



# REFLECTIONS

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## **APING OF WESTERN CULTURE BY THE YOUTH**

**MUKUND AGARWALLA**  
**XIISEC- D**

India, well ornamented and adorned with the jewels of values, ethics, morals and rituals has witnessed an erosion of its culture, tradition, almost all the parents vex or are worried due to the trends which has converted the long kurtas to short tops and weathered jeans. Indian culture is conquered by the power of the West in such a significant manner that we hardly notice any difference between the land of fertility, faith & festivity and the imperative and indifferent land of the West. The terms fashion, trends and willful disrespect has found a niche for itself in the common man's dictionary. Certainly the moral police have done enough to protect pressure and preach our values but the deaf ears have not paid heed to it. This short story is enough to elucidate, explain and expand the same in the story "WHY RETURN?".

Mr. Ratan Sharma, a professor of the Banaras University has earned his living with great pain, patience and plight. He is either known for his fluency in Hindi or as the sole protestor of the western culture in their college. He is blessed with two daughters, Ragini and Ranjana and a wife who is a homemaker. Both Ragini and Ranjana witnessed numerous restrictions throughout their childhood, their father to them, was no less than Sir Adolf Hitter was to the prisoners. They were sent to Pune for their higher studies. On the eve of their return, Mr Ratan ordered his wife to fetch some shawls before they went to the station to receive their girls. The train reached the station and the girls stepped down the train with great joy and delight. They both were taken aback when they saw their father wrapping the shawl around their necks instead of his hands to hug them. Mrs Sharma was down with grief and guilt. At the dinner table they were awaited by heap of salwar, kameeg and a book of "Bhagvat Gita" instead of the delicious delicacies that were to fill the aroma of the room. They were terrified to confront

and furious father and a frightened mother. Mother was filled with feeling of right because of the uncertainty of his counter part action. Mr Sharma growled at them and ordered, "From today your world will change and you would witness walls of the kitchen and the wash area alike till. I the greatest professor would not find a suitable match for you. I was over confident that you would have turned into spoilt brats and would wear those torn jeans and T-shirts with quotes on attitude and hence I, the greatest professor decided to greet you with shawls instead of garland of flowers and why should I greet you with flowers? He paused to help himself with a jar of water which he gulped as if he was a victim in the desert of Sahara. The other three shed tears without failing to curse God for making them a part of a man's life who worked or existed just because of his principles. " I the greatest professor do not expect change but command it." The dawn filled the Sharma cottage with sunlight after a stormy night. The mother steadily walked across the dining area into the room to serve milk to the girls and then Mr. Sharma rushed in, to find himself standing all alone and weeping crying over the dead bodies of his daughter and the woman for whom he worked over-time to fetch a new saree every Diwali. His life was well crafted by God as a dessert but he himself made it a desert".

Change is inevitable; If something is not stagnant it is change

Change is undesirable

If something is pervasive it is change.

Then, why don't we accept it? Remember we accept changes or change ourselves according to the environment because we want to constantly grow.

What if, they say that we ape? Because we need to escape the 'Age of Ape'

We want to conquer the world

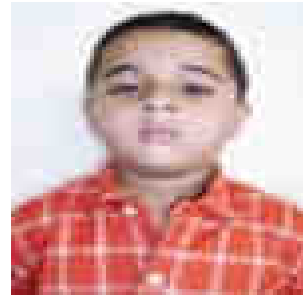
And it can be through the norms of the world so, why is the moral police after us?

We are not the reason behind their frustration and fuss.

**( 1st prize winner in the creative writing competition)**

**-Education is what remains after one has forgotten what one has learned in school**

## IPL MATCH



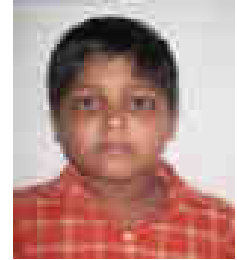
**Yash Bhardwaj**

**Std- II D**

8 teams and 45 days  
Full of excitement in many ways  
The heat could not stop the people during the day.  
Nor could it keep them at bay  
Dhoni's playing from the Chennai Kings  
And Sachin leading the Mumbai Indians.  
Such is the craze with the people of India  
So much coverage on the T.V & Media  
4's and 6's roaring at every venue  
with wickets falling & catches in the menu ?  
My favourite is Delhi Daredevils  
Because they play with no evils.

**Everything has got a moral, if only you can find it.**

## KASHMIR THE LOST PARADISE



**Aman Kumar**  
**Class – III Sec - C**

When the sun shows its first ray,  
There can be seen a little house not far away  
Near that house flows a quiet stream,  
And that place is the start of my beautiful dream.  
Where there is no place for hatred and fight,  
But with love and that place makes a beautiful sight.  
Here the mountains are high and have lofty peaks,  
But the flowers growing here are humble and sweet.  
At one place I stopped  
Here there was bloodshed around  
Which was a horrible sight  
And it was the end of my beautiful dream

**Your attitude and not your aptitude, will determine your altitude.**



## **MY BIRTHDAY INVITATION**

**Apoorva Sudhir**  
**Class – II D**

Dear Tom and Jerry,

My birthday is on 18<sup>th</sup> October

Please come to my birthday party.

We shall have cakes, shakes and ice-cream

We will play lots of games.

Magician Badshah has been invited to my birthday party. We all shall watch his magic show. There will be lots of balloons, streamers and gifts for all of you.

Hoping at see you on 18<sup>th</sup> October at 5pm in my house.

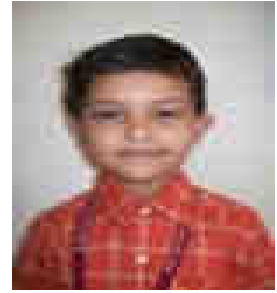
**Your friend**

**Apoorva**

-Vision without action is a dream. Action without vision is a nightmare

## MY LOVING BROTHER

I am a sister  
I wonder about my brother's future  
I hear him ask about me  
I see him smile with me  
I want him always to be with me  
I worry when he is sad  
I cry with him as if I am mad  
I am a sweet sister.  
I tell him all my problems  
I dream about his success.  
I try to help him with his Maths  
I hope he will be always happy  
I am a very lucky sister to get a brother like him.



**Angelina II 'D'**

Don't aim for success if you want it, just do what you love and believe in, and it will come naturally.

## THE LITTLE PLANT



**Piyush Agrawal**  
**Std - III- (A)**

In the heart of a seed  
Buried deep, so deep,  
A dear little plant  
Lay fast asleep.

'Wake', said the sunshine  
'And creep to the light'  
'Wake,' said the voice  
Of the raindrops bright  
The little plant heard,  
And it rose to see  
What the wonderful  
Outside world might be.

**Learning is a treasure that will follow its owner everywhere**

## FRIENDS

The best of friends  
Can change a frown,  
Into a smile,  
When you feel down.  
The best of friends,  
Will understand,  
Your little trials  
And lend a hand.  
The best of friends,  
Will always share  
Your secret dreams  
because they care.  
The best of friends  
Worth more than gold  
Give all the love,  
A heart can hold.

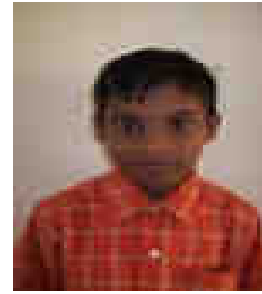


**Divya Gupta**  
**CI-IX (B)**

**Time is the most valuable thing a man can spend.**

## Oh! Who is doing ?

Time passes on its way,  
Waves always dance and play.  
Seasons come and go in time,  
Ruby life with dark and shine.  
Sun peeps in every morning,  
*Moon* smiles at us every evening.  
Doing, no wrong, but always right,  
Life passes with the dark and the bright.  
Rain falls from the sky-soothes our very being,  
Wind flows for every living being.  
The rainbow smiles with seven colours,  
Plants give us fruits and flowers.  
Oh! Really it is very strange!  
Will any body come and have a challenge?  
Time, passes on its way  
But who is doing these-please come and say?



**Aradhya Ray**  
**Std – III 'B'**

**Little deeds of kindness, little words of love, help to make earth happy, like heaven above.**

## MY WORLD OF DREAMS

I am emotional & shy,  
I wonder how animals cry.  
I hear the spirits talk,  
I see them merrily walk.  
I want to be a butterfly,  
I am emotional & shy  
I pretend to be mentally strong,  
I feel the pain when children are wronged.  
I want to touch the dead.  
I worry for those who don't have a bed.  
I cry for the poor, who don't have a pie,  
I am emotional & shy.  
I understand why people die of hunger,  
I say one day we will over come this to be stronger.  
I dream of becoming successful & rich,  
I try to practice what I preach,  
I hope to see people, dream & fly,  
But I am emotional & shy....



**Harshita Lath**  
**Std – 'IX 'A'**

**-failure is success in progress**

## Without You.....



**Soumya Sambedan**  
(CI- XII C Sc)

Without you oh Mom without you....  
Can you just think how I am?  
A flower without fragrance  
A tree without fruits  
A rainbow without colors and of course,  
A life without any delight  
Without you....

Your sparkling face and  
Poetic beaming appearance.  
Your unlimited stares of affection  
Reminds of nothing but  
A fairy of dreams.

Without you oh mom, without you....  
How can this be possible that  
My life will smoothly drive  
On the passage of joy made by that  
Almighty whom you and I always prayed  
For each others never ending life

He answered yours but not mine  
Shame on my prayer!  
Your soft but strong arms  
In which I was always secured  
From life's hurdles,  
Your loving kisses that used to  
Fill my heart with a feeling of your presence  
O...I am missing all those  
Sweet moments with you.

Without you...oh mom, without you...  
My life is folly like  
A blank page and a dark night  
Excluding glittering stars!  
How dare you to do this  
to your piece of soul?

You made friendship with  
That heaven dweller & left me alone  
In this fearful loneliness  
Where everything is  
Dark, dark and dark!  
Without you... oh Mom,  
Without you....!!!

**Someone is sitting in shade today, because someone planted a tree a long time ago.**

## THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PAINTING OF EARTH



**Dipinty Ghosal**  
**Std – XII (C)**

The single stroke of a painter's brush,  
The use of multiple colours  
The birth of a beautiful art,  
The incarnation of breathtaking nature.  
The blush of an innocent girl,  
The love is stored in heart's furl,  
The masterpiece of each lovely feature,  
It's you, Oh dear nature.

You give birth to the tiniest organism,  
You're the ever reflecting prism  
You produce the spectra of life,  
You nurture it, tend it, keep it alive  
What is that makes you much endearing.  
To our souls from the very beginning  
To our lives, you breathe a new meaning.

O nature, you're the ultimatum,  
Far man, far woman, you're the last forum  
You, who raised man from the dust,  
Welcome it, when the body does rust.

You give, you never expect,  
Acceptance is never your percept.  
You build up mountain from the sand  
Your architecture impeccable like the fairy's wand.

Today the era has undergone a change,  
A change so wide in range,  
That your own sons have turned,  
Against you and have ruined,  
Your lovely face, so soothing in sight,  
Has been disfigured, is n't this a plight?

Your laws govern the book of life,  
Your laws help us to survive  
I bow before your supremacy,  
Because this is not a fallacy  
That man & nature, now with wide separation,  
Will always be together in unison  
The mother & the child, their bond so strong  
Can never ever face separation for so long  
It will be always be-  
A relation with love so evident,  
A relation worshipped in the whole firmament.  
A relation with mighty strength

A bond with unfathomable depth.  
A linkage difficult to bifurcate,  
A pair impossible to separate.....

**Vision is the art of seeing what is invisible to others.**

## RIDDLES



**Mugdha Mohapatra**  
**CL -VI – A**

You use it less than others but it is yours?

Ans : Your own name ! Ha ! Ha!

Why don't teddy bears feel hungry?

Ans : They are stuffed.

What do you call a sleeping bean?

Ans : Soya bean (In Hindi, means sleeping)

When does a piece of wood become a king?

Ans : When it is made into a ruler!

What is smaller than an ant's mouth? (except microorganisms)

Ans: The ant food ! Ha ! Ha !

**Education is a progressive discovering of our own ignorance**

## THE THREE LITTLE PIGS



**Avlok Agarwal**  
**Class – VI B**

Once upon a time... there were three little pigs, who left their mummy and daddy to see the world.

All summer long, they roamed through the woods and over the plains, playing games and having fun. Wherever they went, they were given a warm welcome, but as summer drew closer, they realized that the folks were preparing for winter.

Autumn came and it began to rain. The three little pigs started to feel they needed a real home. They talked about what to do, but each decided for himself.

The laziest little pig said he would build a straw hut.

It will only take a day, he said. The others disagreed.

Its too fragile, they said but he refused to listen.

Not quite so lazy the second little pig went in search of planks of woods.

It will take me two days to nail them together.

That's not the way to build a house said the third little pig.

It takes hard work to build a house that is strong enough to stand up to wind, rain and snow, and most of all, protect us from the wolf"!

The days went by, and the wisest little pigs house took shape, brick by brick from time to time. His brothers visited him, saying with a chuckle.

"Why are you working so hard? Why don't you come and play?"

"I shall finish my house first, it must be solid and sturdy. And then I'll come and play !" he said "I shall not be foolish like you ! For he who laughs last, laughs longest! One day, the little pigs found the tracks of the big wolf.

They rushed home in alarm. Along came the wolf, scowling fiercely at the laziest pig's straw hut.

'Come out '! Ordered the wolf.

I'd rather stay where I am ! replied the little pig in a tiny voice.

'I'll make you come out !' growled the wolf angrily. Passing out his chest, he blew with all his might, right on to the house. And all the straw the silly pig had heaped against some, thin poles, fell down in the great blast. The little pig slithered out from underneath the heap of straw, and dashed towards his brother's wooden house. "Come back!" Roared the wolf, trying to catch the pig as he ran into the wooden house. The other little pig greeted his brother, shaking like a leaf.

I hope this house won't fall down ! Let's lean against the door so he can't break in!" "open up! Open up!" Shouted the wolf, as he rained blows on the door.

In side, the two brothers wept in fear and did their best to hold the door fast against the blows. Then the furious wolf drew in a really enormous breath, and went... WHOOOOO! The wooden house collapsed like a pack of cards. Luckily, the wisest little pig had been watching the scene from the window of his brick house, and he rapidly opened the door to his fleeing brothers. The wolf was already hammering furiously on the door. This house was much more solid than the others. He blew once, he blew again and then for a third time. But the house did not budge an inch. The wolf decided to try one of his tricks. He scrambled up a nearby ladder, onto the roof to have a look through the chimney. However, the wisest little pig had an idea and he quickly said.

"Quick ! light the fire!"

The wolf was not sure if he should slide down the black hole. But the sound of the little pigs voices below only made him feel hungrier. "I'm dying of hunger ! I'm going to try and get down." And he let himself drop. But his landing was rather hot, too hot! The wolf landed on fire. The flames licked his hairy coat and his tail became a flaring torch.

“Never again ! never again will I go down a chimney !” he squealed. Then he ran away as fast he could.

The three happy little pigs began to dance and sing.

“Tra-la-la! Tra la la ! the wicked black wolf will never come back...!”

From that terrible day on, the wisest little pig’s brothers set to work. In less than any time, up went two new brick houses. The wolf did return once, but when he caught sight of three chimneys, he remembered the terrible pain of a burnt tail, and he left for good.

Now safe and happy the wisest little pig called his brothers.

“No more work! Come on let’s go and play!”

### **WHY TEARS, WHEN MOTHER CUTS ONIONS?**



**C. Nisha II ‘A’**

Once upon a time there were three good friends – Ice cube, Tomato and Onion. The three friends went out on a sunny day. It was too so hot that the Ice cube melted. On seeing this, Tomato and Onion cried.

Days went on and the two came to normal life. One day, Tomato and Onion went for a stroll. Just then a lorry came very fast and drove over the Tomato. On seeing this the Onion cried, Onion said, “when Ice cube died, Tomato and I cried, when tomato died, I cried but when I die I shall have nobody to cry.”

Hearing this an uncle told the Onion “You go and sit in a vegetable show an aunty will buy you and when she cuts you in her house, she will cry for you.” Thus the Onion was happy.

**Practice doesn’t make a man perfect but perfect practice makes a man perfect.**

## **INDIA - A SUPER POWER IN MAKING**

*Dillip Chand Mohanty, Teacher*

We Indians have a bad habit of underrating ourselves. An Indian youth of this era is simply helpless to resist the impact of foreign culture. We love to interact with foreigners by telling them how wretched we are. A school going child feels proud owning a schoolbag that has a picture of the national flag of USA, Canada or any other European country. Perhaps the same pleasure and pride he may not have if he has something that carries a symbol of India. Can India be a super power? If this question is asked to the Indians below 25 years I am confident, nearly 80% of them would raise their eyebrows saying it's next to impossible. It may take another century for India to become a super power.

The nationhood which India acquired in the 20<sup>th</sup> century, fulfilling the dreams of Asoka, Akbar and Gandhi has now brought it to the threshold of great power status at the beginning of the 21<sup>st</sup> century. Many including USA have accepted that 21<sup>st</sup> century will be dominated by Asians.

### **What makes a Nation Super Power ?**

To occupy a rank in the list of super powers our country must have -

- a) A sizeable but manageable population.
- b) High standards of technological progress with sufficiently trained human resources.
- c) To be gifted with unity, political cohesion and stability.
- d) A structured national economy that is progressive competitive and productive.
- e) At last but not least high levels of defence military capacities including nuclear capacities.

### **Can India be a superpower ?**

Keeping above mentioned prerequisites in mind is India capable of acquiring a great power status in the 21<sup>st</sup> century?

We have a democratic constitution extolled as one of the best, by many world statesmen. It has stood the test of nearly 56 tumultuous years. Our democratic values, our free media, our concern for the welfare of the weaker section of the society, our sincere efforts for the protection of human rights, our commitment to secularism and protection of the minority rights, spectacular success of our general elections all speak the rarity of India as a nation in the developing world. World community should not forget that many countries of South East Asia, South Asia, and Africa which own their independence almost along with us strayed away from democracy and are being ruled by ruthless despotic native military rulers. But our commitment to democracy is second to none.

India is among the first 12 economic powers of the world today. We have covered a huge distance of pitiable and acute poverty and attained comfortable self-sufficiency in food. The new economic reforms that began in 1991 are responsible for making India one of the major economic super powers in the world today. We have made tremendous progress in the field of information and technology. India is the third largest producer of manpower. Our foreign exchange reserve has gone up to \$140 billion.

We have been able to strengthen our defence by acquiring nuclear capabilities. This has ranked India among few seven to eight countries in the world. We are one of the leading countries to achieve many milestones in the field of space technology. Our missile technology is indigenously developed and is one of the best in the world of late, India has also begun to commercialize indigenously developed satellites, defense equipments, peaceful nuclear products and technologies which is an actual imitation of superpower syndrome.

If I am asked to pick up only one most significant achievement of India I would say its triumph of multiculturalism. India, a land of unbelievable diversities has not only happily survived but gaining strength to strength of by deriving inspiration from her rich composite culture. But one has to be rational and realist, while analyzing the factors that go against India to become a superpower. These may be summarized below:-

- i) High levels of illiteracy especially women illiteracy.
- ii) Not adequate measures for women empowerment.

- iii) Corruption
- iv) Inadequate industrialization.
- v) Lack of scientific temper.
- vi) Cost of living is poor
- vii) Communal and terrorist violence hinder the progress of the country.
- viii) Political instability with multiparty democracy.
- ix) Ineffective utilization of resources.

As of now it seems that India is way behind in the race of superpower. We just are regarded as a major regional power of south Asia or may be South East Asia. Still the nation has to encounter many problems. New problems are raising their heads. But at the same time one has to acknowledge our historic progress in last 60 years at least keeping in view the level from which we started our journey.

India can be an influential power, if we consolidate our national unity and political stability. What we need is to give priority to the programmes that aim at providing basic health and educational facilities to the common masses. We have to gear up our economic reforms and the process of modernization. Without coming under international pressure we have to strengthen our defense, nuclear and missile capacities.

To achieve this sole dream, what we urgently require is co-operation and understanding among all sections of the society to secure India's constant progress. We have to be inspired by our own history and culture which is thousand times great, glorious and dynamic than western civilization.