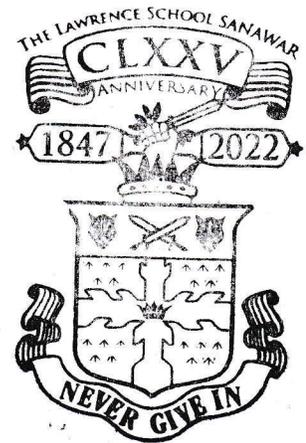




THE SANAWAR NEWSLETTER



THE DODRANSBICENTENNIAL FOUNDER'S ISSUE

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From The School

My Most Awaited Speech

Ustat Kaur Jatana, Head Girl

To be here today gives me the feeling of *deja vu*, of all those times I went into hiding because I didn't want to participate in any debate or declamation. Ironically, look where life takes you, as here I am, today, addressing the School as the Head Girl.

For those of you who feel the same way, it is essential to understand that it is the little things which make one confident. In the end, people won't remember the little glitches. Instead what will matter and be remembered is the fact that you had the courage to come up when no one else did.

Sanawar is home away from home. After eight years, I am realising that this place has a magnetic energy that makes you fall in love with it at first sight. It isn't possible for me to sum up eight years of my life here in a couple of minutes; all the experiences, memories, places, the people and some of the best times, but, it did not come without fights, arguments, disappointments and drills. But then, I found my people, the right people. The ones who are half your height but make double the memories in your life. Remember; there will always be someone who will try to bring you down but only because they can't keep up with you.

Look for the silver lining in the problems you face and life will be brighter. The only wrong road is the road not taken. Everyone gets their fair share of opportunities in life. Some practice hard enough to make the three-pointer, while others wait around hoping life would create that moment for them.

There is no right time to score that Baski, to eat that last bread *pakora* or to sprint that last bend. All that there is, is the present.

All these years that previously felt so long and the routines that seemed tedious have passed in a mere blink and now everything we do is for the last time. Last Honoria Tournament, last House Matches, last House Show, last Founder's Celebrations and soon it'll be our last day. Observing the previous batches talk about it, it felt like a long way to go. But here we are with a few months left, so let's make it count. Sanawar was my runway, but what really helped me fly were the burdens weighing me down. Every struggle and achievement, every tear and laughter, every injury and victory brought me here: To this day, to this podium and to this moment.

Never Give In!

The Most Loved Author

Ishi Kejariwal, UV

The name is Bond, Ruskin Bond not James Bond. Ruskin Bond is one of the most loved authors all over India. He is the writer of renowned books like 'Time Stops at Shamli', 'Death Under the Deodars' and many more. His debut novel 'Room on the Roof', written by him at the tender age of seventeen, revolves around a sixteen year old Anglo-Indian boy who is orphaned. It is a classic coming of age story which has held generations of readers spellbound. It is poignant and heart-warming. This book is written from a teenager's perspective and hence is inspired by Ruskin's own experiences making it all the more appealing to the readers. Ruskin Bond can turn a simple story into a touching and enthralling one.

He uses funny phrases and simple but interesting language to describe his characters to give them as much life as possible. Very few writers have the ability to create such compelling stories and conjure up as eccentric characters as Ruskin Bond does. His writing creates a very special and unique bond with its readers. One cannot help but be drawn to the characters, the storyline and the essence of the story.

His moving and intricate collection of fourteen stories ranging from humour and horror to soul stirring, is aesthetically pleasing. The aesthetic in his stories is always appealing and draws you in. He has been called a "living legend in the world of literature" and "one of the best storytellers of contemporary India" by pristine newspapers. Bond has said that his writing reflects his lonely childhood, which is why I feel many teenagers have taken an intense liking to his stories along with adults who have made books their sturdy companions.

These days most authors feel the need to make their book more interesting by basing them on superficial things that are so far removed from reality that readers cannot connect with them. Bond's writings have proven that nothing can be compared with the beauty that lies in simplicity. His simplicity is what makes him so unique and loved. It is what enables readers of all ages to relate to his stories.

It is a matter of pride that our country has produced such a promising, abstract and wonderful writer like Ruskin Bond. In the end, I would like to share my favourite Ruskin Bond quote, "Loneliness can be imposed on us but solitude is something we must seek."

Har Ghar Mein Tiranga

Arnav Bansal, U VI

"My nation is my pride." India is a country full of countless wonderful stories and symbols. One such symbol is our National Flag, 'Tiranga'; literally meaning three colours—saffron, white and olive green.

India is a country full of diversity, with varied tastes; culture, caste and religion but what binds us together is these three colours. Are we patriots? Patriotism is a dying art. The love for your country comes from within, but now it is being seen as a mere obligation. Patriotism holds a different meaning for every individual. It could be from pride to every possible emotion of a human being. For an army brat it could bring back an amalgamation of both sad and joyful memories. When we see our flag being hoisted, what is it that we feel? This tricolour is not a mere cloth, it symbolises every Indian there ever was, every soldier that ever went to war, every tear ever shed, every smile ever felt and much more. What makes us a true Indian? It is not our looks but the pride in the very fact of belonging to India. And to lose this would be to lose our country's martyrs' legacy. This legacy, must be upheld for our children. Let us all make a promise to our National Flag to never stray from our duty towards our glorious Nation. That will make us a true Indian. At last, all I would like to say is "Ae Maa Tujhe Salaam".

Dance: My Mantra of Life

Muskaan Khanna, L VI

One of the many dance teachers I have had, once asked me 'what is dance.' I remember saying, 'Dance is an expression.' I still stand by that statement as dance has helped me in expressing myself when words failed to do so. Dance has been a huge part of my life. According to my mom, as a three year old, I used to go up to the old music system in our house, turn up the volume to maximum and attempt to copy the dance steps I saw famous actors and actresses doing. By the time I turned five, I was participating in different competitions. I still remember my first dance competition as if it was yesterday. I remember practicing so hard for it that after the competition I was fed up with the song 'I am a Barbie girl'. And when I was seven, my parents decided to put me in an institute where I learnt professional kathak. At first I hated it. I came back after my first class and begged my mom to let me leave. I told them that my feet hurt from the constant stamping. They did not listen and I am glad that they did not allow me to give up. At the age of ten, I got my diploma in dance. It is safe to say my life revolved around dance.

When I was filling my application to join Sanawar, I glanced at the subjects the School had offered me and was overjoyed to see the option "Classical Dance" on the list. I picked the subject even before I decided my stream. Now after five years, I am finally in a place where I have got an opportunity to dance again. The feeling I got when I took my first dance lesson in the School was amazing. It felt like coming home. I had forgotten the feeling of ghunghroos tied to my ankles. I had forgotten how happy dance makes me. Now I only wish that I never part from it ever again.

Well*Gayatri Sud, UV*

Down at the bottom of the well, where she fell,
 After hitting obstacles that she couldn't tell
 She was sitting and crying while on her past she
 dwells.

It were tiny stones, not rocks.

They were keys but they looked like locks,
 Those locks that would stop her from hurting again,
 Now she's at the bottom and is still feeling the pain.

It is an empty well but she still drowns,
 In the depths of vain, on her face a frown.

Happiness is a forbidden crown.

No one wears it without despair's gown.

She wonders why she thinks of such prestigious
 things,

The girl whose pleas from the bottom are unheard
 sings.

Stuck in her past, 'lost in her present,

Her future seems bleak with life's harsh lessons.

With the outcome and the aftermath of her inno-
 cent decisions,

She's scared to face the music she was far from pre-
 cision.

Of rightly accepted choices; but not the right
 decisions.

She's scared that the aftermath will worsen her
 scars and make deeper incisions.

The scars she hides from the world with her smile.
 A nice smile that no one knows is behind how many
 miles

Of wandering thoughts, and anxious clots.

They call her a butterfly but she lives like a moth.

A life about which no one knows,

Someone who meant the world to her just comes
 and goes.

A life perceived as high, but the narrow visions
 hide the myriad lows.

She doesn't like it inside though she is scared to
 leave.

She wants to run away from the pain, but she can't
 help it, she grieves.

She slipped from a mere fall,
 But the pain when she hit the wall numbed her
 overwhelmed state.

She bared it long enough outside, she's scared she
 doesn't hate

She gave up relying on people,
 That's a closed gate.

Their actions are what made her lose faith.

She knows better now, their lies and deceit would-
 n't sell,

Give her some time; stop ringing the bells.

Let her breathe and give her space to avoid the liv-
 ing hell.

Let her hide inside the walls of this deep, dark yet
 empty well.

Uncertainty*Sirat Dua, UV*

Uncertainty,
 In a butterfly,
 Fluttering over high mountains and low valleys
 Forever waiting for its destination,
 Without knowing the pain of never ending journey.

In a sand clock,
 Waiting for the sand to slip swiftly,
 To the other side and settle down soon,
 Without knowing that it will get turned again.

In a sparrow,
 Chirping cheery as a day,
 Enjoying the pleasant Spring,
 Without knowing that Autumn is nearby.

In a child at a fair,
 Mesmerised at the sight of rides, toys and sweets
 stalls
 Running around gaily through the huge crowd,
 Without knowing the terror of getting lost.

In an ant,
 Going up and down the anthill,
 Roaming and collecting food,
 Without knowing the possibility of getting crushed.

In a man,
 Seeking love and affection,
 Peace and comfort in the shadow of others,
 Without knowing the misery of betrayal.

In all of them,
 Hopefulness emerges,
 Like a ray of light,
 Without knowing the darkness of uncertainty in life.

Being From J & K*Jasmine Chowdhary, LVI*

I was born in a place called Jammu and Kashmir. Whenever someone finds out where I am from I am asked so many weird questions. Today I would like to answer some of them. No, I cannot see Pakistan from my house, not even with binoculars, I have never been shot, I have never seen terrorists, I have never had to shift from my house because it was bombed, my family does not visit Pakistan every week, my father is not a terrorist and No, I am NOT a spy. All of these questions make me regret telling people where I am from. So now whenever someone asks me where I am from, I simply say I am from J&K and my father is not a terrorist. After all these years, I still remember when someone asked me if I heard gunshots every-day just because I was from Jammu and I just stood there wondering if I should tell them the truth or just 'say' yes to save myself from a weird conversation. Now after so many years I have realised that nobody is going to listen to me

and they will keep asking me the same question until I give them the answer they are looking for which is YES, I have been shot and I am a spy. A lot of people ask me if I can speak in Urdu but I don't know how to make them believe that Urdu and Hindi are spoken in exactly the same way. Some of them even start fighting with me and tell me that I am wrong even though I am the one who has studied the language. But how does it even matter because I will have to answer these questions for the rest of my life. In the end I would just like to say that yes, you can travel to J & K and no one is going to kill you on the way.

(I'm sure everyone from J & K can relate to this.)

A Friend Indeed

Urvika Rana, L VI

I am going to talk about something you love the most, that is 'dogs'. I can say without any hesitation that I go completely mad when I see dogs. Having a dog as a pet is truly a blessing. I myself have two dogs, one is a Shih Tzu who is four year old and the other an Indie who is 13. Growing up as the only child I have heard this a lot 'oh, she needs a brother or a sister. She must be so lonely' etc. But it was never an issue for me because I was with my dogs all the time. Sometimes even they got irritated and used to run away from me and me as a six year old used to run after them. As I said having a dog is truly a blessing but losing them is even worse than a curse. I was very young when I lost my first dog. And at that time it was all very new to me. Loving someone so much and then not having them around really bothered me. Now that I've hit that age and the space where I've started to feel the implications of tragedy, it is still very hard. It is hard to understand and accept the fact that they will not be with me forever. But this is the bitter reality. Some people say, 'Oh it's just a dog. Get over it'. But they don't know the memories that you have created with that dog, the bond that you've shared. They don't know how much you've cried for that dog when he was in pain. They don't know that sometimes that dog was the only one who was there for you when you needed someone the most. They will never know the amount of love the dog has for you in his eyes. THEY WILL NEVER KNOW. I can go on and on but I would like to end it with a famous wise quote: "A dog is truly a man's best friend."

Learn To Stand Up

Naina Grewal, U V

It is said that it is easier to stand in a crowd than to stand alone, but why?

The answer is that sometimes we feel like our opinions are not welcomed and that we might lose a sense of belonging if we choose a different path. I

honestly feel like all our perceptions towards things are different and that if a group of people came up to me and said that they all felt the same about a specific topic, I would probably think that they were lying. There is nothing wrong in standing with the crowd, but only when you agree with them. Submitting to someone else's opinions without resistance becomes a habit that will lead you to easily getting suppressed. There might be a time when you do not let yourself have a different view about things. In this way you will lose your confidence and yourself, and believe me both these things will take a toll on your life.

It is difficult to stand alone because people, in order to prove their point, will put you down. Just like you had the courage to stand up do show a little more courage to face anyone and everyone who comes in your way, but keep your mind open to others' ideas as well. Just because you are right doesn't mean someone else is wrong.

I would like to conclude by agreeing with what someone has rightly said: There is a difference of only one letter between 'run' and 'ruin'. You can either run your life or ruin it. The decision is yours.

Similarly, the only difference between getting embarrassed and standing out is of confidence. You can either get embarrassed or stand out. The decision is all yours.

Seek Within

Khushi Sharma, U VI

To live a long life,
One must know to stay alive
Wander on earth,
Wonder at nights.
Love the stars,
Love the daylight.

To know the moon,
Is to know the shine.
To value time,
Is to live life.

To grace one's flaws.
Is to learn.
To rise from low,
Is to glow.
To have feet in soil,
Is to grow.

Wonder under the sun,
Let go of the roof.

Worship alma
And chew the small.
You lie to yourself,
You lie to all.

Flowers, flowers
 Blooming in the fields,
 See the thirst,
 Of thirsty bees.
 Don't be one of them,
 Instead seek within.

Deep, deep
 Deepest of seas.
 Be it better
 The depths of the ocean,
 Can't ever satisfy
 a thirsty's needs.

You think
 the world is gloomy.
 They think it's pretty.
 Funny to me,
 Because you wear it in your eyes.

Year by year,
 You grow to rise.
 The flesh of you,
 Consumes it well.
 The inside of you,
 Stays as new,
 Becoming unwell.

You learn and learn
 And be a slave.
 No art you throw,
 No way to live,
 Material you,
 Material you know.

Fear And Stress

Mannat Gill, U III

There is stress in everyone's life due to some fear. This leads to many hardships in life. We are emotional creatures and sometimes these emotions get the better of us. Nobody can really shut off these emotions but we try to bury them. I know it as being in a boarding school far from home, sometimes we feel incredibly miserable and just want that misery to end. These are the emotions that mentally shut us down and being an introvert only makes it worse. Unless you help yourself, you can call yourself hopeless. I am a Sanawarian but many a times I don't want to be. Emotions are not only of stress and fear but also include bravery and happiness. Emotions change depending on our situations. Keeping the people you love around you gives you happiness and a sense of belonging.

Debate Champions

Kudos to the English Debating Team of The Lawrence School, Sanawar comprising Manya Bansal, Veer Devgan and Dia Atal who participated in the 17th East India Debates 2022 hosted by The Assam Valley School, Tezpur! The debate was

held online from September 9 to September 11, 2022. The Parliamentary style debate was conducted in the Modified Cambridge format and the topics were of varied nature.

There were seven rounds in all and a total of 20 schools participated in the tournament. The Final Debate was won against The Sanskaar Valley School, Bhopal.

Manya Bansal was awarded the Best Speaker in one debate and the Most Promising Speaker in another one.

Dia Atal was awarded the Best Speaker in the Semi Final Debate.

Veer Devgan was declared the Best Speaker in three debates including the Final Debate and the Most Promising Speaker in two other debates.

Veer Devgan also bagged the 'Best Speaker of the Tournament' award.

Well done Team Sanawar!



Late Mr. Bhupinder Singh
 (Former Deputy Headmaster)

The 23rd Bhupinder Singh Memorial Soccer Tournament

Aridaman Pratap Singh, Vasuman Chauhan, LVI
Naina Grewal, UV

The Bhupinder Singh Memorial Soccer Tournament also known as 'Bhupies' is celebrated like a festival in Sanawar. It is colourful, fun, loud and what not. The Tournament was from 1st to 5th September, 2022. The inaugural match was played between Sanawar First XI and Mayo College, Ajmer. A lot of enthusiasm and energy was visible all around. One could see flags, miniature forms of jerseys, mini soccer balls, red and white hair ties made of ribbons and all sorts of things that showed

where the true Sanawarian faith lay. Sanawar won the match by 3-2 and Aridaman P. Singh bagged the Player of the Match award.

While the second match was being played between Pathways World School and Sanawar the entire bleachers were on the pinnacle of their voice, screaming for their team, tapping to the beats of their favourite songs and cheering for their favourite players. Adityaveer S. Chandel scored the most crucial goal of this match that helped Sanawar in clinching the game by 2-1.

On 4th September, Sanawar team was pitted against MNSS, Rai, the current IPSC Soccer Champions. There was enthusiasm in the air, valour on the ground and respect for each player. There was tension all around as the match ended in a draw and both the teams made it to the Semi-Finals. Sanawar won the first Semi-Final Match against Bishop Cotton School, Shimla with a score of 6-3. Vasuman Chauhan not only bagged the Player of the Match award but also scored a hat trick in this match.

Finally it was the day that each Sanawarian had been waiting for. The Final match was to be played once again between Sanawar first XI and MNSS, Rai. Though, it rained during the match, but it could not dampen the enthusiasm, passion, and energy of both the teams as well as the spectators. Though all the matches were amazing, there was none like this. Every Sanawarian fought that day, eleven on the ground and the rest seven hundred in their hearts. Since the match ended in a draw, it went into 20 minutes extra time. Each passing minute increased the heart beats of Sanawarians. Even though Sanawar lost the match by 2-1 but those five days taught us that we win and lose each day but what matters more is how Sanawarians get back up and what we make of that victory or loss.

Never Give In Sanawar!

Knowledge Conclave 2022

A virtual Inter-School English Debate and Creative Writing Competition was organised by Genesis Global School, Noida on 10th August, 2022.

Our School English Debating Team comprising Sarah Kesar, Yashika Yadav and Arnav Sidana participated in it. Ishi Kejriwal represented Sanawar in Creative Writing Competition. Sanawar bagged Third Position in the overall tournament and was awarded 'Special Mention 1' in the debating events.

Well done Team Sanawar!

Inter-Section Poetry Recitation Competition

"Poetry is the rhythmical creation of beauty in words."—Edgar Allen Poe.

The Inter-Section Poetry Recitation Competition for L IV and U IV was conducted on 8th September, 2022. Children presented an array of beautiful self-composed and other famous poems like Charge of the Light Brigade, O Captain, My Captain, Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening, Macavity, If, Never Give Up, Never Give In etc.

Results:

L IV Individual Positions

Position	Name
First	... Srishti Priya
Second	... Aayan Gautam
Third	... Sanyogita S. Bhati

Class Positions

First	L IV D
Second	L IV A
Third	L IV C
Fourth	L IV B

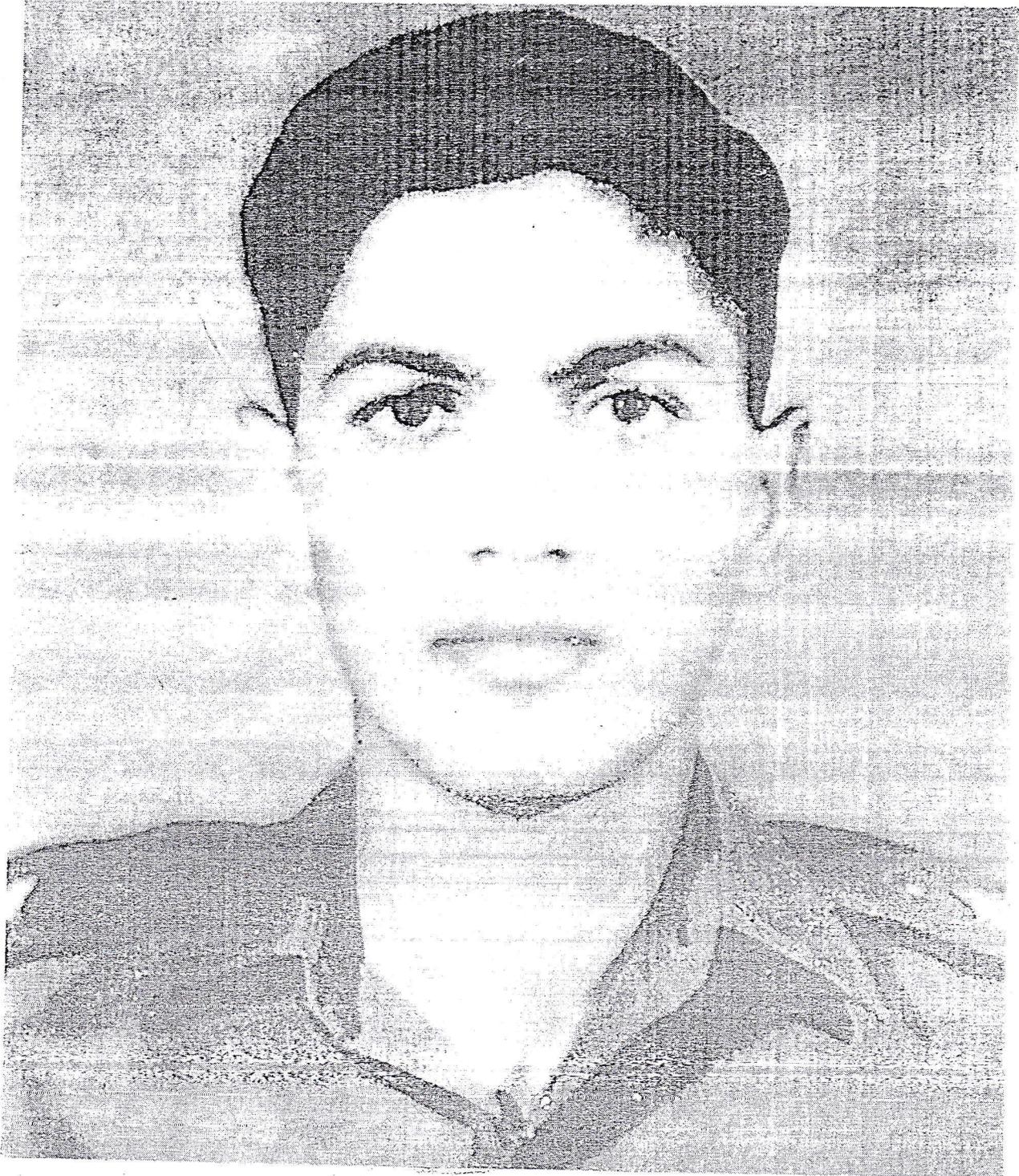
U IV Individual Positions

Positions	Name
First	... Arjun Chopra
Second	... Daksh Chaudhary
Third	... Akshatta Khanna

Class Positions

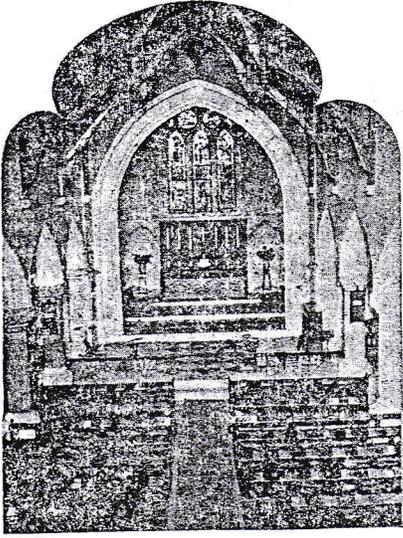
First	U IV A
Second	U IV C
Third	U IV D
Fourth	U IV B

2nd Lt. Arun Khetarpal. PVC



O.S. Batch of 1966

'NEVER GIVE IN'



हिन्दी खण्ड हमारा विद्यालय

मैं यह हमारे विद्यालय के नए बच्चे जो अभी पाँचवीं या छठी कक्षा में हैं, उनके लिए लिख रही हूँ। हालाँकि मैंने भी इस स्कूल में अभी प्रवेश लिया है। मुझे लगता है कि घर याद आना स्वभाविक है। परन्तु हमें इस बात को लेकर नहीं रोना चाहिए। हमें हमारे माता-पिता ने यहाँ बड़ा बनने के लिए भेजा है। वह चाहते हैं कि हम अच्छी तरह से पढ़े-लिखे व अच्छी बातें सीखें। अगर हम रोते रहे तो कुछ भी नहीं कर पाएँगे वैसे भी हमारे कितने ही दोस्त हैं। यदि हम इस तरह रोते रहे तो हमारे माता-पिता को भी अच्छा नहीं लगता कि उनका बच्चा खुश नहीं है। इसलिए हमें हमेशा खुश रहना चाहिए। मुझे आशा है कि आप लोग अब रोना बंद कर देंगे और हमारे विद्यालय की सुंदरता का आनंद उठाएँगे।

रिधिमा गुप्ता
कक्षा छठी (नीलगिरी)

एक पपीहा

उत्तराखण्ड की पहाड़ियों में यदि आप गौर से पशु-पक्षियों के व्यवहार को देखें तो हमें एक कू-कू करता पक्षी दिखेगा। यह एक पपीहा होता है। जैसे गड़वाली कहते हैं। गड़वालियों का कहना होता है कि नीचे का पानी न पीने का श्राप लगा है। मतलब वह तालाब, नदियों और झील का पानी नहीं पी सकता। वह सिर्फ ऊपर का पानी, यानी बारिश का पानी पी सकता है। उनका मानना है, कि यदि पपीहा तालाब, झील या नदी का पानी पीएगा तो पानी उसके पेट में न जाकर उसके गले के एक छेद से निकल जाएगा। लोक कथाएं बताती हैं कि पपीहा पहले एक लड़का हुआ करता था। एक बार उसकी माँ ने उसे

गायों को पानी पिलाने भेजा। लड़का आलसी था; उसके मन में एक विचार आया। वह गायों को नदी तक न ले जाकर बीच रास्ते रुककर उनके पैरों पर पानी फैलाकर उनको वापस ले आया। माँ हैरान थी कि वह इतनी जल्दी आ गया, परन्तु उन्होंने गायों के गीले पैर देखे और मान गई कि वो असल में पानी पीकर आए।

रात में, क्योंकि गायों ने असल में पानी नहीं पिया था, गाएँ प्यास के मारे मर गईं, लेकिन मरते-मरते उन्होंने उस लड़के को श्राप लगाया कि वह एक चिड़ा बन जाएगा, जो कभी नदी, या तालाब का पानी नहीं पी सकता, बस बारिश का पानी पी सकता है। तबसे, पपीहा जब भी प्यासा होता है, वह बारिश की पुकार लगाता है।

श्रीमन्मवी नेगी
सातवीं सी (विध्या)

क्रिकेट की लहर

दुनिया में इसने बवाल मचाया, पूरी दुनिया को अपना फैन बनाया, हर देश-प्रदेश की शान है, यह खेलों के महाराजा क्रिकेट की पहचान है।

क्रिकेट बच्चे-बच्चे के मुँह पर आने वाला शब्द है और जिस रफ्तार से इसका क्रेज़ लोगों में फैलता जा रहा है उतनी तेज़ी से तो कोरोना वायरस भी नहीं फैला रहा! हर अखबार की खेल-कूद से संबंधित खबरों में सबसे ज्यादा महत्व क्रिकेट की खबरों को दिया जाता है। प्रसिद्ध खिलाड़ियों के ओटोग्राफ या तस्वीर खिचवाने के लिए लोग मर-मिटने को तैयार हो जाते हैं।

है तो क्रिकेट एक खेल ही, पर क्या यह सब मनोरंजन के लिए खेले जाने वाला एक साधारण खेल रह गया है? नहीं आज के दौर में क्रिकेट दुनिया की मुख्य चर्चा और ढेर सारे पैसे कमाने का धंधा बन गया है। क्रिकेट की लोकप्रियता बहुत अच्छी है पर तभी जब तक वह लोगों में भाईचारे का बढ़ावा करे और खिलाड़ियों व टीमों में अहंकार न भर दे।

इतिहास गवाह है कि क्रिकेट के नाम पर दो खिलाड़ियों में, दो टीमों में, समुदायों में यहाँ तक की दो देशों में भी झगड़े हुए हैं। एक छोटी-सी लड़ाई जो खेलते समय दो खिलाड़ियों में होती है, आगे चलकर मीडिया के साधनों के दुरुपयोग के कारण गंभीर रूप ले लेती है।

अच्छे-अच्छे दोस्तों में भी अलग-अलग टीम का समर्थन करने पर दरार आ जाती है। खिलाड़ियों के धर्म व जाति को लेकर भी समस्याएँ उत्पन्न हो जाती हैं। भारत द्वारा आयोजित 'आईपीएल' पूरी दुनिया में मशहूर है। बड़े-बड़े विदेशी खिलाड़ी भी इसमें हिस्सा लेने आते हैं। यह सबके मनोरंजन व नए

खिलाड़ियों को प्रोत्साहन देने के लिए खेला जाता है। लेकिन अब तो 'आईपीएल' एक धंधा बन गया है। जिसमें कौन-सा खिलाड़ी किस टीम द्वारा कितने में खरीदे जाते हैं ज्यादा मायने रखता है।

क्रिकेट की लोकप्रियता का दुनिया के विकास के लिए अच्छा सदुपयोग हो सकता है। अभी हाल ही में खेले गए 'एशिया कप' के विजेता श्री लंका इसका उदाहरण है। इतनी बुरी आर्थिक संकट और अवसाद होने के बावजूद श्रीलंका के खिलाड़ियों ने बड़ी-बड़ी टीमों को हरा दिया। उनकी इस जीत के कारण उनके उदास देश में खुशी की लहर उठ गई। सब केवल क्रिकेट की वजह से।

क्रिकेट को दुनिया के विकास का जरिया बनाना चाहिए। इस खेल से सबको एकता से काम करना व परिश्रम करना सीखना चाहिए। पूरे जगत में क्रिकेट की ऐसी लहर फैलनी चाहिए कि हर बच्चा क्रिकेट खेल कर अपने आप को तन्दरुस्त रखे।

क्रिकेट दरारों की दीवार नहीं परन्तु एकता की बननी चाहिए जो हर धर्म, भेद, जाति को एकता व भाईचारे की मजबूत डोरी से बांध दे।

सृष्टि प्रिया
कक्षा सातवीं (नीलगिरी)

कभी न हार

बचपन से माता-पिता ने यह समझाया है
कभी न हार, कभी न हार।
जिदगी होगी पूरी कठिनाइयों की,
जिदगी होगी पूरी कठिनाइयों की
पर तू कभी न हार, कभी न हार।
एक बार हाग, दो बार हारा उसे स्वीकार कर
उस गलती को देख कर सुधार कर
लोग तो बहुत कुछ बोलेंगे
लोग तो बहुत कुछ बोलेंगे, उनकी न सुन।
दिल में होंसला रख और जीतकर आ,
पर तू कभी न हार, पर तू कभी न हार ॥

हिरन्या गुप्ता
छठी सी (शिवालिक)

लालच बुरी बला

एक गाँव में एक किसान रहता था। बहुत गरीब था। धन कमाने के लिए दिन-रात मेहनत करता था। उसकी मेहनत देखकर एक दिन भगवान प्रकट हुए। उन्होंने किसान से उसकी इच्छा पूछी—किसान ने कहा मेरी कोई भी इच्छा नहीं है। लेकिन भगवान ने कहा, “जब भी तुम्हें कुछ भी चाहिए होगा

तो तुम यह कह कर बुलाना, “ए सोने के भगवान कर दो मेरी इच्छा पूरी।” किसान जब घर लौटा तो उसने यह सारी बात अपनी पत्नी को कह सुनाई। फिर उसकी पत्नी पूछती क्या तुम मेरे लिए एक नया गद्दा माँग सकते हो। किसान बोला, “आधी रात में कैसे जाऊँ?” फिर किसान की पत्नी ने उस पर चिल्लाना शुरू कर दिया, “मैं दिन-रात घर का काम करती हूँ, तुम मेरे लिए इतना काम नहीं कर सकते!” किसान जल्दी से उठ गया और आवाज लगाने लगा, “ए सोने के भगवान कर दो मेरी इच्छा पूरी।” फिर वहाँ भगवान प्रकट हुए उन्होंने पूछा, “तुम्हें क्या चाहिए?” किसान बोला, “मेरी पत्नी को एक नया गद्दा चाहिए।” भगवान ने कहा, “जब तुम घर लौटोगे तो तुम्हें तुम्हारा गद्दा मिल जाएगा।” जब किसान घर लौटा तो उसने एक नया गद्दा देखा, उसकी पत्नी नया गद्दा देखकर बहुत प्रसन्न हुई। दिन प्रतिदिन उसकी पत्नी बहुत लालची होती गई। लालच के कारण उसने एक नया घर लिया सोने की अंगूठियाँ, नई साड़ी और बहुत सारी चीजें। फिर जब किसान खेत से लौटा तो उसकी इच्छा थी कि मुझे एक राक्षस चाहिए जो मेरे घर का ध्यान रखे। किसान का जाने का मन तो नहीं था लेकिन उसे डर था कि उसकी पत्नी उस पर चिल्लाना शुरू कर देगी, डर के कारण वह भगवान के पास गया। किसान वहाँ पहुँच कर बोला, “ए सोने के भगवान कसम दो कि मेरी इच्छा पूरी करोगे!” यह सुनकर भगवान प्रकट हुए फिर उन्होंने गुस्से में कहा, “अब क्या चाहिए तुम्हें?” किसान बोला, “मैं आपको परेशान करने के लिए क्षमा माँगता हूँ, अब मेरी पत्नी को एक राक्षस चाहिए।” भगवान ने कहा, “धे मैं तुम्हारी आखिरी इच्छा पूरी कर रहा हूँ, मैं तुमसे और तुम्हारी पत्नी से थक चुका हूँ अब मैं यहाँ से जा रहा हूँ”, यह कहते हुए भगवान वहाँ से गायब हो गए। किसान को इस बात से बहुत दुख हुआ, जब वह घर लौटा तो उसने देखा कि उसकी पत्नी ही राक्षस बन गई है। किसान की पत्नी उससे गुस्से से बोली, “यह तुमने क्या कर डाला।” किसान इतना धबरा गया कि उसे वहाँ से भागना ही ठीक लगा और उसने वही किया। अब उस घर के सामने कोई नहीं आता था।

शिक्षा : लालच बुरी बला है।

ताशवी गर्ग
छठी-ए (नीलगिरी)

सनावर में हाइब्रिड हिन्दी साहित्य समारोह का पाँचवा संस्करण

भारत के प्रतिष्ठित विद्यालय व लॉरेंस स्कूल सनावर ने 'अभिव्यक्ति का अमृत महोत्सव' हिन्दी साहित्य समारोह के अंतर्गत 9 सितंबर, 2022 को बड़े धूम-धाम से मनाया। इस अवसर पर हिन्दी काव्य पाठ प्रतियोगिता का आयोजन किया गया जिसमें देश व विदेश के नामचीन 28 स्कूलों ने भाग

लिया। विद्यालय स्तर पर द लॉरेंस स्कूल सनावर व एम जी डी गर्ल्स स्कूल जयपुर ने संयुक्त रूप से प्रथम स्थान प्राप्त किया। दूसरे स्थान पर रहा सिंधिया कन्या विद्यालय ग्वालियर, तीसरे स्थान पर रहा द ब्रिटिश स्कूल न्यू दिल्ली।

इस अवसर पर होने वाली काव्य पाठ प्रतियोगिता में व्यक्तिगत परिणाम के रूप में द लॉरेंस स्कूल, सनावर के अर्जुन चोपड़ा तथा एम जी डी गर्ल्स जयपुर की वेदिका शिखावत ने संयुक्त रूप से प्रथम स्थान प्राप्त किया।

समारोह में मुख्य अतिथि के रूप में श्रीमान विवेक अत्रे जी ने शिरकत की व विजेताओं को बधाई देते हुए पुरस्कारों से सम्मानित किया। उन्होंने विद्यार्थियों को प्रोत्साहित करते हुए कहा कि उन्हें घमंड करने से बचना है, सकारात्मक दृष्टिकोण अपनाना है, सत्यनिष्ठा से जुड़े रहना है और प्रेरणा लेते हुए नवीनता से जुड़े रहना है।

विद्यालय के प्रधानाध्यापक श्री हिम्मत सिंह दिल्ली ने इस भव्य कार्यक्रम के लिए सभी प्रतिभागियों, भाग लेने वाले विद्यालयों और द लॉरेंस स्कूल सनावर के प्राच्य भाषा विभाग को ढेरों बधाइयाँ दी। यह प्रतियोगिता ज्ञानवर्धक और सार्थक रही।

व्यक्तिगत हिन्दी कहानी वाचन प्रतियोगिता—2022

स्थान	नाम	कक्षा व वर्ग
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द्वितीय	हिरन्या गुप्ता	छठी (सी)
तृतीय	आहना भदौरिया	छठी (ए)

अंतर्सदनोय हिन्दी कविता पाठ प्रतियोगिता (पो०डी०) 2022

व्यक्तिगत परिणाम :

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