



## ONE BILLION RISING JPIC LORETO INDIA 2021



**TO MAKE A GARDEN GROW IS TO LOVE.  
TO KEEP A COMMUNITY ALIVE IS TO LOVE.  
CREATE AND GROW GARDENS. DANCE IN THEM.  
RAISE THE VIBRATION WITH YOUR HANDS AND BODIES.**

# RISE FOR WOMEN AND MOTHER EARTH.

**#RISEGARDENRESIST #1BILLIONRISING #RISINGWORLD**

# 1BILLION RISING 2021 RISINGGARDENS

*To commemorate the campaign, this year we must RISE to value and protect MOTHER EARTH. We call upon everyone to RISE in honour of MOTHER EARTH so as to create and grow RISING GARDENS.*

St AGNES' LORETO DAY SCHOOL, LUCKNOW



HIYA NATH, 5A



SAMRIDDI GUPTA, 3B



JAPNEET KAUR, 7A

Mother nature and its nurture by women Ariadne stared at the cream at her hand; ‘Be whiter, be better’, it said. She threw the cream across the room. It landed on her mother’s feet. “When will you understand!?” her mother yelled as she took the cream and slapped it on Ariadne’s face. “look how much better you look! I’ll get you another pack of this.” Ariadne stared at her reflection, perhaps not her’s but a stranger’s. The woman staring back at her was not her but someone she was supposed to be. The world in the olden times was not favorable to women. There were unrealistic beauty standards a woman had to live up to. No one understood that a woman gave as much life to the world as mother nature “Now hasten, we are late”, her mother said and left the room. The young successor of their state was about to make an announcement that evening. Ariadne came out and saw a bunch of knights standing as the king came out of his castle. White mist hung in the air. Since the arrival of the new king the environment was contaminated and numerous diseases were spreading across the land. The sky looked like it might fall; the ocean had turned almost black and the no animals were able to survive in the forests. It looked as if the goddess and the mother nature, Gaia was as upset as she once was when her children betrayed her.

“We are honored to inform you that our mighty king wishes for a new castle”, the minister began but the king cut him off “we shall soon start deforesting the woods and it has come to my knowledge that there’s a small school for girls in the forest.” The king chuckled without any humor. “I will see to it that by tomorrow not even the remains’ of that unholy school is left.”

Then something happened so quickly that Ariadne wasn’t sure if she was hallucinating. The king was knocked down on the ground as he was coughing and choking and everyone gasped. A sudden peculiar sensation went through Ariadne. She felt as if her flesh was leaving the bones it was bound to. Her eyes flashed green and she started speaking. Although the voice that came out was not hers, perhaps not even human. The voice was hoarse and godly. “my children, I have raised you all along and that’s how you will repay me!” Ariadne tried resisting but the voice held onto her. “you humans treat women like they are an object, you don’t compare the sun and the moon, you don’t compare the sky and the sand, then how can humans be compared.”

Tears ran down her cheeks but they were not Ariadne’s, it seemed that mother nature was weeping in front of her children. “you are destroying everything I created.” The tears were now replaced by rage. “I made men and women with as much love as the sun and the moon, and you are destroying everything”. The ground started rumbling and everyone begged for forgiveness in front of Ariadne.

She felt the knot in her chest loosen and blood started rushing through her veins again. Everyone stared at her in warmth. The knights regarded Ariadne as their mistress. Ariadne made all the misconceptions of beauty clear to her followers. It was as if a small essence of Gaia was still in her heart and the world looked like it was smiling again.



INSHA KHAN, 8 B

**POEM**

When the world would be under a mesh of darkness and gloom,  
 With a wildflower throwing off dust, we will sink,  
 With a growing leaf wrapped in the occult of stars, we will sink,  
 With the floating clouds that shower the thirsty flowers with the air, we will sink.  
 When the world will forget the touch of mother nature,  
 We will rise and watch the sunsets and the moonrise,  
 We will rise and wander the lost lands glimmering with the flurry of sand,  
 We will rise to feel the wild wind.  
 We will rise to see mother nature rise.



SIDRA AHMAD, 11A



**Taisha Chinda I A**



**Advika Singh IV B**



**Nayonika Menon I A**



**Ashita Kumar VI C**

**MOTHER NATURE**



Fresh air, rain water or food we eat  
 With warm Sunshine, in morning she greets,  
 She nurtures life in her shadows everywhere  
 It's her grace shining on us when we meet.  
 In summers she soothes us with cold breeze  
 In winter her sunshine warms us when we sneeze.  
 In monsoon she provides us with rain  
 To help us to survive on her by growing our green.

**Diana Thomas X A**



**Akshita Priya VI B**

**Seasons of the Delhi Sun**



The January rain plays hide and seek,  
 The pangs of winter turn soft and meek,  
 The second quarter brings the smell of summers,  
 And the sight of spring, the season of lovers.  
 The warmth of May prepones the dawn,  
 And crystallizes the leaves, dew adorned,  
 The earthy perfume of rain comes and goes,  
 The fog returns, winter as its host.

**Paakhi Tiwari X B**

GROWING GARLIC AND ONION IN MY PLANTERS

STEP 1

I PICKED GARLIC AND GINGER POD FROM MY KITCHEN



AARNA SRIVASTAV - III A

STEP 2:

I BROKE THE GARLIC POD AND SEPARATED THE CLOVES AND PUSH EACH ONE OF THEM INTO THE SOIL AND PUSHED THE ONION POD DIRECTLY INTO THE SOIL



STEP:3

I TOOK CARE OF THE SHOOTS AND WATERED THEM REGULARLY, IN FIFTEEN DAY THE SHOOTS OF GARLIC AND ONION WERE READY TO BE USED FOR GARNISHING AND TO PREPARE TASTY CHUTNEY



GARLIC



ONION

## JAGRITI LORETO VIDYALAYA



पेड़ न कोई कटने पाए जंगल अब न घटने पाए ।  
मिलकर हम सब कसम खाएं आओ मिलकर पेड़ लगाएं ।।

### " मातृ भूमि "

भूमि, धरती, भू, धरा  
तेरे हैं ये कितने नाम,  
तू थी रंग बिरंगी, फल- फूलों से भरी -  
भरी।  
तूने हम पर उपकार किया,  
हमने बदले में क्या दिया ?  
हमने बदले में क्या दिया?  
तुझसे तेरा रूप है छीना ,  
तुझसे तेरे रंग है छीने ,  
पर अब मानव है जाग गया।  
हमने तुझसे ये वादा किया,  
अब न जंगल काटेंगे ,  
नदियों को साफ रखेंगे,  
लौटा देंगे तेरा रंग रूप ,  
चाहे हो कितनी बारिश और धूप।

विवेक पांडे जागृति लॉरेटो  
विद्यालय लखनऊ

### MOTHER NATURE

- 1) Have you heard of the girl with the sun on her skin.
- 2) Who can make flowers grow with her light from within.
- 3) And she runs through the world leaving life in her wake.
- 4) With blossoms all living the path that she takes.
- 5) she must be quite shy for she's never been seen.
- 6) But she's what paints the grass Sach a rich shade of green.
- 7) I've heard people say that there's dew in her veins.
- 8) That whenever she's hurting or lonely, it rain.



Let us close our eyes and remember,  
 Marvels of Mother Nature and her splendor.  
 The first rays of the sun peeking through the mountains,  
 The musky aroma of earth after incessant rain.  
 The gentle breeze flowing amidst the field of life sustaining grains,  
 For taking Mother Nature for granted, we should be ashamed.  
 Let us put an end to her oppression caused by deforestation and pollution,  
 And restore Mother Nature to her former glory for the future generations.



ADYA AGARWAL

7C

LORETO CONVENT

### प्रकृति और उसकी सुंदर रचना

मधुर है वो गीत, जो चिड़ियाँ चहक कर गाती हैं,  
 जैसे समझो पेड़ पर लगे फलों में, वहीं मिठास डालती है।

अव्वल है वो रवि की सुनहरी प्रकाशित किरणें,  
 जो हर सवेरे जीवन में हर्ष और उल्लास जगती है।

मादक है वो सुगंध जो इन फूलों से आती है,  
 तभी तो संसार की हर खुशी में ये हमारे साथी है।

जल की बूँद-बूँद से मिलकर यह विशाल सागर बन जाते हैं,  
 इनहि बूँदों से वर्षा हमारी धरती को शीतल कर जाती है।

मधुर है स्वर उन हवाओं का जो तेज़ गति से चलती है,  
 पहाड़ों से समुंदर तक यही राज करती है।

देखो ये प्रकृति अनमोल बड़ी इसपर आँच कोई आए ना,  
 हर दिन एक नए उल्लास से भरपूर ये ईसान इसकी प्रतिभा को बढ़ाए गा।



लिखित एवं रचित द्वारा: सुमेधा खरे  
 कक्षा IX-C  
 लॉरेटो कॉन्वेंट इंटरमीडियट कॉलेज, लखनऊ



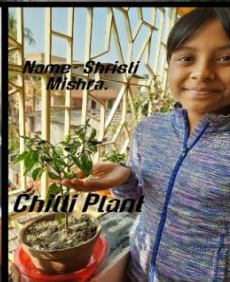
I woke up into the oblivion, my skin touching the shining waters of the turquoise sea. I remembered slumbering in these waters for millions of years, its sweet embrace giving me warmth. I looked at my navel, a lotus grew out of it, glistening in the sunlight. Looking at it I remembered the dream that I saw for all those millions of years. Of iridescent trees oozing amber. Of clear bright skies and chirping birds of various colors. I saw people like me, with rosy cheeks and wondering eyes. People who I named 'woman', the mothers of this wondrous land. I knew I have to create a child, nurturing it in my womb. A child who will nurture millions of generations to come of birds, trees and flowers. A child who would be a part of me and who would sustain me. My womb swell so did my heart. I talked to my child, telling him tales about my dreams. Of happiness and screams of joys. Of chirping birds and mewling child. The flowers with petals bright shining in the sunny light. My voice would become hoarse while talking about my marvelous world. I gave birth to a silent child with no cries. The trees and cerulean skies were all there just like I imagined. Yet it was a vanishing image of my desires. It was so perfect that it became lifeless. The wisteria where all lilac color there was no tinge of white, the leaves were of same size. I pressed my lifeless child on my bosom and looked at the perfect flowers blossom. I took my heart and created women. The representation of me, the portrait of my soul. Their melodious song and dance in circles put life in this soul less world. Their radiant joy and tinkling laughter made the world beautifully imperfect. The beautiful women of different kinds, welcomed the world as their own child.



Tuhina Prasad



### Rising Gardens Class - 2B



### REVIVAL

Aditya was sitting anxiously in the hospital waiting room. He wanted nothing else but to see his wife who was in labour, safe. He just wanted to hold their baby in his arms. He was nervously biting his lips. After an hour or more, the ICU light went off and he could see the doctor walking out with a grimace.

Aditya's heart skipped a beat.

"Doctor, my wife and child are fine, right?" Aditya asked eagerly.

"Yes, your wife is stable, but we are very sorry we couldn't save your child. She was very beautiful, but we lost her."

'Her' - a girl! Aditya remembered all the times he would talk about having a daughter to Reena when they were engaged. Even when she was pregnant, he would talk nonstop about all the things he would give his daughter.

He remembered how it would make Reena laugh at his stupid rambling, but he didn't miss how her eyes gleamed at the thought of having a daughter. A tear slipped from his eyes but he quickly wiped it off as he was brought out of his trance by the doctor.

"When can I see her?" he asked quietly, as he didn't trust his voice.

"She needs complete rest for a few hours, but for now I need to discuss a few matters with you, Mr. Sen. Please follow me to my chamber." Aditya followed her. He entered her chamber and sat on the chair as the doctor gestured. "Mr. Sen, I hope you know that your wife was bleeding heavily when she was brought into the hospital because of an infection and no matter how much we tried, we couldn't stop it."

"You could stop it later, right?" Aditya asked as his eyes widened in disgust.

"It got to a point when she was losing too much blood and to stop that we had to perform a hysterectomy."

"What does that mean?" Aditya asked with furrowed eyebrows. "We had to remove her uterus," the doctor stated.

Aditya's eyes widened in surprise and maybe a tear or two slipped out of his eyes. They were one of those couples who loved babies. They just loved to cuddle them and always wanted one of their own someday.

Later that day when Reena woke up crying to herself, Aditya sat beside her, pulled her towards him and murmured nothing but sweet and comforting words while they mourned their precious loss.

Reena did change from that day. She became quieter, not the normal exuberant Reena. She cried to herself almost every day, whenever she walked into the nursery. Whenever she saw the crib, she broke down to tears.

Gradually she decided to do something. One fine morning she bought home several saplings.

"Oh my God! Reena what are you up to?" Aditya was bewildered to see his wife nearly drowning in the mound of mud and saplings peeping out from the jute bag.

It didn't stop him from helping her plant them one by one. She would place them on the mud and gently plant them. It wasn't an easy job to take care of those plants. Never did she allow even one sapling to slip away from her hand. She lost her baby. She couldn't even hold her before she was taken away from her. So, this time she would not let these saplings die. These plants were her children. She nurtured them, watered them every day. Some days she even spoke to them.

"Hi, baby plant, I know possibly you won't hear me or understand me but that wouldn't stop me from talking to you, right?" She would coo.

"I'll always grieve the death of my baby girl but life has to go on. Does it sound selfish?" She asked quietly.

A cool breeze made the plant stir. It made Reena feel like it nodded. She quietly chuckled to herself.

"I think I want to start a *plant nursery*. Would you like that baby plant? Would you be sad to lose me? I would be sad too."

"Just imagine how much fun it would be to get a new caregiver." She said excitedly.

The nursery was soon filled with plants and the bright sunlight caressed the baby plants.

Aditya and Reena loved those plants like their own children. Gradually their nursery grew.

People never understood how they lived so happily even after such a loss, but if you'd ask them their answer would be '*the plants*'.

Society always thought women to be weak and plants to be unnecessary.

However, they never realized that both are an integral part of our lives





**Our Mother Earth**

We live in our mother earth  
Which has given us ocean, mountains, islands and many trees  
But to live here we do not have to pay any fees.  
This is a beautiful creation of God  
That is why formal other planets, earth is completely  
Same are grateful, some are not  
For this reason the earth is being polluted a lot



Plastics, garbage are polluting day by day,  
Will our future tell us, for polluting what price we have to pay? ---- IshaniGhosh VI ( 1)



- ISHANI GHOSH VI(1)-DEEPANJALI SEN VII(1)

SREYA DAS VIII(2)

**Mother earth**

Awake, arise  
See the world in your eyes,  
The plants are dying,  
The birds are crying  
Oh Mother Earth,  
Let the world rebirth  
Forgive us mother  
For the sins we committed  
Let us protect our home  
And seek forgiveness.



--AlokitaSenVI(1)DELNAZ AZIZ KG - 1



KAUSHANI MAITI (KG- 1)



ANANYA DAS (IV- 1)



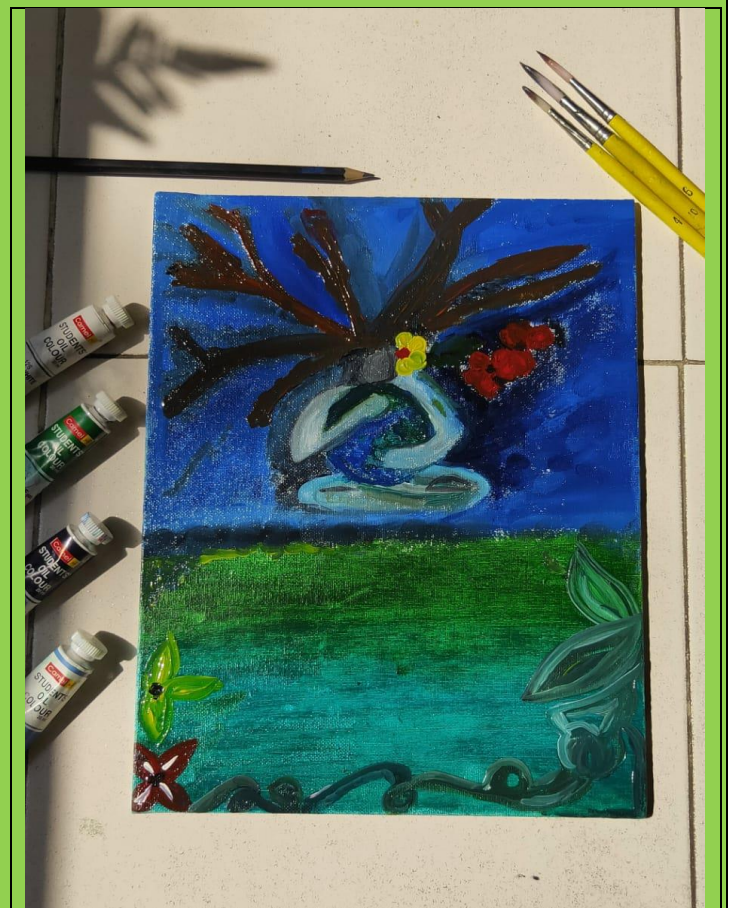
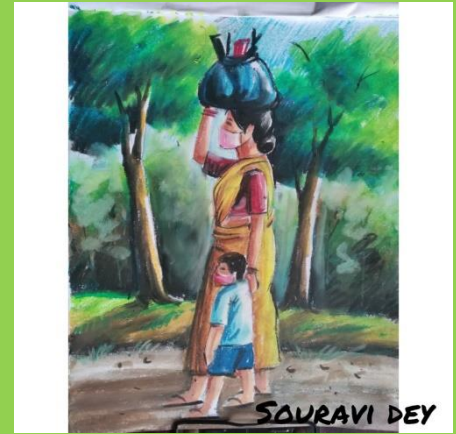
MAYURI SAH (V- 2)



Suhani Sen, Class:7-1  
Roll number-33.

**In the end**

My roots are dark I can see them no more  
The darkness has entered my eyes  
My hands are numb I can't feel them anymore,  
Am I dying? I asked myself  
Is it already time?  
Is the sun gone?  
In one corner of my heart, it still yearns for those days  
when there was water, water that made me feel alive.  
There was sun, sun that burns my skin, there was air,  
air that touched my soul.  
I wanted to feel that burning again I wanted to feel my soul  
again, but it's too late.  
I could no longer open my eyes. But still, still I feel hope, hope  
that is not possible but my heart that is on the verge of perishing feels  
Days were those when I saw the corn fields, I saw the farmers ploughing,  
farmer's wife calling out to her children. Leaves flushing with wind.  
Wind that touches my skin and tries to take me with him.  
Days were those when I gave fruit to those who would sit for shade under my enormous tree.  
Spring came stayed for me, I told her to stay a little longer this time. She amazes me.  
Summer came with her came burning sun, to burn my skin and I could feel fire.  
Rain came playing flute in every inch of my soul  
Making me feel alive, making my children alive as her water brings health to my children.  
Autumn came and took all my leaves away  
Winter came and went  
Again came those days, in recurrent  
But, Today I feel dead.  
Dead. Why? I asked myself  
I want no life in this piece of darkness  
My body aches  
Where are those days?  
My roots are dying, my leaves turning brown,  
my blood drying at the speed of light.  
But what should I do?  
There is darkness on my eyes.  
They died! My child replied  
There is pain all over my body from root to the tip  
Of leaf. I am gone.  
I could not save myself.  
They took me, cut me, I screamed.  
But my voice was unheard.  
Tip to toe I am gone  
Shattered are my children in front of my eyes  
My roots are screaming, but I am helpless  
I have no hands, my head is torn apart, my physique  
is cut half. They say, demons came  
There was darkness.  
Only shadows,  
Lingering with arms  
My roots all cut, I saw in front of my eyes.  
I am gone, mother.  
I could not save myself  
But I still yearn for those days.



**Benevolent Nature**

Plant a tree and create a bond with Mother Nature,

As she is our only creator.

Do a lot more than growing vegetables, plants and trees,

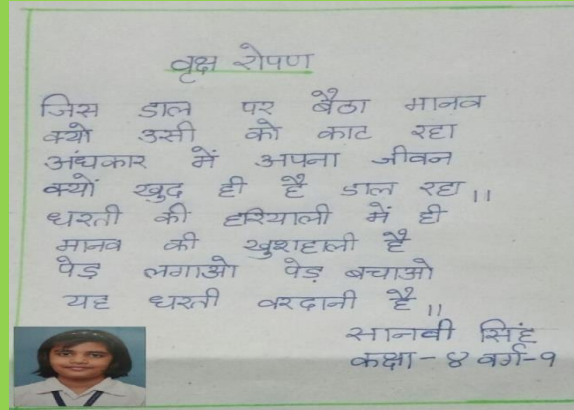
Do not harm Mother Nature and let her be free.

It renders joy to the heart,

Donning a multi-coloured garb.

It has a preternatural perfection,

And is God's bonanza that is so special.



Prabhgeet Kaur ,Class-5

**THE GARDEN OF LOVE**

When the wicked world closed its door,

I came and sat on your muddy floor

I turned my face to the smiling sun

And breathed in deep the fragrance of the flowers all spun

I slept so sound on the soft green grass

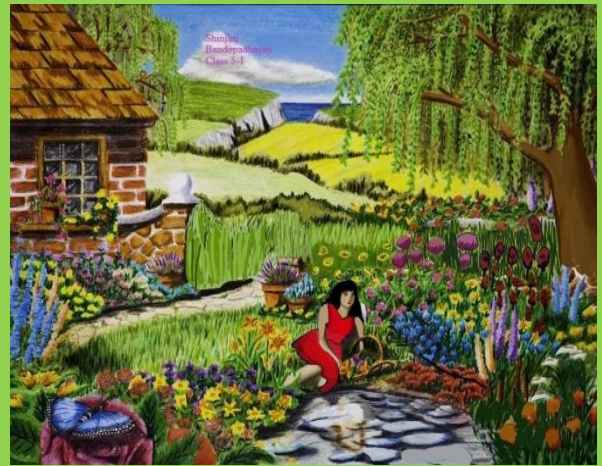
And there I found my peace at last In this garden so full of love,

Rose my soul, like a flying dove!



Shinjini Bandyopadhyay Class 5





**স্বপ্নের পরিষ্কার**

আমাদের গৃহে পরিষ্কারে, সুষ্পষ্ট পুষ্টি ভরা পার্শ্ব;  
 আনন্দে মন মজায় উড়ে ফুলের রঙ্গু খেলে,  
 পার্শ্বিক মন গান গায় যথ্য মনোব আনন্দে;  
 অমরক একাই জনে মনোব নিউট কামন সাদ্দ।

অবুধ হাতো ধর্মে যখন গাঢ়ের চিত্রে চেয়ে  
 মন গুলন মন দেয় হু উর্ধ্ব, মনোব মনোব মনোব;  
 হে মনোব আমন নানন গাঢ়, নানন ফুলের বসন্ত  
 পুষ্টিমণ্ডি মন মনোব মনোব, মনোব গাঢ় মনোব।  
 গাঢ়ের নীচে মনোব মনোব, মনোব মনোব মনোব মনোব;  
 মনোব মনোব মনোব মনোব মনোব মনোব;  
 গৃহে পুষ্টির অবুধ কণে আমন মনোব মনোব  
 মনোব মনোব মনোব মনোব মনোব গৃহে মনোব।

শ্রীয়া ঘোষ  
 শ্রেণী ৪, ২



Stuti Maitra Nursery 2

## FOLKLORE :“JAB PED CHALTE THE”



( STORY ILLUSTRATION) NANDINI GUPTA 9B

One Billion Rising is the biggest mass action to end violence against women in human history. One Billion Rising Campaign 2021 has a theme of Rising Gardens calling to Rise for Women and Mother Earth and to Raise the vibration by raising a garden. Keeping the theme in our mind , we have dramatized a skit on OBR online which is based on a folklore named “Jab PedChalte The : Lok- Katha” from Andaman and Nicobar Islands .It is based on those golden days when men wandered in the jungles ,trees also roamed like a man. They used to listen to what the man said to them and used to do whatever they were asked to do. When a man wanted to go somewhere, he used to ask the tree to take him there. The tree obeyed him and took him to the destination. Whenever a man calls the tree, the tree comes and goes with it. In reality, they could do all the work a man could do. One day some people wanted to carry some goods loaded on the trees, but they put so much burden on them that the tree could hardly move. They were unable to walk, staggering with great difficulty, but the merciless friends of the trees did not help on the condition of the trees. On the contrary, they started making fun of it. The trees felt very bad. They were upset with such a friendless attitude of man. They started thinking that they are getting this result after so much concern for human interest and doing such service at this insult. From the same day the trees decided to become stable. They stopped walking and running like a man. Now the man realized his mistake. He went to the tree and prayed to be friends as before ,but the tree did not listen and remained immovable. Thus the man's lewd and his selfish and abusive attitude snatched away his best friend. Now trees do not move, they do not talk. A selfish man would still say that the trees broke the friendship. This has not happened even after so many years, we don't accept the fact if we do not sustain tress ,we will soon live in a world that will not sustain us. How many people will still curse saying "The tree left the friendship" if we do not take care of the trees yet, did the trees really break the friendship?

SARA HUSSAIN CLASS- 9

शक्ति- अदिति ए संजय

एकबागबनायाईश्वरने,  
जहांभिन्न-भिन्नकेकुसुमखिले।  
आहा! क्यासुभगचित्ररचित,  
सुंदरतासेहैतनमंडित।  
परबनाहैइसकापहरेदार  
वहव्यक्तिजोकरताप्रहार।  
खिलनेकासमयतकदियानहीं,  
उसकलीनेजीवनतकजियानहीं।  
मालीकेमनकेअनुकूल,  
रौंथाकलीको, बनगईधूल।  
मालीनेहत्यारीउंगलियोंसेही  
तोडपुष्पकीनाजुककोमलटहनी  
मिलादियाकलीकोधूलमें  
एकआहनिकलीमरतेफूलसे।  
छायाचारोंओरअंधकार,  
डरतेमालीनेदीपुकार,  
तबसुनाईदीआकाशवाणी,"हेमूर्ख!  
तेरेअंदरइतनाअभिमान  
तूलेनेचलारचनाकेप्राण!  
परयहधूमिलहोफिरखिलेगीतुरंत,  
करनेतेरेजैसोंकाअंत।  
यहमतभूलकीकलीनाहैकमजोर,  
कांटेलेगेहैइसकेचारोंओर।  
तूइसेतोड़नेआएगा,  
खुदकाहीरक्तबहाएगा।  
सींचेगीखुदकोउसरक्तपर,  
इसकालीसेडरेगाहरएकनर।  
जोबुरीनजरउठाएगा,  
वहमातवहींपरखाएगा।  
अंतिममेरीयहबातमान,  
करहरकलीकातूसम्मान।  
सिर्फकलीनहीं, यहकालीहै,  
शक्तिकीप्रथमप्रणालीहै।  
तेरानाअधिकारकिसीकेजीवनपर,  
चाहेनारीयाअर्धनर।  
सम्मानदेइसबगियारेको,  
सुगंधितकरहरगलियारेको,  
लेप्रणसुरक्षाका, बागबान,  
तबमिलेगातुझकोभीसम्मान।।





CORIANDER PLANT  
SAMRIDDHI KHARWAL 4



BIJETREE BHANJA 3B



DRISHANA KAR KG B



SRIJANI KUNDU 1B

প্রকৃতি ও একটি মেয়ে

ওমকৃতা চক্রবর্তী

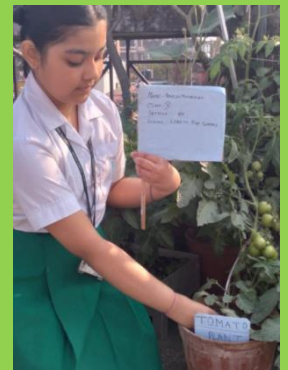
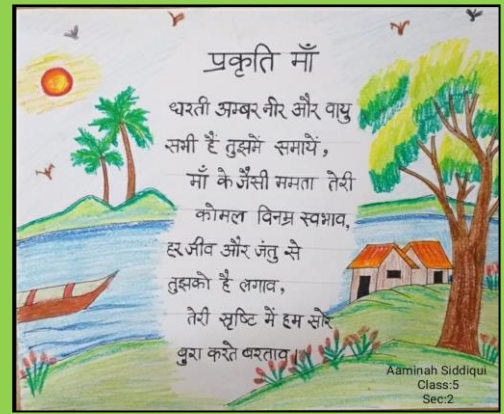
সুযোগটা যখন এলো, তখন একটা সত্যি ঘটনা সবাইকে লিখে জানাই। আমি কয়েকদিন আগে, ২৩শে জানুয়ারিতে, পুরুলিয়া ঘুরতে গিয়েছিলাম। সেখানে বাবার অফিসের গেস্ট-হাউসে ছিলাম। ঠিক তার পাশেই একটা ভাড়া বাড়িতে থাকত একজন দিদিভাই, নাম তার সৃজনী। প্রথমটা খেয়াল করিনি যে সৃজনীদি একা থাকে। যেদিন আমরা অযোধ্যা পাহাড়ে ঘুরতে গেলাম সেদিন সৃজনীদির সঙ্গে ভালো করে আলাপ হল। সুন্দরী সৃজনীদি পেশায় ডাক্তার, কিন্তু সে শহরে ডাক্তারি করে না। শহরের পরিবেশের থেকে তার জঙ্গলের পরিবেশ বেশি ভালো লাগে। গাছ-পালার সৌন্দর্যে তার মন শান্তি পায়। শাল-সেগুন-পলাশ তাকে টানে। সময় পেলেই সৃজনীদি জঙ্গলে ঘুরে বেড়ায় আর গাছ-পালা লাগায়। সে ওখানেই চিকিৎসা করে এবং খানিকটা সময় সেখানকার বাচ্চাদের পড়ায়। ওখানকার সবাই সৃজনীদিকে খুব ভালোবাসে। আজীবন শহরে বড় হওয়া, ডাক্তারি পাশ করা একটি মেয়ে কি করে এরকম জায়গায় থেকে শাল-সেগুন-পলাশের জঙ্গলে জীবন কাটাতে পারে আমি ভেবে পাই না। মনে হয়, অপরূপ চিত্তাধারার এক নারী প্রকৃতির অপরূপ সৌন্দর্যের মধ্যে নিজেকে খুঁজে পায়। সে ঐ অপরূপ প্রাকৃতিক পরিবেশের সঙ্গে মিশে এক হয়ে গিয়েছে। এই গাছপালা জঙ্গলই সৃজনীদির পরিবার হয়ে উঠেছে।



Omkrita Chakroborty -VI

Aaminah Siddiqui-V

Tanisha Gope -VI







LORETO DAY SCHOOL , SEALDAH



Veronoca David Class VIII



Amrita Bhandari Class VII

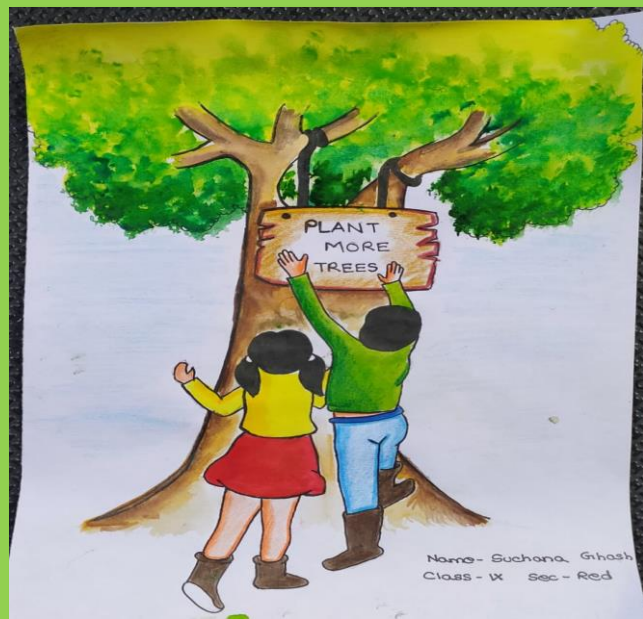
**The Beam Balance**

When I was born, the androgynous people asked for a price of eight thousand. For my brother, it was eighteen. When the central pointer of the beam balance decides to bend one way, how can we expect to be equal? Gender equality is not a woman's cause, it's a human cause. He didn't oppress until his father taught him what it meant to be masculine. A man is called a girlish wearing a makeup. A woman's position is clearly defined to be seen, not heard. When I look in the mirror, I look at a woman. My male friends look at a human in the same mirror. Oppression is not seen before it is felt and so I decided to change that image. I was told, my country respects women so I should maintain it, and I agree. I should, but not by maintaining a certain length of clothes. If the respect I receive is weighed on the 'sanctity' of my clothes, is that respect at all? Dear men, stop giving up your seat to protect me from eve teasing. I don't need your protection. Instead, take a moment and appreciate my rights. That will solve most of the problems. Do not call your son a girl when he cries. Instead, embrace your tears and still be a man. In the words of Emma Watson, "it's time we start to see gender as a spectrum and not a pair of opposing ideals." Rise of women, you say? Women have risen to the moon. How farther must she go to be appreciated as an equal

Kojagari Bhattacharya  
Class IX



Amrita Chanda Class IV



Suchana Ghosh Class IX

LORETO CONVENT, DARJEELING

ONE BILLION RISING : 2021

**Force of Nature**

There lived a barren woman in the hills who was feared by the villagers. She was treated like an untouchable and called her cursed. She felt lonely and overlooked all her life. One day her parents decided to marry her off to a drunkard from the neighbouring village. The villagers thought the union was perfect.

To pass her time while her husband wandered around the village doing odd jobs, she started tending to the little space in front of her cottage. She cared for her plants as though they were a part of her. She watered them and protected them from carnivores. She became a mother figure to the plants. One stormy night when her husband returned home drunk, he found her tending to her plants. He was enraged and jealous. He marched towards her to assault her but something extraordinary happened that night.

As he raised his hand to charge, the vines moved and swallowed the man whole. The neighbours heard his scream but he was nowhere to be seen. The vines wound itself on his body.

The next morning, he woke up under the shade of the tree. He learned his lesson.

The story soon became a fable told to children at bedtime, emphasizing the sweet moral of loving a plant and having it love you back.



**Mannat Jarial,**

**Mother Nature**



**Soumyashree Thapa, X A**

Soaked in rain; scorched by heat

She stays firm, so that we can breathe and eat.

The creepers, the crawlers, the flappers and the howlers

Are endowed by her grace, a phenomenal super power.

Her motherly love; tender, yet fierce

Has been there from the beginning, through all these years.

And all those who thrive in her embrace,

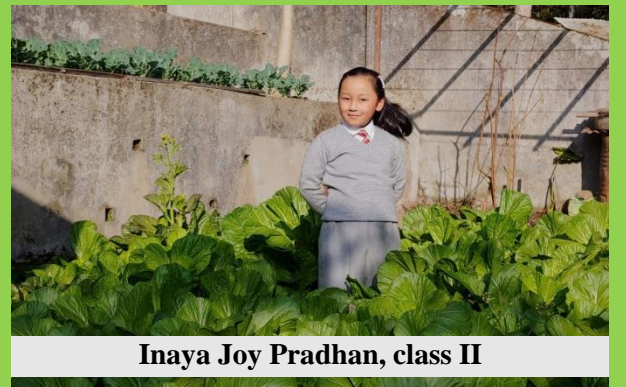
Are blessed to have been nurtured with such grace.



**Ephrema Baptiste, IX**



**Anugraha Wynona Rai, class III**



**Inaya Joy Pradhan, class II**

ST. TERESA'S GIRLS' H.S. SCHOOL, DARJEELING

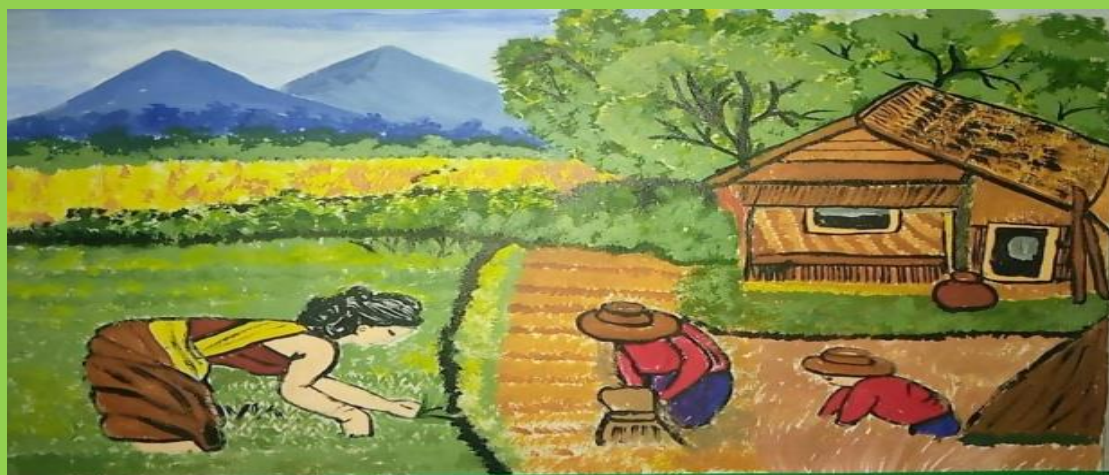
ONE BILLION RISING

Grow Your Own Garden



Sana & Sanvi Gurung, 3 A

Women and Mother Earth



Awantika Thapa, 12 B



Divya Rai, 8C



Anshika Gurung , IV

**THE MOTHER EARTH**

Home of all mortals  
Devoid of Sentiments  
No religious acrimony  
No ethnicity and tribalism  
World's richest savers not  
Through Sweetness and Sorrow  
Smile at you,  
Kith and Kin starved  
This, a road for all mortals  
Mortals mourn the dead  
The dead mocks the living  
Life vanity Upon Vanity



Khushi Gurung , IX



SINGRELLA BHUJEL, VII

**NATURE OF OUR HOME**

Mother Earth is define as the earth considered as the source of all its living being and inanimate things ‘’ the expression of Mother EARTH OR Sometimes called MOTHER NATURE Comes from ancient religious or mythical background .they spoke of their mother and father who describe and embodied the unknown or supernatural of things . Today may use the term mother earth along with our planet earth interchange. Nature is made of everything we see around us trees, flower plants; animal’s shy mountains forests and more human being depend on nature to stay alive. Nature helps us breath gives us food, water, shelter, medicine and clothes. we find may colours in nature which make the earth beautiful .Animals fish and insect also get their food and shelter from nature. Different trees grow up due to sunlight and water provide by nature . Humans should stop causing harm to the elements of mountain the growth and balance of life on earth.



Megha Sawaria , IX

**MOTHER EARTH  
'A EULOGY'**

She is caring as a mother,  
She needs no-one to deliver,  
She has grace to upbring what's among us without any favour.  
She is an outcast, feeding everyone who feeds on her without any jilt,  
But, this dark world doesn't understand that without her there is no life for guilt.  
She dances when it rains, feels the joy when s sun shines that blaze,  
I wish she was mortal so that she doesn't have to suffer this pain.  
Wish, this world feels for her,  
Without her there is no Romeo-Juliet or the earl,  
Hope she lives beyond our years,  
She is someone who is much charming than a pearl,  
She's nature who nurtures us to live beyond our fears.



Aarushi Mehra , X



Clarissa Basiawmoit ,V



Tanisha Thingbaijam , V



Sara Grace Thangkiew ,V



Eliza Mary D. War, V



Rupsha Chakraborty , x

LORETO CONVENT SCHOOL, LOLAY

ONE BILLION RISING : 2021



Nurjong Lepcha , Class 1

**MOTHER NATURE**

You are the mother of hills, plains and mountains  
Your lap so soft and warm.  
You are the mother of silent oceans and furious deserts  
Your heart's so pure and loving.

The sun rejoices when it sees you during the daylight,  
And the moon smiles when it looks at you at night.  
For you face heavy storm and hail stones,  
And hot weather and droughts all by yourself.



Maximus Lepcha III A

LORETO ASANSOL



ARIJITA KAR IIIA

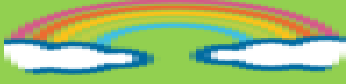
PEARL SHARMA III A



PEARL SHARMA IIIA



JANICE TOPNO IVB



## LORETO CONVENT, RANCHI

### THE SEVEN COLORS OF RAINBOW

When I was small my dad always told me how important it is to love and respect every individual be it our own family members or strangers.

He always gave me the example of rainbow.

How people looked forward to see the rainbow after the rains. The colours when united looks so beautiful and have a different identity just like our country unity in diversity.

The seven colours of RAINBOW always lived happily together.

One day the colours started to fight among themselves on how important and powerful they were individually.

They forgot how beautiful they looked united.

Each colour wanted to show off their own importance.

Because of the fight they started living separately.

Kids got disappointed as they could no longer spot the rainbow after the rains and sunshine.

Rainbows were only in stories and pictures now.

Soon people stopped looking for rainbow in the sky.

The colours were so busy fighting that they never realised slowly they were losing their significance.

The colours started living separately sad and lonely.

They lost their charm.

One day a little girl heard stories about Rainbow from her Grandmother.

She was upset to hear about their fights and decided to make all the seven colours friends again.

She went to meet all the colours and showed them the pictures when they lived together.

How happy and colourful they looked slowly the colours realised how powerful and beautiful they looked when united.

Together, they brought smile and happiness in so many people's life.

They never fought again and promised to stay together.

Moral- If every individual realise their role and importance in staying together there will be no hatred in the world.



Sia Patel III

### प्रकृति

मां की गोद से निकलकर  
धरा की गोद में आ गई

जल ,वायु और धरा से

सफल बना अपना जीवन ।

हवा है तो सांसे हैं

जल है तो जीवन है

धरती है तो ठौर है

मानव क्यों करता इसे मलीन।



Aaliya Shivali Khanna V



TRISHA JEHAN ORAON II



MELITA TIRKEY III



LORETO SCHOOL PANIGHATTA

ONE BILLION RISING :2021

THE MOTHER EARTH

Home of all mortals  
Devoid of Sentiments  
No religious acrimony  
No ethnicity and tribalism  
World's richest savers not  
Through Sweetness and Sorrow  
Smile at you,  
Kith and Kin starved  
This, a road for all mortals  
Mortals mourn the dead  
The dead mocks the living  
Life vanity Upon Vanity



Khushi Gurung , IX



Anshika Gurung , IV



SINGRELLA BHUJEE VII

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Megha Sawaria , IX

LORETO SHIMLA

The Message

“I recall today of my childhood when I was five and my azure waters  
and my forests that brought life  
When happiness was watching the sky turning crimson and feeling the  
cold breeze through my  
mountains with a little less oxygen  
When my pulpy white cloudy feathers touched the ground and the tickling  
would make me swirl around  
And now I am sick and tired of how I’m treated today with my aquamarine  
waters turning hickory and my green, lush forests turning hay  
But I know , I know she  
return,return with all her power and love to kill the warming demon,  
i see all my children die today because  
of decreasing dephlogisticated air and there will soon be none  
And again I wish for all to flourish and all to sing to the beats of my drizzling mizzle for all of three are my  
juvenile children learning about the working of life like a chisel  
After all a mother stays a mother irrespective of how many battles she fought and a son stays a son until  
he learns about the droughts” she said as I watched her falling asleep and her smile becoming fainter.

-By Ridhi Shreshtha. Class 10 lily



GAURI SINGH RANA

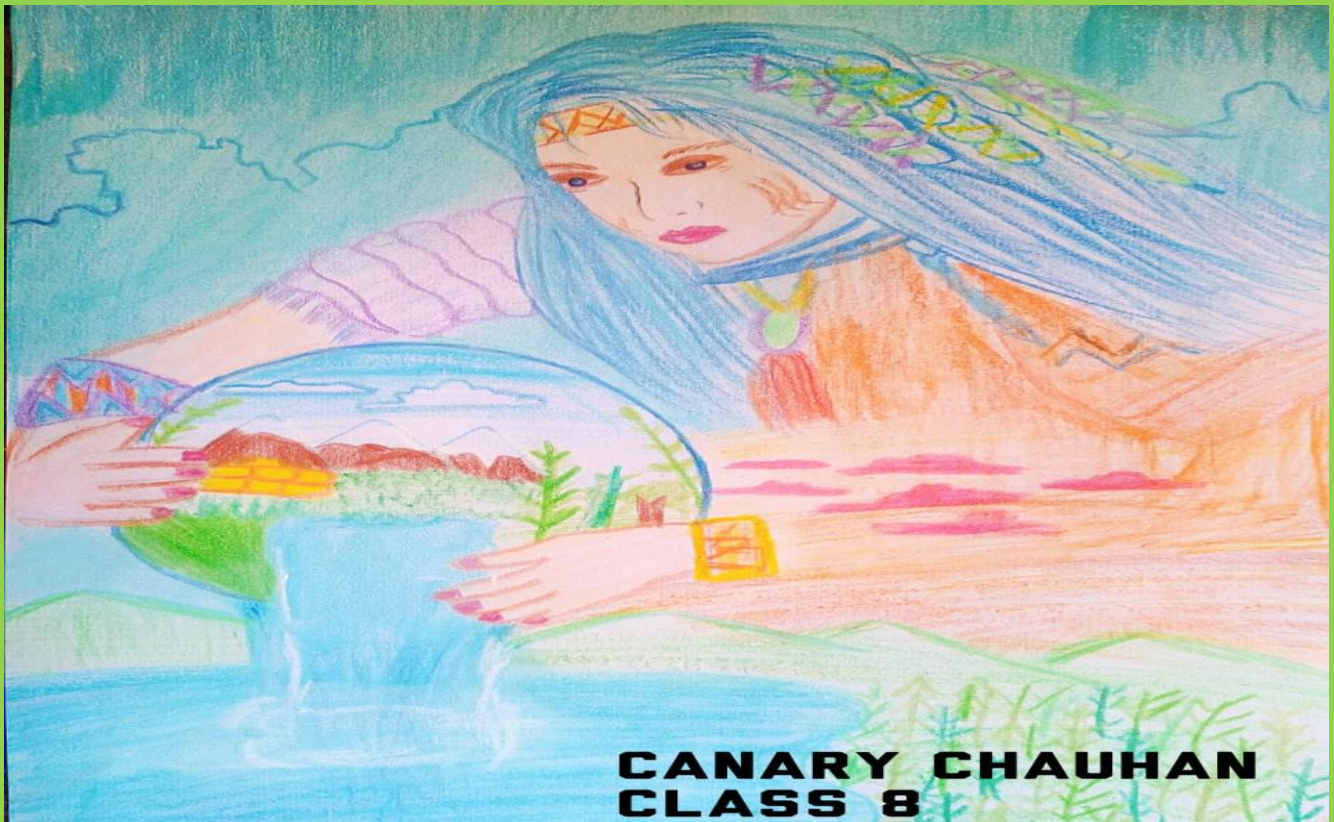


SUHANI GUPTA



**NURTURE MOTHER EARTH**

**LORETO HOUSE**



**LORETO CONVENT SCHOOL, SHIMLA**



ANSHIKA SINGH KATHAYAT 9C, INTERMEDIATE COLLEGE LUCKNOW