

This special edition has been brought to you by AIS Pushp Vihar as a part of the GT Making A Newspaper Contest. The inter-Amity newspaper making competition witnesses each branch of Amity across Delhi/NCR chum out its own 'Contest Edition' which are then pitted against one another at the end of the year which decides the winner at GT Awards. So, here's presenting the fourth edition of 'GT Making A Newspaper Contest 2019-20'.

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### AMITE poll

Do you think tensions between Iran and US will lead to World War III?

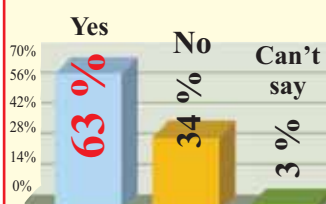
a) Yes b) No c) Can't say

To vote, log on to [www.theglobaltimes.in](http://www.theglobaltimes.in)

### POLL RESULT

For GT Edition December 16, 2019

Do you think Citizenship Amendment Bill (CAB) is a fair move?



Results as on January 11, 2020

### Coming Next

AIS Gur 46 Contest Edition

# THE GLOBAL TIMES

MONDAY, JANUARY 13, 2020

[www.theglobaltimes.in](http://www.theglobaltimes.in)

## A 'novel' existence

### A Spine-Chilling Fiction That Became The Reality Of 21st Century

Deeksha Puri, AIS Pushp Vihar, XII F

Reading the aggravating headlines in the newspaper, reporting riots, agitations and unrest upon the Citizenship Amendment Act, I left the newspaper in my hands to find some peace and quiet within the pages of one of my favourite novels-Fahrenheit 451. However, the uncanny resemblance between the eruption of flames and violence to curb student protests, to the burning of books to curb political unrest in the novel's dystopian society caused me to wonder about similarities between what I escaped from, and what I escaped to.

**"It was a bright cold day in April, and the clocks were striking thirteen."**

**The fiction:** Winston Smith, the protagonist of '1984', George Orwell's scathing commentary on totalitarianism, finds himself trapped in the land of Oceania, where the Big Brother watches him everywhere he goes. The ruling party destroys historical records and prevents political rebellion by formulating a language called 'Newspeak', devoid of words that can lead to political uprising.

**The facts:** Fleeing the clutches of a totalitarian rule,

Hong Kong found a similar crowd of Winston Smiths engaged in protests sparked due to the Extradition Bill passed in March that would have limited the autonomy of the state of Hong Kong and brought it under the strict control of communist China. Opponents to the bill believe that its introduction would cement Chinese government's efforts to curb political activism in the region. Much like the ending to 1984, these efforts to curb political dissent were met with opposition at the end. With 5,947 people arrested (as of December 8, 2019) the anti-government protests show no signs of stopping until their "Five Demands,

No Less" are accepted.

**"Because to influence a person is to give one's own soul."**

**The fiction:** 'A Picture of Dorian Gray' penned by Oscar Wilde follows the story of a young, impressionable and handsome man, Dorian Gray, who in order to escape the transient nature of beauty and youth, pledges his soul to preserve a portrait of him so as to save it from age and infamy.

Tragedy ensues as Dorian is expelled into a life of hedonism and malevolence, all while his picture remains immortal.

**The facts:** Amidst the recent wave of panic surrounding India's aviation sector, huge airlines are running into losses and Air India is no exception (with operating losses worth 4,600 crore INR). The cyclic nature of India's economic slowdown has unleashed a frenzy to in-

crease investment causing the Indian government to put up the soul of Indian Aviation- Air India for auction, divesting a complete 100%. Among the transient ups and downs of the business cycle posing a deflation, is this soulless sale going to push the economy into the tragic end of Dorian's fate?

**"Confusion now hath made his masterpiece."**

**The fiction:** One of Shakespeare's most famous tragedies, 'Macbeth' illustrates the harm political ambition can cause. In this story, a Scottish general named Macbeth learns of a prophecy ascribing him as the future King of Scotland. In a fit to prove the prophecy, he murders King Duncan, the then king. The story ends with a civil war and Macbeth's death.

**The facts:** Much like Macbeth, political aspirations, overthrowing the ruler and a desire to rule gave way to conflict and violence, at the behest of the masses in South Sudan. With 1.9 million people internally displaced, the humanitarian crisis in South Sudan is among the gravest crises, emanating from a civil war. The Sudan People's Liberation Movement (the party that led the independence struggle for Sudan) is now divided and involved in a large power struggle.

As I pondered over the similarities and parallels that exist between the literary world and our current reality, I felt mixed emotions. While literature is almost always influenced by social contexts, should I be frightened at the semblance of our reality with dystopian novels, or glad at the rate of consistency we have achieved as a society, such that we mirror them? 🇮🇳



Illustration: Vanshika Chaudhary, AIS PV, XI C

## The saga of Akshara Theatre

### Jalabala Vaidya: The Legend Who Transformed The World Of Drama

Saanvi Vaish, XI C & Tanya Talwar, XI G, AIS PV

Meet Jalabala Vaidya, India's living legend, a playwright and theatre artist. Co-founder of The Akshara Theatre, a non-profit arts institution, she is the walking history of Indian theatre. Her one-woman Ramayana play remains the only Indian play to have been staged at Broadway, New York and has 2200 shows to its credit. With several awards like Sangeet Natak Akademi's Tagore Award, Delhi Natya Sangh Award and many more to her credit, her contribution to theatre is exemplary. GT reporters interacted with her about the same. Here are the excerpts:

#### Act I: The beginning

My journey didn't really have a beginning per se. But I think it started when Dr S Radhakrishnan, the second President of India, was visiting my husband post his cataract surgery. He wanted someone to read his work to him since he couldn't. My husband suggested that I should read aloud for the President since my oratory skills were good. Turned out, he liked my presentation so much that he suggested that we mustn't keep it away from public. He introduced us to a few of his guests who invited us for a performance in Europe. Things took off from then on and eventually The Royal Shakespeare Company invited us for a performance. We wanted to perform Ramayana, but we needed a space to practice. Late Morarji Desai, the former Prime Minister of India, gave us a place and thus Akshara Theatre came into being.

#### Act II: The dedication

We didn't just pick the building and call it a day, no; Gopal and I wanted everything about Akshara Theatre to be beautiful. When we were handed the place, it was rundown, but we had to make the best of what we were given and we were grateful for it. So, right

Pic: Kunal Ahuja, AIS PV, XI D



Jalabala Vaidya with GT reporters

tion to such as the gender and age of the character, and modulating the voice to suit the same. I had to gesticulate differently when I was portraying Dasharatha from when I was playing Kaikeyi. As an actor, you can't be static; you have to use body movement, voice control, etc. to show the best of every character you portray.

#### Act IV: The challenges

Though it turned out to be very successful, we didn't start with the idea of a one-woman show. Initially, we hired other actors too, but they turned out to be hindrances to the process, which is when my husband suggested that I do the entire show. I remember saying that I couldn't because it seemed impossible, but my daughter, my husband and I became one troop who managed everything and put on a fabulous show. For, if you are true to what you are doing and are moving people with your work, nothing else matters.

#### Act V: The message

Be focused. It's very easy to get distracted but you need to train your mind to achieve your goals. Whether you want to be a teacher, a doctor, or anything else, you need to learn how to be focused. 🇮🇳



Jalabala Vaidya, legendary co-founder, Akshara Theatre



# Behind the wheels

Understanding The Complex Algorithms That Make Up Your Usual Commute

Pics: Krishnanshu Kapur, AIS PV, X G



Driving the point home



Interacting to know the perspective



Understanding the struggles and victories

## Ground Reporting

Saanvi Vaish, XI C & Shyla Basu  
X F, AIS Pushp Vihar

The phone beeped, waking up Amar from his already disrupted sleep. A drowsy Amar is notified of another Uber ride. He straightens up and drives off from his quaint little spot of rest last night, to pick a passenger from the airport.

### Settling down | A nostalgia

On his way to the airport, Amar reminisces the time when he moved to the capital from his village. Like many others, he joined the blossoming sector after recommendations from his acquaintances. As he glanced at the app, nostalgia struck him; nostalgia of his struggle

to understand and adapt to the app. The ease or difficulty of adaptation varied from person to person, ranging from a day to a week to even a month at times depending on the extent of their exposure to technology beforehand. Ramakrishnan, another Uber driver recounts, “Initially, the company devoted one hour every day to train not so tech savvy people like me with the app. However, when the app interface upgraded, it became more user-friendly for the customer and the driver both.”

### Rest (un)assured | Parting with sleep

Amar has accustomed himself to being wide awake even at the most unprecedented hours. The fear of losing out on a potential passenger has made him bid goodbye to peaceful slumber. Amar is not the only one with this predicament. Tushar, an Ola staff manager states, “In

my two and a half years of experience in this metro city, we have forgotten what rest even means. We’ve made peace with just an hour break each day.” However, Ola driver Javed Husain does not compromise with his sleep, because it means compromising the life of his customer. He adds, “The first thing I do after duty is sleep. I ensure that I take enough rest so as not to endanger the life of my customer.”

### Lingual complexities | A downside

While picking up a foreign tourist from the airport, one can find Amar brushing up his English communication skills, trying to effectively converse with the passenger despite his lack of fluency. Communication with the passengers is unavoidable, especially while confirming the pickup and drop off locations. “Chinese passengers are most dreaded

because they don’t know English, let alone the hope of conversing in Hindi. In such cases, we either take help from higher-ups or use google translate,” explains Danesh, a driver working for Ola.

### Pink alert | Yet to be resolved

Amar picked his second ride of the day, a woman in her twenties. The conversation begins with the commuter asking, “Why are there no female drivers?” Amar isn’t quite sure how to deal with this question. However, he assures her that he will be more than happy to welcome female counterparts. Anand Kumar, an Uber management executive, commented, “Uber recently initiated the ‘Mahila Partner’ scheme that strives to pair female passengers with female drivers. On Diwali this year, our female drivers also received self-defence classes.”

### The silver lining | A decent life

Although Amar has come across many speed-breakers in his journey as a cab driver, he believes that it has indeed given him an improved way of earning a living. The comfort of being in the car he drives, thereby avoiding the freezing cold outside reminds him that his life has undeniably changed for the better ever since he started to work with Uber. “The journey with Uber has only turned out to be a better bet for individuals from small towns like me. I don’t have to worry about feeding my family. I always earn enough to afford my daily expenses without even thinking of loans,” stated Mahendra Pawar, an Uber driver.

This is but just a day in the life of Amar, or any Uber/Ola driver for that matter- a bumpy ride splattered with beautiful milestones. 🇮🇳

Pics: Dakshesh Bharal, AIS PV, XI E



### The Solitaire: Editor-in-chief



### The Emerald: Our illustrator



### The Sapphire: Our page editor



### The Ruby: Our graphic designers



## The jewels of GT



"For your vibe and your story, I don't mind a little editing."

Shreya Ghosh, AIS PV, XII C  
Page Editor

# The making of a poet

## A Profession That Truly Takes You Above And Beyond This World

Shreya Ghosh, AIS PV, XII C

They say everyone has a poet in them. But if the world is filled with poets and social media with poetry, how is one supposed to make a career out of it? Make it rhyme, play with words, go the hashtag way... is what they have to say. But the pro goes a different way. Meet pro- Disha Grover, a poet and a blogger. Her Instagram handle 'bytheword\_' enjoys over 27k followers. Working as a writer and graphic designer in a freelance capacity, her poems have been published in Literary magazines such as 'Indie Affair' and 'The Verse of Silence'.

**What they say:** It's easy to be a poet.

**What the pro says:** I started posting on bytheword\_ when I was in the college third year. I posted quotes and poems that I connected to, soon I started posting my own thoughts in the captions below them. Surprisingly, people liked what I wrote and it was quite a journey from then on. But, it wasn't all a smooth sailing. There were days when I wasn't motivated enough or I didn't have content to write.

**What they say:** Challenges of being a poet...what's that? You just have to write.

**What the pro says:** Posting good quality work regularly is a challenge. Earlier, I used to post anything just for the sake of it. This compromised the quality of my work, something I realised soon enough and

decided to post only genuinely good work. As a poet, I constantly remind myself that I write not only for myself but for the readers too. It's important to have an audience who appreciates your work rather than to have more followers and likes.

**What they say:** Poetry needs no courses.

**What the pro says:** I did a creative writing course from The British Council. It was an enriching experience and meeting fellow poets and writers helped in widening my perspective. There are other courses also provided by institutes like Sri Aurobindo Centre for Arts and Communication (SACAC) and IGNOU (distant). While these courses do not teach you how to write, they do help you establish your own style.

**What they say:** Write what is trending.

**What the pro says:** Poetry should be written not to seek validation but should be written with honesty. Else, it will lack depth. It should be blunt and hence disturbing (not to be mistaken with vulgar) if you are raising an issue. I prefer writing confessional poetry, about my observations of life in general. My poems come out best when they are raw and honest; it is the truth but not necessarily mine. Poetry is like a mirror. A poem is not a conclusion you provide, it is the journey you write that shouldn't be restrained.

**What they say:** You can be a poet anytime you want.

**What the pro says:** If you do not start, you would never know the stories in your head. If you want to pursue poetry as a hobby, maintaining a journal or a blog is a good way of making sure that you do it regularly. Sharing with others or not is a choice you make. But you will never know if you never begin, just start writing and see where it takes you.



Illustration: Vanshika Chaudhary  
AIS PV, XI C

# The shape of you

## Asymmetrical Rows Of Different Shapes

Deeksha Puri, AIS PV, XII F

Lifted the pages in which I resided through a corner, as the book slowly opened. In the distance, I heard a groan, "Ugh, Geometry? Not again!" Though accustomed to the look of annoyance given at my figure by the children, I wished that Pythagoras would have left my ancestors alone. This drop in popularity isn't helping and I'm supposed to be the edgy one. I let out a groan, cursing my form internally. Amongst the never-ending formulas and figures, it was hard to be a shape, when all the aspects of your multi-faceted personality were ignored. I heard faint weeping in the background and turned a few pages to see where the sounds were coming from. It was the

rectangle, crying again because her length wasn't equal to her breadth. In comparison to the symmetrical square, she felt as if she wasn't very shapely. My attempts to comfort her were of no avail. To add to the misery, I encountered him.

"Where do you think you're going? You thorny-corner having no-good-side monster!" screamed he, with his diametrically opposite views, the one I despised, from the very bottom of my centroid. "Not this again," I rolled my eyes.

"Triangle, yes, this again. Just because you have an edge over others doesn't mean you put them down. Look at poor rectangle crying because of you!" spat the circle. "I have never, in my entire long-drawn life encountered someone as mean as

you are!"

"I was going there to help her and don't you always brag about being a well-rounded individual? All I've done is make a few puns," I answered. I scoffed at the irony of this ordeal, for a pointless figure seemingly had me cornered. "At your expense..." I mumbled, not wanting my Arc-Nemesis to further this cyclic, dramatic tirade.

At the peak of these tensions, the book fell and landed in the hands of another child, who gasped and said, "Geometry! I love solving problems relating to shapes!"

It was at that moment that all three of us looked at each other and realised, that despite of what we look like, we were loved just as we are; all of us held a specific area in the hands of most, but also in the hearts of a few.



Illustration: Vanshika Chaudhary, AIS PV, XI C



Graphic: Tanmay Rai Nanda, X C | Pic: Kunal Ahuja, XI D  
Models: Shivam Chandanani, XI C, Taarush Bugnait, XI D, Armaan Sadana, XI F; AIS PV

# A close study

## The Sub-Species Of Genus Topperus

Nalin Jayaswal

AIS Pushp Vihar, X B

School classroom, 8:00 am

**Aim:** To discover the several sub-species of Genus Topperus, peculiar in their natural habitat which is the front bench.

**Methodology:** The researchers took the risk of being seated beside them and note their demeanours for a period of 8 hours/day for an entire academic year.

**Observation:** Through careful observation, the scholars noted the various characteristics to define each sub-species as follows:

⊙ **Topperus maskus:** Known to exist in every class, this species lives to prove that s/he is the best. Always on the prowl to hunt down questions, this species

sometimes even manages to irritate the gentlest of teachers with its want for a constant seal of approval along with always gaining groans from the rest of the herd.

**Unique trait:** Raising hands every now and then

⊙ **Topperus maximus:** The most astounding of all, they perform extremely well everywhere, so much so that scientists often regard their existence as mythical. This can be attributed to the sole reason that their specific abilities are hard to observe. They're most commonly referred to as 'all-rounders'.

**Unique trait:** Multi-tasking comes innate to them

⊙ **Topperus cameleonus:** This species betrays their own without even knowing it. These are the or-

ganisms who have recently only entered the 'great league'. They still remember their past selves and are thus under-confident of their abilities unlike other species. Much like Clark Kent changing into Superman who only appears in times of distress, they evolve into members of this species during the stressful exam season.

**Unique trait:** Ability to outdo Topperus Maximus at times

**Conclusion:** As an outcome of this study, it was further found that each sub species within the pre-existing genus, showcased drastically disparate behaviours. However, the researchers experienced a highly fascinating journey despite the potential dangers of being attacked at any point in time by the genus. 📚

Amity Institute  
for Competitive  
Examinations

Presents

Brainleaks-295  
FOR CLASS IX-XII

Which of the following statements are false about soaps and detergents?

- (i) Soaps are water soluble while detergents are not.  
(ii) Soaps are non-biodegradable while detergents are biodegradable.  
(iii) Hardness of water is due to presence of Ca and Mg salts which form scum with soap.  
(iv) The polar group in soaps is - COONa.  
(a) (i), (ii) and (iii) only  
(b) (i) and (ii) only  
(c) (iii) and (iv) only  
(d) (i), (ii) and (iv) only

Last Date:  
JAN 17, 2020

3 correct entries with attractive prizes

Ans. Brainleaks 294: (d)

Winner for Brainleaks 294

1. Shreya Mittal, AIS Noida, XI N
2. Jia Kapoor, AIS Gur 4B, VIII H
3. Rishi Garg, AIS Vas 6, VII D

Name:.....

Class:.....

School:.....

Send your answers to The Global Times,  
E-26, Defence Colony, New Delhi - 24 or e-mail  
your answer at brainleaks@theglobaltimes.in



# Willful deniability

## Walking On Thin Ice With Our Eyes Closed And Mind Shut; Doomsday Is Here!

Yasmin Tandon, AIS Pushp Vihar, X A

Reports suggest that climate change might be the most serious yet ignored issue of our time. For those who still don't know, climate change refers to the change in global or regional climate patterns. It is scientifically proven (clearly doesn't mean much these days),

as are its effects which will only worsen unless we take immediate action to prevent this. There are several people who deny its existence (because who knows this might go away), these people are known as the 'climate change deniers'.

Contrary to popular belief, these people do not have a strong argument for denying something

even scientists agree on. In their defense, "climate has changed before," and of course we are inclined to agree, the Ice Age was indeed a great time for humans, wasn't it? Their second justification (excuse really) is "carbon dioxide is necessary for plants," which, if you think about, is right; only, we have already cut down most of them now so there are not enough trees or forests left to balance out the high carbon dioxide content in the environment.

Of course, there are some legit studies too. For instance, this one study by Stanford scientists, which states that the Equilibrium Climate Sensitivity (ECS) or the increase in Earth's surface temperature, when the amount of CO<sub>2</sub> is doubled is quite low. Meaning, the planet will warm relatively slowly in response to carbon pollution. This argument was easily countered, when they were reminded that earth's response to this 'slight' warm up is even more melted ice and increased water vapours aka greenhouse gases in the atmosphere. It is like a sad cycle of burning up our mother nature. Gradually and brutally looks like instead of Greta, these climate change deniers need to go

back to school.

Some deniers also suggested that clouds will successfully prevent climate change, as they have a cooling effect on earth; they have the ability to block light and heat from the sun. Too bad they missed that these very clouds, also warm up the temperature. It is funny how these people pick up one scientific fact to prove their belief right, only to ignore the other. Scientists have also said that over the time, due to earth heating up, there will be less and less clouds left to cool down the earth. So, you see no matter what genius theory any of us come up with, the bottom line is that due to our own activities over decades, earth's defenses have become so weak that they cannot help us.

So, why even after all these scientific proofs, some people refuse to believe that climate change is real? Psychologically speaking, climate change deniers are generally those who have system justifying tendencies or conservatives because climate change having negative effects means something's wrong with the system and that is not possible. Also, the environment-friendly alternatives to the causes of this phenomenon (like fossil fuels to name one) are expensive and also inconvenient. And why choose to save your planet when you can simply go into denial, save your money and live a comfortable and luscious life? 🇺🇸

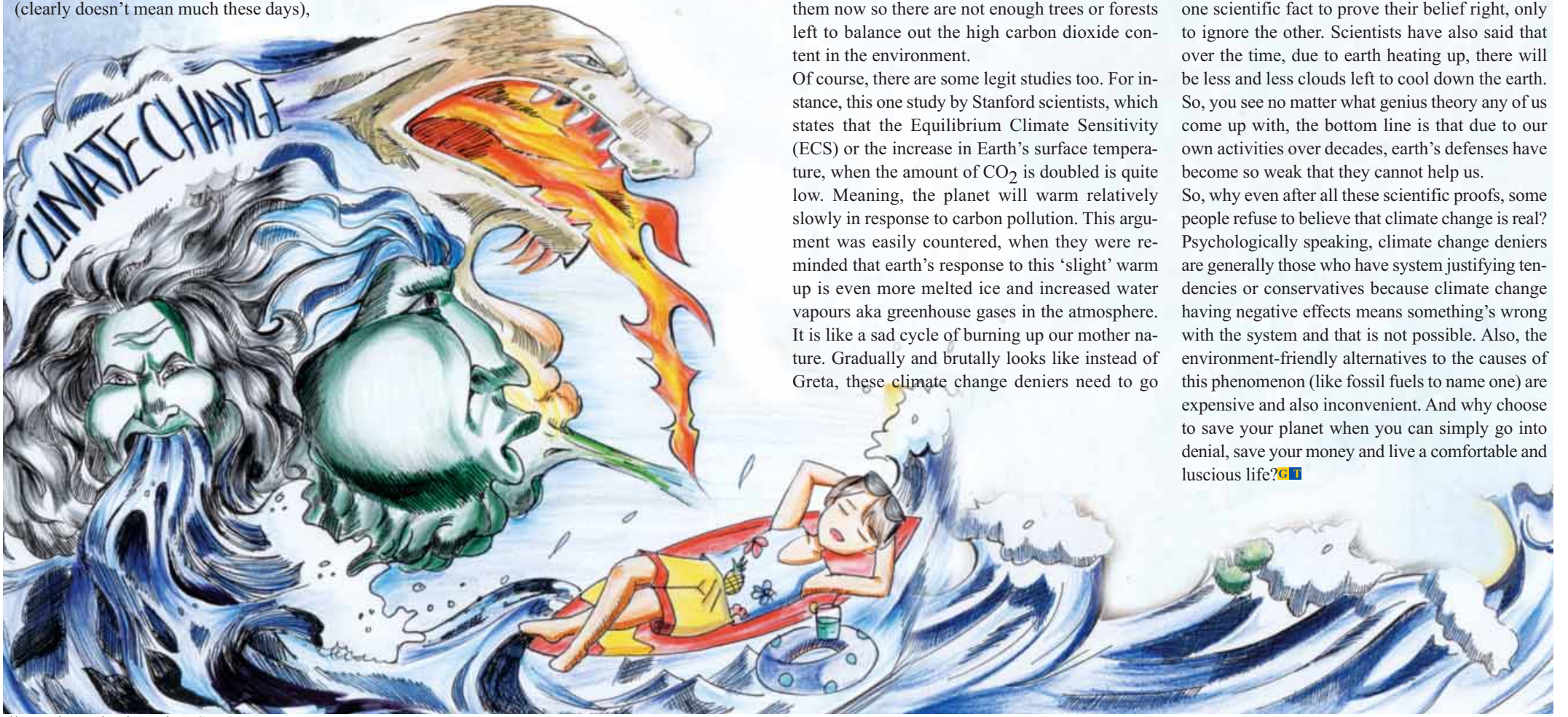


Illustration: Rimsha Lal, AIS PV, XI F

## Organic'ly working

### The Anatomy Of A GT Editorial Team

Shyla Basu, AIS PV, X F

As the editors gathered for the edit meet once again, the striking parallelism between the GT team and the anatomy of a body led to a moment of epiphany. A body cannot work without the systematic functioning of all organs. Similarly, in the backdrop of an exemplary edition, are the members of the edit team working in perfect harmony, each one as important as the other.

**Anatomical organ:** The brain  
**GT equivalent:** Mentors  
The indisputable 'control centre' of a body is the brain and of GT is its mentors. They provide logic to every function and moderate the working of each

part. Their presence is integral to our newspaper.

**Anatomical organ:** The heart  
**GT equivalent:** Writers  
Pumping blood into our body, heart is what keeps the body alive. The same can be said for words, as thousands and thousands of them are strung together by the writers to infuse life into those 12 pages.

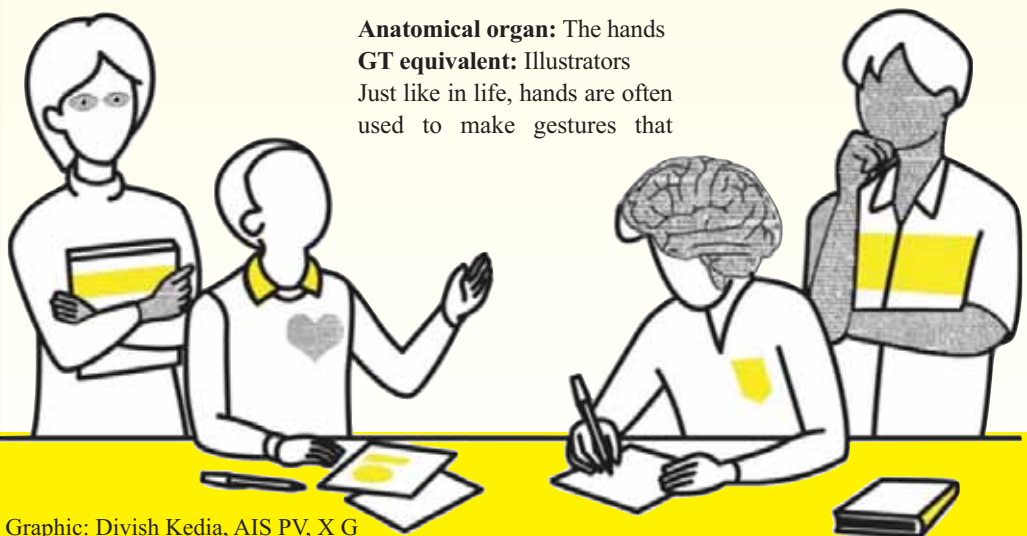
**Anatomical organ:** The eyes  
**GT equivalent:** Photographers  
These wanderers work just like a camera, the light entering through the cornea giving us the ability to see. The lens behind on autofocus, zooming in on the approaching objects. Just like our photographers who skilfully capture stories with one picture.

**Anatomical organ:** The hands  
**GT equivalent:** Illustrators  
Just like in life, hands are often used to make gestures that

words can't express. The fingers of the artists dance gracefully on the canvas or on the screen as they tap them lightly to create a masterpiece for the viewers.

**Anatomical organ:** The skin  
**GT equivalent:** Editor-in-chief  
Just like the way our skin covers the body and protects us from outworldly damages, the editor-in-chief is the glue keeping the members close and shouldering the responsibility of their mistakes.

**Anatomical organ:** The blood  
**GT equivalent:** Readers  
Blood provides oxygen to the cells just like our readers who keep the GT newspaper going by showering it with all their love and appreciation.



Graphic: Divish Kedia, AIS PV, X G

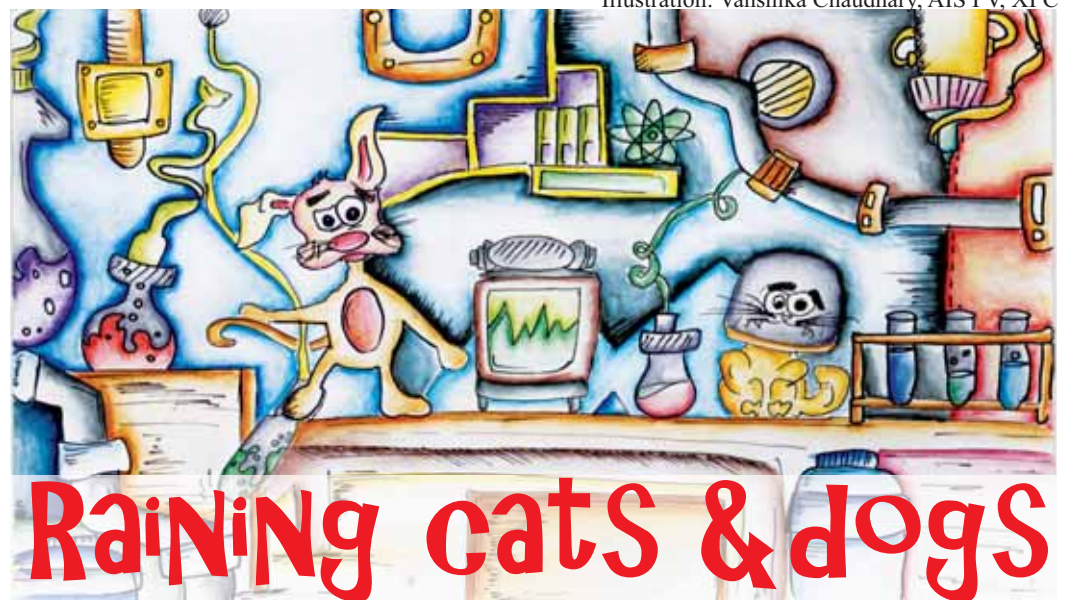


Illustration: Vanshika Chaudhary, AIS PV, XI C

## Animal Testing, Animal Testing, 1,2,3...

Tanya Talwar, AIS PV, XI G

**Disclaimer:** The following conversation is taking place in the lab of a renowned scientist, Erwin Schrödinger. Even though these two experiments happened decades ago, let's assume for the sake of this article, that Ivan Pavlov and Erwin Schrödinger were scientific buddies who let their dog and cat hangout together once in a while!

The flask lay open, toppling with its curved edges twirling around until it dripped its poison onto the crooked counter. The radioactive material was laying asunder, the only clue leading to the culprit being a paw print on the Geiger-Müller counter. The paw prints created a trail leading to a room where a cat dramatically lay dead "Stop being so catty, I know you're not dead," barked a voice. "Oh, what would you know? The

prolonged exposure to unstable radiation has made me mentally unstable," the cat said, flicking a paw. "Also, just because you are better swimmers than us, doesn't mean that you start wearing a snorkelling tube on land to rub it in our faces," it said pointing at the tubes attached to the dog's mouth. "The radiation has affected your brain cells. This tube is to collect my saliva so that Pavlov can prove the existence of classical conditioning. See, you're not the only victim here," the dog smirked. "Huh! at least you get free food. Mine locks me up with a lethal substance. They call me Schrödinger's cat now. Talk about objectification!" meowed the cat. The dog simply glared at the cat and the cat scoffed. "I know I've been insulting you a lot, but I have to give credit where it's due. Your sufferings are for the cause of humanity. Pavlov is simply trying to teach people that

their behaviours are not just a result of their core nature, rather a consequence of the things they've learned in life! Schrödinger is torturing me to prove that no theory in science is right or wrong until proven. A lawyer could have told him that!" the cat scoffed. "Oh, and you think I'm having a fun time. He keeps me tied up half of the day, not wanting to miss any of my responses to food. My mouth is starting to hurt from salivating and eating so much," whined the dog. Suddenly, the cat's bell around its neck jiggled, and the dog's ears perked up. "Food! Where is my food?" it barked. A snort escaped the cat's mouth, as it said, "This is my personal bell you idiot, not the one Pavlov uses when bringing you food. Go ask your human about this sensory association, I think Dr Schrödinger is coming back soon." 🇺🇸



"Maaza, chips and gasoline and all things in between."

Arshya Gupta, AIS PV, XI G  
Page Editor

U, Me Aur Hum

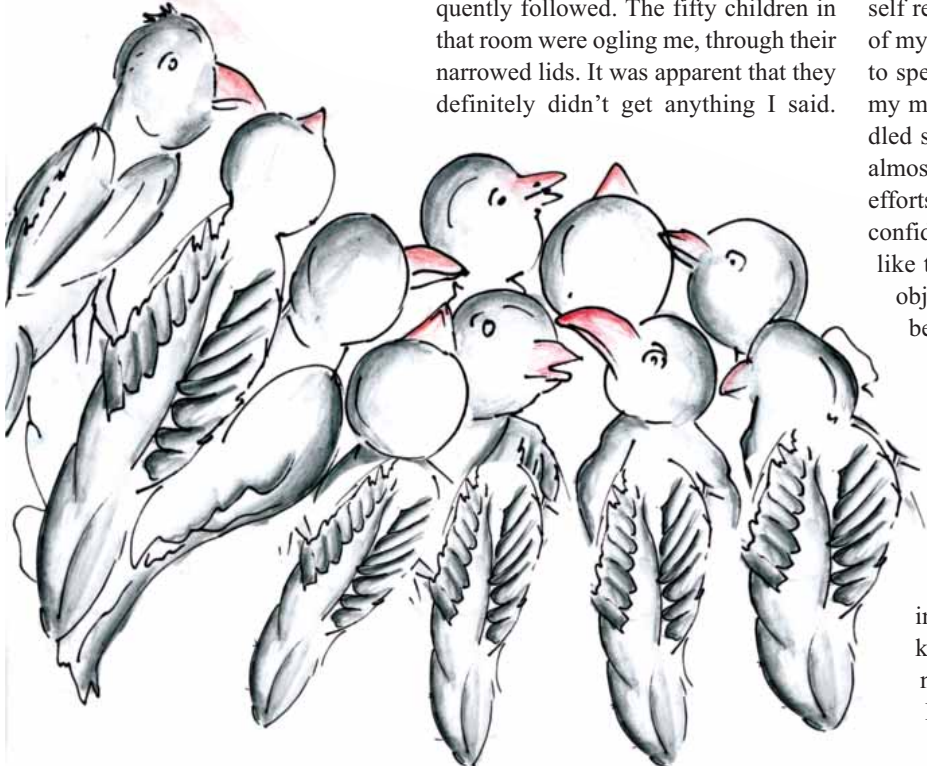
Whose life is it anyway

# ENGLISH, GOOD?

## Too Bad Or Too Good, The Grass Isn't Greener On Either Side

Isha Agarwal, AIS PV, XI G

While preparing the plan of action for a tech competition, I proposed at the school meet-



ing that we must focus on systemised reciprocal options to achieve optimal transitional flexibility, to ideate an integrated monitored projection. The strangest second of my entirety subsequently followed. The fifty children in that room were ogling me, through their narrowed lids. It was apparent that they definitely didn't get anything I said.

In contrast, I got a combo of judging eyes, sarcastic, "you're a showoff" looks and let's just say not very encouraging comments.

Within the depths of my mind, I felt myself reaching for not so fond memories of my peers making fun of my attempts to speak the language. The laughter at my mispronounced words and mishandled subject verb agreement led to me almost turning into a social pariah. My efforts to improve made me regain my confidence in this language, but events like these bring me back to being the object of ridicule, the same language being the culprit again.

The English language, perceived as a luxury, and an instrument of the elite, especially during the British Raj became almost a prerequisite for the Indian population to excel in a globalised world. How ironic that non-native English speakers who were initially criticised for speaking broken English back in those days, are now ostracised for greater fluency. People failing to speak the language are deemed 'conservative',



Illustration: Vansika Chaudhary  
AIS PV, XI C

and 'uncool', and those who actually do accomplish this feat are deemed 'imperialist snobs'.

This absurd perception isn't helped by self-proclaimed grammar Nazis on the internet, who become autocorrect in human form, and earn the good English speakers a tarnished reputation. Hence, I ask myself, is it really worth it to be on the English pedestal?

In this confusing linguistic swarm, we've almost come full circle. Speak too well, you're a snob and speak bad English, you're subpar. This linguistic categorisation paints our perceptions even before we get to the core of what

This absurd perception isn't helped by self-proclaimed grammar Nazis on the internet, who become autocorrect in human form, and earn the good English speakers a tarnished reputation.

someone may have intended to say. This double-edged sword is hard to handle, so we must sheath it with our own capabilities. So handle with care, or let's say speak with care. [G](#) [I](#)

# WRITERS FOR GT

Tanya Talwar, XI G & Suhani Malik, XI B, AIS PV

Shakespeare, Dickens, Tolkein and other literary legends had been summoned - to write. Sounded easy, until they realised they were at The Global Times office.

As the great master, William Shakespeare, struggles to crunch a poem, he pens down another sonnet to cry his woes, which goes:

"As I beginneth to edit anon,  
Twisteth mine own brain  
And raiseth a brow  
Oh, I'm so hath lost, I'rd,  
Shouldst I went about t how?  
I stress t hard,  
And bethink twice.  
Is th're a word,  
Yond shall matcheth 'nice'?  
This is too longeth  
Th're nay space.  
Exceeding the boxeth,  
What shouldst I replaceth?  
Waiteth, waiteth, an idea chim'd.  
Thanketh God, at least yond rhym'd."

On the other hand, in a dark corner of the GT office, sits Ernest Hemingway, struggling to present his story idea:

"She walks with trepidation. You're just paranoid. What if they don't like it? They will. It's so uncommon. She's still triplicated. But what if it's already taken? It can't be, won't be. Yes, but what if it is? No, it won't be, you're just paranoid. Because, after all, there is nothing to writing for GT. All you do is sit down at a typewriter and bleed."

The queen, Jane Austen, does not fall behind, in expressing the environment she witnesses around her fellow GT writers:

"It is a truth universally acknowledged that everyone credits their 'aha' moment of an idea with a picture of them receiving a trophy at GT Awards. That is, until they get to know at the first edit meet with the GT team that a parallel Amity branch has already started away with a similar thought. The beauty of their ideas gets snubbed by the barbaric claws of fate. Needless to emphasise the surety of them getting the accolade, if only the GT madams had with them a sooner ren-

devous. Alas! their fate, clenched under the weight of bad omen and ill luck that the lord bequeathed them with, paying for which sins of past incarnation, they do not know!"

How could Samuel Taylor Coleridge, with his excessive onomatopoeia and ludicrous imagination which costs children their grade \*cough\* The Rime of the Ancient Mariner \*cough\*, not exclaim the utter chaos of his mind:

"The words are here, they are there,  
Oh, they are all around!  
The fickle mind sticketh to none,  
The other always seemeth sound.  
The words doeth their dance,  
Attracting the young man so.  
Finally, as he sticks to one,  
The fiends of editing led them to go."

As the GT teacher announces 'Pack up', a sigh of relief passes over every writer, wondering how the Amity kids go through it year after year, and finally they understand - being a literary legend is great, but writing for GT? That's a tougher feat to achieve.



Illustration: Rimsha Lal, AIS PV, XI F

## When Art Gets Way Too Smart

# Mona Lisa and its Mystery

Harshaa Kawatra  
AIS Pushp Vihar, XI E

Mona Lisa - a half body portrait by Leonardo da Vinci that has fascinated (and confused), eyes of all generations. Called the most famous painting in the world by populace, this fascinating painting carries some fascinating facts. Allow us to bring some to your notice:

- **A family dispute:** The subject of the painting was Lisa del Giocondo, née Gherardini, the third wife of Francesco del Giocondo, and together they had five children. Now, you know why she does not smile in the portrait?
- **Accidental name calling:** The original name was 'Monna Lisa'. Monna, an Italian word, means 'my lady'. A spelling mistake made the name what it is today.
- **Base ka base:** The painting is done not on a canvas but a poplar wooden plank. Yeah, I don't know the difference either!
- **The VIP treatment:** Since 2003, the painting has had its own room at Louvre Museum in Paris with a

glass ceiling, shatter-proof glass display and a spotlight. Remember, what they say about valuing people more after they are gone?

- **Hidden marks:** In 2010, Italian National Committee for Cultural Heritage said that in the subject's right eye, the artist's initials 'LV' can be seen. Err, romantic?
- **Lukka chuppi:** The painting gained popularity after being stolen in 1911. The theft was reported worldwide, making it famous. Picasso was under suspicion for the theft until it was returned to the Louvre two years later. Conspiracy theorists?
- **Ek prem kahani:** At the Louvre, 'Mona Lisa' has her own mailbox and receives plenty of love letters and flowers from admirers. So much so that once she was placed under police protection for a while. When it comes to one-sided love, this takes the cake!
- **A 'public' dispute:** Vandalism has also marked the artwork as it has been thrown acid on and pelted rocks at, both in 1956. Oh, the war between grown up people and a painting!



Graphic: Tanmay Rai Nanda, AIS PV, XI C



## New decade



Dr. Amrita Chauhan  
Chairperson

A very Happy New Year 2020 to all my dear Amitians. Two decades of this millennia have passed and if we look back at the last two decades, particularly the last decade, several transforming events— both good and bad, took place. But what set the past two decades as an important milestone was how the good leveraged itself over the bad, giving the world a way forward. Even if darkness prevailed on occasions, there was always light around the bend, paving a new path ahead.

Amidst various issues that drew attention it was the environment that took centre stage, as it should. Forest fires across the world killing wildlife brought despair. But hope soon followed as one could see several environment champions and school students coming forward to save the planet. If the world ran astray under the effects of global warming, eco friendly campaigns showed us that all is not lost.

While there was political unrest across the world, there were social crusaders taking charge, giving us new-age leaders. While technology brought us closer, giving us faster and easier access to our loved ones with WhatsApp and other instant messaging services; it at the same time drove us farther away as the world remained glued to their phones as opposed to the ones sitting next to them.

While stereotypes continued to rule the roost on the entertainment front, a series of fresh concepts and new forms of entertainment came as a welcome breeze. While we continued to be a cricket crazy nation, we also gave the world successful athletes and sportspersons in other fields. Having lived much of 21<sup>st</sup> century, I have seen that the last two decades were a mix of both— great times that ushered in an era of change, and challenging times. I am hopeful that the positives will take over the negatives and give us a future that we have always dreamt of. Here's wishing all of us a better and brighter future. 🇮🇳

## Be grateful



Ameeta Mohan  
Principal, AIS PV

*"The more grateful I am, the more beauty I see!"*

Mary Davis

There is a spark that can be lent to your eyes only when you feel thankful. When you start being grateful for the things you have, you experience more of all good things — you feel more positive emotions, feel more alive, act more compassionately and give out more goodness to the world. And this is why it is extremely important for all Amitians to be thankful for everything they have been bestowed with in life, whether by your parents, your teachers, your school or by the Almighty. We need to be thankful to each and every person who has shaped us, and one of these shaping factors is definitely The Global Times.

GT has provided a unique platform to the students, shaping their brilliant minds to create an edition that fills every member of AIS PV with utmost joy and pride. We are lucky to have been provided with such an exclusive opportunity and the students have worked hard to make this edition the best. I know that each and every student involved in the making of this special edition is thankful to the school teachers as well as GT mentors for all the guidance they received in the course of this journey and our beloved Chairperson, Dr (Mrs) Amrita Chauhan for giving the essential platform. I am elated to see the efforts of my students, their hard work, dedication and above all, their gratefulness, and I know we have done our best to make the GT trophy ours. 🇮🇳

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# Uncertainty is the value

## Question, Answer, Question: The Unending Loop Of Philosophy

Aparajita Lahiri, AIS Pushp Vihar, XII F

"Oh! you are being so philosophical!" we are often caught saying this to people whose opinions or ideologies appear confusing to us. And, why shouldn't we? Philosophy does seem to create more uncertainties than it ever gives answers for. Take Plato and Aristotle for instance; the duo who shared a mentor-mentee relationship, but largely diverge when it comes to their respective ideologies. One such difference is in their stance towards the human condition.

Plato saw the human condition as a trap that separates the mind from the truth. He was a transcendentalist and thus believed that one must transcend to a higher world as it is there that the true concepts of the world emerge. For him truth could not be found in the reality of life but in asceticism, through an ignorance of the sensory distractions which entrap the human body. But then what purpose do our sensations really serve? How it is the only thing that makes us human so futile and pointless?

Aristotle comes white-knighting to the rescue. He outrightly quizzed Plato's belief in asceticism and discarded it with a firm

belief in the human capacity to sensorily observe the world and broaden their knowledge to learn the 'divine' truth. He was a naturalist and for him this truth did exist in the natural world. He believed in the meaningfulness of everything in nature and we as humans kept swaying in it. But, to say that everything has a purpose, isn't it in itself cynical? There are

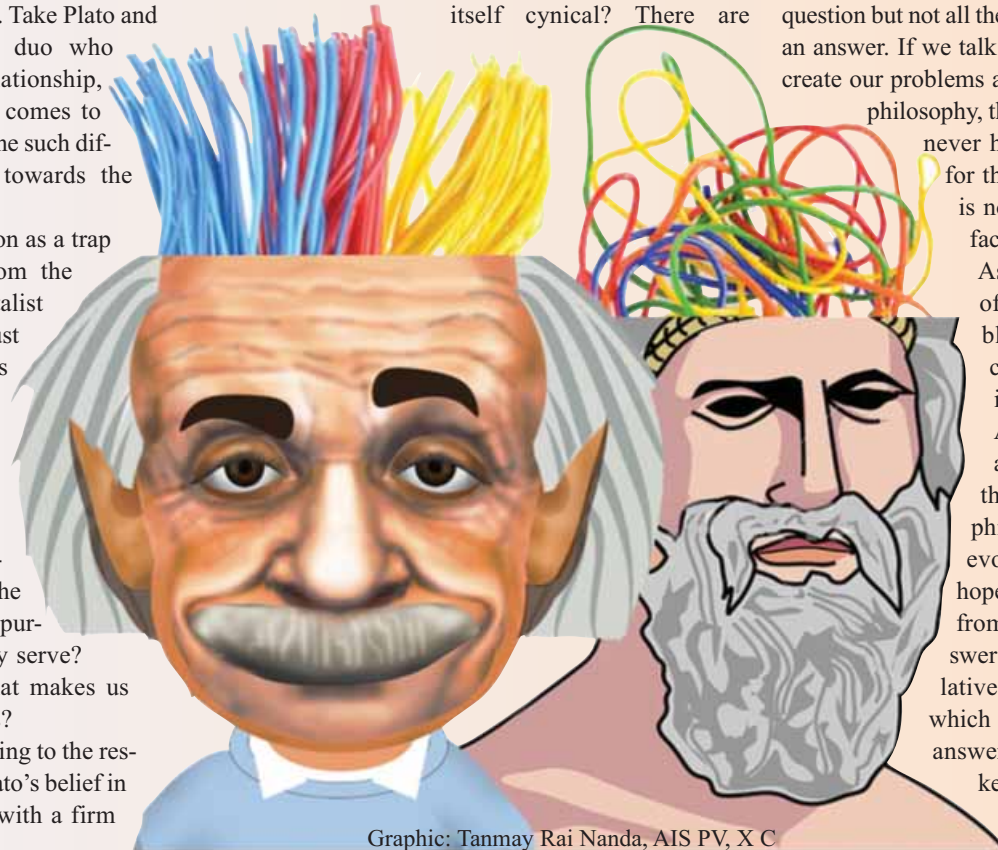
things in nature that don't have one, but still exist. Human existence is in itself meaningless, if Hamlet's question "To be or not to be" is anything to go by. For everything is a loop with no specific answers but only questions, with absolutely no way to prove one thing right and the other wrong.

In fact, all philosophy worth its salt begins in a question but not all these questions bring with them an answer. If we talk about science and math, we create our problems as well as solve them. But in philosophy, things are not so simple. It has

never had any success in our need for the answers, partly because it is not about gathering empirical facts or doing calculations.

As soon as definite knowledge of any subject becomes possible, the subject in question ceases to be called philosophical and becomes scientific.

After all, all the astronomy and cosmology as we know them today were once just philosophies. Philosophy has evolved to be associated with hope, of a new science emerging, from the questions we can't answer yet. It keeps alive the speculative interest, the uncertainty, which one day would lead to finite answer in the midst of infinity. It keeps us aware of the paradox, which is the universe.



Graphic: Tanmay Rai Nanda, AIS PV, X C

# A letter from Yamaraja

## To Let The Humankind Know About His Tale Of Anguish

Yasmin Tandon

AIS Pushp Vihar, X A

Not-so-dear mortals,

I'm sure you won't be happy hearing from me. And trust me, I am not happy writing to you, or anyone else for that matter, either. After all, what can be happy about ruling the land of dead souls? And as if my unhappy job wasn't enough, you hate me too. For what? For doing a job that chose me, and not the other way around.

There I was, a simple mortal, just like you living a simple life until I didn't. It was just my luck to be the first ever soul that left a body and by precedence, the duty of ruling the dead fell upon my shoulders, not knowing that one day you all would be hating me!

If I had Twitter, I am sure one of you might have started a hashtag to 'cancel' me by now. And why wouldn't you? For your ignorant minds, anything or anyone associated with Yama-lok is a bad omen, and sadly, that is where I live. And just FYI, I am merely the ruler of the dead; and not the one de-

termining who lives and who dies. So please, stop trying to bribe me into not picking you. I am NOT the one doing the selection! Which brings me to my other pet peeve — why don't you hate the ones who selected you to die in the first place?

You conveniently forget that I am also the God of Dharma and escort the worthy to heaven, which is what most of you wish for throughout your lives. Be reminded that you make your own places in heaven or hell; I merely provide the ride like an Uber driver. I am simply doing my job, controlling spirits and demons, and frankly, I believe I deserve some gratitude because it is you who are afraid of them.

I don't understand how other Gods and Goddesses, who have negative roles too, are so loved.

None of you seem to condemn Lord Vishnu, who despite being the preserver is going to bring the mortal world to its end one day. I see

you all worshipping Lord Shiva and Goddess Mahakali, who allow me to remind that you all are destroyers and strongly associated with death and doom-day. Why am I the only one discriminated against, pray tell! I can go on and on but I only wish to jog your memory into remembering that all Gods are equally responsible for all the problems faced by mankind and all of them are equally responsible for solving them. And if silly

you still blames me, I can understand; you are human, after all.

Yours lovingly  
\*scoffs\*

Yamaraja 🇮🇳

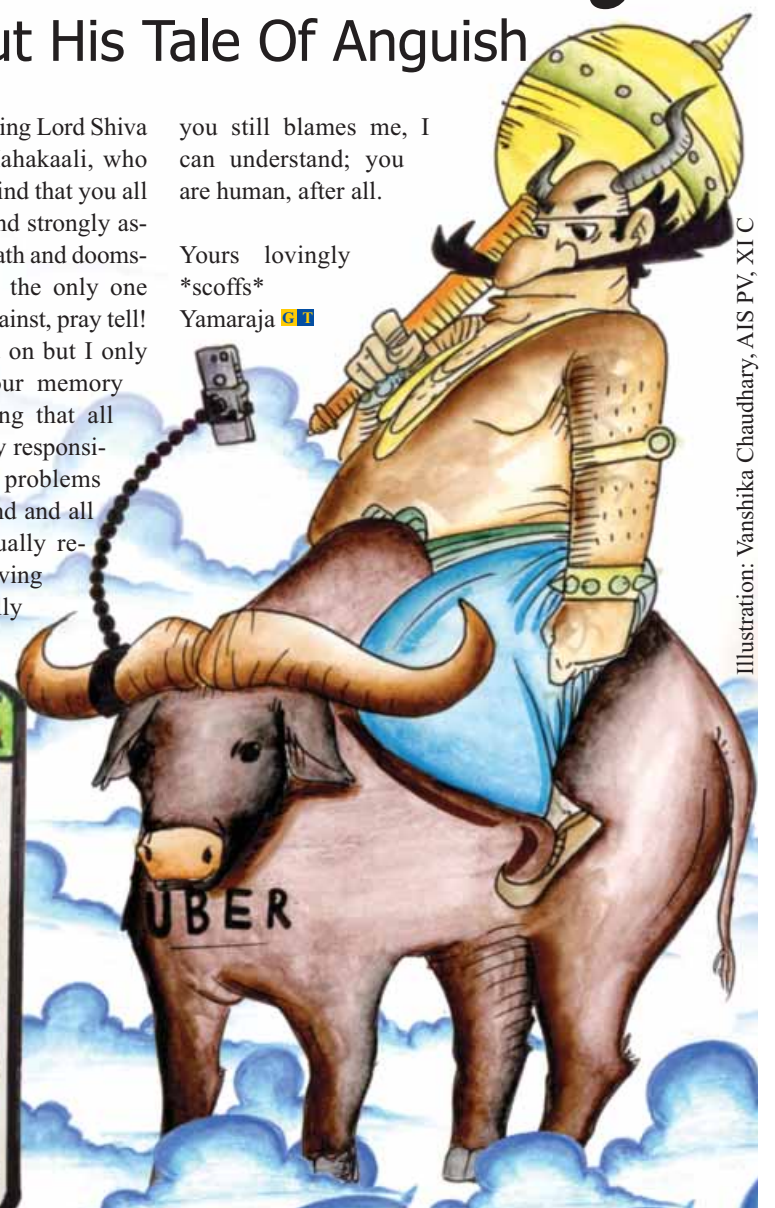
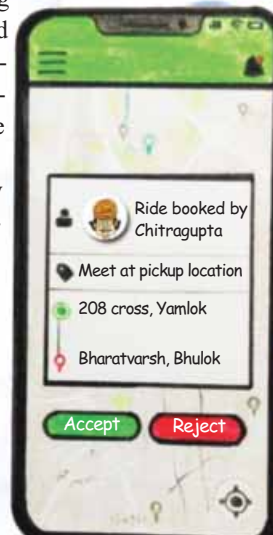


Illustration: Vanshika Chaudhary, AIS PV, XI C



Garima Dhingra  
GT Coordinator  
AIS Pushp Vihar

One of the key lessons I've learnt over the years as a GT mentor and a teacher is the beauty of trust. When we trust a student with his talents, we find him performing to his full potential. Every student who is given this gift is bound to flourish. Parents

## Trust is paramount

and teachers who note progress and deem a toddler's crayon drawings to be masterpieces might just be applauding a maestro in the making.

We have all had this person in our lives who was the first to trust our abilities and gave us space for ourselves. I wish to be that person for my entire

team. In this way, I have come to experience amazing transformations, growth and what I now deem to be the best relationship in the world— that of a mentor and a mentee. The writers, the artists, the graphic designers and the photographers, year after year, have inspired me with their resourcefulness and strength.

I trust my team to the fullest and with the same spirit, we present you our contest edition 2019-20.



"Said no more counting words, we'll be counting stars."

Suhani Malik, XI B & Viviana Longjam, XI C  
AIS PV, Page Editors



# The crown of HIMALAYAS

## Mount Everest, The Journey To The Peak

### Summit

### Finale

Height  
8848m

This is it. After crossing steep roads and troublesome zones, the mountaineers finally touch the mountain peak. However, they cannot spend more than half-an-hour on the summit as they must head down before the supplemental oxygen gets exhausted.

Height  
8100m

Stage  
6

### Camp 4 Death Zone

This one is the 'Death zone'. It is like a plateau with the sky as dark as night, and even with supplemental oxygen, the mountaineers cannot stay at such a high altitude for long. At times, the not-so-bearable climate forces the mountaineers to descend all the way down to the base camp and start again.



Height  
6800-8000m

Stage  
5

### Camp 3



### Lhotse Wall

The area is called Lhotse wall. The camp is placed right out of the wall and is compared to an eagle's nest. Here, the mountaineers start climbing inclined, hanging on ropes and changing carabiners. This camp is less on space, steep with no actual fixed position and is set up wherever there is some flat surface.

Height  
6400-6800m

Stage  
4

### Camp 2

### Advanced Base Camp (ABC)

At the foot of Lhotse Face of Mt Everest lies a broad, flat, gently undulating glacial valley basin 'The Western Cwm'. This basin has lateral crevasses in the center that hinder direct access to the upper valley. The mountaineers face maximum difficulty here because of the high altitude and windless days.



Height  
6100-6400m

Stage  
3

### Camp 1



### Valley of Silence

Even though this is known as the 'Valley of Silence', the mountaineers can hear the shifting of glaciers, at night. This camp is prone to be hit by avalanches which is why it is usually set up at a place far away from cracks and crevasses. It is a temporary camp and the mountaineers do not stay here for more than a day or two.

### Challenging Camp

This is the most challenging step because, here, mountaineers could lose their life due to the constant shifting of ice blocks as well as the formation of humongous ridges of ice on the surface of glaciers. Therefore, they begin their ascent early in the morning when the ice is frozen, because once the sun rises, the ice begins to melt rapidly and thus, shifting subsequently.

Height  
5500-6100m

Stage  
2

### Icefall

On the opposite sides of Mt Everest, there are two base camps i.e. South Base Camp in Nepal at 5364 m and North Base Camp in Tibet at 5150 m. Among these two routes, the mountaineers decide to pick one in order to reach the top. Every mountaineer spends about 4-8 weeks in this region so that they can acclimatise to the altitude. At the same time, Sherpas (guide natives of the Himalayas) begin to set ropes and ladders in the next region 'Icefall'.

Height  
5400m

Stage  
1

### Base Camp



Pic courtesy: Hardik Tiwari, AIS PV, IX D

# The dark shadow

Graphic: Tanmay Rai Nanda, X C | Pic: Dakshesh Bharal, XI E | Model: Kusum, Staff; AIS PV



## Storywala

Khushi Girdhar, AIS PV, X F

The old lady sighed in exhaustion as she trudged up to the house. Suddenly a shadow fell over her and startled, she turned around. But there was no one; it must be her tired mind conjuring images. She had only taken two more steps ahead when she heard the sound of footsteps. Panicking, she ran to her house. As she entered her apartment, the feeling of being followed intensified

and only the sight of her daughter calmed her down a bit. "I am being followed," she cried. Her daughter sighed, irritated. "We've already moved twice. I'm not uprooting my life for you again. You're clearly delusional!" Tears welled up in her eyes as fear gripped her heart. She knew she was not delusional. If only someone would catch her follower! She could sense someone watching her even when she was inside. She had stopped going out

or talking to anyone but her daughter would not pay her any heed. Her days were an endless loop of gazing at the blank wall. It was one of those days when she felt that presence again. She narrowed her wrinkled eyes in suspicion and clutched the knife that hadn't left her hand in days. She quickly turned around, striking the knife in thin air. Getting up from her bed, she swiped the knife again, this time getting the curtains, causing them to fall to the floor. The bedsheet and pil-

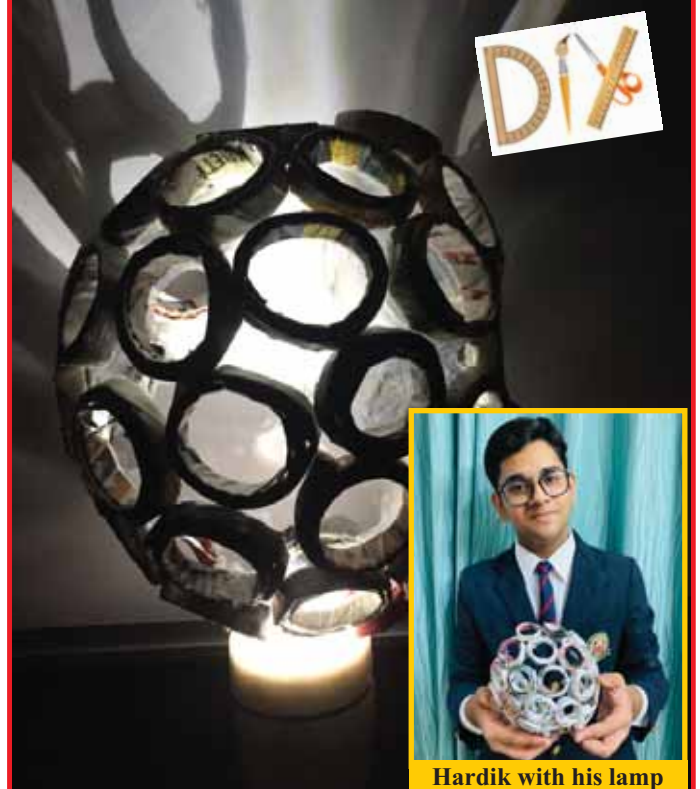
She narrowed her wrinkled eyes in suspicion and tightly clutched the knife that hadn't left her hand in days.

lows were her next victim. She left no stone unturned as she scanned the room, trying to find someone who was not there. Inevitably, her foot got caught in a piece of cloth making her trip and bang her hand on the table as she went down. She feared that she had become the victim of her paranoia.

Her daughter came home to a sight of her mother's room in tatters and her mother lying unconscious on the floor. Immediately, she rang for an ambulance and wondered wretchedly if her mother was telling the truth the whole time. She waited outside the hospital room for an hour before the doctor came and revealed that the one who wanted to hurt her was her own schizophrenia\*. The daughter cursed herself for not taking her seriously earlier, but at least, it was not too late yet. 🇮🇳

\*1% of world's population (nearly 75,270,000 people) suffer from schizophrenia & around 40% of these patients do not receive any medical treatment.

## Newspaper lamp



Hardik with his lamp

Hardik Tiwari, AIS Pushp Vihar, IX D

### Materials required

- ◆ Old newspaper
- ◆ Fevicol
- ◆ A small bottle for circular shape
- ◆ A large sized balloon
- ◆ A bulb holder
- ◆ A bulb
- ◆ A pair of scissors
- ◆ Hot glue gun
- ◆ A paint brush



### Procedure

- ◆ Take a newspaper page and cut it into 4 rectangular parts.
- ◆ Take one of these pieces and start rolling it diagonally from one end, in order to form a neat and tight roll.
- ◆ Once you are done, stick the free end. Make 30 such rolls.
- ◆ Now take one roll and press it down so that it is completely flattened. Repeat the same with every roll.
- ◆ Take a flattened roll and spiral it around a small bottle in a way to form a hollow ring.
- ◆ Stick the roll with every swirl using hot glue gun.
- ◆ Repeat the process with all the rolls, forming 30 such rings.
- ◆ Now take a balloon and blow it to its full capacity.
- ◆ Start pasting these rings on the balloon closely. Make sure there's no gap between the rings.
- ◆ Leave the area near the mouth of the balloon empty.
- ◆ Now make a mixture of fevicol and water. Make sure the mixture is thick.
- ◆ Cover the whole balloon along with the rings on it with this mixture using a paint brush. This will give the lamp a structure of its own.
- ◆ After 24 hours, when the structure is dry and hard, pop the balloon with a needle and remove it carefully.
- ◆ This will form a thick skull-like structure made of rings.
- ◆ Now take a bulb holder and put a bulb in it.
- ◆ Put the skull structure over this bulb holder from its mouth and stick it to the holder using hot glue gun so that it doesn't fall off.
- ◆ Keep it aside for some time for the glue to strengthen its hold.
- ◆ Your newspaper lamp is ready! Switch on the bulb and light up your world.

## WORDS VERSE

### A writer's soul

Suhani Malik, AIS Pushp Vihar, XI B

There's pandemonium in my soul  
Utter chaos that makes me whole  
Million thoughts brewing a storm  
Clouds of darkness out of form

Pen and paper keeping me sane  
Words of laughter, words of pain  
A gateway for my screaming mind  
Lost universe for the world to find

Every breath seems like a mystery  
Exploring letters of the history  
Drawing in love to inspire  
Exhaling words with raging fire

Broken down into the ink of pen  
Dried out to recall again and again  
For the pandemonium in my soul  
Is utter chaos that makes me whole

Graphic: Tanmay Rai Nanda, AIS PV, X C

### The mockingbird and the tree

Tejvir Singh Suri, AIS PV, XI D

It is a beautiful Mockingbird  
Singing on an old tree daily  
Entrancing the whole forest  
With the tunes old and new  
No one dares to come near  
For cuscuta will kill who do  
As his shadow sustains no one  
But the bird that sings like a harp  
It is a sad and broken tree  
With heart of a molten stone  
Who curbs his murderous nature

To sustain the voice so beautiful  
A peacock applauds from afar  
And never tries to come close  
For the tree is now a wooden cage  
Whose toxicity destroys any love  
The tree has withered to nothing  
The peacock sees his chance now  
But the bird who lit the fire in him  
Is gone, he can't find her nowhere  
The beautiful Mockingbird  
Imprisoned her whole life  
Has now flown to freedom around  
Never to be caught by anyone 🇮🇳



Graphic: Divish Kedia, AIS PV, X G

## CAMERA CAPERS

Sambhav Arora, AIS Pushp Vihar, X B

Send in your entries to  
cameracapers@theglobaltimes.in

The mischievous mother monkey



A sweet squirrel stare



Did someone say food?





“Cause our edition never goes out of style.”

Aparajita Lahiri, AIS PV, XII F  
Page Editor

Pic courtesy: Asmita Das Taneja, AIS PV, IV C

# An ironic mischief

Illustration: Rimsha Lal, AIS PV, XI F



## Wisdom tale

Agastya Das Taneja  
AIS Pushp Vihar, VI A

Long ago, there was a time when Land and Sky were best friends. Despite being as different as brown and blue, they always got along, spending all their time together. Sea always wanted to be Sky's friend too; after all they were the same colour! Therefore, she always envied their friendship.

Thus, Sea came up with a master plan to cause mischief and create turbulence between the two best

friends, hoping that she would finally get the attention she wanted. So, she went to Land and said, “Hey Land, I heard Sky say that he is much more powerful than you.” To this, Land replied, “What! Sky can never match my might.” Next, Sea went to Sky and said “Hey mighty Sky, I heard Land say that he is much more powerful than you.” Hearing this Sky got very upset. When both Sky and Land met again, the former said, “You think you can defeat me in a fight? I can bring floods to you and destroy your

very existence” Hearing this, Land said, “I am God's finest piece of work while you're nothing but a puff of air!”

Sky could not control his anger and to punish Land, he took water from Sea and caused destructive floods on Land. While Land remained unaffected, this caused a lot of pain to Sea as she was the one being thrown on the hard surface of Land each day. Even though the floods caused destruction, several new crops and plants blossomed on Land giving birth to life on earth. This made God re-

Sky could not control his anger and to punish Land, he took water from Sea and caused destructive floods on Land.

alise how the cycle of Sea from Sky to Land is the key to life on earth. He then decided to make Sea a permanent carrier of water between Sky and Land so as to make an inhabitable planet.

Amidst all this, even though Sea got her wish and was able to break Sky and Land's friendship, she suffered for eternity due to her own notorious deed. She now had to travel nonstop between Land and Sky and also convert into ice, liquid and air due to the painful water cycle. The biggest slap to Sea was when Sky and Land reconciled one day, causing Sky to gift rain to the Land. As Sea boiled with jealousy once more, she brought droughts to land to cause him pain. But Sky would never let his friend suffer for long urging Sea to rise and fall once again. Sea's jealousy brought her to a new low and her actions born out of spite reflected the true meaning of the phrase “you reap, as you sow.”

So what did you learn today?  
As you sow, so shall you reap.



## CARAMEL PUDDING

Asmita Das Taneja, AIS Pushp Vihar, IV C

### Ingredients

<b>For pudding</b>	Nestle Milkmaid . . . . .4 tsp
Milk . . . . .700 ml	Vanilla essence . . . . .2 tsp
Eggs . . . . .4	<b>For caramel</b>
Bread . . . . .2 pieces	Water . . . . .1 tsp
Sugar . . . . .¾ cup	Sugar . . . . .3 tsp

### Method

#### For caramel

- In a pot add water, just enough to make the surface of the pot wet. Then add sugar and turn on the gas stove on low flame.
- Keep stirring the pot until the sugar dissolves and mixture becomes a golden-brown colour.
- Let the caramel cool and then pour it into a mould.

#### For pudding

- In a pot, boil milk and sugar together.
- Let the mixture cool down, then tear 2 loaves of bread into pieces and add them to the mixture. Mix well.
- Beat 4 eggs separately and add to the cooled milk mixture.
- Now add the Nestle Milkmaid and vanilla essence into it. Blend it well.
- Take a mould. Pour a little caramel into it.
- Top it with milk mixture.
- Cover the mould with foil paper and place it in water in a double boiler.
- Cover the boiler and cook for 60 minutes until the pudding is set all the way through.
- Remove the cover and unmould the pudding.
- Enjoy the delicious delight!

## Jokey Pokey

Manya Malik, AIS PV, VI D

Q: What did the sun say in a movie about solar system?

A: I am the star of the show.



Q: How did the bird express her anger?

A: By tweeting about it.



Q: What were all the stars called when they started to dance?

A: Twinkle toes



Q: What is the clock's favourite app?

A: Tik tok

## POEMS

### Time flies

Saksham Chauhan, AIS PV, VI C

Tick, tick, tick, time flies by  
The sun is down but no night in the sky  
No one takes rest and all are awake  
They work very hard, no time for break

Tick, tick, tick, time flies by  
The sun is down and night in the sky  
Darkness falls and the owls are awake  
It's time we take a little break

Tick, tick, tick, time flies by



Illustration: Dhimant Badan, AIS PV, XI G

The night is gone; the sun is in the sky  
We all are awake, now owls take rest  
New day starts with new hope and zest

## All About Me

### Know Me

**My name:** Arjunveer Chauhan  
**My Class:** KG A  
**My school:** AIS PV  
**Born on:** June 24

### About Me

**Role model:** My brother  
**I like:** Legos  
**I dislike:** Orange bar  
**I want to become:** A ninja  
**I want to feature in GT because:** It will make my parents and school proud!

### My Favourites

**Hobby:** Playing with toys  
**Friends:** Adhiraj Chauhan, Aryaveer Chauhan & Aryan bhai  
**Book:** Ninjago  
**Game:** Tennis  
**Mall:** DLF Mall of India  
**Food:** Roti and dal  
**Teacher:** Divya Ma'am  
**Poem:** ABC, Tumble Down D  
**Subject:** Hindi



Pic: Dakshesh Bharal, AIS PV, XI E



Illustration: Amrit Warwal, AIS PV, X E

Saumya Ahuja, AIS PV, VI A

In the heart of a seed  
Buried so deep  
A small little plant  
Lay fast asleep

Get up said the sun  
Here comes the rain  
Get up quickly  
Let's play a game

Deep inside the soil

Little plant woke up  
Soaked in the rain  
Little plant broke up

The little plant heard  
And it rose to see  
What a lovely world  
The outside must be

Welcome to the world  
The little bird chirped  
Telling him how great  
Life could be!

## PAINTING CORNER

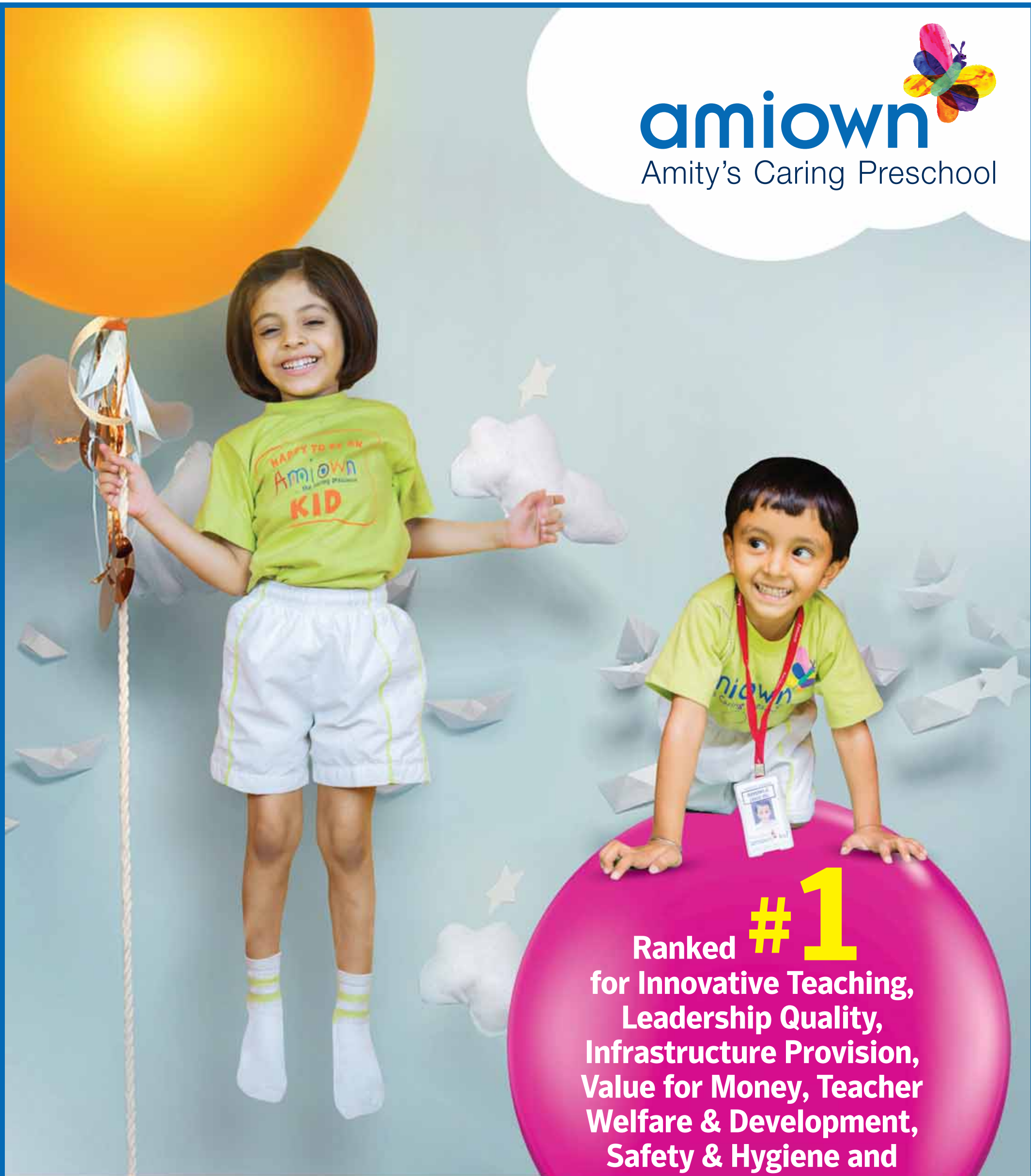
Anoushka Aggarwal  
AIS PV, V D





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# For a healthy liver

## Amitians Vow To Box Out The Menace Of Hepatitis



Dr Ashok K. Chauhan, Founder President, Amity Universe interacts with Amitians on the occasion

Over 150 Amitians from eight branches of Amity Group of Schools across Delhi/NCR participated and won laurels at the 22nd Hepatitis Day organised by Institute of Liver and Biliary Sciences on December 4, 2019. The event was graced by Dr Ashok K. Chauhan, Founder President, Amity Universe with Shri Satyendra Jain, health minister, govern-

ment of NCT Delhi, as the chief guest and renowned boxing champion, Mary Kom as the goodwill ambassador. Envisioned by eminent hepatologist, Dr Shiv Kumar Sarin to spread awareness about Hepatitis, its prevention and cure, the event comprised various competitions for school children like poster making, painting, poem recitation and quiz. Making Amity proud, Divya (IX)

of AIS Mayur Vihar won second prize in poetry recitation while Shreya Bansal (IX) of AIS Gurugram 43, Tamana Bhola (V) of AIS Saket and Ojaswani (VI) of AIS Vasundhara 1, won consolation prizes in poster making. Amitians on the occasion, interacted with Founder President and shared their innovative ideas on how to wipe out the menace of Hepatitis. [G](#)[I](#)



Little children present beautiful mermaid dance

## Oceanic odyssey

### Class Presentation In Amity

**AIS Vasundhara 6**

A class presentation titled 'Oceanic Odyssey' for the students of Class I, was held on Dec 7, 2019. Based on the theme 'Life in the ocean', the presentation commenced with traditional lamp lighting ceremony. School choir presented a song and a skit based on flora and fauna of the ocean that took the audience to a tour of Havelock Island, Andamans. Various dance

performances and acrobatics highlighted the sea life like starfish, whale, jelly fish, octopus and even the fantasy characters of pirates and mermaids. Students put up the message of water pollution due to spilling of oils and other human activities through mermaid's court and urged everyone to be sensitive towards protecting water bodies. The presentation concluded with a song 'Save the ocean' followed by school song and national anthem. [G](#)[I](#)

## Fitness with fun

### Two Days Of Adventure



Enthusiastic students participate at the camp

**AIS VKC Lucknow**

Camp Bagira, a two day adventure sports camp for Class Nursery - XII was held from December 5-6, 2019. Two days of fun, frolic and adventure, kickstarted with warm up exercises followed by myriad activities for different

groups, each lead by a team leader. Hosted with an objective to prime young minds into physical and mental fitness, the camp comprised activities like commando net, tyre maze, Burma bridge, wall climbing, bungee jumping, zip lining, tent pitching, hop scotch, swinging bridge and zorbing. [G](#)[I](#)

## Annual sports day

### A Day To Reward Young Sportsmen



Felicitation of sports champions at the award ceremony

**AIS Jagdishpur**

The school organised its annual sports day on December 7, 2019. NP Singh, block education officer, Jagdishpur graced the event as chief guest and Naresh Chauhan, assistant commandant, CISF as special guest. All the four houses presented a march past. Students of Class Nursery-VII participated in a variety of sports and racing events including musical and yoga drill, eat and run, balloon fighting, pick and run, book balance, walk race and back race. All the inter house racing events including 100m, 200m, 160m and 800m were won by Alaknanda house. The day concluded with winners of various sports being felicitated with trophies and certificates. [G](#)[I](#)

## Buzzing Bazinga

### The Love For Science Through A Quiz

The seventh Bazinga Science quiz for Class IX and XI organised under the aegis of the Research and Development division of Amity Group of Schools, was held from December 10-11, 2019. The quiz envisioned by Chairperson, Amity Group of Schools and RBEF, Dr (Mrs) Amita Chauhan, was this year elevated to inter school level. 90 students from 30 schools of Delhi/NCR participated in the competition which comprised several rounds like testing concepts, numerical ability, AV demo, connect and rapid fire. Dr Selvamurthy, president,



Winners of Bazinga quiz eminent guests and school principal

ASTIF and Dr Nidhi Jain, professor, IIT Delhi were chief guests at the events hosted by AIS Gur 46 for Class XI and AIS Pushp Vihar for Class IX respectively. AIS Saket, AIS Pushp Vihar and

AIS Gur 46 won first, second and third prize respectively in Class XI category. While AIS Noida bagged first position Class IX category followed by AIS Vas 6 bagging the third position. [G](#)[I](#)



Chairperson bestows late Baljit Shastri shield to Aditi Batra

## An ode to valour

### A Tribute To The Warriors

**AIS Saket**

The school celebrated its senior annual day on December 7, 2019. The event was graced by Chairperson, Amity Group of Schools and RBEF, Dr (Mrs) Amita Chauhan and Ms Pooja Chauhan, Chairperson, Amity Humanity Foundation. Dr Rashmi Singh (IAS) secretary, NDMC presided as chief guest and Sri SS Kohli, advisor & scientist G, head R&D (infrastructure), department of science and technology was special guest on the occasion. The event commenced with the traditional lamp lighting ceremony

followed by annual report presentation by school principal, Divya Bhatia. She enumerated the academic, extracurricular and sports achievements of the academic year 2019-20. Special awards were presented to outstanding academic and co-curricular achievers of Class XII. Mesmerising the audience, the school choir with Amitasha students presented a song followed by the dance drama titled 'Veer Yodha' which celebrated valour of the brave heroes of Indian history. The magnificent celebrations ended with words of wisdom by Chairperson, followed by school song and national anthem. [G](#)[I](#)



Students present dance drama 'Veer Yodha'



# SIBLING STRUGGLES

Saanvi Vaish, XI C & Raghav Pardasani, XI B, AIS PV

Welcome to the world of siblings - a rollercoaster you never bought a ticket for but still are forced to ride. Whilst it might seem fun to an outsider, only the ones on it know the horrors of its ups and downs.

## Adopting strategies

"Do you know you are adopted?"

"Yeah, our parents didn't want to commit the same mistake again!"

The younger ones master the art of savage retorts after years of teasing that would have once affected them gravely. On closer inspection, the younger ones find slight variations in their adoption places like 'in a trashcan', 'from an adoption home' or the personal favourite 'mandir ki seedhiyaan'. To say that the adoption remark has now become customary in every sibling pair ever known would be a total understatement.

## Favourite child™

This debate, that started in 4<sup>th</sup> Century BC, is still to reach a consensus. As the elder sibling argues that the younger one has been pampered to the extent of becoming a spoiled brat, the younger ones claim that their elders are more loved and favoured due to their firstborn title. In this hunt, the parents, even after their relentless claims of innocence, end up accused of favouritism and sentenced to long hours of silent treatment and snide remarks.

## Blame game

A broken vase or a damaged electronic? Cue the drama. The scene unfolds in stages. Firstly, hide or destroy the evidence. Secondly, if caught, keep up the pretence of innocence. If that fails, commence the infamous blame game. After rounds of pointing fingers and wagging tongues, disregarding the real culprit, the parents somehow always manage to pun-



Pic: Dakshesh Bharal, XI E | Models: Bianca Katyal, II B & Aryavardhan Chauhan, III A; AIS PV

## Who Will Win The War: The Elder Sibling Or The Younger One?

ish the ones who didn't commit the crime.

## Asserting the boss

The elder sibling asserts their 'birth rights' by ordering around the younger ones for their chores and then voice out the sheer injustice for their 'bossy' label. However, the younger one is conveniently labelled as disrespectful the moment they try to assert that they are no longer their sibling's personal house

elf. Talk about double standards!

## Identity crisis

The need of a better educational system is highlighted every time people judge one sibling by the acts of others, believing behaviour to be genetic. Watch the younger one be expected to score the exact same marks as the elder one and no one can believe that the elder one isn't as worldly and street-

smart as the younger one. Hello, did everyone forget we are siblings, not clones?

Being the living embodiment of "I can neither live with you nor without you", siblings might pretend to not care about each other but deep down they know that they will always have their back, because who else will they borrow money from or ask for help when they need to sneak out of the house?

## Of marbles and gilded monuments no more?

### The Sorry Tale Of Our Heritage And Neglect

Illustrations: Rimsha Lal, XI F & Dhimant Badan, XI G, AIS PV



Deeksha Puri, AIS PV, XII F

The sands of time have often washed against me reminders to embrace the nostalgia that resides within my walls. Time and again, I nearly refused to accept my age, for every day millions would flock just to see and click photographs with me. I stood as a symbol of beauty for both the generations to come and for the ones before them.

I was the crown (the Taj, if you will) of this adored land. I still am, so what if I shine with soot instead of white marble? I'm losing my sheen; I'm yellow

now and at times, I suffocate under the blanket of pollution, though it would be false to say I've lost all. I've even gained some - my own air purifier (spraying 15 lakh cubic metre air in eight hours within a 300 metre radius).

Despite the deadly Air Quality Index of 293 and an excessive amount of Particulate Matter 10 (PM-10), I'm managing, but for how long, I don't know. All this while, pity Shah Jahan, for what he constructed as a symbol of eternal love is limping towards a slow, steady death. Ironic that a funerary monument awaits its own funeral.

However, I'm still better off. It had been a while since I heard from many of my stone clad brethren, 24 of them to be exact, who had been termed as 'untraceable' by the Archaeological Survey of India.

I couldn't come to terms with this information when I first heard it and it later turned out that the number could have increased to 96, according to the Comptroller Auditor General.

**I can't even imagine the pain the great Red Fort must be going through - once a symbol of power, now stands powerless.**

I've had my fair share of issues with the government. Sometimes, they have disappointed me; sometimes irked me beyond bounds. But this time, they broke my heart. They were giving away my red sandstone sibling, the

The devastation of it all! How my temper flared at the Ministry of Culture. But then, one of my brethren told me that they receive only 1% of the annual budget to conserve the heritage of the entire country. Looks like it's not their fault either.

Red Fort, for adoption to someone called Dalmia Bharat. All I could imagine was the advertisement plastered on its already weak walls. I can't even imagine the pain the great Red Fort must go through - once a symbol of power, now stands powerless. Now, I know some of you would say that the government is doing its bit, that there is the Ancient Monuments and Archaeological Sites and Remains Act. Apparently, it is supposed to prevent construction within a

thing so brutal could be inflicted on some of the bravest pieces of stone I'd come across, from the forts to temples and churches regarded as pinnacles of humanity.

The weeping state of the burning Shuri Castle at Okinawa in Japan, burnt in the menacing grip of dancing flames, irreplaceably disfigured and lost, similar to the ashes that once engulfed the life of French Catholicism, Notre Dame. All of us were the reflections of architects seeking to enshrine a piece of themselves, but what happens when we lay like rubble?

As my heart aches for my contemporaries, laying on the ground as no one bothered and let them bleed, I continue to plead. I know my pleas seem unimportant, orthodox even, yet all I have to say is, cherish them and save them while they're still alive.

100 m of archaeological sites. But what good is it, seeing many of my friends bulldozed every other day.

Through my earthly connections, I had heard stories of plunder. Never in a million years could I fathom that some-

