

OCTOBER NEWSLETTER 2022



D P S Gurni Chronicle



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“Power is of two kinds. One is obtained by the fear of punishment and the other by acts of love. Power based on love is a thousand times more effective and permanent than the one derived from fear of punishment.”



On October 2, a national holiday is observed to respect Mahatma Gandhi and pay our tributes to the freedom fighter. In 2007, the United National General Assembly announced October 2 as the International Day of Non-violence to honour Gandhi's ways. On this day, awareness is created on the importance of non-violence and convergence of peace, harmony and unity across the world.



A small play was enacted by the Teachers of the PE and VPA department to emphasize explain the teachings of Mahatma Gandhi and words which were a part of his teachings like

Non– violence, Courage, Peace, Thoughts, Truth, Faith, Service, Belief.



NAVARATRI CELEBRATION



Navratri festival is a joyous way of worshipping Goddess Durga with nine different avatars celebrating one each nine days. 'The entire school cherished the Garba celebration in the school premises. The students came dressed in traditional Garba attire which made a spectacular visual treat for everyone. The positivity and energy exuberating out of the colourful costumes combined with the enthusiasm of dancing to the garba folk songs made the entire event extremely entertaining. The children's joy knew no bounds and for some it was definitely an experience of a lifetime.'





DIWALI CELEBRATION



ATL WORKSHOP

On 14th October 2022 DPS Harni conducted ATL workshop on ' Basics of Coding and Electronics '

The schools that participated in the work shop were

1. Delhi Public School Vadodara
2. Chinmay International school
3. Global Discovery school
4. Atmiya vidyalay
5. Shannen school
6. Shaishav school



The workshop focused on

1. The understanding of Basics of electronics
2. Types of electric current
3. Differences between Machine , Robot, and Artificial intelligence
4. Introduction about micro controllers (Arduino)
5. Hands on practical's performed on LED blinking.
6. Hands on activity performed on TRAFFIC SIGNALS using coding



Achievement



VIBGYOR VIVA Inter School Swimming Competition

VIBGYOR SCHOOL organized "**Vibgyor Viva Inter School Swimming Competition**" held on 15th October 2022 . 4 students of our school had participated in the competition of which 2 were declared winners in several categories.

Results:

- ♦ Dishna Bhatt VI-C (U-12) won 3 gold medals and one silver medal .

Events :- Gold in 25 mtr free style.
Gold in 25 mtr backstroke.
Gold in 4×25 mtr relay.
Silver in 25 mtr butterfly.

- ♦ Devika Mistri VII-F (U-14) won bronze medal

Event :- 25m breast stroke - 50m

“THE PINNACLE”

Inter School Competition

Students of Delhi Public School Harni have come out with flying colours and bagged several prizes in an inter-school competition organized by Cygnus world School in which twenty schools from Vadodara have participated.

Various categories of the event were:

1. Pearls of wisdom (Shloka Recitation)
2. Magic of Mirch Masala (Spice Art)
3. Web it Up (Mind Map Making)
3. To be or not to be (Enacting a character of Shakespeare)
4. Story to a Sonnet Poem Making)
5. Express to Impress
6. Newspaper Apparel (Teacher's Event)

The competitions were a fusion of talents, imagination, creativity and alertness. Following students won in several categories.

1. **Ashmita Prabhat** (Senior KG) – Commendable Prize in Pearls of wisdom
2. **Ahana Sharma** (Grade V) – 3rd Prize in To be or not to be
3. **Arham Champaneria** (Grade IX) and Twisha Puwar (Grade X)-1st Prize in Story to a Sonnet
4. **Dhriti Dalal** (Grade XI)-2ND Prize in Express to Impress
5. **Ms.Vidya Karhale** -1st Prize in Newspaper Apparel.





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27 Oct 22

To,
The Principal,
Delhi Public School
Campus, Near Motnath Temple, Harni-Virod Road, Harni, Vadodara
Gujarat - 390022

Dear Ms. Deepali Sekhon,

We are delighted to inform you that your student, **Virajas M Chandorkar of Grade 9-F**, has now become a published author with Scholastic, under the Writers Academy Programme.

Scholastic Writers Academy, identifies and nurtures talented writers from across the country. The 10-day mentorship programme, under the able guidance of Literary Experts, helps writers hone their skills, provides them with a reader's perspective and molds them into becoming published authors.

The hard work and efforts of each of our young writers, to complete the manuscript within the 10-day mentoring programme is highly commendable! It was a delight to see them participate and engage during the mentoring sessions and we loved watching them grow, flourish and bring their story to life!

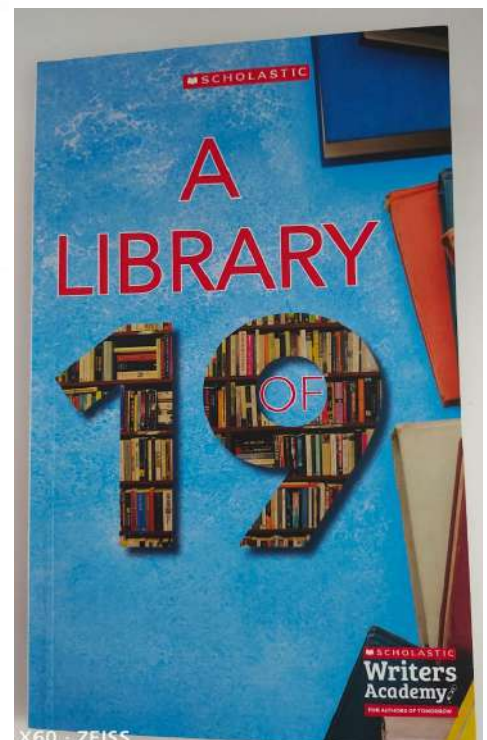
We are enclosing a copy of 'A Library of Nineteen', a splendid anthology of 19 stories from our freshly coined authors, who kick start their writing careers with us.

We do hope you will encourage more budding writers to fulfil their dreams of becoming published authors through this programme.

Do enjoy the splendid stories in the anthology! We would be happy to receive your feedback!

Loena

Regards,
Loena Srivastava
Head- Business Development
Scholastic India
Ph: 9818842244
Email: Lsrivastava@scholastic.asia



Hello everyone, I am Mr. Bamboo...!

And today, I am here to promote myself. Feeling strange !! Certainly...

I am here patronizing the use of bamboo because presently we find nature wrapped in plastic waste. Banning plastic is a solution but it is important to provide a sustainable alternative. It is with this thought that and this is how **'THE BAMBOO GREENS'** evolved. This was 'Eureka' moment for the Eco-freak **Hriday**.

'THE BAMBOO GREENS' not only provide an Eco-friendly plastic alternative but also helps in the Socio-economic Development of local artisans. Now you must be thinking **Bamboo-** as an alternative of plastic? Yes...Let me give you the reasons behind it. We bamboo trees are Eco-friendly even our final products are sustainable and disposable that is why we are also known as **'THE GREEN STEEL'**. We have antimicrobial properties and the manufacturing process is emission free. Most importantly we are fastest growing and versatile and that is the reason why **'THE BAMBOO GREENS'** products are affordable. **'THE BAMBOO GREENS'** provide a wide variety of products from Toothbrushes to Cutlery to Stationary and even to Birdfeeder. Along with it, coconut shell variety is also available.

All in all, we can say that we do not have Planet B. So, let us fade away the use of plastic and adopt Bamboo as a wise choice.

Thank you.

Hriday Dabhi 4-C



Butterfly Winds

Every time I sit beside your side
usually looking for an adventure
Going to the jungle to find new things
You go to the butterfly winds
You follow me against the walls
Every time you and I go together
We can beat anything and never fall
You go to the butterfly winds and the falls
You will follow me against the walls
(OOO) the butterfly winds and the falls

Written By—Tisha Jayswal (2B)

REVEAL

**Life is wonderful
But sometimes feel doubtful
Is life peaceful?
Or its just awful?
I wandered around the streets
I was totally out of my beat
The more I walked the more it became concrete
Without realization
I entered a beautiful civilization
I felt it was my hallucination
But I didn't care as I believed in utilization
Happiness was all around that place There was no
competition, no race
Everyone was happy in their own place
The scene I saw was just a different case.
Life is an ideal
You just need a zeal
Explore your life and reveal
Then all your problems and doubts will heal.**

Written BY— SHYAMLI (X-F)

THE PAST

There she is,
 Standing alone on the ledge.
 Sometimes people leave her far behind,
 Carrying on to make life better.
 Sometimes getting nostalgic about it,
 Thinking of sweet golden days.
 Thanking her not to evade from their mind,
 To help them rectify their mistakes.
 Others getting demented on her,
 Pleading her not to remind them of those days,
 When their fate was no good.
 She is the past memories.

Written BY— Saivi Patel (XI-D)

Take me back to the time when we used to be so innocent,
 when our lives were magnificent.

When we used to have fairy dreams and didn't have to worry
 about our streams.

When all we worried about was colours and cartoons and had
 our best afternoons.

When we used to write on beach sand and didn't have tired
 hands

Take me back to the time when we were five, when we had un-
 troubled life.

-Prachi Bhatt XI-B

Someone I want

And just then a thought flashes my mind ,
 of why thou, do I have all of them?
 they who claim to be but
 are not free around me .

They who promise me this and that of the world,
 they who do not have the time to say "hi!" a word,
 them who wear a mask when they
 say they are with me on the way.
 They who can't spare me time
 and then all the blame is to be always mine,
 who make me trust that they will
 hold my hand till the top of the hill,
 and though they can't spare me time when I'm in need.

And why do I still long for somebody like this,
 maybe someone just out of the crowd,
 someone who doesn't promises me anything
 and, thus , doesn't break my expectations or nothing,
 and oh god! I still wonder,
 why shall I be looking for 'em,
 'cause I find silence way better than them.
 It never complains nor gets affected by words
 which can never leave me or behind me make curse.

And just its hard to decide,
 whether I wanna be alone or confide.
 The dilemma is a level high,
 It can't be solved in a year or two or five.
 Somebody who can show me the way,
 Oh! And I know I'm
 Senselessly looking for a needle in the hay.
 If I stay alone whether in life or in home,
 a ray of light just guides me out,
 and asks me to be on top
 of my voice and shout
 their name who I want,
 and that's my biggest haunt.

It's hard to know and harder to trust people
 not because I know they disguise ,
 just 'cause I doubt if there's someone as wise.
 I hope one day I will sigh in relief,
 I make it my strongest belief...

Written By : Satvik Parihar XII-A

(Story continued from July's newsletter)

Marlse Ploos

Later that melancholic evening, Touroinne booked two tickets to Paris, packed his bags in haste and left his centuries old sanctuary to attend his best friend's funeral along with Sparril, who was also feeling very grim, Marlse Ploos was like a grandfather to him, he used to tell Sparril, stories of old, stories even before the extinction of unicorns, stories about battling elves and dwarves, and how at one point, magic was present in the same realm as the mundane realm. Of course, Sparril already knew of these subjects, he was practicing magic for as nearly as 10 years now, but Marlse's perspective was always different, different than most wizards and sorcerers of his age. But he who had lived a five hundred years, had died now, and those he left behind, could do nothing but weep, since raising him back from the dead would be impossible even for Sparril's master, it also would be very unethical of the magic community not to let his soul rest.

They soon finished packing their belongings, all that was left now was to reach the station in time to catch the 8 pm train to Paris, but since being a traditional man, Touroinne insisted on at least walking to the train station, to pay his respect to his old friend, it would also draw less attention if he walked instead of taking his chauffeur and his Bugatti Type 57S Atalante, which was so old, it would be considered an antique now.

Even though Touroinne was more than four centuries old, he was healthy and could run at least three miles a day, Sparril on the other hand had just started his endurance training, the best he could do, was to hold his breath for four minutes.

As both of them walked without speaking a word out of grief, the sun had already set and an eerie effect of twilight took place, as they walked towards the station, the sky had turned purple-black, "an omen"—said Touroinne finally, "a great person and his magic is gone from this world now"—he added. Although Sparril did not say anything, he knew that truer words could not have been spoken.

After another thirty minutes of walk, then reached the train station, just in time to catch the train to Paris. The platform was full of people carrying their luggage from one place to another, they very swiftly, did the same and boarded the train. They entered a carriage, and sat in an empty compartment.

Before the last call for the train was called out, both Sparril and Touroinne sat in silence, Sparril could tell, although he was not certain, but he felt like his master was angry, he did not know what but his master did not tell him the whole truth about Marlse's death. All Sparril knew was that Marlse was found dead in his house in the 8th district in Paris, at 8:48 in the morning. *Mr. Marlse died a natural death, so why does master look so angry*—thought Sparril.

For a while, the silence maintained, the train had departed from the station, they were the only passengers in this carriage. And then suddenly, spoke Touroinne— “y-you have noticed my anger”, Sparril nodded. “You need not worry”, said Touroinne as his eyes which were always light green in color turned a shade of scarlet-vermillion, “you see, Marlse was the best wizard when it came to divination, he could tell one's certain future by looking into his eyes, he knew my own future and his own future too”, Touroinne took a pause to breathe, and then continued— “he told me his fate, how he would die. He told me that someday would come when a group of devil worshippers would drain him of his life force”, Sparril understood it all now, “so if we trust our friend Marlse, then there is a group of witches in Paris who have such great intentions that they are willing take somebody's life”, said Sparril in sarcasm, knowing where this conversation was going, “yes—if it is true, then I want you to help me find these witches, I will deal with them myself”, said Touroinne, Sparril knew what his master would say next, so before Touroinne could speak another word, Sparril interrupted— “You wouldn't have to deal with them alone now, I will help you send those witches to the deepest darkest layers of Hell. For they have rid us of our dear friend”, he took a pause, as their cabinet window broke with ghostly whispers, assuming that it was just one of his Wilde-magic traits, he continued— “I vow myself in front of all the gods, I will bring justice to those who murdered our friend Marlse Ploos”, said Sparril with the desire to exact revenge and the eagerness to do it as quickly as possible.

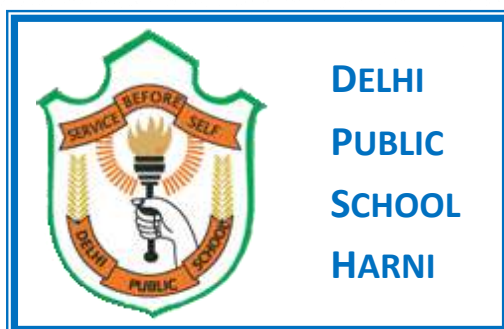
“Well said, my passionate pupil, well said”, complimented Touroinne, “although, I know that you want to prove yourself, I simply can't have you murder them, I plan to let the law enforcement, take care of them. And since I am reminded that you have other problems to take care of, I must do this myself”, shocked, Sparril replied— “w-what problem mastaer?”, he asked humbly, trying to conceal his disagreement with his master's plan. “Your Wilde-magick Sparril, it cannot be controlled by you, I will not have other people die, just because you cannot control your affliction. Many of my friends are going to attend Marlse's funeral, I want you to look for Atropa Bella-

know, go to her and get better and then we will see if you can help me find those witches.” “Oh... alright then master, as you wish”, said Sparril, no matter how much he disagreed to his master’s plan, he knew better than to talk back to his master.

As the sun set, Touroinne and Sparril spoke no more, both of them just sat on their seats meditating. *Meditating always helps one to enhance their physical ability to do magic*, thought Sparril as he struggled to keep his thoughts streamlined, this continued for another 15 minutes before they arrived at Paris central station. They unloaded their luggage off the train. A cab was already waiting there for them. The Chauffeur helped them with their luggage, shortly after which they were enroute to the *Hotel a La Tour*, the only hotel which would accept bookings within such a short period of time and that too cheaply. No matter how rich Touroinne was, he had a habit of saving money wherever possible, and so once again, he had tried his best to save money.

They approached the reception, got the keys to room no. 201 and room no. 202, it was late at night, and so Sparril wanted to rest. Touroinne on the other hand, changed from his robes into a black suit and a top hat, and went out as soon as he reached the room. His foot steps were loud enough for Sparril to know that his master had went out. He didn’t rest a while; he just went out to investigate the death of friend. I should also go and try to help him. Thought Sparril, as he lay on the hotel room bed. And then he stood up, motivated to help his master. He then jumped into his own black suit, and rushed out of his room. And there, just outside his room, stood a person. This person piqued Sparril’s Interest.

Witten BY :- Lalitaditya Malik XI-B



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