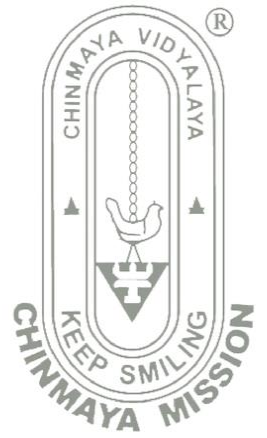


UNLOCKING MINDS

A CATALYST FOR YOUNG MINDS



SHE HAD A DREAM
#23

KNOW
CHILDREN'S
FAVOURITE
AUTHOR
RUSKIN BOND
#4



EDITOR'S NOTE

"The journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step" as said by Lao Tzu. As we sit here wrapping up the 2018-19 session, contemplating what we left behind and anticipating what is in store for us, we're full of hopes and are ready to accept the new challenges of life.

The Editorial Board of Chinmaya Vidyalaya, Bokaro proudly presents its 3rd edition of the e-magazine 'UNLOCKING MINDS'. Individuality of expressions is the beginning and end of all art, with this thought let's hope that our modest efforts yields the result of bringing out the creative potential of our students.

Let's hope to overcome all our limitations and begin with a believe of 'yes, we can for the greatest masterpieces were once only pigments on a palette

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Swati Mishra
Ankita Jha
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STUDENTS

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Jigisha Mukherjee, 8/B

Happy New School Year!

2019-20

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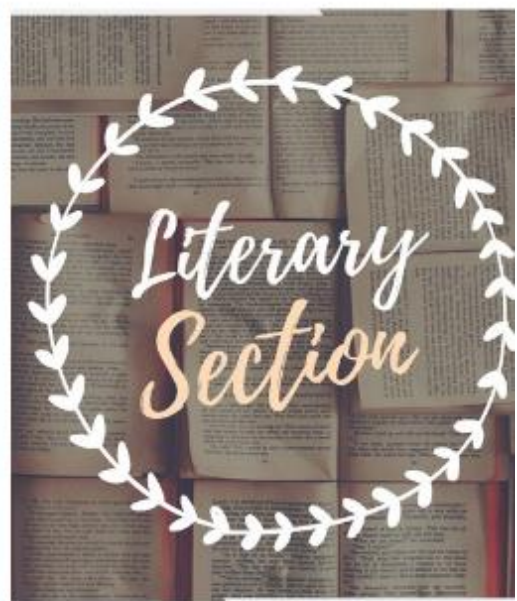
Students'
Creations



Teachers'
Creations

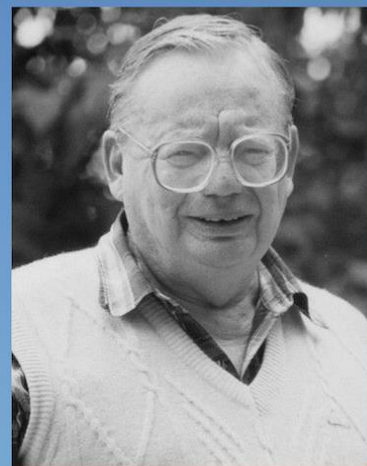


Literary
Section



An exclusive interview with famous children's book author, Ruskin Bond. Read and be excited!

I distinctly remember the year my class in school was introduced to a collection of short stories written by a man named Ruskin Bond. Mountains blushing in the evening sun, fires crackling merrily in wooden lodges, jinnns named Jimmy, and a motley crew of the strangest characters... there was no way I wasn't going to obsess over the book. It marked the first time a school textbook took a willing pride of place on my lap! But the author, to me, remained a mythical wordsmith with an intriguing name. When I mentioned this to him recently, he chuckled in genuine amusement.



Oh, yes, I did speak to Mussoorie's most famous gentleman who just hit the stands again with his Uncles, Aunts and Elephants

Q: Growing up, who were your favourite children's book authors?

The first book I ever read was Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, so it's very special to me; as is Peter Pan. As I grew older, I started favoring adventure stories like Treasure Island. When I was 12, I read David Copperfield by Charles Dickens. It made a great impression on me because young David grows up to be a writer and he became my role model. Did you know David was based on Dickens himself? When I was 14, I got my hands on Wuthering Heights by Emily Bronte. I also remember enjoying Three Men in a Boat! Chekov and Henry James introduced me to the short story medium. These authors influenced my own writing in a big way.

Q: When did you decide you would write for children?

I think I was 40 when I wrote a short novel that my publishers in England thought was too short to be a novel for adults. But, they said it would make a great children's story, if I changed it just a bit to make it more appealing for children. It was called Angry River. So, you see, it started off purely for practical reasons.

Q: What do children look for in a book?

Young readers want to be able to identify with the main character. They like the supporting characters to be funny. One of my most popular characters is Uncle Ken, who is always getting into trouble and making a fool of himself. Children love to read about an adult who is an idiot!

Q: Conception to completion must be quite a process.

Yes, it is. The idea can come from anywhere - other people, their experiences, something I hear or read about. Before I put pen to paper, I have the entire story written in my head. Then, I write at a small desk near my bedroom window. I still write by hand. Typically, if it's a short story, I am done in a day or two. Novels can take a few months. Sometimes, I write poems on the spur of the moment.

Q: The hills are a recurring theme in your books. Why?

Jane Austen lived in small village in England and all her books are set there. It's the same with RK Narayan and his beloved Malgudi. Having spent more than two-thirds of my life in the hills, it's natural for me to base my stories on the hills.

Q: Do you think children these days read enough?

They read more than they used to, but not as much as they should.

Q: Writing as a profession for children...

Once, when I was in school, I came home and my mom asked me what I wanted to be when I grew up. I said I wanted to be a writer. She said, "Don't be silly; join the army." Back then, unless you became famous, you didn't make money as a writer. But today, because of the media and Internet, writers are celebrities! Need I say more?

Q: What are your reading habits like, these days?

I read a book a week. I read for light entertainment. I go back to old favourites. I love detective stories and crime fiction, as well as good biographies of other writers. I read Somerset Maugham's new biography some weeks ago and quite enjoyed it.

Q: We know you love writing. What are your other interests?

I used to trek a lot. Now, I take short walks in the hills. When I lived in Delhi in the 60s, I used to walk from Connaught Place to Rajouri Garden. The best way to get to know a city is to walk through it. But, you won't see me walking around Delhi now... I'd get knocked over by a vehicle!

Q: What's your take on movie adaptations of books?

When I was a boy, some great movies were made, based on books by Dickens, Hemingway and Daphne du Maurier. It depends a good deal on the director. Vishal (Bharadwaj) adapted my Blue Umbrella to film and it was lovely. Two-three years ago, 7 Khoon Maaf was made and I even had a small role in it. It was great fun!

Q: Everyone knows you live in Mussorie. How do you deal with fans?

Sometimes, I have to go underground. I have too many people knocking on my door every single day. But I like a bit of a warning. I don't want people catching me in a banyan (vest) or when I am mid-siesta...

I can get grumpy! I go to a local bookshop once a week to meet readers, though.

Q: On a personal note- you are a father and a grandfather. Which role do you enjoy better?

That of a great grandfather! Yes, I am a great grandfather now. The smaller the children, the more appealing they are! Ha ha.

(excerpt from an interview taken by Anusha Vincent that appeared in "Parent's Circle")

AN INTERVIEW WITH USHA VARDARAJAN

By: Swati Mishra & Abhishek Kr. Mishra



What will you miss the most after leaving Chinmaya Vidyalaya?

Everything.....!! The zest in getting ready with preparation for the day's lesson, to reach the school on time, feel elated to see the bright side faces of students, meeting the deadlines of the management!!

Declining interests of the students towards Arts Stream.

Your comment.

On the contrary the number of students joining the humanities stream has been increasing over the years. There is a change in the mindset of people, today.

When did you join the school?

Why did you chose to stay so long?

June 28th, 1985.

"Kismat"!!! Never thought of a second option!

What according to you is the one thing that has remained constant over the years?

*Learn!,
Learn!! and
Learn!!!*

Your dream vision for Chinmaya Vidyalaya.

Swamiji's vision will always be our mission and our vidyalaya is well equipped to cater to such an education that will bring forth the best in each and help one to live in harmony with all existence.

I WISH GOOD LUCK FOR THE SUCCESS OF E-MAGAZINE.

USHA VARDARAJAN

Students' Creations



Is the Life Jacket Enough?

- Tanay Ishan, 9/C

I'm in the Air..

I'm not exaggerating...I'm really sky high.

Or to put it more precisely, I'm in an aeroplane, which is flying in the air. But, since the aeroplane is in the air, so logically, I'm too in the air....So my first sentence was factually correct.

I'm sitting in my seat, getting no clue that I'm flying. But it doesn't matter. I am flying.

Turning my eyes into scanning mode, I do a quick scan of the aeroplane inside. Some people are sleeping, some are drooling, some are sleeping and drooling, some are eating as if seeing food for the first time in weeks, and most interestingly, some are watching a movie, not on their own phones but on the phones of their "baaju wala".

Everyone is sitting so peacefully as if in they are in their living rooms...but, does anyone has the slightest idea, that we're not on Earth...not on land...but high above in the air?!

Another quick scan and it becomes pretty clear to me that I'm the only one who is unable to digest that, here we are, trapped in this metallic box, racing with the birds, and leaving them not only far behind. But also far below.

As far as I know, we have 2 legs and not 2 wings.

If, thousands of people jumped from the roof of a 24 storey building, then after 20-30 generations - in accordance with Darwin's findings- maybe one of our genes may undergo mutation, and a child would have been born with two small-small wings. And maybe after 10-15 generations more, that gene would've been common and we could have invented a new type of traffic jam; air traffic jam.

But this didn't happen. Forget thousands...only a handful of people jumped..and that too not with the desire of going high -flying- but with the desire of going down...to hell. This is the reason why our genes haven't mutated yet, and the child with 'two small-small wings' is still nonexistent.

And that's why we have aeroplanes.....big flying cages of tin..

(...contd)

Is the Life Jacket Enough?

- Tanay Ishan, 9/C

I may have forgotten the danger of flying so high, but these people won't allow me to do so.

"Tie your seat belts tightly for your safety" ..or.." due to the tornado and the bad weather" ..or.."this aeroplane has 4 doors -2 in the front and 2 in the back" ..or.."if we have to land in water ,use the oxygen mask like this..."

Just stop right there!!! Enough is enough!!! You are not helping things at all!!!

What do you mean " if we have to land in water.."? And using this tube, I'll blow my life jacket and float in the middle of the ocean hoping that some boat will see the red light on my life jacket and will come to rescue me?? This red light decides my fate?!

And my dear pilot, why do you always have to announce in between that "We are currently at 36000 feets." Or.."outside temperature is -36 degrees" ..and so on.. Did anyone ask you?????!!!

Mount Everest is 29029 feets high. I read it in Class 7 and I don't know why this info is still in my head. 7000 feets higher than Everest itself!!!! Temperature 36 degrees below 0!!! What will I do by knowing this?! I have no plans to go outside, neither have I packed my woollen clothes.!

Whenever I manage to get a nap, the bloody pilot again throws my soul and brain and heart into turmoil by his useless facts and I start the 'Hanuman chalisa' again, but I'm not sure that it would work at this height too.

And our brain is one step ahead. Whatever I don't want to imagine, whatever I don't want to witness, whatever I don't want to experience, the brain computes those images with startling speed, accuracy and clarity.

Dear pilot!

Please fly a little low so that if I die, I don't die of the cold. I told you I haven't packed my warm clothes, but I promise I'll pack them next time.....just get me home safely this time...please....Hanuman Ji

Mom !

No matter, its summer or winter,
Mom! The pure gold minter,
It's your efforts & rule,
That I am never delayed for school,

You help me to achieve my passion,
Mom! You & your dedication...
Competition is tough & tight,
You work hard day & night,

Never tired, always cool,
To make my life better & bright,
Create future for the nation,
Mom! You & your dedication...

Sacrifice life over my aim,
Your destiny, my name & fame,
I promise to make you proud Mom,
My success is dedicated to you

My love, affection & salutation,
Just for you & your dedication....

-Prashant Modak, 7/C

Maths !!!

*Isn't it very much clear that,
Maths is a subject of fear.*

*Seeing maths some want to run,
But some eminent scholars consider it fun.*

*Maths is filled with a hundred of equations,
Which are solved with fundamental operations.*

*Maths is like a mystery,
To know the answer you'll have to go to deep
through the history.*

*Maths is a subject of practice,
But sometimes it has a lot of crisis.*

*Sometimes I feel like who has made this subject,
Were his sums so much perfect?*

- Sweta Jha, 6/E

AN IDEAL FRIEND

An ideal friend is one who stays till end,
One who doesn't change with trend
And in front of whom,
We don't need to pretend.

One whom everyone likes,
One whom everyone adores,
One who helps everyone from core
And when in trouble, they are the ones next door.

One whose friendship we don't regret,
One with whom we share our secrets.
In front of them, we don't feel shy
They give us their shoulders, when we cry.

-Sadhika Sahana, 9/E



Winter

Winter is charming,
Winter is here
A time of joy and lots of cheer,

We go for a picnic
under the sun,
And spend the day with
Play and fun.

Nights are long ,cold and misty,
We love to eat,
Oranges and Pastry.
It's the time of Christmas,
Carol and cakes,
And frosty wind
And frozen lakes;

We deck up a Christmas tree
With bells, balls and a
Big bright star.
How can Santa claus
Remain so far ?

Santa comes with Rudolph
His lovely reindeer.
People are happy with their
Near and dear,

Jesus, the savior
Was born this time
To free people from their crime

WINTER is my favourite season,
This is the only reason.

- Soumili Dey, 7/E

I Know...

*I know that at the moment I am not great,
But then also I don't fret;
I know I can touch the sky;
Though it is at enormous height*

*No one can stop me
He or she;
I know one day I will do something great for the whole
world;
And everywhere I will be heard,*

*I know this because my heart knows this,
I know this because my mind knows this,
I know this because my parents know this,
I know this because I know this.*

- Nirbhika Singh Rathore, 6/B

Seasons

They are four in row
There are changes that they show,
For each of which there is a reason
They are the wonderful seasons.

First comes the spring
Of all it is the king,
Blossoms and flowers
It is pleasant at every hour.

Then comes the summer
Which is a kind of bummer,
It is hot in the day and cool at night
And the presence of mosquitoes calls for a fight.

Autumn then follows
It has birds like sparrows,
And the plants, they shed
the leaves that are dead.

Winter comes at last,
Its chill is vast,
I've had enough, my feet are cold
Change to next season now, why are you at hold?

- Ritvik Kumar, 8/A

The Lost and Found Soul

*Sitting aloof under the harbor of starry night,
With air filled with delight.*

*I look up to the sky,
Recollecting all those happy times.*

*Out of nowhere I can catch hold of my soul,
Not at close quarters but drifting apart like she was never my own.*

*My eyes are like a dessert,
My soul is still drenched
But I'm a rebel against the betrayal I've dealt,
Yet the harmony spreads as I lay here in despair.*

*Gathering the energy, gathering the might
Standing in the world I throw the plight.*

*Being on my own never felt so right,
This is something real, this is something right.*

I'd lost her yet found her,
I'll hold her and ground her.
I'll adhere her where she's meant to be,
I'll bloom her what she ought to be.*

*I'll keep her deep within my core
As if she was always of my own.*

P.S__ my soul*

- Saina Singh, 9/E

Smile

Something that lies in daddy's gift and mummma's kiss,
Something that no-one wants to miss.
Something that cheers you up even for a while,
That's your SMILE.

Something that lies in a warm applaud,
Something that is the purest and never a fraud.
Something that marks the start of your happiness file,
That's your SMILE.

It's always there by your side,
Gives you the strength to do the right.
It's the most alluring beauty and adds to your style,
So, whatever the conditions may be
never forget your SMILE.

- *Priyanshi, 8/E*

India's Freedom Struggle

The best way to live is to live independent
By being confident and becoming self dependent,
India before independence was totally dependent,
But after independence started shining like a pendant,
It was not an easy way to achieve freedom,
We had to sacrifice the lives of some.

Some used weapons and chose the path of violence,
Some became unite and practiced non-violence,
All were right at their own places,
They wanted to bring happiness on other faces.

Even though Britishers tried to break our unity,
We came together and didn't lose our dignity,
A mother lost her son, a wife her husband and a child his father,
Just to feel proud by seeing their independent mother (India).

- Nimisha Mishra, 7/A

Chinmaya Family wishes
you a
Happy Republic Day !



Above the Sky

I wish I had a giraffe,
With a neck exceptionally high,
And I could just take a peek,
Of what's above the sky.

Behind the clouds I may see,
A beautifully orated palace,
Tasty dishes and pretty dresses for me,
And princesses full of grace.

I might spy a unicorn,
With pink hair and a curly tail,
Who'd have a magical horn,
And carries me everywhere.

Fairies would treat me like a princess,
With a charming attire and crown,
If my dream would come true,
I would be the happiest girl in town.

- Miraya Ballav, 6/E



Teachers' Creations





Reaching The Milestone

By: Rima Gupta

Oceans of milestones, chased by army of ants.
Clusters of bees on board,
Waiting for anteaters to feed.

Down the hill , on a steepy slope,
boarders looked down with a hope.
Hapless and desperate.
Not to forget , not to forgive
But to attain heart's desire .

Will the chase ever end or be seen till posterity?
Beauty and happiness, no longer on face demanded.
To belittle someone is the only greed,
apart from riches.

Behold me 'O little heart' from the agony .
Turning the wheel is the only destiny.
Knowing the hours to stay ,
how long can the heart be deceived for compatibility ?

Marching ahead, crossing milestones
clasping heart with scanty smile.
Paving way to the milestones, carpe diem.

She Had A Dream

By: *Anjali Mishra*

Where did the butterflies get their vibrant hues from???

Where the flowers got illuminated from???

Where did the birds get their feathers painted and

Where the rainbow brought its colors from???

Who made the earth green and sea blue???

Who carved such a mastery over the colors...

was all she wanted to know!

The painter of happiness...the artist of this

multifaceted world...

She always aspired for borrowing those colors to paint

her imagination

She held her breath and waited with expectant eyes...

The dream remained latent for the time...

With all the positive vibes...yet she was alive...

But to make her dreams to come true...she grew

impatient...

The heart started pounding fast...and it was detected...

Now the colors started swirling...mixing and merging

making everything dark and darker!!!

Alas! The dreams remained in the unborn

eyes...unfulfilled and unaccomplished...

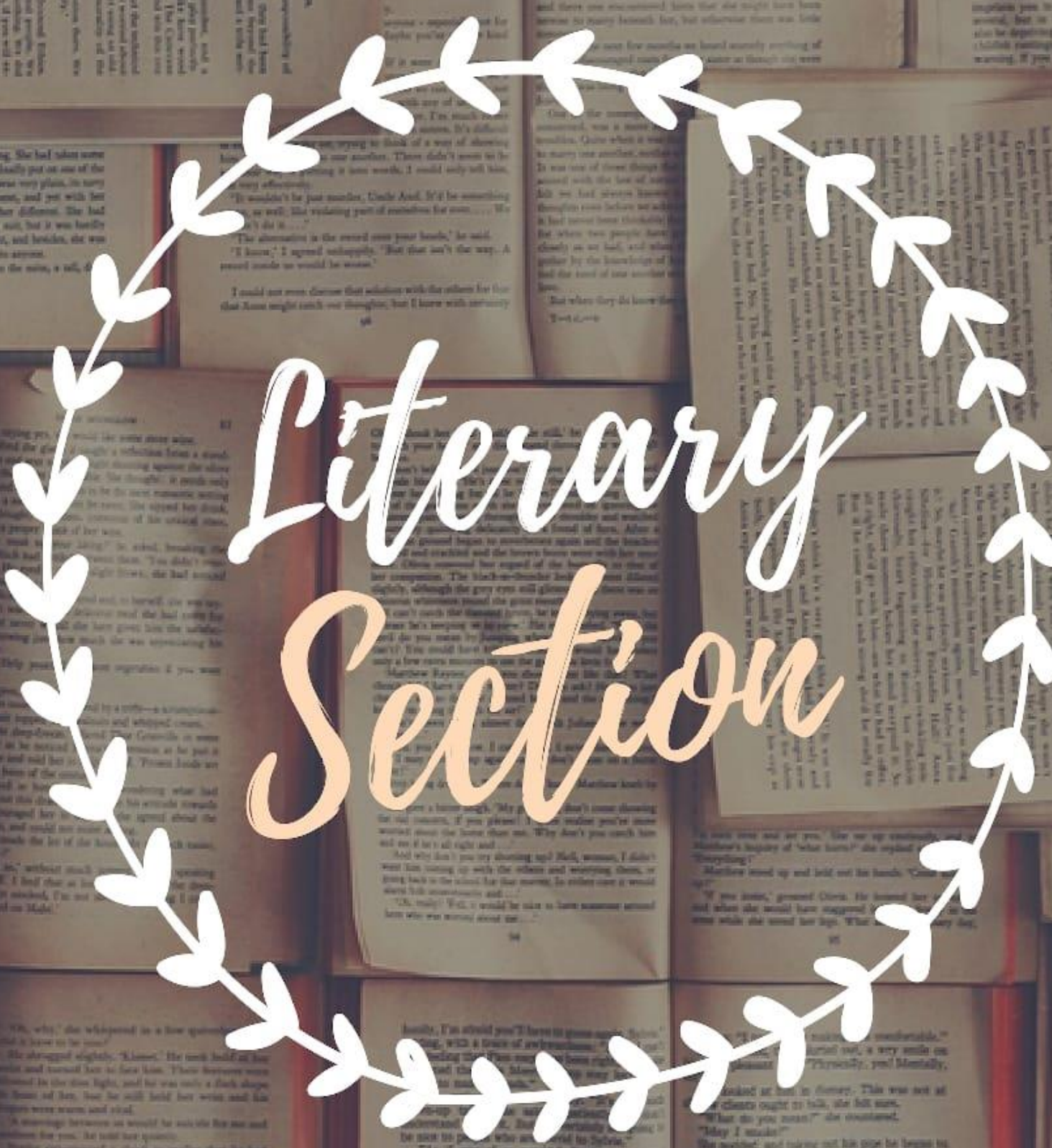
She showed the courage to have a dream..

Although her dream was undone still she had a dream!!!

Bread Behind Bars

By: Anjali Mishra

*On the roadside once I saw,
a boy with a broken jaw.
Rags and tatters covered the bones
and the silence concealed his groans.
Mob has already settled down
Leaving some ladies with a frown.
Meditating over his grievances
and calculating some nuances
I reached to grab a chance
to show my skills on his stance
Queryingly, as my brows lifted,
and backward a bit he shifted
A voice raised from behind
"he's of such a kind"...unrefined!!
Desperately he murmured
and I remember that word by word
"food is all I need...
and this is for what I bleed...
Take me to the cage
minding not my age
bread behind the bars I'll get
that will not make anybody further
upset".*



Literary Section

A FATHER'S ODE TO HIS DAUGHTER

By Saket Sandil

*The first time I saw and held you in my arms;
Since then I have not held anything in parallel to your
charm.*

*How beautiful were those eyes, when they first winked;
Signalling the blossoming of a bud, which I had not even
dreamt.*

*The redness of your skin, the tenderness of your body,
Injected, in those rose petals, a feeling of envy.*

*Trust me! In your little palms butterflies hid themselves;
Evoking a flight of symphony as you allowed them to flee.*

*As you walked alongside me, I showed you the world as it
is.*

And you showered love on everyone, gently and equally.

*When after those long walks, your legs ached,
I took you on my shoulder to show you the horizon's
stretch.*

*With time you created your own horizon and zenith,
To end society's boundaries;*

*With each step you broke the shackles and the walls,
And finally put those obsolete ideas in their debris.*

*You are the beacon of hope and agent of change,
Striving each day to make this world more beautiful and
gay.*

*I wish nothing but only happiness for you,
And stellar success in your noble pursuits.*

*All your laughter and smiles, I have preserved in one box
of mine.*

And when death will smile and we will part our ways.

And the Lord will ask heaven or hell?

I will say, "In that box of mine, let me dwell".

"In that box of mine, let me dwell "

MULTIPLE IDENTITIES

BY JUG SURAIYA

What would you call an Indian Kutchi who is an honorary Bengali, Punjabi, Haryanvi and south Indian, Sikh, Muslim, Christian, Hindu and a full-time atheist, wonders Jug Suraiya. Like most, if not all, Indians, I face an identity problem. And the problem is not that I don't know who I am; the problem is that there are too many me's for me to know. This problem, of multiple identities, shouldn't be confused with the psychological problem called a 'multiple personality disorder'.

The multiple personalities that most Indians have is not in any sense a disorder; the condition, if anything, indicates an underlying order that bedrocks the many contradictions that constitute what we call the Indic way.

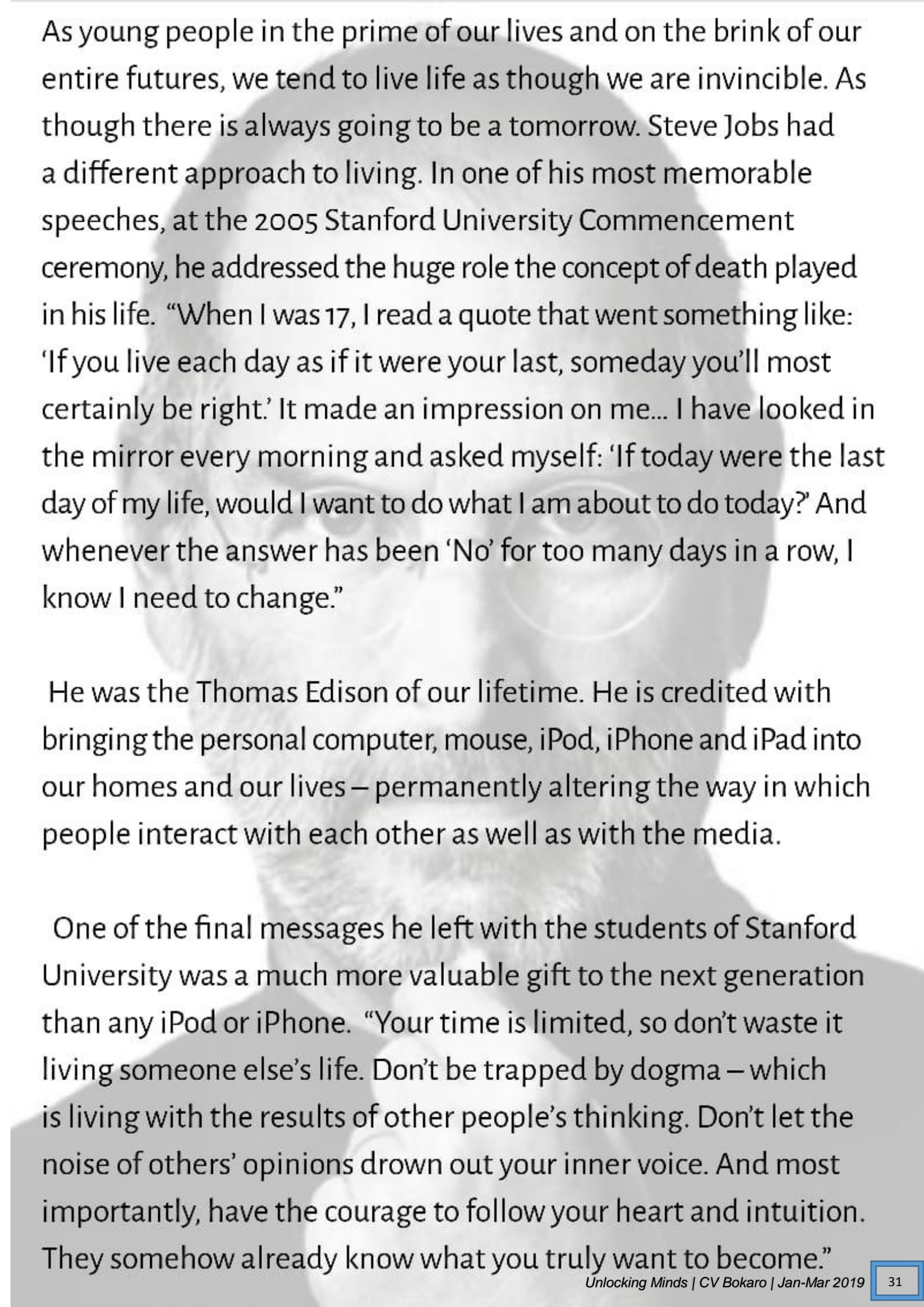
Or Indutva, if you like. Indutva is an example of the saying that sometimes the opposite of a truth is not a lie but another, and equally valid, truth. This multiplicity of truth, of identity, cancels out the seeming contradictions which are part and parcel of the everyday life in India, and how we see and think of ourselves.

For instance, I obviously think of myself as an Indian. But, with equal validity, I could also think of myself as a Kutchi, for Kutch is the part of India from where my family originally came. But if I think of myself as a Kutchi, I must also think of myself as part Gujarati. This is not only because Kutch is part of Gujarat, but also because the language we Kutchis speak is a dialect and has no script. In order to write in Kutchi, I'd have to use the Gujarati-script, become part Gujarati.

As my family migrated four generations ago from Kutch to what was then Calcutta, where I was brought up and spent most of my adult life, I also consider myself part Bengali; or an honorary Bengali. Indeed, I can speak Bengali more fluently than I can speak Kutchi. My wife, Bunny, is also an honorary Bengali, having also been brought up in Calcutta to which her parents came as post-Partition refugees from their home in Lahore. So Bunny is not only a Punjabi who is an honorary Bengali and an honorary Kutchi-cum-Gujarati, being married to me, but could also lay claim to being an honorary Lahori, by virtue of parental origin, which would imply that she is also an honorary Pakistani.

It was the humanity of Steve Jobs that made him a role model

As young people in the prime of our lives, we tend to live life as though we are invincible. Steve Jobs had a different and rather refreshing approach to living, writes Alisha Lewis, 19, a Commonwealth Correspondent from New Zealand. All of us have, in some way, been affected by Steve Jobs' legacy. Whether in purchasing our first iPod or simply in sticking vehemently to our Microsoft guns and renouncing all things Apple, this one man's creativity has reached billions around the world. His story is one of greatness. It's one of inspiration. It's the kind of thing those bad, made for television Lifetime movies are based on: born to a young, unwed university student, Jobs was put up for adoption. He was a college dropout. And, eventually, he changed the world. In his life, Jobs held many titles: Founder, CEO, visionary, creative, husband, father, and friend. But of all his titles, the one that speaks the most volumes is the one he shared with the rest of us: man. It was Jobs' humanity that made him a role model – a person to be reckoned with, a person infamous for his short temper and a person to envy. Steve Jobs' humanity was his greatest gift but also his biggest downfall. It meant that even the superhero of the technological era wasn't immune to something as simple and as human as cancer.



As young people in the prime of our lives and on the brink of our entire futures, we tend to live life as though we are invincible. As though there is always going to be a tomorrow. Steve Jobs had a different approach to living. In one of his most memorable speeches, at the 2005 Stanford University Commencement ceremony, he addressed the huge role the concept of death played in his life. “When I was 17, I read a quote that went something like: ‘If you live each day as if it were your last, someday you’ll most certainly be right.’ It made an impression on me... I have looked in the mirror every morning and asked myself: ‘If today were the last day of my life, would I want to do what I am about to do today?’ And whenever the answer has been ‘No’ for too many days in a row, I know I need to change.”

He was the Thomas Edison of our lifetime. He is credited with bringing the personal computer, mouse, iPod, iPhone and iPad into our homes and our lives – permanently altering the way in which people interact with each other as well as with the media.

One of the final messages he left with the students of Stanford University was a much more valuable gift to the next generation than any iPod or iPhone. “Your time is limited, so don’t waste it living someone else’s life. Don’t be trapped by dogma – which is living with the results of other people’s thinking. Don’t let the noise of others’ opinions drown out your inner voice. And most importantly, have the courage to follow your heart and intuition. They somehow already know what you truly want to become.”

Thus Spake Gurudev

*"Temper takes you to Trouble,
Pride keeps you there."*

*"Everybody exists. It is only the few who live.
To live, you should have an ideal."*

*"You are successful and creative only
when you see an opportunity in every
difficulty."*

*"The highest form of Grace is
silence."*

*- Pujya Gurudev
Swami Chinmayananda*



**FUN
TIME !!!**

WANNA LEARN SOME FRENCH ?? COMMENÇONS (LET'S BEGIN)

- 1) *merci* : Thank you
- 2) *Salut* : Hi
- 3) *Au revoir* : Goodbye
- 4) *Bonjour* : Good morning
- 5) *Desole* : Sorry
- 6) *Bonne nuit* : goodnight
- 7) *garcon* : boy
- 8) *fille* : girl
- 9) *femme* : woman
- 10) *homme* : man
- 11) *Oui* : Yes
- 12) *Pomme* : apple
- 13) *Livre* : Book
- 14) *Robe* : Dress
- 15) *Rouge* : Red
- 16) *Chienne* : Dog
- 17) *Ca va bien* : Are you doing well?
- 18) *A plus tard* : See you later
- 19) *d'accord* : agree/okay

LET'S LAUGH :D



**My friend said he knew a man with a wooden leg named Smith.
So I asked him "What was the name of his other leg?"**

The doctor to the patient: 'You are very sick'

The patient to the doctor: 'Can I get a second opinion?'

The doctor again: 'Yes, you are very ugly too...'

**Patient: Doctor! You've got to help me! Nobody ever listens to
me. No one ever pays any attention to what I have to say.**

Doctor: Next please!

Two boys were arguing when the teacher entered the room.

The teacher says, "Why are you arguing?"

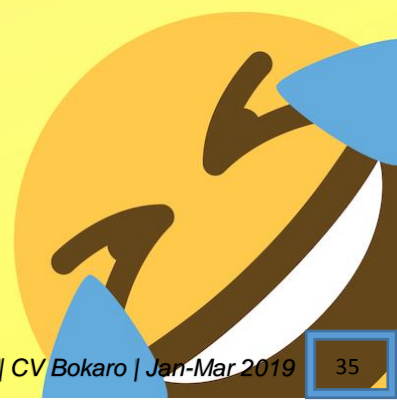
**One boy answers, "We found a ten rupees note and decided to
give it to whoever tells the biggest lie."**

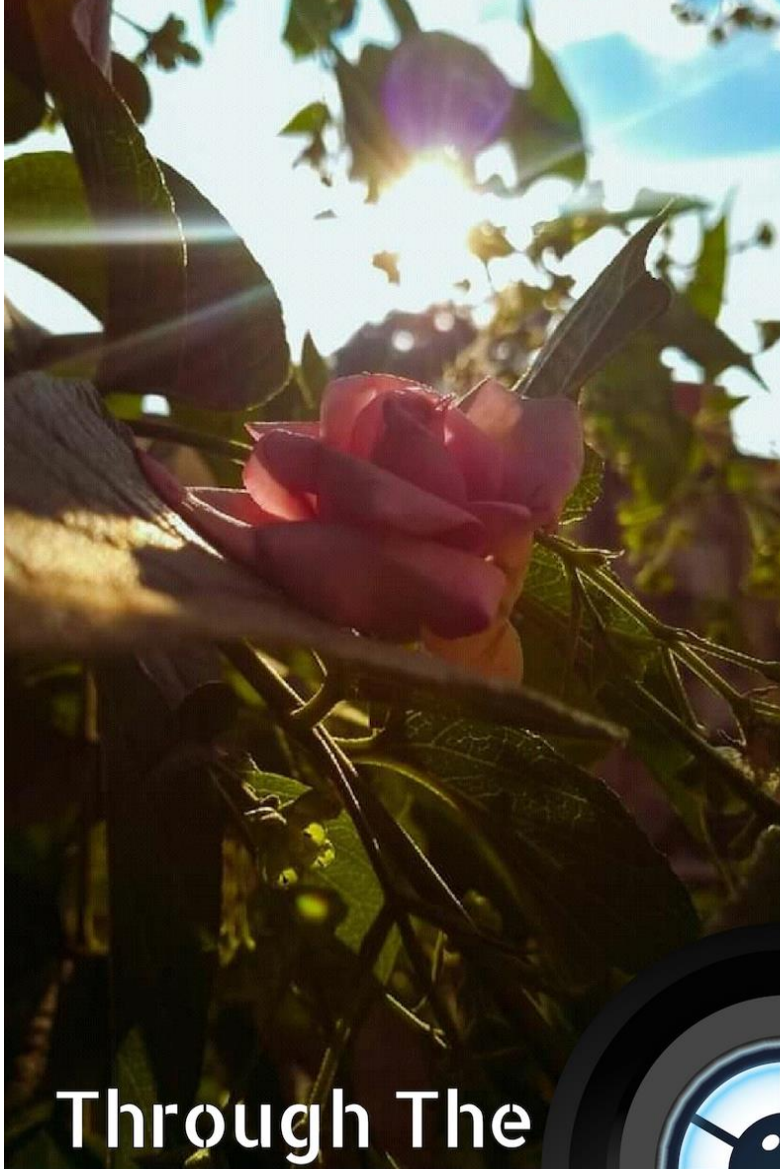
**"You should be ashamed of yourselves," said the teacher, "When I
was your age I didn't even know what a lie was."**

The boys gave the ten rupees to the teacher.

Mother: "Did you enjoy your first day at school?"

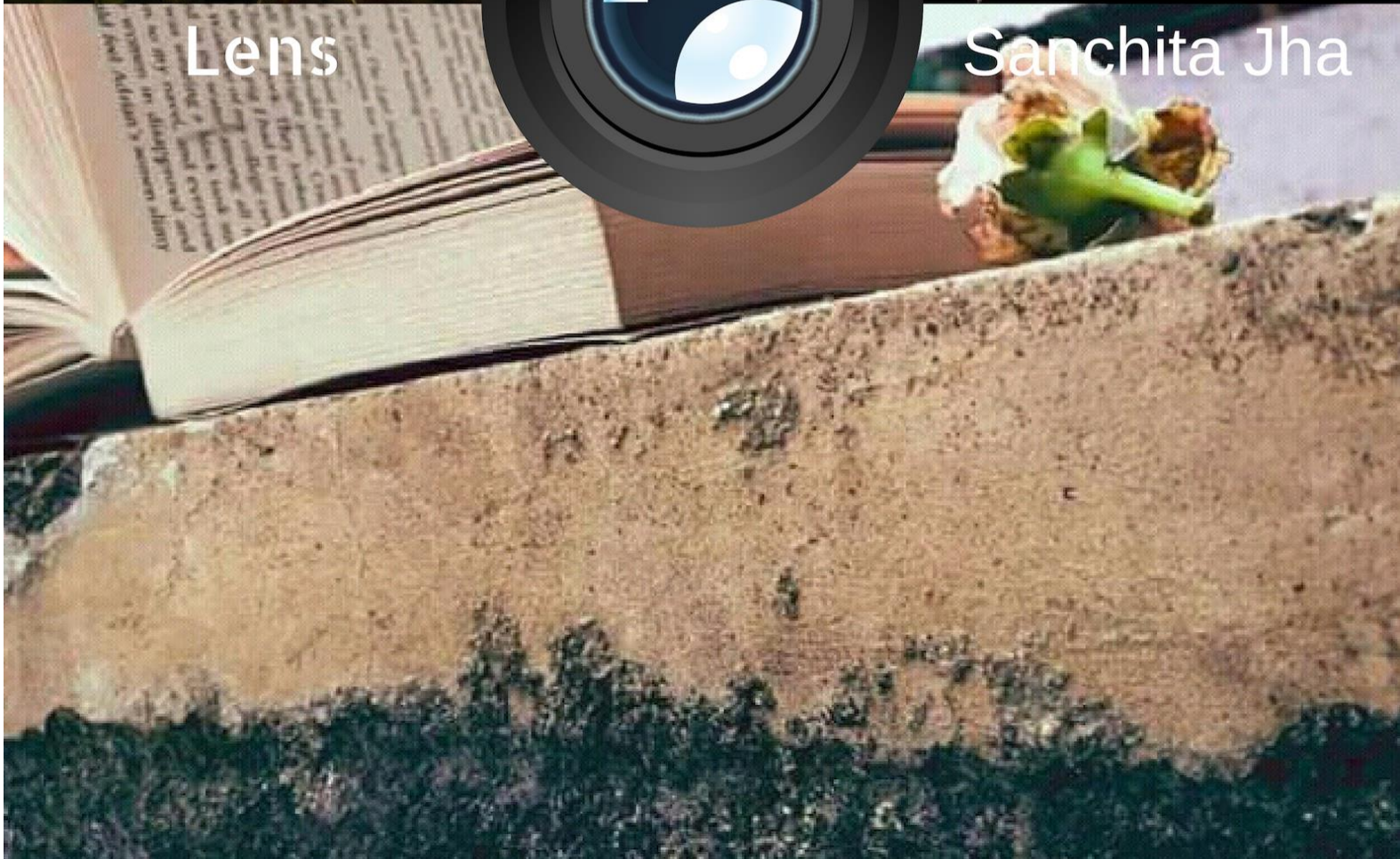
**Girl: "First day? Do you mean I have to go back
tomorrow?"**

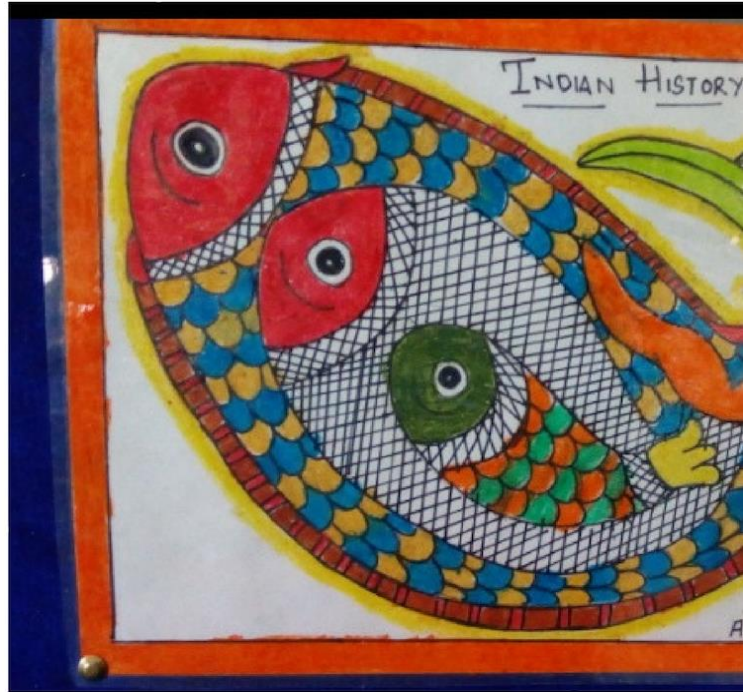
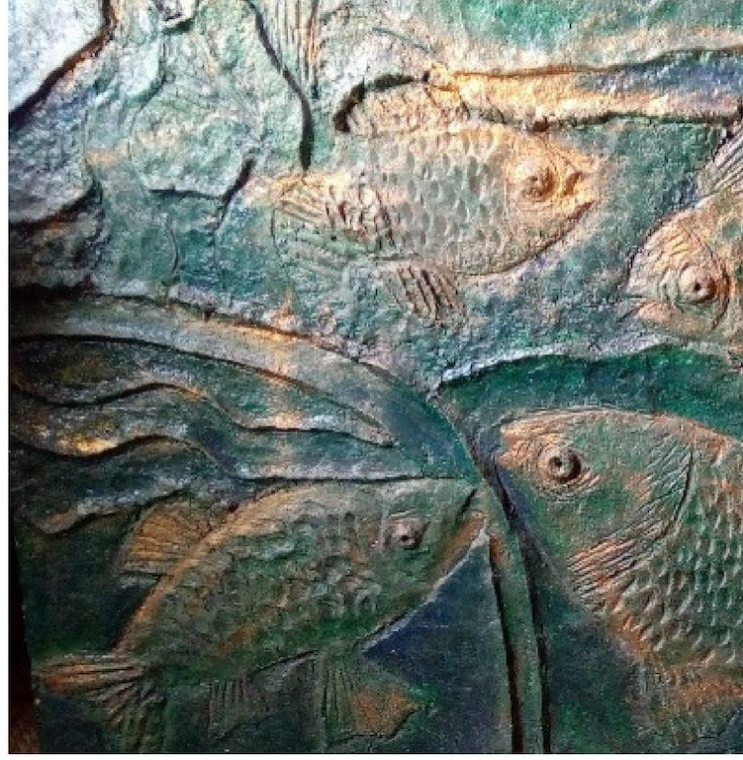
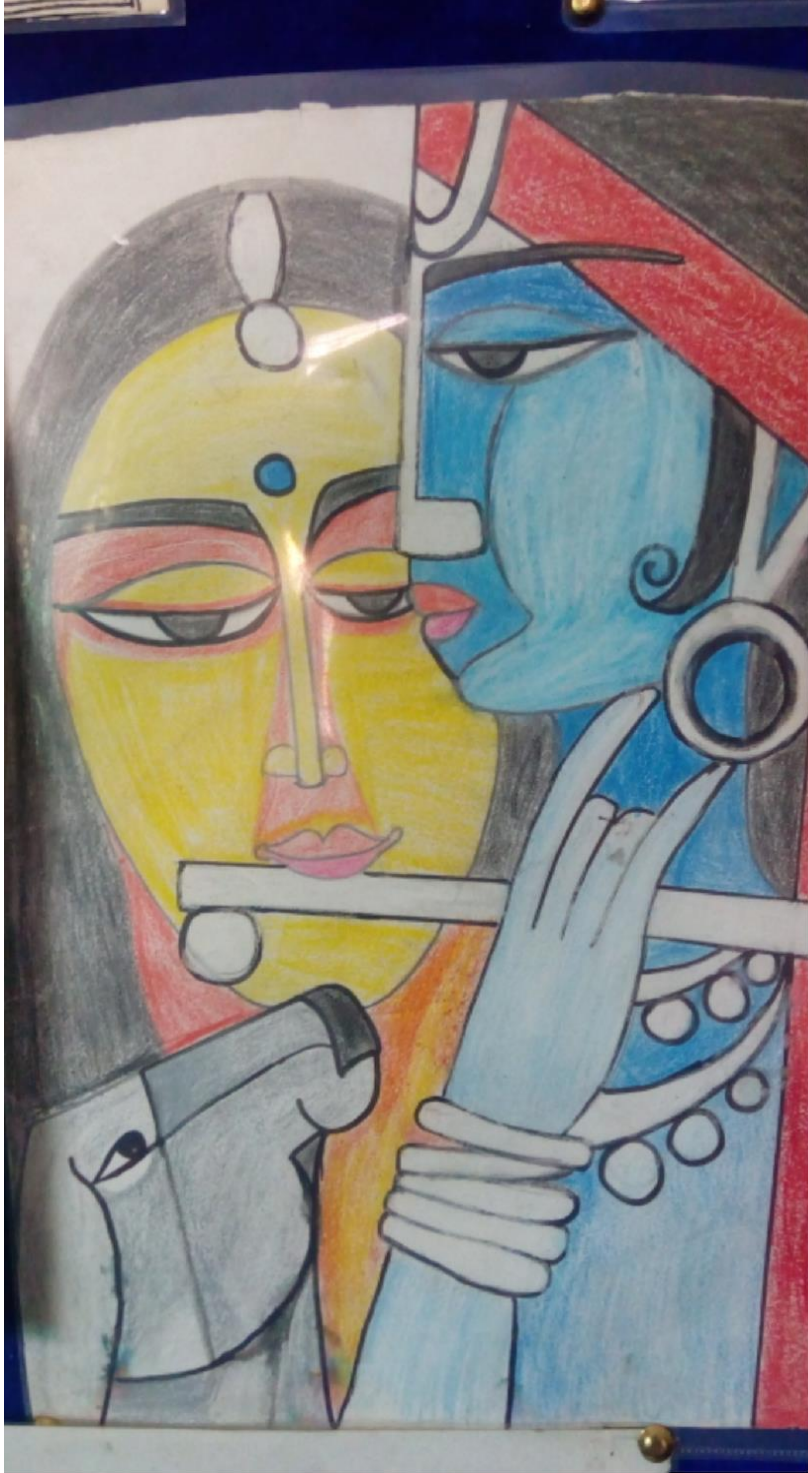




Through The
Lens

Captured By
Sanchita Jha





Art Gallery

Paintings By Students



Hari Om !

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