



Council For The Indian School
Certificate Examinations

The Albert Barrow Memorial All India Inter School

CREATIVE WRITING COMPETITION 2014



OUR ENVIRONMENT

Albert Barrow
1918-1990



Foreword



The Albert Barrow All India Inter School Creative Writing Competition was initiated by the Council for the Indian School Certificate Examinations in 1997, to provide a platform for awakening the creative genius of students from our affiliated schools.

The many contributions over the years stand testimony to our venture and the creative genius of the children of this great nation and to the vision of Albert Barrow, the Founder Secretary of the Council whose work spanned the period 1959 – 1982, in whose memory this competition was instituted.

This year's topic '**Our Environment**' brings to sharp focus the challenges the world faces, if we are to make earth more livable and avoid extinction. We have to realize that destroying Mother Nature means destroying ourselves. There is no choice! These essays are a wakeup call to all of us and to the world. The effort of our students in both the categories, Class X and below and Classes XI & XII is commendable and is a record of their thinking and their sensitivity to the relevant environmental issues both local and global.

The Council is proud to record for posterity, you and the world these essays so laudable of the Council's students. I'm deeply grateful to all the Principals and teachers of the Council's schools for nurturing such talent and showcasing it at the Albert Barrow All India Inter School Creative Writing Competition. My congratulations to all the students who have captured the essence of the topic and made blank pages come alive with their ideas and conviction.

The publication of this slender volume would not have been possible if it had not been for the diligent effort of the Council's officials whose endeavor is greatly appreciated.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'L. Fuller', written in a cursive style.

(Lancelot J. Fuller)
Deputy Secretary

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**SAVE OUR ENVIRONMENT
FOR A BETTER TOMORROW**



CATEGORY - I

1st Rank

RUBINA SINGH

Class XII
Hill Top School
Jamshedpur
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Hill Top School, Jamshedpur

Started on August 2nd, 1976 **Hill Top School** is one of the premier English medium co educational institutions in the city of Jamshedpur. We aim to facilitate value based holistic education that combines the spirit of enquiry with positive social attitudes to nurture sensitive human beings. We have indeed made a strong hold in academics, since the year we have had a state topper in either ICSE or ISC in each of the 5 years from 2008- 2012. Qualitatively we have had about 50% of each batch cross the magic bar of 90%. The students have excelled in **creative writing, debate, music, art & sports** winning prestigious accolades at state, national & international levels.

EARTH RAIDERS

2075 AD.

The moment they landed on the planet, they knew that they had been fooled. They had been promised lush green landscape, turquoise blue oceans and air so sweet, it intoxicated one's senses. So you can imagine their surprise and dismay when they stepped out of their aircraft and walked right into a concrete jungle. Though the bright lights and the hustle- bustle of the world was a sight to see, the only emotion they felt was disappointment.

Earth, they had been told, was God's most mesmerizing creation. The inhabitants of their neighbouring planet, who had been able to get a peek at it, described a giant blue ball, a sapphire, shining blindingly, a one of its kind habitat which was inhabited by creatures called humans. As soon as they could, they had left for this planet. But to their dismay, in the five hundred years that it had taken for them to get here, the Earth had lost all its former glory. Now even though it was still blue, that colour hid all the waste that lay at the bottom of the oceans. The green landscape had all but vanished and the air was anything but sweet.

Even among all this, the most peculiar element was the race of humans. The Earthlings called the visitors Earth Raiders. But these Earthlings were a strange species. On the arrival of the Raiders, their first reaction had been utter panic. They had run helter- skelter, screaming the word "Aliens!" Then their superiority complex had come into full force and they had launched an attack



on the Raiders. Subduing them had been an easy task. That was when the Raiders realized that the real problems facing them were the humans.

Many of the humans had confirmed the things that the Raiders had heard about Planet Earth. They said that the Earth had indeed been the Heaven that the Raiders had imagined it to be. The Earthlings said that it was Man's greed which had led to the present situation of Earth. This had confused the Raiders. How could anybody harm themselves? It seemed strange, but the Raiders were slowly realizing the truth of the situation.

In their own planet the Raiders had lived in an artificial environment created by them. They had built their own planet from the ground up. But even their Planet was better off than Planet Earth. As soon as they had entered Earth's atmosphere, the Raiders realized that something was very wrong. The air was dense with smoke and dust particles. Even the Raiders who were used to harsher climates were left gasping for breath. Everything around them, the plants, the crops, the fruits were poisoned and partaking them would mean inviting death.

The Raiders were aware of the name given to them by the Earthlings- Earth Raiders. But who had actually raided the Earth, stripped her bare of her natural resources, drained her rivers, razed her mountains, eliminated the natural creatures which had roamed free in her forests, poisoned the air so that children could no free, used weapons of destruction, so lethal that large tracts were barren and empty? Who were the Earth raiders? The Aliens, or the Earthlings themselves?

Upset, horrified, the Aliens started a rescue mission. They had come to the Earth in hope. They wished to build a home away from home, a place which would be a far cry from the artificial environment they were used to. So they set about demolishing the concrete jungle all around them. Factories which belched smoke were closed down and they planted trees. The Earthlings, jolted into sense, helped them. Water bodies were cleaned. However, it was all too clear that it was too late. The damage inflicted on Earth for centuries was going to take its toll.

Nature rebelled. She rose in protest, refusing to be calmed down. She wrought destruction through incessant rain, through overflowing rivers, through

earthquakes and tsunamis. Fish died in the seas and oceans. The trees and shrubs refused to flower, plague and disease spread, people gasped for breath in an atmosphere that had become toxic.

The Earth Raiders were heartbroken. They had come searching for a new world, a world of promise and beauty, a world that their ancients had talked about. They now accepted defeat wondering how many aeons would pass before they would find another Earth- like planet. Perhaps they would have to search in another galaxy. As they saw the Earth Raiders fly away, the Earthlings saw their last hope fly away. They looked around and wept. They had brought about their own destruction, raiding and pillaging Mother Earth without remorse, without pity. Now their end stared them in the face.

2150 AD.

When you pass by the Milky Way, the one thing that stands out is the large empty space between Venus and Mars. There used to be a planet called Earth. She was called God's own place. Now it no longer exists.



2nd Rank

N GOMATHY AARTHY

Class XII
Holy Angels I.S.C. School
Thiruvananthapuram
Kerala



Holy Angels I.S.C. School, Thiruvananthapuram

Holy Angels ISC School is managed by the congregation of the Carmelite Religious (CCR) and was founded by Mother Mary Teresa Veronica. It is one of the reputed schools in Thiruvananthapuram city and was established in 1971. The institution has been scaling great heights since then. We strive hard to provide quality education to girls. Besides academic excellence the school also leaves an indelible mark of moral values on all the students who pass out of its portals. An overall development of personality makes each Angelite an active, duty-bound and above all a worthy citizen of future India.

ENVIRONMENTAL CRISIS- ISSUES BEFORE MANKIND

Leela- the name meant 'miracle'. That was how I would always remember her- a miracle, a dream who had coloured my lonely life.

I remember the day well, when her mother had come running to me, saying in a terrified voice, "She calls for you madam, she keeps mumbling your name, saying she has a dream or something."

Then the poor frail old thing had fallen helplessly into my arms, crying with fear and exhaustion- for Leela was dying.

As I got into my BMW that day, my mind was swarming with thoughts. I was dying to know the meaning of what Leela had said. Which dream had she been murmuring about?

Through the window of my car I could see the vibrant, busy scene outside. A politician was speaking to a mob of supporters on what he would do once he was elected-something presumably that the present government had not done. He was shouting, "Have you seen how filthy our roads are? The municipality has done nothing to clear the garbage disposal problem. Do you want a better, greener city.....?"

It was all the same to me. Yet, they would send me again to a similar place tomorrow morning and ask



me to write a report on promises made, promises broken; I was, after all, the chief journalist of a leading newspaper.

And my life would have been just that- filled with interactions with greedy officials and dying people – a dark and cynical mist of loneliness- had it not been for Leela. I quickly turned the air-conditioning up, my thoughts were becoming a tad too uncomfortable.

Leela was my servant's youngest daughter. They lived with their family of twelve in a small dwelling behind the colony. I had never been to their home before. Today would be my first visit.

My phone rang. I didn't bother to pick it up. It was that activist again, asking me to support her on her 'Green City' mission – another way of minting money probably. What was the fuss about the environment anyway? I was still living a normal if not happy life. I could not see any threat to my existence. Doomsday specialists everyone, all predicting dire things in the future if we did not stop in time.

My driver stopped the car. It would not go beyond this point. I stepped outside and straight into a pool of murky rainwater. Smoke came swirling past from the rubber factory nearby. I coughed and realized how little I had been thinking about the world outside my comfortable apartment. Reality was finally dawning on me.

An open drain flowed by the side of the road. I wondered how people could bear to live in a dirty slum like this. A large truck drove past and tipped a few tones of garbage on an empty piece of land. Rag pickers' children quickly arrived and started to pick any useful things that they could find. A small boy came up to me and asked whether I wanted anything from the assortment of things that he was selling: repaired watches, bits of plastic, cheap, brightly coloured toys made of plastic, all probably recycled. There were even some batteries which had not been disposed off properly.

Reaching Leela's hut, I went inside. The rain had started to pour in earnest and found its way into the hut through the gaps in the roof. Leela was lying on a mat which was rat eaten and torn in places. My heart went out to her. She was the one person I had loved in so many years, and here she was – coughing and tossing and turning.

Her mother was cooking on a stove in one corner of the room. In these surroundings she looked very different from the sprightly woman who cleaned my house every morning. Greeting me she said, "Leela's sleeping now but she will wake up very soon."

I waited, watching a cockroach fly past and settle on the plates kept near the stove. Leela's brother was playing with bits of broken plastic and CDs which had obviously been discarded by somebody. I could get the acrid smell of burning wires. Some neighbor was burning rolls of electric wires which had been thrown away indiscriminately. In the only window of the makeshift hut, a thin tulsi plant fought bravely for life. Tears came into my eyes for somehow the plant reminded me of brave Leela, Leela who had tried to survive in a harsh and inimical environment.

After a while I could feel Leela's fingers tremble in mine. She was awake. I prayed fervently, "Dear God let her get better. I promise I will do something to clear up the environment. I will use the power of my pen to ensure that people like Leela get a cleaner, fresher, greener world."

Leela's eyes focused on mine tiredly. "One day," she whispered, "one day there will be a world where there is no dirt, no smoke. The skies will be clear, the waters clean. We will be able to breathe easily. There will be parks and trees. One day all this will come true. Isn't it madam?"

I squeezed her fingers and nodded. I could feel her life ebbing away, a life that could not survive in this hellish environment of our consumerist world.

My phone rang. This time I did not ignore it. I would take the call. I knew now that I had a cause to fight for. I remembered my teacher's words, "What you do for others spells the difference between mediocrity and accomplishment." He had quoted Einstein to me. I knew what I had to do. I too had to join the crusade for a cleaner environment. I could not leave it to others. It was my fight too and I had been reminded by a little girl.

As I stepped outside, raindrops glistened off a sparkling sky.

3rd Rank

ARCHITA MITTRA

Class XII
Calcutta Girls' High School
Kolkata
West Bengal



Calcutta Girls' High School, Kolkata

Calcutta Girls' High School, a hall mark institution, going strong for 158 years was founded by Lord Canning in 1856.

The School strives to instil in the students the values of the society. It is a home away from home, anointed with love, groomed to be a class apart reflecting the quiet dignity and speak through their actions. The students are urged to push open the ever widening doors to the miraculous and mystic world of the macrocosm, which lies beyond the immediate realm of perception.

ENVIRONMENTAL CRISIS- ISSUES BEFORE MANKIND

CONFESSION

Father, forgive me for I have sinned,
And I have a confession to make,
My heart of lead is ready,
To be burnt at the stake.

I am a traitor to your cause,
I have burnt down your home.
So I stand on the strand today,
All alone.

But eyes are waiting down below,
Eyes of greed and lust,
Red eyes of traitors and murderers,
A billion eyes of distrust.

I shall speak on their behalf,
And tell you of our sins.
Judge us, as you deem fit.
Tear us apart for our sin.
We have torn apart
Your brown limbs of life,
And torn each green leaf
With each twist of the knife.



Out of green seas we have made deserts
And skeletons out of trees,
And ashes of our world,
Where we can no longer breathe.

We have danced in your tears,
Poured salt in your wounds
So that rain fell like acid,
On blossoms never to bloom.

The fires that we started
Burnt away our flesh.
But the pain wasn't enough
For us to start afresh.

We have taken away your joy
And burnt the future of our children,
We sucked the skies dry
But you didn't kill us then.

We made a hole in the sky,
With our aerosol cans.
We have filled the sky with blisters
From the bullets made by Man.

We have stretched that hole a little too wide,
Because we were having fun
With all the chemicals we were making,
Ignoring the anger of the sun.

The sky sent us arrows
Instead of the shooting stars we loved.
Yet we still stretch the ozone hole
Waiting for the flood.

But the seas didn't rise fast enough
To keep up with the greed in our hearts.
Besides, the Statue of Liberty
Is already falling apart.

We thought in our arrogance
We would make another one
Taller and stronger this time,
To match the rage of the sun.

So if you take away all our mountains,
And drown us all in blue.
We shall still make mountains
And more mountains out of you.

But we made mountains out of corpses
Out of hearts and livers and intestines,
That the worms eat fast enough,
But not fast enough for Time.

We have taken away the feathers,
Plucked them one by one,
Dyed them in our own blood,
When they tried to run.

We've wrenched apart their skin,
Traced tattoos on their bones
Broken the teeth of their friends,
So that they wouldn't be alone.

We have done all this,
And so much more.
Often expecting them to rise in rage
And knock on our door.

So I have come to you ,
To tell you our tale,
Of what we did
With the Earth that you gave.

Of the hell we've made,
Out of the heaven you gave.
We know the steps we took
Will now lead us to our grave.

But my confession is not over yet,
I must tell you of the loss-
All the mutations happening,
All because.....

We did not consider,
Little did we think,
That we'd die of the different diseases
We thought we'd master.

But we didn't
And now, our children have nothing to eat,
Our trees and plants have disappeared,
There are no animals for meat.

The cankers fester,
Our bones weep.
We kill each other,
For something to eat.

Our eyes are bloodshot,
Our spirits are weak,
We have no strength left,
To pay for our sins.

We have taken your sunsets,
And painted them black.
We have built our skyscrapers,
Now there is no turning back.

Our skies of concrete
And monsters of metal
Have blocked our horizons
And sharp crystals of pain give us no rest.

Our skies of concrete
And monsters of metal
Have blocked our horizons
And sharp crystals of pain give us no rest.

Your Paradise we invaded,
The fires are burning red,
They get redder and redder,
Turning our hearts black.

We are falling.....
And burning.....
Because the world has become a cauldron of
overheating.

Our elders had warned us
Of Global warming.
Now we live in a furnace,
Burning and burning.

We find we cannot breathe,
To you now we turn and pray,
To you, God
To stop us from suffocating.

There isn't any beauty left in our lives.
Of our glorious past we have become a shadow.
We can only dream of what we were,
A billion years ago.

So here I stand,
With my confessions done.
A traitor, a criminal,
Wanting to reform.

I come here with a plea
From the depths of the night,
To beg for your forgiveness,
And lead us to Light.

We are ready to learn.
We are ready to fight.
For though we come from the shadows,
We wish to travel to the Light.



4th Rank

SUTANWNI GHOSH

Class XII
W.W.A. Cossipore English School
Kolkata
West Bengal



BALANCING THE ECOLOGICAL BALANCE

Yet another yawn made its way through my mouth. I am very bored and tired. Who likes to stay locked in his house all the time? I long for better days when I can roam in the forest as freely as my grandparents did-with not a care in the world, no fear of any impending doom lurking around to strike them dead.

I feel weak with hunger, but I know, positioned outside my home are brutal enemies waiting to kill me. I can see the flicker of movement in the bushes as they wait for me to step out. It is a hard life when the hunter becomes the hunted, when the king is deprived of his right to good food for days.

I am reminded of the stories of my grandparents who were members of the 'Golden World', when our species reigned over the animal kingdom. Legends about our strength, our agility and majesty kept everyone subjugated to our will. Those were the good old days. Those stories provide a stark contrast to our lives today. It seems as if those days never existed, as if the stories were mere fairy tales spun by an imaginative mind. Did some fairy godmother look after us then, giving us the boon to be the prime hunters and filling the forests with enough food for us to thrive?

However now we are at the mercy of demons that snatch away our food and kill us for their pleasure. We are mere trophies to them, trophies who will testify to



W.W.A. Cossipore English School, Kolkata

W.W.A. Cossipore English School is a school in North Kolkata, West Bengal founded by Mr. O.P. Bahl General Manager, Cossipore Gun & Shell Factory in the year 1976, and is affiliated to the Council for the Indian School Certificate Examinations. The school provides education to students of Kindergarten to Class XII, providing two streams of Science and Commerce for the plus two levels. With more than 10000 students enlisted, the school has a proud history of meritorious students in every aspect-be it sports or studies. With an excellent faculty of teachers, the school promises greater heights in achievements of its students for the present and for the years to come.

their bravery and courage. Never mind that the fight was an unequal one. Do they understand the harm that they are doing to themselves? By destroying us, they are destroying themselves. Just a few days ago my friend and I were returning home together after one of our foraging expeditions. We recounted our recent losses to each other and shed tears of sadness at the plight of our species. I learnt how his father died of a bullet wound in the leg and of how his brother had disappeared one day, snatched away cruelly by “them”. Survival of the fittest hardly applies when the fittest have to contend with machine guns and hidden traps.

Nevertheless I cannot lose hope. I have to secure my future and that of the few of us left on this earth. I have to do this because I have a greater purpose to serve; I have to ensure the future of the Earth.

I step out of my house slowly and cautiously, casting a wary glance all around me. Sure enough, hidden in the shrubbery there is a black nozzle pointing at me. I immediately take a decision and clear the area with an agile leap just as a bullet whizzes past me, grazing my skin. I started running fast lengthening my strides as the nozzles swivel towards me with the intent of inflicting monstrous pain. Safe at last I inspect my skin. I have got away with a minor scratch but I will have to be more careful while returning home.

I smell food nearby, my personal favourite- deer. I steal my way through the bushes and peep out. I spy three or four deer drinking water from a limpid pool unaware of

the doom standing behind them. I must make it quick. On the count of three I pounce lunging at a deer and sinking my teeth into its soft succulent flesh. The other two escape. I let them go, concentrating on the feast before me. They cannot go very far and will never be able to match my guile, my speed. I am a tiger, the best hunter in the world. Well maybe not the best, I cannot match up to the terror unleashed by the blue nozzled guns that have become a part of our world.

I spoke of the higher purpose that I live for earlier. The higher purpose that I serve is maintaining the ecological balance. The so called “intelligent” human beings are too foolish to understand that as they bring tigers to the brink of extinction, they are disturbing the ecological balance. With the obliteration of tigers the food chain will get disrupted and ultimately all animal species on earth will get affected.

This is logic so simple that even our ordinary tiger brains can perceive easily. However this fails to penetrate the thick head of human beings. I wonder why they are called the most intelligent species on earth! However we have resolved to do our bit for the future of the Earth, the few of us remaining, I mean. I have decided to ensure that the balance that has already tilted will be restored. I know that I cannot do much but every bit helps.

Meanwhile, I have to get home safely. The snipers must still be waiting.



5th Rank

RITIKA GUSAIN

Class XII
St. Joseph's Academy
Dehradun
Uttarakhand



ENVIRONMENTAL CRISIS – ISSUES BEFORE MANKIND

“Only when the last tree has been felled,
The last fish eaten, the last fruit consumed,
Then shall you realize that money can't buy everything.”

There was a garden where we used to play as children. For us, it was the best part of the area where we lived. No one looked after it, yet it was there—lush grass, lovely hedges, and beautiful, colourful flowers. Nature is at her best. Today, after many years, I went in search of that garden, a slice of my childhood. I saw a barren wilderness very different from the paradise we once revelled in. “Where did it all go?” you ask. Well, a factory was set up next to the ground and over the years the ground became the disposal site for the factory waste. The vivid colours of my childhood, the birdsong, had all disappeared. Now, everything was a repellent brown and grey.

Day after day toxic waste was dumped at this spot. No one protested. The children were all busy with their videogames anyway. The older people thought only of the jobs that the factory generated. This continued till there was a sudden spate of cancer cases in the neighbourhood. All of a sudden people turned against the factory. They realized that most things in life can be replenished but where would one get another life? Protests grew and the factory was shut down. The garden however, remained barren.



St. Joseph's Academy, Dehradun

St. Joseph's Academy, Dehradun, founded in 1934, is managed by the Congregation of the Brothers of St. Patrick, whose educational institutions in India and abroad are highly appreciated for the sound, moral, intellectual and physical education imparted to the children entrusted to their care. Today, it has around 3,720 students, 130 teachers and 50 ancillary staff on roll.

The Brothers consider the formation of character the first essential requisite of any sound educational system and so great stress is laid on the inculcation of high ideals, refined behaviour and moral rectitude.

Man is a selfish greedy being. We always want more- more cars, more refrigerators, and more air-conditioners. We want to get our creature comforts at all costs. We think nothing of cutting through mountains to make roads, cutting down trees to make townships, building dams on rivers for electricity. As a result, the Earth is in peril and we are the only ones to be blamed. Today, we are faced with multiple environmental issues that have all emanated from our reckless exploitation of our earth's resources. The major cause of our condition today is our inability to strike a balance between development and nurturing our natural habitat. Issues like global warming and ozone layer depletion have assumed monumental proportions and can no longer be ignored.

The earth's temperature has risen by one degree centigrade in the last ten years. Summers are achingly hot, monsoons are unbearable and winters are biting cold – all due to the change in the earth's temperature. The factories that belch smoke, the gadgets that release gases only increase the earth's temperature, leading to global warming. The glaciers which once capped the poles are melting at an alarming rate. Sea levels are rising and floods and typhoons destroy lives and property all around the world.

The Kedarnath tragedy of 2013 is the best example of the impact that Global Warming has on our environment. The

depletion of the ozone layer has resulted in an increase in the cases of skin cancer.

A major concern for human beings is the depleting forest cover. Trees are mercilessly felled for mercenary motives. Trees help to purify the air, produce oxygen, prevent soil erosion and bring about precipitation. Will there be trees in the 22nd century, I wonder. Pollution of all kinds is increasing. The burgeoning population also leads to all kinds of imbalance in our environment.

The earth is dying by inches. The doctors of the earth – the world leaders instead of diagnosing and treating the problem are playing the blame game roulette. The last summit in Copenhagen in 2012 was a complete failure with leaders unable to come to any conclusion. Instead of assigning blame nations have to step forward and do their bit for Mother Earth. Sustainable development is the key. It now seems that all our ambitious schemes of improving our lives have backfired on us. We set out to make our lives better and ended up making it worse.

As I sat looking at the garden I once played in, I saw a small, brave flower growing amidst all the sludge and waste. To me the flower symbolized that all is not lost, there is still hope, hope that isn't too late and that if we try we can still save Mother Earth. Nature spoke to me through the flower and gave me hope:

"And when all the wars are done,
A butterfly will still be beautiful."



6th Rank

MEGHA CHAKRABARTI

Class XII
G.D. Birla Centre for Education
Kolkata
West Bengal



EARTH RAIDERS

Robert grabbed a bowl from the shelf above the sink. It was still dark outside. Not that dawn would particularly brighten up the city- it was almost always dark now a days. The word sunlight was but a dream in the year 2090 AD. The sky alternated between shades of dirty brown, grey and black. He pulled down the blinds and reaching into the drawer beneath the sink, fished out a small yellow packet. He ripped it open and poured the grey, powdery stuff into the bowl and added water to it. Wrinkling his nose, he gulped this concoction- or rather his breakfast down- fruit salad to be precise. After all, science could only achieve so much. Scientists had failed to create fruits in their laboratories and mankind had managed to destroy all the fruit orchards in the world a few decades earlier. Hence this sachet of dehydrated fruit salad. Though it tasted like rubber, it kept a man going till lunch.

Robert washed up quickly and headed to the laboratory where he worked. The special mission was scheduled for today. A group of gallant recruits had volunteered to go back to the year 1898 and bring back trees and soil, water and even fresh tanks of oxygen. The last team had gone missing and none of them had made it back. Though the scientists had fixed the glitches in the system, with dimension changing you never really knew. He quickly walked through the barren rubble to his laboratory, a tall, and shining, stark-white structure in the middle of a grey wasteland. Every time Robert looked at the building and its mammoth proportions, he felt scared and even a little disgusted. It seemed like



G.D. Birla Centre for Education, Kolkata

G.D. Birla Centre for Education is a Senior Secondary School under the aegis of the Ashok Hall Group of Schools, Kolkata, India. It was founded in 1973 and is named after the great educationist and visionary Shree Ghanshyam Das Birla.

The school has a reputation for outstanding academic achievement and innovation. A child-oriented method of education is followed, with attention to individual potential. Special effort is taken to guide the students and provide them with the opportunity to blossom and realise their potential. The school encourages and nurtures holistic development among children and believes that 'every child is unique in his/her own way'.

a statement made by mankind- “We have successfully done it. We have managed to destroy every bit of colour in our lives. And the truth is, we don’t regret it. For we are the supreme race in the universe.”

A deep rumble of thunder shook him out of his reverie. He realized that it was about to rain and no one likes to get caught in a shower of rain. Chances were one wouldn’t live to see the next day. The sulphuric acid levels in the rain were high enough to eat through a person’s skin within a matter of minutes. Terrified now, Robert ran to the laboratory and checked himself in. He felt the automated doors shut after him. This place made him too claustrophobic; everything was too pristine, too neat for his comfort. God only knows what he would not have done, just to make the place a little more “humane”.

The Science Capsule would be launched in an hour. It would collect data on the condition of the environment in different parts of the earth, especially the ones not tainted by pollution. He walked into the control room to check things one last time. However when he saw one of the recruits loading a machine gun into the capsule, he grew suspicious. He marched up to his supervisor and found him in the company of General Chase. Without pausing to think of his presence, he demanded in a very indignant tone, “Dr. Moran, what are you loading machine guns for? This is supposed to be a friendly experimental mission, not a war!”

A very abashed and embarrassed Dr. Moran refused to meet his eyes, and bit his lip. He coughed but was unable to come up with an answer. General Chase answered in a steel – cold voice, “The mission specifics have been altered. We are no longer experimenting. This will be a raid. We will go and bring back as much of the environment as we can or else we must face annihilation.”

Robert could not believe his ears. Though he knew the kind of man General Chase was, he could not keep the incredulity out of his voice when he said, “Bring back the environment? Do you even have an idea of what you are talking about? You are willing to go to war on your own earth?”

In an unfeeling tone the General replied, “Don’t be so melodramatic Dr. Newcastle. “War is such an ugly word. I prefer to think of this as a mission to survive. And in this process a few casualties are inevitable collateral damage.”

Robert could not control his horror and anger any longer. He burst out, “You are willing to raid your own earth, your own planet in order to survive? The Earth will not forgive you, mark my words. You will pay for every single blade of grass you shred. Tread softly General, for you tread on the dreams of humanity.”

The General stood there superciliously. “Poetry is only for fools, Dr. Newcastle” he said. “And we have no time for fools.”

The dangerous glint his eyes told Robert that he was looking into the eyes of a madman – a person who could go to any lengths to fulfill his cause.

It was time for the launch. The countdown had begun. The ground began to shake. A deafening noise filled the big hall. The capsule stood poised to go. Robert took a deep breath and shouted at the top of his voice, “Think about what you are doing! You might get the flora and fauna here you fools but will you be able to defy Nature?”

All was silent. Robert lay unconscious on the cold marble floor. In his dreams he heard a bird sing, he saw a world filled with dazzling colours. His breathing slowed down. He sank deeper and deeper into oblivion. Outside, all was still. And then came the sound of thunder. A deep fissure came on the ground tearing the building down. The earth rose upwards and swallowed up the skies. The screaming multitude ran helter skelter. Chaos....Utter chaos..... And then the darkness. Nature’s revenge had begun.



7th Rank

ARUSHI HANDA

Class XII

St. Francis' Convent Inter College

Jhansi

Uttar Pradesh



EARTH RAIDERS

She had received the journal from her mother as a token of love on her seventeenth birthday. The habit of chronicling one's thoughts had been passed down in her family from one generation to another. She wanted the journal to be meaningful, to be a legacy to the future generations. So she had not filled it with random, unimportant musings. It was kept carefully for something important. It lay in her cupboard, safe and almost forgotten, until today, when she realized what she wanted to write in it.

Entry # 1

21st November, 2092.

Dear Diary,

It rained here last night, not just a few drops. It ACTUALLY rained. Like it used to rain a few decades ago. It gave me some hope. Maybe the Earth will survive after all. Everyone at work was equally hopeful. If that happens, I may be able to pass on this journal to my child. These hard times will only remain a part of history. We will no longer have to create water artificially or to wear these dreadful oxygen masks everywhere. However I am getting ahead of myself. I have decided that I want the future generations to realize our hardships and misery, our struggle for existence and our limited resources. Therefore I would like to copy down some entries from my grandmother's journals so that the coming generations may not repeat their ancestors' mistakes.

Entry #2

29th November, 2092

Dear Diary,

The heat has started increasing gradually. We have not received any more rain. However, as promised, I will not give up my venture.



St. Francis Convent Inter College, Jhansi

St. Francis' Convent, Inter College, Jhansi was founded in 1898 and is administered by the Congregation of Jesus. In keeping with the educational philosophy of its Foundress Mary Ward, in the spirit of freedom, sincerity and justice, this school strives to impart an integral human formation to girls from every section of society. Literary and cultural activities, youth movements such as Leadership Training Service and Universal Solidarity Movement, Environment Club, outreach programmes for the less advantaged etc. are an integral part of the curriculum. Located within the Jhansi cantonment, one will find buildings as old as a hundred years or more along with new ones built over old foundations.

So, here it is, a poem that I found in my great-grandmother's journal:

"There is a hidden grove of mango trees
With leaves unruffled by the gentle breeze.
Dewdrops, like a thousand glistening pearls,
An enigma, that with every dawn unfurls.
All trace of life has been washed away,
By a brook that swiftly carves its way
Through a meadow filled with violet flowers
That blossom in the early hours."
Can you imagine that? I certainly cannot.

Until later!

Entry #3
17th December 2092
Dear Diary,

This heat is becoming unbearable. I do not know whether we can do anything about it. It seems like that shower was merely a consolation. Our condition has worsened. I do not know why we should pay the price for the deeds of our ancestors. I found this entry in an old journal. It will make things clearer to understand:

"The shining sun, the gentle heat,
The earthen ground beneath my feet,
The toilsome oxen standing near,
The nightingale's notes echoing in my ear,
The ripened crop swaying in the breeze,
The diligent farmer and his fare,
The carts loaded with wheat and rice,
In these India's true beauty lies.
But now I say this with a sigh,
That buildings, multistoried, high
Have replaced the fields of wheat,
Pastures have become urban retreats.
The quality of life that we lead,
Has gradually started to recede.

And if today, we do not sacrifice
Some else will have to pay the price.

It seems that we are the ones paying the price.....

Entry #4
2nd January, 2093

It's over now. I do not know whether there is anything left to say or write. We were thinking about evacuation but it's no longer an option. Not now. It's too late. It's true - hope breeds misery. I might as well add a final entry, my own entry:

"We are living our life
On the edge of a knife
Nothing we can do
Will now suffice.
All life has died,
Our world- destroyed
What once was the Earth,
Is a darkening void.
This deafening noise
Drowns my voice
For, it's too late now-
We've made our choice
We can't compromise,
We have to pay the price
We've fallen so low
That we cannot rise."

Goodbye

The temperature rose to 73 degrees centigrade in the next few days. There had always been speculations as to when the world would end in fire or ice. However I do not think I need to answer how it ended. Her journal was engulfed in flames.

At least she did not live to see it burn.



GOURI BHUYAN

Class XII
Jamnabai Narsee School
Mumbai
Maharashtra



ENVIRONMENTAL CRISIS- ISSUES BEFORE MANKIND

As the sun dives into the distant horizon,
Liberating a stunning spectrum of hues,
A little bird flies softly across the sky
Giving the remaining flock their cues.
As they swerve and make their way,
I wonder whether that is their remaining grace,
Or something far beyond the perception of Man.
As the birds evanesce into the mist,
My eyes once again scout the thirsty sky.
Not a speck of life to be found around,
Somehow I knew it was not even worth a try.
What had suddenly diverted and transformed the
world,
Into a worthless peopled land?
Like a desert where life remains buried
Under the vast stretches of sand.

The tree that bore the fruit of life,
Was ripped from its very root
For food, cruelly and thoughtlessly
A sprawling tree reduced to its roots.
Now this root grows hard and cold,
Encroaching on life forms all around,
Releasing its poison with a vengeance
On the ecosystems and creatures which abound.



Jamnabai Narsee School, Mumbai

Jamnabai Narsee School is a secular co-educational private minority school managed by the public charitable trust that was established by Sarvashree Chatrabhuj Narsee in 1970. The school Moto "Vidya Param Balam" has proved to be the guiding statement and beacon for all. The guiding principle of the school is "Let Learning be a Joy and Teaching a Pleasure". The school seeks to inculcate in its students a desire to achieve excellence in all areas of endeavour. While providing a positive learning environment to our students the school prepares the students for the Examinations conducted by Council for the Indian School Certificate Examinations, New Delhi.

The wonder of Nature
Cannot withstand the tarnishing touch of Man.
The air now filled with poison,
Is a risky element to breathe.
They say smoking causes cancer,
But what if cancer is all around?
We blame the sun for shining too bright,
And rain for not cleansing the air.
However each does its work as it should be done
Till an obstacle is placed in its way.
We cannot blame them for not overcoming these
hurdles,
For in their existence they did not have a say.
The ozone layer has new holes every day,
Helpless to protect us against the harmful rays.
We know it was not the ozone that split itself apart
To place harm in our way.
It was again the work of the callous humans,
Who in the name of progress caused destruction every
which way.

It was nothing else but human greed,
Which a glimpse of its true colours revealed.
The whole world is on the brink of doom,
Balancing precariously on a delicate point
A wrong move could push us into the abyss,
One from which we may never return again.
As humans strive to take of Earth a firmer control,
The fragile balance becomes seriously compromised.
Mountains crumble and water levels are rising,
Glaciers melt in the Arctic seas.
I can see the raging surge coming soon,
To wash us away in the destructive flood.

Human beings wanted to create a perfect world,
A world in which there would be no imperfections.
Foolishly they tried to achieve this by cutting down
trees,
Destroying the Earth's natural cover, the forests.
Animal habitat were destroyed,
So that animals might have bigger and better homes.
Animals which were rare and beautiful
Disappeared off the face of the earth.
Of them now we can only learn in story books.
Is this at all required or good?

Perfection my friends is the greatest myth,
That cannot be in this way pursued.

Man in his arrogance thought he was the most perfect
creature,
All else was but a pale reflection of what he was.
His role in the Universe he misunderstood,
And thus unwittingly, brought on the flood.

A surge is coming, stronger than the rest,
One that we will not be able to overcome.
Not even the greatest technology can now save us
As in depthless misery we will find ourselves.
Nature is garnering strength, of that I warn you,
We can only wait in fear to watch her wrath unleashed.
As the unbeatable forces gather around us,
We will see the rising beast.

Yet all is not lost I tell you,
Something can be done yet.
The crisis that has driven mankind to the edge,
Can be dealt with if we all agree.
Begin with planting trees and reducing waste,
Stop unnecessary development all around
Spare water bodies and encourage wildlife to spread,
Bring back the sparrows and the birds,
Reduce carbon footprints on the earth.
We can propitiate the earth and redeem ourselves
If only we have the collective will
If we do our bit, I'm sure
God will take care of the rest.



9th Rank

ARUNAVA GUPTA

Class XII
M.C. Kejriwal Vidyapeeth
Howrah
West Bengal



ENVIRONMENTAL CRISIS- ISSUES BEFORE MANKIND

I am their Mother.

They have been born in my lap, have grown under my caring eyes, have laughed, cried, celebrated, fallen ill, recovered, become parents themselves and died in their children's arms. Their children too are my children as they in turn participate in the cycle of life. Throughout their journey, I have never deserted them. I laughed when they laughed, mourned with them in their sorrow, revelled in their celebrations and wept quietly at their demise. I am the Mother whose love they all took for granted. I am the land they walk on, the water they drink, the air they breathe. I am the nameless, often unnoticed power that pervades their lives. I am their Mother, the Mother they call Earth.

I love my children. From the twittering canary, to the gigantic whale, I have immeasurable affection for all. But for Man, the "crowning glory of Creation," as he calls himself, I have, indeed a special love that cannot be compared to my feelings for my other children. He was my brightest child, the child, I had hoped would use his extraordinary powers to bring glory to me, to craft wonders yet unimagined. But alas! Man turned out to be an ungrateful, selfish child, who thought only of his own selfish desires. He was not at all grateful for



M.C. Kejriwal Vidyapeeth, Howrah

M.C. Kejriwal Vidyapeeth was founded on 15th June 1997. Today, the school has more than 3000 students from pre-primary to class 12 with 160 teachers. It has achieved a high academic standard and with its ambience, infrastructure and facilities is known for its commitment to social responsibility. The School which received the Telegraph School of the Year award in 2013, was also the first school in Howrah to be accredited by the National Accreditation Board for Education & Training (NABET), Quality Council of India. MCKV is a member of the International Boys' Schools Coalition and is a recipient of The British Council International School Award.

my unstinting help, the way I had generously revealed my secret to him, and the doors I opened to aid him in his quest for knowledge. While some of his brethren prayed to me and offered me sacrifices I had no use for, he continued ruthlessly exploiting my love for him. He cut down trees which I had created to give him shade and fruits, he captured my other children, the fauna in the forests and killed many of them. My endurance was being tested, but I could not let go of my belief that Man, like my other offspring loved me back and appreciated all the gifts which I had generously bestowed upon him. But this was not to be.

As Man began to broaden the horizons of his knowledge, his greed sharpened and his destructive instincts began to take over. He used creatures weaker than he was for his tests in his laboratories. As he moved from cultivation to industrialization, his greed showed no signs of abating. He dug out coal from my bosom, and burnt it without a thought of the air which he was polluting. He kept destroying trees and building large structures. His race increased and spread out on more and yet more land, pushing my other creations to the brink of extinction. I repented for being so indulgent towards him and tried to warn him about the disaster that he was inviting into his own life. He did not pay any heed. Very soon the results of his thoughtless acts began to show. Slowly many of my other creations began to die. Whole species were wiped out. My heart bled at what was happening in front of my eyes.

Still I could not bring myself to hate the child who

had exploited me ruthlessly, sullied and tainted me. But Man seemed bent upon hurtling towards his own destruction. His rage now turned against his own kind. He began using poisonous gas and nuclear bombs to wipe out his fellow man. I knew then that the end was near. When Man finally began to use the “power of the atom” as he called it, to destroy millions of his own kind, leaving large areas of land barren for generations to come, he finally began to realize the enormity of what he had done.

Did he apologize? You ask. Not Man! He is too proud and too blind a creature for that, too ignorant about his insignificance in the final scheme of things. Man and his brothers sat down to meet and discuss what was to be done. Arguments raged, Fingers were pointed at each other, but they failed to see the real problem. Some did understand and suggested ways to revert the trend, but the voice of greed silenced the voice of reason and of conscience. What can you say about the being who, everyday dirties the water his children drink, pollutes the air they breathe and kills the flora and fauna that are the means of his own survival?

However, even now, I cannot hate Man. He is blind and greedy and foolish. His learning and knowledge has only given him an arrogance which has taught him pride, not humility and respect. He has eroded me till only the bedrock remains. Yet I hope. I know that Man has still the capacity for great wisdom and this wisdom I pray, will lead him to the realization of his duties to his mother- Mother Earth whom he has forsaken.



10th Rank

T. PAULINE MATHEW

Class XI
St. Thomas Residential School
Thiruvananthapuram
Kerala



EARTH RAIDERS - A STORY

He winces as he slides his feet into the combat boots, painfully aware of how tight they are. He dons his protective gear, welcoming the familiar sensation of suffocation. Just as he walks out of the barracks, something hits him on the head. Something big, as the throbbing pain in the region seems to indicate. He looks around and sees the giant strawberry, decayed at places, lying on the ground. His comrade's lips twitch as he grunts, "genetically mutated to kill us all, I say." The Chinese man Lee- what's- his-name, manages a chuckle, but it seems as if everyone has forgotten how to laugh.

He quickly joins his squadron when he sees the commander coming. "No time to waste, boys. Clothes, medicines and any scrap metal that you can find. Let's go." Commander Stone, pleasant as ever, he thinks to himself as he boards his huge metal aircraft.

"Territory 129," someone tells him, pressing a sleek tablet into his hands. He is surprised at the sudden sense of loss that engulfs him- he misses paper- the texture, the colour.

He is shaken out of his reverie by the loud beep that indicates their arrival. He stumbles out of the aircraft, trying to figure out which country they were in. There used to be so many. He still remembers the huge Geography texts and his teacher- a mouse of a woman,



St. Thomas Residential School, Thiruvananthapuram

St. Thomas Residential School, Thiruvananthapuram was started on 6th June 1966. The School has developed into one of the best in India under the dynamic management of the Mar Thoma Church Educational Society.

Situated in Mukkolakkal, the school ensures that the students receive encouragement in all their endeavours. The achievements of the school in the academic and the extra curricular arenas have made STRS a name to reckon with. The faculty of the school is exemplary and each student is assured love, care and attention.

who insisted on everyone learning the names of all the countries and their flags. Everyone had wanted a global village then. After the 4th World War, a global village was what they got. The wars had reduced almost the world to ashes, and the other half was not in any better shape either. They called one half “the Dark Side”. And not a metaphorical dark side either, like the way it was said in Star Wars, the movies he loved to watch. This Dark Side was unpredictable. The wars had left the earth bare and barren and the rivers black.

“Move on,” he tells himself. Those are things of the past.

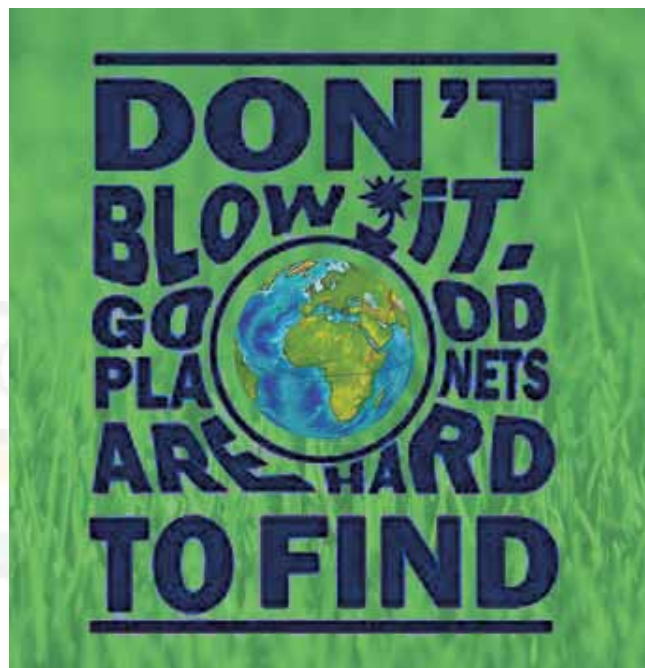
“Get to work, Raiders,” Commander Stone bellows. He looks at the tablet in his hand, and tries to find Territory 129. He starts walking, letting the GPS system lead the way. He keeps walking and in an almost detached manner takes in his surroundings. Trees stumps line the roads and there are piles of electronic waste in front of the eerily empty houses. Clusters of grass grow reluctantly here and there, their colour an alarming blood- red as though the earth still remembers all the blood that was spilt here.

He turns right, and suddenly finds it hard to breathe. Through the thick smog, he can see a familiar street. The breath whooshes out of his lungs and his eyes moisten. Mrs. Jones’ driveway where he had first seen his wife. Her house is crumbling down, but the steps are still there- that was where he had kissed her for the first time, after their second date. Like a madman, he runs forward, past his best friend’s house, past the butcher’s shop.

And then he stops.

His house, his home is exactly how he had left it twenty tearful years ago. He doesn’t know when he walks forward and opens the door. Everything is exactly how they had left it. His wife’s slippers near the bedroom door, his father’s set of cards scattered on the dining table. His eyes mist over and he furiously tries to rub his eyes, telling himself to get a grip on things. It is exactly at that moment that he sees the black book lying on top of a pile of old newspapers.

It’s an album. His wedding album, it seems. The pictures make his knees go weak, and he stumbles. His beautiful wife, standing at the altar, saying “I do.” His parents laughing and smiling as they look at their happy son. The clear blue sea behind his wife as she poses for a picture, on the cruise ship on which they



had travelled on their honeymoon. He remembers that day – the love of his life smiling serenely, watching the sea. The sea had been so clear and blue, unlike the black monster which had snatched away his family from him forever.

Memories of the world he has lost make him wail in sorrow. Unable to stand it any longer, he runs out. Eli, one of the young ones is excitedly flipping over the pages of a paperback, rejoicing at the treasure he had found. The sight only serves to heighten the poignancy of his memories. They had destroyed the earth- made it as it was today. They had laughed at those who had told them to recycle and conserve and reuse. And now they were reduced to scavengers, trying to find something to help them to live, to survive in a world that was sure to end soon.

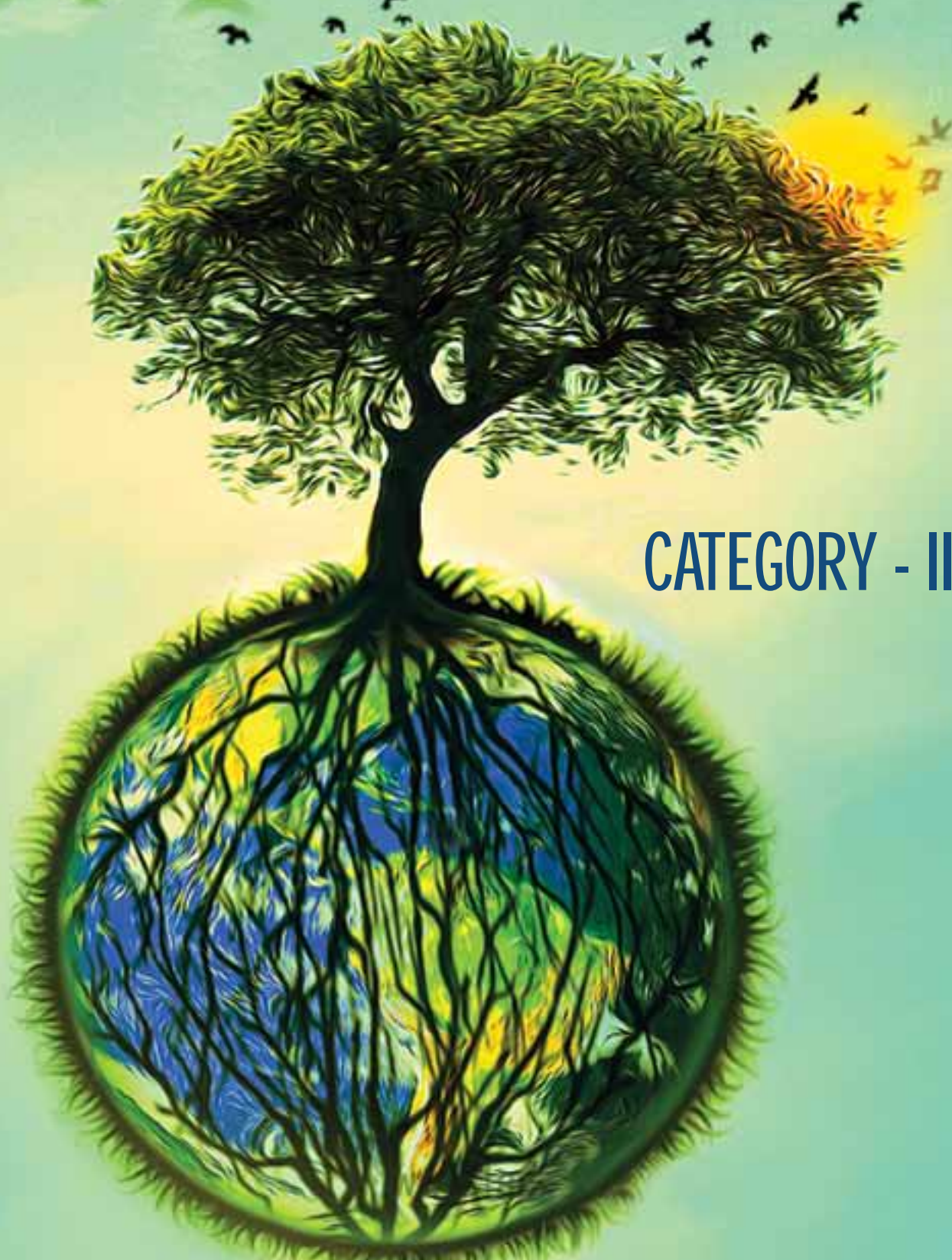
Years later, he would remember the day he decided to put an end to all this. He would remember the day he decided to fight for the world, the day he changed, and changed a lot of others with him. They would fight for the things they had taken for granted and they would fight for a second chance at life. It would take them a lot of time and perhaps the world would never be the same.

It was time to create a whole new world. And this time around, they would not make the same mistakes. It was time to love the Earth, the time to protect and cherish her.

Heal the Earth,



Heal our Future



CATEGORY - II

1st Rank

BHAVYA GORADIA

Class X
Avalon Heights International School
Mumbai
Maharashtra



Hello! This is your anchor reporting on the environmental health of the planet earth in the year 2084

My bare feet were tickled by gleams of crimson light trickling through the trellised window pane. The day was cold and bright. The air had a choking and smoky taste to it. It burnt my throat. I had forgotten the sight of leaves rustling in the chilled air, long ago. Within an hour, I was ready to go to work. I switched on my decade- old television. New products cost too much. My piece of bacon fell out of my mouth as I saw Icelandic rocks torn apart by a humongous, fire-spitting peak. Hence the unusual cold that I was experiencing. Soot was blocking sunrays all over Europe. It was a volcanic winter. I dashed down the staircase and got into my car. Its condition was pitiable. The humming engine did not hide the deplorable roads strewn with plastic, leftovers and empty bins, which were home to insects of the third world. Cars whizzed by, leaving behind caustic jets of black smoke.

Moments later my dizzy self was walking in the most awkward manner, trying to avoid the pungent stench of ammonia, in vain. Cracks ran through the buildings, each resembling the devilish smile that found reason



Avalon Heights International School, Mumbai

Avalon Heights International School is based in Navi Mumbai with a strength of 1300 students and 110 teachers. Avalon is affiliated with Council for the Indian School Certificate Examinations, New Delhi. The teacher student ratio is a healthy 1:12. The classes are kept small below 30 students in a class, to ensure quality and focus. There is an active Special Education & remedial support system to ensure that inclusive education is actualised in both letter & spirit. Avalon aims at creating a dynamic and interactive learning environment. Here the children are encouraged to discover their inner self and are taught in a practical environment. It is the endeavour of the school to provide the children with an ideal environment, which paves way to an all-round development of personality.



to widen the very next day. The doors creaked with utmost regularity and I was greeted with puddles of water instead of the doormat. I started preparing for the speech that was to be given the next day. Tired and unwilling, I returned home after six hours of monotonous claustrophobia. Ransacking through articles on climate change, I chanced upon an article regarding a volcanic ridge that straddled the seas between England and Iceland. I flung it unceremoniously into the metal bin and after encountering a flurry of relevant articles, having summarised them, I scurried for the television remote. I clutched it with an uneasy feeling in my stomach. Rarely did I feel so restless. I dived into bed, wary of the fact that sleep would be endless if the circumstances and Lady Luck loathed my existence.

While travelling to the studio, stuck in an unending traffic block due to some dim-witted politician's motorcade, I sunk into a reflective mood. In front of my eyes I had witnessed marble ageing, becoming pale as if the jaundice of acid rain was tightening its grip on the rock structure, bathing it in the yellow of decay. Horns sung in an inglorious harmony and cars went into a controlled stampede of sorts. After an hour of commute, I finally saw the wrought iron gates of Green World Studio, battered and bruised a month ago by lashing rains and whistling winds.

Upon stepping on the podium, I commenced my speech, or rather report, "Hello! This is your anchor reporting on the environmental health of planet Earth in the year 2084. The El Nino is predicted to gain strength by mid June. Polar ice has been halved in volume and coastal towns across the globe threatened by the risk of floods. The sea temperature has risen by six degree Celsius and hence the ocean currents have decreased in intensity. Scientific reports say that if this

continues, sea water will soon be stagnant and release its absorbed carbon dioxide into the atmosphere, triggering a global heat wave. Species are dying due to the acidity of water." I paused. I felt the earth quiver and tremble. It groaned as if a volcano was rising. I felt a sense of déjà vu.

Boom! Millions of tons of ash barraged the town. Pyroclastics flew. On the outskirts where a volcano had pushed through the ground, escaping bodies were swamped by rampaging lava flows. The carnage was unfolding in a manner that would rival a hellfire. The studio collapsed. I was shoved into the debris by the wall.



2nd Rank

POOJA HARISH

Class X
The Frank Anthony Public School
Bangalore
Karnataka



The Frank Anthony Public School, Bangalore

The Frank Anthony Public School (often abbreviated as FAPS) is a coeducational day school for students ranging from 4 to 14 years. The school officially opened on 9th January 1967, the third of the three Frank Anthony Schools in India. It established, owned and administered by the All-India Anglo-Indian Education Institution, New Delhi. The founder of Frank Anthony Public School in India was an eminent parliamentarian Mr Frank Anthony who also served as the Chairman of the Council for Indian School Certificate Examinations, New Delhi. The present Chairman of the school is Mr Neil O'Brien. In almost 50 years of its existence FAPS has garnered a reputation for excellent academic records as well as extra-curricular activities.

A Letter from Mother Earth to Her Children

My valiant pioneers,

The mellifluous chords of the nymphs' harps are carried by the fleeting zephyr, the sylphs soar above the clouds, the wood spirits flit across the forests, but I can sense an aura of turbulence, discontent and alarm. Their beguiling voices shriek in terror, mellifluous no longer. Their charming faces are contorted with fear. Their eyes are wide with anguish and sorrow. Their piteous wails are poignant and ululating, rending my heart asunder.

My beloved children, the gallant sons of Adam, the demure daughters of Eve, I dote on you. My heart brims over with pride and joy to see you prove your mettle, defy all odds and sally forth to greater heights of endeavour and achievement. You raised yourself to the acme of success in every aspect, but a streak of melancholy and horror dims the shine of my refulgent lamp of joy.

You have pained me by your barbaric deeds towards your siblings. My verdant meadows are buried under piles of grey, lifeless rubble. My pristine daughters, my undulating rivers are choked, and the scintillating scales of my fish are dull and prosaic.

My prolific woods, the lovely dense forests and jungles are being mutilated, culled. The delicate life that dwells in the depths of this haven, is being lacerated.



I have pampered you with the choicest of food, a magnificent home and caressed you with affection and every luxury you could possibly desire, but at what cost?

The birds and animals are terrified by your ruthless deeds and I am most distraught. I believe in your goodness, mercy, compassion and humanity. Surely, this cruel vendetta will not last. I refuse to fall into the clutches of despair.

The world is bathed in the golden light of your benefactor, the mighty sun. My plants thrive and rejoice at the gentle drops of rain that nurtures them along with the benevolent shine of the sun, as you do and every other creature, whom I harbour in this haven. However, my strength is ebbing. My shield is dented by the onslaught of diabolical forces. I fear that the malevolent cloud of gases and smoke will make an irreparable impact on my sun umbrella, thereby scorching all life and incinerating my children. The sun is not as benevolent as it seems.

My loved ones, cease this madness. Desist from this unlawful exploitation. My coffers yield the most stunningly invaluable treasures you can ever wish for. You are decked with diamonds, bejewelled with rubies and swathed in gold but I beseech you, forego this meaningless avarice. Do not annihilate your environment. I am filled with dread and forebodings, for you are blinded by your ambitions and fail to realise that you are bringing about your own destruction. Be merciful, empathize with your siblings and refrain from inflicting them with pain. Coexist harmoniously and use your wealth wisely. Do not throw caution to the winds, for it may usher in ominous consequences and a destructive storm. I implore you to see reason.

Your ever-doting mother,

Earth



**We were born to help the World not to Destroy it then
why we are Destroying the Environment?**

3rd Rank

MUSKAN MASCHARAK

Class X
Loyola School
Jamshedpur
Jharkhand



Hello! This is your anchor reporting on the environmental health of the planet earth in the year 2084

I gaze at the smoke rising up from my coffee mug and they seem like clouds in the background of a dark room. I have wrapped myself with a shawl almost like a shroud. I feel my cat's fur soft against my left foot and just for a while I find myself staring, beaming at a window sized mirror. I see sunken blue eyes, grey with the dust and dirt of bitter old age, a few strands of silver hair which I can almost count, wrinkled skin, shaky limbs and yet I feel happy, for the look in my eyes surely reflects accomplishment. The years of my life that I spent raising and nurturing my three children, was surely worthwhile. Even though my eyesight is bleak and hazy, it hints at a sense of success, as a mother, daughter, wife, grandmother and a woman. I can barely press a button to switch on this alien looking device, the television. Apparently according to my grandchildren I am not 'tech-savvy' but in days of my youth, which for you people are times of yore, I might as well be called the 'tech- queen'. As my gaze wanders and I look at a calendar that reads July 18th 2084, I do accept defeat from three beautiful little brats and request them to turn on the television.



Loyola School, Jamshedpur

Situated in the Steel City of Jamshedpur, Loyola School is run by the Fathers of society of Jesus, a religious order of catholic Church founded by St Ignatius Loyola in 1540. The Jesuit educational objective is to produce men and women who have a deep faith in God and in their fellowmen and to work for equality and justice. A step into Loyola school is an experience, all in itself a plethora of activities, a treasure chest of opportunities, a store house of talent. With emphasis on all round development, activity based learning and development of moral and ethical values, Loyola ensures that the students make a difference to society.



I called the television an alien device, Really? Yes, I did because a television in my time, even at its engineered best would be a sleek black display and not a six by eight device that covered an entire wall with contraptions and wiring and a mammoth display befitting the size of a bed. But nevertheless the things that I'm still familiar with are news, daily soaps and cookery shows. It is a tedious exercise to manoeuvre channel number fifty nine as my frail fingers can barely grasp my coffee mug. Right in front the voice blurts out from the television –“Hello! I am your anchor Tom Krishnan, reporting our environmental health”. I take a minute to think why is this boy, perhaps in his twenties with jet black hair matted with oil, wheatish complexion and a quintessential Indian face called Tom, but then it strikes me ‘of course, how very outdated and backward of me’.

“I am standing over here at the foot of the city, Mumbai. It is surprising, but yes I am standing where the now extinct Walkers Park used to be. I actually want to bring in this realization in each one of you that our mother Earth is completely wrapped in concrete

and cement, our ideologies of development didn't spare even a strand of lush green grass, the concrete looks like an overcast sky that is strangling Earth. If I would have an interview with Mother Earth herself, and she would ask and demand an account for all the holes and craters on her surface, and we would say it is the exhibition of human intelligence partnered with destructive intuitions in disguise to save our planet from other nations. She would ask why there are more hospitals than homes and we would say that it is the consequence of evolution. She would questions why the clouds were black, and we would boldly answer, smoke from the producers of our extravagant commodities.”

I turn off the television. In the garden I pick up a bucket that had been sitting there for two nights and the result is rainwater almost to its brim. I water the plants and later that evening my grandchildren and I go out for a walk picking up scraps and wrappers from our locality. I contributed my drop of water in the yet to be sea of revolution and I wish that you do as well. Safeguard what you have and ensure its being taken over by safe hands.



LOOSING PARADISE TO A CONCRETE JUNGLE!

4th Rank

AMIR YASEEN KHAN
Class X
Goethals Memorial School
Darjeeling
West Bengal



Hello! This is your anchor reporting on the environmental health of the planet earth in the year 2084

Hello! This is your anchor, Amir reporting on the environmental health of planet Earth 2084. Friends, the issue is, our planet's resources are being exhausted recklessly, has been a question of great concern to mankind for a long time. But today we may forget that we could do nothing to save our dear planet. When things seem impossible, when problems are escalating, man has always used his extraordinary intelligence to surmount them. No matter how long the pursuit takes him, he always comes up with an answer, a solution to the problems of his age. Man may be destroyed but he cannot be defeated. This is the truth that resonates throughout the ages. As always, man has arrived at the solution to our environmental problems. And it gives me great joy to tell you this, for it glorifies the marvellous brain that the Almighty has bestowed on him. Yes, friends we have finally found the solutions to our environmental problems. So without further delay, let me enumerate to you, what our scientists have come up with.



Goethals Memorial School, Darjeeling

Goethals Memorial School run by Christian Brothers stands proudly amidst the majestic hill of Kurseong and Darjeeling. Established in 1907, the school is proud to have several luminaries among its alumni. Most notable among them are 3 hockey Olympians. Josephs T. Galibardy and Cyril Mitche, who were part of the team which won the gold medal for India in 1936 Berlin Olympics and C.S. Gurung whose team won the hockey gold in 1952 Helsinki Olympics. Another notable past pupil is Prakash Bhartia who is a recipient of the order of Canada which is the highest civilian award of Canada and whose picture you can see printed on Canadian dollars. Goethals is also probably the first school whose flag was hoisted on Mt. Everest. Goethals shines in the Darjeeling District for its academic excellence and co-curricular activities.



To be honest, I love fish a lot. But till 2080, the government had banned fishing owing to the plunge in the number of fish due to excessive fishing. I'm sure this was heart-breaking for fish lovers like me worldwide. But, scientists in Geneva have developed a new technology that claims to create fish as tasty as the genuine one. That's right, lab-made fishes. And there's nothing to worry about. They're healthy and tasty. There's a cool bit of technology behind this. All they do is remove a single cell from any part of a fish and store it in an environment that helps it multiply to a thousand cells every second. And on a large scale, it prepares whole fish within a week's time, that too thousands. Isn't that good, folks? Well, we could be saving millions of fish that way. Anyway, let us move to another industry that is coming up-bacteria diesel.

We are all aware that diesel and gasoline prices have been shooting up since last summer. The Middle East has run out of resources. But recently, a French scientist, Victor Pauline, discovered a new strain of bacteria while conducting research in the French Alps. What he found there, was a bacteria strain called *Streptococci Victor*. Now, these organisms are amazing creatures. They're diesel producing bacteria. They are capable of utilising solar energy to manufacture complex hydrocarbons like diesel and gasoline. And the best part is that the diesel they are producing will cut down fuel prices by over ten times. I'm sure that this will be a great relief for those who do not possess electric cars. Now, we move on to an interesting place in the heart of the Brazilian Amazon.

The last decade saw the mass extinction of rainforest species, both flora and fauna. Almost thirty-five species of flora and fauna were driven to extinction in the last decade itself. But conservationist, Luiz Carlos, has created a unique habitat for endangered species in the Amazon rainforest. It is an innovative step towards helping endangered species. He has already helped in increasing the number of Indian blackbucks, back in the 2060's. I hope he is successful in this endeavour of his.

You see, man has the potential to help save the planet. We require only a little effort to bring the change we want in the world. We cannot afford to stand and complain, we must be up and doing! It as if I cling onto a man's back, burden him and kick him and hurt him and all those around assume that I'm sorry for the man and will do anything to help the man except by getting off his back. In the same way, we must ourselves help save Mother Earth. The efforts of visionaries all around the world inspire us to work for the betterment of the planet. And we do not have to do much, all we need to do is to follow simple rules and steps, like the three R's-Reduce, Reuse and Recycle. A few more steps like that on the list and that is asked of us. Therefore I would like to urge all of you, viewing this show to kindly do something, not sit back and complain. I'm sure there's a lot of good we can do, why let it be within us? Let us leave our footprints on the sands of time so that future generations shall take heart again. Thank you!

5th Rank

TRISHITA DAS

Class X
Jamnabai Narsee School
Mumbai
Maharashtra



A Letter from Mother Earth to Her Children

Dear Children,

It saddens me to be writing to you today, for who enjoys rebuking her own flesh and blood? But today, you have left me no choice. Is this what I deserve after all I have done for you? You begged for a playground, so I covered myself in luscious grass and vivacious blossoms to give you fields for fun and frolic. You wished to quench your thirst, so I cut open my belly and poured my food into your boundless oceans. You wanted fire, so I tore my veins and let my fiery blood ooze out of my volcanoes. You asked me to be cooled, so I condensed my sighs and brought them down as rain. I keep you all close to my breast, far away from harm and danger. But how do I keep you from fighting with your cousins? Oh children, when will you learn to play fair?

Forest tells me that you pick up your vicious knives and your monstrous saws and hack and cut until he is left hurt and bleeding and missing a limb. What is the reason? "Industrialization", you say, "urbanization, development, agriculture, progress." How will you progress without your dear cousin, my children? Who else will give you wood for your fires, fruits for your stomachs and clean air for your lungs? Forest is crucial to you, so why are you indiscriminately and unceremoniously cutting him down? You cannot have me all to yourself, children, you must learn to share with forest, for without him you cannot continue.



Jamnabai Narsee School, Mumbai

Jamnabai Narsee School is a secular co-educational private minority school managed by the public charitable trust that was established by Sarvashree Chatrabhuj Narsee in 1970. The school motto "Vidya Param Balam" has proved to be the guiding statement and beacon for all. The guiding principle of the school is "Let Learning be a Joy and Teaching a Pleasure". The school seeks to inculcate in its students a desire to achieve excellence in all areas of endeavour. While providing a positive learning environment to our students the school prepares the students for the Examinations conducted by Council for the Indian School Certificate Examinations, New Delhi.



Your brutality has hit Water too. I saw her yesterday and felt so ashamed that my offspring could have reduced her beauty into such a dreary, bleak dinginess. You have made her your slave. When you want to quench your parched throats you call for water. You leave taps running open for hours without any concern for her well-being. Your factories and industries pour all their poison into her arms. You make her wash clothes and dirty dishes and yourself thinking that she will never stop. Let me warn you children, that soon, water will run out and you will be in a fix. If you must harness her for electricity, treat her with respect. Don't think that she is a boundless supply at your disposal. Learn to save and to care.

Air does not talk to me anymore. He is too weak to do much other than to blow gently. Your cars, vehicles, chimneys and their endless billows of black smoke are killing him and you too. Look among your siblings and see how many are dying from lung cancer, suffering from asthma, struggling to breathe. Why are you calling death onto yourselves, children? As air's ozone coat is wearing thin, it will no longer protect you much longer. Awake, my children, awake from your slumber of ignorance before it is too late!

When I gave birth to you, I handed you power, but with great power comes great responsibility. How you like to quote that phrase, children, without practising it in your own lives. All of you have power- of voice, speech, thought and action. Your responsibility is towards the less fortunate- your cousins Forest, Water and Air and your playmates, the birds and animals. Just as I

created you, I created them. Why then do you hunt and chase them for your pleasure? They are entitled to their place of being as much as you are, if not more. You must show brotherhood and amity towards your environment and your cousins, my children for then you can be truly great.

I will end my advice now, children, if you promise to pay heed to it. I have lived millions of years more than you and my experiences are truly priceless. If I can teach you nothing else, I can teach you patience, suffering and sacrifice. Give up a little and you can gain a lot. Look outside the four walls you surround yourself with and spare a thought for the ones who have let you get to your current position. Consider this letter a warning, for if you do not have wisdom soon, our cousins may unleash their tempers on you. I cannot protect you from Water's flood, from Forest's fruitless trees or from Air's cyclones. Do not disregard me, for you have seen how anger can hurt you.

As a mother, it is my duty to guide you and keep you from going astray, to punish you for your wrong-doings and reward you for your triumphs. I have always done this and shall continue till I no longer can. I will sacrifice for you, until I have nothing else to give. Do not let it reach that point, for if I die, you cannot survive. Look after yourselves, my children, and your cousins, and then a brighter future will find its way towards you.

Yours lovingly,

Mother Earth



6th Rank

ARUNDHATI CHOWDHURY

Class X
Calcutta Girls' High School
Kolkata
West Bengal



Calcutta Girls' High School, Kolkata

Calcutta Girls' High School, a hall mark institution, going strong for 158 years was founded by Lord Canning in 1856.

The School strives to instil in the students the values of the society. It is a home away from home, anointed with love, groomed to be a class apart reflecting the quiet dignity and speak through their actions. The students are urged to push open the ever widening doors to the miraculous and mystic world of the macrocosm, which lies beyond the immediate realm of perception.

A Letter from Mother Earth to Her Children

My Children,

You have grown. You have matured. You now know that everything has a source, a root. A long time ago, even before I was born, there was a huge explosion. Confusion and chaos followed, and my large home as I knew it- the one which you call the 'Universe'- had nothing to adorn itself, just dust and swirling masses of absolutely nothing. Remember, I said, there is a source to everything- and indeed everything is, in turn, the source to everything else- and that was my source. The dust congealed and stuck together, forming incomprehensible masses-larger than me, smaller than me. They pulled and attracted each other. A mass of gas, burning and blinded to my undeveloped eyes, pulled me, made me spin, moulded me and protected me. Like an unruly child, at first my siblings and I were unstable, violent and angry. Looking back, those turbulent days shock me now. But you cannot recognise the serenity of peace till you know the madness of chaos. So I learnt. I waited and I cooled down, water forming on me, calming and soothing me. I was surprised and ecstatic to find something on me- something that grew and breathed and died. Something green that glowed. It was my first child. You wonder why I am speaking of old dusty facts that were and are of no conceivable use to you, but like I said, everything has a source and you my most magnificent child, should realise that this is the source of what I am to say next. I hope you recognise me-I know you are not used to me talking like this to you. Do you know



who I am? My name is Earth and my identity is that I am a planet with life.

I have done many things in my long life. I have experimented and invented- encouraged by the birth of my first child. I have encouraged you to grow in your own way, learning from your mistakes and helping you when required- keeping an infallible eye on you at every moment of every rotation of every revolution. When one of my children could not reach its food in the trees, I gave it a long neck. When one child could not crack open nuts, I gave it a strong beak. When you had difficulties using your fingers, I gave you opposable thumbs. Yes, I have let you adapt and evolve- and those who couldn't, I sank them back into my bosom, no less love for them. I have initiated, cared and ultimately given peace to all of you. Do you know who I am? My name is Earth and my identity is that I am a scientist.

I have helped each and every one of you in all moments of your existence. I helped the lion with his claws, the bird with his wings, the anteater with his tongue and the snakes with his sting. I helped you grow from tree-dwellers to cavemen, helped you in your journey from Africa to the rest of me- let you discover all the surprises I had waiting for you all over the world, my darling. I helped you to become 'homo-sapiens'. Do you know who I am? My name is Earth and my identity is that I am your helper.

The arms are what you call the atmosphere – I wrap my arms around you so that you can come to no harm. My milk to you is the water in oceans and rivers- the one which gives you life. My food to you is what you find on trees- fruits and vegetables. With my tears I give you help to grow your own food that which you can call rain. I do not speak much to you, but when I am angry I scold you. You call them volcanic eruptions. What are my eyes, you may ask. I see myself and you through you. I advise my children through you. You are my eyes. Do you know who I am? My name is Earth and my identity is that I am your nurturer.

When you were sad I listened to your cries. I tried to comfort you. When you were angry, I heard the rumbles and chaos of war, and I tried to stop you. When you were frustrated, I heard the screams of your desperation, and I tried to take away your misery. When you were happy, I heard your joyous laughter- and I got more happiness than you just by hearing. I heard your parting and the rage in your heart when you hurt another. I heard your moans and your whispers when you got hurt. I heard the soundless awe from your lips when you knew fire for the first time or when

you uncovered some other surprises of mine. This is a sound you cannot hear. But I can. Do you know who I am? My name is Earth and my identity is that I am your listener.

I am the field on which you play. I am whom you fall back on when you trip. I willingly give myself to you- for your tests, for your experiments. I let you probe the deep caves in me just because you wanted to. I let you climb mountains just because you wished to. I am the one on whom you test your bombs, your guns, your robots and your paints and perfumes. I have given you all to let you play, to let you grow. Do you know who I am? My name is earth and I am your playground.

You may call me by many names. There are many names by which I am known. I have more identities than I can count. But, my one identity that defines it all- my actions, my beliefs and my practises- is that I, Earth, love you unconditionally. I laugh with you because I love you. I cry with you because I love you. That is my greatest identity, the one which I cannot and will not change- and the one which I am the proudest. And why do I love you? Because I am your mother and you are my children.

But do you really know me? I am sure you love me, but do you understand me? Do you know that you ignore me, harm me and scar me? Maybe you do it unintentionally- you have yet a lot to learn- but surely you can abstain a little? You ignore me when I try to warn you, hurt me when all I want to do is love you and scar me in your anger, your wars and your bombs. Surely you are all still young. Why do you kill each other? Do you not realise that I love you all equally? You whisper your complaints to me. I hear them but, can you not hear the plea I shout to you? You pollute me and corrupt me. I cry. Do you really know me?

I have tried to talk to you a lot of times. No mother wants to burden her sufferings on her children, even if they are the cause. Yet you do not hear me. Maybe I am not explaining properly, and if so then it is entirely my fault. I am a bad mother. Or maybe I have indulged you too much. Nevertheless, I hope you read my letter. I know you will understand what I am asking for- I cannot pour my misgivings in your ear- that is not what mothers do. If you cannot, or do not listen to me, don't be apprehensive- I understand. It's alright. I'll still love you. I am your mother, I will love you till the end of infinity, to the end of forever. And whatever you do, I'll keep on loving you, no matter what, I promise.

Your Mother,
Earth

7th Rank

KOYAL MOLLA

Class X

Lions Calcutta (Greater) Vidya Mandir
Kolkata
West Bengal



Hello! This is your anchor reporting on the environmental health of the planet earth in the year 2084

“Hello! This is your anchor reporting on the environmental health of planet Earth in the year 2084.

We are here this morning under this temperature-controlled dome providing us good shelter from the chilly cold in South Africa. I’m Robo66132, to inform you about planet Earth’s condition. Our unforgiving reckless misdeeds are still being felt on Earth. The chilly cold outside is smiting the glasses of this dome. We may be unaware but the frightening zephyr of the North Pole is already ready for attack.

Our hardworking scientists have gifted you all the remedies that could be provided. But you never know when your hunger-preventing capsules start revolting in our stomach. The ice outside is just prepared to gobble you up like warm boiled eggs. This cosy temperature, controlled glass domes sheltering us, may turn cruel enough to expose us into the radiations transmitting like disco lights. The hard toil of our scientists has resulted in continuous changes in their ophthalmic lenses over the past years which were often damaged by the squelching heat waves last year.



Lions Calcutta (Greater) Vidya Mandir, Kolkata

The School is a Co-education, Secondary school affiliated to the Council for Indian School Certificate Examinations, New Delhi and managed by Lions Education Trust. The School is a philanthropic venture run without profit motive with service at core and sole mission. The school strives to provide holistic education at a nominal cost so as to keep it within the reach of the common man. The motto of the school –“knowledge is light” reflects the mission of bringing enlightenment in the life of generations to come, be it the learning it impacts, the opportunity it provides or the sterling values it enkindles.



But-there is a big 'but' here, which will now compel you to plead earnestly and honestly to Mother Earth. The information that I have received from the weather stations of different countries is horrible enough to let your eyeballs pop out of your bony sockets. It is even more terrible to burst your nostrils and rupture the skin. The Russians are on the verge of submerging under the thick blanket of ice. Maybe another Mount Everest will bow down there and create the 'Cold Plateau of Russia'. Their temperature controlled domes have perished a few days before due to high pressure. The Berlin Wall has disappeared under vanilla-flavoured ice-creamy ice. The Statue of Liberty receives cold wishes of 'Good Morning' every day from the splashing of water of the Atlantic. The Atlantic is hoping to increase its territory and turn Pacific. Miss Sippi and Mrs Souri are all down under the ocean. As you all know that India has disappeared and may have dissolved into the Indian Ocean by this time, due to the perishing pressure of its population. Mother India was facing difficulties to nurture so many young ones altogether. USA and China are fed up of throwing their huge missiles which hover over our country every day. This time we will have no Football World Cup but the World Ice Hockey will continue. The President of South Africa, Mr. Hitech Torton will host the flag of the nation

on the newly built Space Lab centre. There are hopes to live on Neptune and Uranus also, as all the other planets have been filled up. NASA has come up with their artificial oxygen supplying machines which will supply oxygen to your mouth like a tap providing water to a bucket. You need not move about anywhere. All you need to do is sit and click buttons on a screen in front of you. It will provide you with everything.

The white foil on planet Earth will rupture next year and will turn red hot then. We all need to bid 'Good Bye' to our Mother Earth by that time. Our only alternative left is to plead with Mother Earth to give birth to the long-extinct species which were called 'trees'. Yes my dear citizens, they were called trees, which used to provide oxygen and takes in excess carbon dioxide. Unlike these oxygen tanks behind us those species were very much natural. I see the exclamation mark in your faces. There is a lot more to it. We had had forests too, comprising stalks of trees. They also used to give food. You would not need to chew these hunger-preventing capsules anymore. There were a lot more species. There were animals. There were elephants, tigers, gorillas, kangaroos, cows, dogs, cats and many more. It is our bad luck that we lost all of them.

Once called 'humans', now nicknamed Robo-so-and-so, we were humane and kind and tender, unlike now. Now we have the 'Destruct to' ready to fire and blast anything. Our underground settlements have been devastated by quaky earthquakes many a times. To see the sun, we all stand here. We hoped to rule above all. But now we are thinking, whom to rule upon? Everything is lost. We have lost every other species. Now we have to strike our conscience hard to come out once of the robotic skull and think once- Do we really know how to rule ourselves? We don't know how to rule ourselves and we went on hoping, to rule everyone!

My Friends, do not dare to move from this glass dome. For this world, our beloved Earth is ready to perish in a wink into the universe. And this time, the 'Biggest Bang Theory' is being concentrated upon. Our Earth will provide the 'Biggest Bang'. This flabbergasting news may make your mouth open wide but the aliens outside are waiting to feed on their sumptuous meal-the once humane, humans. So everyday be ready to make friends with some alien or you may be walloped by them. Thank you."

8th Rank

KINJAL RAY

Class X
The Future Foundation School
Kolkata
West Bengal



Hello! This is your anchor reporting on the environmental health of the planet earth in the year 2084

“The launch pad is clear. The boosters are being ignited. Countdown to take off...ten...nine...eight...seven...six...five...four...three...two...one...zero! The Wanderer V Nuclear powered space craft is away on its mission journey towards planet Darwin, nine light years from Earth.”

While I am listening to this record, I recall the moments, the last moments on planet Earth or rather the last ones I spent on the planet as you know it. Anyway, I will give a brief description of my journey to my present location (though, practically you yourself are standing in the same place as I am)

I was part of a three member crew aboard the spaceship W-VN (for Wanderer V Nuclear). This was a joint initiative from almost all space research agencies all around the world to create a nuclear powered vehicle capable of warping space to shorten distance. Without going into the technical aspects, in short, we started on our journey towards planet Darwin, where it was expected that life forms exist. After setting our path correctly we set our engines to augment speed.



The Future Foundation School, Kolkata

The Future Foundation School was founded in the 1980's. Mrs. Joya Mitter, the Founder Principal, worked tirelessly to build a school that would incorporate Sri Aurobindo's and the Mother's philosophy of Education. It is a co-educational school, affiliated to the Council for the Indian School Certificate Examinations, New Delhi. The school is also accredited to the National Accreditation Board for Education and Training (NABET) as a school of excellence. It provides an environment to develop the spiritual, physical, vital, mental and psychic aspects of personality. Besides being consistently excellent in academic performance, the school has a unique basket of co-curricular pursuits and excellent career counselling possibilities.



The technology was an untested one. It was only the second use of it, keeping in mind the expenses behind it. As it distorted space and time a wormhole got created in front of us and without us knowing it, we fell into it. I fainted due to the tremendous jerking and G-force.

When I opened my eyes, I had no idea where I was. Trying to recollect what had happened, I tried to get up and take a walk. To my greatest horror, both my colleagues were lying dead in front of me and our spaceship was reduced to debris. I prayed for their peace and took a look around. It was a barren land- no trees, no water, no movement- only endless expanses of waste lands. Before I could fathom what to do next, a sudden tremor which resulted in the opening up of the ground made me lose balance and fall into the crack in the ground. After sometime, I found myself in a courtroom, or rather a room that looked like a court. I was standing in front of a being who seemed to be the judge. He had a bulging head, a disproportionately thin and loose skinned body and slightly bulging eyes. There were other such beings in the room as well. I wanted to say hello, but the judge started-

"So you are the organism named Homo sapien, huh? We are seeing your kind after a long time. And if you are wondering where you are let me tell you this is your own planet- your Earth itself!"

Titterings. How is this possible? This barren planet is earth? Who are these then? Aliens who captured our beloved mother Earth? He continued,

"Let me make the current scenario clear to you. You are standing in the year AD 2084, which is known to us as year 4, after ozone. You heard it right. We have our ozone layer to protect us from the harmful ultraviolet rays of the sun. That is just the beginning. Do you know that every day we get reports of species getting destroyed? We stay underground to be protected from the UV rays, but we now have to pay taxes for even the air we breathe! We have to search for alternate sources of oxygen, as trees have become a thing of history books. We need to manufacture water even for consumption – the natural resources are either deleted completely or are too contaminated. And would you even have the slightest idea of what we eat? Tablets! Just tablets and capsules with nutrients concentrated in them. Agriculture is almost impossible in this climate.

You may be thinking, who we are, isn't it? We are not aliens, we are humans, but not 'homosapiens'. We have had to adapt ourselves and undergo voluntary mutations to evolve into a new species, 'homocorpus' to survive in this planet. We cannot even smile. All this had to be done because of you, you who call yourselves civilised people!"

I, mustering some courage, reply "But sir, we are trying our best. We went on a mission in search of another habitable planet. We....."

The judge roared, "Shut up you thankless human. You have crippled your Mother, and now when she is unable to take care of you, you discard her and try to find another mother? Your sin cannot deserve any mercy. So, I, the Chief Justice of the Court of After Ozone World, give the verdict that you, on behalf of your race, stand guilty of treachery to your mother, Mother Earth. Hence you are sentenced to life confinement in this period. You have to stay here, send awareness messages back to your time and also help us restore the plight of the planet."

I was stunned I was taken to the quarters by two 'homocorpus'. I sat down with my head in my hands shedding tears.

I am now reporting as your anchor in this period. As my duty is, I have the responsibility to make you people aware of your deeds. I have the job to make you aware of it through messages and signals. So, the next time you see any incident which is caused due to environmental problems, be sure who caused it. This is Kinjal Ray, from 2084.



9th Rank

BONITA BRIGETTE

Class X
Christ Academy I.C.S.E. School
Bangalore
Karnataka



Hello! This is your anchor reporting on the environmental health of the planet earth in the year 2084

There in the vast blanket of darkness, among the innumerable celestial bodies that glistened and shimmered was a smaller planet, Earth, one of Universe's greatest beauties. To describe its beauty was beyond anybody's ability. Even to its creator, God, it must have been a masterpiece.

Earth had luscious green trees with leaves whose tips were resplendent with morning dew. The droplets of water sparkled with the first rays of the morning sun.

Each drop of water on the face of Earth joined to form mighty forces of oceans that kept their mother sparkling clean.

It became the home to most strange forms of life and surprisingly they all lived harmoniously together. Among them evolved a dominant species called Homosapiens. They grew from strength to strength and became the most dominant creatures who ever trod on the planet of Earth. They wanted their mother all to themselves. All of a sudden human beings began to rule the world and every other species was



Christ Academy I.C.S.E. School, Bangalore

The school is run by CMI fathers, is situated in Bangalore, Karnataka. It is situated in a lush green, pollution free environment, a spacious site to enable children to imbibe the values of life in the lap of nature. With the motto, "Light to enlighten" the school aims to provide a unique experience to every child in a safe environment that promotes self-discipline, motivation and excellence in learning. The school endeavours to provide holistic education to young minds. Christ Academy, with the Principal and teachers, envisages shaping confident global citizens of the future.



beneath them. They became the subjects of pleasure or exploitation.

Aeons passed and their mother never uttered a word. She bore the pain with sheer silence because they were her children nonetheless.

Humans were geniuses, they created the most extraordinary devices but they used up everything their mother had to offer and gave back only pain.

And now in AD 2084, Earth is brown and barren. All her children are dead except humans. Even they are deserting her. They are absconding after sinning against the motherland, ripping her of her exquisite beauty and dignity. A mere handful is left. Will the other humans move to Mars too, their stepmother who was forced to welcome her new children.

While back on Earth in a small corner of the world, separate from the rest of mankind lived a man called Daniel George. Seated in his living in front of the television he was watching channel 284, the New Channel. On the screen had just appeared a handsome young man who said: "Hello! This is your anchor Marcus Finnick reporting to you, live from Earth"

I am one of the last residents of Earth and I must say it is quite lonely down here. Now on the environmental condition down here: Our Earth Resource Team has collected the last resource of minerals from India and Africa.

All evacuation is done and we are to fly to Mars with the last residents and resources tomorrow at 0700. It is sad to leave Earth and I shall miss it but we move on to a better future.

The air contamination level has risen up 12% more now there is a total 91% contamination. No water body has been detected for collection. The last of the plant life has been plucked from its roots and collected for take-off. It seems we are all geared for the final take off.

This is the last telecast line from earth as we welcome a new beginning in our new home Mars. Goodnight and goodbye"

Daniel turned away with disgust as he got up with the thought how man had lost all his humane qualities while he moves to another planet to destroy it too.

He opened the door to his back yard through at first glance it was barren and dry, there was a tiny sapling sprouting from the womb of Mother Earth. Daniel picked up the water flask and gently supplied the plant with its pure nourishment. He tended to it with gentle care. He spoke aloud," Mother do not lose hope, I will give back your respect and dignity. Your children may have abandoned you but my family and I are here to stay and nurse you back to health. The universe will see its beauty again, I promise."



10th Rank

SHREYA

Class X
Christ King Convent School
Kapurthala
Punjab



Describe The Steps Taken By Your School To Increase Environmental Awareness In The School And Neighbourhood

Scene 1:

School campus, the morning assembly

Principal : Good Morning, dear children. Welcome back to school after the summer vacation. I hope you all enjoyed it a lot. Now back to school activities. Children, I wanted to remind you that our annual day function is approaching. You must be excited. The summers are too hot, right. Rainfall is also very little. Children, this is due to global warming. We can already see its harmful effects. Think of the earth after ten years or so. It will be burning if the right steps are not taken to lessen it. Our nature is our mother. She provides us with each and everything we need like food, various mineral fuels, fruits, vegetables, clothes and even raw minerals for industries. What are we providing her in return?

“Prevention is better than cure” Our environment is in need and we must help her. Now this year we will



Christ King Convent School, Kapurthala

Established in 1977, Christ King Convent School, Kapurthala, Punjab is a co-educational school being run by the Diocese of Jalandhar. The administration of the school is locally managed by the Religious Sisters of D.M Congregation.

At present 2750 students are on our rolls. Adopting the best practices in education, the school always strives to provide an exhaustive learning environment that brings out each child's full potential. The aim of our school is to form intellectually competent, professionally skilled, spiritually evolving, morally upright, socially responsive and culturally tolerant citizens through holistic education. The students are encouraged to participate in various co-curricular activities, sports and games to develop their talents and form themselves into individuals of integrated personalities.



celebrate our annual day with a theme. Can anyone guess it?

A Child: Ma'am may I?

Principal: Yes, sure.

A Child: Ma'am, it is related to our environment and the preventive steps we can take towards it.

Principal: Right, my dear child.

So, students our theme is 'Heal the Environment'

Let me make you aware of the leading hazards and causes of pollution. It is the mixing up of unwanted materials and particles in the air, water, and soil. Air pollution is increasing day by day due to our activities. Smoke from the vehicles and the leaded petrol are a great problem to our motherland. The use of pesticides and insecticides to increase the yield in the fields is leading to water pollution and soil pollution. Harmful gases released from industries like carbon dioxide, sulphur dioxide get mixed with rains and fall as acid rain. Radioactive elements used in certain nuclear power plants cause radioactive pollution. So I have devised several rules and regulations to check the increasing environmental crisis which are to be followed by the students, the staff and each one of us. I have arranged two dustbins in each class. In one you will throw the biodegradable waste. It is green in colour. In the other one of red colour, the non bio-degradable waste has to be thrown. Make sure you throw the garbage properly. The new notebooks available at the stationery are made from eco-friendly paper or recyclable paper. An environmental laboratory has been set up in the second floor which will make you more aware of the hazards and also the preventive measures for our disturbed environment. An animation has been made by the senior computer students of our school describing it. Charts and models made out of eco-friendly materials have been placed here. Different species of plants and animals have been shown and the dangers to them have been specifically described. Children whose homes are only five kilometres from the school have to come to school on cycles or on foot. They will not be allowed to use automobiles and bikes. Others are advised to join school buses or make use of car pools. Now, next month we will celebrate Van Mahotsav in the school premises and I hope to see a lot of differences in our school relating to nature. Plastic bags should not be brought. Bring either paper bags or jute bags. Annual

functions will also be celebrated on this theme and we hope to increase awareness everywhere.

Scene 2

A classroom and a group of young students

One student: Today, I have been greatly influenced by our Principal Ma'am for the wonderful efforts she has taken to help us and the future generation as well.

Second student: Yes, it is absolutely great. I will co-ordinate with her and try to implement some of her ideas.

Third student: I will come on my cycle from tomorrow onwards.

Everyone: Yes! Let's give our best to this mission and make our Annual Day a unique one.

One student: I am eagerly waiting to see the environmental lab.

Everyone: All praise for our principal

Scene 3

Annual day

Parent 1: Wow! This is so beautiful and magnificent.

Parent 2: Yes. My daughter told me that decorations are made up of eco-friendly things.

Parent 3: I could never have imagined that even environmental friendly things can be used so beautifully.

Parent 4: I am waiting for the programme.

Parent 5: Yeah! We too.

Parent 1: I have started planting my own food crops. My child always talks about the environment and I feel very good to see him as a caring member of the school.

The Annual Day programme ends.

Parent 1- This was so amazing. The play was so good. All these methods will be adapted by me for sure.

Parent 3: I will also make use of them. No plastic bags will be given from my shop from today.

Parent 4: I pledge never to throw the non-biodegradable waste on the road and soil.



Parent 2: I will adorn my home's garden with trees and flowers.

Parent 5: The performances by our children were so encouraging. In the dance, the torment and pain that the Earth bears every single day enacted by our children literally brought tears to my eyes.

Child 1: Papa, I told you that our Principal has an amazing vision and she made us conscious of saving the environment for our own survival.

Child 2: I think our mission has been accomplished well.

Child 3: All our endeavours have been successfully answered by people.

Everyone in the function clapped and stood up at the end of the programme.

Scene 4

In the morning assembly the day after the Annual Day Function

Principal: Well done Children! Now I am sure our society has young talent as well as great social reformers. The way you have worked in the mission, it had to be a grand success. News regarding our school's annual day has

been published and our function was applauded by the huge crowds. It was telecast on television and people have called me to become a part of this mission. This great response by the people would have been totally impossible without my sweet children and the talented staff. I thank you all.

But I want to say that this mission was not for a day, a week, a month or a year. This is a never ending mission and you have to work it till the very end of your life and also motivate others to do so. All the rules and regulations are still to be implemented by you and remember all the key points of do's and don'ts.

At the end, I would say that small steps lead to a very big change. And we have started it already so let's complete it with good spirits.

May Our Earth Live to be Healthy

Each one of you should plant a sapling so that it grows into a big healthy tree. All of you pay attention to my words and think deeply. Any opinion on this mission would be welcomed and you can write it on the school notice board.

The school assembly ended with thunderous applause and was followed by the national anthem.



*“Earth provides
enough to satisfy
every man’s needs,
but not every man’s
greed.”*

~Mahatma Gandhi

CHOICE IS YOURS but DON'T BE LATE



LET US PLEDGE TO MAKE A GREENER AND CLEANER EARTH



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