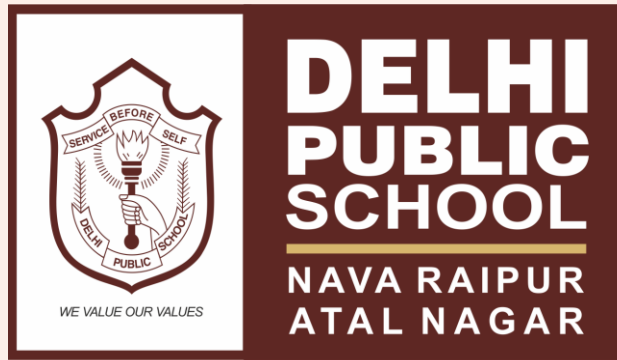




Under the aegis of Delhi Public School Society, Delhi

Precocious Pens

Session: 2025-2026

Issue No: 1



Preface

*In the tapestry of existence,
care threads empathy,
compassion weaves understanding,
and courage embroiders the fabric of a
resilient and compassionate world.*

Dear Readers,

In the hustle and bustle of our busy lives, it's easy to get caught up in our own world, focused only on our dreams and desires. But when we look around, we see teachers, parents, and students united by a common thread of care, compassion, and courage. They are like gardeners, planting seeds of love, respect, and empathy within each of us.

In this edition of our school magazine, we witness care manifesting as a gentle touch that bridges gaps by connecting hearts; compassion guiding us toward understanding and inspiring acts of kindness; and courage empowering us to confront challenges and stand for what is right.

The theme for this year's Precocious Pens —The 3 Cs: Care, Compassion, and Courage—beautifully weaves a narrative of unity, strength, and collective growth.

Much like the metamorphosis of a delicate caterpillar into a vibrant butterfly, this magazine represents a transformative journey fuelled by the invaluable contributions of our dedicated teachers and talented students. We extend heartfelt gratitude to everyone who poured their creativity into shaping this edition. May we continue to inspire one another to become the change we wish to see in the world—through care, compassion, and courage.

We sincerely hope that you find as much delight in reading this issue of Precocious Pen as we found in curating it for you!

HAPPY READING!

CONTENT

S.NO.	TITLE OF THE POEMS	NAMES OF THE STUDENTS	CLASS/SEC	PAGE NO.
1.	ASPIRE TO SOAR	Aadhya Soni	III A	5
2.	THE BEAUTY OF SHARING	Aadhya Singh	III A	5
3.	A TREE'S GENTLE PLEA	Sarthak Anant	III A	6
4.	THE JOYFUL RHYTHM OF KINDNESS	Divy Bohra	III A	6
5.	WINGS OF WONDER	Pranavi Chandrakar	III B	7
6.	THE FREEDOM TO DREAM	Kavish Rana	III B	7
7.	SOAR TO THE SKY	Garv Dhuppad	III B	8
8.	SMALL ACT, BIG IMPACT	Vihaan Bothra	III B	8
9.	THE JOY OF SPLASHING IN PUDDLES	Avyukt Juneja	IV A	9
10.	FROM SPLASH TO SPARK	Anindya Pandey	IV A	9
11.	A SYMPHONY OF RAINDROPS	Mishika Sori	IV A	10
12.	SHOWERS OF SMILE	Sarakshi Choudhary	IV A	11
13.	LONELY MOON, LOYAL FRIEND	Trinabh Hazra	IV A	11
14.	MYSTIC MOON	Riyanshi Naik	IV A	12
15.	PUDDLES OF PEACE	Advita Raj	IV A	12
16.	VIBES OF VALVET NIGHT	Avni Patel	IV B	13
17.	SHIMMERS OF SILVER	Jinisha Dani	IV B	14
18.	MY FRIEND THE MOON	B.Riyanshi	IV B	15
19.	THE BOY WITH OPEN HANDS	Advik Shukla	V A	16
20.	FROM INVISIBLE TO RECOGNISED	Akshita Mire	V A	17
21.	HELPING HANDS	Saanvi Golechha	V A	18
22.	SMALL ACTS, BIG SMILES	Khwaish Waswani	V A	19
23.	HELP, SMILE AND REPEAT	Paridhi Nawlakha	V A	20
24.	A HAND TO HOLD, A HEART TO FEEL	Ritvik Mishra	V A	21
25.	A PSALM OF PEACE AND PURPOSE	Zainab Ahmed	VI A	22
26.	MILES THAT MADE ME	Neeraj Prajapati	VI A	23

27.	ECHOES OF ANCIENT MAGIC	Khanak Jain	VI A	24
28.	NATURE'S PEACEFUL PARADISE	Shubhika Sneh	VI A	25
29.	A SONG OF RAIN	Virat Babu	VI A	26
30.	ECHOES OF BECOMING	Aishi Roy	VI A	27
31.	THE PATH OF RIGHTEOUSNESS	Akshat Aryan	VII A	28
32.	THE MAGIC OF KIND WORDS	Soham Khatri	VII A	29
33.	THE STRENGTH OF TIME	Kabin Burman	VII A	30
34.	POWER OF WORDS	Bhavya Golechha	VII A	31
35.	BORN TO SHINE	Vaani Sharma	VII A	32
36.	SECRETS THE TREES TELL	Arya Dwivedi	VIII A	33
37.	THE SILENT DAWN	Bhavya Agrawal	VIII A	34
38.	WHISPERS OF THE FOREST	Nishka Shrivastava	VIII A	35
39.	A GENTLE CALL FROM THE WOODS	Surkhi Chanderiya	VIII A	36
40.	REMINISCENCES OF THE HEAD BOY AND HEAD GIRL	Vansh Kumar	VIII A	37
		Nishka Shrivastava	VIII A	37
41.	HOW TECHNOLOGY IS CHANGING EDUCATION	Eshan Ahmed	VIII A	38
42.	THE ROLE OF STUDENTS IN A CLEAN INDIA	Aaravi Soni	VIII A	38
43.	HOW READING CHANGES LIVES	Shanaya Yadu	VII A	39
44.	TRAVEL: LEARNING BEYOND KNOWLEDGE	Agam Singh Suri	VI A	39

ASPIRE TO SOAR

I wish I could fly I wish I could fly,
Up in the air I wish I could fly.
Like the fairies and the birds fly,
Up in the air I wish I could fly.



Like the airplane and the jet fly,
Up in the air I wish I could fly.
Like butterflies and the kites fly,
Up in the air I wish I could fly.



Aadhya Soni
III A

Wants to fly so high, wants to fly so high,
Through the whole sky I wish I could fly.
A day will come, like an angle fly,
My wish will come true and I will fly so high.

THE BEAUTY OF SHARING

If you really want to show someone,
Just how much you care,
The easiest thing to do,
Is to learn how to share.



Whether it's a toy or a book,
Or your favourite teddy bear,
It doesn't really matter,
Just as long as you play fair.



Aadhya Singh
III A



A TREE'S GENTLE PLEA

Do not cut me,
cried the tree.
Because I give you,
Air for free.
In my cool shade,
You rest,
Eat my fruits,
That are best.
Take in my fresh smell,
Let me live my life well.



Sarthak Anant
III A

THE JOYFUL RHYTHM OF KINDNESS

I have a toy, it's big and bright,
I share it with my friend, oh what a sight!
We laugh and play the whole day long,
With sharing, life feels like a song.

I bring my lunch, it's tasty and nice,
I give my friend a little slice.
He smiles at me and says, "Thank you!"
Sharing makes us kind and true.
A book, a game, a crayon too,
Sharing is the best to do!
It makes us happy, it makes heart sing,
Kindness grows in everything.



Divy Bohra
III A

So, let's all share and show we care,
With love and joy that's always there.



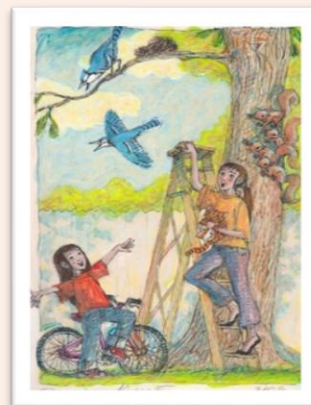
WINGS OF WONDER

I wish I could fly,
And say 'Hi' to the sky.

I wish I could fly,
As free birds so high.

I wish I could fly,
Rest on the clouds and lie.

I wish I could fly,
To pick up stars in the sky.



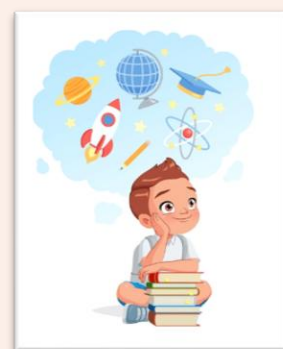
Pranavi Chandrakar
III B

THE FREEDOM TO DREAM

I wish I could fly in the sky so high,
Like a bright little bird way up in the sky.
Over the trees and over the seas,
Dancing with clouds and flying with ease.

I'd flap my wings and zoom all around,
No need for roads or paths on the ground.
I'd visit the moon and wave to the stars,
And peek at the Earth from way up a far.

No bags to carry, no shoes to tie,
Just happy and free as I soar and fly.
Oh! What a dream - to float and glide,
With the wind as my friend right by my side.



Kavish Rana
III B



SOAR TO THE SKY

If I could fly, I'd leave the world below,
And dance with clouds, a graceful show.

I'd, chase the sun and kiss the breeze,
And dance with star light through the trees.

I'd see the world from a whole new place,
And feel freedom from all the disgrace.

A bird's eye view, a joyful sight,
To fly with wings, both day and night.

A wish fulfilled, a dream so grand,
To touch the sky, without stretched hand.



Garv Dhuppad
III B

SMALL ACT, BIG IMPACT

At school we learn, at school we play,
And help each other every day.
I share my crayons, red and blue,
And my best friend shares stickers too.

We pass the glue and books around,
With kindness, joy is quickly found.
A smile, a seat, a gentle word,
Make our classroom bright and heard.

Sharing with all is really cool,
It makes us proud of our happy school.



Vihaan Bothra
III B



THE JOY OF SPLASHING IN PUDDLES

The sky is dark with heavy clouds,
Rain falls from it in glowing spouts.
The wind is blowing strong,
Making a delightful song.

It falls on our skin,
Feeling cool and fresh within.
The rain gets heavier,
Pitter-patter, pitter-patter.

Thunder goes,
Rumble, rumble.
The rain will stop soon,
The sun will shine.

We'll go outside and stomp in puddles,
Let's splash and slide.

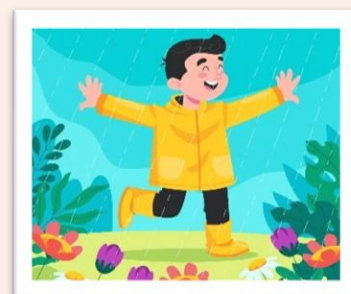


Avyukt Juneja
IV A

FROM SPLASH TO SPARK

One day I played in the rain,
I got a little bit insane,
I went home and saw myself in the mirror,
My hair was as messy as a lion's mane,
I then watched a movie of Bruce Wayne.

And felt like, now I have an aim,
I ate my dinner, went to sleep,
Next morning, I heard a beep,
Lovely sun, from the window I must peep,
Well, I slept very deep.



Anindya Pandey
IV A



A SYMPHONY OF RAINDROPS

I love the rain,
Love the rain. You know why?
It can bring dead plants back to life,
It can bring greenery back to earth,
It can bring happiness to the farmer,
It is the magic of a rainy day.

I love the rain,
Love the rain. You know why?
It is the dawn of a new day,
And it is raining cats and dogs,
Like a child dance in the rain,
And forget your sorrow,
It is the magic of a rainy day.



I love the rain,
Love the rain. You know why?
Enjoy the darkness, gloom, wetness,
On a rainy day,
Somehow soon the sun will come out,
It is always a nice day above the clouds,
That's why I love the rainy day,
It is the magic of a rainy day.



Mishika Sori
IV A



SHOWERS OF SMILE

Rainy days are fun to play,
With puddles shining bright and gray.
We splash and jump with gleeful cheer,
On a rainy day, friends are near.



The smell of wet earth fills the air,
Bringing joy beyond compare.
So let's grab our umbrellas tight,
And dance in rain with pure delight.



Sarakshi Choudhary
IV A

LONELY MOON, LOYAL FRIEND

When no one listens, he is there,
A glowing gaze, a patient stare.
He doesn't judge, he doesn't speak,
But gives me strength when I feel weak.



He sails above in skies so wide,
Yet somehow always by my side.
A quiet friend through darkest skies,
He lifts my heart as night drifts by.



Trinabh Hazra
IV A



MYSTIC MOON

When the sky is dark at night,
My friend the moon, big and bright.
It shines above, so round and high,
Like a silver ball up in the sky.

It follows me when I walk,
And listens gently when I talk.
I share my dreams and little fear,
Oh moon! You're always dear.

It plays peek-a-boo with me,
Hiding behind the building and tree.
Then it whispers, "Riyanshi, sleep tight,
I am with you all through the night."



Riyanshi Naik
IV A

PUDDLES OF PEACE

Rain, rain, come today,
In my garden you can play.
All the flowers are in their places,
You can wash their petal faces.
Give a drink to all the trees,
Make some splashy puddles, please.

I put on my coat,
And boots on my feet.
I put on my hat,
And stroll down the street.
The rain falls down,
From the clouds above.
Splashing in puddles,
Is what I love.



Advita Raj
IV B



VIBES OF VALVET NIGHT

My friend the MOON,
Will come to play SOON,
When the evening ends,
And the night begins,
The MOON will rise up,
Smile and ask, "Wassup?"
I'll tell him about my day,
My dreams and we'll play,
I'll hide behind the curtains,
He'll follow me that's certain.



Then, I'll come out in its light and scare him there,
He'll jump high in the air,
He'll hide behind the clouds,
And I'll hear him speak aloud,
It's getting late, you should sleep,
Or else in your dreams, I'll creep.



Anvi Patel
IV B



SHIMMERS OF SILVER

Feeling alone, one night,
I chin-up my face and,
Looked at the sky,
The stars seem happy,
Accompanied right.

With the big silver ball,
Oh! So shiny and bright,
Looked right back to me,
And asked sad?? Why??

Well, what can I say?
Just a friend to play,
Moon smiled and replied,
Oh dear! Oh dear!
Let me put this problem to an end,
From now onwards,
I am your friend.



Jinisha Dani
IV B



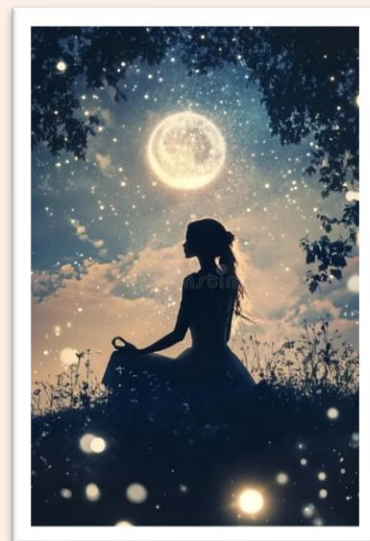
MY FRIEND THE MOON

My friend, the moon shines high up in the sky,
Sometimes round like a circle,
Or clear like a crystal,
Sometimes shining like a bulb,
Or dark as snub.

On new moon nights you are invisible,
On full moon nights you are adorable,
Surface yours is little bumpy,
On seeing you, I go crazy.

Sometime I want to talk to you,
But you never talk back to me,
Despite you are very cool,
To provide coolness, seems you have a tool.

You never get hot but sometimes cross,
But I want to see you smiling all day across,
Closest to the Earth, you spin and dance.
Wish to be like you, if I get a chance,
Being with stars the beauty enhance,
With your gentle light, you are a friend I adore.

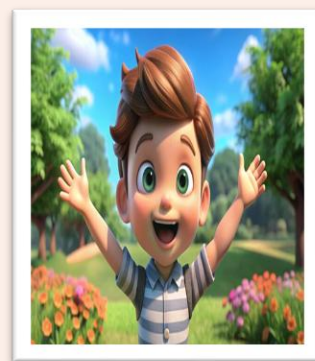


B.Riyanshi
IV B



THE BOY WITH OPEN HANDS

I am a boy
With lots of toys,
With open hands,
I like to dance.
I love to give,
I like to share,
I am ready to help
Here, there, and everywhere.
I want to see everyone alright,
I want to fulfill all their hearts' desires,
I want to remove sorrows and hug them real tight,
And make this world
So bright,
A place where God finds
Pure delight!
I see big dreams,
With little eyes,
I feel the world's quiet cries.
A need for love,
A gentle touch,
A voice that says,
"You matter much."
For I am a boy,
With lots of spare,
With open hands,
And Heart to care.



Advik Shukla
V A



FROM INVISIBLE TO RECOGNISED

There was an invisible boy,
Who was my friend.
He was playing with his toy,
Till the school's end.
I told my friends,
But they never believed,
I told him to be normal, to be perceived.
He agreed with me,
And said okay.
I thought let's see,
If he is normal today.
He tried very hard and let down his guard
Then after some time,
He started to mime.
He came to school looking formal,
Now my friends perceived him as normal.
My friends were surprised,
To see him,
They gave him a prize,
And happiness shone in his eyes.



Akshita Mire
V A



HELPING HANDS

The joy of helping is an abstract noun
With a feeling of wearing a little crown

Helping hands go clap, clap, clap.
We all are responsible for our fellow men
Always make a difference each day you live
Open your heart and learn to give.

Life for many is so unkind,
Giving people are hard to find
The kids are hungry, without a piece of jaggery
The parents are weak with no place to sleep

The world is full of needy.
We could give back instead of being greedy.
Abundant blessings will be on your way
That will never let you sway
We can start helping once a while
So that no one will sleep without a smile
And the joy of helping will always be worth a trial.



Saanvi Golechha
V A



SMALL ACTS, BIG SMILES

I helped my mom to sweep the floor,
She kissed my cheek and asked for more!
We laughed and danced on joyful feet,
A tiny act, a kind small deed,
Can grow into a happy seed.
It makes us glow, it makes hearts light,
And fills the soul with pure delight.
So if you see someone in need,
Don't wait- go do a helpful deed!
It feels like sunshine in your heart,
That's where all joyful things start.
Helping someone big or small,
Can make you feel ten feet tall!
A little help goes very far,
Like wishing on a flying star.

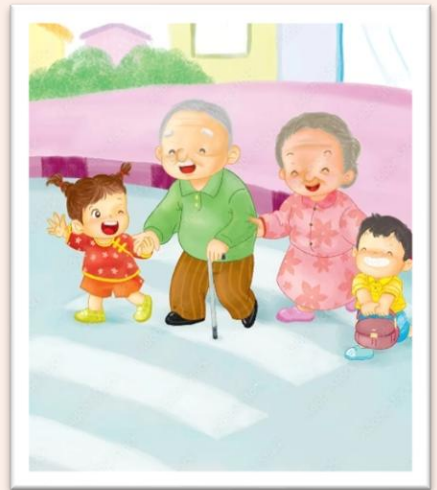


Khwaish Waswani
VA



HELP, SMILE AND REPEAT

Helping someone with a smile,
Can make our hearts glow all the while.
A little kindness, a gentle hand,
Spreads love and peace across the land.
We don't need gold or fame,
To light someone's life like a flame.
Just a word, a gift, a care,
Can show the world that we are there.
So, let's choose to help each day,
In big or small, some joyful way.
Because when we give, we truly find,
Happiness that stays behind!



Paridhi Nawlakha

VA



A HAND TO HOLD, A HEART TO FEEL

Helping others fills my heart with cheer,
It makes the world brighter and warmer.
When someone is sad or feeling weak,
I try to help them with gentle words I speak.
I help my parents at home each day,
By cleaning my room or clearing clutter away.
I help my friends when they are in need,
Sharing my lunch or helping them read.



At school I listen and follow the rule,
I help my classmates and feel really cool.
A small act of kindness, a smile so true,
Can brighten the darkest day with hope anew.

Helping does not need money or fame,
A caring heart is what we gain.
When I help others in all I do,
I feel proud, happy, and peaceful too.

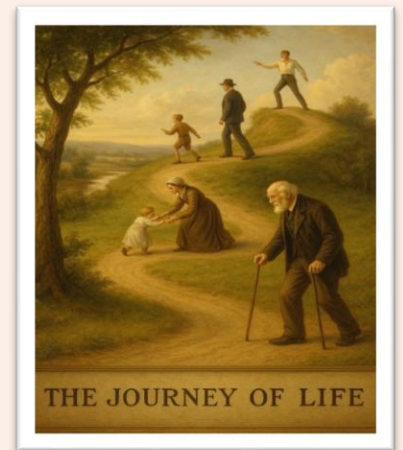


Ritvik Mishra
V A



A PSALM OF PEACE AND PURPOSE

Our life is a perpetual journey,
Filled with a myriad of experiences.
It is an emotion and expression-packed
melody,
And a lesson to put up a brave front during
odd circumstances.
Celebrations, festivities and unlimited
jamborees
Keep us optimistic and let us love this journey
wholeheartedly.
Stillness, melancholy and unavoidable solitude
Are also parts of life and appear repeatedly.
It is a journey to find our inner peace and
tranquillity,
To serve mankind cheerfully and generously.
Spreading positivity and happiness should be
our motto during this journey,
So that everyone remembers us with a
smile and sheer glee.



Zainab Ahmed
VI A



MILES THAT MADE ME

Each morning brings a brand-new start,
A map that's drawn within my heart.
With dreams to chase and skies to fly,
I step ahead, I reach, and I try.
The road is long, the path unknown,
At times I walk the trail alone.
But every stumble, every bend,
Becomes a lesson in the end.
I carry hope, I pack my will,
Through silent woods and standing still.
The stars above, they guide my way,
Through darkest night and brightest day.



Neeraj Prajapati
VI A



ECHOES OF ANCIENT MAGIC

In the depths of Hogwarts lies a realm untamed,
Where shadows dance and secrets are named,
A place of wonder, of darkness, and might,
The Forbidden Forest cloaked in eternal night.
Where silent whispers slowly crawl,
The dreaming forest wakes and falls.
Beneath the boughs so dark and deep,
Old magic stirs in an endless sleep.
Within its ancient trees, whispers do abound,
Of creatures lurking, their presence profound.
From centaurs wise to the strals unseen,
A tapestry of magic, a world like a dream.
Beneath the canopy, secrets are concealed,
A sanctuary for creatures, their fate sealed.
Where unicorns graze on moonlit dew,
Spiders weave their webs, dark and true.
But beware, dear traveller, of what lies ahead,
For danger lurks in every shadowy threat.
For in the Forbidden Forest, lies a world untold
Where magic and mystery forever unfold.

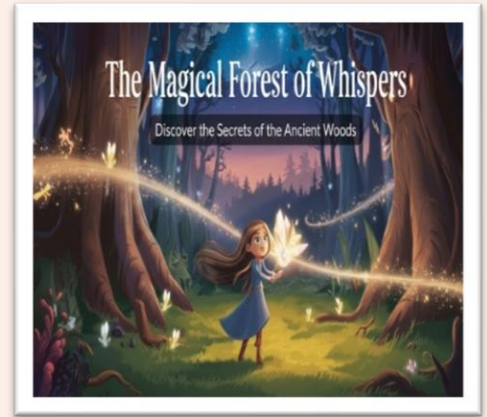


Khanak Jain
VI A



NATURE'S PEACEFUL PARADISE

The soft whispers from the forest,
The leaves dancing in the breeze, Birds
chirping around,
Animals living in peace,
This is the true life of trees.
The bright sky with a spark of the sun,
Birds flying around in a group,
The small colourful flowers blooming around,
The path surrounded by trees,
This is the diversity of the forest.
Peace, togetherness and positiveness,
Bonding of animals and plants
Are hidden in this magical forest,
These are the breath-taking whispers,
Of the forest.



Shubhika Sneha
VIA



A SONG OF RAIN

The sky weeps, a canvas grey,
Washing the world in watery spray.
The wind whispers, a mournful sigh,
As raindrops dance from a weeping sky.

The streets, once vibrant, now still and deep,
Reflect the heaven as secrets sleep.
The trees stand tall, their leaves a-tremble,
Drinking in the rain, a gentle preamble.

A scent of earth, so fresh and clean,
A natural perfume, a verdant scene.
The world slows down, a hushed embrace,
As nature finds its quiet space.

Children laugh, with feet all bare,
Splashing in puddles, beyond all care.
Their joyful cries, a melody sweet,
Echoing through the rain-soaked street.

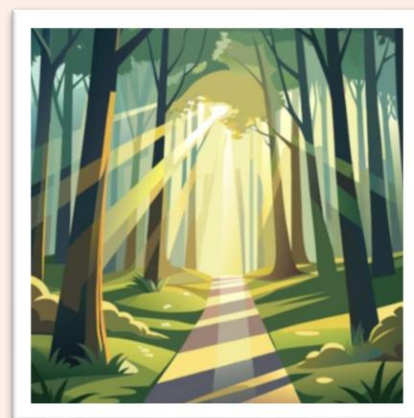


Virat Babu
VIA



ECHOES OF BECOMING

The forest whispers,
the sound permeating throughout,
Oh! Not eerie,
just as you go about.
The birds chirping,
all in unison,
So chaotic,
but the journey has just begun.
Slowly but surely, feeling astray,
Lonely, but trusting a blue jay.
Silent, but also the loudest place on earth-
Not a single person would understand its worth.
Following the sounds, feeling they would know,
As they take me through alluring roads.
Running past the glory of trees,
Touching one or all their leaves.
I look in front, still following the sounds,
I have no care in the world, let alone my wounds.
In what seems like a second.
The journey comes to an end,
With me wondering if I can do it all again.



Aishi Roy
VI A



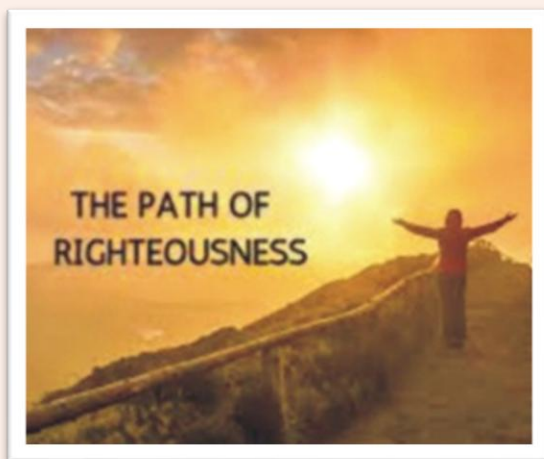
THE PATH OF RIGHTEOUSNESS

When Man finds himself in a tryst with the Lord,
He calls to Him aloud in hymns of prayer and need,
For in his deepest longing, his conscience wages
A quiet battle between doubt and belief.

When It calls to him like a refreshing fountain
Of everlasting wisdom, forgiving with compassion
Greater than any Man could fathom or heed,

Man, full of faults and enmity, was descended upon
And cleansed of every failing through a sacrifice
Greater than one could imagine,
Like a slate wiped clean of chalk.

Though Man stood opposed to all good virtues,
God showed him the path of righteousness
Without price or payment, Beyond the coin and gold
Man held above all else.



Akshat Aryan
VII A



THE MAGIC OF KIND WORDS

Words are powerful, so choose them with care,
For they can either uplift or tear.
They can bring joy or cause despair,
So, pick your words, and always be fair.
Think before you speak, and use your voice,
To lift others and make a choice.
For in this world, we all need love,
And words can be like a healing glove.
So, be kind and use your words wisely,
And always speak from your heart, precisely.
With the magic of words, you can win the world
And impact the world in a positive word.
Let your voice be heard and that love be unhurled.



Soham Khatri
VII A



THE STRENGTH OF TIME

Tick-tock says the busy clock,
Time won't wait or ever knock.
He wakes with morning light,
Chasing dreams with all his might.
Each second counts, each minute flies,
Like shooting stars across the skies.
He studies hard, he plays it fair,
With time as friend, he's always aware.
No time to waste, no time to fear,
His goals are shining all so clear
For those who value time each day,
Success will always find their way.



Kabin Burman
VII A



POWER OF WORDS

In the world of dark sight, Your Tongue
Has a power to take you to the bright side
Everyone says word has power.

But no one has an idea.

How does it work every hour?

Speaking good, will lead you to shine

Or else, no one will be fine.

The word has power everyone says,

But the boneless tongue never sways

U can speak black and white,

As white makes u polite and black makes u fight

If you go in all four directions,

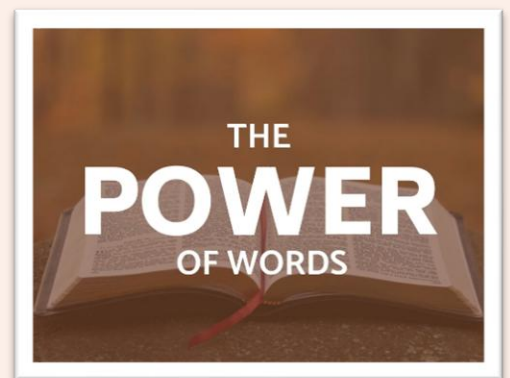
There will be power in every action.

Using magic words like thank you, sorry and

Forgive will never make you feel thrive

Never misuse the power of word as it can

Destroy the whole world.



Bhavya Golechha
VII A



BORN TO SHINE

The clouds may cover up the sun,
but I'll keep shining second to none
The rain drops may start to fall down,
but I'll not drown,
I'll shine anyway
If there is a mountain in front, I'll be the digger,
If there is a wall in front, I'll be the hammer
If there is a bad weather,
then I'll be the sun and shine like it anyway
There are candles in a dark room, and I am the only coal,
People do not see me, but there is a diamond within me,
So, I'll shine anyway
People nag me, hate me, threaten me,
but I'll not take a step back, I'll look to the future,
and I'll shine anyway
There are challenges ahead of me, and failures too,
But failure is the key to success, remember that too,
I am a lion in a herd of sheep, I am the moon in a cluster of stars,
I am proud of who I am, I am proud of how I am,
It's not a flaw to be spark of light,
It's not a flaw to be a diamond in a basket of rocks,
No matter who you are,
Just shine anyway.



Vaani Sharma
VII A



SECRETS THE TREES TELL

I walk where tall trees touch the sky,
Where quiet winds gently pass me by.
The forest speaks, not loud or clear,
But soft enough for hearts to hear.

Leaves whisper stories old and wise,
Of strength that grows, of roots that rise.
They tell me stones may bend a tree,
But still it stands, so proud and free.

The following stream hums calm and slow,
Teaching patience as it goes.
The forest says, "Be brave, stay true,
Your path is waiting just for you."

In silent shade, I find my way,
Learning courage every day.
The forest's whispers help me see,
The power growing inside me.



Arya Dwivedi
VIII A



THE SILENT DAWN

In the hush of dawn where shadows play
The forest wakes in soft array.
Leaves converse in emerald sighs,
Telling tales the wind replies.

Roots hum secrets, deep and old
Of moon that rose and sun of gold.
Streams recite in silver tone,
Songs of paths the stars have known.

Every rustle, every sigh,
Is earth's own breath passing by.
If you listen, still and slow,
The forest whispers what we forget to know.



Bhavya Agrawal
VIII A



WHISPERS OF THE FOREST

The forest whispers soft and low,
In voices only hearts can know.
The leaves sing tunes which the wind carries near,
Telling stories only meant for the ear.

The trees stand tall, both calm and
wise,
Watching clouds go through the skies.
The ground here feels cold and old,
keeping secrets never told.

Each step I take, my worries fade,
In quiet paths the shadows made.
The forest speaks without a sound,
Its gentle peace wraps all around.



Nishka Shrivastava
VIII A



A GENTLE CALL FROM THE WOODS

The whisper of the forest,
Take me to another sky.
The whisper of the forest,
Take me to another life.

The whisper of the old pine tree,
Tell me an adventurous story.
The whisper of the blooming flower,
Dance with wind on a different vibe.

The whisper of the leaf,
Give me oxygen.
The whisper of Mother Earth,
Tell us to stop pollution.

The whisper of the forest,
Tell me a different story,
And let me live a different life.



Surkhi Chanderiya
VIII A



Reminiscences of the Head Boy and Head Girl



Holding the position of the Head Boy of the school is indeed a lifetime memory and a valuable experience for me. It was truly an honour to carry the badge of the Head Boy with the spirit of 'Service Before Self'. With the guidance of teachers and the support of the entire Student Council, we were able to fulfil all our duties throughout the year and participate in many school activities.

Leadership and learning are indispensable to each other. During this year, I not only learned leadership skills but also learned from other students due to the numerous opportunities given to me by the school. I thank DPS for trusting me with this role and for inculcating in me the values of responsibility and discipline.

Vansh Kumar
Head Boy



The year 2025 was the best year of my life as I was announced the Head Girl of the school. This position is indeed a lifetime memory and by far the proudest moment of my life. I am extremely grateful for the trust shown in me and the opportunity given to me. During this journey, I participated in various events and carried out all my responsibilities with great dedication and utmost sincerity.

I learned to manage my studies along with my duties efficiently. The most enjoyable moment was when I visited the Government Primary School to share my experiences and guide the younger students. Working alongside my teachers and fellow students taught me the true meaning of leadership and teamwork. I am deeply grateful to my teachers and my parents, who supported me throughout this journey. I will always uphold the spirit of 'Service Before Self'.

Nishka Shrivastava
Head Girl



How Technology Is Changing Education



Technology is often seen as a foe to education, but the positive aspects of technology are also overlooked, leading us to focus only on the negative ones. Technology has helped us to study during the time of the Coronavirus, when the entire world was suffering, technology has also helped us access information rapidly that might otherwise take a long time to obtain through physical means, it also helps us to perform complex data analysis in just a few minutes, which would have taken hours without it. Technology has also helped the students studying in remote areas where schools and teachers are seldom available. In such situations, students have been able to study through online platforms. It has also helped teachers to teach students in the other corners of the world, for example, a teacher sitting in India, can educate a student sitting in the USA. In the end, I would like to conclude that technology is a friend of education, not a foe.

Eshan Ahmed

VIII A

The Role of Students in a Clean India

“Cleanliness is next to Godliness.”- Mahatma Gandhi



We students have an important role in keeping India clean and healthy. Today, our country faces many pollution problems - rivers and lakes are filled with garbage, the air is heavy with smoke and dust, streets and land are covered with plastic and waste and noise pollution disturbs everyone. These issues harm people, animals and nature. We can make a difference by keeping our surroundings clean, planting trees, using dustbins, avoiding plastic and saving water. We can also spread awareness through campaigns, rallies and social media to educate people about cleanliness. By taking these simple steps, we can inspire others and help India become cleaner, greener and safer for everyone.

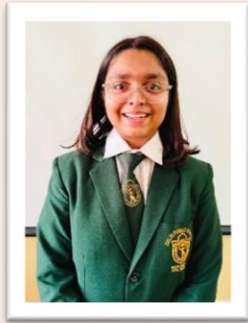
Aaravi Soni

VIII A



How Reading Changes Lives

“Today a reader, tomorrow a leader.”- Margaret Fuller



Books are silent teachers that speak to the soul and shape the course of our lives. Reading fills a reader with a sanguine outlook, even in difficult times. A nonchalant mind grows curious as eccentric ideas begin to take shape. Though moments in life are ephemeral, lessons from books remain indelible. Each story is intriguing, leaving readers captivated by new perspectives and inspiring lifelong growth. Ultimately, reading does not only change lives, but also quietly transforms ordinary minds into thoughtful and enlightened ones.

Shanaya Yadu
VII A

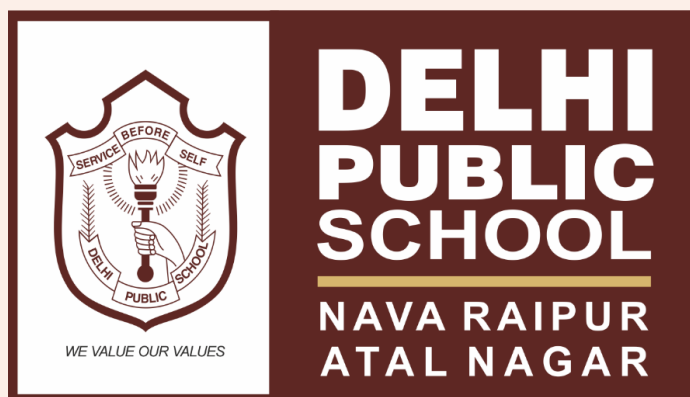
Travel: Learning Beyond Knowledge



Travel is learning beyond books and classrooms, as it connects education with real-life experiences and practical understanding. If we do not travel, our learning remains limited to classroom knowledge; however, when we step outside and explore the world, learning becomes deeper and more meaningful. Travel helps us understand culture, geography, history and nature first-hand while sharpening observation skills, curiosity and independent thinking. My school excursion to Visakhapatnam gave me this opportunity, helping me see the world as a living classroom.

Agam Singh Suri
VI A





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Every effort has been made to ensure the accuracy of information given in this edition of the Precocious Pens. In case of any error, please accept our apologies.