# D.A.V. Public School,

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

## New Panvel

December 2020

#### 5<sup>th</sup> December

Eat right India movement – Poster Making





\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*



### **Monthly Activities**

Nursery - Christmas Celebration

**Jr. K.G. –** Speech on "The Season I like most"

**Sr.K.G.** – Story Narration (The Happy Snowman)

**Std -I -** Poster making(Save Trees)

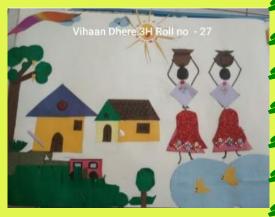
**Std - II -** Poster making Activity (Save Environment)

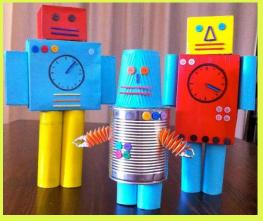
**Std** . **III to V –** Make a Model using 2D or 3D shapes

Std. VI - Science Talk

**Std. VII** – Extempore (Hindi)

**Std. VIII to X** – "Maths Quiz" Competition







#### **Evaluation II**

Nursery to Sr. K.G. - 09.12.2020 to 11.12.2020

Std. I and II - 07.12.2020 to 11.12.2020

15th to 22nd December

I Term Examination of Std. VI and VII

16th to 22nd December

III Unit Test of Std. III to V

### 7<sup>th</sup> to 19<sup>th</sup> December

#### **CBSE Expression Series on Art and Culture**

Art and Culture are essential aspects of our overall development. In order to provide a platform to students to creatively express their ideas/views on Art and Culture, the Board announced the Second Expression Series for the session 2020-21 under the Ek Bharat Shreshtha Bharat(EBSB) programme.

Students from std I to XII participated in various activities like Painting, Drawing, Writing Essay, Paragraph and Poem and expressed their creativity.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*





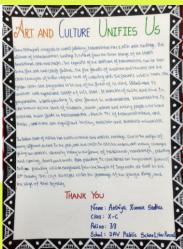
\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*







Name- Atharva Danai Class- VIII B 24



\_\_\_\_\_



Ananya Manvi X - C

# Nostalgia.

There stood a row of houses on Road 15, one of them was C-30. This row house was no less than paradise. A long, seemingly endless road stretched before it, all the way to the

#### BEL Market.

The front lawn was a sprawling fair of flowers and trees. Tall jackfruit and ashoka trees stood between the way of the earth and the sun, like defendants protecting their master. A solitary bench stood in the lawn. On the bench, were seated an old man with a steaming cup of coffee in his hand and a little girl in a white dress and curly hair, chattering something endlessly.

That old man, was my grandfather. That little girl, was me. The flowerbeds were arranged in a uniform fashion. My grandfather loved his garden and

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

taught me all about it. An almost invisible memory I have was that I raised an entire army of caterpillars in the lawn, open to move and gave them tons of discarded cabbage leaves stolen from the kitchen, only for my aunt to throw them away. What a depressing sight it was for my sisters and I as we watched in horror as she took them in a jar and set the poor caterpillars out of the lawn.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

The caterpillars were soon forgotten, and replaced with fireflies. We were strictly forbidden from catching the fireflies, because my grandparents deemed it to be cruel to snatch a part of nature as she loved every minute insect as her own child. A story was heard about a man whose voice was so melodious, it could bring upon a swarm of fireflies in the sky as if they were trying to weave a cloth of gold in the dark, endless sky. That would cause a young me to go into the lawn and try to sing the fireflies out. (spoiler alert: I think the fireflies used to run away due to my "singing")

My grandparents don't live in that house anymore, but little does anyone know how I would give up anything in my will just to live another day at C-30, Road Number 15.