

REVIEW-18

THE SCINDIA SCHOOL, FORT GWALIOR



THURSDAY, 1 MARCH 2018 | WPP : REGN.NO.GWL.DN.11

FORT NEWS

In order to revive our deep-connect with *Sonsa* Villagers, every year the second Sunday of February is celebrated as the *Sonsa* Day. This year also with a lot of enthusiasm and zeal, the members of the Social Service League of the School, alongwith the other faculty members, went on a visit to *Sonsa* on Sunday, 10th February 2018. The representatives of The Scindia School included 13 faculty members, 8 senior students and 11 boys from grade VII. The day was celebrated as the 'Sports Day' in which the village boys and girls competed in various sports like kabbadi, 100 meter dash, 3 legged race, sack race, balancing the pitcher on the head, balancing the potato in the spoon and Peacock race. The major attraction was the fast cycling race, road race and the avid gymnasts. Students of three schools namely, Jarga Junior High School (near *Sonsa* Village), Junior High School (*Padhuanli*), and High School (*Sonsa*) participated in it. The Chief Guest of the event was, Mr R.K. Upadhyaya, Principal, B.Ed. College, Gwalior. Mr Khem Singh, a resident of the *Sonsa* Village who has been an important link between the faculty members and



The pyramid of strength.

the villagers, received the Chief Guest, our faculty and the boys. Thereafter, the students of the Social Service League were escorted by the teachers and children of *Sonsa* to see the various exhibits put up in the premises of the *Sonsa* High School - Art work, pottery items, rangoli, literature (in the form of beautifully written essays in English and Hindi, were put up for display), working models on scientific phenomena, all done by the students. These were judged and the students were awarded later. Students enjoyed a sumptuous lunch and played some games as well. It was a delight to watch the skills of the villagers as they played with our students during the various games. The gymnasts of the village, left us spell bound as they displayed breathtaking talent. The Sports Day concluded with the Prize Distribution Ceremony. The Vitthal Govind Gadgil Memorial Award was awarded to Ms Sanjna Nath of *Nathon-ka-pura* and Ms Sunita Yadav of *Sonsa* Village. The villagers expressed their thankfulness and appreciation towards the school. The event brought smiles to many faces. It was an ennobling experience for our students as well.

The result of the Inter House 'B' Group Hockey Tournament 2017-18, is as follows:

I Ranoji II Jayappa III Jeevaji IV Shivaji
V Daulat VI Madhav VII Mahadji VIII Jayaji

Best Player of the Tournament - Anup Limboo (Rn, IX)

Top scorer of the Tournament - Tashi Dadul Bhutia (Rn, IX)

Most Promising Player of the Tournament - Sher Bahadur Dahal (Jp, IX)

Result of the Inter House 'B' Group Table Tennis Tournament 2017-18 is as follows:

I Jayappa II Madhav III Jayaji IV Daulat V Mahadji
VI Ranoji, Shivaji, Jeevaji

Best Player of the Tournament - Hardik Sankhla (Jp, IX)

Most Promising Player - Yatharth Gupta (Jp, IX)

Mr Gopal Chaurvedi attended a Conference at India International Centre, 40, Max Mueller Marg, New Delhi from 9th February to 12th February 2018. He participated in the 'In-DaF' and 'PASCH Conference' also. The Conferences were attended by German teachers from all over South Asia. Famous writers and artists from Germany delivered lectures in the same. The following workshops were attended - *Neue Lehrwerke* in CBSE, *Einsatz theatraler Mittel im DaF Unterricht*, *E-Lernen im Sprachunterricht*. *Tools und Strategien*, *Konkret-KorrektKreativ: Wege zum Schreiben* and *Musikworkshop*.

A Special *Astachal* was held on 23rd February 2018. Mr G. Gautam of the Krishnamurthy Foundation, visited the school. He addressed the students at *Astachal* and then interacted with the staff in the Teachers' Resource Centre. Prasoon Naithani welcomed the guest and Mandeep Singh Gurjar set the right tone for the solemn event by reciting the *shloka- twamev mata cha pita twamev*. Faizan Karim read the extract *meri bitiya rani* which talked about the deep compassion that is innate in women. The choir sang the *bhajan- sumiran kar le, mere mana*. Mr Gautam expressed that he was very happy to note that the School had a spiritual heart named *Astachal*. He said that it is important to have 'non purposive pauses' in our lives for they give us the opportunity to look within.



Special Astachal.

The Journey of Life

Prakhar Jain | XI C

Life is a journey, a test of strength
Mental, physical and spiritual in essence.
It's a chance to learn and become what we yearn for,
Life is a gift greater than all!

Some say it's an illusion, the most powerful mirage,
And that life is nothing but desires and wants!
Others say it's intertwined with the strings of fate,
Controlled by the One, who rules this plane.

Opening its eyes outside a mother's womb
An infant represents the innocence of mother nature.
It's mind is like a blank slate ready to be written on
Its purity unmatched, melting even a stone heart!

Little children are considered to be the gift of gods,
Their innocence wins the heart of most if not all.
Still untouched by the darkness all around,
They herald melody in the cacophony of this world!

We start becoming aware of our surroundings as an adolescent,
Dreaming of our goals and what we hope to achieve!
Still half-stuck in the fantasies of super heroes and fairy tales,
The joys of being a kid are unmatched till date!



Maturing in investments as we become of sixteen,
Changes are all around us, both mental and in our beings.
Still seeing the world as black and white,
We start taking life seriously for a future that's bright!

And time flew again, we became adults;
Realizing the burden of Greater Freedom.
Getting the first taste of heartbreak in love,
And deciding where we want to stand in this world.

Transcending into beings who give life,
And bear infinite responsibilities on our shoulders.
Family becomes the priority, everything comes after that;
Ensuring the well being of our children as they grow.

After achieving their goals and fulfilling their desires,
Some want to experience the various joys of this world,
And others want some peace for once in their life,
And a visit from their children every once in a while...

Waiting for the next journey beyond, of what is beyond
Lying on the deathbed? Waiting for the impending doom.
And experiencing the second childhood of life,
We depart from the world, leaving a legacy behind.

राजपथ का गौरव

अक्षत कर्वा | कक्षा 9 बी

राष्ट्रीय कैडेट कोर विश्व की सबसे बड़ी युवा शक्ति से भरपूर संस्था है जिसके अंतर्गत युवाओं के व्यक्तित्व-विकास के लिए अनेक अवसर प्राप्त होते हैं। संरक्षा, सुरक्षा, और अनुशासन की सीख देने वाली यह संस्था देश के स्वतंत्र होने के कुछ वर्षों बाद ही अस्तित्व में आई। हमारे विद्यालय का बैंड भी इस संस्था के अंतर्गत ही गणतंत्र-दिवस परेड में भाग लेने के लिए तीस दिसम्बर को दिल्ली पहुँचा।

उससे पूर्व हमने छः महीने तक दिन-रात अथक परिश्रम किया। कदम से कदम मिलाते हुए अनेक नई धुनें सीखीं और पुरानी धुनों का अभ्यास किया। सर्वप्रथम हमने इस अभ्यास को मूर्तरूप दिया हमारे विद्यालय के स्थापना-दिवस के उपलक्ष्य में जिसमें हमने अपने अतिथियों का स्वागत स्कूल-बैंड से किया। इस बीच हम कठिन परिश्रम करते हुए इस कौशल को निखारते रहे क्योंकि हमारी कठिन परीक्षा होनी बाकी थी अर्थात् हमें गणतंत्र-दिवस के अवसर पर देश की राजधानी दिल्ली में राजपथ पर मार्च करना था। यह हमारे लिए तथा हमारे स्कूल के लिए गौरव का विषय था। हम लगातार परिश्रम करते रहे। विद्यालय में ही नित्य पाँच-छः किलोमीटर पैदल चलकर हम लोग बैंड बजाते और कदम से कदम मिलाकर चलने का अभ्यास करते रहे। दिल्ली में गणतंत्र-दिवस शिविर में जाने से पहले हमने विद्यालय में भी प्रदर्शन दिया।

फिर वह दिन आ गया जब हमें दिल्ली के लिए प्रस्थान करना था। अपनी अर्द्धवार्षिक परीक्षा के बाद हम तीस दिसम्बर को दिल्ली के लिए निकल पड़े। इस दौरान पाँच सौ घंटे, तीस दिन, पैंतालीस बच्चे लगातार राजपथ पर चलने की तैयारी करते रहे और तब कहीं जाकर हमने अपने लक्ष्य को प्राप्त किया। हम यह सोचकर गर्व से फूले नहीं समा रहे थे कि हम अपने पूरे देश के सामने राष्ट्रपति, प्रधानमंत्री, विशिष्ट गणमान्य अतिथियों और कई अन्य महापुरुषों के समक्ष अपना प्रदर्शन देंगे।

गणतंत्र-दिवस शिविर में हमने अपना प्रथम प्रदर्शन देश के माननीय उपराष्ट्रपति के समक्ष दिया जहाँ हमें भरपूर सराहना मिली। उसके दस दिनों के बाद हमने अपना प्रदर्शन नौ-सेना के सम्मानित एडमिरल साहब को दिया। इसमें भी सभी ने हमारी प्रशंसा की। हमारे साथी इस बीच कड़ी मेहनत करते रहे क्योंकि हम सभी अत्यंत उत्साहित थे। हमारा अंतिम प्रदर्शन हमने देश की प्रथम महिला रक्षामंत्री के समक्ष

दिया। उनके द्वारा कहे गए वचनों ने हमें उत्साहित भी किया। इन सभी प्रदर्शनों में हमारी कड़ी मेहनत के कारण छब्बीस जनवरी की तैयारी में हम मात्र तीन दिन राजपथ पर अभ्यास के लिए जा पाए परंतु हमारा उत्साह कम नहीं हुआ था।

अंत में, हमारे सपने को साकार होने का दिन आ गया। 26 जनवरी की सुबह-सुबह हम विजय चौक पहुँच गए। सामने देश का लहराता तिरंगा सभी में उत्साह भर रहा था और सामने दिखता इंडिया गेट का नज़ारा हमें अपनी ओर खींच रहा था। चार घंटे का इंतज़ार, दो घंटे की सुरक्षा-चेकिंग आदि से गुजरते हुए हम बड़े ही शान से राजपथ पर चलने के लिए तैयार थे। हमारे दिलों में देश के लिए कुछ कर गुज़रने की भावना आ रही थी और इसी भावना और उत्साह के साथ हम राजपथ पर सलामी मंच के सामने से गुज़रे। हमारी मेहनत काम कर गई थी, हमारा सपना साकार हो चुका था।

इसी क्रम में 'अट्टाईस जनवरी को टकरियप्पा परेड' ग्राउंड में हम प्रधानमंत्री-रैली में अपना प्रदर्शन करने के लिए पहुँचे। आज भी हम पूरे उत्साह से भरे हुए थे क्योंकि आज हमारे माता-पिता भी हमें और हमारे बैंड को देखने के लिए आने वाले थे। यह दिन भी हमारे लिए स्मरणीय रहेगा क्योंकि हमें वहाँ युद्ध की वास्तविक स्थिति के नाट्य-रूपांतर को दिखाया गया था।

राजपथ पर चलने वाले कैडेट काफी मेहनत के बाद वहाँ तक पहुँच पाते हैं क्योंकि प्रत्येक राज्य से केवल सौ कैडेट इसमें भाग लेते हैं अर्थात् शिविर का हिस्सा बनते हैं परंतु उसमें भी चुने हुए कैडेट्स ही राजपथ पर चल पाते हैं।

हमारा विद्यालय हमें यह मौका देता है कि हम कुछ कठिनाइयों को पार कर इस शिविर में भाग ले सकें और राजपथ पर मार्च कर सकें। इसलिए मैं विद्यालय के सभी छात्रों से आग्रह करूँगा कि वे एक बार उस पल को, उस गर्व को अवश्य महसूस करें और स्कूल बैंड में अवश्य हिस्सा लें। राजपथ पर मार्च करते हुए गर्व से भरे मन में हर सैनिक यही भाव लिए चलता है कि -

वचन है यह मेरा कि

देश के दुश्मनों से निपट के आऊँगा।

या तो तिरंगा लहरा के आऊँगा।

या उसमें लिपट के आऊँगा।

जय हिंद !

An Unknown Myth.....

Aditi Joshi | IX D

"Believe in him or not. Believe in him or not." I paced around the fountain in my garden thinking about Santa and his undiscovered exciting myth. It was a bright Sunday afternoon. Oh, my apologies!! A Saturday afternoon. How could I forget the fact that the next day was an overexciting day? 25th December 2016. Firstly, a Sunday and on top of that was my much-awaited festival – Christmas. Our family, that year was off to Bangkok. One of my father's sister, that is my aunt, was settled there, whom I hadn't seen for the past 14 years. I know it sounds funny. In fact, I am 20 years now. That concludes to, I did not know her then, but, I, being quite popular, was her favourite niece.

This was the first time I set my foot on the land of Thais, Bangkok after, an almost 7 hours flight during the night. We landed at the Suvarnabhumi airport, in greater Bangkok. After the exhausting wait near the baggage carousel, somehow, we managed to drag the luggage out of the crowd. Suddenly, a lady came running towards me and gave me a tight hug. Having no idea of who she was, I tried pulling myself out of the choking hug, in which a little later, I succeeded. I asked her pardon but she abruptly kissed me on both of my cheeks. My father then introduced me to my unknown aunt. Her name was Fiona and no doubt she was prettier than me. Anyways, she was a Christian by faith and of course, Christmas was her major festival.

After several hugs and kisses, we left the airport and arrived at an unknown place. Her house was in front of our eyes. A heavenly place that was surrounded by 314 kinds of flowers; she had maintained the house well. "Kara! Look who's come", called out Aunt Fiona. OMG! A dog... I stood there adoring it as it was the cutest dog ever. Aunt had named it Kara. It jumped on me as if she had known me for years. I had fallen in love with it.

Being it a Christmas eve, almost the whole community was at her place. I really loved meeting people around. I made a few friends with the people who were keen to know about Indian culture. "I have heard about the various kinds of festivals that you Indians celebrate", one of them retorted. "Truly, you've got it right." I responded proudly. The eve was over but the big day was yet to come.

That night, I took Kara for an evening walk as she really needed it. I had been instructed by my aunt not to enter a few restricted areas. Just to be on a safer side, she had sent a servant out with us. He was familiar with every street of Bangkok. Kara had a band on her neck which was attached to a leash. I thought of letting that leash go loose so that she could feel free for some time. The servant discouraged me from doing so, but I was too stubborn for him to handle. Kara suddenly ran away and got into an unknown street. We went after, chasing her. "It's a place full of danger, madam", said the servant. "Come on, we have to get Kara back or else Aunt is not going to spare me."

We finally landed up into that street and that was it. Kara was lost. "What are we going to do now?" I asked. "I had warned you not to let Kara free, madam." "But I wanted her to feel easy at least on a walk. How was I to know that we would land up into such a terrible problem?" I replied, anxious and worried.

Black was the only colour around, except the moonlight. All the houses there were painted in black. There was nobody around. "Why is this place so strange?" I questioned. "This is actually not a place for humans. This is one of the most haunted places in Bangkok. I had warned you but you didn't bother, madam." "Stop blaming me and decide what to do next. We have to find Kara at any cost."

While walking on the street, suddenly I stumbled onto a suitcase. "Ouch...." "Be careful madam. Are you okay?", he asked, while giving me a helping hand. "What would be there in this bag?" I asked with curiosity. "Nobody ever comes here. How did a bag land up here?", he added. "What if there is a bomb inside?", I blurted. "Why are we wasting time? Let's open the suitcase and check it out", he suggested. We opened the bag carefully and to our surprise the suitcase was full of thousands of dollars. We looked at each other with our eyes wide open. "Holy be thy name! A suitcase full of money on a Christmas eve. Madam, can I take 30% of it." "Shut up! It might belong to someone. What if somebody dropped it here? We shall go to the police station and hand it over to the person

whom it belongs to." "What about Kara madam? We shall find her too", he said. "Trust Him and he will surely give a way out," I looked up towards the sky in hope. But that was that a UFOno, an airplane OMG a sledge "Look up there!" I said in a state of bewilderment. "You are right; it's indeed a", he reassured. It landed right in front of us. There descended the hero of our stories, the messenger from heaven our very own, Santa Claus. I was almost about to faint, not because Santa had come, but it was midnight and our lives were finally screwed up.

We told Santa everything as to how we landed up there in search of Kara and we ended up finding this suitcase. "Don't worry children. I'll surely help you out." We were then offered a ride on the sleigh not just for fun but to find Kara and the owner of the suitcase as quickly as possible. On the way, Santa kept on delivering gifts to all the houses we came across. "Ha! Ha! Ha! Children have a lot of faith in me." said Santa. "But I didn't. I thought that you were just in tales and myths. I am so sorry for that." I apologised. "It's okay, dear daughter. It's not your fault. I have never appeared before anyone so that people believe in me", said Santa. "You are a real hero. You fulfil every person's wish irrespective of their caste, gender or age. What makes you do such a generous thing?" John, the servant asked. "Ha! Ha! Ha! Lord. I was God's last hope. He is the only reason behind all this. I had promised him to keep the world, which he considered to be his own family, happy for at least a day in the year and this day is Christmas", replied Santa almost bursting out in tears.

I suddenly noticed a person wailing on the street and we descended to check what the matter was. He suddenly got frightened and tried running away but finally, he shared the reason of him being sad. "I was planning to buy a house this Christmas, but unfortunately, I lost the bag in which I had kept my savings. I wish I could get back that bag; that's all I want from you, Santa. Please help me! Please help me!", he cried out of sorrow. We started jumping around in joy, congratulating each other. He was surprised by our reaction. We consoled him by assuring that the bag we found was indeed his. He too joined us in this happy moment. We then handed over his property back to him and he said thanking us "You all are really considerate. Instead of using the money for yourself you chose to give it back to the owner. Thank you so much. Take it, this is for you." He gave us 10,000 dollars and then turned to Santa "I knew God exists either in one form or another. Thank you so much Santa. You saved my day." And soon the man left as he was too excited for his new home.

We told Santa about Kara. "Go home right now, kids. Your parents might be really worried about you." "I don't want to leave you Santa. Please stay here forever. What if I don't see you next year?", I cried, bursting into tears. "Don't cry. I am going to miss you too daughter. I am surely going to come again. Remember me, don't forget me, kids", Santa assured us, climbing his sleigh. He was in tears too. "Bye and take care. Always be a good person in life. Help the needy. Believe in God and have faith in God. I'll surely come back. Bye! Love you both! Bye!", Santa addressed us and he soon disappeared into the sky.

We traced our way back home and to our surprise we found Kara on the main gate of the house. Mom, dad and aunt stared at me and burst into laughter, "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" I went forth and wished everyone the same. We went inside and then, I narrated the whole incident but none of them believed in what I said. John too, corroborated the facts but he was sent back to work. "You must be tired. Go and have a good night's sleep. You really need it because tomorrow is a big day", Aunt Fiona said. At last, I went to bedroom and made a coffee for myself. I stood in the balcony staring at the sky in search of Santa. But the bitter truth was that he was gone. "Ha! Ha! ha!" That cry was being missed but now he was gone, long and forever gone. I suddenly noticed Santa there and he kept on waving at me coupled with his unique laughter "Ha! Ha! Ha!". I was then sure to return to Bangkok for the next Christmas.



विद्यार्थी जीवन और राष्ट्र निर्माण

हिमांशु मूर्जोरिया | कक्षा 11 ए

विद्यार्थी भविष्य के नेता होते हैं। उनका राष्ट्र-निर्माण में क्या योगदान होना चाहिए? आज के संदर्भ में इस विषय पर विचार करना अत्यंत आवश्यक है।

किसी भी दल, समाज या राष्ट्र की उन्नति में किसी न किसी नेता की अहम् भूमिका होती है। नेता का कार्य पथ-प्रदर्शक का होता है। लोगों की सोच बदलना उसकी सबसे बड़ी जिम्मेदारी होती है। युवा वर्ग में यह साहस होता है कि वो बड़ी से बड़ी कठिनाई को पार कर ले, इसीलिए देश की नज़रें उन पर टिकी रहती हैं। जिस देश में युवाओं की जनसंख्या का भाग जितना अधिक होता है, वह देश उतनी ही अधिक गति से प्रगति करता है। आने वाले समय में हमारे देश में भी युवाओं की संख्या विश्व में सर्वाधिक होगी जो कि राष्ट्र निर्माण में, सकारात्मक सहयोग में सहायक सिद्ध होंगे।

विद्यार्थी भविष्य के नेता हैं। यह परिवार और माता-पिता की जिम्मेदारी है कि उसमें अच्छे संस्कार और गुण के बीज बोए जाएँ। जो इंसान व्यक्तिगत तौर पर जितना ही सक्षम होगा, वह उतना ही अच्छा नेता होगा। किसी भी दल के सदस्य व्यक्तिगत तौर पर जितने सक्षम होंगे, वह दल निरंतर आगे बढ़ता रहेगा। विद्यार्थियों में अनेक तरह के गुणों को आत्मसात् करने का गुण होना चाहिए जैसे - कठोर परिश्रम, साहस, एकाग्रता, अच्छा व्यवहार, स्वयं और अपने वातावरण को सदैव निर्मल बनाए रखने का प्रयास इत्यादि। विद्यार्थियों में दूसरों को प्रभावित करने का गुण होना चाहिए। विद्यार्थी ऐसे हों कि वे दूसरों के लिए उदाहरण बन सकें और तभी वे समाज में बदलाव भी ला सकेंगे।

विद्यार्थी यदि कुछ बदलाव लाना चाहते हैं तो सबसे पहले उन्हें अपने वातावरण के बारे में सोचना चाहिए। यह उन पर निर्भर करता है कि वह कहाँ से शुरू करना चाहते हैं - शिक्षा, सामाजिक भेदभाव, बाल-मजदूरी जैसे अनेक पहलू हैं। विद्यार्थी का धर्म होता है विद्या-ग्रहण करना। कक्षा में जो विद्यार्थी पढ़ने में अच्छे होते हैं यह उनका सामाजिक कर्तव्य है कि वो अन्य छात्र/छात्राओं की मदद करें। देश का विकास सही मायने में तभी होगा जब हर व्यक्ति अपने साथ-साथ समाज की तरक्की को तवज़ो देगा। इस प्रकार विद्यार्थी अप्रत्यक्ष रूप से राष्ट्र के निर्माण में सहायक सिद्ध होगा।

भारत में लगभग आज भी पच्चीस प्रतिशत लोग ऐसे हैं जिन्हें अपना नाम लिखना, पढ़ना नहीं आता। अशिक्षा किसी भी संप्रदाय, समाज की प्रगति में बाधा है। गाँवों में पढ़ाई के नाम पर मात्र विद्यालय खुले हुए हैं। आज सूचना क्रांति के इस युग में लोगों से जुड़ना कठिन कार्य नहीं है। हर विद्यार्थी को यह अपनी जिम्मेदारी समझनी चाहिए कि वो उन लोगों से जुड़ें जो शिक्षा से वंचित हैं और जीवन में आगे बढ़ने में उनकी मदद करें। दुनिया के सबसे बड़े लिखित संविधान, भारत के संविधान के रचयिता डॉ. भीमराव अम्बेडकर ने कहा है -
“शिक्षा उस शेरनी का दूध है, जिसे पीकर कोई भी इंसान दहाड़ने लगता है।”

भारत की जनसंख्या के लगभग छत्तीस प्रतिशत लोग गरीबी रेखा से नीचे में रहते हैं और लगभग दो प्रतिशत लोग प्रतिदिन भूखे पेट सोते हैं। इसमें से कई लोग बाल्यावस्था में ही अपने बच्चों को मजदूरी करने के लिए भेज देते हैं ताकि घर की आमदनी चल सके। इन लोगों को शिक्षा का महत्व नहीं पता इसीलिए वो अपने बच्चों को विद्यालय न भेजकर काम पर भेजते हैं। विद्यार्थियों की इसमें यह भूमिका हो सकती है कि वो इन लोगों के बीच में जाकर नुककड़-नाटक, पोस्टरों तथा संवाद के जरिए शिक्षा की ताकत के बारे में बताएँ।

देश की कमान युवा-वर्ग के हाथ में होती है। उनकी कार्यक्षमता व कार्यकुशलता बाकी आयु वर्ग की तुलना में अधिक होती है। विद्यार्थियों का समाज के प्रति यही योगदान होना चाहिए कि वो अपने वातावरण को लेकर सचेत रहें, जरूरतमंदों की सहायता करें। जो लोग शिक्षा से वंचित हैं उन तक शिक्षा पहुँचाने का प्रयास करना चाहिए। हर कार्य का उद्देश्य अपना तथा समाज का भला होना चाहिए। बुद्धिमान व्यक्ति वही होता है जो समाज के लिए जीता है। हर व्यक्ति समाज से जुड़ा होता है इसलिए समाज का विकास व्यक्ति का विकास है और व्यक्ति का विकास समाज का विकास। इस प्रकार विद्यार्थी वर्ग समाज के हर क्षेत्र में अपनी सकारात्मक भूमिका निभाकर देश के भविष्य को उज्ज्वल बना सकता है और राष्ट्र निर्माण में अपना योगदान दे सकता है।

Learning to CROP with Sherlock Holmes!!

Mr Kamlesh Singh | Faculty of Psychology

Well, Sherlock Holmes was very popular during my school days (the legacy continues!). Thanks to my Hindi Teacher in school, Mr. Suryaji Pathade who was a master story teller and during the Teacher's Assembly, he used to narrate the stories of Sherlock Holmes (Speckled Band, The Blue Carbuncle...)

I happened to read 'The Blue Carbuncle' by Sherlock Holmes and was intrigued by the plot which revolved around a stolen gem(Blue Carbuncle)!!

As the story unfolds Holmes discovers that the precious gem was hidden in the CROP of the ducks in a farm house!

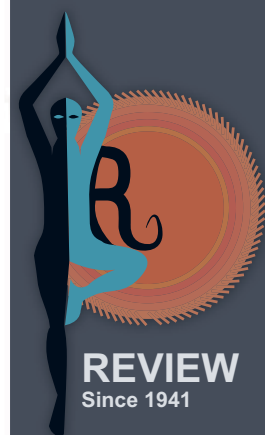
Now, the word 'Crop' instantly made me think it was hidden in the crop which was at the farmer's backyard.... But when I further probed it, I was literally taken aback (No google those days!!) to know that CROP also stands for the stomach cavity of all species of birds i.e. it was a synonym for 'stomach'.

I was shocked but I also learned to CROP with Sherlock Holmes!!

What a nostalgic journey with Holmes!!

I believe the author of the series- Sir Arthur Conan Doyle weaved the character of Holmes in such a manner that people really believed that the fictional character was alive in the famous Baker Street, the same way that R.K. Narayan created the fictional town of MALGUDI!!

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