

This is only an excerpt from the book. It does not contain full pages or chapters and is meant only for giving the reader an outline of the language, style and other features of the book.

AN INSIGHT INTO NAVODAYA

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Dedicated to all those who

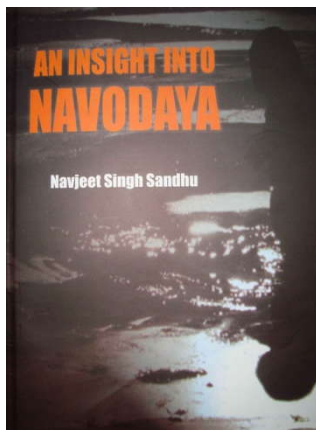
Have been

Are

and

Will be

Part of this schooling system



BASICS

Well before getting in depth of the text it's required to know how the text has been put in the coming pages to make sure, the perspective of the reader and the author are the same or alike.

The book is categorized into three sections, on the basis of the kind of information they provide.

The first section is the formal introduction to the system, presented in a more or less of a formal way. It describes the Navodayan System in the way the government has described it, or the government wants it to be described. The second section is the picture of my personal perspective, including every bit of the great schooling system, listing all problems and all advantages of being in the system, pointing out everything. I hope you are not hoping to get a novel on the pages to come, it's not only a book comprising of a story or a collection of stories, it's written with an intention of eliminating the opacity of the system. The text is determined of leaving an impression on every body's mind; it's going to enable one to see the great pillars of the success of the nation from all possible angles. The second section initially tells my grooming in the campus, it was important to include it to help readers easily get the idea I want to drive home and then the system, the schooling, the management, the inmates and the world of navodayans. The third section is the alumnus section, comprising of their views (taken at random) giving out the proof that there's not even the slightest of biasing or any kind of prejudice while putting out the words on paper. It also includes the news of the navodaya, that too taken at random.

I believe you are not going to go through the book while relaxing on a beach. It's not a romantic novel or ghost story that can be enjoyed while sitting in a quilt and having pop-corn along with it, it's something that deserves concentration of all senses and I mean it. I bet you too will abide by this as soon as you start reading the following pages.

Excerpt from second part of the book

...13th November 2003 I stepped into the Jawahar Navodaya Campus as a student.

One of the clerks guided me to my classroom. Hindi class was going on and the teacher introduced me to the class and told me to take my seat. He continued, with what he was, before I entered. Telling the students how many days the school actually functions in a year, the total time available and devoted to complete academic curriculum. He was going to some other school, JNV Rajouri in J & K to complete the economics syllabus over there. He was an economics lecturer but teaching Hindi at my school, a puzzle I wasn't able to solve through my four year stay over that prestigious institute although it wasn't that good but it became one for me. An institute that transformed my life completely brought a revolution in my life. I salute the circumstances I had to face in that empire of Mr. Ramiq Khan a geographic lecturer. Oh! Coming back to day one! At the end of the day I found my syllabus was far behind so I made up my mind to work hard. Two forces were responsible for such a mind setup. Firstly I had to prove myself. It was only me who was in favor of joining that cheap government school where majority was of the labour class from Bihar and Uttar Pradesh migrated to Chandigarh in search of jobs. Fortunately I was given the Neelgiri House, house of the best teacher in the school and more fortunately my room, a room of studious Punjabi students. Although the statement has two contradictory words but my aim is to present the image as it was.....

THE STRIKE SCENE

One day when I was coming to my room from the academic block, I saw an extraordinary mob gathered at the basketball court, I could see Harpreet Singh and Anil (both students of 12th class) were ready to address them I was viewing all this from quite a distance . Suddenly, Nirmal (their classmate) came running towards them and started to convince them for something. After a long discussion among themselves they sent the children back to their dormitories and I walked to my room. After the lunch I happened to know the whole drama that I viewed but couldn't understand. Anil and Harpreet wanted the students to boycott the mess for a day as the quality of the food served to the students was deteriorating. They had already talked to the CA (Catering Assistant) but nothing had been done so far. So they decided to take the extreme step. But Nirmal interfered and requested them to accept the situation by saying, "only three months are left, then we are going to leave the school for ever, no doubt the question is of 500 students but remember we have to get the no dues and character certificates and internal assessments are also pending". So they had to drop the idea. Nirmal is now at National Defense Academy (Air force wing), Harpreet too there in Army wing and Anil at IIT.

Then came winter vacations and I was back home.

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Jehangir Alam was the epicenter for spreading those smoky waves of tobacco in the school. He would even send juniors to buy cigarettes for him as a punishment for not doing the work assigned to them. He was the House Captain so responsible for the maintenance and cleanliness of the house, but had no right to punish anybody. The students had full authority to complain to the house master but then who would have liked to face harsh beating with

sticks and slippers if the case could easily come to an end by just making a round to the market?

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EXAMS

Well there doesn't exist any better place than Navodaya as far as the preparation for the exams is concerned. Everybody together preparing for the same thing leads to environment full of energy. It increases efficiency and overall preparation becomes easier. Sitting in the natural environment, enjoying the fragrance of fresh flowers and the chirping of birds, it was a perfect place to study. I can see your smile, you may be thinking how can one study in such a kind of environment with everybody sitting around you. Even I thought the same before sitting over there but after having the practical experience I had to change my views. From about ten in the morning to five in the evening we used to sit there to study, and the group study always used to be interesting and effective. Here I would like to mention regarding the examination system of navodayas. There are a few differences in the system followed in every vidyalaya but the most accepted one is all I'm going to talk about. We used to have unit tests during the last week of every month. Exams were full of joy and excitement. You have to follow the normal routine. Everything would happen as it is except the studies. Teachers would tell the syllabus a week before the exams but none of the students ever tried to study even a day before. Take notice of the word –a day.

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Only two people really like the challenge of far-flung areas. First are the defense personnel and second the navodaya personnel. Navodayans get the training during their childhood, even earlier than the defense candidates. Some year these exams would carry some weight-age mounting the total to twelve

hundred and some year they were meant just to put some ink over the paper and limiting the total at six hundred only. This 'may or may not' really cause some trouble. Anyhow, in neither case students learned their lessons.

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The paper is prepared by a teacher or a group of teachers of some other region. Same way checking is done. This school's papers are checked by that school that school's by some other school. Teachers from a number of schools come to this school to check that's school's paper on a table placed in this school. I know the process is getting too tedious and so were the checking results. This would always result in some or many ups and downs, not much to the good of students. Everything used to get poached up but never lead to tasty food. The same 'rubbing' procedure is followed in the finals.....

MULES AND HORSES

The institute was such a place where mules and horses were made to run the same race. This was one of my observations. I had witnessed many such incidents that prove the fact. Music group was worst hit. All were made to attend the self-study and the supervision classes regardless of the fact whether a student is capable of doing something extra or not. Those good in music were not allowed to prepare for cultural programs or even national day celebrations such as Independence Day at the cost of self study classes. Those who had great interest in Music were not allowed to devote their games times for music or vice versa. So all have to run over the same track whether capable of it or not. There was no leisure time or time when freedom was given so that one could put in some efforts to improve him or her in other fields. Could work something extra, little different such as painting, creative writing or dancing. All have to follow the same routine whether you are an above average student or a below average. All have to study and play for same duration irrespective of the fact you represent the school in the games at national levels or you play for time pass just to sweat out.....

.....A person is affected most by the company he has so the biggest advantage was that, horses came to know how to carry load whether necessary or unnecessary and mules learnt how to run properly with load on their back. To conclude, diamonds shine in coal fields more than among other diamonds and, 'They conquer who believe they can', thanks to John Dryden.

GARDENING

It such situations I'm really impressed by the idiomatic variety provided by English. Too many chiefs, not many workers explain the gardening activity completely. It was usually told as an activity students performed 'together'. Together being the important word over here. The house master would tell the seniors -eleven standard (as twelve being a board class enjoyed certain exemptions), to plant so and so plants over there and there.....

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In spite of the communication revolution in the nation, the criteria, terms and conditions have never reached students clear enough to enable them to arrive at a proper conclusion. Majority of the students from J&K, traveling by private taxis, inter-state buses and the railways arrive at the school and opt for medical stream. Without hearing any explanation, they are asked to keep their bags locked and take the very first train back to the places they have come from. Why should authorities listen to them? After all they have not been given the opportunity to migrate. If they wish to study biotechnology then they have to migrate. Migration is not an opportunity at eleventh standard. It's a part of the process one has to follow to study the chosen subject. More than fifty percent of the students do such a mistake. The situation worsens when some of them are allowed to take up medical stream after much begging for it while others are ordered either to leave or take non medical.....

In my school about 1/3rd of the students rarely visit mess to take the breakfast. In other words attendance at the mess, if taken ever, will definitely not going to be more than 2/3rd of the total strength. The authorities have only one word to say, "Shortage of funds." If this is to be believed then with the high inflation rate going on, the situation is only going to worsen.

After breakfast it is assembly time, the best part of the navodayan system. It enables students to learn how to grow. The school teaching is far better than other schools and this has been proved again and again in the CBSE examination results. At 2 o'clock the school is over and get into the mess to take lunch. There's nothing to say about the lunch except 'insufficient food in both quality and quantity.'

----- Out of all the schooling system we have in India, I suppose, it's the teachers of navodaya who work the hardest. They are paid for being teachers but they are not only teachers; they are a lot more than that. They are our teachers, our tutors, our mentors, our 'pseudo' guardians. They are artists who fill a blank picture with colors, colors of gratitude, of knowledge and of unshakable confidence. No doubt, other teachers do same but 'wide variety' exists only in navodayas; if not only, perhaps, the most. You eat together in the mess with same contents in the plates and on the same table. It puts you on such an arena that it itself enables you to know something extra, to learn lessons that can't be taught in a classroom. It gives an opportunity to both to talk informally over formal issues and it is as good as the other way round. You can chew the fat as you wish. They play with you in the ground endowing you to generate a feeling of friendship for them, to consider them one out of many friends you make in navodaya. They are ready to clear your doubts at ten in the night without bothering you to ask them as they themselves come to you every night and ask you about them. They share the problems they had faced and are facing giving you an outline of the time still to come. They teach you in class, in hostels, in playground, in mess, and where ever you meet them. In a way they make you both, 'literate' and 'educated'. Rarely few students in our

country get this opportunity and 'lucky' navodayans make most of that few. This is not all, the relations with teachers make you feel comfortable when you are away to represent your school, cluster or region somewhere.....

.....I am very thankful to the system. I owe a lot to the Jawahar Navodaya Vidyalayas. Whatever may be the problems I had faced but they all have helped me in one or the other way, to make me what I'm today. I'm not talking of the status or the academic mark sheets. I'm talking of the optimistic approach, constructive attitude and the maturity of the mind that I (and most of the navodayans) possess. Navodaya turn boys into men. It prepares them for the challenges of the future. It's just another defence academy that teaches its inmates to defend the society against evils of casteism, regionalism, communalism and linguism that are the biggest enemies of the Indian society and its growth. It's helping the nation to completely eliminate them from the grass root level. You won't find a better place to see people of different religions and from different regions living together so close to each other, with a strong feeling of brotherhood and oneness than the Navodaya Vidyalayas.....

Excerpts from third section of the book

To the students of my district, Navodayas always have been a special school. It has its importance for many reasons but the biggest of all, the only CBSE School in the whole district. Getting a seat in it is a desire of every 5th grade student's parent's desire, besides providing free education it's also providing quality education. I have personally felt, navodayas play a crucial role in developing a all round personality. It's really bringing up young talent from the rural India. My friend, Vipin, came from a village and did what he could have only dreamt of if he hadn't been in Navodaya. He scored 92% in 12th grade and cleared AIPMT. So hat's off to JNV's.

Aamir Khan, Kundeshwar Tikamgarh

Forming an opinion about JNV'S is not at all difficult. It provides you with opportunities to learn by doing it. Such a thing happened with me too that changed my outlook towards the class. In cultural event we were not allowed to dance on a pre-recorded cassette but only on "Tabla-Peti".

As a result many of the talented students were not able to perform. I took the initiative to dance, and danced on "Eh mere dil tu gaye ja". It was almost unbelievable but it worked. Later on I requested principal sir and he realized policies don't work rigidly and then he allowed recordings in cultural events. Unfortunately I didn't get a second chance to dance but it changed a lot of things in the campus. I learned that things happen if you take initiative and this lesson brought me today in IBM, Italy.

Sunil S Ingle, JNV Shegaon, Maharashtra

I stayed in JNV Paprola, Kangra during 1990-97 and I enjoyed those seven Golden years of my life during my stay over that institute. Perhaps we were so lucky to have great Teachers with us who shaped and carved us into "all-rounder Personalities". Whether it is academics, Sports, Cultural activities, or any field, they taught us in such a way so as to develop a habit, in general to grasp the world and excel in it. I would like to say thanks to all those teachers and other staff members who have contributed a lot towards us, specially the Medical Officer – Khaimbo.

I have never found any shortcoming of my Navodaya or my navodaya people except for the one that our Alumni seldom visit it because of their very busy professional life.

Truth needs no justification and I would just like to end up this note by saying "I Love my Navodaya from the core of my heart."

Hamhi navoday ho!

Jitender Singh

JNVA-Paprola

NAVODAYANS SETTING EXAMPLES AND RE-DEFINING THE PURPOSE OF EDUCATION

Road Not Taken by Robert Frost, is there in the literature books but navodayans showing it in their lives. There are many who are opting for "The Less Travelled Roads". Here is an example.

Kaushalendra an IIM topper belongs to our Navodaya family set a clean and green example in front of us. He has completed his schooling from Navodaya Vidyalaya, Nawada, Bihar. He cracked the CAT and moved to IIM, Ahmedabad. He was born to a vegetable farmer's family in a village Ahmad Nagar of a district Nalanda in central Bihar.

A topper from one of India's finest B-school has turned into a vegetable vendor, but of course there is more here than that meets the eye.

After being at the top of his management class at IIM - Ahmedabad, Kaushlendra should have been sitting in an air conditioned cabin pulling a hefty salary at a multi-national company. Instead, he stands in the sweltering heat of Patna - selling vegetables.

Kaushlendra reacts to his profession says, "Every one seems to be migrating from here, I wanted to do something for my people."

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What matters at the end is,

MY HEART SAYS.....

To know what my heart says..... **GET YOUR COPY NOW.**

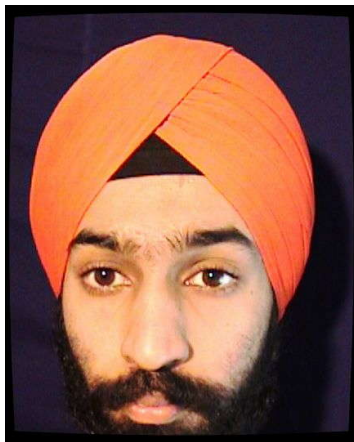
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