



GRADE VIII A & B



GRADE VIII C & D

The Noodles Test

Sanya's samosas are always crunchy,
 Manya's pizzas are always munchy,
 Tanya's pasta fills my tummy,
 Oh! Why do my friends' lunches taste so yummy?
 While I'm always fussy of food cooked by
 mummy?
 Then one fine day, I find mom sick,
 So the ladle, I have to pick.
 Indomie would be quick.
 But alas! I forget to check the noodles,
 And a gooey mess is what I get in oodles!
 A tear runs down my cheek,
 As my tummy rumbles and I feel weak.
 Mom! I miss your homely food,
 Eating which, I always feel good.
 Now I miss your food, but I don't

Shooting Star

When I look up into the sky,
 I see the figures of the shining stars
 All of them are shining in their own way,
 They are just like the people that are around me
 That's right. And that is the reason why
 I too want to shine for once,
 Closing my eyes and talking to my heart,
 I entrust my heart to a shooting star.
 It's the park I used to go to,
 Just sitting here, looking at the sunset,
 And also thinking of my dreams.
 Things I had; things that I have lost,
 Since I was six years old.
 I feel like a bird inside a cage,
 That has no more hopes of flying.
 Then I remember that I used to

POETS' CORNER

I'll Be Here

When you are sad and depressed
I'll be here to put a smile on your face.
When you crying
I'll be here to wipe away your tears.
When you are lonely
I'll be here to play with you.
When you want to say something,
I'll be here to listen to you.
When you want any help
I'll be here to support you.
When you fall sick
I'll be here to take care of you.
By Samiksha S.M. (Gr. III)

e-traumatise

Please rid me of
This awful load
Preparing for the Grade IX Board.
My thirsty mind
Craves to create
Not have exams
Decide my fate.
My wondrous eyes,
Yearn to explore
Much beyond my classroom door.
My dreams should not
Be cut to size
Because I hate to memorize
If you test me
For brain and guile
Don't have to look
At percentiles.
A free ride on
An ego trip
With textbooks!
Should start to surf
Inquiringly
Look for new turf.
Walk away from
The trodden path
Yet not invite
The teacher's wrath.
Solving a sum
Will not help find
Real answers to
A questioning mind.
Create the space
For me to run
Let learning be
A lot of fun.
By Devanshi Bhardwaj (IX C)

My Wonderful Mother

After God, I see my Mummy,
Who cooks food that is very yummy.
It's a lot of fun when I play with her,
She loves me and my little sister.
She helps me to make my mind and body strong,
She's always behind me to correct me when I am
wrong.
She helps me with my studies,
And often call over my buddies.
My Mother—I know she cares,
And every Sunday, she oils my hair.
She is there to resolve all my worries,
And inspires me with her childhood stories.
Me, my sister and her make a good team,
And often have a good treat of ice cream.
She shares her joy and grief with me,
We're the best of friends as friends can be!
By Ananya Khurana (IV E)

Planets

Planets are there ten,
Explored by NASA and other men.
Mercury, the god of commerce,
trade and bravery.
Being closest to the sun,
it is the 'killer of misery'.

Venus is known as the 'sister of the earth'
But for the sources of life,
There is a lot of dearth.
Earth is our home.
It is the only planet with places like India and
Rome.

Mars is as red as blood,
There is always a drought and never a flood.
Jupiter, the fourth brightest object in the sky
So huge in size, not completely dry.
Saturn has hydrogen, water, and methane.
But these elements have never been enough
To reduce rain.

Uranus has twenty-seven moons
With rocks, ice and sand dunes.
Neptune, the last planet visited by any spaceship.
And to Pluto, no satellite has had a trip.
2003vbb313, is the planet discovered anew.
So the information about it is very new...
By Devanshi Bhardwaj

My Precious Friend

We all need someone
To talk to in our life,
A friend to whom we run
I times of stress or strife.
A friend who's always there
Throughout the years,
A friend we know will care
And take away our fears.
A friend who's always near,
Waiting for our call,
To wipe away our tears,
And lift us when we fall.
A loving friend indeed,
On whom we can depend
To fulfil our every need
Thank you precious friend.
By Ankit Kumar (IV E)

God's Gift

Roaming in the wagon of life
I see God, Oh Christ,
Gifting the gorgeous gift of life,
To souls, drifting capriciously
In need of light,

Transformed to different figures,
Thanking God with delight
Promising to reach greater heights.

Betrayal! Betrayal! Betrayal!
What the god gets..
Promises! All broken, human forgets
Destruction and killing,
the new swears
Without a word,
the Lord understands
Threats of doom, the end..

The lost memory is never found
And the human still pretends...
By Akshat Bharti (Gr. XII A)

Today's Cobweb—Tomorrow's Shackle

Abhishek was a boy with everything in him,
But his two bad habits made all things look dim.
Everyone knew his secret to quick success,
But, then an expert cheat he was no less.

He lied about things simple and things unbelievable,
But never did his conscience prick his mind so stable.
He promoted himself to stealing from his mates,
Till he gained their distrust and their hate.

Not an ounce of remorse, he would show..
What would come to him...he didn't know.
When he went to college, the time to form new bonds,

There seemed no one with whom he could get along!
You see, they all knew what he was like.
And the girls treated him as an unpleasant tyke.

Now unfortunately for him, fate had other plans in store
Because when he walked in for an interview,
The eyes of an old classmate into him bore.
He knew at once, he wouldn't get this job,
Since this classmate was one he had robbed!

Ten years passed
He was leading an obscure life
When one day he was told by his wife
It was found to be in your son's holding
Something that's worth a million scoldings.
He has left us with no face, no respect,
His image with his own hands, he has wrecked.

Abhishek, called his son for a 'talking to'.
And began to say, once again, what was untrue
"Son, I have never once cheated or lied in my life..

He stopped before he could complete his biggest lie
He was fibbing to his son, he could not go on
And he realized what his son from his father had drawn.

His peace of mind, had now been lost..
Of all his exploits, he was paying the cost
Too late he realised

"Success by unfair action
Leads along the path to destruction".

By Sanjana Lokur (Gr. X C)

The Earth

Beautiful and pretty, the earth used to be,
Flying everywhere—tiny honey bee.
Wires put up to connect us,
Harmful effects to animals it does.
Murderers of tiny creatures we are,
Scenic beauty of earth is going afar.
Wherever I go—I see people cutting trees,
Here my friend is complaining about breeze..
Stop destroying the earth,
It is our great wealth.
Let the trees live their life,
Don't cut them with a knife.
People don't allow birds to fly with their wings,
Let's punish the creatures who are doing such things.
But a hope is still alive,
That the earth will come back to life.

By Sakshi Chahar (VII E)

The Dark Circle

The number of bomb blasts are uncountable,
And so are the drops of blood in the water so unstable.
The number of people who cried,
The number of people who died
Keep rising like a tide.

But all this was done
By none other than humans
With thick blood of monsters
Flowing in their veins,
They overlook the cries.
Have no fear of Jesus Christ.
Love and affection do not exist in their dictionary
Neither does the word-humanity.

Your eyes can only fall across smoke,
That leaves you with a choking throat.
They don't feel scared even before the temple of God.
After their wasteful deeds—no apology to the Lord.
Someone lost their father,
Someone lost a brother,
Seeking her son, is a mother.
Someone is injured.
Someone is dead.
Their body laid out on a hospital bed.
Someone searches...someone cries,
And no one bothers
If someone dies.

They continue to preach
The path of the dark circle,
Which can only be changed
By a miracle.

By Vishakha Nohwal (VIII A)

अनमोल मोती

- सत्याग्रह की लड़ाई हमेशा दो प्रकार की होती है एक जुल्मों के खिलाफ ई-दूसरी स्वयं की दुर्बलता के विरुद्ध।
- सरदार पटेल
- कष्ट ही तो वह प्रेरक शक्ति है जो मनुष्य को कसौटी पर परखती है और आगे बढ़ाती है।
- सावरकर
- सही स्थान पर बोया गया सुकर्म का बीज ही महान फल देता है।
- कथा सरित्सागर
- चाहे गुरु पर हो या ईश्वर पर, श्रद्धा अवश्य रखनी चाहिए क्यों कि बिना श्रद्धा के सब बातें व्यर्थ होती हैं।
- समर्थ रामदास
- बाधाएँ व्यक्ति की परीक्षा होती हैं उनसे उत्साह बढ़ाना चाहिए, मंद नहीं पड़ना चाहिए।
- यशपाल
- अध्यापक राष्ट्र की संस्कृति के चतुर माली होते हैं वे संस्कारों की जड़ों में खूब देते हैं और अपने श्रम से उन्हें सींच-सींच कर महाप्राण शक्तियाँ बनाते हैं।
- महर्षि अरविंद
- जैसे अंधे के लिए जगत अंधकारमय है और आँखों वाले के लिए प्रकाशमय है वैसे ही अज्ञानी के लिए जगत दुखदायक है और ज्ञानी के लिए आनंदमय।
- संपूर्णानंद
- नम्रता और मीठे वचन ही मनुष्य के आभूषण होते हैं शेष सब नाममात्र के भूषण हैं।

ईशिता यादव

हिंदी की आवाज़

हिंदी की जान है खतरे में

दम नहीं रहा कतरे- कतरे में।

सहम रही है सुबक रही है

एक- एक सौंस को तरस रही है।

दी हिंदी ने ये दुहाई सबको

अपनाई अंग्रेजी तो हिंदी पराई कब क्यों।

हँस- हँस अंग्रेजी बोलते हैं

दुख में हिंदी में ही मुँह खोलते हैं।

अपना वही सच्चा है

जो दुख में सबसे अच्छा है।

अभी समय है जान ये लो

पहचान महत्व हिंदी का इसे भी अपने साथ में लो।

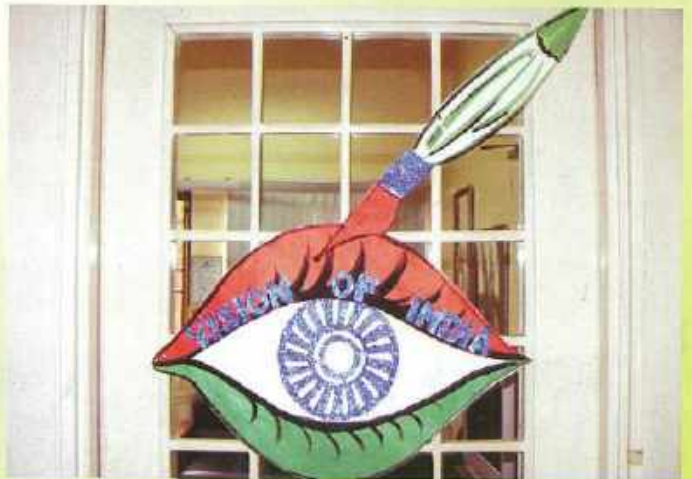
चिनिता शर्मा

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NATIONAL FESTIVALS

INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATIONS





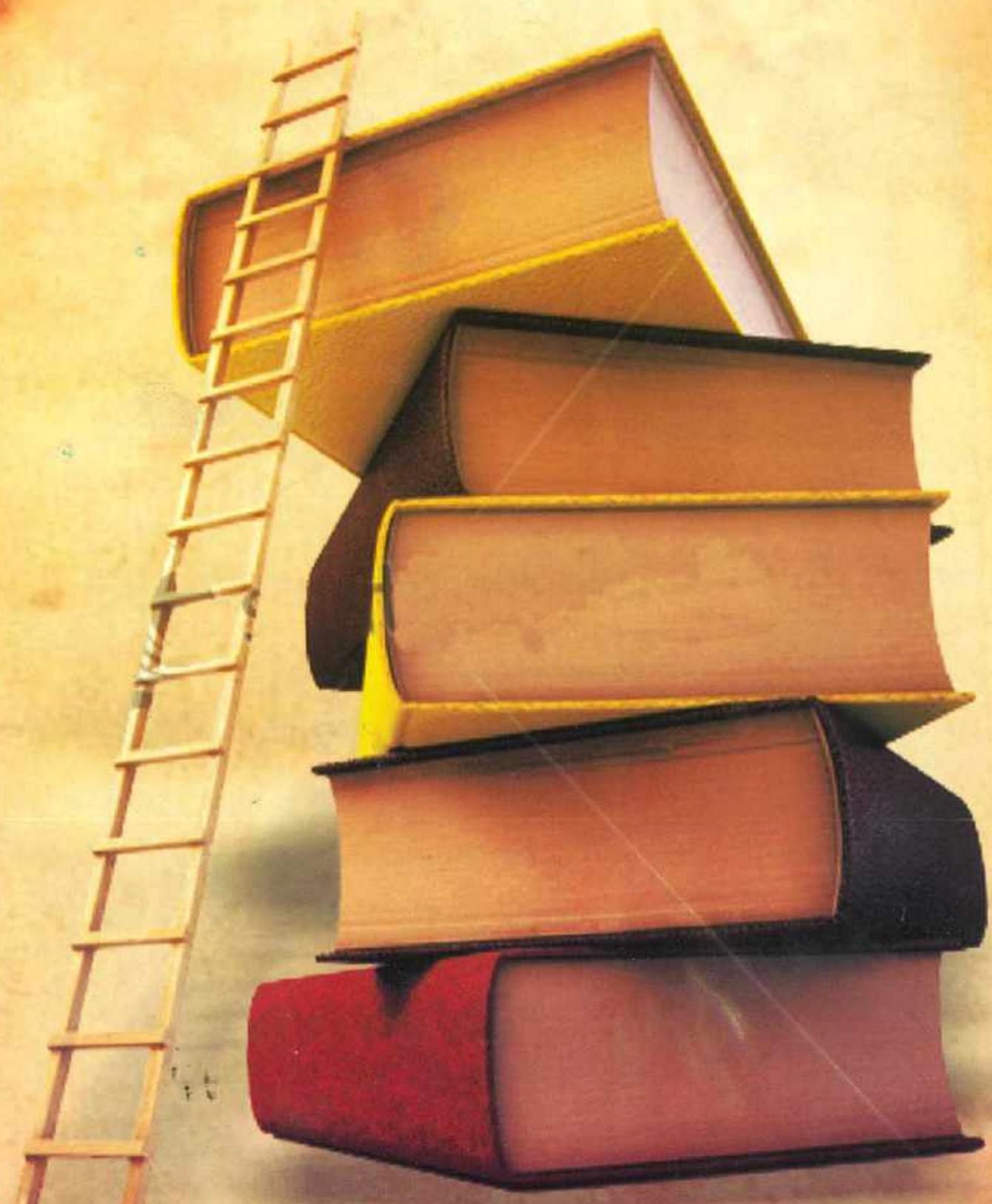


REPUBLIC DAY



SPLASH INTER-SCHOOL ART COMPETITION





SENIORS



Mrs. Sonali Gupta
Vice Principal



Dr. Mrs. Manisha Jain
Co-ordinator



Mrs. Rashmi Lakhanpal
Supervisor



Mrs. Ishita Yadav
Supervisor



Mrs. Kavita Khullar
Supervisor



Mrs. Geetika Tandon
Supervisor



Mrs. Nisha Ramchandani
Supervisor



Mrs. Geetanjali Bajaj
Supervisor



DISCIPLINE S COMMITTEE



SPORT S COMMITTEE



GRADE IX A & B



GRADE IX C



GRADE X A & C



GRADE XB



GRADE XIA



GRADE XII B & C



GRADE XII A, B & C

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LIFE IN SCHOOL

BAL DIN AT ILS

The school organized BAL DIN for the students of ILS on 15th Feb, 2012. It is a school fair which is organized by the staff for the students every year. In this fair several food stalls were set up by the teachers. The entire food and games were available for the students at a highly reduced price. The whole idea of this fair was to providing a few hours of enjoyment for students at school.

The Most Profitable Stall was the Pao Bhaji Stall. We had some of the finest chefs (teachers) preparing the authentic Bhaji. The all time favorite was the Channa Tikki Stall which is and has been The Most Popular Stall since the time the tradition of BAL DIN started in school. The Channa Tikki Stall teachers have lived up to the standard of maintaining the taste year after year. Most children loved the Hot Pizza at the Pizza Stall. It was thrilling for them to get pizzas in school.

The Ice Cream Stall was a big hit amongst the students and teachers. Everyone had several helpings of the same. The Chat and Pani Puri Chatpatta Stalls were popular amongst the teenagers. The Jalebi Stall which served the hot jalebies was highly appreciated by all. Popcorn and Candy Floss have been an all time favorite with ILS kids. This stall had long queues all along the Mela.

The office staff organized the Quench My Thirst Stall. Lassi and water were a big relief in the hot weather. Another hit stall was the Potato-Wedges Stall. Children loved eating the hot French Fries. For the first time the school put up KFC Stall and the Cake Stall. All stocks of chicken and cake were completely sold out.

The Cold drink Stall was yet another busy stall where the students kept the teachers and parent volunteers on their toes all the time.

A lot of innovative games were the highlight of this year's Bal Mela. Children worked hard and came up with exciting games. Some of the hot favourites were 3 Idiots, Gold Digger, Puppet Hunt and Cars of Fortune. A number of stalls had water based games like Sponge Bob, Shoot the Aliens and Searching the Lids. They were a big hit as it gave everyone an opportunity to cool down. There were age old games with new names like Stick in the Desert, Fire on the Wire, Pirates' Treasure and Pyramid.

There were two new entrants in this year's BAL Mela. One was a stall by the name 'Let it Rip'. Players ejected their blades into a plastic arena where they subsequently strike each other. The last top still spinning wins. The other one was 'Magic Tricks' by our very own version of PC Sarkar Amanjeet Singh of Grade 12 A. Aman organized card tricks with two of his assistants and had everyone mystified and spell bound.

Grade 5 B came up with an interesting game of pairs called 'Magic Ball'. One of the highest grocers was the Grade 8D stall 'Walk the Ball' a very innovative game. Another popular stall was Grade 7B's 'Roll it'. But as usual the show stealer was the 'JAIL' with it's over enthusiastic and energetic jailors. Like always, they did a roaring business.

Not to forget the book lovers had a stall to suit their taste The Book Stall. It was heartening to see the children queuing up to pick up books of their choice.

The show stealer was the HUGE jumping Castle and the train ride which was enjoyed by one and all.



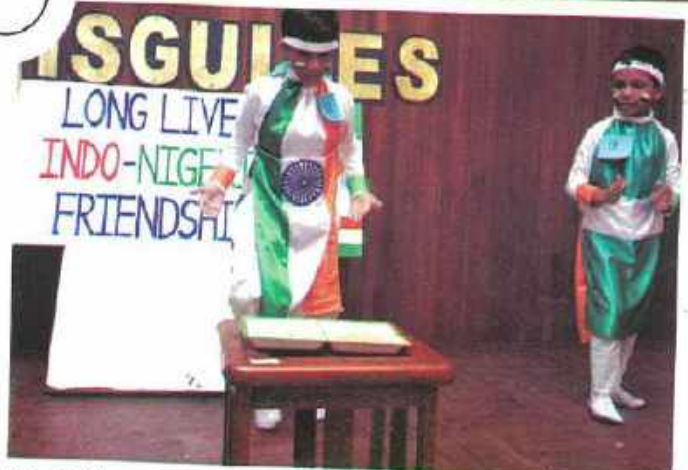




GLOBAL AWARENESS IN SCHOOL



'DISGUISES' JAN 2012







FATHERS' DAY



INAUGURATION OF SWIMMING POOL 19TH APRIL 2011



ACTIVE LEARNING



ACTIVE LEARNING



OSAILS OTAILS MEET





MUSIC COMPETITION



POETRY ENACTMENT COMPETITION



TEACHER'S DAY





GIVE IT A THOUGHT

THANKS FOR YOUR TIME

A young man learns what's most important in life from the guy next door.

It had been some time since Jack had seen the old man. College, girls, career and life itself got in the way. In fact, Jack moved across the country in pursuit of his dreams. There, in the rush of his busy life, Jack had little time to think about the past and often no time to spend with his wife and son. He was working on his future and nothing could stop him.

Over the phone, his mother told him, "Mr. Belser died last night. The funeral is on Wednesday." Memories flashed through his mind like an old newsreel as he sat quietly remembering his childhood days. "Jack did you hear me?" "Oh sorry Mom. Yes, I heard you. It's been so long since I thought of him. I'm sorry, but I honestly thought he died years ago," Jack said.

"Well, he didn't forget you. Every time I saw him he'd ask how you were doing. He'd reminisce about the many days you spent over "his side of the fence" as he put it," Mom told him. "I loved that old house he lived in," Jack said. "You know, Jack, after your father died, Mr. Belser stepped in to make sure you had a man's influence in your life," she said.

"He's the one who taught me carpentry," Jack said. "I wouldn't be in this business if it weren't for him. He spent a lot of time teaching me things he thought were important. . . Mom, I'll be there for the funeral." As busy as he was, he kept his word. Jack caught the next flight to his hometown. Mr. Belser's funeral was small and uneventful. He had no children of his own, and most of his relatives had passed away. The night before he had to return home, Jack and his Mom stopped by to see the old house next door, one more time. Standing in the doorway, Jack paused for a moment. It was like crossing over into another dimension, through space and time. The house was exactly as he remembered. Every step held memories. Every picture, every piece of furniture. . . Jack stopped suddenly. "What's wrong, Jack?" his Mom asked. "The box is gone," he said. "What box?" Mom asked. "There was a small box that he kept locked on top of his desk. I must have asked him a thousand times what was inside. All he'd ever tell me was "the thing I value most," Jack said. It was gone. Everything about the house was exactly as Jack remembered it, except for the box. He figured someone from the Belser family had taken it. "Now I'll never know what was so valuable to him," Jack said. "I better get some sleep. I have an early flight home, Mom." It had been about two weeks since Mr. Belser died. Returning home from work one day Jack discovered a note in his mailbox. "Signature required on a package. No one was at home. Please stop by the main post office within the next three days," the note read. Early the next day Jack retrieved the package. The small box was old and looked like it had been mailed a hundred years ago. The handwriting was difficult to read, but the return address caught his attention. "Mr. Harold Belser" it read. Jack took the box out to his car and ripped open the package. There inside was the gold box and an envelope. Jack's hands shook as he read the note inside. "Upon my death, please forward this box and its contents to Jack Bennet. It's the thing I value the most in my life." A small key was taped to the letter. His heart racing, as tears filled his eyes, Jack carefully unlocked the box. There inside he found a beautiful gold pocket watch. Running his fingers slowly over the finely etched casing, he unlatched the cover. Inside he found these words engraved: "Jack, thanks for your time!---Harold Belser."

"The thing he valued most was . . . my time"

"Life is not measured by the number of breaths we take but by the moments that take our breath away."

Contributed by **Rushil Chulani (Grade XII B)**

A SMALL STORY

A and a girl were playing together. The boy had a collection of marbles. The girl had some sweets with her. The boy told the girl that he would give her all his marbles in exchange for her sweets. The girl agreed. The boy kept the biggest and the most beautiful marble aside and gave the rest to the girl. The girl gave him all the sweets as she had promised. That night the girl slept peacefully. The boy could not sleep as he kept wondering if the girl had hidden some sweets the way he had hidden his best marble.

The moral of the story

Always give your hundred percent to everything that you do and sleep peacefully

Dhrishti Chulani (Grade V B)

MOTHER

Mothers are the best thing to get in the whole world. I feel very sorry for the children who do not have mothers. The children who have mothers are very lucky.

My mother has travelled to India—if you ask me, how I feel at home I would say I feel frustrated and get unkind thoughts about her for leaving me like this. But when my mother is there I get relieved from all these thoughts.

Thank God for mothers.

Armaan Gupta (Grade III C)

The Secret of Happiness

The mysterious Lady keeps eluding us, though sometimes we spend our entire lifetime running after her. What after all is Happiness? Is it a commodity that we can buy with money or something to be acquired from others or external factors? The modern consumerist and materialistic society may hint at the former as their aphorism is – 'The more you have, the better you are!' But, surely it's not so. The definition of happiness may vary as each one looks at it from a different perspective. For some it might mean Success, Wealth and Money. For others Academic or Sports laurels and achievements. To a few – good health, peace and well-being and to some others – creativity, beauty, art, literature and maybe spirituality. One thing is certain – it is Not a commodity to be bought, but an inner feeling, an emotion which gives us a relaxed feeling of wellness – we feel – 'God's in his Heaven and all's well with the World!' It makes us feel good, and do good – probably it's the stepping stone to spirituality or the first rung to godliness.

But, why is it that this wonderful quality keeps eluding us? Why is it that our quota of unhappiness seems to overpower our happiness? The reasons are not all that difficult to find. Our endless desires and cravings, the urge to get more, more and even more! This leads to dissatisfaction and ultimately unhappiness. Unhealthy comparisons and failures also make us unhappy. And not to forget the Green-Eyed Monster – Jealousy – a major cause of unhappiness!

Is there no remedy? Sure, there is. Have you seen a baby? – Its smiling innocent face – its carefree gurgles and wondrous twinkle in its eyes? Why can't we retain this child-like sense of innocence in our adult lives? This could definitely make us happy. If we believe in the 'Bhagwad Gita' and keep doing our duty, without thinking of the reward, probably sorrows could be kept at bay. The other secret may be in being thankful and appreciative of what we already have, instead of hankering after more. We should strive to be contented. Retain the goodness in you and spread good cheer around by just a guideless S-M-I-L-E. Light up your life and those of others, through kindness, compassion and care. If you follow these simple rules – happiness cannot be far behind. If you are feeling blue, look inwards, practice a little meditation and it'll help you overcome the gloom!

"The secret of Happiness is to count your blessings, while others are counting up their sorrows!"

By – Akankshita Mukhopadhyay (Grade XII C)

The Other Face of Facebook

While creating Facebook, Mark Zuckerberg would never have imagined, in his wildest dreams to what extent this unleashed monster of a social networking media, would impact people's lives and society. Little did he think it would hypnotize an entire generation. Today youngsters ignore hunger, thirst, sleep, studies and neglect their parents and loved ones to get hooked on to Facebook...

This amazingly popular American business describes itself as a social utility that 'connects you with people around you'. But, hang on... Why on earth would I need a computer to connect with people around me? These kinds of websites are as narcissistic as you can get on the internet. Think about it: People post hundreds of pictures of themselves posing with their friends, so that people will comment. Why? Do people seriously need to prove that they have friends? People have huge conversations on their walls, so everyone can see them. What's the point? If you really want to talk to someone, why don't you just e-mail them? Or phone them? Or actually go and see them? Why do you want everyone to see your conversation. It is like standing on a stage and having a conversation into a microphone.

Ask any college student and they will tell you that they have a love-hate relationship with Facebook. They love how it lets them connect with friends all over the world, but hate the way it devours their time...

The fact that you can type someone's name into the search box and it will find them is kind of creepy..

There are unique aspects of Facebook that can make it a particularly tough social landscape to navigate for kids already dealing with poor self-esteem. ... With in-you-face friends' tallies, status updates and photos of happy-looking kids having great times, Facebook can make some kids feel even worse if they think that they don't measure up.

And does Facebook really connect people? Doesn't it rather disconnect us? Instead of doing something enjoyable such as talking and eating with our friends, we are merely sending them little ungrammatical notes and amusing pictures in cyberspace, while chained to our desks. I hold Facebook accountable for destroying real life friendships, intrusion of privacy, intrusion of privacy, and for producing a whole generation of 'Mouse-Potatoes' without a sense of individuality or identity...

Extracts from a debate – by Anushka Sen, Rea Kurien and (Prerna Pruhlad? Vandana Dohwani?)

POLLUTION AND GLOBAL WARMING

Pollution is much worse than global warming because global warming is caused by pollution. Pollution!!! We all know about it but never take action against it.

Polythene bags and tissues are big No's. Jute bags-yes. Tearing paper –no. Cars are a big No for people who live near their place of work or for children living very near schools.

The three R'S

REUSE REDUCE RECYCLE AND MAKE OUR PLANET LAST

I smile

I smile at those splendid nights
When they indulged in those sorrowful fights
I smile at those curled lips
Crying their hearts inside
I smile at those wet eyes
For petty things, emotions they can't hide
I smile at those tyrannical kings
Who blinded with power ended in misery
I smile at those corrupt jokers or the so-called wise men
Whose life is a joke itself
I smile at those who made the wrong choices
Murdered others for some Rolls Royce
I smile at those, tagged 'unworthy'
Whose stomachs cry a groan of hunger
I smile at this uneven world
Where a family is halved between a cycle and a hummer
Wise are not wise and amateur not amateur
I smile at this earth
Whose historical triumphs have changed into untended pain
I smile at this life
Given to me to smile
So I smile, I smile, I smile.

Homework, I love you

Homework, I love you. I think that you are great.
Its wonderful fun when you keep me up late
I think you the best when I'm totally stressed,
Preparing and cramming all nights for a test
Homework, I love you. What more can I say?
I love to do hundreds of problems each day
You boggle my mind and you make me go blind
But still I am thrilled that you were assigned.
Homework, I love you. I tell you it's true.
There's nothing more fun or exciting to do
You are never a chore, for it's you I adore
I wish that our teacher would hand you out more.
Homework, I love you. You thrill me inside.
I'm filled with emotions. I'm fit to be tied
I cannot complain when you frazzle my brain.
Of course, that's because I'm completely insane.
Kenn Nesbitt

A Lesson Learnt the Hard Way

Abhishek Sharma was a boy, with everything in him
But his two bad habits made all good things look dim.
Everyone knew his secret to quick success –
But than an expert cheat, he was no less.
His soft parents had let his bad habits grow
So by middle school, he was something of a pro.
He lied about things simple and things unbelievable
But never did his conscience prick his mind so stable
He promoted himself to stealing from his mates
Till he gained all their distrust and sometimes their hate.
Not an ounce of remorse, he would show
And what would come to him, he didn't know.
When he went to college, the time to form new bonds,
There seemed no one with whom he got along!
You see, they all knew what he was like
And the girls treated him like an unpleasant tyke.
He went through this stage till it was that time
Where he got the responsibility to save each dime.
Now, unfortunately for him, fate had other plans in store
Because when he walked in for his interview,
the eyes of his classmate, into him, bore.
He knew at once he wouldn't get the job
Since his classmate was the one who he had robbed.

.....

10 years past, he was leading a silent life,
When one day he was told this by his wife:
'It was found to be in your son's holding,
Something that's worth a million scoldings.
He has left us with no face, no respect –
His image, with his own hands he has wrecked.'
Abhishek called his son for a talking-to
To begin to say, once again, what was untrue:
'Son, I have never once cheated or lied in my...'
He stopped before he could complete his biggest lie.
He was fibbing to his son – he could not go on
He realized what his son, from his father, had drawn
And the ideas on which his young thoughts had been built,
Into disbelief began to tilt.
Abhishek's piece of mind had now been lost;
Of all his exploits, he was paying the cost.
Too late, he realized that success by unfair ways
Leads to a path where unpredictable peril lays.
Sanjana Lokur (Grade X C)

BRAIN STUDY...

F1w4713hy 5p34k1ng?
Good Example Of A Brain Study:
if You Can Read This You Have A
Strong Mind:
7h15 M3554g3
53rv35 7o Pr0v3
H0w Our M1nd5 C4n

D0 4m4zing 7h1ng51
1mpr3551v3 7hing5!
1n 7h3 B3g1nn1ng
17 Wa5 H4rd Bu7
N0w, 0n 7h15 Lin3
Y0ur M1nd 1s
R34d1ng 17

4u70m471e4lly
W17h 0u7 3v3n
7h1nk1ng 4b0u7 17,
B3 Proud! Only
C3r741n P30p13 C4n
R3ad 7h15
Rushil Chulani (Grade XII B)

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PERSONALITY DEVELOPMENT WEEK AT ILS

Personality is like a building. Just as a building can exist only when it has a strong foundation, a personality can impress others only when it has a formidable basis. This strong foundation is supplied by character and behavior. If personality is developed on the solid base of values and ethics, it will last forever. Keeping this in mind the Personality Development week at ILS was held from 18th July, 2011 to 22nd July, 2011. In this week emphasis was laid on various aspects of personality. Competitions like quizzes and role plays were also organized.



Personality development is an essential part of preparing a young person to face life and several factors contribute towards the building of an impressive personality. In keeping with the holistic approach that we adopt at school, we held a Personality Week from July 18th 2011 to 22nd July 2011. A range of activities were conducted at school. Competitions such as quizzes and role play were held. Several of the teachers addressed the students and dealt with various aspects of good personality. The session on good manners and etiquette dealt with posture, smart dressing, the etiquette of greeting, table manners and ways to inculcate good behaviour. Communication skills, leadership skills and team management, honesty, charity, the importance of good values and the necessity of prayer were also touched upon. Mrs Poonam Dalamal, addressed the students and dealt with the subject of Positive Thinking. She talked of the importance of keeping an open mind. She held a special workshop for the students of Grades IX to XII and activities included were brainstorming games and a SWOT analysis of the self. The students were very appreciative of the whole session.

The last day of the week was devoted to anger and stress management, fear control and the art of meditation. A yoga session was conducted to demonstrate how breathing exercises could be used to relieve stress and anger.

On the whole, the Personality Development Week was effective and succeeded in making students more aware of the importance of a good personality.



HANNAH

She joined ILS on the April 13th 1982—day one in the life of the school and Hannah was very much a part of the school till her death in 2011. She was a familiar figure in school all these years and it seems strange not to see her around anymore. Individualistic, reserved and dignified, Hannah took her seniority in the school very seriously and was equally strict with staff and students alike. She would not hesitate to reprimand anybody who she felt was being unduly unruly or untidy! However, 'Mamma' as the students called her, had a genuine affection for 'my children' as she called them, after she had vented her annoyance and then forgiven them for doubling her work with some mischief of theirs.

Proudly independent, she also had a sense of humour and in response to a challenge, has been known to race up the stairs at a pace that belied her years.

Now that the race of life is done for you—Rest in peace Hannah.



When you work, you are a flute through whose heart,
the whispering of the hours turns to music.

-Kahlil Gibran-





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SO LONG-FAREWELL!

The eagerly awaited Grade XII Day was held in a grand manner on Saturday, 11th February at the Multi-purpose Hall. The hosts, the students and teachers of Grade XI, were ceaselessly for almost 3 months to ensure the smooth running of the function. The Art department headed by Mrs. R. Mitra, the Non-Teaching Staff, Mrs. Monica, Mrs. Sachnandani, Mrs. Raje and others all assisted for the success of the programme. The children worked hard wrapping gifts, preparing speeches and questionnaires, escorting lists etc. There was so much of excitement and expectancy mixed with nostalgia. The young ladies spent sleepless nights over their get-up and sarees and matching accessories, while the young gentlemen were in a fix as to which suit to wear and with which tie! Once, all the teachers and seniors were escorted and welcomed in and seated; the Vice Head Girl delivered her Welcome Speech and with it was created a sombre atmosphere- a moment of sorrow as it marked the end of an era- as well as excitement to step out into the great world of opportunities waiting outside.

Then began the Valedictory Service- something which never fails to amaze and awe me with its solemnity. The lighting of the symbolic lamp, the passing on of the light of knowledge from the 'Guru' to the 'Shishya'. Reminds me of the very appropriate Sanskrit Shloka

'Asato maa sad gamaya
Tamaso maa jyotir gamaya
Mrityon maa amritam gamaya'

Then the Grade XII students delivered their farewell speeches which were a mixture of seriousness interspersed with humour and nostalgia.

The ramp walk was a roving success. All our young ladies looked elegant and dazzling in their beautiful sarees and the young gentlemen dashing and smart in their immaculate suits and ties. How confident and different they looked- ready to take the world in their stride! It was a moment of wonder to watch our gawky, diffident youngsters having bloomed into such sophisticated and suave young men and women. The buds have blossomed into beautiful flowers under our care and nurturing. If the children cross the threshold to their new world with this realization, it will be our greatest reward as teachers.

Preetika, the Head-Girl and Karan Kapoor were our ILS Stars while Somnath, our Head-boy and Megha Mishra were voted Mr. and Ms. Popular.

The students of Grade XI too looked elegant in their ethnic outfits. Their impromptu comments, questions and speeches were Well-written and well-rehearsed. But, the Grade XII students were equally smart, if not smarter.

The food was delicious and very tasty. The 'paneer tikka' and ice-creams were the hot-favourites. Mr.Boye excelled in his photo-sessions and the décor was outstanding. The glowing heart in "in our hearts forever" was really very touching.

But all in all, it was a grand event and will remain in our hearts forever.

WISHING OUR OUTGOING BATCH ALL THE BEST FOR THEIR EXAMS AND EVERY SUCCESS IN LIFE!

Mrs. Mitali Mukhopadhyay



George Mathew XII A

Next to God Almighty and my supportive parents, I bow my head to all my teachers for instilling confidence and good values in me. I can never forget their guidance.

Osheen Oliver

I am really grateful to all the teachers of ILS as their hard work will surely show fruits of progress in my life!





Akshat Bharti XII A

I would like to express my gratitude to Dr. Mrs. Kanwar and all my teachers for successfully holding the lantern for us to cross the threshold of adolescence and walk into the real world of men and women.

Niranjan Venkataramani XII A

The excitement and determination to get into the BIG school remains. It is my



IN OUR FOREVER





Somnath Deshmukh XII A

Over the years ILS has acquired a very prominent position in my life. This institution has moulded my personality as much as my parents.



Toyesh Shukla XII A

From a shy and timid boy, the school has shaped me into a confident youngster of today. I really appreciate and thank you all for all that you have done for me.



Amit Kamat XII A

This school has defined the person I am today, and has provided the base for the person I shall be tomorrow.

Ishita Jain XII B

I am not going to thank different teachers in 10 different ways, but I will never forget their help and guidance in shaping my personality. My heartfelt thanks to them all.





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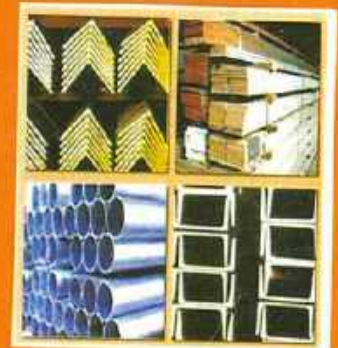
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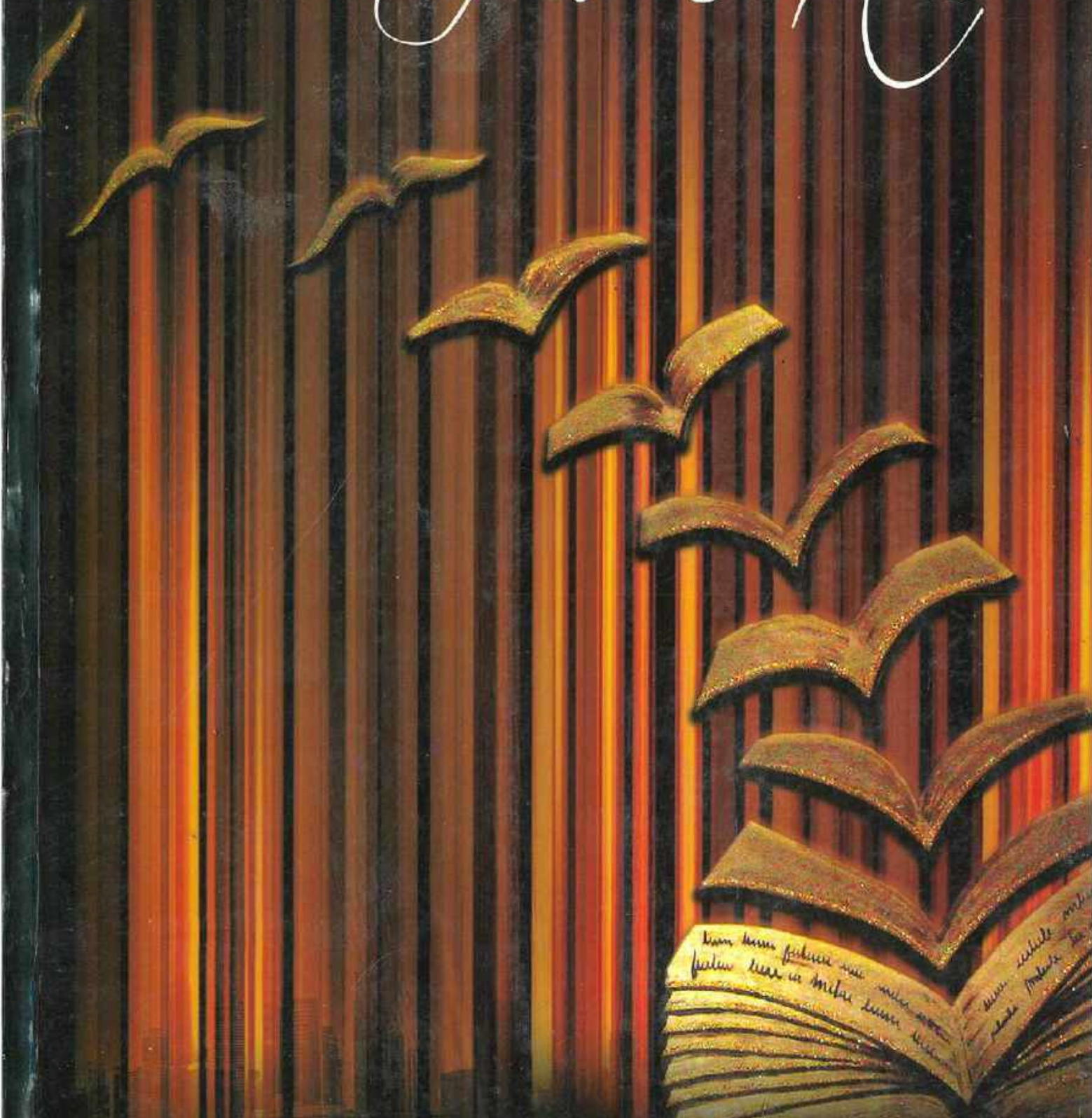
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