



June Newsletter 2022

DPS Harni Chronicle



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INTERNATIONAL YOGA DAY 21 JUNE 2022



INTERHOUSE COMPETITIONS



Drawing & Painting



Sports Day
Selection
classes
IV & V



Solo Dance



Spellathon





Cricket
Girls & Boys



Table
Tennis



kabaddi



Rangoli



Story Telling



CLUB ACTIVITIES

Bird House Making



Rajasthani Miniature Painting



Learning Articles



Heritage club - Radio Jockey



Topic Nature Colors



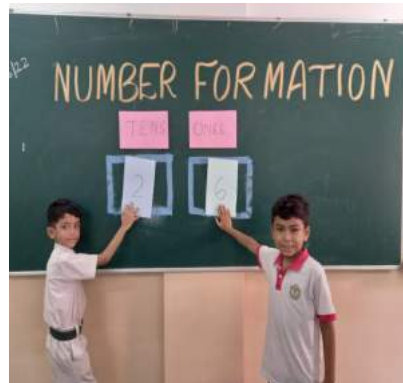
Readers Club



Drawing & Painting



Number Formation



Swimming



NCC ORIENTATION

CLASS VIII SESSION 2022-23



An Orientation Programme was conducted for the class VIII parents and students to familiarize them about NCC Naval Wing. It is a two year training course. After completion of the course the NCC Cadets are given 'A' level certificate. Camps are organized for the cadets as well.



The NCC aims at developing character, comradeship, discipline, a secular outlook, the spirit of adventure and ideals of selfless service amongst young citizens. Further, it aims at creating a pool of organized, trained and motivated youth with leadership qualities in all walks of life, who will serve the Nation regardless of which career they choose. Needless to say, the NCC also provides an environment conducive to motivating young Indians to join the armed forces.

The Realms Deep

Touroinne Marlinde

In Versailles, the dawn was to be as beautiful as it could have ever been, when searched thoroughly one could see sparrows flying through the sky that day. The clouds would keep the sunlight at bay even at noon and the winds would have blown from south-east—or so Touroinne had predicted.

It was raining, harder than any rain he had seen in the past decade, the clouds surely kept sunlight at bay, but there was no bird in sight nor any human, as a very thick fog had covered the entire city and nothing was visible through any window of his house. The atmosphere outside was now, as eerie as it was inside.

He was never good at divination, all his life, and he had lived a long life—in the coming week, he would be 497 years old. all these years and yet he couldn't learn the easiest of the magic, *there is nothing easy about divination*, he convinced himself once more as he brushed his teeth.

After a brief shower, Marlinde decided to head downstairs for his breakfast. On this particular day, his creativity was not at its peak, so he decided to settle for an omelet and some toast bread, instead of cooking something fancy and making use of the herbs growing in his backyard.

After having his breakfast, he meditated for half an hour, and exactly at 8, he started burning some Tibetan monastery incense all around his house, to clarify his surroundings. This was his daily routine. And then he again started to cook everything he had just had for breakfast. He cracked open the eggs with as much finesse as he had had three centuries ago, he fried them to a perfect crisp, not a bit raw, not a bit overcooked, pyromancy was his forte, and he was proud of it, humble, yet proud. After making some more toast bread, and serving it in a plate, he kept the plate on his dinner table, and made his way down to his basement.

As he was climbing down the stairs, he could hear him take very deep breaths, as deep as a wild animal on its deathbed. As he reached the end of the stairs, Marlinde switched on the lights, and there he was, lying in what seemed like a dragon's nest now, with burn marks all over the walls, and remnants of thorn vines half burnt and half with wild roses on the wall, and a stag without its limbs and its guts gouged outwards was lying along the east side wall of the basement. Amidst all of this was, a fairly good-looking man in his mid-20s, with a pale complexion and long brown hair tied in a twist-in bun, highlighted scarlet-maroon at the ends, his whole body had scars and his hands were a lighter complexion than his body, he was sweating and panting as if he had just run the country without any pause.

This man was Sparril Lornud, he was an apprentice of Touroinne Marlinde, he had been since he was six. "I see your Wilde-magic affliction is getting wilder by the day", said Marlinde, as he took the chains that bind his apprentice off of him. "I could hardly sleep, having visions that I couldn't comprehend", looking around, Sparril said "and then I woke up to this mess—" "ah, mon ami, you remember what I promised you? I *will* help you get rid of that talisman" a faint smile appeared on Marlinde's face as he answered his own question. "I just need to figure out the *how*", Sparril looked at him blankly, as he often did when his master was thinking.

After a minute of silence and awkward eye contacts, Marlinde finally remembered— "ah! I forgot, I made you breakfast, why don't you come upstairs, have a bath and after that you can eat it, meanwhile I will search the library, and check the mails", Sparril nodded slightly, and then picked himself from the ground and started going upstairs.

While Sparril was climbing the stairs, he heard his master whisper—"first I need to clean up this mess, fire will do", and with a snap of his finger, Marlinde incinerated the result of his apprentice's wilde-magic affliction, everything from the vines to the dead stag along with its guts, all started to burn in scarlet embers and as mysteriously as they appeared, they turned to ashes with as much clarity.

Written By :- Lalitaditya Malik (XI B)

ALUMNI CORNER

5 years ago my life's most important Journey started from this school, Delhi Public School Harni. Now I'm here today with a wealth of knowledge I will always treasure, thanks to this school. Studying in this school has been a great learning experience and I am thankful for the skills I have gained.

I still remember my first day in this school. When I joined I was just a random regular new student and I felt weird as everything seemed new to me, new teachers, new classmates, My mind was full of doubts about the teachers whether they are too strict? Can I adjust myself to this new atmosphere? Can I make good friends here? Well, now I can say that it all turned out for the best. I found my best friend here and I was taught by the best faculty one can only dream of

I don't even know how the days passed away, the last 4 years of my school life passed in the blink of an eye and I developed a strong attachment with the school, my friends and teachers. All the mischievous things, teasing, crazy jokes, fighting and lot more silly memorable acts are hidden deep in my mind.

Though my heart is heavy for having left my beloved school yet I have all the cherished memories with me which will always be treasured deep in my heart. The memories are countless.

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