



THE PULSE

NOVEMBER 2023
ISSUE 39

"The first breath of autumn was in the air, a prodigal feeling, a feeling of wanting, taking, and keeping before it is too late."



MONTHLY RECAP



IN THIS ISSUE

From The Editor's Desk
Prime-o-Gram
Udaan - Ideas that Fly
Kaleidoscope\
Hindi
Picture Gallery

9th November - Satva and Ekya Autumn Rustle
10th November - Ankuram Autumn Rustle
16th November - Children's Day Celebrations
17th November - Investiture Ceremony
25th November - Field Trip to Women's Cell (Class IX and XI)
25th November - Inter House Art Competition (Class VI-XII)
25th November- The OASIS RISE Programme-Visit to the Sakya Monastery (Class I - IV)
28th - 30th November - Art workshop (Class XI-XII)
29th November - Kavita Vachan Presentation (Class IV and V)
30th November - Theatre and Music Presentation (Class II)



FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK...

By - Vanshika Rawat

XI



*"Autumn leaves shower
like gold, like rainbows,
as the winds of change
begin to blow."*

Welcome to a new season—Autumn, a time of transition and breathtaking beauty. In an attempt to encapsulate the grandeur of autumn, I find myself in awe of the challenge. How can one instill the symphony of colours, the crisp rustle of leaves, and the gentle caress of the autumn breeze into a mere few lines? Indeed, the grandeur of autumn defies brevity, beckoning us to immerse ourselves in its breathtaking tapestry.

Picture, if you will, the campus adorned in a riot of reds, golds, and oranges, as though nature itself has donned its finest garments. The leaves, once vibrant green, now dance with the wind in a mesmerising display of farewell. Each step echoes a subtle crunch, a gentle reminder of the transient beauty that envelops us. The integrators choose to sit in the Vatika under the rustling leaves for their classes as we find nature's vibrant hues exhilarating.

The grandeur of autumn extends beyond the visual spectacle. It resonates in the crispness of the air, invigorating our senses and awakening a profound appreciation for the changing seasons. The sun, casting its warm glow upon the earth, paints a canvas of golden afternoons, igniting a sense of nostalgia and quiet reflection.

So much of our approach to the season in literature and music has a dying autumn: "Nothing gold can stay", as Robert Frost puts it. Though the days turn cold and the night draws in, we should not mourn; this time of year is full of richness and new beginnings too.

For me, autumn is the season for hope, perseverance and abundance. There is something about noting that contradiction, between stubble and warmth, the simultaneity of death and life, the days dwindling to a precious few, that catches at the essence of this time.

Our school comes alive with the vibrant hues of autumn leaves, creating a picturesque backdrop for the exciting activities and events that have unfolded. From the laughter echoing in the hallways to the rustle of leaves beneath eager feet, our school is abuzz with the spirit of the season.

The heartwarming success of our "Autumn Rustle" event truly encapsulated the essence of autumn's grandeur. Families, students, and faculty gathered to witness a spectacular showcase of talent, creativity, and teamwork. The atmosphere was charged with excitement and camaraderie as we all came together to create cherished memories. From captivating performances that echoed the spirit of the season to artistic displays that mirrored the changing colours outside, the autumn rustle was a testament to the unity and enthusiasm that define our school community.

Besides this, November was the month of festivities, keeping the cheerful spirit alive by bringing with it warmth and celebration to the school community.

The integrators were involved in rigorous practices for the annual day, which required them to be on campus longer than usual. Seeing the school glimmer in twilight was an experience thoroughly cherished by all.

We also had the most awaited Investiture ceremony this month to appoint a new student council.

As the leaves turn golden and start to shed and the air smells of delicacies being cooked for Diwali, inside the walls of

The OASIS a sense of new responsibility, new beginnings and new hope start to emerge.

Having said this, I would like to leave you with a quote that encapsulates the greatness of this season.

“As long as autumn lasts, I shall not have hands, canvas, and colours enough to paint the beautiful things I see.” –

Vincent Van Gogh

Happy reading to all!



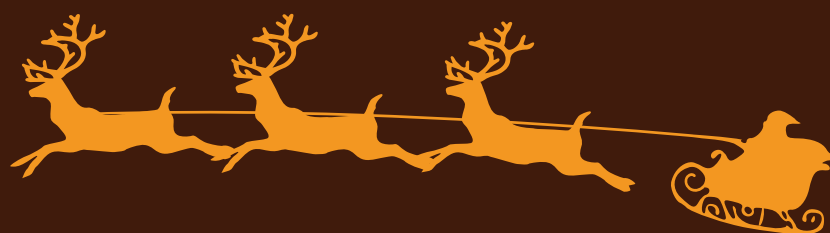
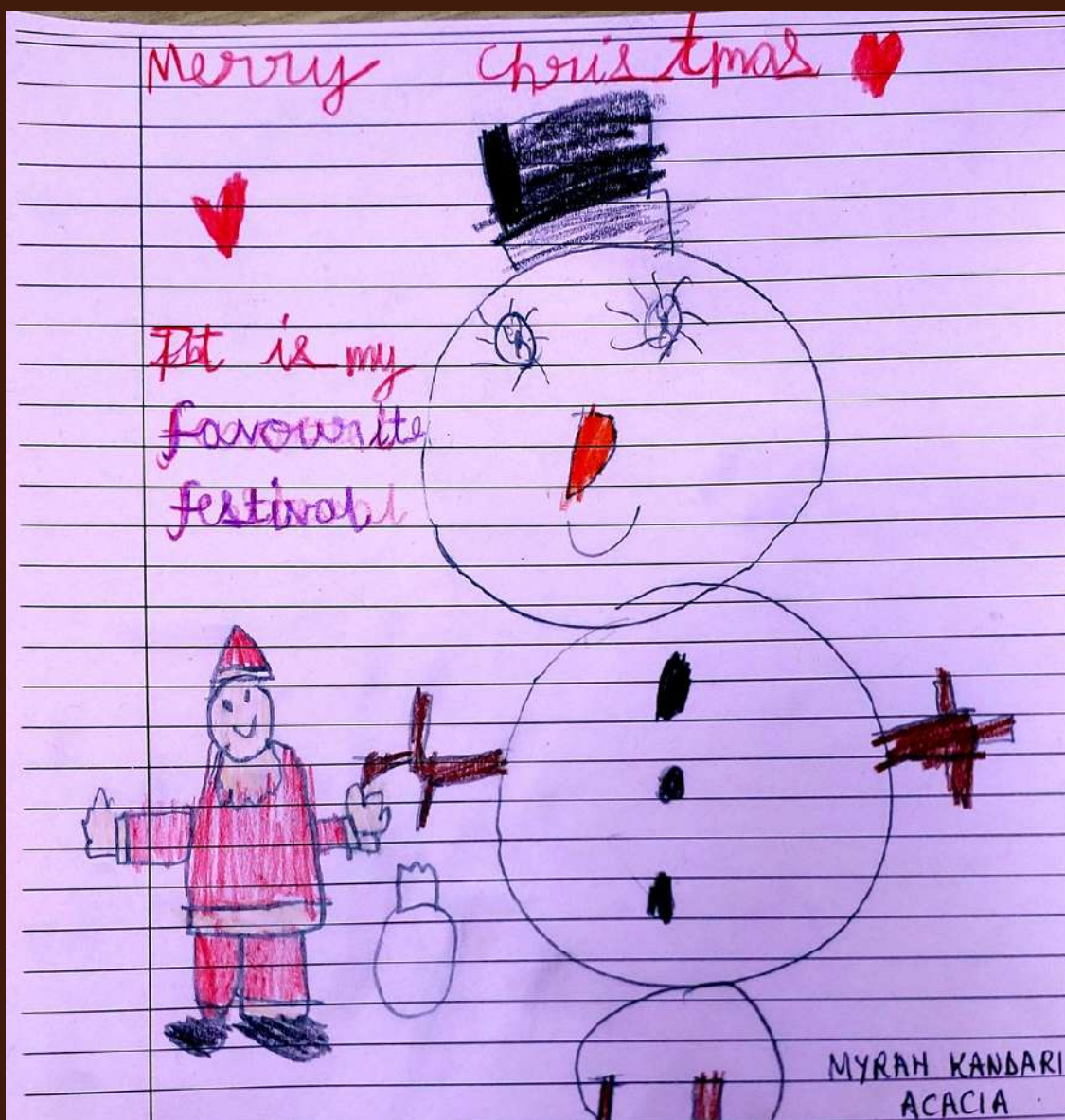
A group of young girls, likely in a school or community setting, are dressed in blue and silver costumes. They are performing a dance or play, with one girl in the foreground making a 'shh' gesture. The background is slightly blurred, showing other children and a stage-like environment.

Prime-o- Gram

"Let's fall into the magic of autumn together. Here's to pumpkin patches, apple orchards, and the joy of the season."

A Christmas Drawing

Myrah Kandari
Acacia





The Kind Tree

Adwita Bhatnagar
Begonia



Once upon a time, there was a school named 'The OASIS.' There was a tree near it. The tree was so kind that it gave wood, fruits, oxygen and lots of things. But someone cut it. It was hard to live. Then a boy came and planted more trees and everyone lived peacefully.

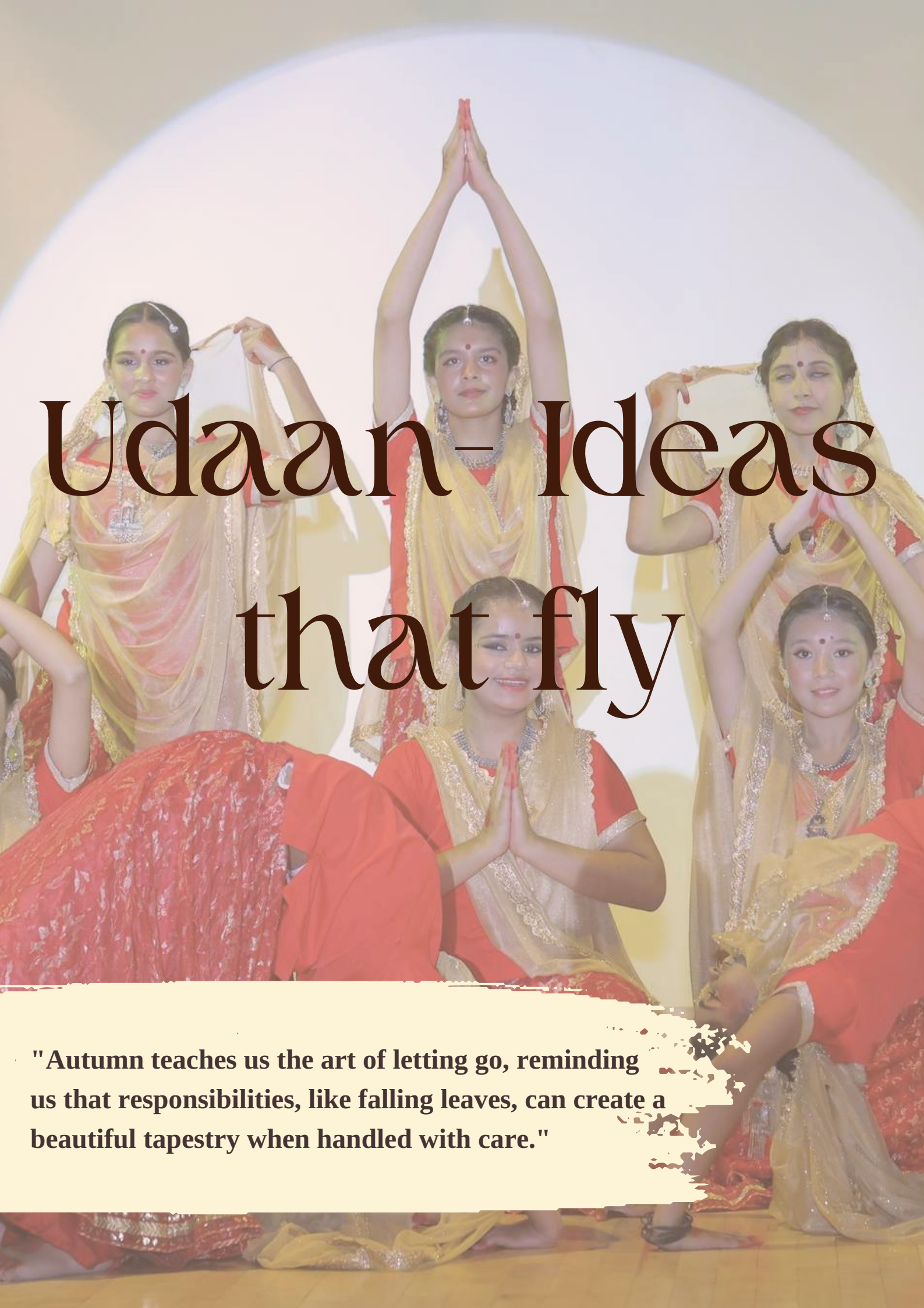




The OASIS RISE Programme

Visit to Sakya Monastery on 25th November 2023





Udaan-Ideas that fly

"Autumn teaches us the art of letting go, reminding us that responsibilities, like falling leaves, can create a beautiful tapestry when handled with care."

Sun to Moon

Manvi Rawat
VIII C

Staring at the field with me, the sky blushed red,
changing its colour, from gold, pink, red.
The sky mirrored the sunflower field perfectly,
as the orange hue spread abruptly.

The clouds formed an ocean of red amber,
as they looked like fading wings.
I glanced as the sun backed off,
the warm glow falling off.

The wind pushed the clouds with the sinking sun,
the whistling wind echoing through the horizon.
The breeze spun,
as the sunflower flowed with the wind.

The darkness swallowed the sky whole,
the sun's warmth turning cold.
I still sat high,
adoring the cold warmth of the night sky.

I watched the moon conceal the sky.
his powers making the sunflowers dry.
His twinkling army soon arrived.
A chilling breeze ran through me as darkness thrived.

I smiled as a sunflower brushed against my cheeks.
Chills ran through me as delight in me sneaks.

This easiness was nothing but glee,
and for a moment... I was free.



Kaleidoscope

A group of students in school uniforms are performing a synchronized gesture, with their arms extended forward. They are standing in a line, and their expressions are focused. The background is a plain, light-colored wall. The students are wearing dark blazers over light-colored shirts. Some students have sashes or ribbons on their chests. The overall atmosphere is one of discipline and unity.

"In the quiet rustle of autumn leaves, find the melody of responsibility, orchestrating a symphony of balance in the harmony of life."

The Investiture Ceremony - 2023

Vanshika Rawat

XI

An investiture ceremony for the appointment of a student council is a significant event that symbolizes the official beginning of the council's term and highlights the responsibilities and leadership roles of the selected students.

The OASIS Investiture Ceremony for the appointment of the Student Council was held on 17th November 2023. The ceremony was a momentous occasion, filled with pride, enthusiasm, and a sense of responsibility as the selected students were officially entrusted with their leadership roles.

The ceremony commenced with a warm welcome by our Head of School and School Director, Mr. Sanjiv Bathla, who emphasized the importance of leadership, teamwork, and the role of the student council in shaping the school's environment.

The appointed Student Council is as follows:

Deepjyoti Negi (XI) - School Captain

Vanshika Rawat (XI) - Head Girl

Aarav Malhotra (XI) - Head Boy

Aaditya Kathait (XI) - School Sports Captain

Shaurya Pandey (XI) - Mahit House Captain

Sahima Singh (XI) - Daivik House Captain

Satvik Arora (XI) - Prasatti House Captain

Mahit Batra (XI) - Prassatti House Vice Captain

Samridhi Bahuguna (XI) - Vinaya House Captain

Dhriti Malhotra (XI) - Vinaya House Vice Captain

Aradhya Chachra (XI) - Music Captain

Jagmeet Singh Sidhu (XI) - Theatre Captain

Samridhi Bahuguna (XI) - Dance Captain

Kabir Kriplani (XI) - Basketball Captain

Shaurya Pandey (XI) - Soccer Captain

Bhavishya Sharma (XI) - Badminton Captain

Event Management prefects:

Dhriti Malhotra (XI)

Sarvani Kaur (XI)

Manya Khera (XI)



The members took the solemn oath of office, pledging to uphold the values of the school, fulfil their duties with integrity, and serve as role models for their peers.

The ceremony's highlight was the giving away of badges and sashes by the ex-student council members and our mentor prefects, symbolizing the official assumption of duties by the student council members. Inspirational words were said by our Director, Mr. Raghav Oberai which encouraged the students to embrace their roles with dedication.

The Investiture Ceremony was a remarkable occasion that marked the beginning of a new chapter in the school's leadership. It served as a reminder to all students that leadership is a privilege and a responsibility that comes with the duty to serve, inspire, and contribute positively to the school community.





La Martiniere MUN

Tara Kumar
IX A

On November 2nd, 11 students from The OASIS boarded a flight to Lucknow with the intention of participating in the prestigious LMUN- The Decennial Edition; all sharing a fierce ambition to learn, grow, and develop.

This was the OASIS's second time participating, and this time the student delegation consisted of -

1. Atharva Kamboj (Ad Hoc Committee)
2. Vanshika Rawat (United Nations Environmental Programme)
3. Samridhi Bahuguna (Constituent Assembly of the Dominion of India)
4. Sahima Singh (The International Press)
5. Deepjyoti Negi (United Nations Environmental Programme)
6. Atharv Patil (United Nations Human Rights Council)
7. Aveer Prakash (Organization of the Petroleum Exporting Countries Plus)
8. Deepsimar Kaur (International Bank for Reconstruction and Development)
9. Shashwat Prasad (United Nations General Assembly)
10. Tara Kumar (United Nations General Assembly)
11. Jaiveer Himesh Dadhia (United Nations Security Council)



Accompanied by Ms. Itee Sharma and Ms. Namita Singh. The MUN was a three-day conference held from the 3rd to the 5th of November, and I believe it's not too far-fetched to say that we got a taste, although a very little one, of how the UN functions over those three days.

And the numerous complications that occur. Voices yelling on top of one other, committees with numerous delegates all trying to be acknowledged, reporters with their lethal deadlines, and agreements, betrayals, allegations, and denials, all occurring in the short span of a day. Simply said, it was a chaotic environment, one that we had to navigate through, and one that produced excitement in our souls for "the greater the obstacle, the greater the glory in overcoming it," as Molière correctly stated.

Everyone gave it their all and did their best, pushing themselves and enjoying the challenge. When the sun went down, a concert and dance on the first two days revamped everyone's spirits.

In the end, all these efforts didn't go to waste as Vanshika Rawat received "Honorable Mention" and Deepsimar Kaur received "Verbal Mention"; for the rest the acquired knowledge, experience and lessons learned proved to be enough of an award to carry.

We boarded our flight back to Dehradun on the 6th, with deeper bonds with each other than when we initially arrived. The same feelings ran through us all: satisfaction, joy and hunger, hunger for more challenges that might wrack our minds as much as this one, and challenges that could help us grow as individuals.





A Symphony of Splendor: Unveiling the Magnificence of 'Autumn Rustle'

Sia Khandelwal

IX A

Grandeur and grandiosity characterized 'Autumn Rustle,' the sixth Founder's Day of The OASIS. It was an extravagant event that honoured the school's accomplishments and traditions with a grandeur that made a lasting impression on everyone in attendance.

The celebrations took place on two consecutive days, November 9 and 10, 2023. On November 9, the Senior School - Satva and Ekya students of The OASIS presented their cultural extravaganza. The Chairman, Mr. Rakesh Oberai, the Director, Mr. Raghav Oberai, the School Director and Head of School, Mr. Sanjiv Bathla, inaugurated '**Kalataru**', a series of exhibitions on Art, Pottery, and Social Studies, marking the beginning of the festivities.

The displays gave students a stage on which to showcase their abilities both academically and creatively, enhancing the event's cultural and artistic diversity. Following that came '**Udghosh**,' a Nukkad Natak performance at the Crescent Amphithoria to sensitize students on the topic of bullying and body shaming by raising awareness of the destructive impacts of bullying and cultivating a safe and inclusive atmosphere for all.

The Multi-Purpose Hall dazzled with lights, exquisite performances, elaborate decorations, and a gala of elegance and style. The programme commenced with the invocation of Almighty, with the Lighting of the Lamp by Chairman, Mr Rakesh Oberai; Director, Mr Raghav Oberai; and the School Director and Head of School, Mr Sanjiv Bathla, accompanied by the chanting of Shlokas, '**Vedocharan**'. It is believed to bring blessings, positivity, and auspiciousness and help seek divine grace and favour.

This was followed by '**Nritya Tarangini**,' an Indian classical dance performance showcasing Bharatnatyam dance form that captivated the audience with its grace, dexterity, and creative expression. With its vivid narration, the Hindi drama '**Deepdan**' profoundly affected the audience. It was an engrossing theatrical presentation.


On Friday, November 10th, primary school students from Ankuram took centre stage. The young students felt joy and a sense of success from the symphony of performances, which included songs and dances, in this lively and enjoyable event. Songs like '**Celebrating Me**' and '**Harmony**' put a smile on the audience's faces, but '**Geeta Saar**,' a musical dance drama depicting the battle between the Pandavas and the Kauravas, left everyone in wonder and much inspired. The '**So Long Farewell Song**,' which closed the show, struck a chord with the crowd and produced a nostalgic atmosphere. The awardees' exceptional accomplishments were acknowledged and celebrated during the award ceremony, which also promoted excellence.

The School Director and Head of School, Mr Sanjiv Bathla, congratulated everyone on the show's success. He emphasised not only acquiring knowledge but also nurturing empathy and character, which are vital to societal well-being.

This year's autumn rustle was truly captivating and the performances by the students of our school left the audience mesmerised.

To sum it all up, the extravagance of the marvellous and glorious dances, the heartwarming and exciting music and the drama brought down the house.





A Journey Through Naari Niketan: Echoes of Resilience, Pain, and Hope

Sia Khandelwal

IX A

"She made broken look beautiful and strong look invincible. She walked with the universe on her shoulders and made it look like a pair of wings." - Ariana Dancu

Nestled in the picturesque landscapes of Dehradun, Naari Niketan stands as a beacon of hope and empowerment for women in distress. On the 25th of November, a few girls of classes IX and XI visited Naari Niketan. During this recent visit, we had the opportunity to witness firsthand the transformative impact it has on the lives of the women it shelters. Established to restore dignity and self-esteem, the institution focuses on holistic rehabilitation, encompassing physical, emotional, and psychological well-being.

As the main gate swung open, the mellifluous strains of harmonium and the rhythmic beats of the tabla gently wafted through the air, guiding us toward, what seemed to be, the heart of Naari Niketan—the music room. The ambience was serene, a sanctuary of peace that hinted at the stories waiting to unfold within. After a brief pause for verification, we crossed into the main residential area, and a wave of tranquillity embraced me.



The sight that greeted us was unexpected. Women of varying ages fixed their gazes upon us. A sudden commotion erupted as a woman rushed towards us, gripping our teacher's hand, her anguished cries cutting through the calm surroundings. *"Mara mujhe, mara mujhe,"* she screamed. The scene was both startling and terrifying, revealing the harsh reality of mental distress that haunted these women. Their haunted expressions spoke volumes about the pain they had endured. Moving forward, we encountered residents, each with a unique tale of resilience etched on their faces. These women, bathed in sunlight, embodied a delicate balance between enduring agony and clinging to hope.

Our journey continued as our guide led us to the first of the five campuses. Here, I witnessed rooms alive with activity—residents engaged in tailoring, handicrafts, and various creative pursuits. The pride and confidence radiating from their faces as they displayed their creations were truly inspirational. Amidst these hopeful scenes, a deaf lady approached us, struggling to communicate verbally. Her gestures led us to a room where education thrived, proving that actions speak louder than words—an enduring theme throughout our visit.

The most poignant chapter of our exploration unfolded in a room where 30–40 women, mentally scarred by trauma such as domestic violence, sexual abuse, and human trafficking, sought solace. Only a mere 5% of them could articulate their pain. As a weekly treat, they gathered to watch a movie; this particular Saturday featured *"Zindagi Na Milegi Dobara."* A lady emerged, dancing with unrestrained joy to the movie's rhythm. In a heartwarming exchange, the girls from our school sang *"Lab Pe Aati Hai Dua"* as a message of hope, sparking applause that resonated like a collective affirmation of strength in adversity.

Our journey continued through different campuses—a sanctuary for mentally stable girls aged 11 to 18, a haven for children aged 0 to 10, and a concealed realm known as the crime campus, which remained unseen. The birthday chart at the entrance of the campus echoed the resilience of the girls, a visual testament to their shared journey from darkness into the light.

As our visit concluded, a whirlwind of emotions overcame us. Naari Niketan had not only opened our eyes to the harsh realities faced by its residents but also bestowed upon us a profound sense of privilege and gratitude. In the echo of resilience, pain, and hope, Naari Niketan stands as a testament to the strength of the human spirit and the transformative power of empathy.





Lurking in The Dark

Gauri Juyal
X B



Enchanted. sublime. heavenly. stunning. DIVINE.

Within just three weeks of her being admitted to LBSNAA, Mussoorie had already become a synonym for all these words in Milli's dictionary. The hypnotic beauty of this small hill station felt like a reward to her after years of hard work to crack the herculean UPSC examination.


After finally settling into the academy, she decided to explore the town where she'd be spending the next few months. The smell of omelet, freshly spread over the pan, mixed with the sizzling, and delish aroma of fritters, mingled on the streets emerging into the Mall Road. She stopped for some spiced chickpeas with buttered bread (which was at the top in the "Top 10 Must Try Dishes In Mussoorie"). She could see the entire Dehradun Valley from where she stood while devouring her meal. The calm and cool breeze played with her long, ebony tresses. Absolute peace embraced her.

She looked around and found herself surrounded by small stalls of woolen ear muffs and souvenir shops, selling magnets and keychains of Mussoorie, written all over them. In a lively, buzzing area full of busy and chattering people, she saw a small silent alley. With careful, cautious strides, she started her way into it. The rustling of magnificently huge trees was the only sound passing through her ear. It was quiet, too quiet, as one would describe. Dense mist covered her way, which came as a surprise as it was only March. She soon saw a milestone with "Camelback" written on it. She had heard about it back in the academy, where people had described it as haunted.

Haunted. eerie. spirits. shadows. lingering sounds. GHOSTS.

Milli was someone too practical to believe in something like paranormality. It never surprised her. She considered it to be the most subtle exemplar of the masses believing in something that was barely true. Just a propaganda to make our skin produce goosebumps!!

Camelback was instead the absolute opposite of what is said about it. Old men and women on their evening walks passed by her, giving blessing smiles. Children in green sweaters and grey pants returning from school, rode their bicycles, chattering loudly and giddily. She stopped to drink tea at a little tea stall nearby. An old lady sat outside with a calm and composed demeanor, streaks of white hair, and a face that showed years of experience of living. Her face wrinkled when she smiled. She went inside her stall and started making tea before Milli could even tell her to do so. It felt like she longed for someone's presence amidst the deep silence surrounding her. But this profound silence was accompanied by an absolutely breathtaking view. The long chain of the Greater Himalayas could clearly be seen from where she stood. Covered with glaciers that appeared to be golden under the blissful sunlight.



The old lady stood with a teacup in her hands. It was certainly the best tea she had had in a while. Felt like home. Just like the one her grandmother used to make to distract her from studying “too much”. Milli proceeded to pay, but other than a rocking chair and knitting needles tucked into a ball of wool, as if she was making something for her grandchild, a photograph of the old lady and a man who seemed to be her husband, hung on the blue walls of the tea stall. It all gave Milli a sense of comfort and tranquillity.

On the way, she sensed a goofy dog with quiet steps following her. She tried getting rid of it due to her unwavering fear of dogs, but her new hairy friend didn’t go. Together they heard the holy bells of the Saint Nirankari Ashram, saw a couple of vintage estates belonging to the rich men of the British era, and an abandoned school which was hidden amongst the expansive jungle of corniferous trees. The dog suddenly came to a stop. Assuming it got tired, Milli continued after bidding her travel buddy goodbye. Darkness engulfed the sky.

Soon, the famous Mussoorie Cemetery emerged along the road. Established in 1829, its colonial architecture spoke its history pretty well. A broken plate outside the entry of the graveyard said “--- should not remove--- or bring dogs--- the cemetery”. It was bewildering to see that the dog stopped a mile away from the graveyard by himself. The possibility of something uncanny being here made Milli laugh. While reading the history of the place written on a board, she heard a loud cry, like the yelping of a dog. She ran back the way she came, and the dog stopped howling at her presence. He began pulling her track pants as if indicating her to go somewhere. With a curious mind, she followed him. He was barking for no reason, with panic in his eyes, making her run behind him.

He stopped. So did Milli.

She could only see darkness all around, fought by a single flickering dimmed street light. Still perplexed by the dog’s action, she tried to decipher his troubles. In just a minute she realised, it was the same place where it felt like home, where she had the tea like the one made by her grandmother.

But.

This time the colors of Milli’s skin paled, and her hands and legs felt as if were detached from her body, her heart skipping beats. The old lady was nowhere to be seen. Neither was her rocking chair nor the knitting needles. Her stall was just ruins. Utter ruins, as if it never existed. Milli bent over to pick up the photograph of the old lady and her husband. Half torn, ripped off from the faces of the couple. The winds blew again, this time with a bone-chilling touch. She turned around. The dog had disappeared. Just her, the winds, and the darkness. The flickering street light went off...



The Mussoorie Cemetery 1829



The view of the ginger colored glaciers blanketing the Greater Himalayas



My Version of Diwali

Gauri Juyal
X A

The most celebrated festival in India.
Festival of lights and delish kaju katlis.
The day when the gods themselves step down from heaven into
your abode.
Candles, diyas, and lanterns everywhere.
Happiness, happiness, and much more happiness...

...But for all 10th and 12th graders including me, it is the time
when we start stressing over the board exams!

On the first two days of Diwali, i.e. Dhanteras and Choti
Diwali, I did nothing other than clean and clean and proceeded
to clean more. In our culture, it is believed that Goddess Laxmi
enters the homes that are dust particle-free and have the strong
smell of holy essence everywhere! (Gods are germophobic...)

On the third day, which was the day for the actual Diwali, I
woke up to the sound of Laxmi-Ganesha bhajans, creeping into
my ears early morning. After fighting and finally winning the
battle against my blanket and pillow, I managed to get up and
sit to study, but the aroma from the kitchen served as a happy
distraction! My sister and me then brainstormed and came up
with a beautiful rangoli, that took us "only" four hours to
complete.

As the night was setting in, so were the firecrackers! Being a
proud member of an environment-sensitive family, I haven't
played with them for the past 7 years. But I would say that our
neighbours burned the crackers of our share too. Meanwhile,
me and my family sang aartis and lit diyas in every corner of
our home.





Inter House Art Competition

Dhriti Malhotra
XI



In the colourful tapestry of our school, the Inter-House Art Competition held on 25th November 23' stands as a beacon of artistic excellence and camaraderie. This annual event has become a cherished tradition, transforming the sheets of our school into a vibrant masterpiece that reflects the creativity and talent of each house. The Inter-House Art Competition is not just about showcasing artistic skills, but also a celebration of collaboration, competition, and the sheer joy of creating. Each house becomes a creative hub, with students collaborating, brainstorming, and inspiring each other to bring their collective artistic vision to life. This friendly rivalry not only ignites a sense of pride within the houses but also encourages students to push their creative boundaries and explore new artistic horizons.

One of the hallmarks of the Inter-House Art Competition is the exploration of diverse themes and mediums that challenge the creativity and imagination of the participating students. Themes for the competition ranged from 'ELEMENTS OF NATURE' for Satva to 'LANDSCAPE' for Ekya.

The participants for the Inter-House Art Competition are as follows for the Satva category:

Guneev Kaur Saini VIII A, Daivik House
Ahaana Arora VIII C, Vinaya House
Mishika VIII C, Mahit House
and Chaitanya Mathpal VIII B, Prasatti House

For the Ekya category:

Vaibhav Singh IX B, Daivik House
Dhriti Malhotra XI, Vinaya House
Saura Gautam X B, Mahit House
and Anshika X B, Prasatti House



The artworks were displayed, and the judges - School Director and Head of School, Mr Sanjiv Bathla and the Director, Mr Raghav Oberai evaluated the submissions based on creativity, technique, and adherence to the theme.

The winning participants for Satva were:

1st : Guneev Kaur Saini, Daivik House
2nd: Ahaana Arora, Vinaya House
3rd: Mishika, Mahit House

The winning participants for Ekya were:

1st: Dhriti Malhotra, Vinaya House

2nd: Saura Gautam, Mahit House and Anshika, Prasatti House

3rd: Vaibhav Singh, Daivik House

As we admire the stunning artworks displayed by each house, let us also appreciate the friendships forged, the skills honed, and the sense of unity that this event fosters. The Inter-House Art Competition not only paints our school with a vivid palette of creativity but also leaves an indelible mark on the hearts of all who participate.



हिन्दी



"शरद ऋतु में प्रकृति का सौंदर्य पर्याप्त होता है, जिसमें हर रूप में एक खासीयत होती है।"

शैक्षिकयात्रा – महिला पुनर्वास केन्द्र

कुछ दिन पूर्व ही हमें सूचना मिली थी कि 'समाज उपयोगी उत्पादक कार्य' शनिवार की गतिविधि में विद्यालय 25 नवम्बर 'राजकीय महिला पुनर्वास केन्द्र' जाने वाला है। यह एक प्रकार की लघु शैक्षिक यात्रा थी जिसका उद्देश्य ही छात्राओं को और अधिक मजबूत और जागरूक बनाना था। दोपहर का भोजन करने के उपरांत विद्यालय की परामर्शदाता समिति की तीनों सदस्य श्रीमती मनिंदर कौर, श्रीमती स्मृति फुटेला और सुश्री नलिनी मालवीय कक्षा नौ व कक्षा ग्यारह की समस्त छात्राओं को लेकर अपने गंतव्य स्थान पुनर्वास केन्द्र (डिफेंस कॉलोनी) की ओर विद्यालयी बस से रवाना हुईं। हमारी उत्सुकता और प्रश्न बढ़ रहे थे जिसे बड़ी खूबसूरती से हमारी अध्यापिकाएँ टाल रही थीं। शायद वे चाह रही थीं कि हमारी जिज्ञासा बनी रहे। हम जागरूकता के साथ इस विषय को समझ सकें कि सरकार को इन पुनर्वास केन्द्रों की आवश्यकता क्यों पड़ी? हम आधे घण्टे बाद उस स्थान पर पहुँचे। सुरक्षा कारणों के चलते हमें मुख्यद्वार पर ही रोक दिया गया। कागजी कार्यवाही पूरी होने के उपरांत ही हमें मुख्य भवन में प्रवेश दिया गया। जहाँ हमने देखा कि भवन की दीवारों पर सुन्दर चित्र बने हुए थे, जो वहाँ रहने वाली महिलाओं द्वारा ही बनाये गए थे।

पुनर्वास की यह ईमारत सुंदर और स्वच्छ थी। जिसमें बड़े-बड़े हवादार कमरे थे। भीतर जाने के बाद हमने देखा कि वहाँ अलग-अलग विभाग थे। हमें जिस विभाग में ले जाया गया था, वहाँ कई महिलाएँ अपनों के द्वारा ही मानसिक रूप से प्रताड़ित की गई थीं। वे सभी अब अपने बुरे अतीत से उबरने का प्रयास कर रही थीं। उस दिन उनका चलचित्र देखने का दिन था जिसे वे सभी बड़े ध्यान से आनंदित हो कर देख रही थीं। उन्हीं में से एक दीदी ने हमें अपनी सभी साथियों के विषय में जानकारी दी। हमें ज्ञात हुआ कि ये सभी वे स्त्रियाँ हैं जो अपने परिवार द्वारा त्याग दी गई हैं। जिनमें से अधिकांशतः मानसिक अवसाद-ग्रस्त हैं। उनकी कहानियाँ सुनने में बड़ी कष्टप्रद थी किन्तु उन सभी को जिंदादिली से इस कटु सत्य के साथ जीवन में आगे बढ़ते देख हममें भी एक नये उत्साह का संचार हुआ। इस सकारात्मक परिवर्तन को हम सभी छात्राओं ने अनुभव किया।

हम सभी ने निर्णय लिया कि हम भी कुछ गाकर उन सभी का थोड़ा मनोरंजन करेंगी। हमने विद्यालय में नियमित गाये जाने वाली प्रार्थना "लब पे आती है दुआ बनकर तमन्ना मेरी" को चुना क्योंकि इस प्रार्थना की हर पंक्ति हम सभी में परोपकार का भाव बढ़ाती है। हमारी प्रस्तुति को सभी ने ध्यान से सुना और वे बड़ी प्रसन्न भी हुईं।

पुनर्वास केन्द्र में चिकित्सा सुविधाएँ भी उपलब्ध हैं, साथ ही इन महिलाओं के मानसिक स्वास्थ्य की जाँच के लिए नियमित रूप से मनोरोग विशेषज्ञ भी आते हैं। उन्हीं के परामर्श पर कुछ महिलाओं के बाल छोटे रखे गए हैं ताकि उन्हें उलझन महसूस ना हो और वे साधारण भी दिखें।

इस लघु शैक्षिक यात्रा पर जाने से पूर्व हमारे मन में बहुत सारे प्रश्न और उन महिलाओं के प्रति बेचारगी से भरी सहानुभूति थी जो लौटते समय हमें तनिक भी नहीं थी, क्योंकि हमने देखा कि भले ही उन्हें आज समाज और परिवार की ओर से अस्वीकार कर दिया गया हो किन्तु सरकार द्वारा चलाए गए ऐसे पुनर्वास केन्द्रों में वे स्वाभिमान के साथ जीना सीख रही हैं। मैं आशा करती हूँ वे जब भी यहाँ से बाहर आएंगी, संपूर्ण सकारात्मकता के साथ एक नयी दुनिया अवश्य बनाएँगी।

ऋषिमा पुंडीर

कक्षा 9 ब

दी ओएसिस में हिन्दी के प्रचार व प्रसार के लिए समय-समय पर भिन्न-भिन्न प्रकार के कार्यक्रमों का आयोजन किया जाता है। हिन्दी के प्रति विद्यार्थियों में रुचि बढ़ाने के लिए हमारे विद्यालय में दिनांक २९ नवंबर को कक्षा ४ व ५ के समस्त विद्यार्थियों के द्वारा सामूहिक कविता पाठ का प्रस्तुतिकरण किया गया।

इस कार्यक्रम के अंतर्गत कक्षा ४ के विद्यार्थियों के लिए 'जीवन' को प्रेरणा प्रदान करने वाली कविताओं तथा कक्षा ५ के लिए 'श्रृंगार' 'वीर' व 'करुण' रस पर आधारित कविताओं का चयन किया गया। इस कार्यक्रम में सभी विद्यार्थियों ने उत्कृष्ट प्रदर्शन से सभी का मन मोह लिया।

कार्यक्रम के अंत में विद्यालय निदेशक जी व प्राथमिक संचालिका जी ने अपने आशीर्वाचनों द्वारा विद्यार्थियों का उत्साहवर्धन किया गया।

उदितांश उनियाल

कक्षा-५

ऐरिका





Picture Gallery



CREDITS

The OASIS Editorial Team

Executive Editor:

Vanshika Rawat (XI)

Designing Editor:

Sia Khandelwal (IX)

Commissioning Editors:

Shaurya Pandey (XI)

Sahima Singh (XI)

Teachers In-Charge:

Ms. Akanksha Vasudev

Ms. Sheetal Sharma

Ms. Meeta D Garg

Mr. Pranava Vashist

Mr. Mohit Kumar Sharma

Ms. Madhuri Sharma