

Dedicated To The Youth Of Our Nation



A DPS Vasant Kunj E-Zine

Dríshtí



DRISHTI
A WORD FROM THE SUB EDITORS



Hi everyone and welcome to yet another exciting issue of DRISHTI. We stepped into 2008 with a long list of achievements from our staff, students and alumni. This continues as the year progresses with more exciting events and competitions and of course the annual day which we all look forward to.

This magazine provides a platform to all students to further their talents be it in poetry, literature, art, humor or for that matter anything else that you might wish to share with us.

Thanks to everyone who contributed to this issue. Please continue to send in your suggestions and contributions to ed.board.dpsvk@gmail.com.

Wishing you a prosperous year ahead. Sit back and enjoy this issue!

Yassir Bilgrami, Sub-Editor
Mehak Sahney, Sub-Editor

Ape the west, be the best.-does this notion still hold true?

On a typically bustling Monday morning-or that of any other day of the week, really, if one peeks out of the nearest window, one can see a mélange of chaotic activities occurring under the first rays of the infamous Indian sun: a few stray animals lazing on and around shabby pavements, dust billowing about as motorcycles rickshaws and a wide array of cars ranging from those that were clearly influential to those that would take an ordinary middle class family anywhere between three to seven years to pay for, race each other in a desperate attempt to get to the front of a line which has no beginning or end; such is the nature of metropolitan, cosmopolitan Indian traffic, built to accommodate one and all. This is a far cry from the stereotypical projection of our vast country that many people across the globe still reserve for India- cows and bulls being herded by the side, cobbled roads and dusty lanes, fields of green and yellow, toothless grinning women in tattered saris and faces with more wrinkles than “the pug in the Garnier ad” balancing an earthen pot atop her head.

Now, it may seem like all the westernization that India has undoubtedly undergone ever since 1947 has led to a phenomenon crudely referred to as “aping the west”- citing India’s almost childlike attempt to gaze at the US and the UK for acceptance in matters of technology, fashion and now thankfully a little less obsessively, skin colour. Everywhere you go, Delhi, Mumbai, Pune, Goa, Chennai, Hyderabad- everyone wants a piece of America, a house in London, - clothes that boast of multinational brand tags; heels that speak of Italian designers; leather products that thrive on ads that depict foreign models simpering with products, toothpaste, soft drinks, alcohol, clothes, sports equipment...everything is set as per international standards. This piece might seem scathing so far but the informed Indian, the argumentative Indian, knows it is not so. What is wrong in making sure we are at par with the rest of the world? they challenge. We do not ape their systems, nor their culture and most decidedly not their traditions.

Our society remains effortlessly Indian and the new generation prefers it that way. People revel in khadi and the glory of our national flag; the gorgeous, sensuous hue of dusky, honey coloured skin, and the impeccable literature inspired in and by this country, both new and old; as someone very rightly noted, “it is only a matter of being at ease in both pants and a kurta”. So if you ask me, no, the notion that aping the west makes us the winners does not hold true at all today. The present generation respects and celebrates its culture and heritage, along with adapting to western ideas and influence. After all, that is a part of globalization. The youth today realizes the worth of Indian education that is acclaimed and accepted all over the world; the value of Indian or Indian-based writers, photographers, artists, performers that have earned a global name for themselves and their art; the subtle elegance of the churidar, the masculine grace of a kurta; the aroma and taste of home cooked meals that are impossible to package and store in airtight boxes and containers unlike spaghetti or casseroles.

They realize these things and appreciate them in a billion unique, individualistic ways, a billion sparks that together form a blazing light that’ll take our India into the new tomorrow, a superpower in her own right, rich in her heritage and global knowledge, culture and westernization attributes that go hand in hand.

-Avantika Sinha 11-H

DIWALI CELEBRATION

The following article was written by me on Diwali day 2006. I was very angry at the time and some parts of this article might reflect it. So please don't mind.

What happens when you buy and burn crackers?

Have you ever seen any dog or any other animal, near the place where crackers are being burnt?

- Small children make crackers, in hazardous conditions. Imagine yourself or your child living in such conditions and making crackers for others to enjoy. Though law has made child labor illegal since 10/10/06, but since when has law been enacted properly, in India?
- Crackers are covered with paper, packed in paper and are wrapped in paper. Why waste so much paper? Paper wastage ultimately leads to wastage of trees and thus reduces life period of this earth.
- Crackers cause air pollution. This is a completely known fact to you. Still you burn them. Why would air pollution affect YOU, after all?

I just returned home from the Diwali celebration. My experience of this Diwali showed me many things.

- People, mainly school-going/teenage boys, just don't care where they are burning crackers. May it be on the drainage pipeline or under a tree or even near a person/vehicle/animal?
- Schoolteachers say about all the harms caused by crackers and next day they themselves burn crackers.
- When you say that you are celebrating a cracker less Diwali, people, mainly elders, congratulate you and then the next thing you see, they are burning crackers themselves.
- What according to you is Diwali?

Diwali is the festival of _____??? Light? If you thought this, you are 100% wrong. It is Sound. Yes, Diwali is the festival of SOUND not LIGHT, as it used to be.

- This Diwali clearly showed more sound, than light. People think bursting bombs of all varieties is a mark of status; the Jhirjhiris, Chakris, Anaars etc are kid-items. Result: Ear-splitting deafening non-stop sound, continuously.

If you live in India or any other place where Diwali is celebrated greatly, then you know that all the above-mentioned things are 100% true.

You have two options:

One- Pledge to stop using crackers from this Diwali onwards and spread this message to as many people as possible.

Two- Do what you will, thinking you will be no longer on this earth after a few years, so why think of the risk.

I have enjoyed this cracker less Diwali of mine, very much and plan to make my entire future Diwalis cracker less ones. When are you planning to make your Diwali, a cracker less one?

PAPER-A BOON OR A BANE

Many people might think differently to what is written here. But please remember, this is completely my personal view on this subject.

One of the primary reasons for the destruction of nature is the felling of trees. The main reason for cutting down trees is to make paper. Let us look at the paper used in our homes.

- As soon as adults in the home wake up, they read the newspaper. Many families buy two newspapers. Into these newspapers are slipped paper advertisements, which are thrown, into the dustbin without even being read.
- Bathroom time– new soap, new toothpaste, in fact all creams and lotions have paper covers that are thrown away. Toilet and tissue paper, now increasingly used, though washing is definitely more hygienic, account for 1% of the total paper consumption.
- Breakfast time– bread and butter come in packets, eggs in paper cartons; oil from paratha is soaked up in tissue paper.
- Grocery shopping– almost every item comes in paper packets or cartons which are just torn and thrown away.
- Paper used at home include ledgers, diaries, calendars, note pads, message pads etc.

We read books and magazines, write in notebooks and registers. All this cannot be done away with but we can avoid wastage both at home and at school. Let us try the following suggestions for saving paper:

- Use paper carefully. Write on both sides of the paper.
- Do rough work on waste papers (Newspapers, old notebooks, envelopes, letters etc)
- Re-use cartons, packing paper and gift-wrappings.
- Use a cotton cloth handkerchief rather than disposable facial tissues.
- Do not take computer printouts unless absolutely necessary and use the reverse side of wasted printout paper.
- Minimize your photocopying needs and use both sides of the paper.
- Do not collect leaflets, pamphlets and advertisement handouts from stalls and shops simply because they are free.
- Do not use streamers and paper items for decoration during any events including birthday celebrations, teachers' day, children's day, farewell parties, functions etc.
- Utilize used paper (incl. Newspapers) for craftwork, making envelopes, packaging etc.
- Don't send greeting cards. What is the use? You can always talk over the phone or send ecards.
- Give used papers, notebooks, books, old newspapers and other paper items for recycling regularly (to the raddi wala)
- Talk to your teacher and ask him/her to stop insisting on margins, mainly in your geometry copy. Margins use up one-fifth of each page. Imagine one-fifth of the total amount of paper going waste.
- Save envelopes from consumer goods packaging and postal deliveries, for re-use.
- Avoid using paper napkins, tissue paper etc.
- As far as possible stop the use of any kind of paper.
- Students use paper mostly for *writing* schoolwork, doctors use paper for *writing* prescriptions, in fact people of every profession (engineering, house keeping, architecture, sea-navigating, teaching, etc) use paper mostly for *writing*. Improve your handwriting and make it as small and clearly readable as possible to use more paper to the least extent.
- Spread this message to everyone you know. We want this to be read by every human on this Earth.

If you have any other ways to save paper (Not included above) then do contact me. Contact me if you have any queries, questions, suggestions etc. Everything is welcome, even criticism.

The perfectly imperfect me

I am not perfect
And I guess ill never be
And this surely is one thing
That I will take a lot of time to see
But that does not mean, definitely not
That I have absolutely no talent
Or that I have to be all my life
Depressed, submissive and nonchalant
The blind cannot see
The deaf cannot hear
The lame cannot move about and explore
The maimed cannot speak to even express their fear
But seldom do I hear
Such people complain
And despite their disabilities

From living their life to the fullest, refrain
Then what right do I have
May I ask you to look forlorn and gloomy
When god has filled my life
With all things of joy and beauty
I may not have the perfect figure
My weight might not be just right
My complexion not fair enough
I may not have the perfect height

Not too good at sports I am
Nor equipped with latest fashion
My face a field of ugly pimples
With lines resulting from tensions
I may not be as popular or acceptable
As the other girls are
But who can stop me but myself
From blooming into a little flower

So I want to promise myself today
That from today onwards each day
When I get up I will fold my hands and say
Thank you for making me who I am
Thank you for giving me this wonderful life
Thank you for my parents and friends
And though for perfection I will always strive
I promise, I will never forget to see
Beauty in the face of the ugliest situation
Happiness in the face of every adversity
Joy in your every creation
I know, I am not perfect but will always strive to be
But I promise to be there for myself
And to love the perfectly imperfect me

Cosmic almonds

A day away from any,

thundering weather,
heavens blotted with rain,
splashes of water on the terrain,
droplets peeping through the paves....
to spread the freshness of that water
everything still.....
Except the weather.

Recurring sounds of water cracking my ear,
not one home unwashed,
not one leaf untouched,
with that bouncing rain falling.
Roads carved with puddles,
boats sinking and umbrellas walking.

Stillness and silence of the waters....
I gazed at.....smiling...!
Wandering nothing but something...
it rained from dawn to dusk, as if ...
welcoming the divine spirits.
It was no common sight...
as that evening.....
I longed for eternal peace,
though not rains.....but
the composure and prevailing freshness....

and the seeds of joy that bloom in my heart
grew bigger and bigger
always and always

Chronic Desire

SOMETIME someday,
as I walk on the street
out in the spring.....

wind chimes and flowers blooming away,
dogs roaming and moving swings,
loud cacophony of crows ...
as if , inviting someone.....
bustling crowd of children ,
showing panoply of sovereignty
to show what the incorrigible youth fails.

Everything settled that evening
longing it to remain evermore,
prudence and inception of showers.
But it always happens what thy desires.

Then why!!!!
Why does man maketh,
this beautiful terrain away....
away from peace, tranquil and nothing but haste,
hatred and warriors.
befriend of the corrupt,
god forgive them,
help the bereft sought the wars...
and all congregate to live in peace
and the incessant calmness
stay eternally forever
till everything ends.....

Sanchi Bhatia, Class 12

Beaten to quarter life

I am beaten,
For crimes I never did...
Past have I simply forgotten,
I'm no more a radiant kid.

I'm beaten here and there,
I work endlessly round the clock...
They give me water, kind
Oh how good they are,
I eat insects, and sometimes chalk.

My skin is designed,
With man plotted lines and scares...
But they left it untouched,
Oh! The clean skin of my toes!

Vexed me, don't know from where
And why I came,
I plead for...
My last Day, My new beginning...

STOP CHILD ABUSE!!

Kirti Sharma, 12-D

The Earth's Silent Plea

The Earth's Silent Plea
Imagine you are an alien
Come exploring on the earth
From the space you have landed
On the planet where there is no dearth.
To one and all it offers
Its love in various forms
And does it mesmerize
Every one with its charms.
Its water gives lives
To human beings and marine animals
It lands a shelter
To amphibians and mammals.
Its skies are limitless
For it's aerial life
And so are forests unlimited
Oh how beautiful is the natural life.
The chirping of birds here
Provides music to the ears
But the earth's silent cries and plea
Drive me today to tears.
We are slowly but surely
Killing our earth everyday
In the name of technology growth and advancement
Mercilessly we slay.
We deprive the earth
Of its renewing capability
Because we are civilized
We have the ability.
To recreate the environment
At our whims & fancies
But think, will we be ever able to create
To regenerate the beautiful roses or the pansies.
So today my friends I warn you beware of that day
Humans will become extinct due to their own deeds
All life on earth will be swiped away.
Try and save the mother earth
While there is still time
And save you will be
From the punishment eradicating human- a heinous crime.

Anisha Tandon, XII A

My Prayer to Thee.....

When things go wrong
And nothing about me seems right
Empower me to take on the troubled times
Envelop me with your unmatched might
For today I fear I may not sustain
This wound hurts like never before
Too mighty today, is the pain
Today I need your healing touch
For I fear I'm falling yet again
Hold me, keep me, calm me today O God
And let my faith in you reign
Come and reside in my heart
When life seems to be falling apart
It's broken pieces cut and bruise me
And I don't know, the mending from where to start
God I place myself in your hands today
Strength is all for what I pray
When the path seems lost and destination unknown
Please come and guide me
Let your guiding light show me the way.
And then surely I know I will come out a winner
For you have forsaken none
Who has placed their faith in you
Be it a saint or a sinner.
Accept today this my humble prayer
Keep me under your folded wings
Bestow upon me your delicate care
That is all my soul to you, with my head bowed down sings..

Anisha Tandon, XII A