

2021 - 2022

# SANCHAYAN

ANNUAL DEPARTMENTAL MAGAZINE

DEPARTMENT OF ELEMENTARY EDUCATION



**CROSSROADS: THE TURNING POINT**

TEAM NOVELTY

ASMI

TEAM ARTWAVE

# CONTENTS

04

Know About Your Teachers

07

About Asmi

- Association Members
- Departmental Societies

15

Batch Photographs

18

Departmental Information

- Annual Report 2021-22
- Happiness Movie Review
- Ek Nayi Shurwat

22

Crossroads: The Turning Point

54

A Door to Nostalgia

- Reminiscence
- Art Wall
- A Door to Vision

78

Credits



**Asmi  
2021-22**



# **SANCHAYAN**

## Introduction

## **The Annual Departmental Magazine**

Sanchayan is the annual magazine of the Department Of Elementary Education. It began as merely a newsletter and has since evolved into a fledgling magazine. It results from a collective effort of ASMI (Department Association), Team Novelty (Writing and Orating Society), and students of our department under constant guidance from Ms. Suman Lata and Dr. Prachi Kalra.

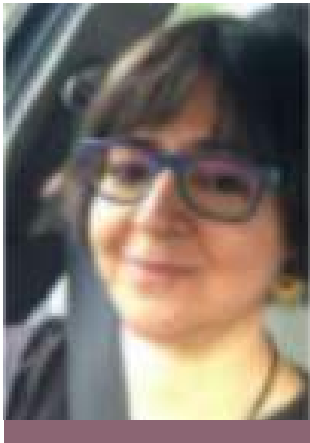
Sanchayan is a canvas for students to project their thoughts, artistic impressions, learnings, and experiences. It celebrates the experiences that life cultivates around us through this course and outside of it. Sanchayan also provides details regarding the functioning and management of our department.

*This year we introduced a theme so that we could better incorporate the voices of our department's members and tune them into a melody.*

*The theme is  
**CROSSROADS: The  
Turning Point.***

**-Session 2021-22**

# Know About Our Teachers



**Dr. Prachi Kalra**

Subject(s) Taught:

Language Across Curriculum, Material Development, Evaluation Colloquia, Language Pedagogy, and Story Telling Practicum

**Dr. Chhaya Sawhney**

Subject(s) Taught:

Nature of Language, Language Acquisition, and Story Telling Practicum



**Dr. Jyoti Raina**

Subject(s) Taught:

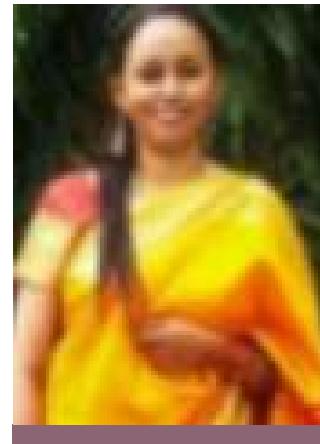
Basic Concept in Education Curriculum Studies, and Classroom Management



**Dr. Sunanda Saini**

Subject(s) Taught:

Logico Mathematics Education, Mathematics Pedagogy, and Material Development.



# Know About Our Teachers



**Dr. Monica Gupta**

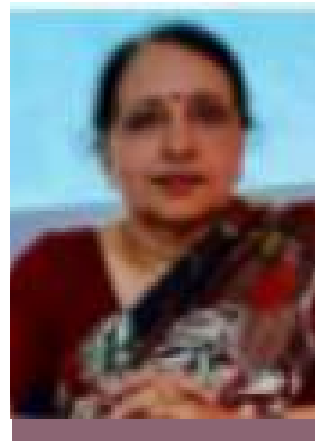
Subject(s) Taught:

Cognition and Learning, Human Relations and Communication, and Self Development workshops

**Dr. Suman Lata**

Subject(s) Taught:

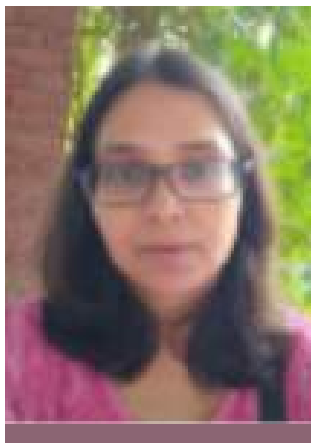
School Planning-Management, Curriculum Studies, and Classroom Management



**Ms. Aparna Joshi**

Subject(s) Taught:

Core Natural Science, Natural Science Pedagogy, and Observing Children Practicum



**Ms. Sailaja Modem**

Subject(s) Taught:

Core Social Sciences and Social Science Pedagogy.



# Know About Our Teachers



**Ms. Shailly Barodia**

Subject(s) Taught:

Contemporary India, Gender and Schooling and Observing Children Practicum

**Ms. Parul**

Subject(s) Taught:

Child Development and Observing Children Practicum

**Ms. Edna**

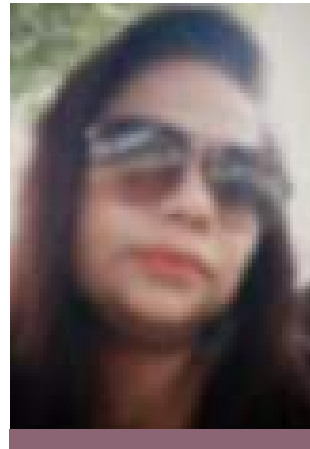
Subject(s) Taught:

Core Natural Science, Environmental Studies Pedagogy, and Material Development.

**Ms. Chandra Tiwari**

Subject(s) Taught:

Core Mathematics, Logico Mathematics Education, and Material Development.



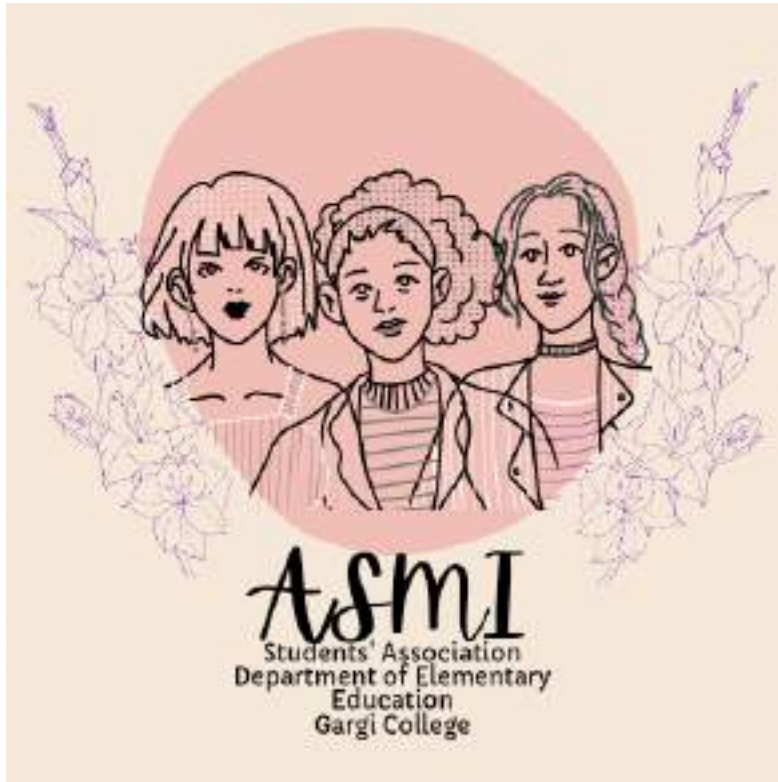
**Ms. Preeti**

Position:

Resource Room Incharge

# ABOUT

• A S M I •



ASMI is the association of the Department of Elementary Education. It is a student-elected body that represents the idea of 'self'. It stands for pride and self-respect. Asmi consists of a student body that organizes various events under the constant guidance of teachers.

The events include Fresher's, Orientation, Heritage Walks, EduFest (Annual Departmental Fest), Farewell, and other workshops. These provide every member of the department with opportunities to hone their skills and present their skills.

The association also constitutes five societies: Art Wave, Dream Chord, Natkhat, Novelty, and Zeal.



# M E M B E R S

A s m i 2 0 2 1 - 2 0 2 2



**PRESIDENT**  
Kanishka Bhatt  
Third Year



**VICE  
PRESIDENT**  
Isha Sharma  
Second Year



**UNION  
ADVISOR**  
Shubhi Sharma  
Fourth Year



**CULTURAL  
SECRETARY**  
Ritika  
Third Year



**GENERAL  
SECRETARY**  
Vanshika Pal  
Third Year



**ACCOUNTS &  
DATA HEAD**  
Tisha Tokas  
Second Year



The background features several large, overlapping, semi-transparent shapes in shades of orange, peach, and light yellow, creating a soft, abstract pattern. A white rectangular box is centered on the page, containing the main text.

# **DEPARTMENTAL SOCIETIES**

2021-2022



## **ART WAVE: THE ART AND CRAFT SOCIETY CONVENOR (2021-22) - RITIKA SRIVASTAVA**

Art wave is a prominent society of our department. These young Picassos work behind the scenes to make sure the aesthetics are on point and the theme of the event is portrayed well. The department's events help the students to improve their imagination and creativity and to develop their leadership abilities. All the decorations of the annual 'EduFest', Farewell and Orientation of the department is done by Art Wave.

The society provides an opportunity to redefine and reshape the concepts and experiences into some or other form of art. The art wave family welcomes everyone who has the dedication to learn and work.







## ***DREAM CHORD: THE MUSIC SOCIETY CONVENOR (2021-22)-PRESHITA TIWARI***

The nightingales of our department indeed have a special space in our hearts. Their melodious voices make the mood just right. Dream chord makes sure that the lyrics and the music portrays the theme chosen for events well.

The society focuses on inclusion of more students who do not compete but are enthusiastic to learn and perform. It thrives by placing interest over ability and boosting confidence by mixing fun with music. From choosing the right melodies to writing lyrics which portray the theme accurately, Dream Chord does not fail to impress us!







## ***NATKHAT: THE DRAMATICS SOCIETY CONVENOR (2021-22)-JIGYASA RANA***

Natkhat, the dramatic society of the department is exactly what you'd expect from the name- fun and energetic. The team helps the freshers connect and get attracted to the theatrical world on the Orientation and soon takes them on a ride. The team performs in Orientation, EduFest, and Farewell and does the best to showcase the theme in their play. While keeping in mind the fun aspect and pitching in punchlines. Those, who love to write stories, jokes and poems are welcomed in the society. Your just-a-story could be the next script! Natkhat, not just acts, but also dances, writes, sings, and enjoys all together.







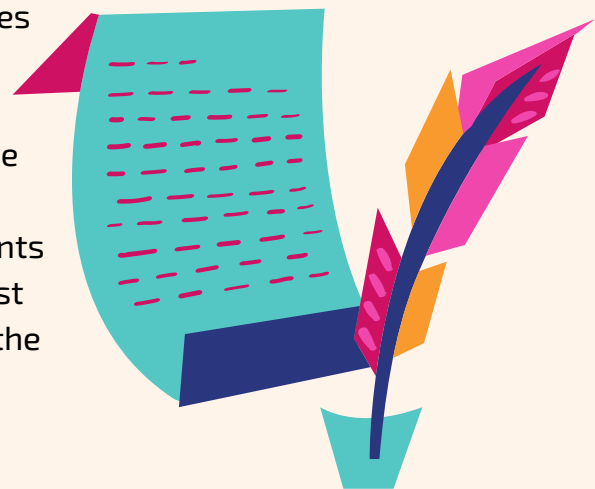
## **NOVELTY: THE WRITING AND ORATING SOCIETY CONVENOR (2021-22)-SHRUTI MALHOTRA**

Novelty is a society which works with a lot of management from the backstage. It works towards editing, compiling, organising the department magazine "Sanchayan" as well as promoting and synchronising the annual Departmental fest, 'EduFest', Farewell and Orientation.

One of the main tasks of the society is to handle all the technical and back-end work of the 'EduFest' which includes promotion, organizing activities, pre-jitters, etc.

The team makes sure that each page of the magazine is reflective of the collective vision of the department and the theme decided is portrayed well.

Novelty Family endeavours to provide a platform to students who want to hone their writing and editorial skills and most importantly, to express their aspirations and dreams and the challenges that they encounter in their lives.







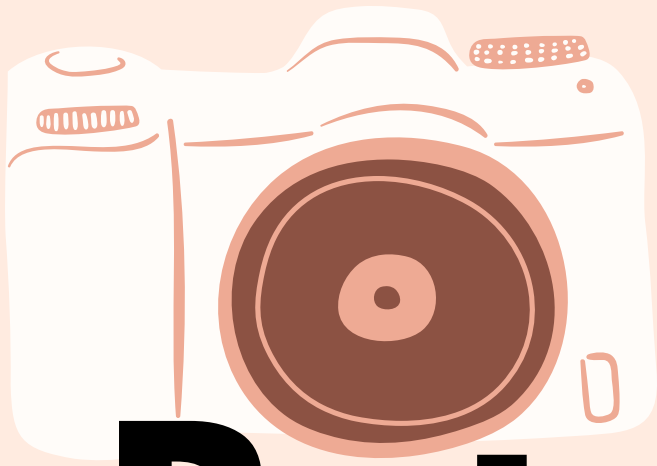
## ***ZEAL: THE DANCE SOCIETY CONVENOR (2021-22)-MONISHA KAPIL***

Zeal, the dance society of the department, is full of students who love dance more than anything. The yearly journey of zeal, begins with performing at fresher's Orientation to give them a hint of the society. And to put a little tinge in their heart, for dance. The society performs in departmental affairs, which are fresher's Orientation, EduFest- the annual departmental fest - and Farewell.

But apart from these the team have even taken parts in competitions in other colleges whenever given the chance. It doesn't matter that you know how to dance professionally or not. The society have its arms and heart open for all! The team which practice together, dance together!







# **Batch Photographs**

BATCHES OF SESSION 2021-2022



2021-2025



2020-2024



2019-2023



2018-2022





### Department of Elementary Education

Bachelor's in elementary education (B.El.Ed) is a four year integrated professional degree programme for training teachers at the elementary school level. The course grants exposure to students to enhance their skills and broaden their horizons. A number of events took place this year as well within the department. There was orientation, Edufest (annual departmental fest), and a lecture.

### Orientation

The first official annual event that takes place in the department. Here we welcome the newcomers and take the opportunity to introduce the teachers, student's union, and societies.



---

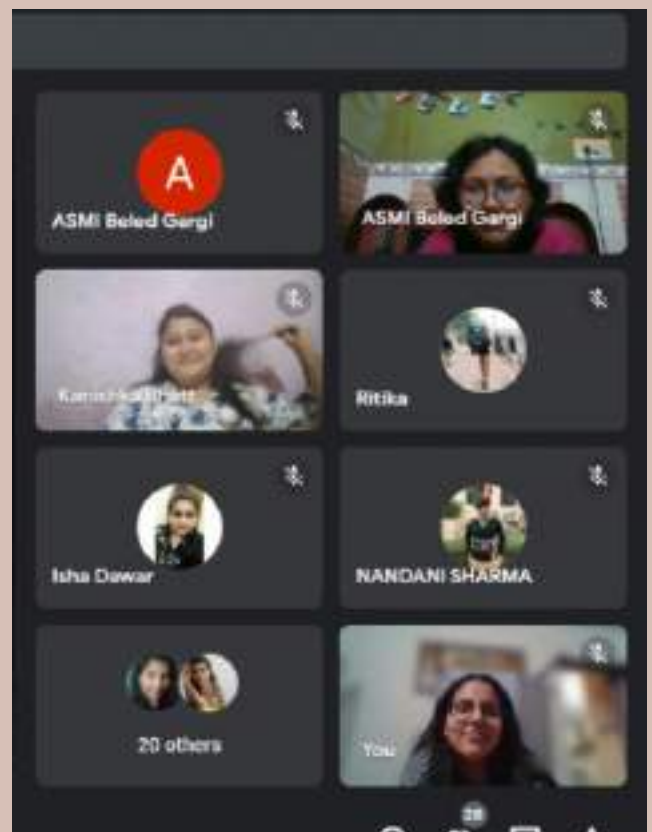
# EDUFEST

---



The Department of Elementary Education, Gargi College organised its annual departmental fest, **EduFest** on **24th February, 2022**. The theme was “**Narrating Children’s Lives Through Cinematic Storytelling**”. The chief guest for the same was **Ms. Samina Mishra**. She is a filmmaker, writer and a teacher with a special interest in media for and about children.

The whole event was full of joy and happiness. The fest commenced five days prior to the main event with exciting pre-jitters by all departmental societies like ‘Ye Dil Maange Meme’ by Artwave (The Art Society), ‘Song of the Story’ and ‘Songs feel in GIF’ by Dreamchord (The Music Society), ‘Bingo’ by Natkhat (The Dramatics Society), ‘Vision Board’ by Novelty and ‘Expressance’ and ‘What’s your Jam?’ by Zeal (The Dance Society). Great participation by students was observed.

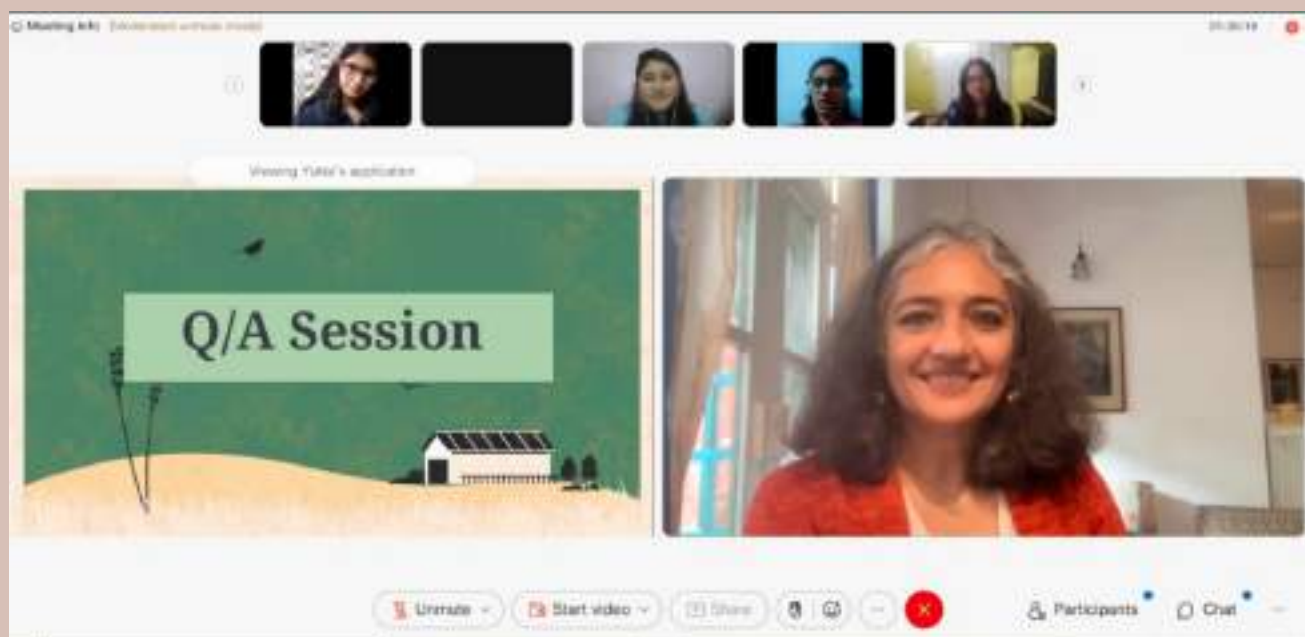




---

This was followed by the screening of Ms. Samina's documentary on 23rd February 2022 on Google Meet. She was kind enough to grant us access to her password-protected documentary for 2 days. 'Happiness Class' is a documentary film that explores the idea of happiness through the Happiness Curriculum introduced in Delhi government schools in 2018. It consists of various teachers' and students' interviews which gives a much-needed glimpse of their lives. All the attendees were really impressed by the documentary. It gave a special emphasis to each small element, be it discussing the problems of teachers or the small children sharing their dilemma to learn but to score higher marks at the same time, or the innocent Afghani refugees students with half-known realities. All the aspects inculcated a lot in all attendees. The screening was a great time for everyone and open space to interact with around 30 participants.

The main event took place on 24th February, 2022 which started at 11:30 AM after most of the teachers and students joined the meeting along with Ms. Samina. She was gracefully welcomed by the student body and a welcome video was prepared by Artwave based on her book Jamlo Walks. After this, she addressed everyone and enlightened all the attendees with her thoughts and views on the happiness curriculum. This was followed by a QnA session in which many students as well as teachers asked questions or requested to know her views on a specific topic. Throughout the interaction, she shared various experiences that she came across throughout her research life.



---

This was followed by cultural performances prepared by Dreamchord, Zeal, and Natkhat which added a spark and energy to the event. Lastly, a token of thanks was presented by Kanishka Bhatt, President, Asmi: Students' Association, Department of Elementary Education.

The main event ended around 2:15 PM with around 110 participants. Then all the students had fun activities organized by the departmental societies from 4 PM. Artwave started with its fun activity, 'Comic Maniac' at 4 PM with around 16 participants. Natkhat maintained the excitement with its activity at 5 PM, 'Drama-Ad' with 21 participants. Lastly, Novelty had its activity 'Reminiscence' from 6 PM with about 16 participants.

With the last activity, the fest came to an end which proved to be very fun and memorable.

---



# CROSSROADS- THE TURNING POINT

---

Life is not all about pain and regret, but about the experiences and learnings we have. The best thing about life is that it keeps moving forward. Life is always at some turning point.

Everyone in their life experiences a tragic event that brings a state of hopelessness whether it may be large or small. These occurrences change us mentally or physically and shape us into the people we are today. For me, the turning point came during the pandemic.

The Covid 19 pandemic was very disturbing for all of us. During the pandemic, I was very disturbed by being at home and since I was not able to go out, I got problems related to my body and even went into depression. It affected me a lot. But my family after all this took me to a doctor. The doctor was such an amazing person, she did my counselling and explained to me how to deal with different situations. And it helped me a lot. My perspective of looking at different things got changed. I started taking everything positively and I started doing various activities to keep myself engaged. That doctor really helped me. It was a very tough phase for me. But gradually everything started falling into place.

--By Priyanka,  
2nd Year

# IT IS ALL ABOUT THE JOURNEY

I think the major turning point in all of our lives till now is graduating from school and thinking about what we want to do next.

When I think about that time, I realize how clueless I was, how I thought about what I should do, how my future would turn out and that existential crisis continued every day (spoiler alert: it still does). Eventually, I filled out some forms, gave some entrance exams and after many nights spent thinking about what I wanted to do with my life, I started with the B.El.Ed course in Gargi, not having any clue where and how I am going to go ahead in my life. Coming to this college, with such amazing people, teachers and getting to have new experiences was the best thing that has ever happened to me. I have learnt so many things here about myself and life in general. I have become confident in my own skin, I have learnt how to thrive in an environment where it is not necessary that people have to have the same opinions about a certain topic, I have learnt how layered and complex humans are and I have learnt how to stand up for the things I believe in. To be honest, I still haven't completely figured out what exactly I want with my life, I am still doing it and it has been an incredible journey.

-By Priyal  
3rd Year



**"Sometimes it's the journey that teaches you a lot about your destination."**



# ***Race Against Time***

---

Tapping the heels on the cold floor of the desolate corridor, she sat there thinking about the events unfolding in her life currently. "Life is a Mess", never in this life, has she thought of this phrase like she did these days. Her tall form felt suppressed under the big rock of problems. 'Hospitals' and 'surgeries', these words did scare her, actually, it scares everyone and she was no exception but when life gives those unexpected situations on a platter, you can just do nothing about it but face it.

Waiting for the OT lights to switch off, she thought of the day when her mother shared her decision with them. She still remembers the huge argument that occurred that day in her family. The news of her aunt's disease did make her cry but when her mother decided to help her sister get through this, she was scared to death. 'Nephrectomy transplant', the medical term still seems alien to her.



However huge the technology becomes, kidney donation is still a big thing and the thought of her mother being the one doing it made her anxious and the thoughts of a 15-year-old girl went haywire thinking about the pros and cons of the situation.

The two important people in her life lying in adjacent OT rooms fighting for life....

Stop! Stop! Her thoughts did go a little beyond the limit, but overthinking was always her friend since a certain point in her life and this situation wasn't helping it either. The little anxiety of her upcoming finals was lying there in the corner of her mind triggering this whole worried self of hers.

"How am I going to manage? " was troubling her. Her mind played flashbacks of that day, "No mumma, you are not doing this. Never". "Will you not do it for your sister if she was in such a situation ", that argument shut her up. She still wanted to act ignorant and win her side to stop her mother who already had many other medical problems in-store and, she wasn't sure if she would be okay after this. But on second thought, even if she wins this she's going to lose another, her beloved aunt who urgently needed a kidney transplant to survive and her cousins who also look up to them to help their mother. She decided to be strong for them, her family because she knew this fear of hers wouldn't help her anywhere. She was determined to walk through this crossroad with her family. She knew the responsibilities she will be entrusted with are going to be huge. Just surgery was not the hurdle but the aftermath, she knew they were going to be bigger but she wanted to be the pillar to her family, especially her mother who took care of everything for her till now. The doctors gave the green flag to proceed after looking into her mother's medical reports and so here they were. The lights of the operation theatre switched off. She stood up, anxious. "How are they, Doctor? " her father voiced her thoughts. He was always the calm one in the family, he did handle everything maturely and she admired her father for that. The doctor assured them that the operation went well and they'll come back to consciousness in the next 2 hours. She released a heavy breath which she didn't know she was holding. The smiling but tired faces of her mother and aunt are what calmed her after the whole turmoil she went through in those 5 hours staring at the red bulb lit outside the huge room Or let's just say the last 2 weeks when this all started. The little, naïve, 15-year-old girl was nowhere to be seen now. Her family saw a mature daughter who was a support system to her mother and aunt, who balanced the house and her school simultaneously, who handled herself and others emotionally.

---

That was the huge change she needed in her life. 'Problems do give worthwhile life lessons', she learned that.

Now when she looks back to that nervous self of hers, she does laugh it off but she knows that a situation like this again will always be depressing. But now, she has learned to face what life gives her.

The smiling self of her aunt and her cousins who look up to her with admiration even though they are the same age as her does give her happiness. She now feels happy that her mother went against everyone and did otherwise to help someone. She did want to be selfless and good like her mother. She knew that if one day she'll face a situation like this she also would go all out to help her loved ones.

Now you might think how I know so much about her....

Well, it's because that naïve girl was me.

-By Kashish Katiyar  
1st Year



# THE TIME I REALIZED...

*by Ayushi Sharma*  
*1st year*

It was a time when I was crying for a very long time,  
Watching the funniest video of my life,  
Didn't get what was happening to me,  
wanted to kill it;  
Tried to explore this for days,  
And found out it's nothing else,  
But the effect of not getting praise.  
Was in a whole new place, wasn't getting anything I was trying to chase  
With no motive, no plan, it was the lowest moment of my life span  
Cried for weeks alone over nothing, but everything,  
Tried to fit in with everyone,  
With no desire to live, was living a life,  
just wanted to finish it with a Knife,  
And one day, found something,  
Somebody's so beautiful that changed the way of thinking,  
When I needed that person the most,  
Whom I wanted to talk about everything,

It was me,  
Decided to write down everything,  
I was locking in a door of my heart,  
Talked to me for hours, and realised,  
There's nothing to fitting in when I can just stay out and shine

# THE TURN OF THE TIDE

You spend years with someone and then one day you are all alone. No matter how hard you try or how much you want them back in your life, they won't come back. It started back in 2016, I got a random notification that a guy started following me on Instagram. At that very moment, I didn't pay much attention to it. But a few days later I started getting 10+ messages daily, it caught my attention. I opened the messages and realized that it was that guy only. I asked him who he was, to which he replied that he's one of my friends' best friend. I didn't know him but he knew me very well. Then I asked my friend and he told me that his friend (the guy who is texting me) wants to be friends with me. He has known him for the last 6-7 years, he's his neighbour and he knows him well, he's a nice guy and all. Knowing this, I started talking to that random guy. Gradually, we started liking each other and decided to meet. That was the main TURNING POINT in my life.



I've never felt this way for anyone before. That was the start of a new chapter in my life. I was a bit scared about heartbreak but one of those normal human emotions is to follow your heart and ignore whatever your mind says. I too listened to what my heart said. We met frequently, talked a lot, started sharing our daily life things with each other and whatnot. He was just perfect, so special for me, so pure, just amazing. I felt so good with him. I cared about nothing when he was around. He made me feel so comfortable that I loved being with him, for hours and hours. I couldn't imagine a single day without talking to him. My heart believed that he is the one made for me, he is the one who completed me and that he is the most beautiful soul I have ever met. Time flies, you know. We didn't realize it when we completed 5 years together. So far so soon. And then one day, he texted me "what are you doing? I wanted to tell you something serious". My goodness, this was the scariest notification ever. Not even a fraction of a second and I opened the text and asked him what he wanted to say. And what he said just broke my heart and left me weeping for hours. I wasn't expecting that at all, not even in my scariest nightmares. I could feel my heart wrenching. I texted him a lot. He was neither seeing my texts nor picking up calls. I couldn't believe he started ignoring me. At first, I wasn't even caring about anything else. I contacted all of his friends, his sister, but no one knew why he did this. I just wanted it to be a dream and as soon as I open my eyes, he would be in front of me smiling and holding my hand as always. But it wasn't a dream, it was reality. Months went like this. I was waiting and waiting and waiting. Praying and hoping he would come to meet me, call me or at least send a single message. But none of this happened. He was gone. Gone forever. All of my friends came to know about it and told me to forget him and just focus on my life, my studies, my career. But I wasn't able to do so at first. I genuinely felt so alone without him even when I was with my family, my friends. But all my efforts were in vain. Then with the passing time, I started caring about my self-respect. I asked myself a few questions - "Do I really need him more than anybody else? Aren't my family and friends enough? Why am I begging for him so much?" The answers made my brain strong, I am not begging anymore for him. I can live happily without him as well. The second and the major TURNING POINT in my life. It has been months now. I have moved on. Would never fall for anyone anymore. Won't allow anyone to hurt me the way he did. I'm very focused now. Much happier. But I don't know why but somehow in some corner of my heart I am still waiting for him, still wanting him back in my life but also, on the other hand, praying for him to never come back. I don't know what's wrong.



---

# DILLEMMA

- Khushi Monga  
B.el.ed, 2nd year

Every child is standing  
On a crossing road,  
Facing the sky and  
Asking his mind many  
questions;  
What to do next?  
And how to move forward;  
What is good and bad?  
Every time there is a  
dilemma,  
Be it for their future;  
Be it for their happiness.  
Can anyone guide them  
and  
Solve their dilemma?



# AND I TURNED BACK

Standing near the sea,  
I was trying to find me.  
Busy in observing a wave,  
Suddenly remembered all  
the pain 'it' gave  
My heart had a hope of  
healing,  
Because it knew only,  
what was that feeling.  
Later the clouds took  
over,  
And in no time it began to  
shower.  
My tears got mixed with  
rain,  
But I was still crying,  
Because I wanted to let  
out all my pain.  
Later that time, the rain  
stopped,  
So we're my tears  
I felt light because it took  
away all my fears.  
**AND THEN I TOOK A  
STEP TO NEVER  
LOOK BACK.**

-MEGHA SHARMA  
2ND YEAR



# WHEN PUSH BECOME SHOVE

In my point of view a turning point is when you decided to do something that you want and work hard for it and when you achieve your goal your life changes because you changed your life with your hard work and this thing brings happiness in your life because when you achieve something by your own the happiness is something that I can't describe and for this, all you have to do is hard work you have to give your time to your dream because your dream deserves your time if you want something and you are doing nothing for it then do not even think about that your destiny will come and knock your door that's not gonna happen. You have to do everything for your dream, you have to give your time, you have to set your mind, you have to be ready for every situation, any circumstances. The path is not easy but you don't let yourself down. You have to keep going in your way to reach your dream

So my turning point two is when I decided to become a teacher and I decided to do B.El.Ed.



So I don't give up on my dream, I just keep going and I am where I want to be. There is a long path but if you keep going you definitely achieve your dream and this is the thing I am doing right now I just keep going. I just want to give my best to my dream. This is my turning point and this is full of emotions , failureee hard work and achievement so just keep going, do your best, keep working hard, no matter what you are doing just give your best and don't give up .

-By Kanchan  
1st Year



# Judgemental World

---

People say we are full of confusion  
We also try to find some solution  
They want us to be the way they wish  
But whatever we feel for them it's bullshit  
We are often stopped to express our feelings  
Keep on fulfilling others judgments some  
where we are missing  
We want people to have only our good  
impression  
But many times it leads us to depression  
When we cry we are told  
stop it you have to be bold  
And if we are being quite careless  
We are treated as shameless  
Being raw & real is all what we can do  
May be this way only they like us too  
And if not then just improve but don't dare  
to change yourself  
Cause you aren't a bestselling book kept in a  
shelf  
By doing this we will be more satisfied  
Though not to others but to ourselves would  
be justified  
It will help us to stay away from many  
negative wine  
And may be we would have a more beautiful  
life .

**-By Nishita Goel  
2nd Year**



# ये दास्तान है उस ज़माने की।

एक तरफ दुख एक तरफ खुशी,  
बीच में खड़ी थी मैं,  
एक तरफ सपने एक तरफ अपने,  
बीच में फसी थी मैं।

दिल में चाहत थी कुछ कर जाने  
की, जो सपनों की तरफ ले जाए  
उस कशती संग बह जाने की,  
हां ये दास्तान है उस ज़माने की।

उस जमाने की जब  
दो अलग राहों के बीच खड़ी थी मैं,  
जहा सपनों से अपनों के लिए और अपनों  
से सपनों के लिए लड़ी थी मैं।  
न अपनों को छोड़ना चाहती थी, न सपनों  
को तोड़ना चाहती थी,  
वहा खड़े हो उन दोनों राहों से अकेली  
लड़ी थी मैं।

मुट्टी बांधी, सांस ली गहरी,  
बहुत अच्छे से सोचा, फिर कुछ समय  
और ठहरी ।

मन को शांत किया, दिल की सुनी,  
और चुन लिया सफर सपनों का ।  
जिन्हें खुशी थी मेरी खुशी थी मेरी खुशी  
से,

साथ मिला उन अपनों का ।  
कुछ अपनों ने सपनों को तोड़ा,  
फिर सपनों ने उन अपनों को छोड़ा ।  
और मैं बड़ती गई अपने सफर में।



मगर फिर भी,  
मगर फिर भी,  
ये सफर मुंताजिर है, कुछ सपनों का,  
जिन्हें खो दिया उन अपनों का।  
यू चलते रुकते भूली नहीं हूं,  
ये सफर सैलाब है कुछ जख्मों का।  
अधूरी नहीं थी मैं उनके मेरे साथ होने से,  
मगर खुद खुद को पूरा मालूम कर लिया मैंने  
उनके न होने से।  
न खुश नहीं थी मैं उनके साथ चलने में,  
मगर अपनी खुशी को अच्छे से जान लिया मैंने  
अपने सपनों के साथ चलने से।  
आज जाना मैंने कि वह राह थी खुद को खुद  
से मिलाने की,  
हां ये दास्तान है उस ज़माने की  
ये दास्तान है उस ज़माने की।

- Megha Sharma  
2nd year



# ~किस्मत – एक बहाना~

कहते है लोग,  
किस्मत का है खेल,  
हमारे बस में नहीं कुछ,  
हम नहीं जाने इसे,  
नहीं करती जैसा हम चाहे इस से,  
क्यों भूल जाते हो ये,  
किस्मत नहीं हमारा है कर्म,  
कुछ बनना नहीं इतना आसान,  
देना पड़ता है अपना सुख, चैन और आराम,  
इसलिए टाल देते हो, किस्मत का लेके नाम,  
फिर कहते हो,  
ये किस्मत ही नहीं हमारे साथ,  
चलते रहो अपनी राह पर,  
रूको मत कहीं पर,  
सपनों को लगा दो पंख,  
उड़ने दो उन्हें हवा के संग,  
मत टालो इन्हें लेकर किस्मत का नाम,  
किस्मत कर रही है तुम्हारा ही इंतज़ार,  
दो अपने सपनों को उड़ान,  
देकर अपना सुख चैन और आराम,  
मत टालो इन्हें किस्मत का लेकर नाम,  
किस्मत का लेकर नाम।

- Kanchan  
1st year

# तलाश

मंजिल की तलाश मे तू खदु से बेखबर  
दौड़ मत इतना तू थोड़ा कर ले सबर ,  
आशाओं के पखं लगा नाप ले तू आसमां,  
हर लम्हे को अपना कर जी ले तू जी भर,  
हार के पश्चाताप मे तू धू धू कर जल रहा,  
जीत का मोह भुला फिर किस बात का  
डर,  
जीवन के हालातो से लड़ना तो है हर  
रोज,  
खदु के लिए फैसलों से खदु को लगती  
नहीं नजर,  
करता रह तू जतन संतोष का हाथ पकड़,  
एक ना एक दिन तो बदलेगा तरो ये  
मजंर।

# जिंदगी एक पहेली है

जिंदगी एक अनमोल पहेली है, खुशी और गम तो इसकी एक सहेली है। कभी खुशी आती है तो कभी गम आता है, इसके बिना जिंदगी का मजा कमाता है।

जिंदगी में पड़ाव तो आते रहते हैं, और कुछ ना कुछ तो सिखाते रहते हैं। जिंदगी ही जीना सिखाती है, और अंधेरे के बाद ही सुबह आती है।

कल मेरी जिंदगी से मुलाकात हुई, मैं बैठी उसके साथ और कुछ बात हुई। मैंने उसे कहा वह भी क्या बचपन के दिन हुआ करते थे, उसने तुरंत उत्तर दिया वह बिना चिंता के हुआ करते थे।

कितनी अजीब सी हो गई है यह जिंदगी, पहले हम लोगों को देखकर हंसते थे, अब लोग हमें देख कर हंसते हैं। पहले हर बात खुशी पर टिकी होती थी, अब हर खुशी बात पर टिकी होती है।

यह जिंदगी है साहब रुख तो बदलेगी ही।

कहने को बहुत कुछ बाकी है, बस एक जिंदगी ही काफी है। कौन कहता है जिंदगी आसान होती है, जिंदगी एक अनमोल पहचान होती है।

- Chandani Kumari  
2nd year



# बर्दाशत के बाहर

- प्राची सिंह  
3RD YEAR

अब मुझसे बर्दाशत नहीं हो रहा था। सामने वाले फ्लैट से आती आवाज़ें, ठहाके, मेरे आराम में खलल डालने लगे थे। यह लोग यह भी नहीं सोचते कि कोई बुजुर्ग रहता है सामने, ज़रा कम हल्ला मचाएं। पहले मुझे लगा कि चलो नए-नए शिफ्ट हुए हैं, कुछ दिनों कि ही भगदड़ होगी। लेकिन अब देख रहा था कि इनका यहाँ का मेला ख़तम नहीं हो रहा था। एक तोह खुद सात आठ लोगों का परिवार है, उसपे जब देखो कोई न कोई मेहमान चला आता है। और इनके यहाँ के यह खुराफाती बच्चे... सोसाइटी मैनेजर से जाकर शिकायत करनी होगी कि फ्लैट पूरे खानदान को कैसे रेंट पर दे दिया?! सोसाइटी ऑफिस जाने के लिए फ्लैट का दरवाज़ा खोला ही था कि बाहर का नज़ारा देखकर दिमाग और खराब होगया। बड़ी तन्मयता से एक छोटा सा बच्चा अपनी पिचकारी से मेरे पौधे पर पानी छिड़ककर एक एक पत्ती धो रहा था। इस प्रक्रिया में दो चार पत्तियाँ टूटकर नीचे भी गिर गई थी।

ए!!! क्या कर रहे हो?;

मैं इतनी तेज़ चिल्लाया कि वह बच्चा घबराके रुक गया। उसके घर से भी दो तीन लोग बाहर निकल आए। सॉरी बोलो मोन। जल्दी से सॉरी बोलो। देखो आपने लीव्स तोड़ दी ना। उसकी माँ अपराध बोध से भरी हुई बच्चे कि बाहं पकड़कर मेरे पास ला रही थी। वह बच्चा भी सहमा हुआ था, सॉरी, मोनू ने आँखें झुकाकर कहा। उसकी माँ को संतोष नहीं हुआ, वह समझाने लगी।

ऐसे नहीं पूरी बात बोलो, आई एम सॉरी दादाजी अब प्लान्ट्स को परेशान नहीं करूँगा।

बच्चे ने आकर पूरी बात दोहरा दी। आई एम सॉरी दादाजी अब प्लान्ट्स को परेशान नहीं करूँगा।



मेरा मन इस सम्बोधन, दादाजी पर अटक गया। मन में दर्द की एक लहर उठी। उसके बाद न मुझे टूटी पत्तियों की सुध रही न शिकायत करने की। बच्चे को एक नज़र प्यार से देखकर मैंने दरवाज़ा बंद कर लिया। मैं फिर से कैद हो गया था अपनी दुनिया में। वह दुनिया जिसमें मैं था, और मेरी पुष्पा थी। मेरी पत्नी, मेरी दोस्त।

क्या हुआ जी.... जलन हो रही है ना सामने वाला परिवार देखके? पुष्पा पूछ रही थी। मैंने खींचकर कहा, लड़ाई वाली बातें मत करो। मुझे क्यों जलन होगी, मेरा परिवार नहीं है क्या?

वह कहाँ चुप रहने वालों में से थी, कहाँ है आपका परिवार? अमरीका में ना! वहाँ से तोह आप लड़ के चले आए थे

बेटे-बहु से। उनका फ़ोन भी उठाना बंद कर दिया। पोते से भी तो बात नहीं करते। मैं सकपका गया।

हाँ तो कुछ बातें खराब लगी थी उनकी....अब... इतना था तो मानाने चले आते ना मुझे। उसने मुझे घूरते हुए कहा, अमरीका क्या सर पर रखा है जो चले आएंगे?! और क्यों आएंगे? बोलके नहीं आये थे आप

की शकल ना दिखाना। सब में कमी देखते हैं अपने को नहीं देखते। चिड़चिड़े कहीं के! मैं पुष्पा के आगे हारने लगा था। वह गलत नहीं कह रही थी। कितनी ज़िद करके बच्चे ले गए थे मुझे। मैं छोटी-छोटी

बातों को दिल से लगाए, लड़ झगड़कर वापस आ गया था। फ़ोन उठाइये! पढ़िए! कितनी मिस्ड कॉल्स, कितने मैसेज पड़े हैं आपके लिए। वह हड़का रही थी, मैंने फ़ोन देखा। आँखें भर आई थी। बेटे के भी मैसेज थे, बहु के भी, और पोते के भी।

दादाजी प्लीज कॉल बैक।

मैंने पुष्पा के पास जाकर भरे गले से पूछा। क्या करूँ? .....फ़ोन.... करलूँ?

वह मुस्कुराते हुए बोली, फ़ोन कर लीजिये। जितने दिन बचे हैं बच्चों के साथ गुज़ार लीजिये। पता है बादमें इस फ़्रेम के अंदर बहुत घुटन होती है। मैंने पुष्पा को प्यार से देखते हुए उसकी तस्वीर पर चढ़ा चन्दन का हार ठीक किया और फ़ोन उठा लिया। पोते के मुँह से दादाजी सुनने के लिए।



سفر یوں زندگی کا کر رہا ہوں

میں ہر ایک کام جیسے ڈر رہا ہوں ہو ۔

کچھ ایسا رابطہ اپنا زندگانی

میں اک الزام تیرے سر رہا ہوں ۔

بظہد جی رہا ہوں ہو دوستوں میں

حقیقت میں مگر میں مر رہا ہوں ۔

میں جگنوؤں ہو خود اپنی خواہشوں کا

سلا حوا آسمان میں عڑ رہا ہوں ۔

میرے اندر کی تنہائیاں ہیں

کی میں خود اپنا ڈر رہا ہوں۔

ہمیشہ ٹوٹتا رہتا ہوں۔ آدم

سفر یوں زندگی کا کر رہا ہوں۔



# एक नजरंदाज किया हुआ सफर

अगर बात करे, मेरी सफर की एक पाठक की तरह तो वो मुझे लगता है की मेरा वो सफर पिछले डेढ़ सालों में ही शुरू हुआ है। बचपन से एक पाठक की तरह अपने आप को कभी देखा ही नहीं। शुरू से ही बस स्कूल की किताबे पढ़ते थे और अक्वल आने की या 90 प्रतिशत लाने की कोशिश करते थे। हालाकी, वो एक अलग बात की इतने नंबर कभी आए ही नहीं। मुझे अभी भी याद है जब मैं छोटी थी वो हमे एक किताब मिल करती थी जिसका नाम होता था “ मॉरल स्टोरीस की बुक “ और उसकी कहानिया हम पढ़ा करते थे, और सिर्फ इसी किताब की कहानी मैंने अपनी पाचवी कक्षा तक पढ़ी है। इसके बाद हमे एनसीईआरटी की किताबे मिल गई और हम उन्मे मगन हो गए। इस किताब के बाद से हमने कहानिया या कुछ भी सिर्फ अपनी उन एनसीईआरटी की किताबों से ही पढ़ा है। स्कूल की किताबों से अलग ना तो हमारे घरवालों ने हमे कभी किताबों से रूबरू कराया, न ही मैंने होने की कोशिश की। लेकिन कही न कही मुझे यह किताबे पढ़ना अच्छा लगता था, सबके सामने क्युकी जब पूरी क्लास में कोई चैप्टर पढ़ना होता था तो टीचर सबसे पहले मुझे ही खड़ा करती थी। एक दो बार तो मुझे यह भी सुनने को मिल की मैं किताबे बहुत अच्छी पढ़ती हु। फिर धीरे धीरे ,जैसे मैं बढी काक्षाओ में आती गयी वैसे-वैसे मॉरल स्टोरीस के साथ-साथ नॉर्मल एनसीईआरटी की किताबे भी दुर होती चली गई। और आखिर में बचा क्या – मैथ्स और साइंस। एक दिन की बात है जब मैं ग्यारहवी कक्षा में थी तो मेरी क्लास में एक लड़की हुआ करती थी जिसका नाम मानसी था। उसको रोमांटिक नोवेल्स पढ़ना बड़ा पसंद था, वो भी बढी और मोटी वाली। वो हर हफ्ते या दो हफ्ते में एक नई नॉवेल लेकर स्कूल आती थी और खाली टाइम में पढ़ती रहती। उसके साथ ऐसे दो तीन लड़किया और थी। मुझे यह देखते देखते पूरे 2 साल हो गए थे। तो मैंने एक दिन उस लड़की से जाके पूछा की –“ तुम्हारा फिज़िक्स का सिलबस हो गया।”



उसने कहा – “नहीं, पर क्यू पूछ रही है।” मैंने कहा – “नहीं तू मतलब ऐसी फालतू की किताबे पढ़ती रहती है न इसलिए, तो मुझे लगा शायद तुझे आता हो सब “फिर उसने मुझसे कहा की – “देख वंशिका, मुझे ना यह किताबे पढ़ना पसंद है, और वैसे भी देख जितना भी में पढ़लो मेरे नंबर अच्छे आने ही नहीं है, तो पढ़के फायदा क्या है।” “इससे बड़िया जो पसंद है वो ही पढ़ लो, और एक बार तू भी चालों करेगी न तो तुझे भी पसंद आने लगेगी” फिर मैंने उससे कहा की देख यार यह एनसीईआरटी तो मुझसे पढ़ी नहीं जाती, तो मुझे यह किताबे क्या ही पसंद आएंगी।” वैसे तो वो मेरी अच्छी सहेली थी, इसलिए मुझे वह से पीट कर नहीं भगाया, वरना कोई और होता तो अभी तक पीट ढालता। खेर वो मुझे देख तो ऐसे ही रही थी। उस टाइम पे मेरा यह सोचना मुझे लाजमी लगता था की यह किताबे फालतू है और मुझे कभी पसंद नही आने वाली। कॉलेज में आने के बाद मेरे साथ ठीक इसका उल्टा हुआ। यहा पे आके देखा तो लोगों के हाथों में अलग अलग तरीके की किताबे, कुछ लोग मेट्रो में भी दिखी जाते थे किताबों के साथ और उन सबको देखकर मेरे दिमाग में सिर्फ एक सवाल उठा। “why these people are so free? यह अपनी कोर्स की सारे किताबे पढ़ चुके है या यह इतने खाली है?” इन सबको को देखते देखते मैंने अपनी लाइफ का आधा साल और निकाला। फिर कुछ दिनों बाद मैंने यह तय किया की में भी एक बुक जरा पढ़ के देखती हु, अगर पढ़ी जाएगी तो ठीक है। वरना में किसी और को पकड़ा दूँगी। तो मैंने अपनी अभी तक की सबसे पहली बुक “थिंक एण्ड ग्रोव रिच” खरीदी। जो की मैंने गूगल के कहने पर खरीदी थी। और वो बुक मैंने 1 महीने में पढ़ी, हर रोज में उसको लेकर बैठा करती और मुझे ताज्जुक इस बात का हो रहा था की में उसे बिना बोर हुए पढ़ पा रही थी। फिर मैंने दूसरी बुक खरीदी उसको खतम करने के तुरंत बाद मैंने एक और नॉवेल खरीदी, जो की दुरजओय दुत्ता की रोमांटिक नॉवेल थी। लेकिन उसे मैंने सिर्फ आधा पढ़ा। फिर उसी किताब के बाद मैंने थोड़ा छान बिन करना शुरू किया, और फिर एक **political genre** की किताब खरीदी। वो दिन के बाद आज का दिन है, में इन डेड साल में कुल मिलाकर 15 नॉवेल पढ़ चुकी हु। और यह मेरी लिए एक गर्व की बात है, मुझे ऐसा लगता है। जो भी है चलो मैंने कम से कम शुरू तो किया। और मैंने वो बढी और मोटी किताबे पढ़ी, जिनका साइज़ देखकर में डर। करती थी। फिर अगर हम बात करे तो मैंने पिछले एक साल में अपनी सबसे पसंद आने वाली केटेगरी को पहचाना , जो की थी पिक्चर स्टोरी बुक्स की। इससे पहले ही शायद मैंने कभी इतनी शानदार किताबे देखि होगी (क्युकी मेरी बचपन में जितना मुझे याद मैंने वो मॉरल स्टोरीस के अलावा ऐसा कुछ नहीं पढ़ा)। मैंने कभी यह नही सोचा था की बच्चों के लिए भी ऐसी किताबे आती होगी, और नही कभी सोचने की कोशिश की थी। यहा तक की में तो में मेरी स्कूल या मेरे आस पास के लोगों में से भी किसी को ही पता होगा इन किताबों के बारे में। क्युकी हम सब ने जो किताबे पढ़ी है उसमे हमेशा आ से आम ही सिखाया गया है। जब मैंने कितबे भी अभी ही देखि है तो यह तो सोचने वाली कोई बात ही नहीं है की में बुक स्टोर में कभी गई होगी अपने बचपन में, जहा पे हम अपनी पसंद की बुक खरीदते है। अब यह मेरे आस पास के माहोल का कह लो, या मेरे पेरेंट्स का की मुझे स्टोरी बुक्स या कोई भी एक्स्ट्रा पढ़ने के लिए किताबों के बारे में ज्यादा कुछ पता नही था।



क्युकी में क्या मेरे आस पास किसी ने ऐसे बुक नहीं देखि अपने बचपन में, बस स्कूल वालों ने जो किताबे देदी हमे वो ही पढ़ना था। फिर भी अगर एक बार को यह सोच के भी चले की मेरे पेरेंट्स को अगर यह पता होता की ऐसी कोई किताबे भी आती है, जब में छोटी थी। तब भी शायद वो नहीं दिलवाते। क्युकी उन्हे भी मेरी तरह (जैसा मुझे पहले लगता था) यही लगता है की यह किताबे खराब होती है। जैसा की पीचले कुछ दिनों की ही बात है, मैंने कुछ किताबे अनलाइन ऑर्डर की और वो मेरे पिताश्री के हाथों लग गई। और उन्होंने छूटते ही पहली बात यही कही –“ ऐसी फालतू की किताबे पढ़कर तुम्हें क्या मिलेगा, तुम्हारे से तुम्हारी किताबे तो पढ़ी नहीं जा रही।” खेर वो भी छोरो, वो एक अलग दुनिया है हमारी। वापिस किताबों पे आ जाते है, तो अभी तक हमे यह बात अच्छे से पता चल गई है की न तो मेरे पास किताबे थी न ही उनको अकेस्स करने वाला कोई। और न ही ऐसा कोई माहोल, जिसमे किसी को पढ़ने का शौक हो। फिर इसी बीच आती है मेरी कहनियों के दुनिया, जिसमे गिसी पिटी वो ही कहानिया थी।लेकिन उन् कहानियों को बार- बार सुनने में भी अपना ही मज़ा था, क्युकी कोई और कहानी हमे सुनने को मिलेगी नहीं। और सालों मे सिर्फ एक बार कहानी सुनने को मिलती थी, तो सुन्न ही लेनी चाहिए अपना नुकसान करने से कोई फायदा नहीं है। तीसरी बात यह थी की, कभी कबार हमे कहानिया सुनने को मिलती थी तो वो त्योहारों में। फिर एक बात यह भी आती है की मैंने अपने बचपन में यह **fairy tales** कितनी बार देखि है, मुझे यह देखना का बड़ा ही शौक था। लेकिन घर में एक ही टीवी उसमे भी पापा की ही पसंद की न्यूज चलेगी, क्युकी न्यूज देखने से ज्ञान बढ़ता है। लेकिन इतनी न्यूज देखने के बाद भी मेरा कुछ नहीं हुआ। तो अगर सभी बातों को मद्देनजर रखा जाए तो मुझे ऐसा लगता है, फॅमिली और स्कूल का ज्यादा योगदान नहीं रहा है मेरे इस पाठक बनने के सफर में लेकिन अगर में आखिरी में आकर देखूंगी तो मुझे लगता है शायद इन्होंने ही मुझे पढ़ना सिखाया है। तो कही न कही योगदान तो था।

अब अगर हम बात करे की पहले और अब **STCL** के बाद वाले समय की मेरे केस की तो मुझे ऐसा लगता है जैसे इस विषय ने मेरी समझ और बढ़ाने की कोशिश करी है किताबों को लेकर। और अब शायद मेरा यह मानना है की बच्चों की किताबे और बड़ों की किताबों में ज्यादा अंतर नहीं होता, क्युकी मुझे तो उन्ही की किताबों में अब ज्यादा मज़ा आने लगा है। कभी काबार में यह सोचती हु की काश मैंने यह कितबे बचपन में पढ़ी होती तो शायद मेरा बचपन का वो मजेदार किताबों का किस्सा अधूरा नहीं रहता। खेर सबका अपना अपना सफर होता है, में पूरी कोशिश में हु की में अपने इस सफर में कुछ नया जोड़ पाऊ और इस सफर को एक यादगार किताबों की यादे जी पाउ । तो कुछ इस प्रकार था मेरा नजरंदाज किया हुआ एक पाठक का सफर।

**Vanshika Pal**  
-3rd year





# Innocent Delights

One would assume that the fear of cavities and the dentist is enough to stop Shivani from consuming sugar the same way her friend Amya drinks water after she has been running on the way back home from school. It wasn't really ever enough though. Besides Shivani would often think that sugar is happiness and that's the end of it. Why shall she give up something she loves so much? And so she never failed to have a little argument ready every time an oldie mentioned that sugar is not good for her.

"I have strong teeth."

"Who'll pay the dentist if I don't get cavities?"

"You never tell Amya or me to not eat a lot of bitter gourd. Why would you discriminate against sugar?"

"But I brushed two times a day!"

And so on went her list of reasons and questions, seemingly endless.

Every day outside their school there would be a candy floss vendor. Ready to lure Shivani with his offering in lieu of 5₹. Every day Shivani would ask Amya if she wanted any and Amya would say no. Shivani loved sugar but she also hated eating alone just as much so she would never buy them. Her mom called candy floss, 'Budhiya ke baal'. Amya's mom called them, 'Gudiya ke baal'. For the longest time, they would simply get in this fight and forget all about candy floss on their way back home. Until one-day Amya wanted to have candy floss. It was a slightly rainy day with little mud here and there. Shivani had her nose all scrunched up since the morning. The small muddy dots on her socks and padded shoes with dried-up mud on their sides kept picking at her. In turn, Amya wanted to play the role of a good friend so she asked for candy floss.

To Shivani, it felt like a reward for bearing with the rain without getting angry at another random boy in her class. So she ran to the vendor and asked for two candy flosses.

---

Uncle, give me two candy flosses and here you have these Ten rupees"

"Only five rupees? Don't you want the ten-rupee packet" The roadside vendor waiting for a customer throughout on a rainy day couldn't help his little greed and neither could Shivani who had been craving candy floss for so long.

"Do one thing, give me two of ten rupees." And so Shivani fumbled with her bag and pulled out another 10₹ coin from below her books.

"Isn't it tasty?" Shivani looked at Amya with big doe eyes and Amya had the same face as Shivani when she first ate Cadbury bubbles and couldn't believe that something could feel so good.

Their little fingers tore past the plastic and clamped little pieces of candy floss that went right into their mouths where it felt like they were eating clouds. With clouds comes rain and thunder. Well, there was rain and thunder alright. As a scooter rushed past the two going brrr with a rusty engine. Shivani pulled Amya aside as she herself struggled to keep balance.

The rolling of the brrr and the slight rush of adrenaline faded away just as they came. Now with Shivani looking at Amya and her candy floss in water. Just a pinch of it remaining still in her fingers. Shivani looked at Amya's shocked face with sadness almost drowning just then Amya turned to Shivani and burst out laughing.

Shivani kept asking what had happened during the five minutes walk back home and Amya kept pointing at her, shaking her head, and laughing. Finally, she let it out that Shivani's one part of the dress had gone all brown with mud spots, and for what? To save Amya with a bunch of those. In turn, Shivani kept trying to get back to her by eating her candy floss. But nothing could help the warmth Amya felt as she laughed and laughed.

**-By Shubhi Sharma  
4th Year**

---

# TURNING POINT

*Over the next few pages, we have made an effort to include small turning points as a child. An accumulation of certain delicate, intriguing, and captivating stories that revolve around the things to seek a child's compassion. With elegant illustrations and an enthralling outlook on our surroundings, we bring some of these selected pieces for you.*

-By Shreya Gupta  
3rd Year



# On Coming Up Pages...

1. Don't Hug Doug

2. Lunch at 10

Pomegranate

Street

3. The Dot

4. How to Live

Forever



# D

# on't Hug Doug!



A wonderful way to spark discussions about bodily autonomy and consent with a heartwarming story of an ordinary kid Doug. Reassuring readers and young minds that kids who don't like hugs aren't unfriendly or odd; they just show and appreciate other modes of affection. Some people love hugs; other people don't. So how can you tell if someone likes hugs or not? There's only one way to find out: Ask!

Written by Carrie Finison  
; Drawings by Daniel  
Wiseman

Amidst the post-pandemic world we are adjusting around new things. Almost every aspect of our surroundings is stirring day by day. A must read for young minds and even adults to come across these boundaries and consent with a fun, exuberant story!



# Lunch at 10 Pomegranate Street: a collection of recipes to share



**BLACK BEAN SOUP**  
INGREDIENTS: 1 can of black beans, 1 onion, 1 bell pepper, 1 tomato, 1 lime, 1 cup of water, 1 cup of vegetable broth, 1/2 tsp of salt, 1/2 tsp of black pepper, 1/2 tsp of cumin, 1/2 tsp of paprika, 1/2 tsp of garlic powder, 1/2 tsp of onion powder, 1/2 tsp of dried oregano, 1/2 tsp of dried basil, 1/2 tsp of dried thyme, 1/2 tsp of dried rosemary, 1/2 tsp of dried sage, 1/2 tsp of dried marjoram, 1/2 tsp of dried dill, 1/2 tsp of dried fennel, 1/2 tsp of dried chives, 1/2 tsp of dried parsley, 1/2 tsp of dried cilantro, 1/2 tsp of dried mint, 1/2 tsp of dried basil, 1/2 tsp of dried oregano, 1/2 tsp of dried thyme, 1/2 tsp of dried rosemary, 1/2 tsp of dried sage, 1/2 tsp of dried marjoram, 1/2 tsp of dried dill, 1/2 tsp of dried fennel, 1/2 tsp of dried chives, 1/2 tsp of dried parsley, 1/2 tsp of dried cilantro, 1/2 tsp of dried mint.

Written  
and magnificently  
illustrated  
by Felicity  
Sala

A collection of 15 recipes from the inhabitants of 10 Pomegranate Street. Each recipe has a double-page spread showing a scene of the residents preparing the food and a page with illustrated ingredients and the method.

A marvelous exposure to diversity across the globe, bringing love and taste onto our plate!

A must-read for children to be more open to other cultures and their flavors.



-Shreya Gupta  
3rd Year





# The Dot

by Peter  
H. Reynolds

Her teacher smiled. "Just make a mark and see where it takes you."  
Art class is over, but Vashti is sitting glued to her chair in front of a blank piece of paper. The words of her teacher are a gentle invitation to express herself. But Vashti can't draw - she's no artist. To prove her point, Vashti jabs at a blank sheet of paper to make an unremarkable and angry mark. "There!" she says. That one little dot marks the beginning of Vashti's journey of surprise and self-discovery. That special moment is the core of Peter H. Reynolds's delicate fable about the creative spirit in all of us.





# How to Live Forever

## by Colin Thompson

Peter and his family live among the Quinces in the cookery section of a mystical library, and at night, when the library comes to life, Peter ventures out of his home to find a missing volume: How To Live Forever.

Kids will enjoy the simple story and the big picture illustrations. Older, more well-read readers, children, teens, and adults, will “get” all the illustrations, which are time-consuming to read.



Even with the  
best of intentions,  
Peter and his family  
are in a bit of a  
bind.

On the shelves  
of the library,  
there are books  
of every kind,  
from the most  
popular to the  
most obscure.  
But Peter's  
family has  
found a book  
that is missing.  
It's a book  
that has been  
lost for a long  
time. Peter  
must find it  
before it's too  
late.



# Book: Gone Girl

## By Gillian Flynn

Genre: Thriller

Page Count: 463

**Synopsis:** Nick and Amy are happily married, or it seems so. Suddenly, Amy disappears on the day of their 5th wedding anniversary & Nick isn't doing a great job at being ruled out as a suspect. He acts weird, lies to the police & behaves inappropriately but has he really killed Amy?



**Review:** I don't want to say more about the PLOT now as it may ruin your experience with the book. The book is surprising, thrilling & intriguing. The twist is unpredictable & you'll definitely say words like 'What the hell did just happen?', 'Really?' or 'Whaaattt?!' in most parts of the book. You'll experience a wide range of emotions at a single point. When I discussed it with my friend, she aptly said, "You cannot say who is right or wrong because that line has been crossed in the starting itself!"

**By Priyal Grover**  
- 3rd Year

*"I'm a little too much & he's a little too little."*

*"She's just easy to like. I've never understood why that's considered a compliment- that just anyone could like you."*

*"I will find you, Amy. Lovesick words, hateful intentions."*

*"I was told love should be unconditional. That's the rule, everyone says so. But if love has no boundaries, no limits, no conditions, why should anyone try to do the right thing ever? If I know I'm loved no matter what, where is the challenge?"*

*"All this time I'd thought we were strangers & it turned out we knew each other intuitively, in our bones, in our blood."*

*"There's something disturbing about recalling a warm memory and feeling utterly cold."*





**A DOOR TO  
NOSTALGIA**



# Reminiscence



## Rainy season in my childhood

-Khushi Monga

B.El.Ed 2<sup>nd</sup> year

When I was a child I used to do so many things like playing with water, drenched in rain and also have experienced a splash of muddy water from the road which was indeed very annoying.

I want to write to all the incidents about that. My first incident is about the way to my home from my school, when I was very late and waiting was the rain to stop but it didn't. After that to reach my home on time, we took a risk and went outside the school in presence of rain after that my books and notebooks drenched and then I found my notebooks with inks here and there and I couldn't read a single word from that as I used to use gel pen in my notebooks and after that I had to made my notebooks again and keep my books under the sunlight to dry for few days.

Next incident is when I was going to my relatives home with my mom and dad in auto, I was wearing a good dress and there was rainy season but it was not raining. When we were on our way, there was a puddle and the other car was going with speed and all the water splashed on me and I was feeling very bad and my mom was yelling at the driver.

So this was my incidents which were very bad during my childhood in rainy season.

In a raining day. When I was coming home from school. On the way I got wet.

My friend and I were playing in the water on the way. I took out my water bottle and poured all the water on her. We had a great time together. Then I went towards the home. At home my mother was frying pakoda. I made and serve tea for everyone. We enjoyed raining day together.

- Garima Negi



## Vira, Amma and the Rain

'One fold and a twist. That's how you make a boat!'

Vira always said this. The truth was far from it. It takes a lot of patience and mangoes to make a paper boat. Especially during rain, it gets trickier. Amma always told vira to take care of me. Taking care meant staying away from water. Although vira was a loving brother, he could never say no to me. We used to run a lot and jump on puddles to escape amma. It was our little thing. The rain was our season and no one could take it away from us. However, amma was always upset with us. She would oil my hair after I got wet from the rain. I didn't like it at first. It made my hair sticky and smelly.

But now as I stand here, with my Dog. Far away from home at the beachside of Mumbai, with a chunk of cotton candy in my hand, I miss vira and his paper boats, Amma's oily hands, and our marked puddles of water. The rain is never the same. It changes from one place to another. And my rain stays somewhere with my Vira.

-By Shreya Gupta  
3rd Year



By Jigyasa Rana  
Second year  
B.EL.ED gargi

Road to future.  
Jiya (main character)  
Dadi( past and present)  
Munnaa  
Harish chacha  
Riya (jiya 's friend)

Scene 1

Location: house

Jiya on phone with her friend

Jiya: I won't come tomorrow my dadi is here.

Riya: Will you come to play pubg

Jiya: my mom will scold me but when she will sleep In night I will play ,my dadi will not know about it.

Dadi: phone rkh beta! Idhar aaa

(Makes jiya sit),kitne rookhe baal hogye hai tere, bikul khayal ni rkhti tum apna , jb dadi gaon se aayegi tb hi kya baalo m ghee or tel lgega jiyaaa (in worry tone)

Jiya: ouch! baal khich reh h ,dekho mre baal kitne lambe hogye h na dadi...

Dadi: Ha ,dekh bhar Baarish hori h ,tumhe Jake apne dosto ke sth khelna ni h??

Jiyaa: Baarish mei or bhar? Ab light chli jayegi muje phone mei game khelni thi..

Dadi: Sara time phone mai tumhe btati hu hum Baarish mei kya krte the...

Baarish sound coming from outside

Scene change

Scene 2

Location: terrace

Setting: early 90s era

Dadi bachapn: ayeee Munnaa danda merkoo dee, ab mri baari hai tu humesha gili danda khelte hue meri baari le leta hai (sad)

Munna(Dadi brother): aree Baarish shuru hogyi, chl chalaang lgate h paani meii jiske paer se zor se chap chap hui vo jeetega

Both are giggling and enjoying

Dadi: kaagaz ki nao bnate haii bhaiya

Munna: ha Chlo

Dadi: tumhe kya lgta hai kbi hum asli ki nao m baith bi payenge?

Munna: tera bhai tuje nao m ni jahaj meii bithayega

Dadi: vo kaise?

Mumma: tu jo din bhar khelti rehti hai ,thoda padhegi ache se toh badi afaqr bn jayegi fir motor,

jahaj ,nao sb mei ghumioo...

Dadi: dekhoo harish ke chacha ki phat phat aari h

Munna: phat phat ni motor 🏍️ Chl neeche chlte h

Scene 3

Road

Harish chacha: or bacho kaise ho? Baarish mei masti hori h

Dadi: haa ,aap kaha ja re hoo ?

Harish chacha: mai toh shehar ja rha hu

Munna: shehar hume bi le chlo na pls pls

Both muna and dadi started shouting in excitement: ha ha le Chlooo

Harish: ja toh koi ek hi payega or phle mei pakode khaunga

Munna: ha mai lekr aata huu,

Munna brings pakdode

Munna: aap choti ko le jaoo mai to ramakarn chacha ke sth motor pr baitha hu pr ye kbi ni baithi

Harish: theek hi

Munna: or chacha ye mere bachaye hue paise h iskoo shehar wale sarkari iskool (school) mei dakhlia dilwadena

Munna to Dadi: dekh aj tu motor pr baithi h ,kl padh likh ke jahj m bi baithegi...

They went on scooter towards shehar ke school.

Flashback ends

Jiya: dadi ab to aap humesha flight se hi aate ho or muje to lgta tha aapko English smj ni aati.

Dadi: I very well understand what you say and talk in English but don't worry I won't tell mumaa

Jiya: wow dadi!!!.

Scene ends by jiya hugging her dadi

A photograph of a rooftop garden at dusk. The scene is filled with various potted plants, including palm trees and leafy greens, arranged along a wooden railing. The ground is paved with light-colored tiles. In the background, a cityscape is visible under a sky with scattered clouds, illuminated by the soft light of the setting sun. A dark purple horizontal bar is overlaid across the middle of the image, containing the text 'ART WALL' in white, bold, sans-serif capital letters.

# ART WALL





**AYUSHI SHARMA**  
**1st YEAR**





**MANSI SHARMA**  
**3rd YEAR**

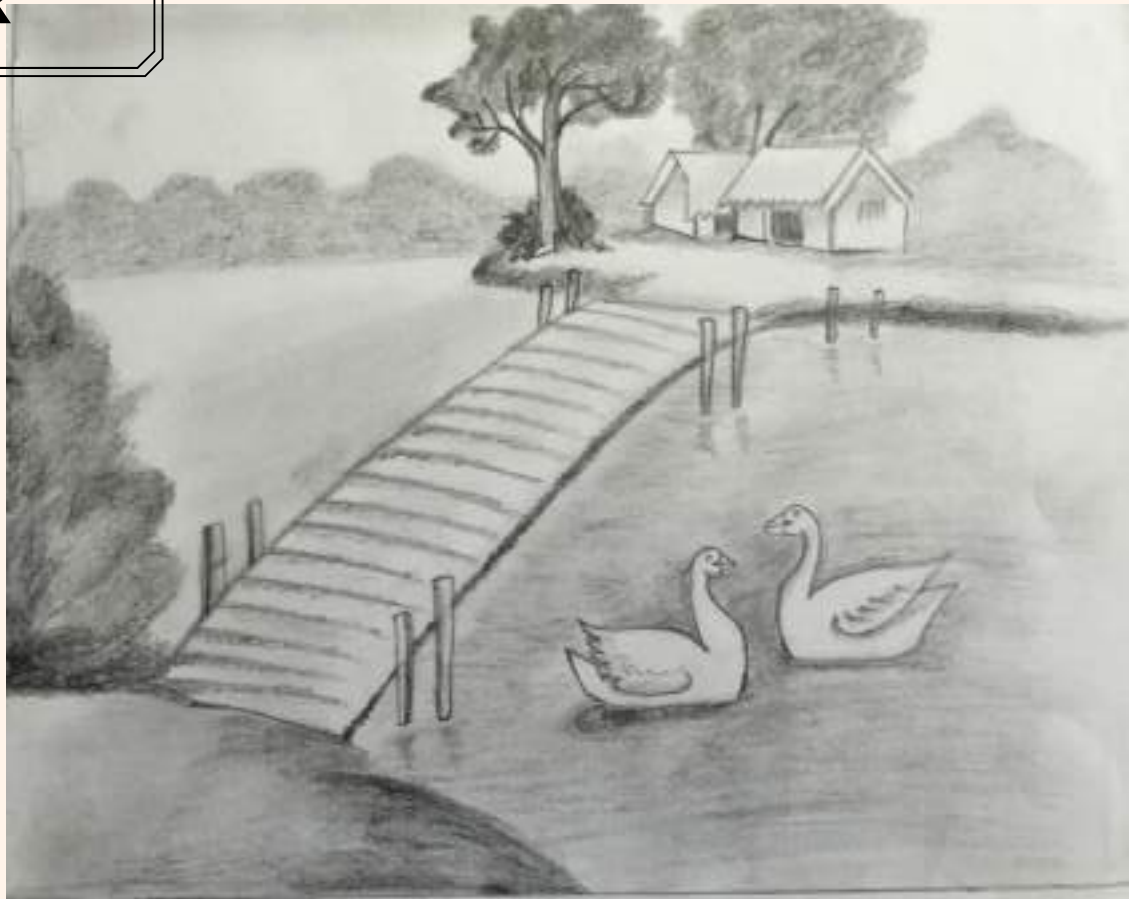






**MANSI SHARMA**  
**3rd YEAR**

**AVANI SHARMA**  
**1st YEAR**







**NISHA**  
**3rd YEAR**





**SHREYA GUPTA**  
**3rd YEAR**



**AAYSHU NANDINI**  
**3rd YEAR**





**KHUSHI AGGARWAL**  
**3rd YEAR**







**VANDANA MEENA**  
**2nd YEAR**



mein apni  
favourite hoon







**AZIMA**  
**3rd YEAR**







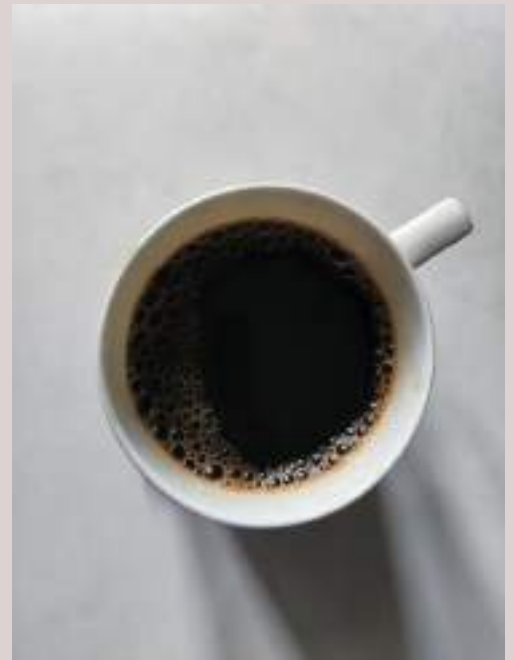
A

DOOR

TO

VISION















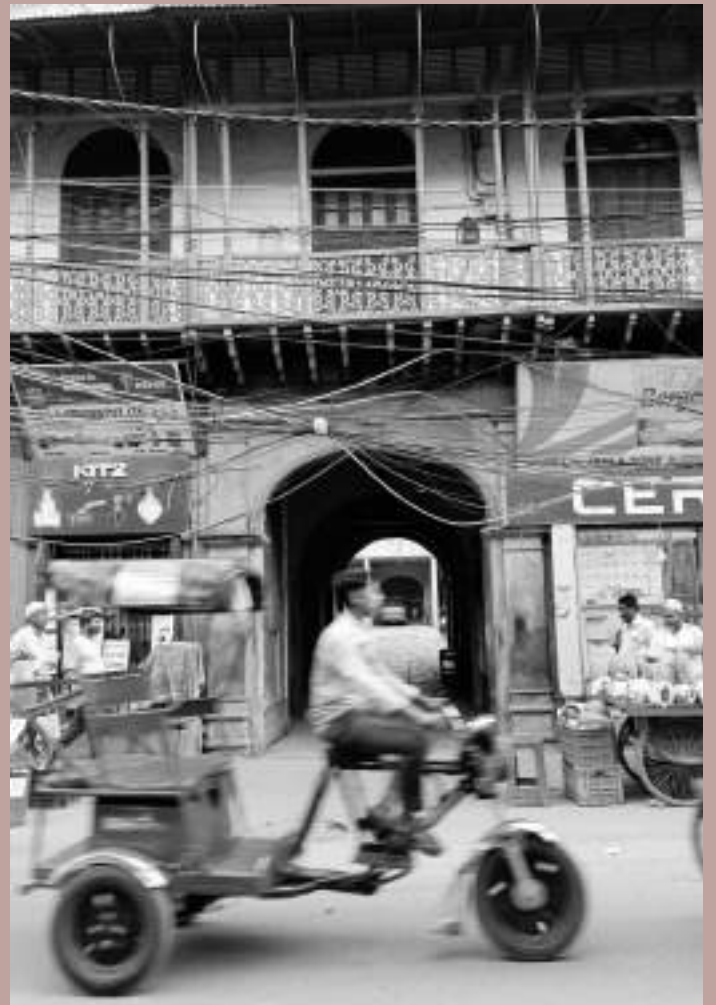
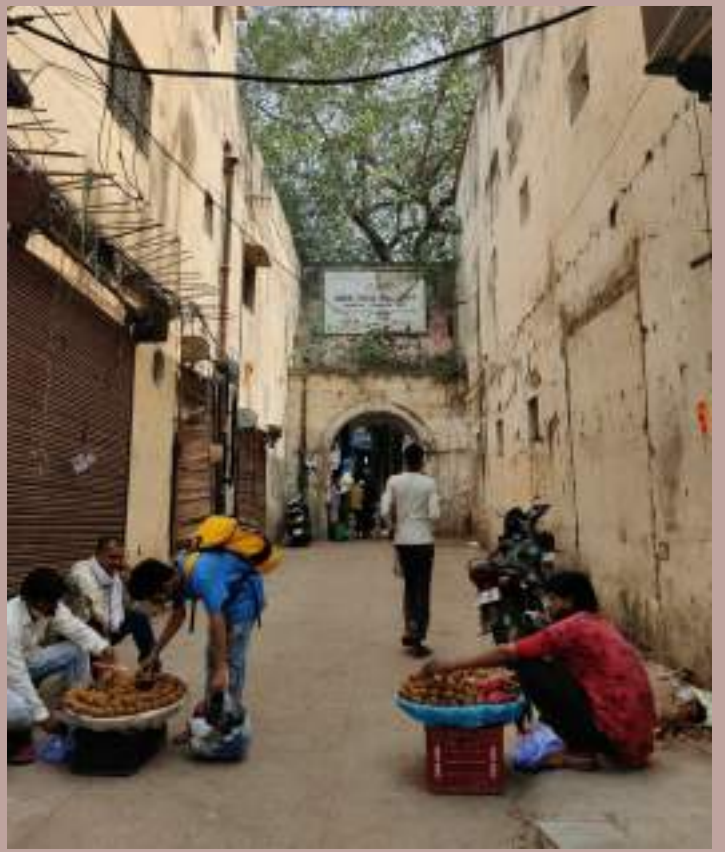


















# CREDITS

## MANAGEMENT

1. Dr. Prachi Kalra
2. Dr. Suman Lata
3. Asmi
4. Team Novelty
5. Team Artwave

## EDITOR IN CHIEF

Shruti Malhotra, Second Year

## COPY EDITING TEAM

1. Priyal Grover, Third Year
2. Nishita Goel, Second Year
3. Megha Sharma, Second Year
4. Khushi Monga, Second Year
5. Shubhi Sharma, Fourth Year

## PHOTO CREDITS

1. Kajol, Third Year
2. Vanshika Pal, Third Year
3. Shreya Gupta, Third Year
4. Aayshu, Third Year
5. Aparna Tyagi, Second Year

## FRONT COVER

1. Ritika Srivastava, Third Year
2. Priyal Grover, Third Year

## BACK COVER

Canva (Open Source)

# SANCHAYAN

2022

Department of Elementary Education

