

Mayura's

A U R A

Second edition AUGUST, 2022

Mayura school editorial board and students are here with the second edition of the 'Mayura's Aura'. Hope you will appreciate our effort again. Words of appreciation and improvisation awaited...

She

Dark, thick pouring rain
bringing back to her mind,
Her years old spilled pain.

She was treated the
wrong way
along the system of drain.
Neither she would gain,
nor she could sustain.
She would watch all her
reckless efforts and tries
going in vain.

Help! Help! Her inner self
cried
but her cries are left
unheard.

Every time in the pouring
rain
she would describe her
story,

People made fun of her
being insane.
Every time the dark, thick
pouring rain
brought back to her mind,
Her years old spilled pain.

- Tanishka Godhwani X

Kastella

The song touched my soul like a dagger shimmering with hope. The first lines:
"you will shine like a star
Bright and clear"

made me feel like the luckiest person alive. These words were more than a song, they were a prophecy about my newborn daughter. It was a two-thousand-year-old culture, that, whenever the spirit of a river gave birth- a nightingale will come and sing about the child's future, but the next words of the prophecy shattered my hope in a thousand pieces.

"you will bear a scar
Forged with fear
You'll be the last child of water
The cause of the slaughter
A beautiful and gleaming daughter"

And with those words, my whole world broke apart. I never told my daughter about the nightingale or the prophecy. I loved her and cared for her until my last breath but the wind took me away sooner than I expected, leaving a ten-year-old Kastella all by herself. But the spirits allowed me to look upon her from heaven's clouds.

I could see, that she was confused and scared. Her hands shook whenever she commanded the waves to stay still but she was putting all her effort into it and that's what matters. She sometimes cursed me for leaving her all alone and I wished I could go back down there to hug her one last time, but that was never going to happen. When she turned fifteen, Kastella had fulfilled most of her prophecy. She cleaned the river and took care of it more than I ever did. She made the river shine like a star, bright and clear. She did bear a scar only it wasn't physical; I gave her that scar forged with fear when I died.

But soon she started facing difficulties. Those stupid humans chose her fresh and healthy river for their sewage waste. Her beautiful river wasn't a river anymore but a pool of dirt.

Soon she became angry and flooded the entire river which caused a slaughter. No one drowned but many people died because of the polluted mess. The water caused diseases and flu and the people paid for their own crimes. The river wasn't there anymore and Kastella became the last child of water after all. My daughter joined me in my heaven clouds and I was proud of her, for all she did was the right thing. She was indeed my beautiful and gleaming Kastella.

(Kastella meaning: water)

- Aisha Sarah X

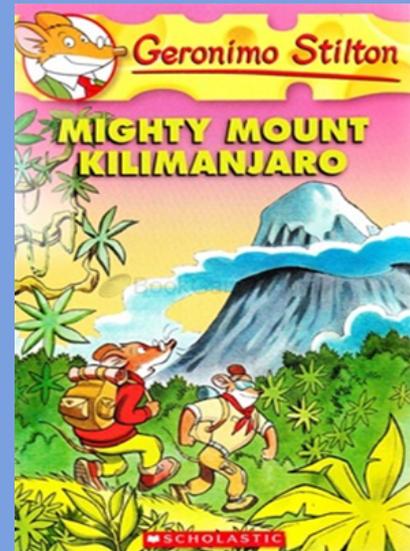
EPITOME OF FAMOUS READS

THE BOOK THIEF



The Book Thief is an intimidating history fiction by Markus Zusak. It is a story of a little girl who lives with her foster parents in Nazi Germany. Its just a small story--about, amongst other things : A Girl ; An Accordionist ; Some Fanatical Germans ; A Jewish Fist Fighter ; And Quite a lot of THIEVERY. The most rare thing in this book is that the tale of The Book Thief is narrated by DEATH. And when death tells a story, you really have to listen. Beautifully and angrily plotted, this book will take you back in the era of Adolf Hitler. (Suitable for 12+ age group)

MIGHTY MOUNT KILIMANJARO



Mighty Mount Kilimanjaro is a fiction adventurous travelogue written by Geronimo Stilton. Geronimo runs a newspaper in New Mouse City, the capital of Mouse Island. But his true passion is writing adventure stories. This time he and his friend, Bruce Hyena, are going to be climbing to the top of the famous Mount Kilimanjaro in Africa. This book tells about the lifestyle, customs and language of the people living in Tanzania and Kenya. Also it tells about the difficulties, fears and joy experienced by Mr. Stilton. (Suitable for 7+ age group)

- Kanishka Agarwal X

Humanoid

The word 'Robot' means any man made machine that can do work performed by humans. Robotics is the science which deals with the design, construction, operation and application of robots. Robots can come in different size and shape. A robot which has structure similar to human being is termed as Humanoid. Asimo is one of the most popular humanoid launched by Honda in 2000. Petman, Nao and Atlas are other famous humanoid.



Manav is referred as first Indian humanoid, developed in the laboratory of A-SET Training and Research Institutes by Diwakar Vaish in December 2014. Rashmi, Shalu and Mitra are other Indian humanoid. Vyommित्रा is a female-looking spacefaring humanoid robot being developed by the Indian Space Research Organisation to function on-board the Gaganyaan, a crewed orbital spacecraft. Vyommित्रा was first unveiled on 22 January 2020 at the Human Spaceflight and Exploration symposium in Bengaluru. As we are aware of importance of artificial intelligence, so we can say that in future these humanoids could be the part of our life.

- Vivaan Verma VI

शक्ति और मृदुभाषा

दुर्बलता निराशा डर न बने,
शक्ति और मृदुभाषा का
मेल समझना है हमें,
यह खेल समझना है हमें।

बालक मन
न्यून समस्या के आने पर भी,
जो उग्र हुआ चिल्लाता है,
वह बाहर से तो दृढ़ मगर,
भीतर से वह गल जाता है।

शांति डर की नष्ट करें,
माँ क्षण न एक लगाती है ,
विनम्र बनें कठोर नहीं,
विद्या हमें सिखाती है ।

सरस्वती के स्वागत में,
मृदुभाषा का प्रयोग करें,
समस्या, विद्या, गुरु और प्रकृति,
का सम्मान करें ।

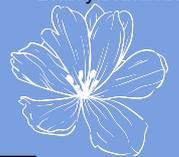
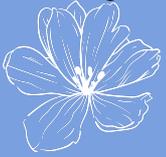
- वंशिका शर्मा IX

The Age of Nature



We all know our mother nature. It provides us with all our needs, whether it is fruits, and vegetables for food, or wood for furniture. Directly or indirectly, everything is made by providing raw materials, that we get from nature. Since man has evolved, he has used nature for all the resources but, as we are progressing, we are destroying nature and its resources and now the resources are decreasing and pollution is increasing. We have cut down trees, and killed animals for our benefit, some people also kill animals as a sport, just for fun, killing someone for fun is a crime. And due to these reasons, many animals have become endangered, some are gone extinct and some are rarely seen because their natural habitat has been destroyed. It has been said that 543 species have gone extinct since 1900. Some of these are-The Caspian Tiger, Barbary lion, Mexican grizzly bear, etc. Tigers are also an endangered species, with only 13,000 left in the whole world. India is home to 80% of them. Elephants are also killed for their ivory tusks. There are only 415,000 elephants left in the whole world. Many species such as Dodo, Irish Elk, etc. Have also gone extinct. The famous Blue Spix Macaw has not been spotted since 2008. The cutting down of trees has also affected the environment seriously. On average, 15 billion trees are cut down every year. Due to this, the habitat of animals has decreased and that's why today they live in captivity. We have polluted the environment by making vehicles run on petrol and diesel, which is why non-renewable resources are on the verge of finishing. Hay takes thousands of years to form, but we are using them daily on a large scale. Even the pollutants released by them are very harmful to us. The carbon dioxide level has increased causing global warming. Due to global warming, the ice regions of the world are melting and they have methane trapped in ice. It is a highly flammable gas and can turn into a fireball from a small spark. That will be very harmful to us. All pollutants are increasing and the essential gases are decreasing. Due to the cutting of trees oxygen level has decreased causing more cases of asthma, bronchitis, etc. The pollutants also have increased. Although we still have a chance to save nature, some people are even trying to save it. Renewable resources of energy such as wind energy, hydroelectricity, etc. are also introduced that won't pollute. Also 100 years ago, there was a time when we had only 70 million trees left but due to our efforts, it has risen to 3 trillion, we have to plant more trees and avoid cutting them. We should also stop killing animals on large scale. Even to stop petrol and diesel usage, electric cars have been introduced in the market. Conservation of soil is also done to avoid its depletion. Also, the DNA of endangered and extinct species are kept in special labs to clone them when required, and to save endangered species, geological parks are made to provide them with their natural habitat and also to save them from poachers. We all should try to save our mother nature and be grateful to it for blessing us with a second chance.

- Bhavya Khandelwal VIII



पेड़ों का महत्व

आओ मिलकर प्रण करें
हम भी पेड़ लगाएँगे
अपने इस संसार को फिरसे
हरा - भरा बनाएँगे |
बच्चे बूढ़े एकजुट होकर
पेड़ों का महत्व सब को
समझाएँगे,
पेड़ हमें फल, छाया देते
प्रदूषण को हटाते हैं
बाढ़ से हमें बचाते हैं |
क्यों न हम भी पेड़ लगाकर
धरती को हरा भरा बनाएँ |
जीवन को खुशहाल बनाकर
सब में एक उत्साह जगाएँ।

- विभूति रोचवानी VIII

स्कूल के वो दिन

जहाँ गई थी मैं पहली बार
माता-पिता का हाथ छुड़ाकर
जहाँ दोस्ती करना सीखा
उसे देखना होगा पीछे मुड़कर।
जब स्कूल जाती थी
लगता था क्या यही भागदौड़ करनी है रोज,
पढ़ती थी मैं कम,
पढ़ाई लगती थी बोझ मुझे |
जिन बातों पर हम रोते थे,
आज उन पर हँसते हैं
आज वह दिन याद हमें आते हैं।
हम भी एक बरस बाद चले जाएँगे
और आप सभी बहुत याद आएँगे।
याद आएँगे वह दिन भी,
जब हम शिक्षकों को करते थे तंग,
पर याद आएँगी वह बातें भी,
जो आपने हमेशा सिखाई थी
कभी ना भूल पाएँगे
कभी ना भूल पाएँगे
स्कूल के वो दिन, स्कूल के वो दिन।

- काव्या खंडेलवाल X



"A Quiet War"

Chapter 2- 'The Open Window'



"It is said that the soul remains near the body for three days, that means Auntie Chloe is standing in front of us right now, can you see her Uncle Dave?", asked Alice. "No, I can't see herunfortunately.", sighed Dave, his eyes dropping down, misty. "Well you can't blame her, our business involves these rituals. Your kid learns it and you will not even know.", said Konan, Dave's cousin sister. She and her husband worked for the ceremonial services.

Dave didn't reply.

After the ritual ended, Konan said to Dave that she is waiting for him. Dave nodded. He was sitting alone there. He wanted to go near the casket but something was stopping him. He got up, legs trembling, and he slowly walked towards the casket. He stopped when he saw Chloe's forehead.

It was night. Dave was boiling milk in the kitchen. Suddenly he heard Fedir crying. He went to Fedir's room. His crying stopped when he reached the door of Fedir's room. Dave got a little scared. He quickly opened the door and saw the cradle in which Fedir was, the cradle was moving. Then he saw the open window. Dave closed the window and stared at it. Dave saw Fedir, fast asleep. He sighed and walked out of the room but glanced at the window again and then at Fedir. He slowly walked towards the cradle, picked up Fedir, and went out of the room without switching off the lights. He then suddenly remembered he left the milk on the stove. He rushed towards the kitchen, and the milk was at the neck of the bowl.

He rushed over and switched off the flame.

"It's strange, did I turn the flame low before going to Fedir's room.", he thought. He put the bowl containing the hot milk in a bigger bowl containing cold water. Fedir started crying. "Just 2-3 minutes, the milk is ready.", said Dave while swaying his hands slowly. It has been 2 days since Chloe's passing. Fedir was discharged from the hospital yesterday evening. Konan took care of Fedir for Dave since he had to operate on emergencies from time to time. But today Konan had very important work so now he, a total immature at handling children was taking care of Fedir. After he made Fedir drink the milk, he went to Fedir's room and gently laid him in his cradle, and started swaying it. "Tomorrow is the last day to see Chloe.", he thought. But he has not dared to see her face since her death. There was a feeling of shame and hesitation in his heart whenever he tried to see her. He tried to stay awake but he had slept only 4 or 5 hrs in these 2 days. His eyes completely closed for once and he was fast asleep beside Fedir's cradle. But Fedir was still awake, his father sleeping beside his cradle. The open window, a stream of air washed over his body, and then the blanket covered him and he felt a gentle touch on his forehead and he was fast asleep.

The alarm went off. Dave woke up but Fedir was still asleep. It was 6:30 a.m. He found himself lying on the floor. A gust of cold wind hit him and he saw that the window was open and he looked outside, the snow had piled up a little, it was a bit cloudy. Their house only had 1 floor, there was a kitchen, 3 rooms, a living and dining room, Fedir's room was 1 of the 2 rooms facing towards the main street. Dave wanted to drink coffee but was in no mood to make one. So he put his jacket on, and before going checked on Fedir. "Still sleeping; nice.", he thought. He locked the main door while going out of the house.

After a morning walk he reached his house and tried to open the door. "Ah yes, the key.", he shuffled through his pants pockets, but the key was not there. Dave panicked a little, he checked his coat, it was not in there also. Dave tried to forcefully open the door but it was of no use. "Damn it!", he shouted in frustration. He looked around and that's when he saw the open window. He exhaled a sigh of relief and jumped through the window in the house. He looked at Fedir who was now awake. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath and when he opened them he was in the church.

"Today is the last day Dave, so if you want to sit here alone, I am taking Fedir with me, ok; you listening?", Konan asked, her voice a little concerned. "Yeah, you can take Fedir with you.", Dave said. He was sitting alone, his head hung down, thinking, "I am sorry, I am sorry." That's when he heard someone sit beside him. He saw an old man, wrinkles all over his face, he was wearing a cap. Before Dave could ask who he was, he himself started,

"Hi Dave, I am your neighbor, Andriy Krueger, you can call me Mr.Krueger. I never introduced myself to you.", he said. They both shook hands after which Dave said, "I know this is rude but can you leave me alone for some time, I am not just in a mood to talk, Mr.Krueger." Mr.Krueger said, "Yeah I know, but I know how you feel, losing a wife and taking care of a kid who is going to live his life without a mother."

Dave sighed. Mr.Krueger said, "It's because even I lost my wife when I was around your age."

Dave felt a little regret about what he had said earlier, he decided to apologize but the old man continued. "She died while giving birth to our son. So I know the feeling of loneliness and frustration that you feel, but I am here to give you advice to not let those feelings affect your child." Dave got a little annoyed by those words. "I am sorry Elena.", he mumbled.

"Excuse me?"

Mr.Krueger said, "It was the time when Ukraine was still part of the USSR, my wife's name was Elena and she wanted her son's name to be Boris which means a fighter. I used to be an alcoholic but after meeting Elena, she made me quit it. But God had some other plans, she could not survive while giving birth to our child, she could not even see him. The only wall between alcohol and me was her and now that she was gone went away my resistance to that poison, I started drinking alcohol again. I kept many maids for Boris, who ran away because of me, as I was always drunk and used to act rudely towards them. Boris grew up, his body was frail, due to my lack of attention towards him. But that child was something else, even though his body was frail, his mind was just like his mother, always determined. I had already lost my job and soon we were broke. Boris was 15 years by then and still somehow managed to provide me with alcohol every day. But one day he came to me and said that he had no alcohol today with him. I was furious and threw a bottle at him. His forehead started bleeding. He ran away in fear. I still was furious and chased him. But that's when he tried to cross the road while looking behind and that's when I saw his gaze which was so full of fear and hatred. That's when he got hit by a truck. Elena was dead and now Boris was dead. I didn't cry, I didn't feel sad I....I just felt empty.", Mr.Krueger's voice started cracking and he stopped saying anything. Dave couldn't say anything. The old man again took a deep breath, and continued his story, "After some days of his death, I got to know how he bought me alcohol, he used to steal money. You know Boris was not a fighter, he was just a child trying to escape his father's anger. And still, now I feel empty inside. I know I have no right to say this to you after what I have done to my son but I have been seeing you these past 2 days and then I saw you this morning and then decided to tell you my story. That's all I have to say, thank you for listening.", and Mr.Krueger stood up and walked away. Dave was still sitting on his seat for some time and then he stood up and slowly walked towards the coffin and stopped when he saw Chloe's hair but then he continued walking and that's when he saw her. She was in a white dress and her eyes were closed, yet to Dave, he had never seen a woman so beautiful or angelic before. He muttered, "I am sorry for being dumb, I am....so..sorry. I promise you that Fedir is going to grow up to be a good man. I promise."

The next morning the alarm went off. Dave woke up, still feeling lousy but his eyes were no anymore dropping, instead, they were bright. He opened the window and the sun was out, the snow was melting. He decided to drink iced tea from a nearby shop and went out. Fedir was with Konan today, so he had no worries.

He took out his phone and called Konan, "Hey Konan, I am gonna take care of Fedir from now on, so I will be coming to your house by today evening, yeah, take care." He switched off his phone and then a school bus passed by him and children were laughing in it. He saw up in the sky, there were some clouds and the cold wind was still blowing. The streets were filled with red-yellow colored leaves and Spring had now marked its arrival. Dave smiled a little, "The world sure seemed a little bright today.", he thought. From that day, the window mostly remained closed.

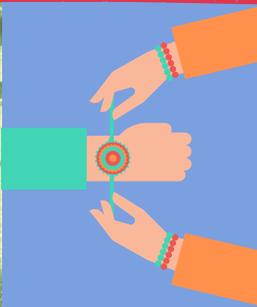


Foundation day celebrated on 17 July, 22

A pre-school was founded by Th. Dushyant Singh Ji Naila, and Thakurani Usha Singh Ji Naila, in July 1982. They began teaching five students, with one teacher under a Star fruit tree as a pre-school. The school started with the vision to maintain a balance between the mind (Rational Self) and the heart (Perception), Thus fostering the right citizen of tomorrow, One with good values and a balanced approach to life. Now Mayurites celebrated it's 40 proud years being the finest academic school in Jaipur ICSE board. The school still stands on it's ethics - humaneness, humanities and harmony making the students proud and worthy Citizens of tomorrow.



A glimpse of 'Rakshabandhan' celebrated on 11 August, 22



75 AZADI KA AMRIT MAHOTSAV

Independence day
celebrated with great
enthusiasm
and 37 mayurites
participated in the function.



हम आज़ाद हैं



तोड़ के पिंजरा उड़ी है फिर से,
सोने की चिड़िया जब तड़के।
पंख खोलकर शीश उठाए,
तीन रंग है गगन में छाए,
आज़ादी का महत्व समझाए।
धरती हमारी हम बच्चे इसके प्यारे ,
नई उमंग भरेंगे इसमे हम मिलकर अब सारे ।
ओ भारत माँ अब ले लो,
एक हाथ में फरसा दूजे में तलवार,
गद्दारों का करदो तुम संहार,
तभी होगा देश ऊर्जा का संचार।

नई उमंग और आशा से आगे कदम बढ़ाएँगे,
विश्वगुरु , इस भारत को हम और महान बनाएँगे।

- वंशिका शर्मा IX



Right to freedom

Being free is my right
And for it I wil fight
To make the country free
All the people will unite
And toil day and night

We children are the flagbearers
We will hold it tight
As it is the esteem of our nation
And we are here to hold the pride

We will shine, shine and shine
Like countless stars in the sky
The future is in our hands
And we will make our nation bright

- विभूति रोचवानी VIII



DO YOU KNOW ??

- 1.Our National Song 'Vande Mataram' was part of a novel.
- 2.The Indian Tricolour was designed by Pingali Venkayya.
- 3.The Karnataka Khadi Gramodyoga Samyukta Sangha only has the authority to manufacture and supply the Indian flag.
4. Our National Anthem was sung for the first time in Calcutta on 27 December 1911.

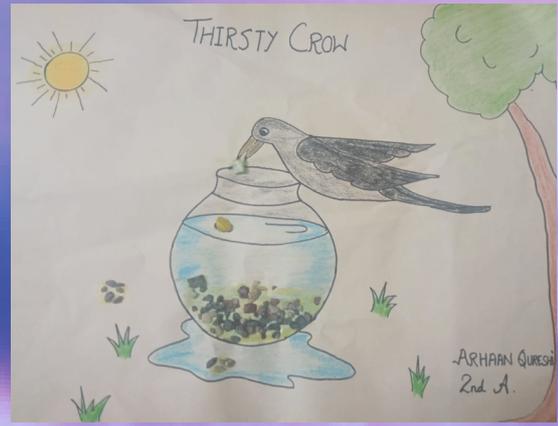
Spectaculars



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Tanishka Godhwani X



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Avneet Kaur VIII

