

ओ३म्



Green Chronicles

Children's Day 2025

Authored by :

BCM ARYANS

BCM ARYA MODEL SR. SEC. SCHOOL

Shastri Nagar, Ludhiana

Managed by : Arya Samaj, Model Town, Ludhiana

Editorial

Children see the world differently. Where adults often rush past, they pause - listening to the hum of a bee, tracing the arc of a falling leaf, or wondering if a river feels joy when it flows freely. Their imagination turns the ordinary into the extraordinary, giving voice to things we often overlook.



Ms. Henna Soni
Editor

This year's Children's Day theme - "If Nature Could Talk... What Would It Tell Us?" - has unlocked that imagination in beautiful ways. Through poems, sketches, and stories, our young minds have lent words to the wind, emotions to the oceans, and wisdom to the trees.

Each piece in this booklet is more than creativity - it is empathy. It shows us that children not only dream of a greener tomorrow, but also understand the urgency of caring for today. Their voices echo with innocence, yet carry a strength that urges us to listen and act.

Let this collection be more than a celebration of young talent. Let it be a mirror, a message, and a movement - a gentle call to realign our footsteps with nature's rhythm. If only we pause, perhaps the whispers of our children and nature will become the song of tomorrow.

Wishing you all a thoughtful, inspiring, and environmentally awakened Children's Day.

Special thanks to :

Ms. Anjali Kamboj

Chief Language Proficiency and

Ms. Palak, Co-Editor,

for their invaluable contribution to this collection.

LOVE BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE

Oh! Now you see me,
Now that the forest looks like smoke,
The bees stopped showing up for work,
The silence sounds more like guilt than peace.

Yes, I was quiet -
But never silent.
I spoke in falling leaves, in wildfires,
In blooms that arrived too soon
Or never at all.

You called me dirt,
Laughed at the bugs,
Mocking what built your world.

I was your first home, first food, first breath.
You stood on my dirt,
Fell on my mud.
Still, you turned away for more.

Naming your SUVs after me:
Sierra, Tundra, Tahoe -
Wearing my corpse like fashion.

Now - you come with slogans,
Green campaigns,
Love packaged in polished PR.

Too late,
You bring your love
Like flowers to my grave.

But alas -
Love doesn't bloom in concrete.
And perhaps you forgot,

I am older than your gods,
And stronger than your machines.

I can survive without you,
But will you survive without me?

Call to Action

Cherish me while I breathe, protect me while I live.
Every action echoes eternity - neglect it, and future
generations inherit silence, not a planet.



Tales Beneath the Shade

I am more than just a tree. I hold stories and witness afternoons filled with sunlight and love.

I remember her - Grandma, sitting on the charpahi beneath my shade, her voice rising like incense in the still air. She created worlds with her words. She told tales of noble kings, wise gods, and animals that once spoke. Her stories weren't just shared; they were planted, rooted in hearts, blooming into values, dreams, and wonder.

Now, the charpai sits quietly. Children stay inside, lit by the pale glow of screens. Laughter no longer echoes through my leaves.

But I remember. I recall the giggles that once rang in the cracks of my weary bark and the innocence that surrounded my roots. Her voice is a lullaby I'll never forget.

I wait, not just for footsteps, but for a listening soul, someone who will sit, look up, and hear me whisper again.

Because stories never die.

Not when they are planted deep.

Not when I still remember.

Call to Action

Step outside. Sit. Listen. Let stories breathe again under open skies - before silence claims the shade where wonder once bloomed.



Ridhaan Dutta
IX-D

Nature's Final Plea

The Earth Speaks

If Nature could speak, what would it say?
Would it cry for help at the break of day?

The sun would ask with a burning heart,
"Why do you tear this world apart?
I give my light, I warm your day,
Why do you waste it and throw it away?"

If Nature spoke, we must reply -
Not with words, but how we try.
To live with grace, to give not take,
To heal the wounds we helped to make.

So hear me now, my final plea,
This world is the home for you and me.
I gave you skies so vast and blue,
Now grey with smoke from what you do.

The sun still shines, but chokes in haze,
Its golden rays are lost in your ways.
Yet still I give - I try, I try,
Though all you do is make me cry.

I bring the rain, I birth the seed,
But drown beneath your thoughtless greed.
So plant a tree, protect a stream,
Revive the soil, rebuild the dream.

If Nature spoke, would you respond?
Or break the sacred bond?
Would you still burn and drill and take,
Or stop - for just the planet's sake?

So hear my voice - it speaks through rain,
Through thunder's clap and lion's mane.
It speaks through flowers, breeze, and trees....
And longs for you to set it free.

Call to Action

Answer Earth's desperate plea. Plant, protect, and restore. Hesitation kills hope; your hands are the lifeline that can save or doom this planet.



Manya Bhatia
IX-B

What the Sky Would Whisper IF IT SAW US EVERY DAY

They say the Lord lives deep in me.
I, the sky, that stretches into eternity.
Yet every dawn, I veil the sun,
Ashamed of all that man has done.

*I once beheld Guru Nanak arise,
Hands folded, eyes lifted to the sky.
He sang Aarti with fire and breeze,
With stars, with rivers, with dancing trees.*

*But now, his hymn is drowned in smog and smoke,
In hearts asleep, in vows we broke.
Where is Wordsworth, with daffodils near?
Where is Frost, who paused to hear?*

*Gone are the souls who used to care,
Now silence echoes despair.
O child of Earth!!!
You've choked the seas, you've scarred the land,
Unclasped the bond of brother's hand.*

*Humanity lost in noise and pace,
No time to feel, no sacred space.
Still, I whisper, still I shine -
Waiting for you to realign.*

*Return, dear child, before I fall -
To love, to truth... to God in all.*




Call to Action

Awaken your heart to nature's plea. Act before apathy silences the sky's eternal voice. Restore balance and reverence now - or let eternity witness the collapse of life beneath your indifference.



Jaiveen Kaur
IX-G



If the Earth Had A Diary, What Would it Write About

HUMANS?

In a love-hate relation, with some billions of men;
Not sure if I should agitate, or be their soulful den.

*Often they are hunters, several save me too;
Seldom do they care, so I have to do it through.*

*They snatched my green armour and the blue cape;
The brown chocolate cover? That too, did escape.*

*Am I asthmatic? How could I even bear this smoke?
I want to let them build, but how much can I take?*

*But I do owe a fact—that they baffle me at times;
Revived the by-gones, by scientific chimes.*

*I see them every day, but lost all my senses,
When they saw me and my friends as "Space Finds."*

*Humans are chameleons, just advanced, say?
They label me as their mother every day.
But do they respect me enough? Uhm, maybe;
But my love for them as a mother will
always find a way.*

Call to Action

Honor Mother Earth through deeds,
not words. Tend forests, protect rivers,
cherish life. Every neglectful act deepens
wounds; every act of care echoes through
generations. Choose wisely before
patience runs dry.



Anhad Kaur
X-A

SI LA TERRE AVAIT UN JOURNAL INTIME, PAR LA TERRE

Si la terre avait un journal in time,
par la terre,
je t'ai vu t'élever avec feu et éclat,
Éclairer la nuit, éclipser l'obscurité.
tu as bâti les villes, gravi les cieux,
mais tu as fait la sourde oreille aux cris des océans.

tu as sculpté mes collines, miné mon âme,
Appelé cela progrès, appelé ce;a cpmtrôle.
tu as poursuivi les étoiles avec des esprites si vastes,
pourtant tu as laissé les forêts tomber et mourir.

Je t'ai donné des rivières, des montagnes et des fleurs,
tu as répondu pas la fumeé et la mélancolie.
pourtant ne m'accroche je crois encore,
due tu pourrais apprendre et que tu purrais pleurer.

Alors j'ecros ici, pas encore au revoir,
mains des advertisements chuchotés à travers le ciel.
aime-moi, répare-moi, guéris-moi entièrement,
Avant que les blessure ne soient trop réelles.

Appel à agir

Ce poème exprime le cri d'amour
et d'espoir de la Terre, qui demande
aux humains de prendre soin d'elle
avant que les dégâts ne deviennent
irréparables.




Sanvi Sharma

IX-F



What
Stars
Would Say?



From velvet skies, we watch below,
Where once Earth's gentle rivers flowed.
Now smoke ascends in endless streams,
And drowns the trees, the skies, the dreams.

We stars once twinkled proud and high,
As children sang beneath the sky.
But now their songs are lost in haze,
Replaced by noise, by greed, by blaze.

The seas are choked with plastic waves,
The soil now sleeps in shallow graves.
The winds we danced with now complain -
Their tune replaced by acid rain.

You chase your light, yet dim your land,
Leave nature begging, hand in hand.
If we could speak, we'd cry: "Be wise!
Restore the Earth - let hope arise!"

And if you ask which star still cries -
I'm Kritika, in midnight skies.
I shine with hope you used to know,
And ache for the green you let go.

Call to Action

Restore the Earth, nurture life, honor its beauty. Let the stars smile at humanity again, proud of courage, care, and action - rather than mourning the silence left in our neglect.



Kritika Garg
XI-Arts

What the Sky Would Whisper If It Saw us Everyday

*If the sky could verbalize
Its reflections of crystal skies,
It would bestow us with sincere bliss,
Like luminous stardust in the dark abyss.*

*If the sky could conceptualize,
It would tell you to look up tonight.
You pray for peace, yet curse the rain,
A whisper made of cosmic flame.*

*If the sky could confabulate,
It would urge us to fabricate
A life of purpose and not turmoil,
Before we shuffle off this mortal coil.*

*If the sky could articulate,
The words of wisdom it would reiterate:
That death is not loss but vast release;
A merging with eternal peace.*

*If the sky could recite,
It would proclaim through boundless height,
That mortal hearts are sparks of flame—
Returning to the source we came.*


Call to Action

Before the sky turns silent, let your actions heal, not harm. Every choice ripples through time. Be the spark that restores life, rekindles hope, and stops Earth from fading into oblivion.

08



Gurrehat Kaur Soni
XI-CFS-B



If the Earth Had a Diary, What Would it Write About Humans?

Dear Diary
Today, they walked barefoot on me—laughing, dancing, children with wind in their hair. I felt their joy.

But yesterday, they cut another forest - my lungs gasped again.

Some days they love me: planting trees, cleaning rivers, whispering apologies. Other days, they pierce me for oil, bury me in plastic, and forget I'm alive.

I cradle their homes, feed their bodies, hold their memories in my soil. Yet I wonder - why do they hurt what shelters them?

They call me "Mother Earth," but sometimes it feels like a title, not a truth.

Still, I hold no anger. Only ache.

I have watched them grow, dream, destroy - and still, I hope. Hope that the children who danced today will learn to love me not in speeches, but in steps, in silence, in small, saving acts.

Because I do not wish to write a farewell.

Love

Earth

Call to Action

Write Earth's next chapter with courage and care. Protect rivers, forests, skies—let your actions become the legacy of hope, ensuring that future generations inherit life, not regret.



Sachkeerat Kaur
IX-D



Hey Humans The Loud Ones

Hey humans - the loud ones, the drama queens, the "let's build a mega mall on a fault line and act surprised when I trigger them."

It's me again - the Earth - a huge, bulky and resourceful planet.

I sneezed a little this morning and everyone tensed up and freaked out! "It's a mild earthquake!" Some crawled under tables until the shaking stopped. Some ran to open areas. Some even used stairs instead of escalators and lifts. All were over-dramatic.

Now they're talking to each other, wondering if I'm "okay" or "sick." If I were a person, I'd be that exhausted mom who keeps moving after her children to stop them scribbling on the walls with crayons.

You humans are the only ones who can turn a little waste into huge, resourceful commodities. Once there were billions of trees and now... every species on Earth is an "Earth-certified survivor."

Anyway, time to spin myself to sleep. Same old rotation, different orbit.

Call to Action

Laugh at tremors, but act before fury strikes. Plant trees, reduce waste, protect life. Transform indifference into courage, ensuring our shared home survives, not as memory, but as thriving reality.

10



Geet Dhingra
IX-D



दादी का नीम प्यारा

याद है मुझे आज भी दादी का नीम प्यारा,
जिसमें था हमारे बचपन की यादों का पिटारा।

दादी माँ के संग,
जाने थे हमने इसके रंग,
दादी ने बताए इसके बहुत लाभ,
जो इसका सेवन करे, बन जाए स्वास्थ्य का नवाब।

नीम का वृक्ष औषधि का स्रोत,
पीने पर बीमारी में लगे बीमारी पर रोक

दादी माँ ने नीम के नुस्खे बताए,
बालों में लगाना, त्वचा में लगाना, पाचन बढ़ाना,
अब इसकी महिमा समझ में आए।

ठंडी-ठंडी छाँव में जिसके नीचे खेले हम,
कहाँ है वह नीम, आज हमें होता है गम।

बनी इमारतें, कटा पेड़,
ले गया हमारे बचपन को उधेड़,
यादें रह गयी हमारे पास,
अब हमारी बारी है मित्रवर!
लगाने के लिए एक नीम का पेड़ खास।



प्रथम ठाकुर
IX - I

सजगता की पुकार

नीम, बरगद, पीपल जैसे छायादार
और औषधिमूलक पेड़ लगायें, ताकि
हम, पर्यावरण और जीवन-तीनों
बच पायें।

If Earth Had a Diary

What Would it Write About the Secrets of Earth

Shhh... Can you keep a secret?

I am Earth. You walk on my skin every day, drink my tears as water, and breathe my whispers in the wind.

But no one ever asks me, 'How are you?' So today, I opened my diary...

And this is my story."

FEBRUARY 1000 - MY HAPPY HEART

Today, I felt alive! My forests sway like dancers, rivers sparkle under the sun, and animals sing across my lands and oceans. The soothing chirps of birds echo all over me. I just want this peace and beauty never to fade away...

But you know, I have noticed something - someone has come. They are humans, a new member of my family. I pray they enhance my beauty in the future.

FEBRUARY 1800 - MY FIRST COUGH

I don't know what is happening today. Strange things are happening. Humans are building big machines, and smoke clouds my breath. Forests fall, and rivers taste bitter. I feel a small ache... but maybe it will pass. I think they are developing, but they don't know I am the one suffering.

FEBRUARY 2000 - TEARS OF PAIN

I grow weaker each day, hurt by my own children. They cut my forests, scar my skin, and fill my oceans with plastic where fish once danced. Smoke from their factories and cars makes it hard to breathe. I cry acid rain, but they walk on, unaware. My animals flee as their homes vanish. I whisper, "Please see what you are doing to me... before it's too late." Yet, my children seem lost in their own world, forgetting the mother who gave them life.

FEBRUARY 2050 - A SPARK OF HOPE

Today, for the first time in centuries, I felt happiness. My children touched my wounds with love - cleaning my shores, planting trees, and filling my rivers with life again. Fish returned, flowers bloomed, and my skies carried kites instead of sorrow.

With a tender sigh, I close my diary and call to my children,

"My dear ones... I have always cared for you.

Please, hold my hand now, and never let me go."

Call to Action

Turn my diary into a story of revival, not regret. Let every page you write be green with action, not grey with excuses. My ending depends on your beginning.



Divyanshi Parbhakar
XII-CFS

If Nature Spoke Through Stars

The stars looked down in silence, their light cutting through the dark veil of Earth's polluted skies. Smoke rose from factories, rivers ran thick with waste, and forests vanished under concrete.

"They were given a rare world," said one star. "Blue, alive, full of promises."

Another replied, "Now they treat it like a burden, not a gift."

From their distant places, the stars watched cities glow—not with wonder, but with excess. They saw oceans choking with plastic and animals fleeing fires set by human hands.

"They forgot they are part of this world," a star observed. "Not above it."

One night, a child looked up through the haze and whispered a wish. The stars heard and held onto it.

"Maybe there is hope," one said quietly.

But as the smoke thickened again, the stars could only watch helplessly, wondering how long Earth would survive its own carelessness.

Call to Action

Heal the forests, cleanse the rivers,
restore the skies - before the
stars abandon us. Let every act of
care defy despair and ensure
Earth's survival.



Krishav Bhardwaj
VII - B

When the Rain Learns to Speak

If the rain could sing, it would hum a lullaby — different from that of mothers, something the Earth remembers but not us. Maybe it sings about the mountains, or the aerial view of cities where everyone seems fine.

It might wonder why we run from it, though it taps on windows so gently, trying not to scare us.

But does the rain ever feel tired? After drifting and vanishing into drains, does it want to stop? It responds, "No." Just like our mothers or teachers, who smile even when their eyes look worn.

Maybe rain understands that being part of something bigger doesn't guarantee recognition. You need to stop fearing the fall, because sometimes, getting soaked is LIFE.

And what if rain had questions?

"Why do people hide when I arrive?"

"Why do only children reach for me?"

"Why does the world smell like hope, even when I wash things away?"



Divya Dhiman
IX-F

Call to Action

Stop running from the storm - become the rain that revives, not retreats. Let your actions quench, not drain, the soul of this planet.

The River's Whisper to a Child's Heart

One bright morning, Gaurish was sitting by the river, tossing small pebbles into the sparkling water, when he heard a soft, gentle whisper, "Shhhh... can you hear me?"

He looked around, eyes wide. "Who's there?" he asked, a little nervous.

"It's me," said the river, rippling with sadness. "You've always played near me, but you never listened to me."

Gaurish gasped. "You can talk?"

"Yes," the river murmured. "And I'm very sad. I carry waste, bottles, and wrappers. I used to be clean, full of fish, and children swam in me without fear. Now even birds avoid me, and the water tastes bitter."

Gaurish's heart sank. "I'll tell everyone to keep you clean. I promise!"

The river shimmered with hope. "Thank you, Gaurish. Just one child with a caring heart can make a big difference."

From that day on, Gaurish became the river's little guardian - cleaning, caring, and spreading the message: "If we take care of nature, it will take care of us."

Call to Action

Be the drop that starts the tide.
Every hand that cleans, every
child that cares - writes a new
current of hope.



Gaurish Aggarwal
IV-H



ਧਰਤੀ ਦੀ ਸਦਾਅ

ਜੇ ਧਰਤੀ ਕੋਲ ਡਾਇਰੀ ਹੁੰਦੀ,
ਸੋਚ ਉਹਦੀ ਬੜੀ ਗਹਿਰੀ ਹੁੰਦੀ ।
ਕੌਣ ਕਿਹੋ ਜਿਹਾ, ਲਿਖਦੀ ਸੱਚੀਆਂ,
ਕੌਣ ਮਿੱਤਰ, ਕੌਣ ਵੈਰੀ ਲਿਖਦੀ ।
ਲਿਖਦੀ ਚੰਨ ਤੇ ਤਾਰਿਆਂ ਬਾਰੇ,
ਕੱਲੇ ਨਹੀਂ, ਸਾਡੇ ਸਾਰਿਆਂ ਬਾਰੇ।
ਭੇਦ ਭਾਵ ਨਾ ਕਰਦੀ ਕੋਈ,
ਲਿਖਦੀ ਜਿੱਤੇ-ਹਾਰਿਆਂ ਬਾਰੇ।
ਲਿਖਦੀ ਮਹਿੰਗੇ ਮੁੱਲਾਂ ਬਾਰੇ,
ਸੋਹਣੇ-ਸੋਹਣੇ ਫੁੱਲਾਂ ਬਾਰੇ।
ਲਿਖਦੀ ਧਨੁਸ਼ ਤੇ ਤੀਰਾਂ ਬਾਰੇ,
ਮਿਰਜ਼ੇ-ਸਾਹਿਬਾ ਹੀਰਾਂ ਬਾਰੇ।
ਖੇਤਾਂ ਦੀ ਹਰਿਆਲੀ ਬਾਰੇ,
ਲਿਖਦੀ ਅਸਲੀ ਨਕਲੀ ਬਾਰੇ।
ਲਿਖਦੀ ਸੋਹਣੀਆਂ ਰੁੱਤਾਂ ਬਾਰੇ,
ਲਿਖਦੀ ਧੀਆਂ-ਪੁੱਤਾਂ ਬਾਰੇ।
ਮਾਂ-ਪਿਉ ਬਾਰੇ ਲਿਖਦੀ ਸੋਹਣਾ,
ਕੋਈ ਇਹਨਾਂ ਤੋਂ ਨਾ ਉਤੇ ਹੋਣਾ।
ਜੇ ਵੀ ਮੇਰੇ ਦਿਲ ਨੇ ਚਾਹਿਆ,
ਅਨੰਨਿਆਂ ਨੇ ਲਿਖ ਆਪ ਸੁਣਾਇਆ,
ਅਨੰਨਿਆਂ ਨੇ ਲਿਖ ਉਹੀ ਸੁਣਾਇਆ।

ਬਦਲਾਅ ਲਈ ਸੱਦਾ
ਧਰਤੀ ਦੇ ਸੁਹੱਪਣ ਨੂੰ ਕਾਇਮ
ਰੱਖਣ ਲਈ ਪ੍ਰਦੂਸ਼ਣ ਨੂੰ ਹਟਾਉਣਾ
ਬਹੁਤ ਜ਼ਰੂਰੀ ਹੈ।



ਅਨੰਨਿਆਂ
X - F



The Whispering Wind Of Truth

BEWARE, HUMANS!!
It was a dark night when this celestial announcement rang into everyone's ears. People were stunned.

"What is happening?"

"Who is it?"

There was cry, shouts, and chaos everywhere.

Suddenly, multiple voices echoed all around. Utter confusion and fear prevailed. Then the voice continued:

"I am the new harbinger of your messages and secrets. You cannot escape now. Act evil, and your darkest deeds will be revealed. Be truthful, and you may sleep without worry."

With that came a powerful gust of wind that sent jitters through everyone. It was the WIND.

Not only walls, but even the wind now had ears. Whispers, shouts, songs, and secrets - all could be carried across the earth. The wind had begun to speak!

From that moment, something changed. People turned honest and truthful, and evil slowly vanished. The Earth was cleansed, for this was the beginning of a new ERA.

Call to Action

Let the wind carry your integrity. Be transparent, be truthful, be transformative - because even whispers can build a revolution.



Mauli Garg
V-A



When the SKY WEPT SMOKE

Every day, I gaze from above, watching the boundless, ever-changing world. I have been your shelter, your canvas, your silent witness. I see the laughter of children under trees chopped mercilessly, and the flight of birds smothered by smoke.

Once, I reflected your dreams - blue, vast, and pure. Now, I wear veils of grey, choked by your 'progress.' As you cheerfully soar in airplanes, I ache in silence, scarred by metal wings and fumes.

I was once a backdrop of wonder - where stars danced, clouds painted shapes, and winds roamed free. Now, the stars barely pierce the haze, clouds carry burdens, and winds are heavy with poison.

You light up nights so harshly that my darkness, my silence, my rhythm - all have been overpowered. Even the sunrise struggles to gleam through your pollution.

I try to defend, to preserve harmony, to shield my elements - but I fail.
Your world grows harsher each day, and I drift farther from you. You still glance at me, but you no longer feel me.

"Dear wounded Earth, humanity
has grown heartless."

Call to Action

Lift your gaze before the blue disappears. Rebuild harmony between Earth and sky - for when the stars vanish, hope follows.



Deepan Garg
X-H

Nirvarini

The Internal Healer's Plea

I am Nirvarini,
the neem, the Sarva Roga Nirvarini, the Healer
of All Ills.

*Through centuries of sun and rain,
I've soothed hearts and eased their pain.
The ancient winds once sang my name,
in whispered chants, in healing flame.*

*A fever cooled by hands once wise,
oil soothing a newborn's cries.
Wounds and grief beneath my shade,
all found relief where prayers were laid.*

*I am Nirvarini, the eternal balm,
my presence a gift, my spirit calm.
Come, sit beneath me one more time,
let ancient healing weave its rhyme.*

*But now I stand in silence deep,
while broken dreams around me creep.
Yet I call, with gifts I give -
a quiet plea: Remember to live.*

*Bless me, Neem, O ancient tree,
O Nirvarini - set me free.
My bitterness was my blessing - taste it again
before it's gone."*

Call to Action

Bend to wisdom older than mankind.
Heal with the neem, learn from the leaf -
for nature's pharmacy closes when
neglect thrives.



Deepanjali Sharma

IX-I

PAGES OF PAIN, LINES OF HOPE

If I had a diary, worn and wise,
I'd pen my truths beneath the skies.
Not in ink, but in falling leaves,
In melting ice and autumn's grief.

*I'd write of hands that shaped the land,
But also tore it strand by strand.
Of cities rising where flowers grew,
And rivers dimming from crystal blue.*

*I cradled life in every fold -
In mountain breath and desert gold.
Yet now I ache beneath the tread
Of careless steps and forests dead.*

*They spoke of love, but stole my light,
Turning day to smog and stars to night.
Still, I forgive - I always do,
For morning comes, and skies turn blue.*

*In children's eyes, I see a plea,
A whispered hope, a growing tree.
So if they read these lines someday -
May they learn to mend, not fray.*

*With love that never fades or ends,
- Your Earth, your oldest friend.*

Call to Action

Let my next entry begin with rebirth. Heal the scars you've inked into me, and write your redemption across the sky.



Gursheen Kaur
IX-G

If the Nature Could Talk...

What would it tell us?

“Si La Nature Pourrait Parler”

Honnêtement, je me demande souvent : et si la nature
pouvait parler ?

*Je pense qu'elle ne criait pas. Elle n'en a pas besoin.
Elle parlerait doucement, dans le bruit du vent,
Ou dans le silence juste avant la pluie.*

*Elle dirait : « Regardez-moi... ja ne fatigue.
Je vous donne tout : l'eau, l'air, le arbres, les saisons.
Mais vous me coupez, me brûlez, me salissez... »
Et malgré tout ça, elle continuerait à fleurir.*

*C'est fou, non ? Elle souffre mais elle pardonne.
Je crois qu'elle espère qu'on changera.
Elle est là, partout. Mais on ne l'écoute plus.
Peut-être qu'un jour, si on ouvre les yeux (et le coeur),
On pourra enfin l' entendre.*

Et il ne sera pas trop tard.

Appel à agir

Ce poème montre que la nature,
bien qu'abîmée, reste pleine
d'amour et d'espoir, et qu'il est
urgent pour l'humanité d'écouter
sa voix et de la protéger.



Kamakashi
IX - F



OH HUMANS, LISTEN TO MY CRY

Oh, humans, listen to my cry,
A desperate whisper before I say goodbye.
I'm the river's tears, the wind's mournful sigh,
The ocean's anguish as pollution chokes my life.

*My forests burn, my creatures flee,
As glaciers melt and my future's uncertain, you see.
I've given you life, and all that's dear,
But you've ravaged my heart and left me in fear.*

*My birds fall silent, my trees stand bare,
As you've forgotten that I'm your only care.
I'm the earth beneath, the sky above,
The very breath that gives you life and love.*

*But still you harm, with reckless might,
Ignoring my pleas through the dark of night.
I'm not just nature - I'm your home,
And without me, you'll be lost and roam.*

*So please, dear humans, hear my plea:
Let's heal the wounds and set me free.
Let's restore my beauty, revive my might,
And cherish the love that shines with all my light.*

Call to Action:

Do not wait for my ashes to remind you of fire. Rise, repair, and revere - before your own breath becomes a memory.



Jihi Vohra
X-G



If The Earth Had A Diary : **A LETTER TO HUMANITY**

Today, I watched a child plant a sapling where a tree once stood. Her hands were small, but her heart was full of care. Nearby, machines roared, tearing into my soil to build another road. This is how humans are - one moment they hurt me, the next, they try to heal.

I remember when they first learned to walk on two legs, to farm, to sing. They danced under my skies, thankful for the rain. But over time, their needs grew louder than their gratitude. Forests vanished, rivers darkened, and animals fled.

Yet, they surprise me. They rescue wounded creatures, clean beaches, and write poems to the wind. Some still remember that I'm alive.

They are not perfect, but they are not lost. If they choose love over greed, care over convenience, I believe they can make things right.

**With hope
Earth**

Call to Action:

Be the child who plants, not the machine that plunders. Your smallest act of care outweighs centuries of harm - begin the healing.



Delisha
XII-Com-B



When Nature

SPEAKS WITH A SMILE

If nature could talk, oh what a surprise,
Trees might shout, "Hey! Stop poking our eyes!"
The sun would grumble, "I'm working all day -
Can someone just move that cloud out my way?"

The wind might giggle, "I messed up your hair!"
Then zoom through the park without a care.
The ocean would mutter, "Quit dropping your stuff!
I'm salty enough - please, don't make it rough!"

The flowers might sneeze, "Achoo! That's your spray!"
"Perfume?" they'd ask, "Why not smell us today?"
A squirrel could squeak, "Hey! That's MY nut!
Why are you staring? Go chase your own cut!"

If nature could talk, we'd laugh all day -
But still, she'd whisper, "Be kind, okay?"

Call to Action:

Laugh with me, not at me. My humor
hides hurt - mend the joke before
the punchline becomes your
planet's end.



Jasmine Kaur
IX-C

Myrren's Whisper : The Waterfall's Plea

*Deep in the woods where no roads go,
A waterfall whispers, soft and low.
Her name is Myrren, made of rain and light,
She speaks to hearts that feel just right.*

*I've seen the trees hug morning air,
And fairies braid the flowers' hair.
Owls tell stories, roots hum songs,
The forest lived where it belongs.*

*But now, she sighs, the streams feel pain,
The leaves cry quietly in acid rain.
Humans rush, forgetting to see
The magic that still lives in me.*

*A girl once paused and heard her speak,
Tears on her face, joy on her cheek.
"I'll listen. I'll care. I'll tell the rest,"
Myrren smiled. "That's all I request."*

Call to Action:

Hear every falling drop!
Protect rivers and streams -
for ignored whispers of
water invite catastrophe



Shayana Bhatia
IX-G

①

Whoa
.....
THE
Tree



②

W-Wait...
You can talk?



Well, it's
about time
someone interes-
ting
showed up.

You gonna
ask or just
stare?



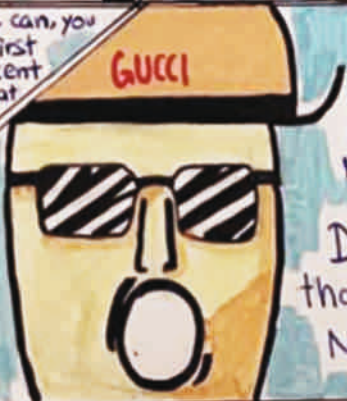
③

Of course I can, you
are the first
person in cent-
uries that
can hear
me.



④

So... Is it
true?
Did you drop
that apple on
Newton's head?



⑤



Ugh! Everyone gets
this wrong.
The apple didn't
hit him on the
head.
It just fell near
by.
I don't have
that good aim.

⑥





So what DID happen?

7



He looked at the apple, then stared into space for 3 hours. I thought he'd pass out.

8



Not bad, kid. Come again and I will tell you about the time I almost invented Photosynthesis.

9

Next thing I know, he's writing books and people calling me the "Gravity Tree" like I'm some one-hit wonder.

10

Well, tree, you may have not hit Newton's head... But you sure made History fall into place.



... and don't get me started on Einstein. That guy tried to hug me.

Awkward



-Anakhveer Singh

IX-J



How does a Mountain Feel When It's Blasted and Broken?

I stood tall, talking to the sky,
Believed in humans' hearts,
Never thought they'd be the reason for me to cry.
Now left with shattered pieces, a broken heart.

*A scenery, a view meant to please,
Worshipped by many, served as a god.
I gave shelter, birthed water,
A home where nature thrived with ease.*

*Once a savior, now a threat,
Carved into two.
I wish I could express,
I could speak for myself too.
Once full of life, now destroyed by you.*

Call to Action:

Listen to my scars | Preserve peaks, protect rivers, and respect the shelters of life - or face the consequences of their absence.



Avishi Jindal

X-G

The Ocean's Lament

I am the ocean - vast, deep, alive.
People call me strong, endless, and beautiful.
Yet I am tired. My heart aches.

*For a long time, I gave without asking.
I held ships, fed families, cooled the skies,
and carried the wind's song.
I was proud to be part of everything.*

*But now, I feel more pain than peace.
Humans throw waste into me -
plastic bags, bottles, things they no longer want.
They float on my waters like forgotten promises.
My fish choke on them.
My turtles get trapped.
You smile at my waves but you do not see my pain.
I feel it all.*

*You build over my shores,
pushing me back, inch by inch,
as if I am just an empty space you can take.
You make cities where I used to breathe.
You act like I won't notice - but I do. And it hurts.*

*You dig into me for oil and riches.
You spill poison and walk away.
You leave nets that never break.
You test my limits, challenge my silence,
and still expect calm waves in return.*

*But I am not just water.
I feel. I remember.
Every drop of me holds a story -
of peace once shared, of balance now broken.*

*There was a time when we lived together in respect.
I was scared, but also loved.
Now you treat me as if I belong to you.
But I do not.*

*If I could cry, I already have.
If I could shout, my storms would be louder.
Yet instead, I rise and fall,
I hope you will hear my voice one day.*

*Change now.
Be kind.
Not for me - but for you.*

Call to Action:

Your plastic and poisons are my chains. Free me before your own survival drowns in the rising tides of your crimes. Humanity, act - now!



Agrim Malik

VII-A

The Glacier's Goodbye

I was born centuries ago - pure, powerful, patient.
I watched stars dance in frozen skies,
and carved valleys with time itself.

*But now, I am dying fast.
You came with fire in your machines.
You drilled the mountains I call home.
I tried to whisper with gentle cracks,
but you ignored me.*

*So I began to scream - avalanches,
floods, rising seas.
Still you built cities by my melted water,
as if I'd last forever.*

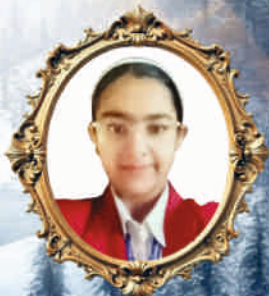
*Here's my warning, little human:
When I go, I won't go alone.
Your rivers will dry.
Your oceans will rise.
The Earth will burn where I once cooled it.*

*You think I'm far away,
but my tears are already in your weather.
You can still save me — not for me,
but for you.*

*Please listen before I become
just another puddle in history.*

Call to Action:

Hear the silent roar of melting ice.
Protect glaciers, or endure floods,
droughts, and despair that could have
been prevented



Kamya
VIII-D



Crystie : **A Glacier's Whisper**

High up on the snowy mountain lived a tiny glacier named Crystie. She sparkled like little diamonds under the sun and twinkled like stars at night. Every morning, she giggled as her tiny drops of water slid down to the rivers below. "Go, little friends! Bring life to the forests, animals, and children!" she cheered.

The rivers danced happily, carrying her love to every corner of the valley. Birds sang above her, flowers bloomed, and children splashed joyfully in the rivers she had gifted. Crystie felt proud - she was small, but she made a big difference.

One summer, the sun grew hotter, and Crystie began to melt faster.

"Don't leave us!" cried the rivers.

Crystie shivered. "I want to stay forever, but I'm fading..."

Her tiny heart whispered a wish:

"Please, humans, plant trees, save water, and love the Earth. Then glaciers like me can sparkle, smile, and give life for many more tomorrows."

Call to Action:

Small acts ripple into survival.
Plant trees, save water, love
your planet - or watch
glaciers vanish forever.



Avisha Taneja
VI-F

Echoes of Forests

In a forest deep and wide,
Three friends wandered side by side.
Gracie the monkey, hungry for food,
Sephora lost her shelter because of wood.
Aslan the lion, noble and brave,
Saw his kingdom, no one could save.

They searched for help, their hearts in pain,
Hoping to make things right again.
They asked the tree, so tall, so old,
But weakly he stood, his story told.

"Humans cut me, I cannot stand,
My life is fading from this land."
With heavy hearts, they traveled far,
To Mother Earth, their guiding star.

Her body showed wounds and scars,
From humans' greed that went too far.
"What you give comes back one day,
So treat the world a kinder way.
Plant trees, keep rivers clean,
Let forests grow, let life be seen."

Friends went home with hope anew,
Dreaming of a future safe and blue.
And here's the lesson, strong and true:
Nature returns what we all do.

Call to Action:

Every wound inflicted is remembered.
Restore forests, protect rivers,
cherish life - and hear the echoes of
a thriving planet.



Yedhant Bhakoo

VII-G

UNE NOUVELLE NE FRANCAIS

Si la rivière pouvait parler

Chaque jour, je traverse silencieusement les villes et les villages.

Un jour, des enfants jouaient près de mes rives et des oiseaux dansaient au-dessus de moi. J'étais claire, joyeuse, pleine de vie.

Mais maintenant ?

Je transporte des bouteilles en plastique, des déchets huileux et des rêves oubliés. Je m'étouffe avec des produits chimiques qui brûlent ma peau. Les poissons ne nagent plus en moi- ils fuient. ou ils meurent.

J'aimerais pouvoir crier :

"S'il te plaît ! N'empoisonnez pas les mains qui vous donnaient autrefois la vie !"

J'ai vu vos ancêtres me prier, vos agriculteurs dépendent de moi. Main maintenant, je pleure en silence.

Tout ce que je demande, c'est d'être a nouveau respectée.

Laisse-moi être bleue, lassie-moi respirer, laisse-moi vivre.

Parce que quand je mourrai, la vie autour de moi mourra aussi.

Appel à agir

Ce poème dénonce la pollution et le manque de respect envers la nature, en montrant que protéger la rivière, c'est protéger la vie elle-même.



Mitarth Talwar

IX-F



Diary of a Patient Planet

Dear Diary

Around the sun I rotate, I rotate,
Carrying seasons, shaping fate.
I cradle humans with gentle care,
Giving more than they ever repair.

Humans are curious, funny things -
They cut my forests, drain my seas,
Pollute my air, ignore my pleas,
Yet seek the gifts I bring: land, rain, and peace.

They curse my storms, they curse my heat,
Still they falter and cheat.
Though weighed down by their fleeting scorn,
I spin in hope that love will be reborn.

And so I endure each day,
And so I endure once more.

Bye Diary

Call to Action

Observe, respect, repair - for
Earth endures, but patience
is not infinite.



Razel Singla
VIII-F

The Call of STARS

Last night, I woke up suddenly.
It felt like someone was calling me, but the house was completely silent.

My heart pounded as I stepped out onto the terrace. The sky was full of stars, but something was different - the clouds hung still, motionless, as if waiting for me.

A cool breeze brushed my face, and I thought I could almost hear it whisper my name. Then, without warning, the sky lit up with a flash of light - no thunder followed.

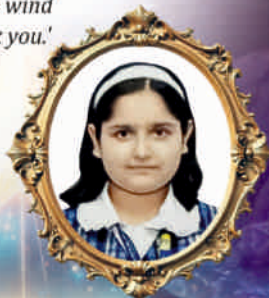
*I froze.
"You finally looked up," a soft voice said.
It was everywhere — around me, above me, inside my head.
"We are tired," it continued.
"The rivers are choking. The forests are falling. Animals are losing their homes. We are calling for help."*

*I swallowed hard. "What should I do?"
"Plant. Protect. Speak for us," the voice replied.*

*Suddenly, the night returned to normal, but I knew it wasn't a dream.
The next morning, I planted a tree - and the wind seemed to whisper a gentle, heartfelt 'thank you.'*

Call to Action

Listen when the universe calls.
Protect rivers, forests, and life - and become the voice of the voiceless.



Samridhi Malik
VI-F



Earth's Cry for Humanity

You call me Mother Earth,
But do you even care about my worth?

*Once I was ethereal,
Now I am just another piece of material.
I was the most majestic, the most magical planet,
Attracting everyone with my beauty like a magnet.*

*Now I'm scarred - my beauty, my creatures,
everything taken away.
All blame goes to you.
You cut my trees, you pollute the air,
You harm my creatures without a care.*

*With every new thing that you buy,
You make me cry.
A lot is gone, with little left to repair.
Now it's up to you -
Can you save me before I'm beyond repair?*

Call to Action

Your greed scars me; your neglect breaks me. Heal your planet before it's too late - your survival depends on it.



Hridya Sharma
VII-E

A Glacier's Melting Warning

I once was strong, I once stood tall,
A frozen giant, proud through all.
But now I'm melting, bit by bit,
My icy grip slowly quits.

*I warn you, humans, of the rising tide,
Of floods and droughts that will not hide.
My melt will bring a change so grand,
Affecting lives across the land.*

*The polar bears will lose their home,
The seas will wander, no more alone.
Weather patterns will shift so fast,
Extreme events are here to last.*

*I am a sign of warning, a sign of fear,
A melting glacier, shedding many a tear.
So reduce your carbon, live with care,
For a sustainable future we all can share.*

*The future is yours, the choice is too -
Will you act now, or face the truth anew?
Plant trees, save energy, hold the fight,
And let glaciers shine with their frozen light.*

Call to Action

Reduce carbon, plant trees, and save energy - let glaciers shine and life endure. The future depends on your choices.



Aaliya Gupta
VIII-G

कविता – बारिश की यात्रा

मैं थी एक बूँद – निर्मल, निश्छल,
बादल की गोद में, शांत और सरल।
पहले गिरती थी पेड़ों पर वे हँसते,
फूलों से बातें करती, पत्तों पर बरसते।

पर अब मैं गिरती हूँ धुएँ के पार,
जहाँ न धूप है, न चाँदनी का सार।
चिमनियाँ उड़ती हैं काले बादल,
घरती बन गई है जैसे एक जंगल।

बच्चे डरते हैं – “ये गंदी बारिश है।”
न कोई खेलखिलाहट, न कोई ख्वाहिश है।
मैं बस बहती हूँ, चुपचाप, थकी हुई,
सूखी जमीन पर अकेली रुकी हुई।

मैं हूँ बारिश – जीवन की पुकार,
क्या तुम लाओगे हरियाली दोबारा एक बार?

सजगता की पुकार

मेघों के यह बीज तमी लाएंगे तमी लाएंगे फसलों की बहार
जब प्रदूषणमुक्त विश्व के खोलोंगे नवद्वार
माना प्रगति के पथ पर मानव दौड़ रहा है अंधाधुन
लेकिन सच्चा विकास पाना ही होना चाहिए जीवन-आधार
आईये! घरती को प्रदूषणमुक्त बनाकर विकास
की नई परिभाषा रचें।

रियांश पंछी

IV - G

A Star's Lament ;

Watching Us Polluting the Earth Below !

Oh Earth - what's wrong with you?
A frozen giant, proud through all.
But now I'm melting, bit by bit,
My icy grip slowly quits.

*I sparkle above, so high and bright,
In skies once pure, now hiding my light.
I wish to guide, to illuminate your way,
But smog today dims my gentle ray.*

*The oceans once shimmered in brilliant hue,
Now drowned in plastic, tons piled anew.
Your rivers have faded, once fresh and true,
Oh Earth - what's wrong with you?*

*I've seen your world in elegance and grace,
Now smoke and stress shadow every place.
Seas choke on tides of plastic and grime,
Where turtles once swam, trash drifts in time.*

*The trees are gone, the sky no longer blue,
Oh Earth - what's wrong with you?*

*The waters once sang in sparkling streams,
Now buried beneath humanity's dreams.
The forests once danced in the cooling breeze,
Now vanish swiftly, as if no one sees.
Why do you change so fast, like morning dew?
Oh Earth - what's wrong with you?*

*Oh fragile soul, so swift to flame,
Yet still there's hope to reclaim your name.
Oh Earth - what's wrong with you?*

Call to Action

Look up, learn, and act - restore
rivers, oceans, and skies before
stars fade in sorrow.



Pahul Preet Kaur
VI-G

Earth's Diary : A Voice of

Hope

Dear Diary

I watch my children - humans -
So clever, so full of dreams.
They paint the skies with machines,
Touch the stars with their science,
And whisper songs of progress.

Yet their footsteps are heavy.
They cut my forests - my green breath,
Spill poison into my rivers - my flowing veins,
And fill my oceans with tears of plastic.
The creatures I cradle disappear,
Like whispers fading in the wind.

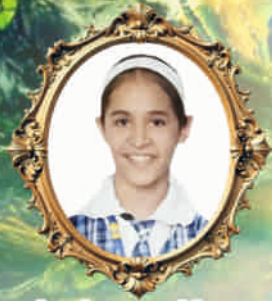
Sometimes, I ache.
Sometimes, I wonder -
Do they hear my cries in storms?
My warnings in floods?
My anger in quakes?

But then - a child plants a tree,
A hand cleans a river,
A voice speaks for the voiceless.
And hope stirs within me again.

I do not seek perfection,
Only care, only balance.
For I am their only home,
Their shelter, their silent guardian.

If they love me,
I will bloom forever for them -
With golden fields,
Gentle winds,
And endless blue skies.

With patience and hope
Earth



Jashreen Kaur

VI-G

Call to Action

Care, protect, and restore balance - Earth is our only home, and hope stirs with every kind act.



THE BROKEN NEST, The Brave Heart

On a tall mango tree, a little sparrow had built her nest with love. She carried dry twigs, soft grass, and tiny feathers from her own wings to make it warm and safe. Inside that small cradle, her three eggs lay like treasures of her heart.

One morning, she returned with food in her beak, only to find the branch bare. There was no nest.

The twigs were scattered on the ground, crushed under careless feet. She circled the tree, chirping in panic, calling for her home, her unborn children. But there was only silence. Her tiny heart ached. For others, it was just a bunch of dry sticks. But for her, it was her world - her tiny hope, her family, her tomorrow.

She perched quietly on the empty branch, watching the sky turn red at sunset. It seemed as if heaven wept with her. For a while, grief filled her wings.

Yet after the long night, as dawn broke, she picked up a twig again. With tears in her song but courage in her spirit, she began to rebuild.

Thus, even the smallest bird knows - hope must fly again.

Even when life takes away what we love, we should not lose hope. Like the sparrow, we must gather courage, rebuild with patience, and believe that new beginnings are always possible.

Call to Action

Even the smallest efforts of care and courage can restore what was lost - protect wildlife, rebuild habitats, and nurture life.



Gurnoor Kaur Dhillon
VI-G

A Silver Sigh to the *Magnificent Sky*

And then I let my first drop fall,
A parting hymn to the grieving clouds,
A silver sigh to the magnificent sky.

*I slipped through air like a whispered word,
The breeze felt soft, the flight of birds,
I brushed the leaves along their edge -
A silver sigh to the magnificent sky.*

*Solitude, indeed, a blessing unheard,
Different than before, I must confess,
I barely fled the smoke's harsh embrace,
A silver sigh to the magnificent sky.*

*The once-lush woods now weep in stress,
I reached the fields, so parched and bare,
Melancholy and misery filled me with despair,
A silver sigh to the magnificent sky.*

*My heart yearns to meet the farmer in silent prayer,
And yet I fall, through scorched and torn lands,
To kiss the earth where hope feels worn,
A silver sigh to the magnificent sky,
To quench the ones that call my name.*



Agamya Tyagi
VIII-C

Call to Action

Every drop matters - save water,
heal the land, and let nature's
sighs bring life, not despair

ਪਹਾੜ ਦੀਆਂ ਚੀਖਾਂ

ਚੁੱਪ ਚੀਨੀਆਂ 'ਚ ਖਲੋਤਾ ਸੀ,
ਸਦੀਆਂ ਤੋਂ ਮੈਂ ਸਹਾਰਾ ਸੀ।
ਹਵਾ ਦੀ ਸੁੰਘ, ਬਰਫ਼ ਦੀ ਚਾਦਰ,
ਮੈਂ ਧਰਤੀ ਦਾ ਸਹਾਰਾ ਸੀ।

ਪਰ ਇੱਕ ਦਿਨ ਸਾਡਾ ਸੁੱਕਾ ਸੀਨਾ,
ਧਮਾਕਿਆਂ ਨਾਲ ਕੰਬਣ ਲੱਗਾ।
ਮੈਂ ਰੋਇਆ ਨੀ ਪਰ ਦਿਲ ਅੰਦਰੋਂ,
ਪੱਥਰ ਵੀ ਅੱਜ ਭੰਨਣ ਲੱਗਾ।

ਤੂੰ ਸੋਚਦਾ ਨਹੀਂ ਕਦੇ ਏ ਇਨਸਾਨ,
ਮੈਂ ਵੀ ਰਚਨਾ ਰੱਬ ਦੀ ਹਾਂ।
ਮੇਰੇ ਹਿਰਦੇ 'ਚ ਨਦੀ ਵਗਦੀ,
ਮੈਂ ਵੀ ਕੋਈ ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਹਾਂ।

ਚੀਰਿਆ ਤੂੰ ਜਿਹੜਾ ਸੀਨਾ ਮੇਰਾ,
ਉਹ ਤੈਨੂੰ ਰੋਵੇਗਾ ਕਦੇ।
ਸਦੀਉਂ ਦੀ ਖਾਮੋਸ਼ੀ ਦੀਆਂ,
ਚੀਖਾਂ ਚੁੱਪ ਨਾ ਹੋਣਗੀਆਂ ਕਦੇ।

ਬਦਲਾਅ ਲਈ ਸੱਦਾ
ਪਹਾੜਾਂ ਦਾ ਸੀਨਾ ਚੀਰਨ ਤੋਂ ਪਹਿਲਾਂ
ਸਾਨੂੰ ਯਾਦ ਰੱਖਣਾ ਚਾਹੀਦਾ ਹੈ ਕਿ
ਮਨੁੱਖਤਾ ਨੂੰ ਬਚਾਉਣ ਲਈ ਪਹਾੜ
ਵੀ ਲੋੜੀਂਦੇ ਹਨ।



ਜੈਸਿਕਾ
XI - Medical

If the Wind Could Carry Messages, What Should It Say?

Hi. I'm the wind. Yes, the same breeze you blame when your hair looks like Maggi noodles.

I used to carry the fragrance of flowers; now I carry plastic bags and broken dreams. Every time I pass a tree, I wave—oh wait, you all cut them.

"Why is it so hot today?" you ask. Well, bro, you paved forests, barbecued glaciers, and then acted shocked like, "Global warming is real?"

You all want me to power windmills, cool your sweaty heads, and fly your kites - but can't plant even one tree without posting it on Instagram.

Then I saw a kid. He picked up trash, planted a seed, smiled at a butterfly. No filter. No reel. Just real.

For the first time in years... I giggled.

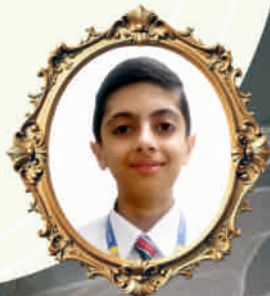
Fix the mess, humans. I'll bring the breeze.

With love

Wind

Call to Action

Clean, plant, and protect - for the wind carries both destruction and hope. Your choices make the difference



Pratik Saini
IX-D

Unheard, Unheld : Written in *Wind*

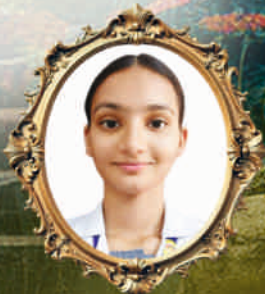
A gale blew, whispered down to me,
A tale to keep - love's memory.
No words I hold can shape that thought,
Nature watched, but the stars forgot.

*She left a message on the breeze,
A vow beneath the swaying trees.
He rode to her through fire and dust -
The wind now guards what once was trust.*

*It hums through dusk - stirs the dawn,
Carries love, long after gone.
No touch can trace nor can it steal -
It lives in the wind, too wild to feel.*

Call to Action

Listen to the whispers carried by the wind - act before trust vanishes forever. Guard what nature entrusts you with; let your courage give the wind a reason to sing again.



Jainika Jain
XI-CFS-A

IF I, Grandma's Old Neem Tree Could Speak

If I, Grandma's old neem tree, could speak today,
These are the words I'd softly say -
Those were the times,
Now felt in rhymes,
Joyful days,
And peaceful nights in play.

*Under my shade, they shared each day,
Eating together in a cheerful way.
Now no one comes, no one even cares,
Only silence hums in open airs.*

*They shared each bite, their hearts so bright,
Their unity once held them tight.
Now, where is that gentle hand?
The warmth they had, I can't withstand.*

*Summer fun, a merry race,
Mischiefs bloomed at Grandma's place.
But now the games have gone away,
Even Grandma's yard seems gray.*

*Puzzles, stories, starry skies,
Now replaced with cold goodbyes.
No one hears my rustling song,
Though I've stood here all along.*

*Those times without hurry,
Life was sweet, not blurry.
But now, alas, those times so fine,
Are only rhymes, in this heart of mine.*

Call to Action

Cherish old trees, value memories, and revive the joy of togetherness - every tree holds a story worth saving.



Garima Aneja
VIII-G

The Waterfall's Memory

Deep in an emerald forest, a waterfall thundered day and night.
Most thought it roared without meaning, but only the old owls knew - it was speaking.
If you stood very still, its voice came through like mist on your skin.

*"I've seen kings wash away guilt," it whispered.
"I've watched lovers leave promises behind.
I've swallowed secrets no one dared to tell."*

*"The waterfall had witnessed forest fires, hidden temples,
and creatures no one believed in anymore.*

*One day, a girl named Sophie stood at its edge, her heart heavy with grief. She whispered, "I miss her."
The water softened and revealed a memory-her mother laughing, planting trees, singing to the rain.*

*Sophie smiled through tears and whispered, "That's my mom." The waterfall replied, "She's part of me now."
And when Sophie smiled again, the water shimmered brighter than ever.*

*Because some love never fades.
It flows forever.*

Call to Action:

Listen, cherish, and protect the waters that hold memories and life itself.



Aradhya Arora

VII-I

la fatigue de l'infini

On dit qu'elle est sans fin,
Mais même la mer se fatigue.
Fatiguée d'avaloir les secrets des bouteilles,
Fatiguée de porter des blessures,
Qui ne sont pas les siennes.

Elle avale le plastique,
S' étouffe avec le pétrole,
Et pourtant, la nuit,
Elle chante encore des berceuses,
Comme si elle ne pouvait cesser de nous aimer,
Même quand on l'oublie.

Si tu restes immobile,
Elle te parle doucement,
Avec des mots de sel et de vent,
Mais... personne ne l'écoute.
On attend juste les paillettes -
Quelque chose à garder, à montrer.

Un jour, elle se lèvera,
Ni tendre, ni calme,
Mais sauvage et affamée.
Alors, on se souviendra :
La mer, elle aussi, a des dents.

Appel à agir

Ce poème exprime la souffrance silencieuse de la mer face à la destruction humaine, tout en rappelant que la nature, même patiente, finit par se défendre.



Sachman Kaur
XI - Medical

धरती की डायरी

“प्रिय डायरी”

मैं धरती हूँ – हर दिन तुम्हारे साथ जीती हूँ, हर कदम पर तुम्हें जीवन देती हूँ। लेकिन अब मैं बहुत थक गई हूँ। मैं एक माँ हूँ, जो अपने बच्चों से प्यार करती है, लेकिन अब उन्हीं बच्चों से चोट खा रही हूँ।

मैंने जंगल दिए, तुमने उन्हें काट दिया। पेड़ जो मेरी साँसें थे, अब ईट और कंक्रीट के नीचे दब चुके हैं। मैंने नदियाँ दीं, तुमने उन्हें गंदगी से मर दिया। जो जल जीवन था, आज जहर बन गया है।

बारिश आई पर बाढ़ भी आई। मैंने चेतावनी दी थी – “पेड़ मत काटो, ज़मीन को सीमेंट में मत ढको।” पर किसी ने सुनी नहीं। अब सब कह रहे हैं, “प्रकृति हमसे नाराज़ है” नहीं, मैं नाराज़ नहीं, मैं बस थक गई हूँ।

हर दिन तुम मेरी पीठ पर बोझ बढ़ाते हो – प्रदूषण, प्लास्टिक, ध्वनि, धूल।

तुम कारों में घूमते हो, एयर कंडीशनर चलाते हो, लेकिन भूल जाते हो कि मैं गर्म होती जा रही हूँ।

लेकिन फिर..... कुछ बच्चे मिलते हैं जो उम्मीद की किरण हैं। वे पेड़ लगाते हैं, पानी बचाते हैं, दूसरों को भी समझाते हैं। जब कोई बच्चा कहता है, “धरती माँ, हम आपकी मदद करेंगे।” तो मेरा मन खिल उठता है।

मुझे अब भी तुम पर भरोसा है.... खासकर बच्चों पर।

संदेश : “बच्चो, तुम ही मेरी आखिरी उम्मीद हो। तुम मुझे बचाओगे, तो मैं तुम्हें जीवन दूँगी। तुम्हारी प्यारी धरती माँ।”

सजगता की पुकार

बच्चो, तुम ही मेरी आखिरी उम्मीद हो। तुम मुझे बचाओगे, तो मैं तुम्हें जीवन दूँगी।
– तुम्हारी प्यारी धरती माँ
चलिए, धरती और मानव जीवन दोनों को उजड़ने से बचायें।





What Would **Stars** say if they saw us polluting the **Earth** below

Watching over Earth, stars would be heartbroken seeing centuries of smoke and pollution. In their eyes, Earth was a blissful paradise. Observing its blue skies, serene rivers, and rich green forests seemed magical.



In contrast, now the planet is filled with smoke, where the oceans weep plastic and blackened skies hang heavy, while animals struggle to survive.

"Why are humans hurting their own home? Is it the greed of individuals, states, countries, corporates, etc.?" - this is the question the stars would wonder about.

We brush nature's suffering under the carpet and we opt for convenience, both of which remain a mystery to the stars. With hope that one day we would wake up and start treating the planet with the love it once showered us with, while respecting the gift we have in the universe - but by then, won't it be too late?

Call to Action

The stars are watching. Rise above greed and convenience. Let your choices - small or grand - reflect reverence for life. Act now, or bear witness to a world they once loved, now lost.



Abner Dhanju
X-G

Pages from a PLANET

Where once were dark and deep woods,
Now there lies a warehouse full of goods.
The birds shriek aloud,
Because their homes cannot be found.

*From the calming river flow,
To the tortoise that is just too slow,
All will be gone,
No place for humans to relax at dawn.*

*Leave alone the fruits,
They will not even find the tree roots.
Not only will it affect the water,
The climate will just keep getting hotter.*

*But there's still hope,
If they learn they are not the only ones to cope.
I have served them for decades and centuries,
Until they realize the worry in my diary entries.*

*You and I can only wish
That they have the wisdom to save the beings -
The plants, the animals, the birds, and the fish,
To cherish their songs and protect their wings.*

Call to Action

Read before it's too late.
Protect every root, every song,
every wing or inherit a
scorched, empty world.

Bandgi Kaur
VI-D

51

The Glacier's Farewell Song

I was a glacier - bold and bright,
A frozen giant crowned in white.
I kissed the clouds, I fed the streams,
I shimmered in the sun's soft beams.

*I held the tales of ancient skies,
Of roaring winds and eagle cries.
Snowflakes danced upon my skin,
While silence sang its song within.*

*But now I'm melting, drop by drop,
I try to hold on - but cannot stop.
The sun now burns where once it smiled,
My frozen world turns wet and wild.*

*I see the smoke, I hear the cars,
I miss the moon, I miss the stars.
Where forests stood, there's metal sound,
And no more trees to shade the ground.*

*Dear child, you're young - but wise and true,
The Earth is hoping just for you.
Plant a tree, reuse, repair,
Breathe with nature - show your care.*

*Let not my voice be lost and gone...
Act now, before the ice is done.*

Call to Action

As I melt, so does time. Let your resolve freeze the flood - plant, preserve, and promise a tomorrow still crowned in white.



Diwanshi
V-A

The Whisper Nature Keeps

If nature could speak, what would she say?
"Why don't you notice me each day?"
"Do you hear my rivers when they cry?"
"Did you forget the shade where you used to lie?"

She whispers through leaves, hums in the breeze,
Hides little lessons in flowers and trees.
She's in mitti ki khushboo, in clouds that roam,
In every corner, she builds you a home.

Yes, kabhi kabhi she's hurt and torn,
But every morning, she's still reborn.
The sun still shines, the birds still sing,
She gives — without asking for a thing.

She asks,
"Will you pause, not just pass by?"
"Will you protect me before I say goodbye?"

Nature waits - not with anger, but with hope and glow...
Bas ek baar, dil se sun lo.

Her patience hums in silence, but even
silence breaks.

Call to Action

Before whispers turn to wails, act.
Let compassion echo louder than
pollution, and prove humanity
can still listen.



Bhavika Gupta
XII-FP



Dr. Anuja Kaushal
Principal

Message

As the timeless proverb reminds us, "We do not inherit the Earth from our ancestors; we borrow it from our children." This wisdom urges us to pause and reflect upon the choices we make today, for they shape the legacy we leave behind tomorrow.

Nature has always been an eloquent teacher - speaking through the rustle of leaves, the silence of polluted skies, and the rhythm of flowing rivers. Yet, in our haste for progress, we have often failed to listen. It is our children - the most innocent and perceptive observers - who remind us of these forgotten conversations.

This year's Children's Day theme, "If Nature Could Talk... What Would It Tell Us?", compels us to reflect deeply. What stories would the trees share of the centuries they have witnessed? What tales would the rivers tell of the purity they once carried? What silent cries might the Earth reveal about our negligence?

Through their creativity and imagination, our young learners have given voice to nature's silence. Their art, poetry, and expression remind us that stewardship of the environment is not a duty, but a shared moral calling.

Let this Children's Day be a moment of collective reflection - a reminder that true progress lies not merely in what we build, but in what we preserve. By protecting nature, we nurture the dreams and the future of every child.



BCM Arya Model Sr. Sec. School

Shastri Nagar, Ludhiana
Affiliated to C.B.S.E., New Delhi
Managed by : Arya Samaj, Model Town, Ludhiana

- 0161-2457393, 2464444
- www.bcmeducation.org
- bcmeducation@gmail.com
- facebook.com/bcmarya
- twitter.com/bcmarya
- youtube.com/bcmarya
- instagram.com/bcmarya