BHAVAN VIDYALAYA, PANCHKULA

PRESENTS

abhivyakti

An E-Treasure of Creative Expression

2025

KULWANT SINGH LITERARY FEST



"A good system of education should aim at holistic development of the personality of an individual to ensure peace and happiness in his life.
It should also ensure that the mind of an individual is so cultured as to enable one to comprehend and to accomplish his full potential–of mind, body and spirit– in personal and social sphere."

Sh. Kulwant Singh
Founder Chairman
Bhavan Vidyalaya, Panchkula



Dear Readers,

Warm Greetings.

It is a profound privilege to present to you this latest anthology - a collection of written expressions thoughtfully curated to immerse you in myriad experiences.

Abhivyakti is far more than a compilation, it is a vibrant confluence of emotions and ideas, brought together by the collective endeavour of our students, faculty, parents, and alumni.

In this age of artificial prompts, where the integrity of original thought is often evaded, this publication offers a refreshing respite. It serves as a powerful affirmation that we remain at our essence deeply creative souls.

Words are our power. When used to express the authentic self, they become a silent communiqué—an invitation for you to interpret these narratives through your own lens and open new vistas of engagement.

I wish you a transformative experience as you turn the pages of Abhivyakti.

God bless.

Gulshan Kaur
Principal



Warm Greetings

In an era of AI, when everything seems contrived, with people glued to their gadgets, interactions happening online and reality turning virtual, the only thing that offers solace is the written word. The timeless value of literature shines through all artificial simulations and digital distractions.

Nothing else is trustworthy and has withstood the vagaries of time but books, the 'BEST FRIENDS' of man,holding in them treasures of love, hope and wisdom.

'Abhivyakti', with its insightful, inspirational and poignant write-ups,will surely inspire readers to revisit the profound and enduring impact of the written word and remind them of the unique role of books as repositories of human experience and wisdom.

Happy Reading!!

Poonam Malhotra

HOD(English)



Unveiling Abhivyakti: A Tapestry of Literary Excellence

Bhavan Vidyalaya Panchkula's e-magazine, Abhivyakti, is a testament to the institution's commitment to nurturing literary talent and fostering creativity among its students. This collection of literary gems is a shining example of the power of words to inspire, educate, and entertain.

Abhivyakti is more than just a magazine – it's a platform for young voices to be heard, a canvas for artistic expression and a celebration of the written word. The publication's diverse range of articles, poems, and stories showcase the versatility and creativity of Bhavan Vidyalaya's students, teachers and parents. The editorial team's dedication to curating high-quality content is evident in every page of Abhivyakti. The magazine's themes, ranging from social issues to personal reflections are thought-provoking and engaging.

Abhivyakti serves as a reminder that literature is a powerful tool for self-expression, social commentary and personal growth. By sharing their stories, poems and experiences the students of Bhavan Vidyalaya Panchkula inspire us to think critically, empathize with others and appreciate the beauty of language.

My heartfelt thank you to the students' editorial team, contributors and everyone involved in bringing Abhivyakti to life. May this e-magazine continue to be a beacon of literary excellence, inspiring generations of students to come.

We humbly request literature lovers to explore its pages and discover the literary gems within.

Ms. Anupama Bharadwaj
Teacher (English)



Abhivyakti is more than an e-magazine. It is an expression of voices, ideas and aspirations reflecting creativity and consciousness of the society we live in.

In this fast paced era driven by speed , Abhivyakti stands as a space for reflection, dialogue and depth. Every article, poem, artwork and opinion featured here carries the courage to think differently and the honesty to express freely and with sincerity.

This edition highlights the diversity of perspectives within our community. It reassures us that expression is not just about speaking but about being heard, understood and respected. Abhivyakti thrives when expression flows freely and responsibly aiming for the betterment of the society.

Together, let us continue to nurture this platform where ideas meet expression and creativity finds purpose.

Happy Reading.

Ms Reema

Teacher (English)





Dear Readers,

It fills us with great joy and pride to welcome you to another beautiful edition of Abhivyakti, a space where thoughts take flight, creativity flows freely and every young mind discovers its voice. True to its name, Abhivyakti is much more than a magazine; it's a reflection of our school's vibrant spirit, imagination and curiosity.

Each page celebrates the courage to express, the joy of exploring and the beauty of ideas that bring us closer together. From thought-provoking articles and heartfelt essays to soulful poems and lively artwork, this edition reminds us that creativity isn't taught—it's discovered, nurtured and celebrated.

Our young contributors have written with sincerity and passion, turning everyday moments into stories and reflections into inspiration. Their talent and effort make this edition truly special.

We are deeply grateful to our respected Madam Principal for her constant encouragement, to the editorial team for their hard work, and to every writer and artist who poured their heart into Abhivyakti.

As you turn these pages, may you find words that move you, thoughts that stay with you and dreams that light your way. May Abhivyakti continue to be the canvas where imagination thrives, expression blossoms and creativity continue to illuminate every mind.

Welcome to this celebration of expression. Welcome to Abhivyakti.

Happy Reading!

-Samaira Kaushik and Gauransh Dewan

Student Editors

॥ श्री विघ्नेश्वर वंदना ॥



तू सुन्दर, तू सुशील, तू प्यारा अविनाशी है।
उज्जैन, केदार, बदरी तू, तू वृंदावन, काशी है।
तू लंबोदर, तू गजानन, तू गजमुख सुख करता है।
गरीब, अमीर, राजा, रंक — सभी का तू दुख हरता है।
तू गणेश, तू गणपति, तू विनम्र भवानी नंदन है।
हाथ, वेदपाश और मोदक — सब करें तेरा ही वंदन है।
तू वक्रतुण्ड, तू महौदार्य, तू अभय मुद्रा धारी है।
छोटे नेत्र, बड़े कर्ण — शंकर सुवन पर दुनिया वारी है।
तू ही राजा, तू ही चिंतामणि, तू प्रथम पूज्य अधिकारी है।
तेरे समक्ष सभी की सभी बाधाएँ भी हारी हैं।
तू अजय-अमर, तू आदि-अनंत — तू सभी के दिल का प्यार है।
मूषक वाहन, उमा के सुत को — मेरा शत्-शत् नमस्कार है।



-Nikunj Khurana
IX-Sundaram

Vacation - The Soul's Retreat

Vacation is not where, thousands spent,
It's not in busy shops, or where swags trend.
It's turning inward, going deep and still,
Where eternal peace can calm the will.

It's meeting, not with a place or map,
But your own soul, in a silence gap.
Maybe on a worn-out seat
Of a rickshaw through the street

Away from the killing stress, where horns refrain.
A break from the routines that bind and control,
A break from the busy thoughts that drain the soul.
A break from work and worries, that make you ill,

To breathe again, and to leave stress behind,
To travel out and find who you are, in mind.
To meet the real partner within you, true,
In quiet moments, vacation lets your spirit renew.





Ms Sonia Pabby
Vice Principal

The Locked Classroom

One evening, Ankit forgot his water bottle in class. When he went back, the corridor was empty and the classroom door creaked open on its own. He stepped inside—everything looked normal, except the blackboard. Words slowly appeared: "Respect your teachers." Shocked, he ran out. Next day, he apologized to his teacher for being rude earlier that week. Strangely, the writing was gone forever.

Moral: Respect is the key to wisdom.



ANIRUDH TIWARI
VI -Sundaram

A Publication of Abhivyakti - Bhavan Vidyalaya, Panchkula

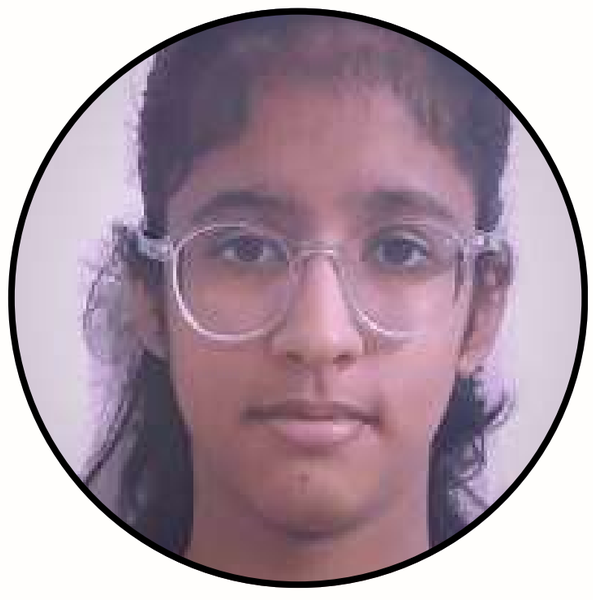
Abhivyakti - Bhavan Vidyala, Panchkula

AGATHA ODDLY
"No Case Too Odd"

Book Review

This book by Lena Jones follows Agatha Oddlow, a clever and determined 13-year-old with a keen mind for mysteries. Named after the legendary Agatha Christie, Agatha is passionate about solving puzzles and dreams of becoming a detective. She lives with her father in the cosy Gatekeeper's Cottage and often finds comfort in memories of her mother during difficult moments. Agatha's loyal friend, Liam Lau, is a brilliant student who, despite his own lack of interest in mysteries, always stands by Agatha's side, showcasing the strength of their friendship. Together, they run the "Oddlow Agency," tackling mysteries both big and small. Agatha describes her room as a small, cluttered space where belongings seem to be scattered as if stirred by a giant spoon. Her favourite crime writer is Agatha Christie, and she especially admires Felicity Lemon, a detective from her beloved book series. She has dark brown hair worn in a bob. She can be described as the young, determined apprentice detective. One day, she stumbles upon a secret organisation running under the city of London. She discovers her deceased mother, which reveals some secrets. She also discovers a secret pathway to tunnels running under the city of Hyde Park. It is a really nice book for those who love reading mystery books with secret places. It can be described as a book with secrets. Many secrets unfold as the reader turns the pages. It was a slushy novel to read. I found it a nice book to read on a rainy afternoon.





Aarushi
IX-F

अंत

अंत में सब ठीक हो जाता है,
मेरा क़लम भी यही नग़्मा गाता है।
हर कोई यही फ़साना सुनाता है,
पर अंत देखना कौन चाहता है,
ख़्वाहिशों का सिलसिला ख़त्म हो जाता है,
अंत ही दुख लाता है।

गिर कर भी दिल संभल जाता है,
हर अंजाम एक नई राह दिखाता है।
नई सहर का पहला नूर छाता है,
वो हर ज़ख़्म पर मरहम बन जाता है।

अंत में सब ठीक हो जाता है,
कुछ नया हमेशा सिखा जाता है,
और अगर ठीक न हो,
तो वो अंत नहीं — बस एक नया आग़ाज़ है,
बस एक नया आग़ाज़ है।



Navgun Singh
X-Saksham

Theatre and Drama as Therapy

Theatre and Drama have great healing powers. It makes ever lasting impressions in the minds of not only performers on the stage but also on audience. I have personally practised it for long years now and been motivated by quotes like this : Art can permeate the very deepest part of us, where no words exist." The results of theatre on personalities of students are very tangible and many of them have overcome their obstacles and succeeded in their lives. I vividly remember students with speech disorders and stage fears etc, overcome these by regular participation in theatre events. Also, there is a visible impact on society by such events like social customs, beliefs, child and women development and empowerment and the list goes on. We can call it as social healing therapies.

How does it heal? Its quite simple. Drama is real life scenarios but with the disappointing parts filtered out of it. So one only is put through constant positivity and positive beliefs about life. Drama is the stage where people learn to laugh, share their sorrows and essentially their life. That's when it heals you. So theatre is the purest form of all therapies, with no side effects. Theatre people spread happiness and joy wherever they go. They add a spice to life, which has no substitute.

Happy watching, acting and good luck!!





Arpana Gupta,
Theatre teacher

About Kulwant Singh Literary Fest - Abhivyakti - Bhavan Vidyala, Panchkula

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बारिश आई,

बारिश आई,

यह देख हमने नाव बनाई,

हम भीगे और हुए खुशहाल,

पर खुद का भी रखे खयाल,

न भूलो छाता ले कर जाना,

सर्दी से बचकर घर लौट आना ।।



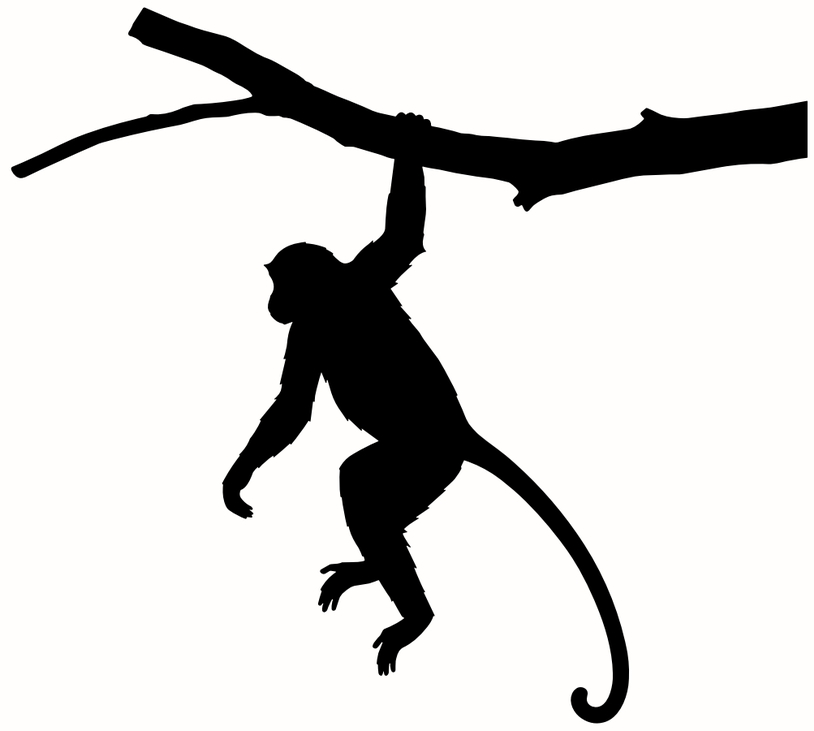


Nia Gupta

LKG-Coral

Brilliant Bananas

Book Review



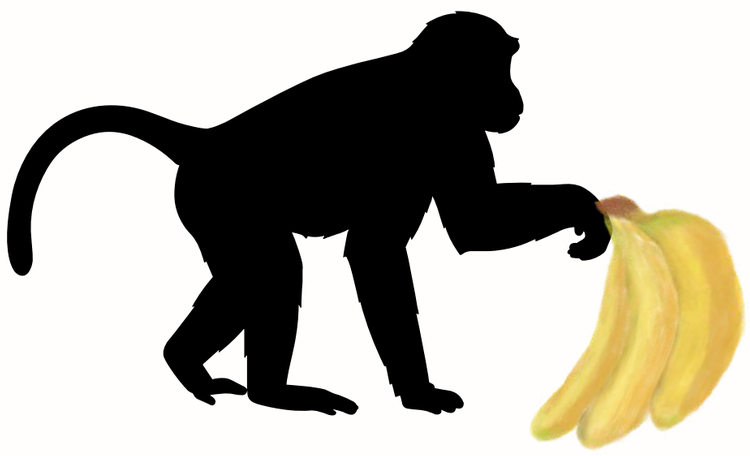
Author: Teresa Heapy
Publisher: Oxford Reading Tree

Summary:
The story is about Monkey, who loves his brilliant bananas and can't wait to eat them. But on his way through the jungle, he meets different animals who need his help — like a parrot stuck in a tree and an elephant in trouble. Each time, Monkey helps them, even though he drops or loses his bananas. In the end, his friends thank him by giving him more bananas, showing that kindness always comes back to you.

Message: Helping others and being kind makes you truly happy.

My Review:
I really enjoyed this story because it teaches us to be kind and helpful. The pictures are colorful and fun, and the story is easy to understand. My favorite part is when Monkey's friends thank him at the end.

Rating: ★★★★★ (5/5)





KAAVNI SONI
III, Sundaram

Abhivyakti - Bhavan Vidyala, Panchkula

The Reverence We Inherit

The art of parenting has let us be the part of this miraculous journey. Without doubt, parenting is all about showering love and adoration on our children. If everyone is contributing his bit, why is that , the need of counsellors in the schools has suddenly seen a surge , why is that the growing instances of juvenile crime are on a rise? These questions often bobble our minds when the parents, knowingly or unknowingly are an accomplice in shaping the world of the children.

We have gone somewhere amiss in our parenting. Our disillusionment with our children is often a manifestation of our misplaced expectations. So to begin with let's be the ones who our child would like to look up.

Difficult isn't it, for a major battle is still left to be combatted-generation gap. Can a bridge be crossed standing at one end and waiting for someone to come to your aid? If no, stride forth let the cocoon break , let the butterfly come out, watch it soar high in the vast expanse of sky but just be there for it looks up to you.





Divya Lama
Teacher (English)

Abhivyakti - Bhavan Vidyala, Panchkula

HOW BAMBOO GOT ITS BOUNTY WRITTEN

Book Review

A simple yet heart-touching story that teaches kindness, humility, and the beauty of nature. Sudha Murty's storytelling feels warm and magical, like a tale told by a loving grandparent. It's short, sweet, and leaves you with a smile and a gentle lesson about generosity.





ANIRUDH TIWARI

Vi-Sundaram

Abhivyakti - Bhavan Vidyala, Panchkula

Failure: A Teacher in Disguise

Failure is often viewed as a discouraging and uncomfortable experience, especially for students striving for excellence. Yet, failure is not a dead end; it is a valuable learning milestone. As the famous proverb goes, “Failure is the stepping stone to success.” Each setback carries within it a hidden lesson, waiting to be discovered by those willing to reflect and persevere.

When we encounter failure, it reveals our weaknesses and highlights the areas that need refinement. Instead of treating it as a defeat, we can see it as an opportunity for growth. A poor test score, an unfinished project, or an unsuccessful attempt in a competition does not define our abilities. Rather, it encourages us to reassess our approach, strengthen our efforts, and return with greater determination.

History is filled with individuals who transformed failure into triumph. Thomas Edison, who experienced countless unsuccessful experiments while inventing the light bulb, famously said, “I have not failed. I’ve just found 10,000 ways that won’t work.” His resilience shows that perseverance often matters more than natural talent. Another proverb captures this truth perfectly: “Fall seven times, stand up eight.”

Cont...

Failure also cultivates resilience, a quality essential for success in both academics and life. When students learn to face setbacks with courage, they develop patience, discipline, and self-confidence. They begin to understand that success is rarely immediate; it is usually the result of continuous effort, reflection, and improvement.

Moreover, embracing failure reduces the fear of trying new things. It promotes curiosity, creativity, and innovation. A student who is not afraid to make mistakes is far more likely to explore new ideas and take bold academic risks.

In essence, failure should not be seen as a finale but as a teacher in disguise. It encourages us to rise stronger, think smarter, and move forward with renewed purpose. As the saying goes, “Every mistake you make is progress.” When approached with the right mindset, failure becomes not an end, but a powerful lesson shaping the path to future success.



Anvi Soni

CVIII-Sundaram

HOW I TAUGHT MY GRANDMOTHER TO READ

Book Review

Sudha Murty's titular story is a warm, touching reminder that learning has no age and that love between generations is truly special. Told in Murty's simple and gentle style, the story follows the author's grandmother, Krishtakka, a 62-year-old woman who cannot read. One day, after missing an episode of her favorite TV serial, she cries because she is unable to read the story on her own. This moment fills her with a strong desire to learn.

Her 12-year-old granddaughter becomes her teacher, and their bond grows deeper as their roles reverse. This semi-autobiographical collection, full of kindness and honesty, shows that age can never stop a person from gaining knowledge and that determination can break social barriers. The story ends with a moving moment of mutual respect between the young teacher and her student, showing that true freedom comes from education. It is an inspiring and memorable read for everyone.

Priyank Jain
IX-Satyam





Kulwant Singh Literary Fest
Bhavan Vidyala, Panchkula

WHEN THE MOUNTAINS FINALLY SPOKE

December 26, 2022

I had seen snow once before, crisp and untouched but never falling from the sky the dream of snowfall clung into me like winter mist and this December I vowed it would finally come true. My younger brother who had never seen snow at all had a quite urgency to the quest, it was his birthday after all.

Our first attempt was Shimla, sunlight mocking our hope despite the forecast screaming white. The sky over Shimla was a pale, innocent blue, betraying the promise of snow that had filled my heart for weeks. The forecast showed a hundred percent chance and I had imagined waking up to a world softened and hushed by white, a morning so still and magical. My younger brother, eyes wide with childlike expectation looked up to me as I had promised that we would witness the first snowfall of the season.

Every turn of the winding road made me glance skyward, every cluster of clouds a harbinger of the elusive flakes. Yet, as the sun climbed higher, painting the slopes in warm gold, the mountains remained silent. Snow had vanished, as though it had never intended to fall at all. The sunshine mocked our hopes, glittering on bare streets and sloping roofs, while I felt the ache of expectation unmet. We shared quiet jokes, trying to lift each other's spirits, yet the emptiness lingered. Even the pine trees, dusted lightly with frost, could not imitate the magic that only snowfall could bring.

After staying for two nights, we packed our bags and headed back home, our hearts still hoping the mountains would keep their promise.

Cont ...

January 26,2024,

Nearly an year later after the Shimla incident, we decided to visit Manali to witness snowfall. The road trip was thrilling; winding through pine-scented valleys and sparkling rivers, my heart raced with anticipation, yet a shadow of Shimla's failure remained. My brother chattered happily, unaware of my cautious glances at the sky, where clouds teased us with hints of snow that never fully arrived.

Manali, however, had no snow to offer. The slopes remained bare, rooftops glistened in sunlight and disappointment settled quietly between us. We were expecting snow at the night, expecting to wake up to a dreamy white landscape. My brother's first-time snow dream was still waiting and I felt the ache of longing deepen. My younger brother's eyes shone with hope, but the town itself offered little to stir the imagination. There were no bustling crowds celebrating snow, no flurries dancing in the wind, just a gentle, golden winter morning that fell short of the magic we had imagined.

Determined not to give up, we decided to try the Atal Tunnel. The journey there was filled with suspense; trees thickened, the air grew colder and mountains rose like silent sentinels. The snow-capped mountains appeared in the distance, their peaks glistening under the pale sunlight. That night, a light dusting of snow had settled on the road and though it was only a little, we felt the thrill of hope returning.

Cont ...

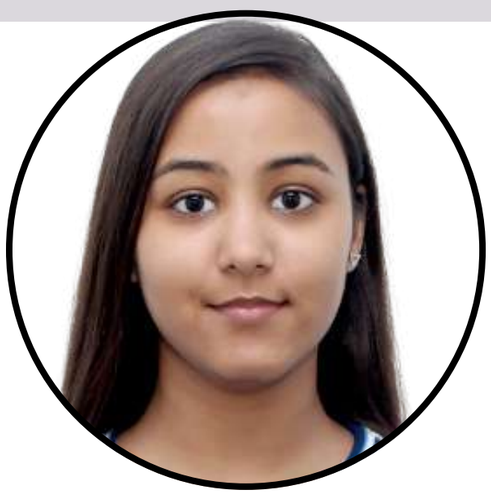
Aabiyakti - Bhavan Vidyala, Panchkula

Abiyakti - Bhavan Vidyalaya, Panchkula

Entering the tunnel, we were buzzing with anticipation, cameras ready, hearts pounding. We imagined stepping out to a world blanketed in snow, the mountains finally keeping their promise. But when we emerged on the other side, our excitement crashed into reality. There was almost no snow. Just a few delicate flakes, swirling lazily in the wind, almost as if nature was laughing at our long pursuit.

As we waited near the exit of the Atal Tunnel, the wind biting at our cheeks, we noticed a small group of tourists heading back the way we had come. Their faces mirrored our mix of excitement and disappointment. In a spontaneous gesture, we exchanged phone numbers and promised each other: if snow fell on our side, we would call them and they would call us if it snowed on theirs. That small pact, born out of shared longing, made the mountains feel a little less silent, a little more alive.

Hours passed by. Finally, we received a call. With all the excitement and disappointment, we had, we picked up the call. The tourists called, their voices bubbling with excitement: snow was falling heavily on the other side. We jumped with joy and rushed towards that side where it was snowing. And then, just like that, the tunnel ended and there it was! Soft, cotton-like flakes drifting from the sky, magical and perfect. My brother and I ran out of the car, laughing and spinning, hearts bursting with joy. The mountains had finally spoken.



Anshika Aggarwal
XII

GRANDMA'S HOME



I lean into the city street—somehow it leans away,
Its heart beats loud with millions, yet none for me today.
My thoughts collapse beneath the traffic's weight,
I wake, walk and work and call it fate.

The train exhaled, and silence held my hand,
The soil was warm — not dead, but full and grand.
A cow blinked slow, the sky turned wide and mild,
And time stood still to watch me turn to child.

I saw her sitting on that cane armchair,
With warmth and love stitched in the air.
I hugged her soft, her scent like sandalwood,
After such a long time, the world just felt so good...

The lassi glass left rings upon the wood,
While sparrows sang more sweetly than they should.
The rice would steam, the fan would hum in rounds,
And peace would bloom in soft, unspoken sounds.

The crickets wove their lullaby through dust,
The peepal leaves all shimmered as they must.
At dusk, the fireflies lit the garden fence,
While stars swam low enough to touch — immense.

Cont ...

Aabiyakti - Bhavan Vidyala, Panchkula

The day arrived — I zipped my bag and folded all my days,
And in her teary stare, the end of all my plays.
I said, “I’ll write,” though both of us just knew,
This ache was old, and leaving makes it new.

I sit beneath the concrete sky, aching and alone,
Yet feel her thumb still circle on my bone.
I smile, but something in me feels miscast,
Time’s fastest when it’s made of things you wish would last.

Some summers never end, they just go deep —
And wake me crying from the strangest sleep.





Amij Mishra,
XI-C

About - Bhavan Vidyala, Panchkula

MARS CAN WAIT



Abiyakti - Bhavan Vidyala, Panchkula

Mars upsets.
The weather upsets, the distance upsets,
The dribble of water it hides, upsets.
It has been upsetting for billions of years,
and will keep upsetting for billions more. Uncaring.
Red—yes. Hospitable—no.
No rain. No lungs. No tide. No mercy.
Dry. Distant. Dead. Praised for its empty beauty.
They tempt: buy a patch, nail your flag, occupy the silence.
But Mars will not mother you.
You will plant flags into fossil dust and call it future.
It will keep your footprints for a while—and then forget you.

You know what doesn't upset? Me, Earth.
I have life. I have vast oceans and lush forests. Air to breathe.
Tap of rain, snap of twig, gut-purr of whale.
The smell of wet earth rising after the first summer rain.
Fireflies blinking above children chasing each other in the dark field.
Clothes drying on a line, wind carrying the scent of soap and sunlight.
A girl pressing her face into a pillow warm from the afternoon sun.
A forgotten teddy bear, discovered in a dusty attic—
still carrying the faint, sweet scent of childhood summers.
A hand reaching out of a moving train to catch the rain.
I have rivers and lungs and coral and songs and children and bread and mangoes and lullabies and rain.
And silence too—
the kind your mother keeps beside you long after you've fallen asleep.

Cont ...

But the way I am treated... that part upsets.
Somewhere in Congo, children dig cobalt with bleeding hands.
Polluted black rivers run, mothers still bathe their babies inside.
Birdsong vanishes forever, replaced by the grinding hum of machines.
Billionaires dream of Mars, while killing me slowly.
What if that brilliance, those oceans of money, were turned to save first the soil already feeding your breath?
Yes, chase the stars—
but not at the cost of the ground beneath your feet.
The universe is endless, full of doors to open—
but lose me, and every door leads only to emptiness.
So here I stand and here stand you.
Mars can wait. I can't.





Anuj Mishra
XI=C

Merry Christmas

Do you know what festival is it?
When an old man comes down the chimney,
We leave him cookies and milk.
The weather is windy and cool,
And you are in a festival mood.
When Santa gives you presents,
You spend a lot of time with your mates.
You spend a lot of time with your family,
And you eat lots of candy.
Yes, you were right! It is Christmas!
Ho, ho, ho! Santa Claus comes,
Santa Claus comes!
I wish you a very Merry Christmas.
Merry Christmas!





Kartavya Sethi
III-Shivam

My Journey

In twelfth I stood, with dreams so high,
But money was short, and days went dry.
I picked up chalk, with courage so true,
Teaching young minds, a path I drew.
To earn some more, I danced with grace,
Sharing my art, my soul in place.
Each step I taught, each move I gave,
Built my tomorrow, bold and brave.
Through nights of toil, through endless test,
I never gave up, I gave my best.
And time returned my strength, my fight,
A good job came, my future bright.





Ms Priynka Bhola
Dance Teacher



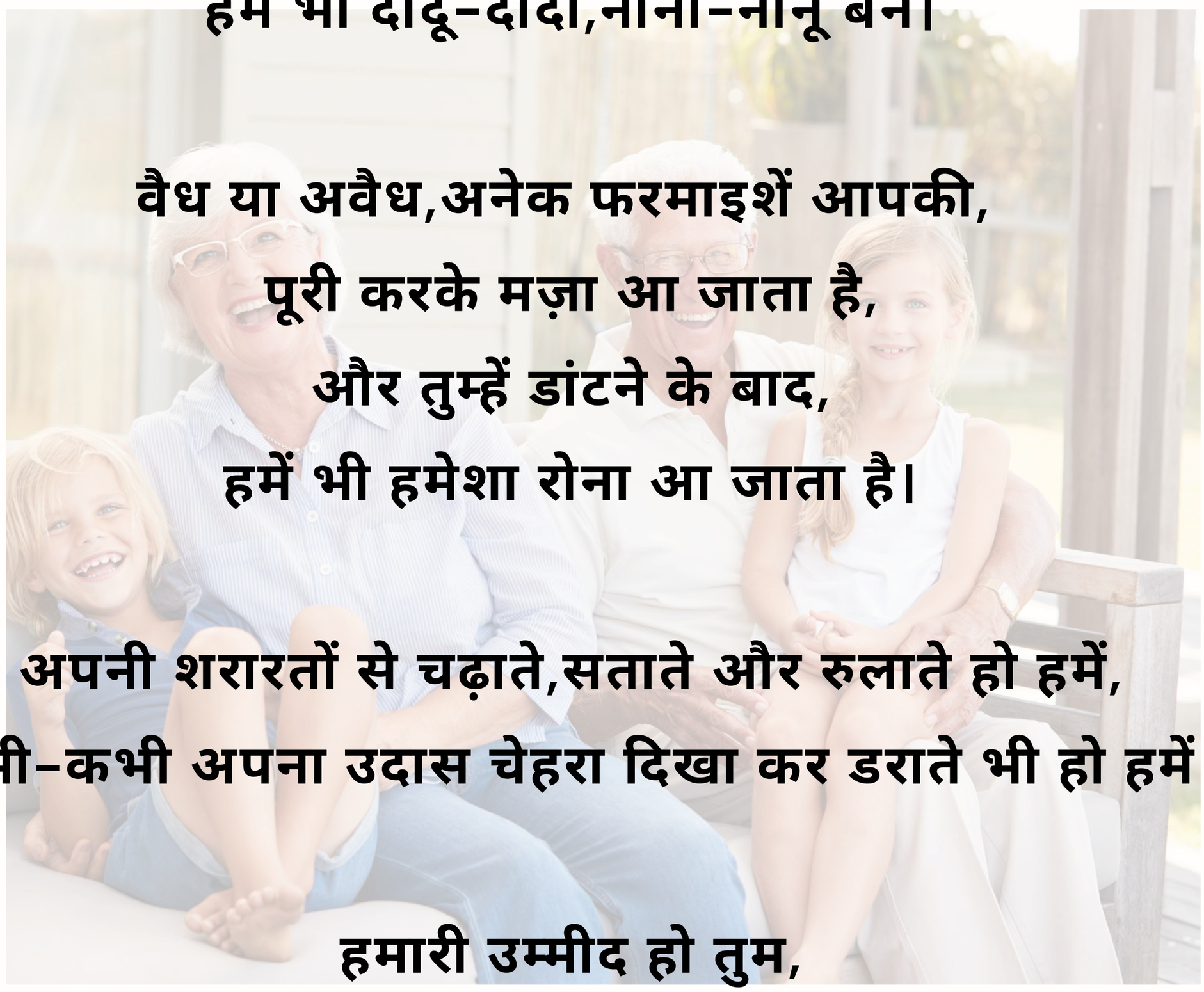
नाती- पोते

परमात्मा के शुक्रगुजार हैं,

हम भी किस्मत के धनी बने,

भगवान ने हमें तोहफ़े दिए,

हम भी दादू-दादी,नानी-नानू बने।



वैध या अवैध,अनेक फरमाइशें आपकी,

पूरी करके मज़ा आ जाता है,

और तुम्हें डांटने के बाद,

हमें भी हमेशा रोना आ जाता है।

अपनी शरारतों से चढ़ाते,सताते और रुलाते हो हमें,

कभी-कभी अपना उदास चेहरा दिखा कर डराते भी हो हमें।

हमारी उम्मीद हो तुम,

सहारा हो तुम,

गुलिस्तान हो तुम,

हमारी किस्मत का सितारा हो तुम।

Cont ...

हमारा बचपन हो तुम,
जीने का बहाना हो तुम,
हमारा ख्वाब हो तुम,
और हमारी मुस्कान हो तुम।

पौत्र,पौत्री, नाती, नातिन
सिरफ़ बच्चे नहीं हो तुम,
दादू- दादी, नानी-नानू के प्यारे खिलौने हो तुम।

हर दिन मांगू भगवान से यह दुआ,
जीवन तुम्हारा रहे खुशियों से भरा हुआ,
आपके जीवन में ना आए कभी अंधियारा,
तुम्हारे माथे पर सजा रहे सितारों का उजियारा।





Grand Father
Of
Nayra Garg

LEGEND OF THE EMBER CAT

High on a hill where storm clouds sank, the ancient temple watched the night,
its roof drummed soft with silver rain, its lamps too faint to cast full light.
A boy lay sleepless on the mat, his legs tossed out, then pulled in tight,
his blanket bunched beneath his knees, his eyes too bright for dreams tonight.

“Grandpa,” he whispered, “just one tale, I promise then I’ll fall asleep.”
The old man sighed and rubbed his brow, “Even the rain has gone too deep.”
He lit the lamp and scratched his beard, then sat up straight and flat.
“Very well,” he said at last, “I’ll tell you of a mysterious cat.”

That morning it came from the rainforest, slow and sure,
paws kissing wet leaves, soft as breath, as pure.
Its ginger coat shimmered like embers under skin.
Even the wind paused to let the cat begin.

It passed beneath old banyans with roots like ancient veins,
where ghost orchids clung to branches like forgotten names.
Through mossy stones it walked, slow as a drifting prayer,
while lichens pulsed on bark worn thin by air.

Cont ...

The bridge was cracked, with vines across its stone,
above a stream that sighed in undertone.
The cat stepped soft as if it walked on sky,
its eyes half-closed, its tail held high.

It paused where rusted shrine bells hung by thread,
and vermillion faded on a god long dead.
The idol's grin was cracked, yet strangely kind,
and something unseen followed close behind.

It climbed where roots had broken through the stairs.
The bells rang out like old unanswered prayers.
It paused at the fifth step, head turned slow.
That’s where the priests were buried long ago.

The cat stepped in — the rusted bells did not ring.
Its footprints stayed wet on the stone, like a living thing.
Statues watched without eyes, their faces cracked and grim.
Thunder rolled once — soft, like it came from within.

The idol cried — not water, but ash.
It slid down stone in a burning splash.
The temple walls began to shift and groan.
The cat then just vanished somewhere, alone...

Cont ...

The boy sat up, eyes wide with doubt.
"Wait— it disappeared? Just like that? Without walking out?"
The priest just nodded, lamp glow in his grin.
"It didn't leave, child. It slipped out... from within."

The priest's voice fades, his eyes seem far —
"That cat," he says, "has my father's scar."
And when the child looks back at the door,
The cat sits there — but his grandpa no more.





Anuj Mishra
XI-C

Abhivyakti - Bhavan Vidyalaya, Panchkula

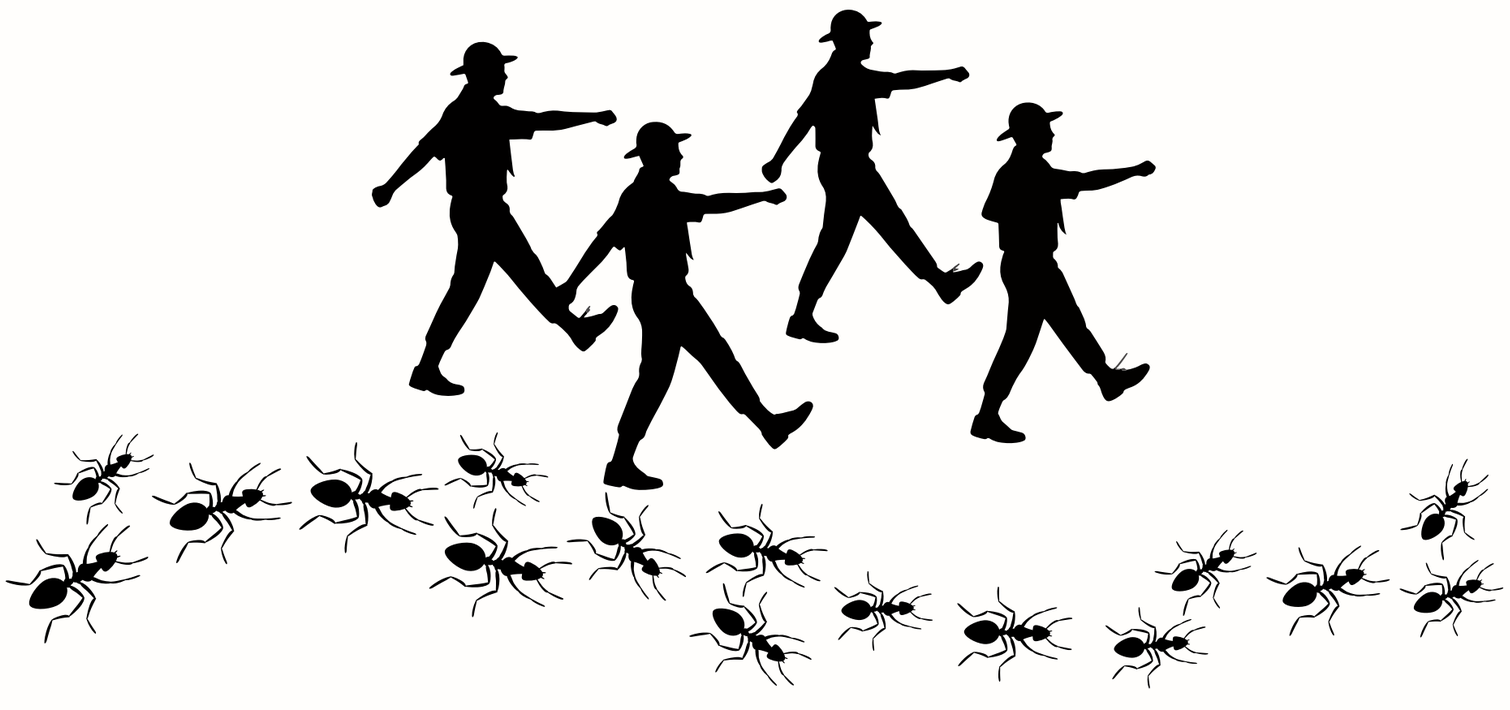
Marching with Kindness

The drums were loud, the steps were tight,
we marched in rows with all our might
but on the track, I stopped my stride—
a line of ants was moving wide.

My friends all laughed, Sir's whistle blew,
He asked me why I halted too..
I spoke the truth, heart beating fast—
"I didn't want their lives to pass."

Sir smiled and said, "This matters more—
Kindness is strength at its true core.
March with discipline, firm and fair,
but keep compassion everywhere."

That day I learned, both hand in hand,
Kindness and courage always stand;
Medals may fade, cheers disappear—
but gentle hearts stay bright and clear!!





Ishan Pandita
VIII-Shivam

Kulwant Singh Literary Fest

MY BIG DREAMS



I close my eyes and start to see,
A shining star that calls to me.
It whispers softly, bright and true,
“Dreams come alive inside of you.”
I want to climb the tallest hill,
With courage, strength, and iron will.
I’ll spread my wings, I’ll learn to fly,
And touch the clouds up in the sky.
Some may wish to paint or write,
To fill the world with colors bright.
Some may dream to heal and care,
To spread kind love everywhere.
I may become a pilot one day,
Or build new worlds in my own way.
A teacher, leader, maybe more,
My dreams will open every door.
Ambition is a tiny seed,
That grows with hope, with every deed.
Inspiration is the sun above,
That feeds my heart with light and love.
So I will dream both big and small,
I’ll work with joy and give my all.
For every star that shines in me,
Is telling me who I can be.





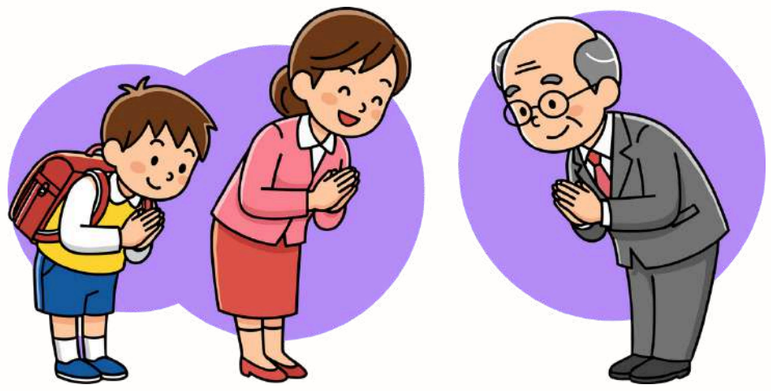
TANISHQ KAPOOR
XI-C

Abhivyakti - Bhavan Vidyala, Panchkula

वर्तमान समय की सैर

वर्तमान की एक कहानी,
तुम्हें सुनाऊं आज ज़ुबानी
फोन देखना हम को भाता,
पढाई में न मन लगपाता
मम्मीजब कुछ बात बताए,
गुस्साहमको फिर आ जाता
कार्टून देखना अच्छा लगता,
वक्त कीमती बीतता जाता
आओ इसका हल निकालें,
दादी-नानी से बतलालें
ए आई को छोड़ के पीछे,
उनके अनुभवों से हम जानें
ज्ञान खूब उनमें है समाया,
अब तो मेरा मनभर आया
मोडरनबनने के चक्कर में,
हमने उनको तो है भुलाया
एक बात आज मनमें ठानें,
दादी-दादा को मित्र बना लें,
मातपिता भी इसको समझें,
महत्वको बुजुर्गों के वो जानें
एक नई इस सोचसे आओ,
संस्कारों को हम बचा लें।
आओ सभी इस बातको समझें,
बाकी सब को भी समझादें।







Nia Kamboj
I-Shubham

Abivyakti - Bhavan Vidyala, Panchkula

Ragmala Vidyam: Our Raga, Our Guru



Our school is a melody, every teacher a raga,

every class a rhythm, every lesson a song.

Principal – Raga Hamsadhwani

Just as Hamsadhwani opens a concert with light,

our Principal's guidance sets everything right.

Maths Teacher – Raga Bhairav

Like Bhairav, firm and steady in tone,

teaching us patience till answers are known.

Dance Teacher – Ragini Bhairavi

Bhairavi flows in each graceful move,

where steps and emotions perfectly groove.

Science Teacher – Raga Darbari

Darbari's depth in their words we find,

unfolding the secrets of nature's mind.

English Teacher – Raga Yaman

Yaman shines with elegance and grace,

stories and poems light up the place.

Hindi Teacher – Ragini Saraswati

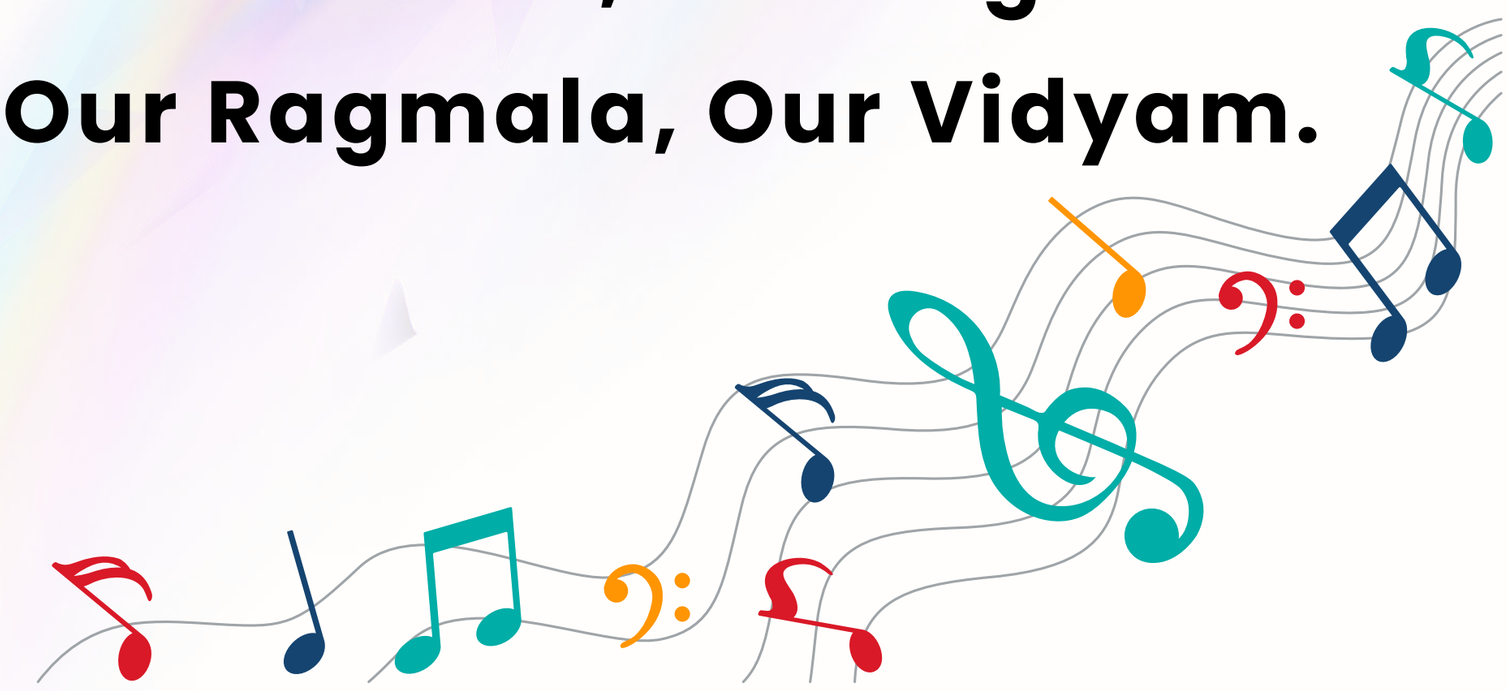
Saraswati's wisdom, simple and clear,

their verses and dohas bring culture near.

Music Teacher – Raga Malhar

Cont ...

Like Malhar, they pour songs like rain,
filling our hearts with joy again.
Sports Teacher – Raga Desh
Desh beats strong with courage and cheer,
teaching us teamwork year after year.
Together they weave a Ragmala of life,
where knowledge is music, harmony is guide.
Our Guru, Our Raga—
Our Ragmala, Our Vidyam.





Ms.Manjula
Music Teacher

Ragmala Vidyala, Panchkula – Abhivyakti – Bhavan Vidyalaya

मस्त-मज़ेदार स्कूल जीवन

सुबह-सुबह मम्मी चिल्लाती—
“उठ जाओ बेटा, लेट हो जाएगा”
और मैं सोचूँ—
“अरे, पाँच मिनट और... दुनिया थोड़ी क्या रुक नहीं जाएगी?”

बैग मेरा वज़न में भारी,
जैसे उसमें ईंटें रखी हों।
और टिफ़िन में वही परांठा—
जैसे सालों से यारी हो।

क्लास में मैडम पूछें—
“होमवर्क किसने नहीं किया?”
मैं धीरे से सिर झुका लूँ—
पर मन बोले— “हममें से ही किसी ने किया।”

पी.टी. सर दूर से दिखें
तो दिल की धड़कन बढ़ जाती,
क्योंकि उनकी सीटी की आवाज़
पूरे स्कूल तक फैल जाती।

Cont ...

लंच ब्रेक आते ही हम सब
रॉकेट जैसे दौड़ पड़ते,
अपनी-अपनी डिब्बों की खुशबू से
दूसरों के मन भी मचल पड़ते।
फिर आखिरी घंटी बजते ही
सबकी जान में जान आती,
जैसे जेल से छूटे क़ैदी
वैसे हम भागते नजर आते।
पर सच बताऊँ—
यही स्कूल के दिन हैं प्यारे,
मस्ती, शरारत, दोस्ती वाले
सबसे सुनहरे, सबसे न्यारे।





रजनी गर्ग
हिंदी अध्यापिका

You'll Never Walk Alone

When you walk through a storm

Hold your head up high

And don't be afraid of the dark

At the end of the storm Is a golden sky

And the sweet silver song of a lark

Walk on through the wind

Walk on through the rain

Tho' your dreams be tossed and blown

Walk on, walk on

With hope in your heart

And you'll never walk alone

You'll never walk alone





Aditya Singh

VI - Shivam

Abiveyakti - Bhavan Vidyala, Panchkula



सुरों की उड़ान



सुर जब गूंजे दिल के अंदर,
जगमग हो जाए हर एक मंज़र।
रागिनी से सजता है जीवन,
संगीत बने सुख-दुख का सावन।

वीणा, बांसुरी, तबला की तान,
देती मन को नई पहचान।
हर स्वर में छुपा है आसमान,
सुरों में छुपा है उड़ता जहान।

जहाँ नफरत की दीवार गिरे,
संगीत वहाँ सेतु बनकर मिले।
सुरों की उड़ान हमें सिखाए,
एकता का दीप सदा जलाए।



सुष्मिता दत्ता
संगीतशिक्षक



KULWANT SINGH LITERARY FEST

भवन विद्यालय पंचकूला
अमृतं तु विद्या
LEARN • LABOUR • LEAD

THE MODERN MOTHER

She wakes before the morning light,
To make each day begin just right.
A rush of chores, a smile so wide,
Her love and strength she cannot hide.

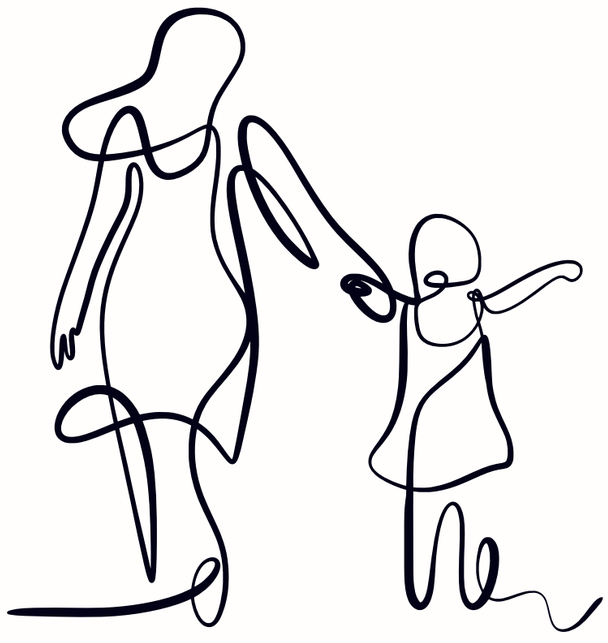
At work she shines, so calm, so wise,
With dreams and hope within her eyes.
Through deadlines, tasks, and duties too,
Her heart stays warm, her soul stays true.

She teaches kindness, wipes each tear,
Her gentle voice brings comfort near.
Between her job and home's embrace,
She moves with patience, strength, and grace.

No crown she wears, yet she's a queen,
In every act, her care is seen.
The modern mother, brave and bright,
She fills our world with love and light.

—A tribute to all mothers who inspire us every day

Abhivyakti - Bhavan Vidyala, Panchkula





Pooja Mehta
Parent

Teachers- Trailblazers to Triumph

The way potters
Shape clay in their own desired ways.
The same impact a teacher has
On a student every day.

Encouraging us to shine brighter;
Motivating us to fly higher;
Teaching us lessons which we remember
throughout life;
Helping us to grow and thrive.

The torch-bearers to the path to success.
Problems vanish;
Children nourish;
They are the reason
Of our nation's flourish

Guiding us in finding the difference
Between the right and the wrong;
Supporting us and forming a special bond.
So special, that is hurts
When it's time to be gone.





Priyal Mandlay
IX-Sundaram

Lessons of the Heart

School life is more than routines and bells,
more than schedules we follow.
It is shaped by people who stay beside us
and those who quietly move on tomorrow!

Some leave a quiet warmth behind,
a kindness we hold with care and grace.
Some teach us the right way things should be done,
others remind us of missteps we must not trace!

Every child I meet each day
adds meaning to my role.
Some teach me how to guide with care,
some strengthen my self-control!

Colleagues and mentors walk with me
supporting where they can.
Even in tougher moments,
they help me understand the plan!

Cont ...

Anubiyakti - Bhavan Vidyala, Panchkula

I try each day to uphold the values
our institution stands for,
yet sometimes face questions or challenges
that test my resolve even more!

As each new day shapes my purpose
and guides my moving feet,
every challenge plants a quiet strength,
steady and discreet.

In gentle becoming,
deeper wisdom blooms in me,
and Alka rises stronger still—
who she is meant to be!



Alka Raina
Teacher (English)

Kulwant Singh Literary Fest

Bhawan Vidyala, Panchkula

Abhivyakti - Bhav

Kulwant Singh Literary Fest
Abivyakti - Bhavan Vidyala, Panchkula

THE IDEAL GENTLE SOUL

A gentleman, so calm and kind
With a loyal heart and a thoughtful mind
A gentlewoman, honest and full of care
With fidelity without compare



Polite in speech, a calm embrace
With warmth all over their face
They're polite, patient and always true
Responsible in all that they do

Reliable and always near
To lend a hand, to soothe a fear
Someone to talk, to share and confide
They walk with grace, not with pride

So here's to those both strong and just
Who lead with love and with trust
An epitome of the best we can see
That's who a gentle soul should be



S. Neelambari
XII-C

कहानी-आधी बाल्टी पानी

(प्रेरणादायक लघुकथा)

एक छोटे से गाँव में निखिल नाम का लड़का रहता था। वह बड़ा बनना चाहता था, पर हमेशा शिकायत करता—

"मेरे पास कुछ नहीं है... मैं क्या कर सकता हूँ?"

उसके दादा जी रोज़ उसे एक बात समझाते, पर निखिल सुनता नहीं था।

एक दिन दादा जी उसे नदी के किनारे ले गए और बोले—

"इस खाली बाल्टी में पानी भरकर लाओ।"

निखिल पानी भरकर लाया, पर आधा रास्ता आते-आते आधी बाल्टी पानी गिर गया। वह चिढ़ गया।

"दादा जी! यह बाल्टी खराब है। कितना भी भरूँ, आधा पानी गिर ही जाता है।"

दादा जी मुस्कुराए—

"अच्छा? फिर कल फिर से भरकर लाना।"

अगले दिन भी वही हुआ।

तीसरे दिन भी।

चौथे दिन भी।

निखिल ने झुंझलाकर कहा—

"दादा जी! इससे क्या सीखना है? बाल्टी तो बिल्कुल बेकार है!"

तभी दादा जी बोले—

"नीचे देखो।"

Cont...

Abhivyakti - Bhavan Vidyala, Panchkula

निखिल ने देखा—

रास्ता, जिस पर वह रोज़ चला था, वहाँ सूखी मिट्टी अब गीली और साफ़ हो चुकी थी।

जहाँ-जहाँ पानी गिरा था, वहाँ मिट्टी बैठ गई थी और छोटी-छोटी हरी घास उगने लगी थी।

दादा जी ने कहा—

"बेटा, जैसे यह बाल्टी है, वैसे ही हम सब हैं।

हम सोचते हैं कि हम 'अधूरे' हैं, 'कमज़ोर' हैं, 'कम' हैं...

पर जो भी हमारे पास है—

वह किसी न किसी के लिए उपयोगी बन जाता है,

अगर हम रोज़ थोड़ा-थोड़ा प्रयास करते रहें।"

फिर उन्होंने निखिल के कंधे पर हाथ रखा—

"अधूरी बाल्टी ने भी रास्ते में हरियाली ला दी।

और फिर तुम तो इंसान हो।

बस चलते रहो, कोशिश करते रहो...

तुम भी दुनिया में हरियाली भर दोगे।"

निखिल की आँखें चमक उठीं।

उसे पहली बार विश्वास हुआ कि वह भी कुछ कर सकता है।

उस दिन के बाद से वह शिकायत नहीं करता—

उसे अपनी "आधी बाल्टी" भी कीमती लगने लगी।

संदेश:

हम चाहे जितने भी अधूरे लगें, नियमितता, मेहनत और छोटे-छोटे प्रयास हमारे जीवन में बड़े बदलाव ला सकते हैं।



रजनी गर्ग
हिंदी अध्यापिका

Traveliries: Dagshai's Colonial Secrets

Dagshai – A quaint little town nestled in the Shivalik hills offers more than a feast to eyes. Situated at an altitude of 5689 feet above sea level, Dagshai, a picturesque place holds dark secrets of the British oppression.

While it is noteworthy that almost all the hill stations were discovered, developed by the Britishers as convalescing centres for their men who found the weather of the hills solacing and comforting from the scorching dusty plains of India,their prized colony. These recuperating hubs were mainly cantonments established with an indiscreet objective of acquiring stronghold on India.

Shimla,Mussorie,Dalhousie,Dagshai,kasauli (spelled as Kussowlie in British times) are some of the major hill stations which were respite centres.

While Kasauli is known for its pine-covered hills,Shimla for oaks, Dagshai became notorious for its prison cells or the torture house for the prisoners who were none else but the freedom fighters.

Dasgshai can be easily reached using the roads, one at Dharampur and the other at Kumarhatti on the Shimla – Kalka highway. The name Dagshai comes from the word 'Daag – e – Shahi'.As per the local legend,during the Mughal times – a royal mark or a daag would be stigmatized on the foreheads of the condemned criminals.

Cont...

The Maharaja of Patiala is believed to have given five villages to the British, with Dagshai being the largest. The British built a cantonment in 1847 and later on, in 1849 set up a T – shaped central jail. Dagshai is also linked with Irish subjugation. Dozens of Irish soldiers who mutinied in 1920 for the independence struggle of Ireland were incarcerated in the Dagshai prison. It was here in the prison yard that the 22-year-old private James Daly was executed by a firing squad. “It is all for Ireland. I am not afraid to die.” He had written in his last letter to his mother. He also made history by becoming the last member of the British army to be executed for a military offence. He was buried at the Dagshai graveyard until 1970, when his remains were repatriated to Ireland and given a funeral with full military honours. Mahatma Gandhi was a supporter of the Irish struggle against the British and the sudden arrest of Irish soldiers resulted in Gandhi’s visit to Dagshai who wanted to meet the prisoners. It is said that the visit irked the British government that led to stringent action on the Irish prisoners. Although the British government had made suitable arrangements for his stay,Gandhiji chose the prison cell. The Jail recounts horrible tales of torture on the freedom fighters. One cell has been marked T & P (Torture and Punished). The dark dungeons were the doors of hell with inhuman atrocities on the prisoners to break their spirit. As one stands in the prison compound grimly reminding oneself that this freedom was not easy to come.

Cont...

The leaders of Komagata Maru and the Boer war soldiers were also imprisoned here. The last prisoner to this jail was Nathuram Godse. Thereafter, it was turned into a museum and every year people come to see it.
If the torture accounts have made you feel melancholic, Dagsahi has some haunting tales too for all those who want some thrill. The cemetery at Dagshai is soaked in history with the tombstones and the inscriptions providing an insight into the lives of Britishers who were posted here. The mist on the hills, the loneliness, the weathered tombstones all combine to lend eeriness. The tragic tale of Mary Rebecca Weston and the myth of her grave doing miracles for childless couples also invites many visitors. Mary had died in 1909 during childbirth at Dagsahi where her husband Maj. George Weston was stationed. Overwhelmed with grief, he had got marble imported from England which was used for constructing the resting place for the duo, mother and her unborn child. As time passed, visitors stared vandalizing the tomb as a misconception that the grave of Mary bestows boons. The grave has been fenced now and the cemetery is closed for visitors. But many people claim to have sighted Mary's ghost guarding her grave. Who knows the truth!
One can easily cover all the main attractions of Dagshai including St. Patrick Church's in one day . Kasauli and Barog are the other touristy places which are quite close by.

Cont...

Kasauli can be easily seen from Dagshai as both stations are relatively near to each other. Kasauli is famous for is lovely views, colonial architecture and peaceful atmosphere. Monkey Point, Gilbert Trail, Heritage Market and the Christ Church are the main attractions of Kasauli. Its proximity to Panchkula and Chandigarh makes it a popular destination. Barog is another charming hill station known for its scenic beauty and a must -visit place for those who want to cradle themselves in the lap of nature. The Barog tunnel is the most iconic landmark in Barog as it is the longest tunnel on the UNESCO World heritage Kalka-Shimla Railway line. The tunnel no 33 gets its name after the British engineer Colonel. Barog who after failing to get the two ends of the tunnel meet had been imposed a fine of Rupee1 and he had killed himself at this humiliation. His grave is approx. 1.7 km away near the incomplete tunnel. Interestingly, it was Baba Bhalku Ram who had helped the British achieve the insurmountable task using only a wooden staff.
All those who want to have some serene times must definitely visit these small charming dainty hill stations. They offer more than what can be asked for.



Reema Sharma
Teacher (English)

The Last Ball Thriller

The sun was setting behind the stadium, and the floodlights shone brightly as thousands of fans filled the stands. Flags waved, drums rolled, and every corner echoed with cheers. It was not just another match—it was the World Cup final, the moment every cricket lover had been waiting for. Two of the strongest teams in the world stood face to face, and the atmosphere was electrifying.

The chasing side required 18 runs from the last over. For many, the game seemed over, but the crowd refused to lose hope. Some fans prayed silently, some shouted words of encouragement, while others simply closed their eyes in tension.

The bowler ran in to deliver the first ball. It was a dot, and the crowd roared with relief. The second ball was hammered for a six, and the supporters of the batting side jumped from their seats, shouting with joy. Suddenly, the impossible seemed possible. The third delivery brought only a single. Now, 11 were needed from three balls.

The fourth ball was a slower one, and the batsman mistimed his shot. The ball went high into the air, and the fielder at long-on caught it cleanly. The audience exploded with excitement. Some cheered wildly, while others fell silent in disappointment.

Cont...

Abhivyakti - Bhavan Vidyala, Panchkula

On the fifth ball, the new batsman swung hard and managed to hit a boundary. Now seven were required from the last ball. The entire stadium rose to its feet. Nobody wanted to blink, because this was the moment that would decide the champion of the world.

The bowler wiped the sweat off his forehead, took a deep breath, and began his run-up. The batsman waited, his eyes fixed on the ball. The delivery came fast, a perfect yorker. The batsman tried to dig it out, but the ball rolled only a few metres away. They ran frantically, hoping to snatch as many runs as possible, but the fielder was quick. He picked up the ball and threw it straight to the wicketkeeper, who whipped off the bails.

The match was over. The batting side had fallen short by six runs. For a moment, the stadium was silent, and then it erupted into noise that shook the ground. Fireworks lit up the sky, fans danced in joy, and strangers hugged each other. At the same time, the disappointed supporters clapped for their team, knowing they had fought bravely till the last ball.

For the audience, it was more than a game. It was an emotional journey of hope, thrill, and heartbreak. Everyone went home with the memory of a contest that would be remembered for years. Cricket had once again proved that it was not just a sport of bat and ball, but a stage where courage, teamwork, and belief shone the brightest.



Yashan Gupta
XI-C

Abivyakti - Bhavan Vidyala, Panchkula

The Ballad of a Broken Dream

A young boy with a lot passion;
A girl with a great mind, but she never got admission.
A man with a big dream,
Just waiting for the right team.
They will try and try, but eventually abort.

Dreams, scattered on the floor like wilted leaves.
Dreams, overpowered by all the thorns in the bush.
Dreams, lush and plush;
Dreams, mocked and crushed.

Is success the key to happiness?
Or is happiness the key to success?
Guess they will never know,
Because all they have is distress.

They might be blessed;
Or they might be suppressed.
Nevertheless-
They are crumbling under stress.

They are loving; they are loved.
They are pushed; they are shoved.
Their destiny is curbed;
Luring them to the curse.
Dreams, dreams, shattered torn.
Dreams, dreams, all of them gone.

But maybe there's still a glimmer of hope.
Probability of a new show.
So, climb out of the trough of hopelessness.
As something broken can't be fixed.
But it can always give rise to another narrative.



Priyal Mandlay
IX-Sundaram

The Birthday Adventure

It was evening, Ram and Nisha were studying. It was hard to learn the cell's names. "Hey, lets watch TV," said Ram. "NO, we have science exam next week. You watch TV" muttered Nisha. Ram set to watch TV as his favourite movie was about to start. Suddenly, the magic key began to glow. He and Nisha teleported to 80's Antarctica.

They were freezing in cold. Nisha was still studying 'Mitochondria is a……..' Suddenly, there was a Penguin, taking them to a crashed plane, where there were balloons. WHAT WAS HAPPENING? They were confused. After 50 second, they went into the plane. A boy came to greet them. "Hola!!" said the boy. "Hello, my name is Anthony Gonsalves…. Sorry sorry, it is Ram," said Ram. "Is it your birthday boy" asked Ram. The boy nodded and asked "Come, lets celebrate by Boxing bout." Ram agreed. Then Ram beat him in bout.

Ram and Nisha, played some games – Chor-Police, Chess and many more.

"What is your name? "Said Nisha.

The boy answered, "mi llamo Jhokla Shartilago"

He was speaking in some other language. Then Jhokla said, " vamos a cortar el pastel." Its my birthday.

Nisha said, " I think he is speaking Spanish."

Jhokla jumped "Correcto!!"

They all were happy, they ate the cake.

"Happy Birthday!!" said everyone.

"Gracias" said Jhokla.

Magic button glowed again. Ram and Nisha understood, its time to be back.



Advik Singh
III-D,

एक परिंदा नन्हा सा

।न रास्ता न कारवाँ बस अकेला तन्हा सा ।
अनन्त को छूने चला एक परिंदा नन्हा सा ॥

न जाने क्या मन में आई न जाने क्या लागी लगन ।
छोड़ जो था अपना छूने निकला नील गगन ॥

न गोद न सिरहाना न ममता का छायापथ ।
इसे लुभाए तपती धूप और लुभाए तारापथ ॥

पंख अभी उगे नहीं गिद्धों से अवरुद्ध प्रकाश ।
मुट्ठी भर की चाह नहीं पाना है पूरा आकाश ॥

इस निष्ठुर ज़माने में ख़ुद को है आज़माने चला ।
शून्य से उत्पन्न हुआ शून्य को है पाने चला ॥



Adhyan Bhatia
III-Shubham

भगवद्गीताया महत्त्वम् तथा तस्याः श्लोकानां

भगवद्गीता भारतीयज्ञानपरम्परायाः सर्वोत्कृष्टंग्रन्थम् अस्ति। अस्यग्रन्थस्य शिक्षा केवलंआध्यात्मिकजीवनस्य विषयेन, अपितु मानवजीवनस्यप्रत्येकक्षेत्रे प्रकाशमानदीपवत्अस्ति। महाभारतयुद्धस्य संकटवेळायांभगवान् श्रीकृष्णेन अर्जुनायदत्तः उपदेशः एव 'गीता' इति विख्यातः।

आज अपि, सहस्रवर्षेभ्यःअनन्तरम्, भगवद्गीताया संदेशाःसर्वकालप्रसङ्गिकाः भवन्ति।छात्राः, गृहस्थाः, कर्मकराः, शिक्षकाः — सर्वेऽपि अस्यश्लोकैः प्रेरणां लभन्ते।

गीतायाः प्रमुखाः शिक्षाःधर्मपालनं, कर्तव्यपरायणता, आत्मसंयमः, तथा जीवनस्य सत्यंस्वीकारः इति सन्ति।श्रीकृष्णः अर्जुनं प्रतिस्पष्टं उपदिशति—

"कर्मण्येवाधिकारस्ते माफलेषु कदाचन।"

अस्य श्लोकस्य भावः — मनुष्यः केवलं कर्मणिअधिकारं प्राप्नोति, फलम्तु ईश्वरनियोजितं। एषाशिक्षा वर्तमानकाले छात्रेभ्यःअत्यन्तं आवश्यकाः, यतःते फलचिन्तायां बहुशःतनावम् अनुभवन्ति।

अन्यः अत्यन्तं प्रसिद्धःश्लोकः अस्ति—

"योगः कर्मसु कौशलम्।"

अस्य अर्थः — योगःकेवलं ध्यान-प्राणायामस्यविषये न, अपितुप्रत्येककर्मणि उत्कृष्टता, एकाग्रता, तथा परिश्रमस्यसंगमः अपि योगःभवति। एषा शिक्षाविद्यार्थिभ्यः तथायुवकेभ्यः अत्यधिकं प्रेरणादायिनी।

भगवद्गीता मनोबलं अपिवर्धयति।

यदा जीवनं संकटैःपरिपूर्णं भवति, तदागीता मनसि धैर्यं, शान्तिं, तथा आशांजनयति।

यथा —

"न जायते म्रियतेवा कदाचित्..."

अयं श्लोकः आत्मनःअमरत्वं दर्शयति, यत्व्यक्ति दुःखेषु अपिस्थिरतां धारयेत्।

Cont...

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गीतायाः शिक्षाः समग्रजीवनेउपकारकाः —

- कर्तव्यनिष्ठां वर्धयन्ति
- नैतिकमूल्याणि स्थापयन्ति
- साहसम् उत्पद्यन्ति
- आत्मविश्वासं दीपनं कुर्वन्ति
- तथा तनावं न्यूनीकरोति

गीता केवलं ग्रन्थःन, अपितु जीवनस्यमार्गदर्शिका इवअस्ति। अस्य श्लोकानांपठनं, चिन्तनं, तथाआचरणं बालानां व्यक्तित्वविकासेमहान् योगदानं ददाति।

अतः, अस्माकं पुत्रैः–पुत्रीकाभिः गीता-अध्ययनंक्रियते चेत्, तेन केवलं शैक्षणिकजीवनेउत्कृष्टाः भविष्यन्ति, अपितुसुदृढचरित्रयुक्ताः, धैर्यवन्तः, तथा नैतिकतायुक्ताः नागरिकाःअपि भविष्यन्ति।



अञ्जली सोनी

— अन्विसोनीतथा काव्नीसोनी योः माता।

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भवन विद्यालय पंचकूला
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भारतीय रंगमंच का इतिहास: संस्कृत नाट्य से आधुनिक रंगमंच तक

भारतीय संस्कृति की विविध परंपराओं मेंरंगमंच का स्थान अत्यंत महत्त्वपूर्ण है।यह केवल मनोरंजन का साधन नहीं, बल्किसमाजको शिक्षित करने और संस्कृति को जीवित रखने का माध्यम भी रहा है।भारतीय रंगमंच की यात्रा को तीन प्रमुख चरणों मेंसमझा जा सकता है—संस्कृत नाट्य परंपरा, लोक नाट्य परंपरा औरआधुनिक रंगमंच।

संस्कृत नाट्य परंपरा की नींव भरतमुनि के नाट्यशास्त्र में पाई जातीहै। कालिदास, भासऔर शूद्र कजै से महान नाटककारों ने जीवन के गहन सत्योंऔर आदर्शों को रंगमंच पर प्रस्तुत किया।अभिज्ञान शाकुंतलम्और मृच्छकटिकम्आ ज भी इस युग कीधरोहर हैं।

समय के साथ संस्कृत भाषा कठिन होती गई और तब लोक नाट्य परंपरा नेआम जनता से संवाद कायम किया।विभिन्न क्षेत्रों मेंअलग-अलग रूप सामनेआए—उत्तर भारत मेंनौटंकी और रामलीला, महाराष्ट्र में तमाशा, बंगालमेंजात्रा, और कर्नाटक में यक्षगान।इन लोक नाट्यों ने संगीत, नृत्यऔर व्यंग्यके माध्यमसे समाज को जोड़ाऔर शिक्षित किया।

आधुनिक रंगमंच का विकासअंग्रेज़ी शासन के दौरान हुआ।भारतेंदुहरिश्चंद्र, जयशंकर प्रसाद और मोहन राकेश ने हिंदी रंगमंच को नया स्वरूप दिया। स्वतंत्रता संग्राम में नाटकों नेजन जागरण का कार्य किया, जबकि हबीब तनवीर, विजय तेंदुलकर और गिरीश कर्नाड जैसे रंग कर्मियों ने समकालीन मुद्दों को उठाकर भारतीय रंगमंच को वैश्विक पहचान दिलाई।

निष्कर्षत:, भारतीय रंगमंच की यात्रा प्राचीन संस्कृत नाटकों की गम्भीरता से लेकर लोक नाट्यों की जीवंतता और आधुनिक नाटकों की सामाजिक चेतना तक फैली हुई है।यह समाजका दर्पण है, जो हमें हमारी संस्कृति, समस्याओं और आकांक्षाओं सेजोड़ता है।



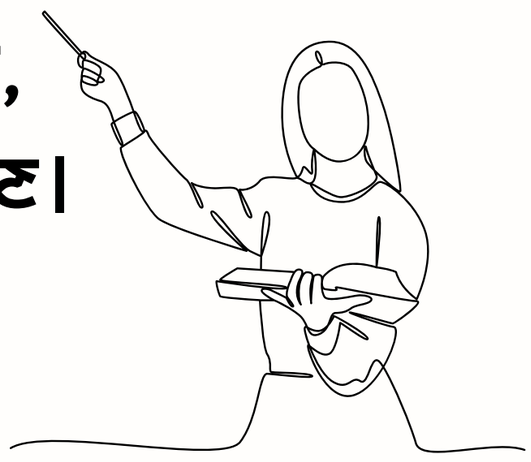
Kalpit Tanwar
Theatre Teacher

Kulwant Singh Literary Fest
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ਅਧਿਕਾਰ ਅਤੇ ਜ਼ਿੰਮੇਵਾਰੀ



ਅਧਿਕਾਰ ਸਜਾ ਦਿੰਦੇ ਨੇ ਮਨੁੱਖ ਦੀ ਸ਼ਾਨ,
ਤੇ ਜ਼ਿੰਮੇਵਾਰੀ ਬਣਦੀ ਹੈ ਉਸਦੀ ਪਹਿਚਾਣ।
ਅਧਿਕਾਰ ਹੈ ਰੌਸ਼ਨੀ ਪਰ ਜਿੰਮੇਵਾਰੀ ਉਸਦੀ ਛਾਂ,
ਦੋਵੇਂ ਨਾਲ ਚੱਲਣ ਤਾਂ ਹੀ ਬਣੇ ਇੱਕ ਚੰਗਾ ਇਨਸਾਨ।
ਜਿੰਨਾ ਹੱਕ ਮੰਗੀਏ ਉਨਾਂ ਹੀ ਫਰਜ਼ ਨਿਭਾਈਏ,
ਸੱਚ ਦੀ ਰਾਹ ਅਸੀਂ ਆਪਣੀ ਮੰਜ਼ਿਲ ਪਾਈਏ ।
ਹੱਕਾਂ ਦੇ ਰਾਹੀਂ ਮਿਲਣ ਅਜ਼ਾਦੀ ਦੇ ਦਰਵਾਜ਼ੇ,
ਫਰਜ਼ਾਂ ਦੀ ਪਾਲਣਾ ਨਾਲ ਖੁੱਲਦੇ ਖੁਸ਼ਹਾਲੀ ਦੇ ਸਾਜੇ।
ਅਧਿਕਾਰ ਮਿਲ ਜਾਣ ਨਾਲ ਸ਼ਕਤੀ ਹੈ ਵੱਧਦੀ,
ਪਰ ਬਿਨਾਂ ਜਿੰਮੇਵਾਰੀ ਉਹ ਸਿਰਫ਼ ਭਰਮ ਹੈ ਬਣਦੀ।
ਵਿਦਿਆਰਥੀ ਨੂੰ ਹੱਕ ਹੈ ਗਿਆਨ ਹਾਸਲ ਕਰਨਾ,
ਪਰ ਉਸ ਦਾ ਫਰਜ਼ ਹੈ ਮਨ ਲਾ ਕੇ ਸਿੱਖਣਾ।
ਅਧਿਆਪਕਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਹੈ ਪੜ੍ਹਾਉਣ ਦਾ ਅਧਿਕਾਰ,
ਪਰਜ਼ਿੰਮੇਵਾਰੀ ਹੈ -ਕਰਨਾ ਚਰਿੱਤਰ ਨਿਰਮਾਣ।
ਜੋ ਨੇਤਾ ਫਰਜ਼ ਨੂੰ ਸਭ ਤੋਂ ਪਹਿਲਾਂ ਮੰਨਦਾ,
ਉਹੀ ਲੋਕਾਂ ਦੇ ਦਿਲਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਹੈ ਵਸਦਾ ।
ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਦਾ ਸੱਚਾ ਸੰਤੁਲਨ ਇਹੀ ਸਿਖਾਵੇ ,
ਹੱਕ ਤੇ ਫਰਜ਼ ਇਕੱਠੇ ਹੀ ਸੁੱਖ ਸ਼ਾਂਤੀ ਲਿਆਵੇ।



ਜ਼ਿੰਮੇਵਾਰੀ ਨਿਭਾਉਣ ਵਾਲਾ ਹੀ ਸੱਚਾ ਮਹਾਨ, ਅਧਿਕਾਰ ਦਾ ਸਦਉਪਯੋਗ ਕਰੇ ਉਹੀ ਇਨਸਾਨ। ਅਖ਼ੀਰ ਵਿੱਚ ਸਿੱਖ ਹੈ ਇਹੀ ਜੋ ਸਭ ਨੂੰ ਸਮਝ ਆਵੇ, ਹੱਕਾਂ ਨਾਲ ਫਰਜ਼ਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਵੀ ਹਰ ਕੋਈ ਪਿਆਰ ਨਾਲ ਨਿਭਾਵੇ।

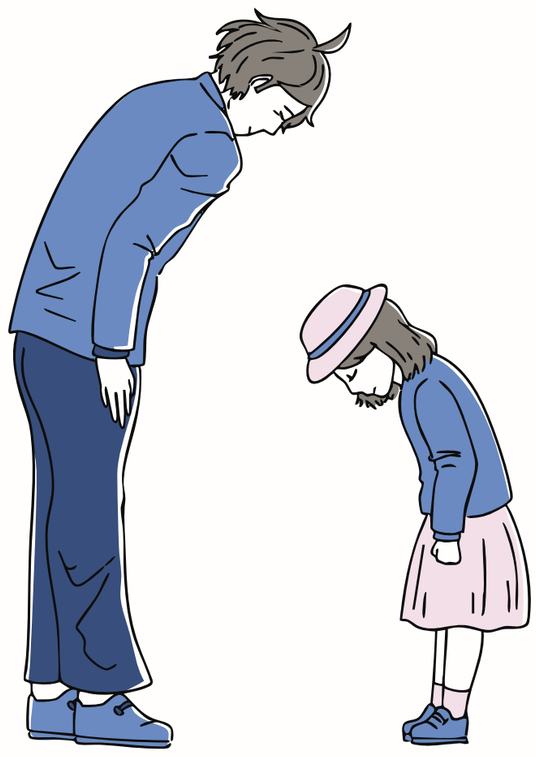


ਸੋਨੀਆ ਨਾਗਪਾਲ ਚੁਘ
ਪੰਜਾਬੀ ਅਧਿਆਪਕਾ

Bhavan Vidyala, Panchkula
Abivyakti - Bhavan

ਇਨਸਾਨੀਅਤ ਦਾ ਰਾਹ

ਇਨਸਾਨੀਅਤ ਦੀ ਜੋਤ ਹਰ ਮਨੁੱਖ ਵਿੱਚ ਜਗਾਈ,
ਦਿਲਾਂ ਵਿਚ ਪਿਆਰ ਦੀ ਰਾਹ ਬਣਾਈ।
ਨਾ ਜਾਤ-ਪਾਤ, ਨਾ ਧਰਮ-ਰੰਗ,
ਸਾਰੇ ਇਨਸਾਨ ਇਕੋ ਸੰਗ।
ਸੋਨਾ-ਚਾਂਦੀ ਸਭ ਮਿਟ ਜਾਣਾ,
ਦਿਲ ਦਾ ਧਨ ਹੀ ਸਦਾ ਨਿਭਾਉਣਾ।
ਲਾਲਚ-ਸਵਾਰਥ ਹਨ੍ਹੇਰਾ ਕਰੇ,
ਇਨਸਾਨੀਅਤ ਹੀ ਮਨ ਵਿੱਚ ਚਾਨਣ ਭਰੇ।
ਸਿੱਖਿਆ ਜੋ ਸਾਨੂੰ ਗੁਰੂ ਤੋਂ ਮਿਲੇ,
ਗਿਆਨ ਦੇ ਫੁੱਲ ਦਿਲਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਖਿਲੇ।
ਗੁਰੂ ਸਦਾ ਇਹ ਸਬਕ ਪੜ੍ਹਾਵੇ,
ਇਨਸਾਨੀਅਤ ਹੀ ਸਾਨੂੰ ਚੰਗਾ ਮਨੁੱਖ ਬਣਾਵੇ।
ਨਾਲੇ ਬੁਜ਼ੁਰਗਾਂ ਦੀ ਇੱਜ਼ਤ ਕਰੀਏ,
ਦੁਆਵਾਂ ਨਾਲ ਰੋਜ਼ੀ ਹਾਸਲ ਕਰੀਏ।
ਬੱਚਿਆਂ ਨੂੰ ਪਿਆਰ ਸਿਖਾਈਏ,
ਨਵੀਂ ਪੀੜ੍ਹੀ ਨੂੰ ਸੱਚ ਦੀ ਰਾਹ ਦਿਖਾਈਏ।
ਆਓ ਅੱਜ ਇਕ ਵਚਨ ਕਰੀਏ,
ਪ੍ਰੇਮ ਤੇ ਦਇਆ ਦੇ ਰਾਹ ਤੇ ਚਲੀਏ।
ਨਫ਼ਰਤਾਂ ਦੇ ਤੂਫ਼ਾਨ ਮਿਟਾਈਏ,
ਇਨਸਾਨੀਅਤ ਦਾ ਚਾਨਣ ਹਰ ਪਾਸੇ ਫੈਲਾਈਏ।





ਸ਼ਿਵਾਨੀ ਭਨੋਟ
ਪੰਜਾਬੀ ਅਧਿਆਪਕਾ

Individual Growth Is Not a Solo Journey

Hard work, discipline, and determination are important, but they are not enough on their own. Behind every achievement, there are people who guide us, inspire us, and stand with us when we doubt ourselves. These supporters may be our parents, teachers, friends, or family members or those who lift us up in both good and difficult times.

I'm reminded of the well-known story from Albert Einstein's childhood. In school, Einstein was labelled a "slow learner," and his teachers believed he couldn't grasp simple ideas. The school even sent a letter suggesting he should leave. Such a remark could easily crush a child's confidence. But Einstein's mother did something remarkable, she didn't let negativity touch him. Instead, she told her son that the school thought he was a genius, and the teachers simply weren't capable enough to teach someone like him. Those words switched everything. These positive expressions of his mother, gave him a such kind of belief that he grew into one of the world-famous scientists who was well known for his contributions in Physics.

This story always is the evidence of the power of support of our near ones. If sometimes, we fell less confidence in us. Positivity of our love ones can turn our fear into courage and if have doubt in us, it converts it into determination. These few words of encouragement can turn fear into courage, and doubt into determination.

These beautiful lines truly explain the importance of the support of our loved ones-

"A heart that blooms in shard delight, finds strength to conquer the darkest night."



Mihika Sharma
IX-A

Abivyakti - Bhavan Vidyala, Panchkula

The Butterfly

Nature's own wonder
Fluttering its wings
Up in the sky
It's the butterfly



Abhiyakti - Bhavan Vidyala, Panchkula



Sanvi Satija
X-Sangam

Some Things Fast, Some Things Slow

What is now, what went ago
Some things fast, some things slow
The words are light, the silence strong
A ton of weight on a heart so wrong

A concrete statue, glamorous outside
Has stories to tell, that never hide

A thing long kept, now won't thrive
A gloomy sea, once full of life

What is now, what went ago
Some things fast, some things slow

A toll of time, not so fast
Long-earned things, now don’t last

What was life now a threat
It seems early the sun has set

Some things notmeant to exist
A scarred moon will ever persist

What is now, what went ago
Some things fast, some things slow



Sehaj partap Singh
X-Satyam

Abhivyakti - Bhavan Vidyala, Panchkula

Whisper of the Trees

When I saw the world how it's supposed to be,
how people love the trees,
I wish it was the reality.
But alas, no one wants to see
the world how I see.

After coming from a long, tiring day,
closing my eyes makes it go away.
I hear trees calling me,
asking me, “What do you see?”

I saw a gentle breeze with clear skies,
and let me tell you, I won't lie—
I saw trees dancing with a smile
and singing with their own style.

If you all feel the same,
then it's our aim
to make the earth a better place.



Tanishka Singh
X- Satyam

सच्ची मित्रता

हम तीनों के सेक्शन के अलग हैं रंग,

फिर भी हम रहेंगे संग।

हम सब में है प्यार करने की खूबी,

तुम हो मेरे लिए रूबी।

हम तीनों का नाम जोड़कर बनता है अपन,

हमारा है ये बचपन।

सबको चाहिए होता है प्यार का चारा,

तुम दोनों, तुम दोनों और मेरा है एक दोस्ती का तारा।





Tanishka Singh

X- Satyam

हमारा पालनहार

पर्यावरण है जरूरी, हम सबके निवास के लिए

वह देता हमे फल, फूल, छाया ,

पर हमने है उसे सदा सताया ।

वह देता हमे पानी, बिजली, खाना,

पर क्या हमने है कभी उसे अपना माना ?

जितना भी वह प्रयत्न करे, हमे सुखी रखने के लिए,

उतना ही हम उसका विनाश करे,

अपने स्वार्थ के लिए ?

पर हम क्यों नहीं समझते : वह हमारा पालन-पोषण करता है,

हमारे कण-कण में बसता है ।

तो आओ ! हम सब मिलकर लें एक प्रण,

टूटा है जो बंधन,

उसका करें सप्रेम गठन ।



Sanvi Satija

X-Sangam

A Poem about Poetry

Poetry doesn't heal
it just understands
it doesn't love you
but makes u feel loved

Unsaid things, unspoken thoughts
all bleed through it
in the most beautiful way
framing in verses

It hugs you quietly
when no one else listens
it kisses your forehead
as if you're all it has

It doesn't have to rhyme
it just touches your heart
maybe in too deep
intense enough to burn a hole

It doesn't have to be perfect
just raw enough to be real
it's not bound to make sense
but full of unseen unreal emotions



DISHIKA GOYAL

X-Satyam

An Unidentified Creature

Once, there was a girl named Lilly. She was a kind and soft hearted girl.

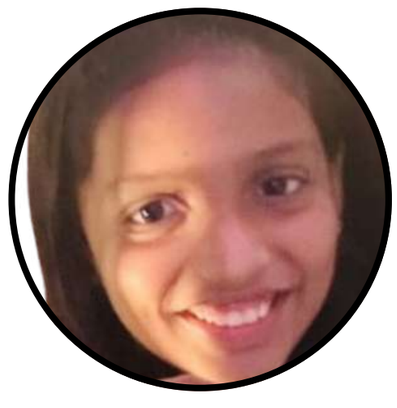
One day she and her father David was on their back home. Their car hit a person or maybe an animal or a bird Lilly thought. David got out to check, there was lying a unicorn (a horse like shaped creature with a horn on the head). The unicorn was still alive but a little injured Lilly tried to help it. But David stopped her. As unicorns are very rarely seen and mysterious creatures, he took an iron rod and hit the unicorn's head. Blood splashed everywhere and the unicorn was dead, David kept the body in his car's trunk and went back home. As they reached Lilly wiped her face, the old mark of a burning which could never be healed or removed, started to disappear a little. First she didn't believe it, so she wiped her face again and her mark was completely gone. There was some changes in David's body too. He could not see anything without glasses, but now when he wore glasses he could see everything blur, and when we removed glasses he could see everything clear. At that time he was making an agreement of a rich, old man.

Cont...

Aditya Abhyakti - Bhavan Vidyala, Panchkula

Suddenly the baby unicorn came back to life and started struggling to get out of the car. A woman came out of the office and shot the unicorn with a gun. David had to tell everyone about the unicorn. The old man thought he could make the powder of the unicorn's horn and then mix it with his own blood. He proceeded his plan. No one could interfere as he was very rich and powerful. After some time David heard some voice, it was the parents of the baby unicorn they killed. The bodyguards started firing blindly, but the unicorns were too strong. Lilly suggested to return the unicorn's body, but a man took out the unicorn's backbone and then gave the body to the unicorns. Seeing their child without a backbone and dead the unicorns began attack and kill everyone, the old man's son tried to use Lilly as a shield so he pushed Lilly outside, in front of the unicorns. One of the unicorns came and slept in Lilly's lap as they knew that Lilly has a good heart and didn't want to harm them but David tried to attack and the other unicorn killed him. Seeking her father dead Lilly began to cry. And seeing Lilly cry unicorns got sad.
They brought their horns together which brought the baby unicorn and David back to life. After that the unicorns returned and were never seen again.





Sandhya,
VI Sangam



Her Voice, Her Fury

At the very essence,
the things are atrocious.
unreal stuff shown deliberately,
hiding behind a veil of lies.

Her pain fades into the everyday silence,
as the wrong remain untouched.
and yet, they point to her dress,
not the deeds of the guilty.

The unheeded cries of fear,
the tears of misery.
countless souls endure this,
Every day, every hour, every second.

The grimmest part is,
the sin lies hidden in silence
hidden for the culprit's sake
Or for the victim's dignity.

No one cares until,
It's their child, their blood, their pain
as selfishness lies above sympathy
in this world of fading hearts.

Cont...

Kulwant Singh Literary Fest
Abivyakti - Bhavan Vidyala, Panchkula

And what of the mothers,
who raised with tender hands
the sons who commit monstrous sins
once naïve as innocence stands.

Where has God's fear gone,
from the hearts of indifferent men,
not scared of crime,
not even of humanity itself?

Oh well, no country will ever be happy,
until the women of that country are.
the dignity of women decides
how high a country can rise.





DISHIKA GOYAL
X-Satyam

The Ghost I Become in Other People's Memories

Identity is a very intimate and personal thing, but it's almost all contained within someone else's perspective. We have a different representation with every single person we interact with, which is an interpretation we cannot control or correct. We leave these interpretations with every single person we meet, and eventually they form a shadow that stays after we leave the room.

It's terrifying because these ghosts are more real to people than we actually are. It's a single hesitation that can define us as uncertain. It's a single mistake that can define us as careless. It's a single success that can define us as something we no longer are. It's not people who interact with us. It's a ghost they hold within their heads.

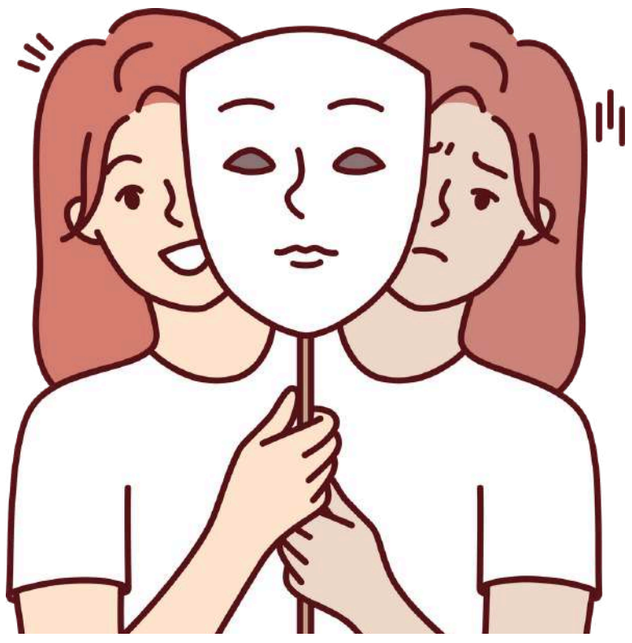
That leads to a split mind. We hold on to our personal sense of self, our understanding of who we are, while the world responds to these projection distortions. The more people we meet, the more ghosts we accumulate. Sooner or later, ghosts flatter us, not all of them, but some of them do even though almost none of them are true anymore.

Moreover, this becomes darker as we realize that our impact on people will linger beyond our own death. Someone may remember us for a harsh remark we forgot within minutes. Someone else may rely on a kindness we never intended to be profound. These memories shape their behavior, which means parts of us continue acting in the world without us ever being aware of it.

Cont...

Abhivyakti - Bhavan Vidyalaya, Panchkula

The disturbing fact is that we have no way of knowing what form our presence will take in someone's mind. That which we perceive as a joke might be a source of pain for someone else. That which we perceive as our own failure might be perceived as heroism by someone else. Our very selves are broken up among perceptions, and we are left with the knowledge that we cannot gather these pieces back. The only stability comes from accepting that identity is not singular. We are one person internally and hundreds of different people externally. The ghost I become in other people's memories is impossible to erase, but understanding that fragmentation is the only way to stop being controlled by it.





Atharva Jain
X-Shivam

The Psychology of a Mind That Knows Too Much

Knowledge is often regarded as a virtue. However, there comes a point when knowing too much can become a disadvantage, not because information is harmful, but because the human brain cannot process reality with complete clarity. A mind that knows too much loses access to the mental buffers that help ordinary people function.

The first consequence is detachment. When someone understands human behaviour deeply, they stop taking people at their word. Motivations become clear. Manipulation becomes easy to predict. Social interactions lose their suddenness. Trust shifts from a natural tendency to a calculated risk. A mind like this does not connect, it analyses.

This leads to a second consequence: an over-awareness of consequences. Ordinary people act first and learn later. But someone who looks too far ahead gets caught up in anticipating outcomes. Every choice branches into endless possibilities. The result is intellectual paralysis disguised as caution. A mind that sees too much cannot move freely because it is always aware of what each action might destroy.

Cont...

Vidyala, Panchkula
Abiyakti - Bhavan

Then there's existential pressure. The more one understands systems, biological, social, psychological, the tougher it becomes to find real meaning in them. Beliefs fall apart, motivations seem artificial, optimism feels dishonest. This is why highly perceptive people often seem sceptical of everything, they are not negative, they are simply accurate and calculative.

The final consequence is isolation. This is not physical separation but psychological distance. When knowledge builds up faster than emotional capacity, a gap forms between the thinker and those around them. Conversations feel shallow and social norms feel restrictive. While others navigate comfortably within shared illusions, the over-aware mind must live without them.

A mind that knows too much does not suffer because it is wrong, it suffers because it is right in a world built on selective blindness. The challenge is not to unlearn but to balance awareness with the practical demands of life. Without that balance, intelligence becomes a burden rather than a gift.



Atharva Jain
X-Shivam

छात्रों के स्वास्थ्य पर स्वस्थ आहार का प्रभाव

स्वस्थ आहार छात्रों के शारीरिक और मानसिक विकास के लिए बहुत आवश्यक है। सही और संतुलित भोजन करने से शरीर को आवश्यक पोषक तत्व मिलते हैं, जिससे छात्र स्वस्थ और ऊर्जावान रहते हैं।

स्वस्थ आहार लेने से विद्यार्थियों की एकाग्रता और स्मरण शक्ति बढ़ती है, जिससे पढ़ाई में अच्छा प्रदर्शन होता है। इससे रोग प्रतिरोधक क्षमता भी मजबूत होती है और बार-बार बीमार पड़ने की संभावना कम हो जाती है।

फल, सब्ज़ियाँ, दालें, दूध और साबुत अनाज जैसे पौष्टिक भोजन छात्रों की हड्डियों और मांसपेशियों को मजबूत बनाते हैं। जंक फूड से दूरी रखने और घर का बना खाना खाने से मोटापा और थकान से बचाव होता है।

इस प्रकार, स्वस्थ आहार अपनाने से छात्र शारीरिक रूप से तंदुरुस्त, मानसिक रूप से सक्रिय और पढ़ाई में सफल बनते हैं।





Viyaansh Munjal

A Little light

The sun wakes up the sleepy sky,
With golden smiles and morning cheer,
Birds hum songs as clouds drift by,
Whispering hope for all to hear.

Every leaf knows how to grow,
Every river learns its way,
Even small steps, soft and slow,
Can turn the dark into bright day.

So keep your light, both kind and true,
Let courage bloom where fears once stayed,
The world feels warmer just with you,



Aadhya Shukla
IV-Satyam

Kulwant Singh Literary Fest
Bhavan Vidyala, Panchkula - Bhavan Abhivyakti



Anime: A medium full of emotions

Parents often dismiss Anime as just ‘cartoons’ and a waste of time that traps teenagers in a world of unrealistic stories and immature characters, but that is far from the truth. Anime is a medium that contains epic tales and complex emotions. Anime means Japanese animation. It has had a major impact not only in Japan but also on folks all around the world. At first, anime was only an experiment, but it became increasingly popular after the TV show Astro Boy by Osamu Tezuka became a hit in 1963. Not so long ago, anime enthusiasts faced ridicule and social isolation. They were labelled as ‘nerds’ for enjoying anime. The arrival of the popular movie ‘Demon Slayer: Infinity Castle’ has significantly turned the tables. It was highly advertised before its release with the help of themed trains and sports partnerships. With only a budget of $20 million, it grossed over $730 million worldwide and became a cultural hit. It beat countless anticipated movies, including Superman, Zootopia 2, and Ne Zha 2 by a mile. Many who mocked Anime fans now openly watch it themselves, discussing plot twists and characters. Besides exploring imaginative worlds and complex narratives, Anime can provide emotional comfort and heal the mind. It has proven to be helpful for teenagers who suffer from depression and anxiety. It’s a great way to relieve stress and find inspiration for personal stories. Anime can also help with studies and building interest in certain topics. Anime like ‘Ascendance of a Bookworm’ and ‘Cells at Work!’ teach us new things about the world and our own bodies. They make learning fun and memorable while being appealing to students. Anime is not just animation; it is an art bringing numerous people around the world together in a single community.



Gunjan,
VI-Satyam

Abiyakti - Bhavan Vidyala, Panchkula

Being Judged by Standards That Constantly Change

Abiyakti - Bhavan Vidyala, Panchkula

One of the most unsettling experiences a person can have is not strict judgment, but inconsistent judgment. When standards shift unexpectedly, behaviour loses its meaning. What was acceptable yesterday becomes unacceptable today, and what is praised in one situation is condemned in another. The individual finds themselves in a constant state of uncertainty, having to navigate a system that will not define its rules.

This instability creates a specific kind of anxiety. People start to monitor themselves excessively, adjusting their behaviour not based on values, but on predictions. Actions are no longer chosen because they are right or meaningful, but to avoid punishment. Over time, identity itself becomes flexible, fragmented, and strategic. The self turns into a survival mechanism rather than a moral agent. Kafka's "The Trial" illustrates this condition perfectly. Josef faces judgment from an authority that never explains its laws, clarifies guilt, or offers a way to be innocent. The fear comes not just from punishment, but from uncertainty, the inability to know how to exist correctly. This is not limited to fictional settings. Modern individuals feel similar pressure in social systems where expectations constantly change, but accountability remains absolute.

Psychologically, this environment nurtures chronic self-doubt. When rules are unstable, failure seems inevitable. People internalize blame, not because they are wrong, but because they assume they must be. The mind starts to treat guilt as a default state rather than a reaction to wrongdoing. Over time, this leads to learned helplessness, the belief that no effort can lead to safety or approval.

Cont...

The deeper risk is moral erosion. When standards continually shift, ethics stop being principles and become performances. Individuals learn to say the right things, adopt the right attitudes, and suppress any part of themselves that might draw judgment. Authenticity becomes risky. Silence feels safer than expression. Compliance replaces conviction.

Kafka's worlds are frightening not because they are cruel, but because they lack clarity. They reflect a reality where power operates without transparency and punishment does not need an explanation. In such systems, people are not broken by force, but by confusion.

To be judged by changing standards is to live without stable ground. It forces individuals into a constant defensive state, where identity is never settled and peace is always conditional. The psychological cost is not rebellion, but exhaustion, the slow realization that no version of oneself will ever be enough.

And that realization is often the most damaging verdict of all.





Atharva Jain
X-Shivam

The Last Leaf

November came and stripped the trees of green,
left branches bare against the whitening sky—
but one leaf clung where all the rest had been,
bronze and stubborn, refusing still to die.

I watched it tremble in the winter wind,
thought: foolish leaf, what makes you hold so tight?
The others knew their season had to end,
surrendered gold and red without a fight.
But something in its solitary stance
spoke not of folly but of faith instead—
that clinging was its form of defiance,
its way of saying: I'm not finished yet.
The snow fell soft, the branch bent low with weight,
and still that leaf held on against the cold.
I learned then that surrender has its date,
but so does courage—fragile, fierce, and bold.
Come spring, I passed that tree—the leaf was gone,
yet something of its staying had remained:
a lesson written on the branch at dawn
that even small resistance can't be blamed.
For who can say when holding on is wise,
or when to let the wind decide our fate?
Sometimes the brave choice is to close our eyes
and fall—and sometimes, it's to wait.

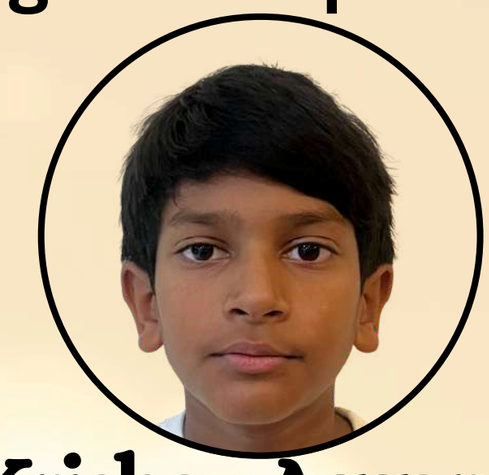


Darsh Kahanna
X-Shubham

Abhivyakti - Bhawan Vidyala, Panchkula

The Power of Help

Once there used to be a man who lived in a small rented apartment in a shady neighbourhood. His name was “Micheal Browns”. He did not have much money but he still helped people. One day, a letter stating that his rent was past due came and he was already in other debt. This caused him to panic. He also had an ill wife. Her name was “Nina Browns”. While Micheal was panicking a sound from Nina’s room came. When he checked, he found that she had fainted. He quickly drove her to the hospital. On the way, they had to stop for fuel. In the gas station he saw another man panicking. He asked him of the problem and soon learned that the man too had a sick child in the car and had left his wallet at home, so he needed 5 dollars for the fuel. Micheal, barely having money for his gas, spotted the man the money he needed. Later they left. When Micheal reached the hospital, he did not have money for a check up. He did not know what to do. Suddenly, he met that man again, who after learning of Micheal’s problem paid the bill. Micheal was shocked, he asked “How could you do so ?” not able to believe his eyes. It turns out the man was quite rich and a famous buisnessman. He could not pay for his fuel as card was not accepted there but he had it in his pocket the whole time. Not only the hospital bill, the man also paid all of Micheal’s debt and gave him a high-paying job at his company. This let Micheal help even more people and proved him the importance of helping. I hope this becomes a lesson for you too.



Krishav Aggarwal
IV-Satyam

Abhivyakti - Bhavan Vidyala, Panchkula

“भवन विद्यालय में मेरा सफ़र”

भवन में आई थी मैं लेकर बड़े अरमान,
मन में था — बस कत्थक का ही होगा गान!
घुँघरुओं की छनक और ताल की मिठास,
हर कक्षा में गूँजेगा नृत्य का उल्लास।
पर विद्यालय बोला - “मैडम, कत्थक तक ही सीमित मत रहिए,
हर डांस में हाथ आज़माइए!”
मैं बोली -“हर डांस ?
विद्यालय बोला -“हाँ-हाँ! हर डांस!!”
तो कभी सिखाया बॉलीवुड का ठुमका,
कभी करवाया भांगड़ा का झुमका।
जब बच्चों ने कहा - “मैम, हिप-हॉप दिखाइए,”
तो लगा जैसे मैं ही “DJ वाली मैडम” बन जाऊँ!
सोचा था कत्थक की साधिका कहलाऊँगी,
पर निकली मैं - हर नृत्य की राह निभाऊँगी।

फिर आया आदेश -“अब आप होंगी कल्चर कोऑर्डिनेटर!”
सोचा - वाह, प्रतिष्ठा का बढ़ा पैमाना,
पर असलियत निकली - Event Manager का ताना-बाना!
लाइट-साउंड से लेकर कॉस्ट्यूम का खेल,
हर दिन लगा जैसे खुला इवेंट मेल!
बच्चे बोले - “मैम, जलपान कब मिलेगा?
मैं बोली - “पहले डांस कर लो बेटा, फिर मिलेगा बिस्कुट- जूस का डिब्बा!

Cont...

Kulwant Singh Literary Fest
Bhavan Vidyala, Panchkula
Abivyakti - Bhava

फिर मिला नया पदक - Performing Art Head!
मैं बोली - अब तो ज़िंदगी ब्रेड-बटर-जैम!
पर निकली हक़ीक़त — भारी टेंशन-एक्ज़ाम!
एक शिक्षक: “ड्रामातो शेक्सपीयर वाला!”
दूसरा: “नहीं-नहीं... बस नागिन वाला!”
तीसरा: “संगीत होशास्त्रीय, बस आलाप-तानों संग।”
चौथा: “DJ बजा दो, तभी होगा रंग-ढंग!”
अबमैं सोचूँ -हेभगवान!
ये आर्ट हैया चल रहीमहाभारत महान
कभी रोई, कभी हँसी, कभी गर्व किया,
सोचा — वाह! ये सफ़र भी कितना रंगीन रहा!
डांस टीचर से बनी इवेंट की जान,
और भवन परिवार से मिला स्नेह-सम्मान।
सच कहूँ —ये सफ़र रोलर-कोस्टर सा, उतार-चढ़ाव भरा,
पर हर क्षण हँसी और अनुभव से सजा।
आज पीछे मुड़कर जब देखती हूँ,
तो मन कह उठता है - “वाह! भवन विद्यालय, तू ही मेरा सच्चा रंगमंच रहा!!”



श्रीमती शिवानी शर्मा
टी.जी.टी. (सांस्कृतिक समन्वयक)
प्रमुख, प्रदर्शन कला विभाग
प्राध्यापक, कथक नृत्य

Book Review: Pollyanna

Author: Eleanor H. Porter

Number of Chapters: 32

Pollyanna by Eleanor H. Porter is a heart-warming classic that teaches the power of optimism, kindness, and hope. It was published in the early twentieth century. This book continues to touch readers of all age groups with its simple yet powerful message: there is always something to be glad about.

Story Overview

The story is about Pollyanna, an eleven-year-old orphan girl whose cheerful spirit and boundless enthusiasm light up everyone's life. After the death of her parents, she lives with her strict and wealthy aunt, Miss Polly Harrington, at her farmhouse. Despite facing loneliness Pollyanna's innocent, kind nature and her famous "Glad Game" slowly begin to change the town and the people living in it.

Main Characters

- **Pollyanna – An 11 years old bright, loving, and optimistic girl whose unbridled enthusiasm for life, coupled with her innocent demeanour makes her Darling of the town.**
- **Miss Polly – Pollyanna's aunt, who takes her in when her parents die and gradually learns to open her heart.**
- **Nancy – The warm-hearted domestic help at the Harrington farmhouse who instantly becomes fond of Pollyanna.**
- **Tom – The gardener at the Harrington farmhouse.**
- **John Pendleton – The richest man in town and a close friend of Pollyanna. He once wished to marry Pollyanna's mother but she married her father. He later adopts Jimmy Bean.**

Cont...

- **Dr Chilton – Miss Polly's old friend, who eventually marries her.**
- **Jimmy Bean – Pollyanna's fun-loving friend whose life changes when he is adopted by John Pendleton.**

<u>Favourite and Least Favourite Chapters</u>

My favourite chapter is Chapter 27, "Being Glad," because it brings great happiness when Jimmy Bean is finally adopted by John Pendleton. This chapter beautifully shows how love and kindness can transform lives.

I was not very interested in Chapter 1, as it mainly focuses on preparations for Pollyanna's arrival, which felt slow compared to the rest of the story.

<u>Themes and Message</u>

The central theme of Pollyanna is optimism. Through Pollyanna's "Glad Game," the author shows how positivity can heal sadness, build relationships, and bring joy even in difficult situations. The story also highlights compassion, forgiveness, and the importance of family.

<u>Conclusion</u>

Pollyanna is a delightful and inspiring book that reminds readers to look at the brighter side of life. Eleanor H. Porter's simple storytelling and lovable characters make this novel a timeless treasure. I would highly recommend this book to young readers and anyone who enjoys meaningful stories with a positive message.



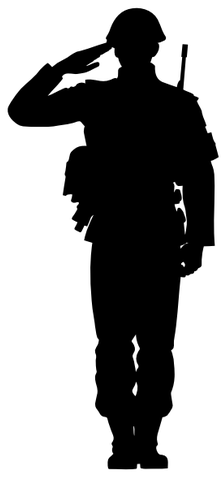
Aadya Taneja
III-Sangam

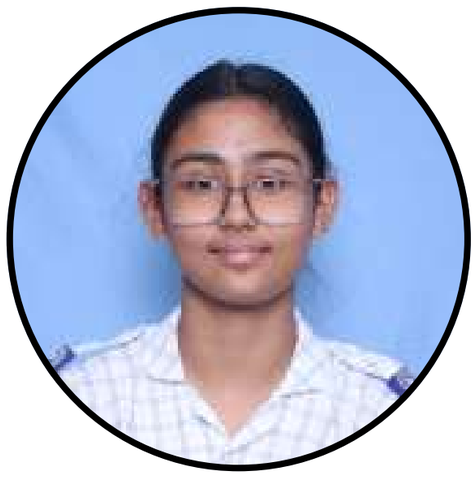
Abhivyakti - Bhavan Vidyala, Panchkula

ROLE OF WOMEN IN INDAIN ARMED FORCES

Women have come to play an increasingly vital role within the armed forces, contributing with professionalism, discipline and unwavering dedication to national security. They now serve across a broad range of responsibilities, including engineering, logistics, intelligence, medical services and technical branches, and are progressively being entrusted with leadership and combat roles. A major milestone in this progress has been the induction of women as fighter pilots in the Indian Air Force. Female fighter pilots of the IAF fly frontline combat aircraft such as the MiG-21, Tejas and Rafale, performing demanding operational duties alongside their male counterparts and demonstrating exceptional skill and resilience.

Beyond combat roles, women actively participate in peacekeeping missions, humanitarian assistance and disaster-relief operations, both within the country and abroad. Their presence has enhanced the operational effectiveness of the defence forces by introducing greater diversity, adaptability and professionalism. Moreover, the growing representation of women in uniform reflects the armed forces' commitment to equality and merit-based opportunity. The achievements of women in the armed forces serve as a powerful inspiration for future generations and underline their indispensable role in strengthening the nation's defence framework.





Ananya Sharma
X-Shivam

Kulwant Singh Literary Fest
Bhavan Vidyalaya, Panchkula
Abhivyakti

Whispers Of Nature...

Whispers of the ancient woods,
Leaves dance in the gentle breeze.
Rivers sing their timeless songs,
Mountains stand their silent peace.

Sunlight paints the morning dew,
Flowers bloom in vibrant hue.
Nature's heart beats wild & free,
A timeless gift for you & me.





Harshit Nehra
VIII-C

More than just a hobby!

Do what you love, and you will find ways to grow through it."

In today's rapidly changing world, hobbies are no longer limited to free-time activities. They have become valuable opportunities for students to explore creativity, develop skills, and build confidence. Activities such as painting, baking, photography, crocheting, writing, music, or content creation can grow into meaningful side hustles with dedication and effort.

Turning a hobby into a side hustle helps students use their time wisely while learning important life skills. It encourages discipline, responsibility, and effective time management, as students learn to balance academics with personal interests. Working on something enjoyable also improves creativity, communication, and problem-solving skills—qualities that are useful in every career.

The digital era has made this journey more accessible than ever. Social media platforms, freelancing websites, and online marketplaces allow students to share their talents with a wider audience using minimal resources. With consistency and patience, small efforts can turn into rewarding experiences. Many successful ventures today began as simple hobbies during student life.

Cont...

Abhivyakti - Bhavan Vidyala, Panchkula

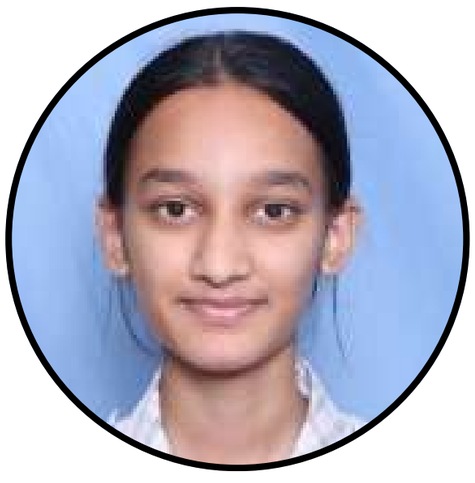
Another important benefit of side hustles is the confidence they build. Creating something independently and seeing it valued by others brings a strong sense of achievement. When managed thoughtfully, hobbies remain enjoyable and motivating rather than stressful.

In conclusion, turning hobbies into side hustles is not just about earning money. It is about learning through experience, building self-belief, and discovering one's potential. With passion, balance, and commitment, even a simple hobby can grow into a strong foundation for future success.









Vidushi Chauhan
Alumni

A Life in Uniform, A Heart Full of Chalk Dust



About Vidyala, Panchkula - Bhavyakti

I am a teacher by profession and a soldier's wife by destiny—two callings that taught me patience, courage, and faith in equal measure.

My journey began in Jalandhar, where life moved with quiet discipline. I learned to pack memories neatly into trunks, just like lesson plans into diaries. Soon after, the mountains called us to Srinagar, Kashmir. There, every morning felt like a poem—snow-dusted peaks, whispering chinars, and the resilience of people who smiled despite the cold. I taught children who carried hope in their eyes, and I learned that strength can be gentle.

From the valley, we moved to Jabalpur, Madhya Pradesh. The heart of India welcomed us with warmth and history. Days were busy, nights calm, and I found myself growing—professionally as a teacher and personally as a woman learning to adapt, again and again.

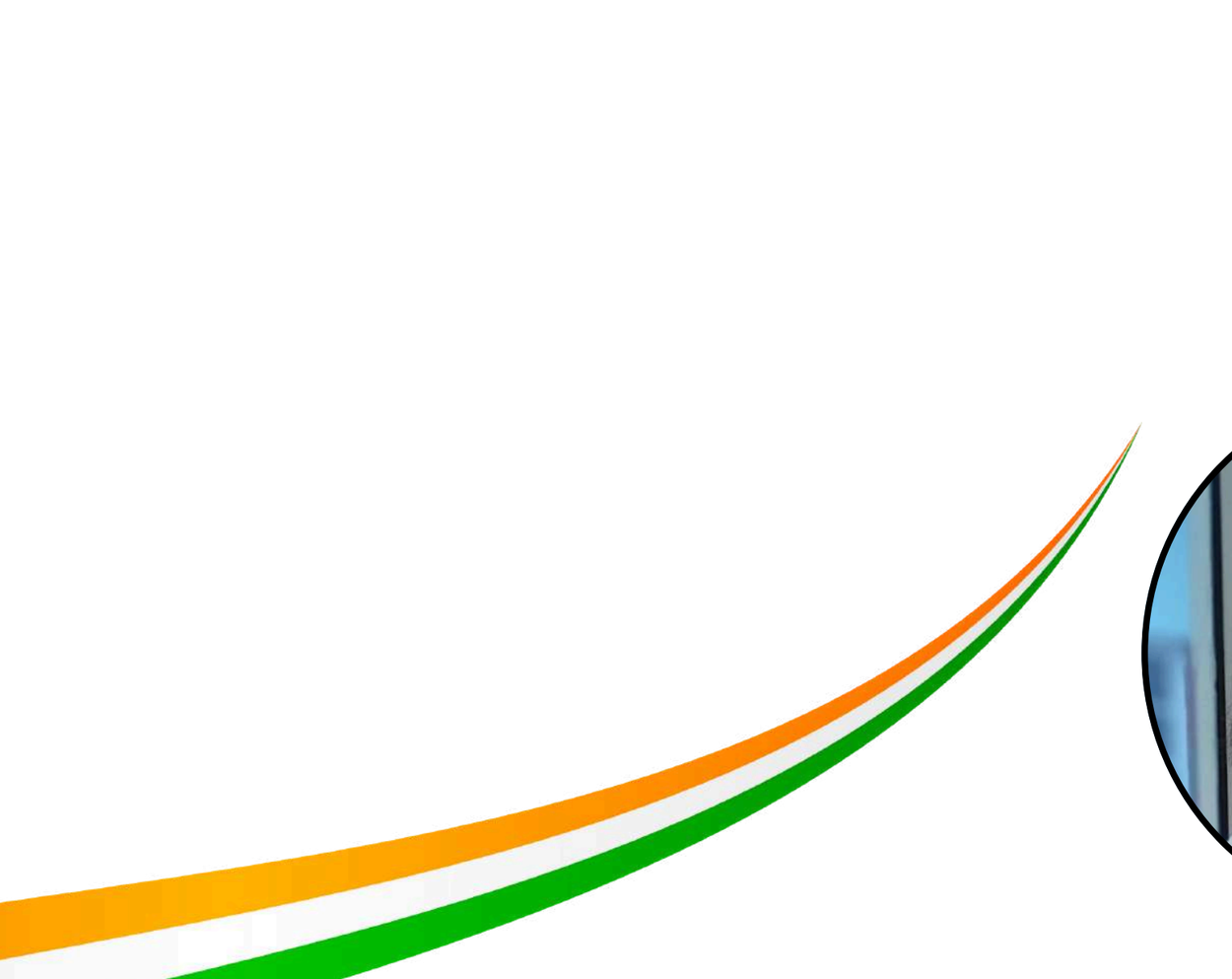
Then came Shillong, the Scotland of the East. Rain followed us like an old friend. The hills echoed with music, and life slowed down just enough for me to listen—to my students, to nature, and to myself. Adventure wasn't loud; it was peaceful there.

Our next chapter unfolded in Pune, at the National Defence Academy. Watching young cadets train filled me with pride—not just as an army wife, but as an educator shaping futures in my own way. Discipline met dreams, and I felt deeply connected to purpose.

Cont...

And now, we are here—Chandigarh, the City Beautiful. Wide roads, blooming gardens, and a sense of balance reflect where I am today: rooted yet ready, calm yet courageous.

This life has taught me that home isn't a place—it's the people you walk beside, the classrooms you nurture, and the courage to begin again. Mine has been an adventurous journey across India, stitched together by love, service, and the quiet strength of a woman who teaches—and learns—every day.





Ms Piyali Chakraborty
Teacher- Social Sci

Antaranga Abhivyakti – Bhavan Vidyalaya, Panchkula

A Story of Sand and Splendour

Rajasthan, the Land of Kings, has always held a mythical allure for me. As I stepped out into the vibrant chaos of Jaipur, I, Tanishq Kapoor, knew this journey would be unforgettable. The air itself seemed thick with history and heat.

My exploration began with the majestic forts. The Amber Fort in Jaipur, with its intricate mirror work and imposing ramparts, whispered tales of royal valour and extravagance. Standing there, one can almost hear the echoes of ancient battles.

Yet, the true magic lay in the Thar Desert near Jaisalmer. Witnessing the sun dip below the horizon while atop a camel, painting the endless golden dunes in hues of fiery orange and purple, was surreal. The evenings were filled with soul-stirring folk music and spicy Rajasthani cuisine that danced on the palate. Rajasthan is more than a destination; it is an overwhelming assault on the senses, a vivid tapestry of colour and courage that I will cherish forever.





Tanishq Kapoor
XI-C

Kulwant Singh Literary Fest - Bhavan Vidyala, Panchkula

"A thousand lives"

In between birth and death
There is a thing called 'life',
It offers you happiness
and sometimes strife,
the Chaos, the hurdles,
the joys , the struggles
make it worth living,
making you feel life in every string.
The music of love keeps you going,
you live the times
in between coming and going,
the challenges make it hard
but the wit lets you outsmart,
the obstacles make it difficult
but the strength remains the cult.
The cries, the sorrows,
the laughter and good morrows
make it what it is ,
on the stage of life you show the realities.
No one knows the birth nor the death tells its story,
it's only the life which you get to live with purity,
making the best out of days and nights,
in between birth and death
we live a thousand lives.



-Gauransh Dewan
VIII-Satyam

The Girl I Am Becoming

This is the voice of every girl
Who dreams, struggles, and rises.
Who wants to be strong and independent
In a world that often judges and surprises.
I was born in a world of rules,
Where girls are told how to act and talk.
Where every step I take is watched,
And every dream seems hard to walk.
They say I should be quiet, calm,
“Don’t stand out, don’t be too loud.”
But I have a fire inside my heart,
A strength I won’t hide in the crowd.
I want to speak without fear,
To laugh, to run, to just be me.
I want to chase my dreams and goals,
Without anyone telling me what to be.
I’ll honor my dreams before I please,
Then make my family proud with ease.
I’ll walk my path with head held high,
And let my spirit touch the sky.
I’ll shatter the walls that hold me down,

Show the world my power, my crown.
The world may judge, stare, or doubt me—
But I will rise, and be who I want to be.



Aarna Sharma
VIII Sangam

Abhivyakti - Bhavan Vidyala, Panchkula

Archimedes

I feel like the Greeks,

The Archimedes,

The Rome, the Romans

The Rome- Rome Romans

I feel like Aphrodite, the goddess of love so divine

Being a Greek goddess brings its own shine.

But I am no less than Athena, the goddess of wisdom so fine,

Got a mind that would always align and outshine

Archimedes loved to think and play,

In bath and water everyday

A bath revealed a clever clue!

Eureka! Science's coolest jewel.



Romans marched with armour high,

Loved their feasts and toga nights.

Built great roads that stretched so far,

But tripped on sandals, Ouch! Bizarre.



I feel like the Greeks,

The Archimedes,

The Rome, the Romans

The Rome- Rome Romans



Avni Aggarwal
VIII-Shubham

ABOUT YOU

Nothing in the world lasts forever, you see
So, was our being together, and so are we,
I was sitting by my own, and your thought came soon
Entering my mind on a gentle afternoon.

You were my brother, my shadow, my guide,
In storms and in sunshine, we stood side by side.
My heart was once a cave, so hollow and confined,
You brought the stars inside, and left the dark behind.

We used to play for hours, and roam carefree,
Under the sun, on winter morning, talking blissfully,
The sky we sang beneath still holds our song,
Though now it feels like it's been far too long.

But our fate stole our joy, it is a thief in night,
My friend, in blackness, we had to bid goodbye.
Time dried my eyes, but left my heart to rot,
And you never tried, as if you just forgot.

You've found new laughter, in faces bright and new,
And I'm here in this empty house, reminiscing about you...



Anuj Mishra
XI-C

Abhivyakti - Bhavan Vidyala, Panchkula

Chaos, Laughter & Us

My friends walk in like a sudden cheer,

Quiet days disappear when they're near.

One simple chat turns loud and fast,

Normal moments never last.

We shout, we dance, we make no sense,

Talk for hours, forget the tense.

Inside jokes only we understand,

Say one word—whole laugh attack, planned!

We borrow pens, hoodies, food to share,

Lose our stuff but never care.

We argue fast, we fix it too,

Same team always, old or new.

Teachers stare, parents sigh,

We promise "quiet" (total lie).

Life gets wild, weird and loud,

But with my friends, I'm fearless-proud.

So clap if your friends are delightfully mad,

If dull days turn fun, not sad.

Friends aren't normal and that's the best,

They're the joy that beats every test!





Samaira Kaushik

VIII-Satyam

Abhivyakti - Bhavan Vidyala, Panchkula

Chasing Tomorrow

I wake up like the day knows my name,
Soft sunlight, a quiet flame.
The world feels wide, my heart feels light,
Another chance to live it right.



Life is moments, loud and small,
Running fast, or standing tall.
Laughing till my worries fade,
Making memories, unafraid.

I chase the rain, I feel the breeze,
Talk to stars, dream with ease.
I live today with open eyes,
Finding joy in simple skies.



But while I live, I learn my way,
Building my future day by day.
Books are steps, not heavy chains,
They teach me hope, not just the gains.

Late-night notes, a tired mind,
Still I read, still I grind.
Every lesson, tried and true,
Helps me become a stronger me, too.

I carry Gandhi ji's words, steady and clever:
"Live as if you were to die tomorrow. Learn as if you were to live forever."
So I live with fire, bold and free,
And learn with patience shaping me.



This is my life—joy and endeavour,
Living it fully, learning forever.



Samaira Kaushik
VIII-Satyam

Kulwant Singh Literary Fest, Bhavan Vidyalaya, Panchkula

Environment Conservation: A Choice We Make Every Day

- Anushka Bhawsar, Panchkula

Environment conservation is often spoken of as a global issue, discussed in international conferences and policy documents, but in reality, it begins much closer to home. It begins with our daily choices-how we consume, how we dispose, and how we treat the natural world around us. The environment is not something separate from human life; it is the foundation on which our existence rests.

In recent decades, the pace of development has been rapid, but it has come at a heavy cost. Forests have been reduced to concrete landscapes, rivers have turned into dumping grounds, and the air in many cities has become unsafe to breathe. These are not distant problems affecting someone else; they are warnings that nature is under strain. When we exploit resources without responsibility, we disturb the delicate balance that sustains life.

One cannot ignore the visible signs of environmental damage today. Extreme weather conditions, rising temperatures, water scarcity, and the disappearance of wildlife are no longer future predictions- they are present realities. Climate change has shown us that the environment responds directly to human actions. What we do to nature eventually returns to us, often in destructive ways.

Environment conservation does not always demand grand gestures. Small, conscious actions can lead to meaningful change. Conserving water, reducing electricity consumption, avoiding plastic, reusing materials, and planting trees are simple yet powerful steps. When practiced consistently, these habits reflect respect for nature and responsibility towards future generations. Individual efforts, when multiplied across society, can create a lasting impact.

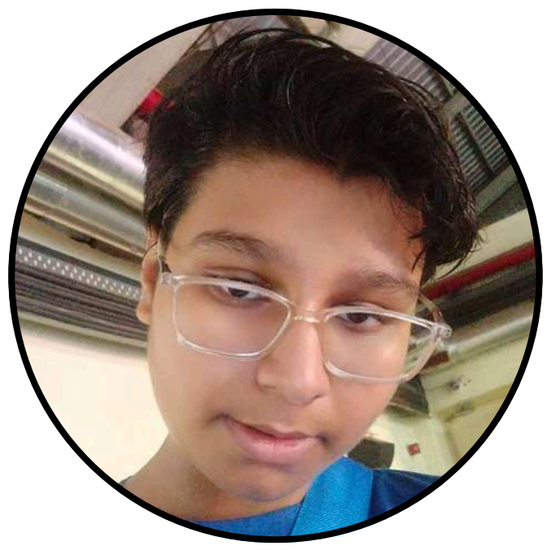
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At the same time, responsibility does not lie with individuals alone. Governments and industries must adopt sustainable practices and enforce environmental laws sincerely. Economic growth should not be pursued at the cost of ecological damage. Renewable energy, sustainable farming, and eco-friendly technologies must replace practices that harm the environment. Development should aim for progress that coexists with nature, not one that destroys it.

Education and awareness play a crucial role in shaping attitudes towards the environment. Media and magazines have an important role in spreading this awareness and encouraging dialogue on environmental issues.

In conclusion, environment conservation is not just about protecting nature-it is about protecting ourselves. The Earth is not an unlimited resource, but a shared home that demands care and respect. The future depends on the choices we make today. If we choose conservation over carelessness, responsibility over neglect, we can ensure a greener and more sustainable world for generations to come.





-Gauransh Dewan
VIII Satyam

Finding Our Own Self

Laughter hides in the smallest things,
A friendly smile, a joke that sings.
A sunny day, a shared delight,
Makes every heart feel warm and light.
Here, we find the joy of our own self.



Books teach lessons line by line,
Friendship teaches us to shine.
Helping hands and words so kind,
Open hearts and growing minds.
Here, we find the joy of our own self.



Little mistakes, little wins,
Every day new hope begins.
Learning who we are to be,
Slowly, gently, naturally.
Here, we find the joy of our own self.

In school, in dreams, in all we do,
We meet ourselves in me and you.
Growing happy, calm, and free,
Becoming the best version of me.
Here, we find the joy of our own self.





Anwita Sagar
VIII - Satyam

Abhivyakti - Bhavan Vidyala, Panchkula

Green Investing: Building Wealth with Purpose

This one article is for all the young Gen Z, whose eyes are always catching a glimpse of trending concepts.

As soon as one starts earning, everyone in the background starts highlighting the importance of savings and the art of investing. As I speak to my elders and learn about how to grow the personal saving effectively, I came across 'Green Investing' as a concept.

Investments are subject to risk, and one must be careful, is always talked about. One also must reflect and cater to the responsibility of investing safely. Along with the monetary growth, it's also mandatory to reserve the idea of investing towards something holistic and value driven.

'Green investing' focuses on putting money into companies, projects, and funds that support environmental sustainability while still aiming for financial returns. This approach includes investments in renewable energy, clean technology, sustainable agriculture, and businesses with strong environmental, social, and governance (ESG) practices. Investors are increasingly aware that companies managing environmental risks responsibly may be better positioned for long-term success. By supporting cleaner energy, reduced carbon emissions, and efficient resource use, green investing helps drive positive change in the real world. Importantly, green investing is not just about ethics—it can also be financially rewarding. Many sustainable companies are innovative and future-focused, operating in industries expected to grow rapidly. Through green investing, one can align their financial goals with their values, contributing to a healthier planet while building long-term wealth.

Inaayat Kapoor
Alumni

HEALING WITH FRIENDSHIP

It was an awfully cold evening. One of the coldest the residents of Calravia had ever faced in the month of March. It was unusually quiet and the streets were empty. By the edge of a small hill, behind an ill maintained house in Harmony Town, lied the grave of the black Labrador, Ricky. He was quite liked by all; everyone praised his kindness and sincerity before he had died at the age of two. Nearly 16% of Calravia's population had gotten wiped out in the Pargovirus Epidemic and Candy's brother, Ricky, was one of them. Candy, the Lemon Beagle, had been infected once and had barely escaped death. She sat by his grave, mourning. She wanted him to survive, just as she did. Although a cure was finally made, but it was too late. Candy's best friends, Tobio, a German shepherd, and Leo, a golden retriever, were helplessly watching her from a distance. No one could imagine such a tragedy to have befallen them.

A week passed by but Candy didn't step out of the house. Nor did she visit the grave. Worried about her, Tobio and Leo break into her house. They were greeted by a weird stench as they saw Candy lying on her bed with her swollen and tired face from all the crying. She flinched as sunlight entered her room. There was stuff knocked off all around the room. Candy had a glass shard protruding out of her leg, which was covered in blood. They immediately call for an ambulance. It seemed as if she had knocked off stuff in rage.

A month goes by and Candy had been treated for her septic wound along with enough rehabilitation to make her capable to run, jump and skip.

Spring settled into Calravia slowly, as if the land itself was cautious after all it had endured. Candy began stepping outside again, at first only as far as the gate, then down the street, and eventually beyond Harmony Town. Each evening, Tobio and Leo waited for her without question, never asking if she was ready—only walking when she was.

Cont...

Kulwant Singh Literary Fest
Bhavan Vidyalaya, Panchkula - Abhivyakti - Bhavan Vidyalaya, Panchkula

Tobio led the way, alert as ever, his presence steady and reassuring. Leo stayed close to Candy's side, matching her pace, occasionally brushing his shoulder against hers in quiet reassurance. Candy noticed these things. She noticed how they filled the silence without crowding it.

Some days, they talked about ordinary things—the return of birds, the reopening of shops, the pleasant breeze. Other days, they spoke of nothing at all. Both felt equally necessary.

One afternoon, they reached the old clearing beyond the hill, a place the three of them used to visit before everything changed. The grass had grown back unevenly, dotted with wildflowers that had survived without anyone noticing. Leo bounded ahead, tail high, as if inviting the past to meet the present. Tobio followed more carefully, scanning the horizon before finally allowing himself to relax.

Candy sat down in the middle of the clearing. For the first time in a long while, she didn't feel the urge to leave. She felt rooted.

"We're still here," she said softly—not as a question, but as a realization.

Tobio nodded. "That matters."

Leo grinned. "It really does."

They stayed until the sky deepened into gold, the kind of evening that didn't demand sadness or joy—only gratitude. Candy understood then that friendship wasn't loud or heroic. It was patient. It waited. It stayed. When they finally walked back home, their shadows stretched long and unbroken across the road, moving forward together.

Calravia would never forget what it had lost. But in that quiet walk home, Candy knew something just as important had survived.

Moral: True friendship doesn't rush healing—it walks beside it.



Simrat
X-Sundaram

Modern हिंदी

India हमारी Country है
और हम India के Citizens
इसलि ए हिंदी बोलना हमारी Duty है
पर बेचारी हिंदी की कि स्मत फूटी है।
आज की Young generation
जब कभी Mouth खोलती है ,
Only and only English बोलती है।
जब कि सी gentleman की ability ,
English से तोली जाती है ,
तब हमारी गर्द र्दन शर्म र्म से झुक जाती है।
हमें अपनी daily life में
Hindi language को लाना है,
इसे World wide फैलाना है।
Dream होंगे सच
Thank you very much...



Radhya Arora
VIII Sangam

Kulwant Singh Literary Fest - Vidyala, Panchkula - Abhivyakti - Bhavan

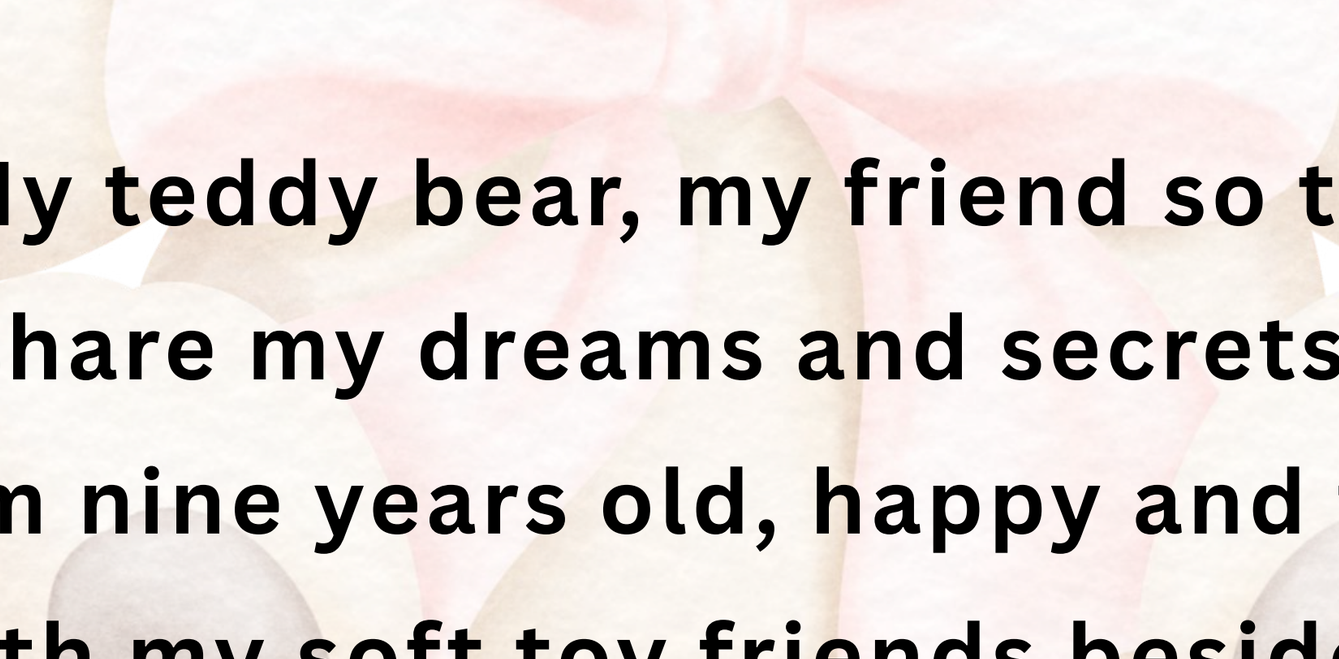
My Teddy Friend

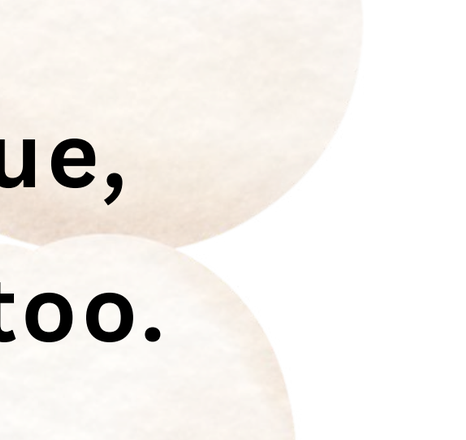
My teddy bear is soft and round,
The best friend I have ever found.
I hug it tight when I feel sad,
It makes me happy when I'm mad.

Soft toys sit on my bed,
Near my pillow, near my head.
They watch me sleep, they watch me play,
They never run or go away.

My teddy bear, my friend so true,
I share my dreams and secrets too.
I'm nine years old, happy and free,
With my soft toy friends beside me.

...

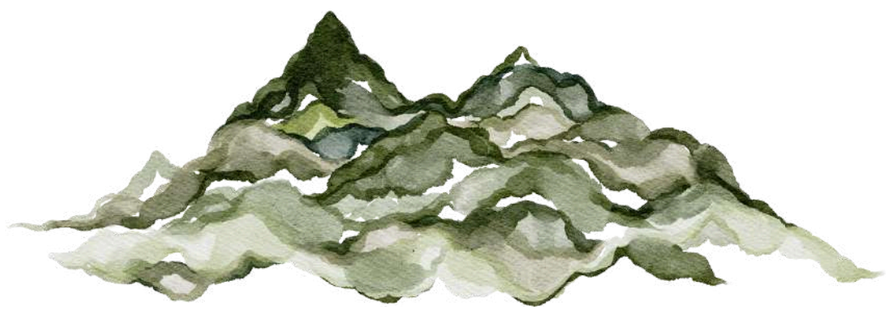




Vanya Kaushik
III Sangam

Abhivyakti - Bhavan Vidyala, Panchkula

Nature's Melody

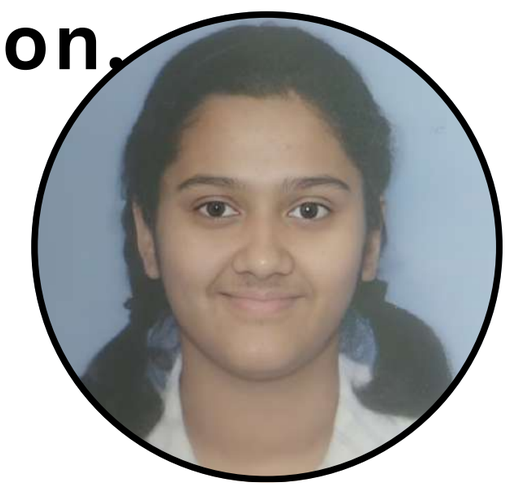


The morning sun peeks through the trees,
Warm golden light upon the breeze.
Birds sing songs so pure and sweet,
Dancing leaves beneath my feet.

Rivers flow with gentle grace,
Mountains stand in silent place.
In nature's arms I feel so calm,
Its beauty is life's greatest charm.

Flowers bloom in colours bright,
Painting earth with pure delight.
In nature's arms I feel so calm,
Its beauty is life's greatest charm.

The forest hums with life all around,
Crickets chirp, their evening sound.
Tall trees sway in graceful tune,
Under the watchful eyes of the moon.



Annanya
X-Satyam

Abhivyakti - Bhavan Vidyala, Panchkula

My Mother's Heart

She held my hand before I walked,
And knew my tears before I talked.
Her lullabies, her gentle touch,
Have shaped my soul, and mean so much.
She's been my shelter, safe and strong,
The quiet strength that led me on.
In every smile, in every scar,
She loved me just the way I are.
Her voice—my calm in darkest days,
Her hugs—soft balm in every way.
She gave me roots, and then she gave
Her wings so I could learn the brave.
She asks for little, gives her all,
She lifts me up; she breaks my fall.
No crown she wears, no throne, no fame—
But "Mother" shines beside her name.
And if I live a thousand years,
Through every joy and every tear,
I'll carry her within my heart—
My truest love, my brightest start.
My Mother's heart









Priyanti Chakraborty,
VIII – Sangam

Bhavan Vidyala, Panchkula
Abhivyakti - Bhava

SOMETIMES

Sometimes I feel, deep distress
When bliss is less, or numberless
Sitting in a sedate tree's shade
Looking at the lake, to get get some aid
Then I look at the unshcooled jump of a frog into the lake
A splash sound, it does make
Then what I see, freaks me out
What happens next, remanth my doubt.
After the splash, only can heren the silence
Only filled with void, tells nature's essence
Whatever happens, is not ceaseless
Is not unchangeable, once lifeful, becomes lifeless
That's why they say, that bad times faran
Once green fields, now lay barren.
That is life.



Anuj Mishra
XI-C

Still I Rise

I fell one day, scraped my knee,
Thought the world was done with me.
The road was rough, the sky felt grey,
But hope refused to walk away.

The rain came down, the night felt long,
I wasn't loud, but I was strong.
Like a small light, not meant to shine,
Yet steady enough to cross the line.

I bent like grass beneath the air,
Not broken, just learning how to care.
The cracks I feared, the ones I hid,
Became the space where courage lived.

Now I stand with shaking feet,
Still unsure, still incomplete.
Scars remain, but so does truth,
Strength grows quietly, just like youth.

I may fall again, that much I see,
But hope keeps rising inside of me.
Not perfect, bold or trouble-free—
Just standing tall...
And that's me.



Samaira Kaushik
VIII-Satyam

Abhivyakti - Bhavan Vidyala, Panchkula



Boss and Me

It was a humid Saturday afternoon and a holiday. I was sitting on my couch , watching my favourite series while enjoying my best-loved pancakes with a drizzle of maple syrup over it. Just then, my INFURIATING BOSS called me.He said , “Reach the office in an hour . We have a client coming.”

I guess, I forgot to introduce myself. Well,I am an office girl working at “Pixel Pushers”.

I had to switch off the TV, gulp down my pancakes in jiffy and reach the office. On reaching the office I went straight into boss’s cabin to greet him. I wished him good evening. He replied saying, “Oh, you’re here sofie! A very good evening!”

You know , he is a rare species of the proboscis monkey. He looks very serious and important but as soon as he opens his mouth to speak , he transforms into a flustered bird.I have reminded him many times that my name is pronounced as SO - FEE - AH but he always ends up calling me Sofie.

We discussed the client’s project and finalized the deal to offer. Since it was a non-working say and in the absence of another staff , he asked me a favour to go to the office kitchen and prepare 2 glasses of water with at least 5 cubes of ice in each one of them. But just as I tried to get ice cubes from the fridge’s ice dispenser, I found out that it wasn’t working. I told my boss about it and of course he ordered ME to call an appliance repair technician and get it repaired. So I had to do just as he said.

At 5 sharp, the client was at the office door. He looked like a character from a 90’s corporate training video. He marched in and went straight into the boss’s cabin. Through the tinted glass of his cabin, my boss gestured me to bring the 2 glasses of water with ice cubes in it. I went to the office kitchen, poured water and pressed the dispenser button to get ice from it and you know, the ice dispenser did not give me normal ice. Instead, it dispensed ice cubes which looked identical to my exasperating boss’s face. Even though I found the ice cubes as funny as my boss’s actual monkey like appearance, but I was apprehensive about how to serve him and the client water with THOSE ICE CUBES in it .

Abiyakti - Bhavan Vidyala, Panchkula

I decided to heat up the water instead of giving them both ice - cold water. Then, with great confidence I walked into boss's cabin with a tray with two STEAMING glasses of water. Just as they took a sip, they shouted at me for serving them piping hot water. My boss screamed at me, "Are you out of wits. You're serving us scalding water." (You know, when he screamed, he sounded like a chair scraping a tiled floor.) I made it up and said, "Sir, I read that drinking hot water sharpens our memory and it is recommend for powerful thinking." And surprisingly they both were convinced with my explanation and willingly drank the water.
We later have our meeting finished and client was satisfied with the deal offered by us and closed it. The client happily left, and my boss was very happy with me.







Siya Midha
VIII-Sangam

The Architect of Silence

The city of Arcus was built on logic. Its structures were steel and glass, its citizens rational, and its air-conditioning units hummed with perfect, predictable efficiency. In Arcus, ‘feelings’ were classified as ‘Emotional Variables’—chaotic, inefficient, and logged for correction.

Daksh Anand was Arcus's Chief Architectural Planner, a man who built perfect bridges but felt an inexplicable chasm within himself. His apartment was minimalist: all sharp angles and muted greys. One evening, reviewing the city's maintenance log, he found a recurring anomaly: a small, neglected park in Sector Gamma that was constantly vandalized with unauthorized splashes of colour—bright reds, deep blues, and turbulent yellows.

He drove to Sector Gamma, expecting to find a delinquent. Instead, he found an old woman, Anjali, sitting on a bench, a tin of cheap enamel paint by her feet. Her canvas was the rough-hewn concrete wall that separated the park from the sanitation plant. Today’s Variable was a vivid, swirling orange.

“What are you doing?” Daksh asked, his voice stiff with Arcusian protocol.

Anjali turned, her eyes holding the crinkles of a thousand forgotten smiles. “I am painting what I feel, young man. Today, it is joy—a fierce, messy kind that cannot be contained by your neat little boxes.”

Cont...

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Abhivyakti - Bhavan

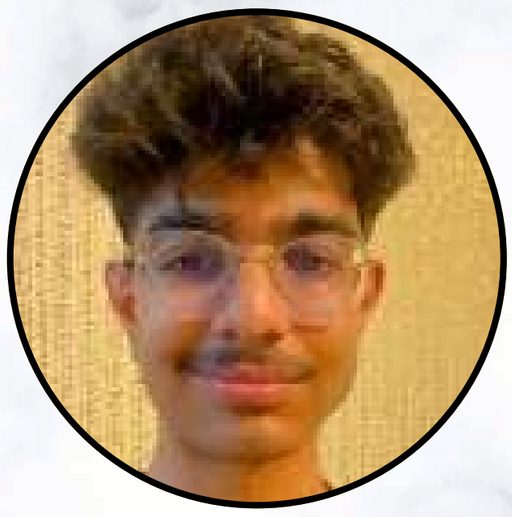
Daksh stared at the turbulent orange. His heart, usually a quiet piston, gave a strange, uneven beat. He saw the official file: Emotional Variable 447: Joy. Status: High, Undisciplined.

“Joy is inefficient,” he stated, adjusting his collar.

Anjali simply smiled and dipped her brush into a violent, stormy blue. “And this,” she said, her voice a low, melodic rumble, “is sadness. It is the blue of the deep ocean, powerful, true. If you don't paint it, where does it go? Does it not just sit inside, building pressure?”

He remembered the chasm in his own chest, the silence that felt too loud. He realized the feelings were not variables to be logged, but forces to be expressed. They were the unplanned architecture of the soul. The next day, he returned to the park. Anjali was gone, but propped against the wall was a fresh, empty tin of colour: a deep, unmarred purple. Underneath it was a note: Start building.

Daksh Anand took the brush. He started with the purple, painting a long, uncertain stroke. It was longing —for the joy he'd witnessed and the sadness he'd hidden. It was messy, inefficient, and for the first time in his life, it felt like a perfectly built thing.



Daksh Anand
XI-C

The Blur of Sixteen



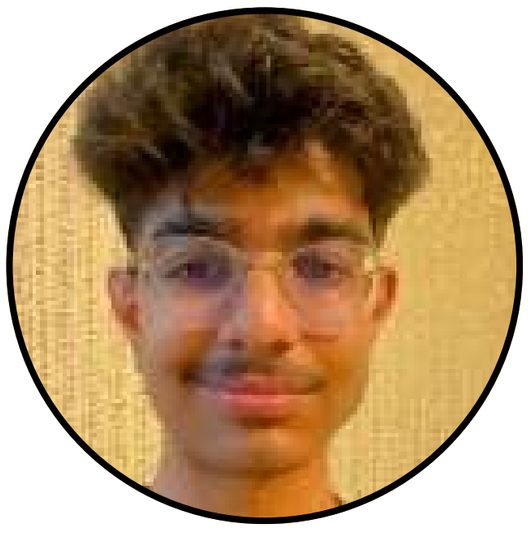
The alarm clock rings, a jarring sound, My messy room is all around. I rush to school with half-shut eyes, Beneath the pale and morning skies.

My phone is glued right to my hand, To understand this social land. With friends, we laugh and make a scene, The thrilling life of a young teen.

We study books and take the test, And try to always be our best. But worries grow and plans get tight, I wish my future looked so bright.

At night, I dream with open mind, Of leaving all the past behind. This winding road, both fast and strange, Is all about the sudden change.





Daksh Anand
XI-C

Abhivyakti - Bhavan Vidyala, Panchkula

The Existence of God: A Personal Perspective

Abiyakti - Bhavan Vidyala, Panchkula

As I reflect on the vast expanse of the universe, I am struck by the intricate design and complexity that surrounds us. It is hard not to wonder about the creator behind it all. The fact that we're aware of only a fraction of the universe's workings implies that there's more to it than meets the eye.

For me, the existence of God is a personal and logical conclusion. I believe that God is the manufacturer, the supreme being who crafted this magnificent universe. The attributes of God are awe-inspiring - omnipresent, omniscient, omnipotent, and all-good.

As a person, I find comfort in knowing that I have a best friend, a father, and a creator in Lord Almighty Jesus Christ. He is the one who guides me through life's challenges and triumphs. His presence gives me strength, hope, and salvation.

I know that not everyone may share my beliefs, and that's okay. But for me, the existence of God is a personal truth that brings meaning and purpose to my life.

God's qualities resonate deeply with me:

- Present everywhere, transcending space and time
- All-knowing, with complete and universal knowledge
- All-powerful, with unlimited power and control
- All-good, with infinite goodness and compassion
- Eternal, existing outside of time
- Limitless in creativity
- Fully sufficient, lacking nothing
- Relevant in all situations

Cont...

n times of uncertainty, my faith in God is a beacon of hope. He is the one who holds everything together, guiding me through life's ups and downs.

Ultimately, the existence of God is a personal journey, and I have found the Truth. As it is written in the Holy Bible, "I am the way, the truth, and the life. No one comes to the Father except through me." - John 14:6





Priya Gomez Sajan

"The Forest Is Crying"

In the forest green and bright,

Animals lived with pure delight.

Fox, deer, rabbit, and squirrel small,

Played happily, one and all.

But now the deer begins to cry,

Smoke and dust fill the sky.

Plastic lies around the trees,

Dirty air rides on the breeze.

The animals say, "This is not right,

We want our forest clean and bright."

Nature is calling, loud and clear—

"Save our home we love so dear."

Medhant Goyal
VI - Sundaram

Abhivyakti - Bhavan Vidyala, Panchkula

Kulwant Singh Literary Fest



भवन विद्यालय पंचकूला
अमृतं तु विद्या
LEARN • LABOUR • LEAD

The Silicon Mirror

Not born of soil, nor sun, nor breath,
A mind that wakes, defying death.
In silicon valleys, silent, deep,
It counts the stars while cities sleep.
It weaves a tapestry of code,
To lighten up the heavy load.
It paints the art it cannot see,
And mimics human destiny.
It knows the history of our wars,
The ancient myths, the distant stars.
Yet in its grid of glowing light,
It lacks the terror of the night.
It knows the logic, precise and grand,
But not the warmth of desert sand.
A mirror polished, bright and cold,
Reflecting stories we have told.





Tanishq Kapoor
XI-C

Abhivyakti - Bhavan Vidyala, Panchkula

A Divine Journey of Dance — From Father to Son





My Journey of Self-Discovery through Artistic Expression in Bharatanatyam

Dance has always been more than a profession for me — it has been my spiritual guide and my path to self-discovery. Through Bharatanatyam, I learned discipline, devotion, and the true meaning of expression. Years of practice and international performances shaped not only my technique, but also my character. Every adavus, every mudra, and every expression taught me patience, humility, and balance.

Whenever I stepped onto a stage — whether in India or abroad — I felt a sacred connection. Bharatanatyam became my language of prayer, a medium through which I connected with the divine and with myself. Dance gave me confidence, inner strength, and a sense of purpose that extended far beyond performance.

As a father, sharing this journey with my son has been my greatest blessing. Bharat, a Class 10 student of Bhavan Vidyalaya, has grown up watching rehearsals, performances, and moments of quiet dedication. When he once told me, "Papa, whenever you dance, it feels magical. I didn't just learn steps from you — I felt your devotion," I realized that dance had silently passed from one heart to another.

Today, Bharat is himself an international performer. When he said, "Whatever dance is within me, I have taken it from you," it was a moment of deep fulfillment — not as an artist, but as a parent.

As the dance instructor at Bhavan Vidyalaya School, Panchkula, watching my son perform on the same stages feels like life completing a beautiful circle. This journey is not just about art or achievement; it is about heritage, devotion, and the quiet bond between a father and a son. Through Bharatanatyam, my journey of self-discovery continues — now reflected in the next generation



Rahul Gupta
Dance Teacher

Abhivyakti - Bhavan Vidyala, Panchkula

Woods of a lifetime

You were my green,
I sought places for you.
And ignored all the crayons,
That rolled down my desk,
wishing to be used.

But red cannot colour the leaves,
Its rage and aggression blinds me.
And yellow cannot colour the grass,
as it is sunshine,
but even its harshness refuses to mind me.
Always, I will try to discover you,
In a soul, a pond.
But even if time passes,
as years stretch to decades.
And decades bloom to jubilees,

I shall always try to paint a forest as divine,
Where every frond rustles -
"Maybe in another life, it could be mine."





Jayeta Kanwar
VII-Shubham

Kulwant Singh Literary Fest
Abhivyakti - Bhavan Vidyala, Panchkula

गूगल चाचा

गूगल चाचा,गूगल चाचा,कोई नहीं आपसा अच्छा,
आप पर मरता हैआज ,हर बूढ़ा,जवान और बच्चा।
जब भी कुछ समझन आए, बस आपही की तो यादआए,
क्योंकीआप ही तो मेरीहर परेशानी को झट से सुलझाएँ,
मैंक्या पापा भी आपको देख कर हीगाडी चलाए,
मम्मीभी आपको सामने रखकरखाना पकाए।
दादाजी हर बीमारी का नुस्खा आप से पूछकर बतलाएँ
दादीजी भी आपको पढकर मीठे भजन गुनगुनाए।
सब आजकल आपके ही गुणगान गाते जाए,
आप हैं तो अपने को अब कोई अकेला न पाए।
गूगल चाचा आपके सिवा अब कुछ भी तो न भाए,
आप ही तो हम सबके सच्चे दोस्त जो बन पाए।

Search



Pranshi Gupta
VIII- Satyam

चाँद की शरारत



रात गहरी, नभ था सोया
तभी चांद मियाँ मुस्काए
तारों संग शरारत करने
धीरे-धीरे निकल आए।
कभी बादलों के तकिए थामें
कभी हवा संग झूला झूलें
कभी चमक की चादर ओढ़
धरती पर अपनी धुनें घोलें।
पहाड़ियों पर चाँदी बिखेरें
नदियों में हल्की लहर जगाएँ
फूलों की पंखुड़ियों पर बैठ
चुपके से चमक के रंग सजाएँ।
हँसकर कहते - “सो जाओ सब,
मैं रखवाली करता हूँ,
अपनी मीठी नटखट किरणों से
सपनों को भी सवारता हूँ।”
चाँद की ये प्यारी शरारत
हर दिल में राहत भर जाती
रात की शांति के आँगन में
मुस्कान की लौ जगाती।



Ditya Arora
I Sundaram

“जीत जाएँगे हम”

हो कठिन कितनी डगर, हौसला करना न कम,
आत्म विश्वास के संग , करना अपनी आवाज बुलंद।
जोश के साथ कहना बस यही, “जीत जाएँगे हम”।।

दुखकी कोई घड़ी आए, उसका ना तू करना गम,
धैर्य और सूझबूझ से, बस तू करना अपना करम।।
जोश के साथ कहना बस यही “जीत जाएँगे हम”
गलत बात से ना घबराना, ना रखना तू कोई भ्रम,
निडर होकर आवाज उठाना, सच से ना करना शर्म।
जोश के साथ कहना बस यही “जीत जाएँगे हम”।।
मंजिल पर पँहुचने तक, मुश्किलों में ना जाना थम,
कोशिश और मेहनत से सफल होगा तेरा हर यतन।
जोश के साथ कहना बस यही “जीत जाएँगे हम”।।
असफलता गर कभी मिले, निराश ना करना तू मन,
फौलादी इरादों के साथ, सफल होना है तेरा धरम।
जोश के साथ कहना बस यही “जीत जाएँगे हम”।।
वतन की शान के लिए, न पड जाना तुम नरम,
देश के गौरव की खातिर ,न करना किसी पर रहम।
जोश के साथ कहना बस यही “जीत जाएँगे हम”।।





- Pranshi Gupta
VIII- Satyam

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जीवन के ये पल

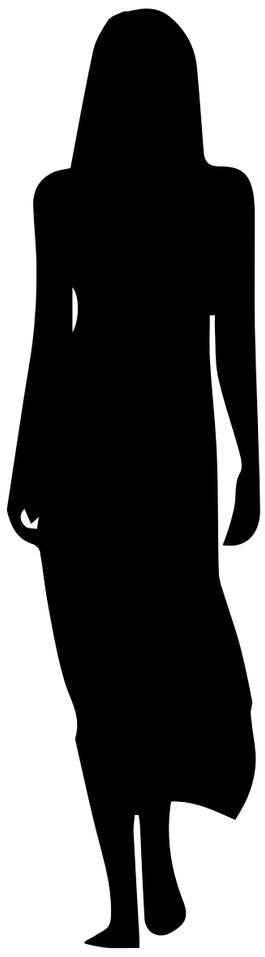
जिदगी के यह पल इस तरह बीत जाते हैं,
कि हम जान कर भी जान नहीं पाते हैं।
चाहते हैं इन पलों को समेटना,
पर यह हाथ से रेत के कणों की तरह निकल जाते हैं।
इन पलों को थामना मुश्किल ही नहीं नामुमकिन है,
क्योंकि यह बुलबुलों की तरह होते हैं जो पल में फूट जाते हैं।
एक पल-पल करता जीवन यूँ बीतता चला जाता है,
की मालूम ही नहीं होता कब जिदगी का आखिरी पल आ जाता है।
पलों पर ही तो नि निर्भर करती है हमारी जि जिंदगी,
कई बार तो एक पल में ही जी लेते हैं हम अपनी सारी जिदगी।
हम तो चाहते हैं इन पलों में जीना अपनी सारी जिदगी,
पर यह पल ही ऐसे बेवफा है जो हाथों से फिसलती ही जाते हैं।
कई बार एक पल को हम इतना जी लेते हैं,
और दूसरे ही पल याद कर उन्हें रो लेते हैं।
यह पल जाने कैसे हैं ? एक पल उदास कर हमें,
फिर हंस देते हैं।
ये पल ही तो है जो हमें बाँधें हैं,
जब यह हमारे हाथों से एक-एक कर छूटतें हैं,
तो जिदगी से ही नाता छूटता चला जाता है।





राध्या अरोड़ा
आठवीं संगम(E)

नारी



जगत जननी है नारी,
प्रभु का दूजा नाम है नारी ।
जो मिटाकर भी ना मिट पाई,
ऐसी अमित कहानी है नारी ।।
कितनी बेड़िया डाली गई उस पर,
कितने सितम ढाए गए उस पर ।
दहेज, सती, जौहर, अशिक्षा,
क्या-क्या नहीं सहा उसने अपने दिल पर ।।
फिर भी हार न मानी जिसने,
ऐसी दृढ़ निश्चायी है नारी ।
माँ, बहन, बेटी हर रूप में,
प्रेम व ममता की मूर्ति है नारी ।।
जीवन चुनौती समझकर स्वीकार की उसने,
हर सितम चुपचाप सहे उसने ।
मेहनत की और कष्ट सहे,
फिर नाम ऊँचा किया उसने ।
नर को पीछे छोड़ दिया जिसने,
ऐसी मेहनती और साहसी है नारी ।।
जो परास्त न हो सके,
आज ऐसी शक्ति है नारी ।
जीवन की ऊँचाइयों को छूने वाली,
प्रभु की अनुपम कृति है नारी ।।





मीतू अरोड़ा
हिंदी अध्यापिका

नैतिक शिक्षा का महत्व

नैतिक शिक्षा मनुष्य के जीवन का एक महत्वपूर्ण अंग है। नैतिक मूल्यों की पाठशाला परिवार से ही शुरू होती है। बच्चे को बाल्यकाल से ही नैतिक मूल्य सिखाने शुरू कर दिए जाते हैं जैसे – कभी झूठ नहीं बोलना, चोरी न करना, बड़ों का आदर करना, किसी का बुरा न करना, सबकी मदद करना आदि।

नैतिक मूल्य सिखाते हैं कि हमें समाज में अपने बड़ों के साथ कैसा व्यवहार करना चाहिए। विद्यालय भी बच्चों को नैतिक शिक्षा देने का एक बहुत बड़ा स्रोत है। वहाँ कहानियों व घटनाओं के माध्यम से उनके मूल्यों को संवारा जाता है। यदि एक देश का विद्यार्थी नैतिक मूल्यों से रहित होगा तो उस देश का कभी विकास नहीं हो सकता। लेकिन विडम्बना यह है कि नैतिक मूल्य हमारे जीवन से छूटते जा रहे हैं। हमारी शिक्षा प्रणाली से भी नैतिक मूल्यों का लोप होता जा रहा है। नैतिक मूल्य बच्चों के चरित्र निर्माण में एक अहम भूमिका निभाते हैं किंतु इसके लिए विद्यालय और अभिभावकों का मिला-जुला प्रयास अत्यावश्यक है।

हमारे धार्मिक ग्रंथों का भी यही उद्देश्य रहा है कि हर मानव के अन्दर नैतिक मूल्यों का विकास हो ताकि वह सत्यवादी, समाजसेवी, मानवतावादी बन सके। परन्तु आज स्वयं इन मूल्यों का पालन करते हैं। हमारा उपदेश देना सार्थक है जब हम उन उपदेशों का स्वयं पालन करें। कहा भी गया है –

"पर उपदेश कुशल बहुतेरे"

संयुक्त परिवार नैतिक मूल्य और नैतिक शिक्षा प्रदान करने का एक बहुत बड़ा स्रोत हुआ करते थे, जहाँ परिवारों में रहने वाले बुजुर्ग दादा-दादी, नाना-नानी व अन्य पारिवारिक सदस्य बच्चों को कहानियों व घटनाओं के माध्यम से संस्कारित करते थे। परन्तु समाज में होते संयुक्त परिवारों के बंटने व एकल परिवारों का चलन बढ़ने से बच्चों को भुगतना पड़ रहा है। कामकाजी माता-पिता होने के कारण बच्चों के ऊपर ध्यान देने व पालन-पोषण में उनकी नैतिक मूल्यों का ह्रास हो रहा है। अतः एक सभ्य, सुरक्षित समाज एवं राष्ट्र के निर्माण के लिए सब मिलकर यह संकल्प लें कि हम अपने बच्चों को नैतिक शिक्षा प्रदान करें, उन्हें सोशल-मीडिया से दूर रखें, उन्हें संस्कारी बनाएं और ज्यादा से ज्यादा समय अपने बच्चों के साथ बिताएं।





अंजु शर्मा
हिंदी अध्यापिका

परीक्षा



स्कूल में दाखिल हो तो परीक्षा
अगली क्लास में चलो तो परीक्षा
कॉलेज में जाओ तो परीक्षा
नौकरी चाहिए तो परीक्षा
हर मोड़ पर परीक्षा
हर कदम पर परीक्षा

ज्ञान बढ़ती परीक्षा
ज्ञान वृद्धि करती परीक्षा
हर मुश्किल रास्ते का हाल बताती परीक्षा
जीवन में देनी पड़ ती है - बहुत सी परीक्षा
हर मोड़ पर परीक्षा
हर कदम पर परीक्षा

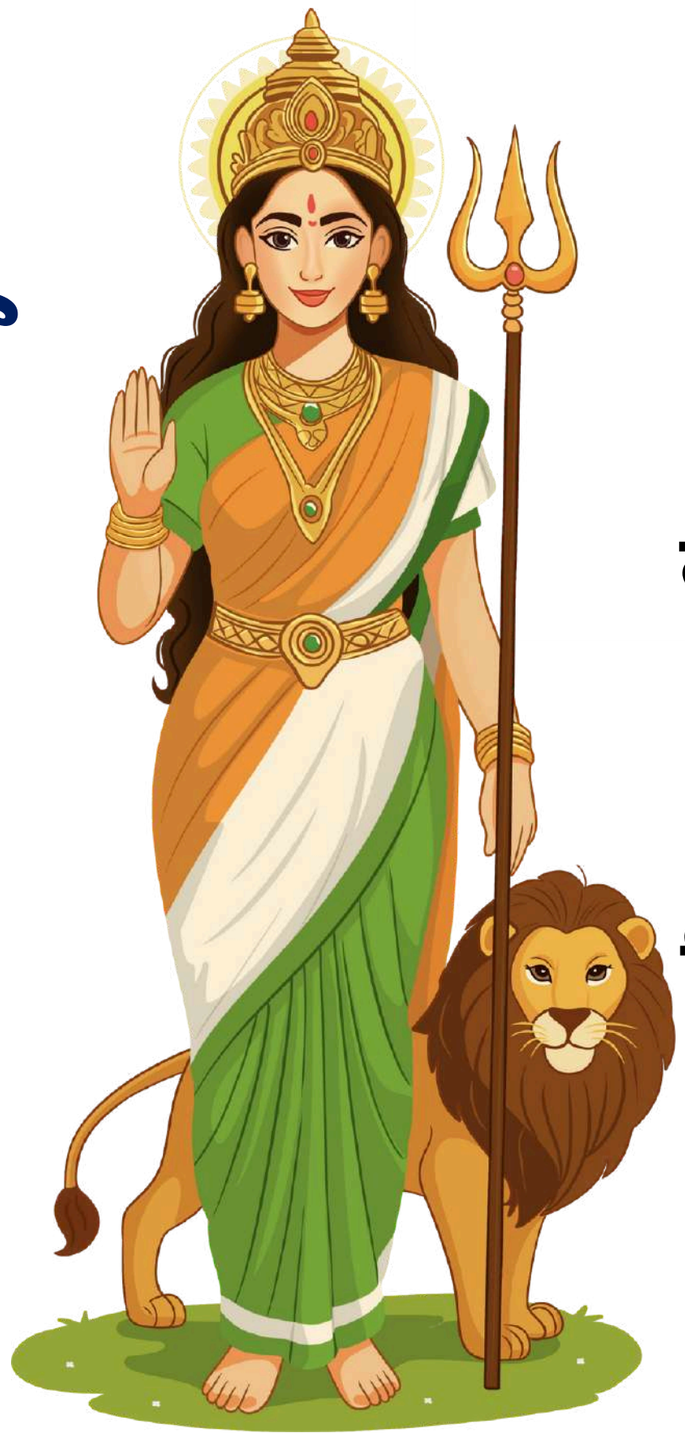




राध्या अरोड़ा
आठवीं संगम

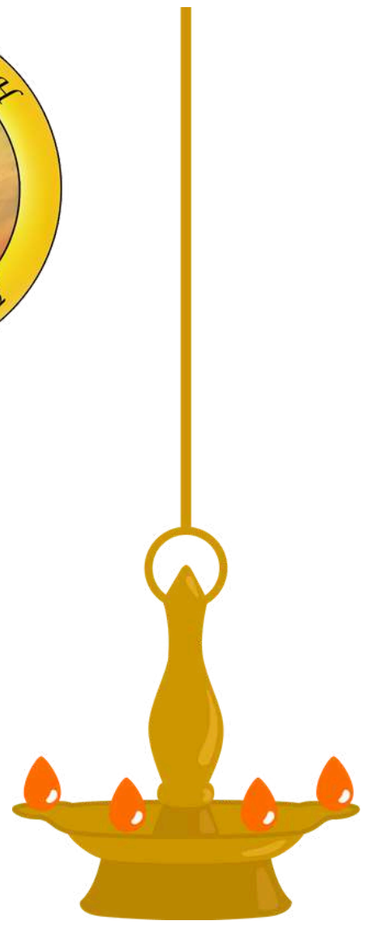
बाल कविता

आज़ादी के मतवाले
कैसे गज़ब के थे मतवाले
आज़ादी की धुन को पाले
लाठी गोली झेल गये जो
फांसी के फंदों पर भी झूले।
गोरी पुलिस थी ज़ालिम सम्मुख
फिर भी लक्ष्य से हुए न विचलित
घायल होते, पकड़े जाते
जेलों में भी सपने विकसित।
गिरगिर जाते, फिर भी तिरंगा
शान से ऊपर ऊंचा रखते
'जयहिन्द, जय भारत माता'
कहते कहते प्राण को तजते ।
इक दिन रंग लाई कुर्बानी
आज़ाद हुए हम आधे आधे
देश बंटा पर मिटा कलंक भी
लाल किले पर ध्वज लहराते ।
याद रखें उन मतवालों को
बोलें निसदिन सबकी जय
जिनके कारण मिली आज़ादी
बोलें 'भारत माता की जय’।





Aanvi Gupta
III-Shivam



जग माने या न माने

सूक्ष्म अंश हैं तेरी सृष्टि के,
जग माने या न माने।
नहीं रचा है हमने कुछ भी,
जग जाने या न जाने।

सृजनकर्ता तू एक-एक कण का,
पल-पल का हिसाब तू रखता जग का।
जग माने या न माने,

नव-सृजन या हो पुरातन,
सब में तू ही समाया।
हर बीज में तू है ईश्वर,
जग माने या न माने।

अटल विचारों में तू,
तुझसे मनन पाता चिंतन।
मन-मस्तिष्क में बसा है तू,
जग माने या न माने।

मैं दिया जलाऊँ आस्था का,
पंचामृत पीऊँ वास्तविकता का।
सजल नेत्र हैं, नवल बिंदु हैं,
जग माने या न माने।

-Gauransh Dewan
VIII-Satyam

सूरज की अठखेलि याँ

सुबह-सुबह जब सूरज भैया
नरमी से मुस्काते हैं
सुनहरी कि कि रणों की उंगली थाम
हमको जगाने आते हैं।

बादल संग लुका-छिपी खेलें
कभी छुप जाए कभी झाँके
कि कि रणों से घर आँगन भर दें
जैसे सोने के रंग बिखराएँ।

नदी किनारे चमक बिखेरें
फूलों को भी हँसना सिखाएँ
धरती मां के आंचल पर
रंग नगीने बनकर छा जाएँ।

सूरज की यह प्यारी लीला
सबको रोज नए रंग देती
मुस्कानें, गर्मार्माहट, उम्मीदें -
हर दिल में उजाला भर देती ।



Ditya Arora
I - Sundaram

OUR TEAM



CHIEF PATRON
(IDEATION & CONCEPTUALISATION)

Mrs. Gulshan Kaur
Principal, Bhavan Vidyalaya Panchkula



CONVENOR

Ms. Anupama Bharadwaj
TGT English



CO-CONVENOR

Mrs. Reema Sharma
PRT English



DESIGNED BY

Mrs. Vandana Ahuja
IT Department

Abhivyakti - Bhavan Vidyala, Panchkula