव है उसके गगन चुमती
छन छन करके सावन है आती
आके पाँव उसकी धो दे जाती
है ये मेरे देश की धरती ।

- इपसिता बेहेरा -
९म कक्षा

मेरी परी

नन्ही सी परी
मेरे आँगन की कली
शोर मचाए जैसे
चिड़ियों की झड़ी ।
उसकी छोटी-छोटी,

गोल-गोल-सी आँखों
में मानो कितनी हो हँसी ।
जब भी वो मेरे पास आए,
करे मीठी - मीठी बाते
थोड़ी सीधी थोड़ी टेढी
उसको छूने से मानो लगता,
झूई मुई सी मेरी परी
उसकी अनगिनत बाते
कभी न खत्म होती बाते
जितना सुनो वो बोलती रहती
जैसे वो हो चाबी वाली परी
जितना प्यार करो उतनी प्यारी
मेरी प्यारी परी ।

- सरिता सिंह -
हिन्दी विभाग

मैं सबसे छोटी होऊँ

मैं सबसे छोटी होऊँ,
तेरी गोदी में सोऊँ,
तेरा आँचल पकड़ पकड़क
फिरूँ अटा माँ । तेरे साथ,
कभी न छोडूँ तेरा हाथ ।
बड़ा बनाकर पहले हमको
त पीहो छलती है मात ।
होथ पकड़ फिर सदा हमारे
साथ नहीं फिरती दिन-रात ।
अपने का से खिलता, धुला मुख,
धूल पोदा, सज्जित का गात
थूमा खिलौने , नहीं सुनाती
हमे सुखद परियों की बात !
ऐसी बड़ी न होऊ मैं
तेरा स्नेह न खीऊँ मैं,
तेरे अचल की पाया में

छिपी रहँ निस्पह, निर्भय
कहू - टे चन्द्रोदय।

- प्राची महला -
६४ कक्षा

इनसान बनी

ना मुसलमान खतरे में है
ना हिन्दू अतरे में है
धर्म और मज़हब से बँटता
इंसान खतरे में है।

ना राम खतरे में है
ना रहमान खतरे में है
सियासत की भेंट चढ़ाता
भाईचारा खतरे में है।

ना कुरान खतरे में है,
ना गीता खतरे में है
नफरत की दलीलों से
इन किताबों का ज्ञान खतरे में है।

ना मस्जिद खतरें में है,
ना मंदिर खतरे में है
सत्ता के लालची हाथो,
इन दीवारों की बुनियाद खतरे में है।

एक बनो, नेक बनो
ना हिन्दू बनो ना मुसलमान बनो
अरे पहले ढंग से इंसान तो बनो।

- निधीष भीमराजका -
९म कक्षा

बापु की बकरी

बापू जी की बकरी मुझको
कहते सारे लोता,
जो भी दुध पिएगा मेश
भाग जाएँगे शेता।
घास-पास था वना-वबेना

जो मिल जाए खाऊँ।
फूलों से भी प्यार मुझे है
काटों से भी प्यार,
ऊँचे पर्वत, जंगल, झाड़ी
सब मेरे घर-द्वार।
भेड़ों के संग मिल जाती पर
नहीं भेडिया यार,
रहता अपना सत्य - अहिंसा
पर विश्वास अपार।

- देवब्रत महान्ति -
९म कक्षा

हमारा प्यारा देश

हरी-भरी सी,
छोटी सी, प्यारी सी,
है हमारा देश,
यही है हमारा प्यारा देश।
जीवन का लक्ष्य
है हमारा विजय करना,
इसकी झंडा को उँचा करके,
रखेंगे हम इसका नाम,
मनुष्य चाहता है कुछ
और पाता है कुछ
जीनमें चाहने की राह है,
वह कुछभी देश के लिए कर सकते हैं।
जीनमें है जीतना ताकत,
लगालो देश के लिए,
अपनी झंडा उपर करके,
रखो इसकी मान।
देश से जुड़ी हर एक बात,
देता है हमें खुसी और गम्,
यही है हमारा प्यारा देश,
यही है हमारा प्यारा देश।

- प्रत्यूष स्वाई -
कक्षा - ९

मेरी माँ

हमे हसाती हैं और रूलाती हैं
लेकिन तुम कब हसोगी मेरी माँ।

हमे खिलाती है और पिलाती हैं,
लेकिन तुम कब खाओगी।

तुम कब आओगी मेरी माँ,
तुम्हारे बिना मेरी इए जीवन अधुरा है।

तु हमें अपनी गोद में सुलाती थी,
लेकिन तुम कब नीद से उठोगी।

इस जीवन में कुछ पाया और कुछ खोया,
लेकिन तु हमें नहीं खोना चाहता था मेरी माँ।

तुम मेरे जीवन को आलोकित किया,
लेकिन खुद अंधेरे में खो गई।

अपनी बेटी को गले लगा दे,
न जाने किस राह में निकले जाए मेरी जान,
मेरी माँ।

- संघमित्रा साहु -
८म कक्षा

अच्छा दोस्त

दोस्त वे होते हैं जो हमारे साथ हरपल विताते हैं
जो हमारे तकलीफों में साथ देते हैं।

जो हमारे समस्या को समझते हैं।

जो हमारे समस्या को अपने सर ले लेते हैं।

वही हमारे सच्चे दोस्त कहलाते हैं।

दोस्त वे होते हैं जो हमारे सफलता के लिए लड़ते हैं।

दोस्त वह होते हैं जो हमारे सफलता में हँसते हैं।

इसलिए दोस्त ऐसा बनाइए जो आपके साथ रहना चाहता हो
नाकी आपके पढ़ने के साथ।

- एलभीना स्वाई -
७म कक्षा

प्रकृति

सुबह-सुबह सुख आया
सगलालमा भरे किरणें लाया

जिसे देखकर सभी का मन लुभाया।

सुनकर पेछियों की मधुर चहचहात

दूर हो जाती है भारी कड़वाहट

मन करता है छोड़ दूँ सारा राजपाठ।

जब दलने लगा सूरज सुनहरी करणें बिखेरते हुए

तब चाँद आया चाँदनी देते हुरा

श्यामढल जाती है यह सुंदर नजारा देखते हुए।

- प्रकाश साउ -
९म कक्षा

स्वच्छ भारत

मैं हूँ स्वच्छ, मेरी मन है स्वच्छ

मैं मेरे देश को स्वच्छ बनाऊँगी

अगर आजाए मेरे देरामें ही कोई गन्दगी

मैं हिमालय बनके खड़ी हूँगी

पेड़ पौधा बनके मैं, एक विशाल साम्राज्य बनाऊँगी

चलते सागर बनके में, प्रकृति रानी बनजाऊँगी

भगवान का दिया बरदान हूँ मैं

कमज़ोर कमी ना वनूँगी।

अगर कभी चलाजाए जीवन मेरी

भी प्रदुषण मीटाकार जाऊँगी।

- प्रतीक्षा कर -
६ष्ठ कक्षा

अखबार

सुबह - सवेरे दर्शें खबरें

लेकर आ जाता अखबार।

पहले पढ़ने की छीन - झपट में

फटा - फटा जाता अखबार।

पापा पढ़े चाय के कप संग,

दादा ऐनक संग अखबार।

हुई दुपहरी दादी खुश हैं,

पाती से सुन-सुन अखबार।

अपने देश ओर बाहर का,
हाल बता जाता अखबार।
कथा - चुटकुले छुट्टी के दिन,
लेकर के आता अखबार।

रात - रात भर जगे लोग कुछ,
जन्म तभी पाता अखबार।
भोर हुई तो द्वारा - द्वारा पर,
जाकर गिर जाता अखबार।

रेल, जाहाजों और मोटर में,
ढौड़ लगाता है अखबार।
मुझे पढ़ो, मत बैठो खाली,
यह समझाता है अखबार।

ताजा - ताजा होने पर ही,
सबको भाता है अखबार।
बासी हुआ कबाड़ी को,
आवाज़ लगता है अखबार।

- आर्यमान खटुआ -
९म कक्षा

नीति

जिसकी 'नीति' अच्छी होगी
उसकी हमेशा 'उन्नति' होगी,
'मैं श्रेष्ठ हूँ
यह आत्मविश्वास है
लेकिन
'सिर्फ मैं ही श्रेष्ठ हूँ'
यह अहंकार है।
'इंतजार करने वालों को सिर्फ उतना ही
मिलता है, जितना कोशिश करने वाले
को मिलता है।
किसी का सरल स्वभाव
उसकी कमजोरी नहीं होता है।
संसार में पानी से सरल
कुछ भी नहीं है,

किन्तु उसका तेज बहाव
बड़ी से बड़ी चट्टान
के टुकड़े - टुकड़े
कर देता है।

- मोहित रथ -
६ष्ठ कक्षा

झुला

सावन आया बरसा आया
डाल-डाल हरियाली छाई
डालो झूला और झुलाओ
ऊँची-ऊँची पेंग बढ़ाओ
ऊपर जाओ, नीचे आओ
जोर-जोर से खुब झुलाओ
बारी-बारी सब मिल झूलो
ऊँचे-जाकर नभ को छूलें।

- देवश्री देवस्मीता बेहेरा -
३ कक्षा

मनपसंद खेल : - क्रिकेट

मुझे सारे खेल बहुत पसंद हैं। मुझे खेल खेलना और देखना पसंद है। मेरा सबसे पसंदीदा खेल क्रिकेट है। देश-विदेश में इसकी धुम मची है। इस खेल को बच्चे से लेकर बड़े तक सब पसंद करते हैं। तब लोग दिनभर उसके सामने बैठे रहते हैं। लोग सब-कुछ भूलकर मैच को देखने लगते हैं। कई लोगों के घर में क्रिकेट के खिलाड़ियों की तस्वीरें टाँगी जाती हैं। भारत में तो, कसी बड़े मैच से पहले हवन किया जाता है। क्रिकेट प्राचीनतम खेलों में से एक है। क्रिकेट की शुरुआत इंग्लैंड में हुई थी। भारत में क्रिकेट खेल की नींव रणजीत सिंह ने डाली थी। अच्छा खेलने वाले खिलाड़ी को मैच के अंत में 'मैन आफ द मैच' का पुरस्कार दिया जाता है। इस खेल में सदैव जिज्ञासा बनी रहती है। एक छोटी सी भूल में पासा पूरा पलट सकता है। यह खेल हमें हार नहीं मानने और धीरज नहीं खोने की शिक्षा देता है।

- तन्मय पटेल -
९म कक्षा

मेरी स्मृति

मैं एक बार अपने परिवार के साथ कोलकाता घुमने गई थीं। वहाँ पर कइ घुमने का जगह है। इसलिए वहाँ पर हर समय भीड रहती है। एक दिन में मेरे माता पिता और मेरे कलकता मे रहने वाले भाई के साथ घुमने गई थी। उस समय में नौ साल की थी। मुझे कलकता के बारे में कुछ भी नहीं पता था। हम लोग विक्टोरीया मेमोरियल घुमने गए थे। लौटते समय मेरे माता - पिता मुझे मेरे भाई के साथ आने को कहा और वह घर आ गए। परन्तु मेरे भाई को पता नहीं था कि मैं उनके, पीछे हूँ। अंत में उनके साथ जाने वाली हूँ। उन्हें लगा कि मैं अपने माता-पिता के साथ घर जा चुकी हूँ। तो वे चल-चल के घर तक पहुंच गए। मैं भीड में वहीं रह गई। जब मैं आगे आगे बढ़ती रही तो मुझे पता चला कि भाई घर चले गए और मैं खो गई हूँ। मैं रोने लगी। मैं ने जल्दी से एक आदमी से उनका फोन माँगा और मेरे पिता जी को फोन क्या। फीर मेरे पिताजी

ने उस आदमी को उनका पता बताया। फीर उस आदमी ने मुझे मेरे घर तक पहुँचाया। मैं उस आदमी को धन्यवाद देना चाहती हूँ। 'धन्यवाद'।

- अन्जली फोगला -
९म कक्षा

जादुई कलम

कबीर पढ़ाई ने बहुत कमजोर था। उसके पीता-माता उसके लिए बहुत चिन्तीत थे। उसकी परिक्षा पास आ रही थी उसने राततभर पढ़ाई कि लेकीन व भिर भुल गया और फेल ही गया। एक दिन वह पढ़ते हुए सो गया और समय बितता गया साँम से रात हो गई उसकी आँख अचानक खुली उसने देख उसके सामने एक कलम है। उसने उससे लिखना सुरू किया और देखा कि उसकी सारी लिखाई खुद खुद ही हो रही है। और कबीर उस जादुई कलम अपने साथ अगली परिक्षा में ले गया और कक्षा में प्रथम आया उसके माता-पिता बहुत खुस हुए। लेकिन यह सब एक सपना था उसकी निंद हुटी गई। उसे समझ में आया कि उसे मन लगाकर पढ़ाई करनी चाहिए।

- शगुन कनानी -
८म कक्षा

विधार्थी

जो ज्ञान की अभिलाषा करते है उन्हें विधार्थी कहते है। विधार्थी को लक्ष प्राप्त करने के लिए कठिन परिश्रम करने के साथ साथ प्रार्थक क्षध का उपयोग करना चाहिए। परिक्षा करने से सरस्वती माता का अशिर्वाद रहता है। अगर विधार्थी एकवार सो जाए, ता उसि क्षत्र हो सो जाएगा। इसलिए बिदार्थी को हमेशा जगते रहना चाहिए। यही विधार्थी इस समय में अपना समय नष्ट करेगा तो समय उसे नष्ट करदेगा। विधार्थी को हमेशा इस बात पर ध्यान रखना पहिए कि अगर एक बार असफला हो जाए तो निरास न हो कर पूर्ण मन से पुनः प्रयत्न करना चाहिए और प्रयत्न करने पर सफलता अवश्य मिलती है। विधायक को पढ़ने के साथ साथ अपने

शरीर का निर्माण भी करना चाहिए। विधार्थी को हमेशा शारीरिक परीश्रम करना चाहिए।

- सोम्य रंजन साहु -

८म कक्षा

संगति

‘सठ सुधरहि सत् संगति पाई’ गोस्वामी तुलसीदास की यह पंक्ति के संबंध अच्छा प्रकाश डालती है। संत संगति का अर्थ ही होता है - सज्जनों का साथ। सज्जन के साथ रहने पर मनुष्य सज्जन बनता है जबकि दुर्जन के साथ रहने पर दुर्जन बनना स्वाभिक ही है। सज्जन व्यक्ति वह होता है जो सत्य मार्ग पर चलता हो। लाख मुसीबत आने के बाद भी वह कुमार्ग या असत्य मार्ग का अवलंबन नहीं करता है। ऐसे मनुष्यों की संगति से मानव जीवन सुधर जाता है। संगति का बहुत महत्व होता है। लोहा भी पारस पत्थर की संगति पाकर सोना हो जाता है। कायर पुरुष भी बड़े-बड़े यो छत्रों के साथ रहकर युद्ध - कौशल में पारंगत हो जाता है।

कुसंगति वह काजल की कोठरी है जिसमें हम कितना भी सफेद आवरण में लिपट कर प्रवेश करें; वह काला दाग लगा जाती है। इस तरह यदि हम अपना, परिवार और देश का बहुभुखी विकास चाहते हैं तो हमें सत्संगति में रहना चाहिए। हमें सदगुणों को अपना कर सज्जनों से दोस्ती करनी चाहिए। सच्चे मित्र विरले होते हैं, उसे सत्संगति से प्राप्त करना चाहिए। कुसंगति में भूल कर भी नहीं पड़ना चाहिए। जो ऐसा करता है, वही महान होता है।

- सुनेना बेहरा -

१०म कक्षा