

Category Classes 9-12

The Real Me

Ishani Ghosh, Class X, LCTH

Topic: Racism Is Real

Yellow school bus
Summer Heat
I sit at my usual place
Trying hard
To fight back my tears
As they hold their fair hands
Up against mine.
Our hands look like vanilla and chocolate
With frostings of sweat trickling down
But all they ever see is
Black and White.
“What a contrast!” they jeeringly say
While the little ones gasp and exchange glances
The words gets etched in my memory
But a part of me fades away.
And I wonder....
Will they ever see
The real Me?

“Oh you can’t expect to be Snow White!”
The teacher looks at me with disdain
As I audition for the school play
“Hair as black as ebony”
“Lips as red as the rose”
But I don’t fit in....
For the very first, and the most crucial category—
“*Skin as Fair as Snow.*”
As I turn to leave
Some give me weird looks
Others snigger....
At my inanity
My temerity to aspire
To be ‘Snow White’
Someone I can never hope to be.
And I wonder....
Will they ever see
The real Me?

“She is growing up”
My aunts tell my mother
“Take care of her skin,”
I hear them say.
My mother makes a paste of turmeric

And smothers it over my face everyday
I wonder what I have done wrong
To deserve this!
But when will they ever see
The real Me?

I watch wistfully
From under my hat,
And all the layers of sunscreen....
The girls on summer days
Clad in short dresses of bright hues
As they bask in the sun
Without the slightest care
I can never dream of such a thing,
For simply said, it seems to be a privilege
Of the "Fair and Lovely"
So all I do is
Let my imagination take a flight of fantasy ...
For in my mind
I am free.
And I wonder....
Will they ever see
The real Me?

Sometimes I wish I were a caterpillar
And could shed
My dark skin forever ...
And emerge a fair butterfly.
Deep inside, I wait for a day
When I would transform
From an Ugly Duckling
To a graceful Swan.
But that is never to be,
And I know it.
Life is unfair, if you aren't fair.
The same question rings in my mind, once again
Will they ever see
The real Me?

I see the leaves on the trees
All around me
So many brilliant shades of green
So different
And yet so much the same
For every toddler points at the woods
And gleefully shrieks—
"Green!"
It is only later
That we learn to distinguish
Emerald green from Olive green

But the trees never do.
No matter how mighty they grow to be
They always prefer
To stand tall, together.
They know that
It is all the varied shades
That make the forest
And every tree is part of it
But perhaps....
Humans aren't as wise as the trees
And I ask myself
When will they ever see
The real Me?

And this question still lingers on in my mind
As I peer into the mirror
And then it strikes me.
I realize....
That they never will be able to see
The real Me.

The shimmer of the rarest pearls
That lie unnoticed
In the dark depths of the sea ...
The sweet, refreshing water
Deep, under all the layers of scorching desert sand ...
That one special book in the library
That lies hidden amidst the shelves,
For years on end
Waiting to be discovered ...
All these treasures remain unknown, unheard of
As no one dares to venture
That far.
And so, my true self
Deep down beneath my skin
Shall remain unknown; unheard of
As long as I live ...
And they never will see
The real Me.

There Is Much More Than What Meets The Eye

Amanat Chauhan, 11; LCTH

Topic: The young and the depressed

In just 10 years of my existence, I was told beware of men and maintain a distance.
Impervious to society influence,
"Shimla is a safe place", I'd think
this talked about my innocence.
For I thought inequality was a lie but there is much more than what meets the eye.

Not even 11 years old, I was at that time when a boy passed by uttering a very lewd line.
To my consternation,
I couldn't speak out,
there was a shiver down my spine
with so much frustration,
throughout.
Now I would play only for a while ,
before it was dark, I would return
but the boys played till nine
without any concern.

13 years old, I had my first period.
"Stop saying that loudly, you idiot"
Sanitary napkins was what I wore but pain, embarrassment and depression were a few
things that I bore.
That day our neighbour had a pooja to celebrate the birth of a boy,
for they were blessed
but I was suppose to sit at home and not enjoy.
This was hypocrisy at it's best,
as I was told that with my presence the sanctity would destroy.
Their ideologies were so unclear
because if it wasn't for periods, the boy won't have been here.

16 years old 5.9, I stood
but it was of no good
because wearing dresses and getting all decked up was what I liked,
but people misunderstood.
'Cheap' was the word they used.
Becoming a centre of attraction by wearing short dresses is what I want, they accused.
A boy wearing shorts happened to pass
without getting questioned or harassed.

In just a few years of my life,
silence is what I prioritised.
Tagged as a mistake,
I took all the sufferings in my stride.
My feelings and emotions were exploited and neglected.
I am a worthless, inferior creature,

I had accepted.
It was so difficult to function,
I was not even sure if I exist.
But people didn't stop making assumptions,
calling me names like uncooperative and spoilt continued to persist.
Every night I cried myself to sleep.
Depression had surrounded me,
The pain and agony due to unequal treatment cut so deep.
I could hear the views of my fellow young girls being silenced, ignored and shunned.
They were asking for freedom and basic rights, the society was stunned.
Because they still think inequality is a lie but there is much more than what meets the eye.

Cuts Without Scars

Tanvi Utreja, Class: XI; Loreto Convent Tara Hall

Topic: Glow & Lovely

Broken with all those cuts without scar
Only desire left was to shine like that golden star
Ripping my shirt with shaky hands I start
My wrist was the aim with blade being the dart

Suddenly everything rushed up my throat ,
Brain concluded 'Your life is too short'

Tears rolling tasted bitter
Eyes were dismayed with what they saw
Lips did not move but breath did flicker
That's when last dose of strength decided to withdraw.

Skin was now blue adorned with cuts a few
Body was unconscious, mind had no clue
Water turned to a beautiful shade of red
With my heart so calm ,felon knew I was dead.

I Had A Dream

Isha Rana, Class – 10th, Loreto Convent Tara Hall ,Shimla
Topic – The young and the depressed

I was alone in the sea,
There were voices surrounding me
and all I did was scream.

I cried for help
But these voices ignored me,
I felt lost and I wept
and then an idea struck me.

If I could get that spark in me
that could make these voices see me ,
I'd tell them how I feel and
make them understand my dreams.

I did what I had to ,
To make these voices see me
But I realized in this process ,
I had lost me.

I searched for myself ,
My identity .
Making me more distant from the ,
True me.

I woke up in a hurry
Realizing someone was calling me ,
I was late, too late
For my daily routine.

The night came again
And it was time to sleep .
And for some reason
I cried myself to sleep .

I had a dream ,
Of sitting near a beach.
The blue sky above me
The cool water against my feet .

I was writing a poem
About how I feel .
For ,there was no one sitting beside me ,
I hoped someone would understand how I felt and what I dreamed .

I wrote the poem
And gave it to the sea .
Hoped someone would find it and
Understand how I feel.

I feel the sun burn down on me
And in the distant sea I see
The voices echoing goodbye to me.

I realized in this moment I had given up my dreams
I had drowned and no one had noticed me
Maybe it was the fault in my Stars
That I had been so weak .

Category Classes 5-8

कोरोना योद्धा

नाम – नक्श पाल. कक्षा—छठी . रूटस स्कूल

दूरी है दूरी है, अभी सबसे दूरी है।
पास न जाना तुम, ये बेहद जरूरी है।
एक ही कमरे में ये दुनिया परी है।
जान से भी ज्यादा, पैसा क्या जरूरी है?

मिलकर कोरोना को हराना है।
घर से हमें कहीं नहीं जाना है।
हाथ किसी से नहीं मिलाना है।
चेहरे पर हाथ नहीं लगाना है।
बार—बार अच्छे से हाथ धोने जाना है।
सेनेटाईज करके देश को स्वच्छ बनाना है।
बचाव ही ईलाज है ये समझाना है।
कोरोना से हमको नहीं घबराना है।
सावधानी रखकर कोरोना को मिटाना है।

कोरोना के नायक

प्रियल शर्मा, कक्षा सातवीं, लौरेंटो कोनवेंट ताराहाल

सूनी ये दुनियाँ ये जहां हो गया,
हर जगह पर चौराहा वीरान हो गया।
सहम कर बैठे हैं अपने घरों में महामारी से,
सूनी ये दुनियाँ ये जहां हो गया।
लड़ रहे हैं वो जो अस्पताल में कोरोना वायरस से,
वहीं नर्स और डॉक्टर भगवान बन गया।
सूनी ये दुनियाँ ये जहां हो गया
खड़े हैं भूखे पेट सड़कों और चौराहों पर,
दे रहे हैं खाना उन जरूरतमंदों को राहों पर।
हर वर्दी वाला देश पर कुर्बान हो गया,
सूनी ये दुनियाँ ये जहां हो गया।
मत मारो पत्थर उन्हें, वो तुम्हें बचाने आए हैं,
डूब जाए न अंधकार में देश वो दिया जलाने आए हैं।
देखकर संभव नहीं जो देश शमशान हो गया,
सूनी ये दुनियाँ ये जहां हो गया,
आइए घर से बाहर न निकलकर देश को बचाएं,
आइए हम सब कोरोना के योद्धा बनकर दिखाएँ।
सूनी ये दुनियाँ ये जहां हो गया,
सूनी ये दुनियाँ ये जहां हो गया।

Stand Together

Aarav Bhardwaj, 5, Roots Country School

Topic -- Lockdown Dairies

In light of the troubles we have today,
there's just a few things I'd like to say.
Although the days of this feel long,
together as a country, we stand strong.

Share your kindness and your love,
It's no time to be mean, push and shove.
Hold on to your loved ones, hold them tight,
listen to the rules and do what's right.

Spend the previous times with your family,
Read, do puzzles, play games and be silly.
Watch Blue Peter, snuggle up on the sofa,
as mummy no longer needs to be chauffeur.

Take time to enjoy all the little things,
the small things and the pleasure it brings.
But most importantly of all,
Stay safe, be brave, we shall not fall.

An Invasion from Mars

Kavya Malik; Class 7, Vasant Valley School, New Delhi

Topic: Invasion from Mars

Listen to the pens scraping the red ground,
Listen to the story of a civilisation that was found -
As the midnight bells chimed the sky's eyes shed tears,
Stars sprawled across the sky till the lights made them disappear.
White and bright, it appeared, a transport never seen in the past,
The spaceship gave a bang on Earth, for the first time and the last.

The dark took the shape of soldiers forming a line to defend,
Blinding them were creatures giving off the aura of an end.
With colourful slim bodies and shiny eyes that glowed in the night,
Those eyes filled with power gave off the will to fight.

The Martians as they claimed drew their lasers out,
Red beams passed the military whose minds were clouded with doubt.
Soon the fight commenced, and it was quite a sight to see,
As clouds of dust covered the thick growth of trees.

When dawn began to break, the invaders began to retreat,
The light of the day was too much for their eyes to meet.
But the rocket for some reason couldn't take its flight,
Not before scientists broke through the barriers of the night.

Their research was intense as a million thoughts filled their head,
For days they cowered before the science as all details were read.
The proof of a Martian metropolis rose through the bubbles and smoke,
Thus, the invasion paved a way to the city that finally on Earth awoke.

Category Classes 2-4

My Last Outing

Samaira Thakur, Class 4, LCTH

Topic: My Last Outing

I went to the Mall last Sunday,
It turned out to be my fun day
My Mom and me walked up to the Mall,
Mom tells me walking might make me tall!
Oh i have stayed indoors during lockdown,
I really dont like it, it makes me frown!
I love the Mall especially the Toy shop,
I keep seeing toys there untill i drop,
but what a sight i saw there that day,
the Mall was almost empty most
of the way!
Few people were strolling on the Mall,
they were wearing masks and did not seem to be having a ball!
Suddenly my tummy started rumbling, I wanted to eat a pizza and my tongue started tingling
,
Mummy ordered a pizza margarita for me,
it was so delicious and perfect to the T!
We walked to the Ridge, i love to see the blue mountains from there,
they seem so calm and peaceful and full of care
The Mall though was not what i remembered it to be ,
It used to be happy, lively and carefree,
now all are careful and wear masks,
its good in a way to stay safe while this Corona lasts.
I hope to go on more happy outings now, it helps me stay in a good mood,
Plus i have always been a foodie so i can eat all the yummy Mall food

When World Stood Still

Astitva Hastir, Class 4, AHBS

Topic: Lockdown Dairies

The sun was shining bright,
When suddenly clouds covered it's radiant light.
The darkness was hindering the sun,
While we were having all the fun.

I was eating ice cream,
Though it was in my dream.
Out of the hut when I came,
The world around was no longer the same.

To my great wonder,
World was struck with Corona's thunder.
Virus was spreading making life stand still,
We must have done something against God's sweet will.

I could hear all the people scream,
But none of it was for an ice-cream.
Our greed often to win,
Make us commit countless sin.

At night I thought about future and cure
Prayed to lord people suffer no more.
Harmoniously will we live if opportunity 'He' gave,
And be gratefully for all the lives that one can save.