



This special edition has been brought to you by AIS Vasundhara 1 as a part of the GT Making A Newspaper Contest. The inter-Amity newspaper making competition witnesses each branch of Amity across Delhi/NCR churning out its own 'Contest Edition'. The eight special editions are pitted against one another at the end of the year, which decides the winner at GT Awards. So, here's presenting the seventh entry of 'GT Making a Newspaper Contest 2017-18'.

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AMITEpoll

Should women be given more flexibility in working hours?

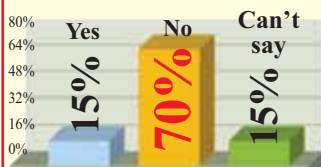
- a) Yes b) No
c) Can't say

To vote, log on to www.theglobaltimes.in

POLL RESULT

for GT Edition March 19, 2018

Is CBSE's decision to remove English communicative from Class IX, good for students?



Results as on March 24, 2018

Coming Next

AIS Vas 6 Contest Edition

Priya will not work

She Isn't The Only One As Female Labour Force Participation Dips

Anika Joshi, VIII D & Radhika Goel, IX B; AIS Vas 1

“So, when do you plan to resume work?” her friend asked. “Not soon!” replied Priya. “But why? You are smart, well-educated and you were working earlier?” “I was, but it was a man’s world. I didn’t quite like being more competent and less paid. Besides, with Rajiv earning well, I don’t have to go out and earn.” “So you don’t want to work?” “I do, but...” Priya was not the only one. She did not realise that there were many more Priyas out there not working for various reasons, but each contributing to a dip in the country’s female labour force participation.

primarily in housework say they would like a job; the number rises to half in rural areas. So, willingness clearly is not the problem. Then, what is? Well, the reasons vary. Rural India still grapples with stereotypical norms, where women working outside the home with other men is a threat to their ‘purity’. On the other hand, women in urban India find it hard to wade through traditional male-dominated job networks. As a result, women end up in lower paid and less responsible positions, often in contrast to their qualifications. The consequence – they choose to not work. This choice gains impetus as household disposable incomes rise and women are not forced to work in

order to survive. Priya choosing to not work is not entirely her choice, but rather a choice passively forced by factors, other than her own.

She goes down...

- As economic growth increased by 7%, FLFP fell by 7%
- India lags behind other BRICS countries, with an FLFP rate of 31%
- ILO ranked India 11th from the bottom in the world in FLFP

But it is not only about Priya...

The Indian economy is now in the phase of “demographic dividend”, where the share of working-age people is high. If this working age population is optimally tapped, it can propel per capita growth. However, if women choose to stay out of the workforce, then India will not be able to tap into this golden period. And this will mean a golden opportunity lost for good.

And Priya thought that her choice to not work affected only her life. Little did she realise that she had put the entire nation at stake. Was there a solution?

So, what can Priya do?

The need of the hour is policies that create demand for women work quotas backed by effective job training. India’s aviation sector is a perfect example. Having established itself as a female friendly profession, it witnessed 11.7% women pilots as compared to 3% worldwide. Maybe others can take a cue.

It is not Priya, but others around her who need to change. All Indian women are perhaps looking for is a chance, a fertile ground where they can spread their wings and ‘work’ on the path to progress. As for Priya, she needs to realise that it has never been easy for women. She needs to overcome odds and make it ‘work’ for her.

Priya is not working...

If economic growth and increase in female education are parameters for prosperity, then India sure is having a party. But there’s a party pooper. The female labour force participation (FLFP) in the country continues to fall despite these inspiring stats. While India’s economy grew at an average of 7% between 2004 and 2011, its FLFP fell exactly by the same number - 7%. India’s FLFP rate dwindled from 31% to 24%, lagging behind other BRICS countries as China (64%), Brazil (59%), etc. The ILO in 2013 ranked India 11th from the bottom in the world in female labour-force participation.

If everything is good, then why is Priya still not working? A matter of ‘choice’ or ‘no choice’?

Priya has her own reasons ...

A recent survey reports that over a third of women engaged



Illustration: Sarah Qadri, AIS Vas 1, IX B

The ‘short’ of it

A Not So Tiny Tale Of The Man Behind ‘Terribly Tiny Tales’

Maansi Anand, AIS Vas 1, X B

Their love for brevity led to the formation of infamous ‘Terribly Tiny Tales’. Anuj Gosalia and Chintan Ruparel gave up their conventional jobs for their ‘short’ love that lasted long. A not so short tete-a tete with Chintan Ruparel.

‘Short’ sweet longing

Anuj and I love to read stories. But, in the age of social media we longed for short and sweet content. Something which would say the most, through least number of words. Though internet was flooded with such stuff, we wanted to offer quality content. That’s how TTT happened.

‘Short’listing the good

We have a community of about a hundred curators and all the stories are first given to them for perusal. They review the stories and give general ratings. Based on their feedback, we curate the good ones. Such a sys-

tem gives us a beforehand idea about how people would react to a particular story.

‘Short’cuts: None

There is absolutely no shortcut to keep your readers hooked. You need to keep innovating. We constantly strive to add something new to our content curation process and keep the storytelling alive and going. In order to ensure that there is something for every reader, we have set up different sub heads with different word limits in every genre. We have also become more democratic with the launch of our app, where one can create profiles, write stories, self-publish and have followers.

‘Short’ sighted

This is the age of ‘short and simple’, whether it is reading a story or watching a movie. Reaching out to a larger audience was one of the reasons for for-aying into short film making. People watch movies because when they see a story as visual, they engage with it better. Many people prefer to watch stories online. There is an increased demand for visual forms of popular old and new stories. So, we gave it a try and in 2015, we launched five short films and got a positive response. Going further this year, we’re also doing a web series.

‘Short’ tips for long impact

For any content to have an impact, it must be relatable. People read/watch and share a story only if it kindles their heart, mind and soul. Then, a story must have an element of surprise, or a twist, to sustain the interest of the reader. A good story never gets predictable. Next comes craft, which is the way of weaving the story and this element is the soul of the story. Lastly, the language and grammar should be correct, simple and understood by all and sundry.

It is a ‘long’ road

I have always felt that a good story should find its way to people. That is why I left advertising, to share stories with the world, and Terribly Tiny Tales happened. It was a good decision to quit because I followed my heart and I am glad I did. If you have a passion, pursue it. You don’t want to end with regrets later. It was a long road, but one worth travelling.



Anuj Gosalia



Chintan Ruparel



Echoes of the heart

When Good Food Resonates With Good Intentions; It's Got To Be All Good

Mehul Sehgal, IX C &
Tanishq Jagoori, IX D, AIS Vas 1

They say food is the way to a man's heart. But for Echoes, a café in Delhi, the food is served with a heart. Managed by deaf and mute staff, this café opens your palette to noble flavours. With two outlets, one in Satya Niketan and the other in Hudson Lane, this one-of-its-kind café offers a unique experience to both your taste buds and the soul.

All you need in life... is a little motivation

"All one needs in life is a little motivation. And what better way to motivate people with disabilities than a source of employment," shares Sahib, co-founder of the café. The motivational journey continues as the employees are provided training and are encouraged from time to time with both monetary and non-monetary incentives. "If you can combine work with a social initiative, then why not? I think that is the biggest motivation for anyone to go to work," he says.

All you need in life... is a little gesture

What's most intriguing about this place is the process of placing an order. Every table has a menu card, a pad, a pen to write the order and some cue cards such as 'Water please', 'bill please', 'call the



Pics: Ishita Bansal, AIS Vas 1, IX D



Hearing the 'Echoes'

manager', 'thank you', 'menu', 'spoon', 'fork'. Sahib says, "Instead of fancy names for dishes, we gave codes to the dishes. The only thing the customer is required to do is to write down the code and quantity, and customisations, if any." Further, all the tables in the café have a switch, which in turn is connected to a bulb marked with their respective table number. So, as soon as the customer switches on, the bulb glows and the servitor comes to the table to take the order.

All you need in life... is a little guidance

Ever since the café opened its doors, it opened roadways for those with a handicap. Not so surprisingly, a lot of differently abled people cue up to seek employment. The café maintains a database of differently abled people, which is updated on a routinely basis. The interested differently abled people undergo a one month training, wherein they are trained on each and every aspect of the services like, 'how to greet

the customers', 'how to take their orders' and everything a servitor requires to do. Then, another training of fifteen days is conducted where a mock setup is arranged and the candidates exhibit the learnt skills.

All you need in life... is good food

But if you are thinking you have to go to this café to up your 'good deed' quota, then you are in for a surprise. This café has both the heart and food in

the right place. With a sumptuous menu including pasta, pizza, waffles and more, there is enough to satisfy your palette too. With most visitors rating the food as 'outstanding', this place will not disappoint you.

Echoes has created an 'echo' by defying the very concept of deaf and giving a voice to the mute. Here's hoping the echoes reverberate through every heart, for all you really need in life is a heart that beats. 🇮🇳

Pics: Radhika Goel, AIS Vas 1, IX B

News Room Hulchul 2017-18

Highs of togetherness We did it



THE TEAM An all new high



Highs of creativity Write, edit, write



Highs of your own edition Editor in chief



Highs of colour Painting strokes





"GT is my plane,
And my train."

Pranik Rai, AIS Vas 1, IX D,
Page Editor

Graphic: Pranik Rai, IX D | Pic: Radhika Goel, IX B | Model: Anika Joshi, VIII D & Sarah Qadri, IX B; AIS Vas 1

Lovelorn careers

When Cupid Strikes, It's Time To Find A Job

Tanishq Jagoori, AIS Vas 1, IX D

When love rings a bell, it rings in the cash registers too. There are so many careers out there that feed on pink-stained feelings, raking in moolah along with the satisfaction of a great job.

Wedding Designer

When love is in the air, it is time to ring the wedding bells. But what kind of bell? A gothic one? Or petite? A wedding designer could help. **What they do?** Discussing design ideas, creating sketches...they do all it takes to create the perfect theme and flavour of the wedding. They often work in tandem with the wedding planners.

What they need, to do what they do? A know-how of the latest trends, aesthetic skills and creativity is a must. Also most wedding designers work as designers cum planners; so for those who wish to walk down both roads, skills in event management is also required.

Do you want to do it? If yes, then the following institutes with a course in wedding designing might help-Royal Institution, Pondicherry; IIMCM, Delhi and The Wedding Academy, Mumbai, among others.

If you decide to do it... make sure that you are willing to wait out, for

establishing yourself might take time. Many wedding designers make an annual income to the tune of 20-30 lakh INR.

Portrait Photographers

When love is in the air, you know it's because they clicked. So how about they get clicked again... this time by a portrait photographer.

What they do? Obviously, they are photographers who click portraits of people so they are messiah for couples who want a good picture... think wedding, anniversary celebrations, valentine photoshoot et al.

What they need, to do what they do? It's a photographer's job. So, knowing everything related to handling the camera, lenses, lighting equipment and all the technicalities of photography is a must.

Do you want to do it? Certificate programmes or continuing education courses can help you learn photography basics in a short time span. You can head to National Institute of Photography, Mumbai; The Indian Institute of Digital Art and Animation, Kolkata; Delhi School of Photography, New Delhi, etc.

If you decide to do it... Once you are an established portrait photographer, your average salary could be somewhere around 20,00,000 INR per annum.

Cake Decorators

When love is in the air, it calls for a celebration, which basically means more cake.

What they do? Go with the name. Cake decorators scheme, build and embroider baked goods.

What they need, to do what they do? Although no formal education is required here either, certain culinary courses in piping, airbrushing, and the use of gumpaste and fondant are desirable.

Do you want to do it? Head for Associate Degree Programmes in pastry and culinary arts. Some options for the same are: Culinary & Cake decorating school, New Delhi; Lavonne Academy of Baking Science and Pastry Arts, Bangalore; Cakekraft India Pvt Ltd, Mumbai etc

If you decide to do it...

You can start off with your independent bakery or as an assistant baker. And of course, the doors of cake shops, bakeries, and hotels will always be open to you.

An average cake decorator earns approximately 15,00,000 INR per annum.



Amity Institute
for Competitive
Examinations

Presents

Brainleaks-238
FOR CLASS VI-VIII

Movement of cell against
concentration gradient is
called :

- (a) osmosis
(b) active transport
(c) diffusion
(d) passive transport

Last Date:
MAR 30, 2018

3 correct entries win
attractive prizes

Ans. Brainleaks 237

Winner for Brainleaks 237

1. Gaurika B., X AFYCP, AIS PV
2. Nishant L., X AFYCP, AIS Gur-46
3. Abhay Mallik, X-A, AIS PV

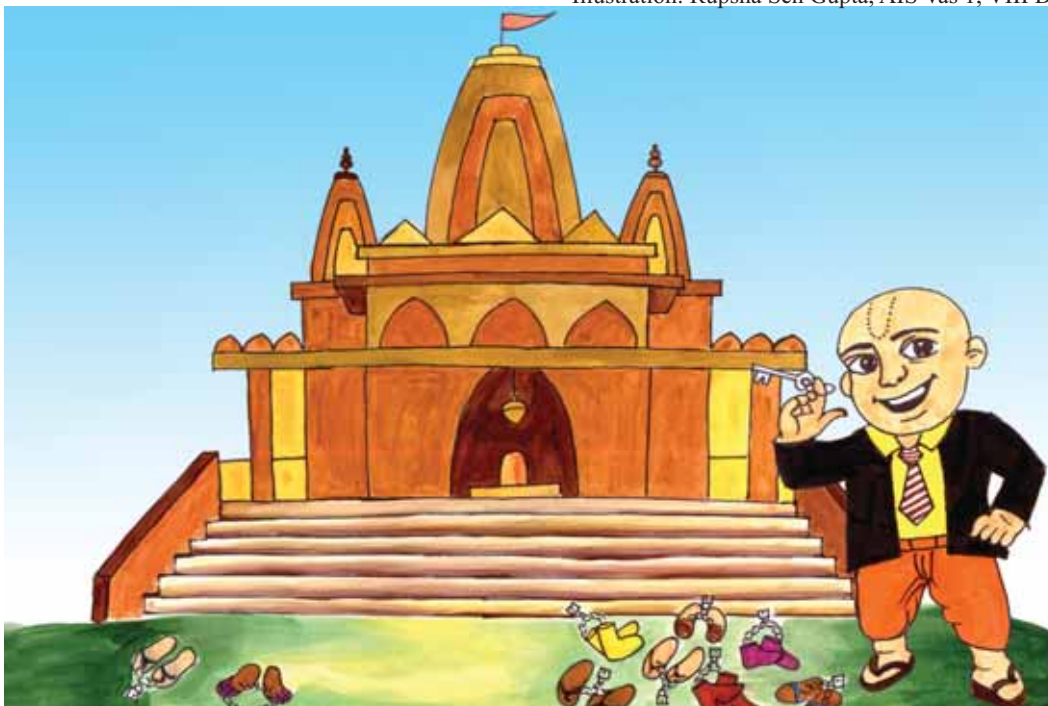
Name:.....

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

Illustration: Rupsha Sen Gupta, AIS Vas 1, VIII D



Career quotient: Bizarre

You Won't Find These On Naukri.com

Sanskriti Bharti
AIS Vas 1, X A

*Statutory warning- this article contains bizarre livelihood options found ONLY in India. In case, you find them appealing, visit Doctor Mummy who will prescribe you a dose of reality. However, slight fits of laughter are completely normal.

Chappal protector

Location: The front entrances of all the 600,000 temples of India
Working Hours: 24x7
Job Requirements: A degree in

Good Observation Skills will do you well. You also require the experience of visiting the same temple to be eligible for receiving the holy 70-year-old-bamboo-cane to protect the chappals.
Free Tip: Take extra care of the Paragon ones.

Hot chai phoonk-er

Location: Closest proximity to a hot cup of *chai (doodh vali)*
Working Hours: We are Indians, we're entitled to have tea anywhere, anytime.
Job Requirements: Most importantly, NO bad breath. You do require stamina to relentlessly

keep blowing on the tea. Also, an ounce of self-restraint to ensure that you won't drink it yourself
Free tip: Have patience. It's tea, not your formula one race.

Water bottle filler

Location: Hopefully the only fridge in your house
Working Hours: The 'Dhaai minute' time span, when somebody keeps an empty bottle in the fridge and when your mom screams on seeing it.
Job Requirement: Now anybody with half a brain is eligible for this job. Literally.
Free tip: DON'T spill water.

Energising for exams

The Tri-lemma Continues

Mehul Sehgal
AIS Vas 1, IX C

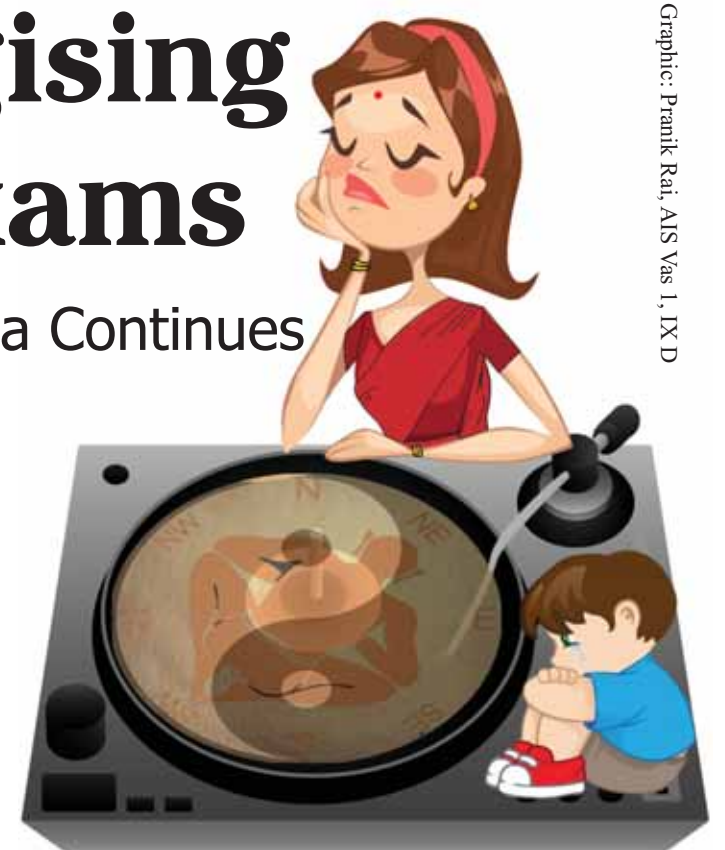
Vaastu and Feng Shui are ancient systems that connect the energies of humans with their homes. But while these two sciences may be colours of the same rainbow; they are violet and red, nonetheless. This spells misery for the poor student who is left befuddled as to which colour he should dip his hands in. And then there is the mother to listen to.

Window to the world

Feng shui: Study room should have windows in every direction to ensure maximum sunlight.
Vaastu: The windows on the eastern side of the study room should be larger, and those on the western side should be smaller.
Mom: Will opening windows, open your brain too?

Tipi Tipi tap

Feng Shui: Red boosts energy levels. If you are feeling lethargic, wear red or add an element of red in your room, for luck.
Vaastu: Paint your study room in light and cool shades, and wear blue and yellow colour to



Graphic: Pranik Rai, AIS Vas 1, IX D

bring calming vibes.

Mom: This is not a fashion parade! Wear anything; just study.

Mirror mirror on the wall

Feng Shui: Do not sit with back towards the door. If that is not possible, then place a mirror in front of your study table, so that you can constantly see the door behind you.
Vaastu: Don't place a mirror in front as it diverts your attention.
Mom: Study first, admire yourself later.

Positive Energy

Feng Shui: Place natural Quartz crystal in the north east direction of the study room or bed room to

let crystal resonate with your own energy.

Vaastu: Placing a pyramid in your study room balances energies and helps in increasing memory power.

Mom: Get good marks, good vibes will automatically flow. Study hard!

Sound of music

Feng shui: A student must use music to create healthy energies, enhance concentration and boost creativity.

Vaastu: Keep the study room free of clutter and noise both.

Mom: *Padh rahe ho ya gaane sun rahe ho? Lyrics nahin ayege paper mein.*



'Colour'ful Sorrows

Sometimes All You Need Is A Splash Of Colour. Well, These Animals Disagree

Sanjna Saxena
AIS Vas 1, IX C

If you thought that the world of animals evades discrimination on the grounds of colour, this article will be a surprise. Read on as some animals share their 'colour'ful plights.

Hi! I am Chimera Cat
What's wrong? My unpredictable 'Dual' colour
How did it happen? I am the result of chimerism. To make it easier for you, an animal chimera is an organism that is composed of two or more different populations of cells, that are genetically distinct. Each population of cells keeps its own character and the resulting organism (read: me) is a mixture of tissues. This is the best, I can explain.

Hi! I am Blue Lobster
What's wrong? My exceptional 'Blue' colour
How did it happen? I myself didn't know that something like this was in store for me. I opened my eyes and was consid-



Illustration: Krish Aggarwal, AIS Vas 1, VIII B

ered an absolute rival to my genetically similar brother, the famous red coloured lobster. My brother says that I got this bright blue colour because of genetic abnormality that causes more production of a certain type of

protein than other ones.
Hi! I am Pink Dolphin
What's wrong? My unique 'Pink' colour
How did it happen? Sounds like something straight out of a fairy

tale, doesn't it? But no, I am not a writer's imagination. I never had an idea that lack of 'melanin', a pigment responsible for the colour of eye, hair and skin leads to a deficiency called 'Albinism'. I think children are

happy to see me in this unusual colour.
Hi! I am Black Tiger
What's wrong? My dark 'black' colour
How did it happen? I hope that

people don't get scared looking at me. I can't help it, but this is the way God decided to bless me. I am black because I am short of 'agouti', which is basically a gene that helps determine the coat pattern and colour of mammals. The shortage in turn leads to non-agouti mutation, which leads to growth of one pattern in excess and hence the colour of the back is barely visible. I do have stripes which are beautiful but the black ones have overshadowed them.

Hi! I am White Raven
What's wrong? My serene 'white' colour
How did it happen? Never thought that I would be distinct even amongst my group of people; they are black and I am white. It's because I am suffering from a condition 'Leucism'. Birds like me who suffer from this disorder have partial loss of multiple pigmentation that results in white or patchy colouration of the skin. 🐦

Graphic: Tanishq Jagoori, AIS Vas 1, IX D

A buzzing mother

Bees Make The World Sweet

Vasudha Pasari
AIS Vas 1, X A

Like everything else mothers too come in all shapes and sizes, even the buzzing variety. That tiny little bee is playing more motherly roles than what you give her credit for.

God runs the world, and so do mothers.

We all know that bees make honey. But that isn't the only sweet thing they are doing. These tiny little insects are responsible for ensuring life on earth as we know it. Remember pollination? Yeah the same phenomenon which accounts for 30% of the world's crops and 90% of all plants. Pollina-

tion happens when pollen is transferred from the male part of the plant to the female part, which is followed by the cycle of seed and fruit formation. Well, bees are one of the best pollinators known to nature for they buzz through large distances and visit large number of flowers in search of nectar.

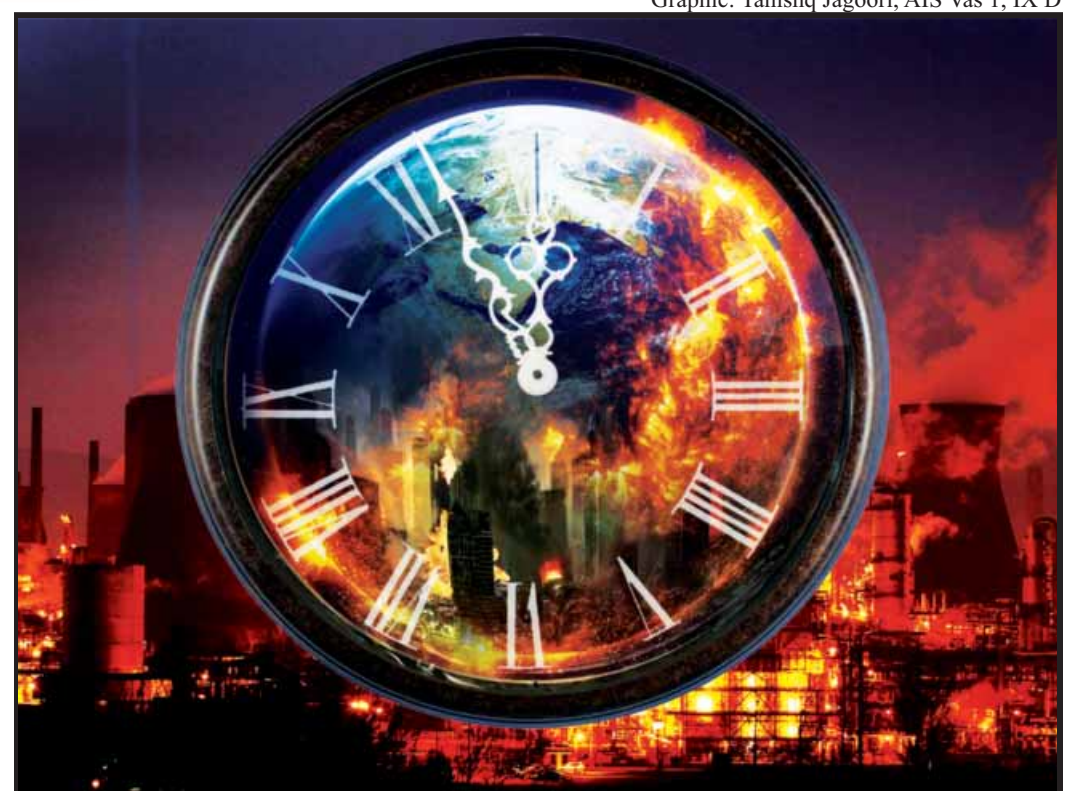
God couldn't be everywhere so he created mothers

With 7 continents, 195 countries and 7 billion people, ensuring that the world doesn't come to an end sure must not be easy. Perhaps, this is why God made bees. Ever wondered what would happen if this Godly creature goes missing? Honey bees are responsible for \$30 billion a year in crops. Well, no bees means no pollination. No pollination means end of plants. End of plants means end of those animals who eat these plants and the spiral of demise will go higher up the food chain. And without them we will be pushing our extinction to a closer date.

It takes more than soil, water, and sunshine to make the world a happy place. It takes a mother, even a buzzing one.



Illustration: Vasudha Pasari, AIS Vas 1, X A



The far end

Threats To Humanity You Didn't Notice

Pranik Rai, AIS Vas 1, IX D

If Kim Jong-Un continues to have his way, then the end of the world might be near. Even if he does not seem like a threat to you, there are several other threats to humanity that cannot be ignored –hurricanes, depletion of resources and the possibility of a nuclear war. And then there are some threats which go unnoticed, perhaps because they are way too far into the future.

Over expansion or collapse of the universe. Yes, science does deem that as a possibility even though it is billions of years into

the future.

The very sun that lit up our lives maybe the reason for humanity's darkness. In another 5 billion years, the sun will slowly turn into a red giant and engulf the entire planet. Although some researchers suggest that the earth too will move a bit away from the sun, but that too doesn't solve any issues.

We all know that dinosaurs flourished and later perished because... well, an asteroid fried them. This phenomenon occurs every few 1.2 million years, so there is still time before we go out looking for a new home. Super volcanoes that spout

magma at the rate of 500 km³ are another threat that loom over humanity. The excessive eruption could result in ash smoke, which would block all sunlight across the globe, causing global cooling and crippling agriculture. These eruptions take place every 30,000 – 50,000 years and the last known eruption occurred 25,000 years ago in New Zealand.

As the population increases, so does the density. And with density, increases the risk of spreading diseases. Some are mild but some may be deadly. Yes, an epidemic might be the spell to doomsday.



"As minds full of imagination forth
Where to express unknown:
GT gives them a habitation and a name!"
Arushi Arora, AIS Vas 1, XI A, Page Editor

Stuck in the middle

Commandments Of Every Middle-Class Family

Arushi A, AIS Vas 1, XI A

Being a part of a middle class family is an experience in itself; an experience that is guided by its fair share of do's and don'ts. A list of commandments for everyone in the 'middle' lane.

■ Thou shalt not throw away the soft drink bottles (or any other bottle) after using it. It will be duly washed, filled with water and kept in the fridge.

■ Thou shalt use even the last ounce of ketchup, by keeping it upside down.

■ Honour the shampoo bottle even when it refuses to squeeze out any more. Mix water when it is finished and use even the last drop that might be sticking to the sides or the cap.

■ Thou shalt seek solace in crocin for every cold, cough, flu, pain and even for the sickness of your ill pet.

■ Thou shalt pay reverence to the middle class principle of

using cookie boxes for storing threads and needles.

■ Thou shalt stick it out with your soap through thick and thin; stick it to the new one when it is too thin.

■ Thou shalt never retort to violence, except for when it is the TV remote. Sometimes, suffering is essential, and hitting it when out of battery is only just.

■ Thou shalt preserve every single restaurant take out box for later use.

■ Thou shalt live the adage of 'life comes a full circle' as you witness the transition of a new t-shirt to *ghar ke kapde* and then finally to a *pocha*.

■ Thou shalt deem no other Gods more important than the large plastic bag that stores all the plastic bags in the house.

■ Thou shalt bring home only goodness – extra ketchup sachets, oregano, chili flakes, *saunf*... everything you can lay your hands on.

■ Thou shalt swear to never see-

ing any of these – aliens, dinosaurs and that expensive crockery stacked in the Almirah for special guests.

■ Thou shalt keep a big heart and buy clothes at least two sizes bigger so that they fit you even as you grow up.



Graphic: Sujoy Banerjee, IX D | Pic: Jia Bhatt, XI A | Model: Kabir Chhabra & Arju Tejpal, KG B; AIS Vas 1



Pic: Anubhuti Saxena, XI A | Model: Students of Class IX; AIS Vas 1

50 shades...

... And More Of Every Group Project

Anika Joshi, AIS Vas 1, VIII D

Everybody should be in a group project once; just to know to never be in it again. Read to find your average *group project ke saathi* and relate to it on an all new level.

The absentee: Absent on most of the days, they are always the one who takes the file home for last-minute touches. *Sigh* That's why Batman works alone.

The lost case: This student is lost. He has absolutely no clue what the topic of the project is.

The 'I-forgot': Asking them to contribute is pretty much useless because they're definitely going to forget it. Saying "Was I supposed to do it?" and smiling

sheepishly comes free in this member's package.

The copy-paster: It is okay to refer to the internet, but it does NOT mean that you can simply copy-paste it from Wikipedia with the links in blue. *repeatedly bangs head on table*

The print-person: This person contributes images and images. That's all and they call it a contribution?! I rest my case.

The know it all: The only thing that this person does is repeatedly say, "You're doing it wrong!" "Aise thodi karna tha!"

The snack bringer: *Munch* *crunch* *munch some more* That's all they do. Loaded with a constant supply of junk, they en-

sure that even if the project kills you, it is not from starvation.

The 'I'm on my phone': This person is a part of your group and yet you don't seem to recognise his/her face, because their phone seems to be the only one that has seen it.

The HOD: This person is the one because of whom the group has actually submitted something. From mailing the images for printing, to sending the matter to the members who simply copy it, this person does everything.

Someone working on a group project once said, "I want all the people I did projects with to lower me into my grave, so that they can let me down one last time." Touché. 🇬🇧

Break-up to patch-up

Journey From An Old To A New One

Maansi Anand
AIS Vas 1, X B

Every relationship, no matter how wonderful, serious, or deep, brings with it a certain amount of pain. In the case of an Indian mother, it is brought by a maid, who says 'I quit'. Time heals but not before one goes through the various stages of breaking up and finally finding a new love...we mean maid.

Stage One: The Pain

The mother dusts the paintings with pain in her eyes and remembrance in her heart. Commit the horrific crime of strewing clothes, and behold! Anger will be bestowed upon you, with a memorial of your past mistakes. Wondering what else she could've done to hold

her beloved maid back, she regretfully wishes that she hadn't scolded her that one sad day.

Stage Two: The Hunt

"Kya aapki maid free hai?" is one question she asks every neighbourhood Aunty. She stands in the balcony under the scorching sun and the heaving winters, searching for any 'potential maid'. The mother now spends most of her time complaining, wondering how long it would be till she has to spend her days cooking and cleaning as her kitty parties go missing.

Stage Three: The Healing

Getting used to her new routines, she now cleans in a comparatively happier manner, and cooks more cheerfully. But make no mistake! Throw your clothes around and your mother

will ensure that you put them in the right place, just like she puts you. By this time, the family has learnt how to eat using the perfect number of utensils; not one extra and not one less.

Stage Four: The Rebound

One fine day, a new maid visits your house, and works for a day. Suddenly, the house shines bright; the doors look polished, and not a trace of dust can be found. As for the mother, nothing can dampen her spirits. The pain of the past few months is replaced by recently acclaimed happiness, courtesy to a successful patch-up with her new-found love...ummm...yes, we mean maid again.

And that is the happily after, until the new maid bids adieu and life comes to a full circle.



Illustration: Yana Jainwal, AIS Vas 1, IX D



The new dawn



Dr. Amita Chauhan
Chairperson

The whole nation recently celebrated the onset of the new harvest season with Chaitra Navratras or Gudi Padwa or Ugadi Or Navreh and we at Amity did this with a new session of learning. Celebrate it in whichever form you wish, essence remains same – The new inception. At Amity universe where modernity rooted in traditional values, let's imbibe within ourselves the message which the nine forms of Shakti hold for us. Just like Maa Shailputri, who has the power of all three Gods, use your power to choose, think and act wisely. Whichever life path you choose it is of foremost importance for you to be peaceful, happy and austere on that path, like Maa Brahmacharini. Before you start your journey of dreams you first need to be brave enough to overcome your inner fears and that's what you learn from Maa Chandraghanta. Thereafter, the only way is forward, for creating new and innovating for change. So, smile and never look back says Maa Kushmanda. As you embark on your conquest of life, take the lead in removing the demons of hatred, violence and prejudice just like Skanda mata. As you lead the world towards a new dawn, have courage to stand up for right and justice like Maa Durga. When you emerge victorious, look deep inside yourself to know where you need improvement and protect yourself from vices says Maa Kaalratri. As you surge ahead in life Maa Gauri tell you to foster the virtues of forgiveness, love and compassion. Lastly, Maa Siddhatri reminds you to use the limitless power of your mind to live your dreams and passions. 🇮🇳

Thinking emotions

"There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so."

—William Shakespeare



Valambal
Balachandran
Principal AIS Vas 1

First and foremost I congratulate everyone on achieving such a great feat! I feel exhilarated, as this edition is a gamut of whole new experience. Like William Shakespeare said, our thoughts and emotions play a central role in this world. While thoughts act as steer and help the team maneuver paths, emotions are the accelerators which give it necessary velocity to surge ahead. While thoughts help a team to suggest methods of innovation, emotions bind team together and prepare it to conquer obstacles. And the role of a team leader is to have an eagle's eye and strike a perfect balance of emotions and ideas. Dr (Mrs) Amita Chauhan, a visionary leader has provided a remarkable platform of 'The Global Times', for inculcating essential elements of leadership such as vision, decision making, flexibility, etc., in students. There's no doubt that editorial team of AIS Vas 1 has learnt them all. From collating information, penning down stories to making graphics and ensuring deadlines they did it all. 'Making a Newspaper' contest is a great opportunity for every student to learn and grow. I can see every member of our editorial team evolving as good innovators, thinkers, managers and leaders and become global citizens of tomorrow. 🇮🇳

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The tears of joy

Sobs Of The Most (Mis)used Emoji

Vasudha Pasari, AIS Vas 1, X A

I sigh for the umpteenth time, as I acknowledge the title Facebook has given me - 'The most used emoji'. It is not the first time and definitely not the last, when I have gasped in silence, looking at the myriad ways human race has devised to ensure my (mis)use. I find a place in every chat window, every WhatsApp conversation and suffixed to every comment on social media. Now, now, now, I know that being omnipresent on social media is a good thing. But that's a good thing for you humans (Oh please! I know how much you try to be 'liked' and pop up on every newsfeed). For me, this doom spells identity crisis. My dad Shigetaka Kurita created me as an expression of laughing out aloud. But here I am, being crowned by Oxford as most popular word of the year, yet being used for conveying every emotion other than what I really stand for. My broad cackling grin and tears of

mirth was initially meant to communicate incessant laughter, the kind that goes beyond a chuckle. I was the ambassador of all things so funny that would bring tears to your eyes. Basically, an intensified version of LOL. And now look at me, I have become the emoticon version of 'etc'. Whether it is something funny, a random conversation where you don't know what to say, nostalgic things of the past... And that's not all, at times I am even a substitute for a full stop. Yes, you humans should seriously think of better ways to end conversations. I'm sorry if I am being too harsh. Maybe it's not your fault. Perhaps, it's your inability to make real time conversations that makes you cling to me. You run out of things to say and there I am - your man Friday. But I will still let go off that. What I am unwilling to let go is that you use me to mock others. I am suffixed to all negative remarks. I was intended to be a part of things that bring joy, not a member of the lets-

be-mean club. I am the brand ambassador for laughter, but not one that comes at others' expense. It's just plain cruel. Having said that, at times when I am lost in the crevices of the keyboard, I often think to myself - I am overused, but is that bad? I often hear stuff about humans losing emotions. So, maybe I am your go-to emotion in the mechanical lives you lead. Maybe I help you express what you can't. Maybe I am the word to things that cannot be said. Just maybe. 🇮🇳



Main apni favourite hoon

Love Yourself, They said. Some Took It Too Seriously

Megha Chattopadhyay
AIS Vas 1, X C

The book 'The Narcissism Epidemic' states that narcissistic personality traits rose just as fast as obesity from the 1980s to the present. In another survey, millennials said that they were willing to spend an average of \$300 on self-improvement, even though the average salary was half as much. Call it narcissism, self-obsession or self-absorption; love thyself before thee, is the buzz rule of the 21st century.

He sat in front of his laptop intently, after all, his profile pictures deserved some admiration.

From 'slim face' to 'whiten teeth'; from 'sharpness' to 'contouring', every feature of photo editing apps is used for an awe inspiring profile picture. And there one sits, admiring the ultimate picture, ignoring the other 'friends' he supposedly was there for.

It was the most picturesque mountain she had seen, but the #nofilter wouldn't do justice to her own beauty.

Clicking a photograph in front of the Taj Mahal, but the focus is not the marble beauty, but the other beauty



Illustration: Manvi Gupta, AIS Vas 1, IX A

that stands there pouting. Going to a tourist spot to admire its beauty is passe. It's nothing but a mere backdrop to showcase the beautiful you.

He was late for work, but he had to stop nonetheless, for he had just encountered a mirror.

And why not? From the tie to the shoes to the cufflinks, everything had to be perfect and in place. Looking good is the first step to feeling good.

"It's been long since we spoke," he said as he continued to talk about himself for the next two hours.

Dying to speak to friends you care for to only not care to know how they have been. But there is none to blame really, because its hard to not get swayed away in the river called 'I, me, myself'. 'Let love prevail.' But for people other than yourselves. 🇮🇳

Celebration of creativity

Voila! Another year and that celebratory feeling of having completed another edition with new thoughts woven, new achievement unlocked and more beautiful memories added. As 'The Global Times' completes 10 years of its being, so do we complete a decade of feeling ecstatic while delving into the 'Art of Making A Newspaper'. Each year a different experience

from the last, filled with vivacious contours of learning and growth.

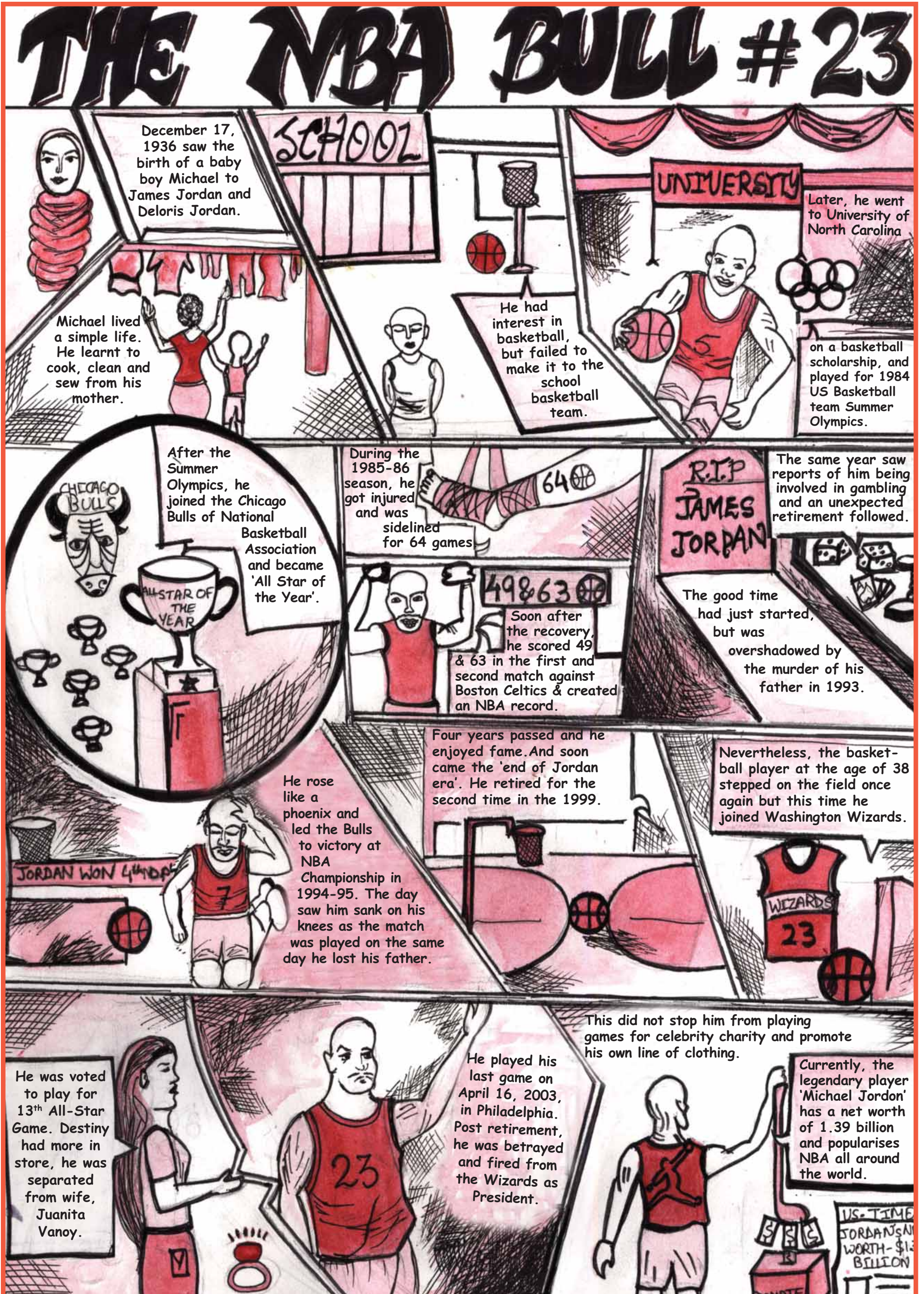
The edit meet with its confluence of ideas, page editors and articles, the brainstorming sessions and alterations, the graphics and designs, the final draft, etc., give an 'oomph' feeling to the entire team. All the students have put in extreme hard work



Debosmita
Mukherjee
GT Coordinator

to achieve this impressive milestone of coming out with contest edition. Class X students deserve a special mention as they exhibited great zeal and were ever-ready to pen down their thoughts and work towards 'Making their newspaper' inspite of their Pre Boards. The entire editorial team makes me feel ecstatic. Their unflagging ability to entertain the readers amazes me to no end. Through 'The Global Times', these

young minds learn how to report directly from ground zero, how to make the visuals more intriguing, how to write lively articles with a smart caption, how to make the graphics trendy and photos more candid. They learn and get trained to become complete professionals. 'Making your own newspaper' contest opens up a whole novel world of learning and progression with fun and creativity. So, read the edition and treat yourself to another new plethora of creative expressions.



"Wondering what endless deadlines turn into?
Sit back, flip through. The answer lies within."

Anika Joshi, AIS Vas 1, VIII D
Page Editor



Pics: Sajal Kumar, AIS Vas 1, IX C

The 'sheet' situation

Sanskriti Bharti
AIS Vas 1, X A

"Mira, don't be silly, you are fifteen not five. The owners lived here for more than eighty years and now we will live here."

"Gee, mom that makes it perfectly normal and ghost-free, doesn't it?!"

"I'm not in a mood for this again." My mother warned me as we went inside our new house. I totally get that this house best fits our requirement, and of course, budget, but I still didn't want to live there. And no matter what mom said, the villa looked haunted enough to me.

I went on to check out the place when she again called out to me, "Mira before you go off here and there, I need to brief you a bit about this place and especially your bedroom."

"My room, uumm what?"

"Mira, this villa belonged to the Matthews. It was their family house for eighty years. And then eight years ago, their daughter Joanna passed away. Poor thing, she was just fifteen. That is why they decided to move abroad and give up this property for rent." My eyes widened with fear, anxiety and disbelief.

"And her bed and the sheets have been kept intact to date. Now the room in which her bed is kept is a really nice one with a window



Storywala

Graphic: Shlok A Tripathy, AIS Vas 1, IX C

that faces the lawn. So, I asked the caretaker if you could have it and he said you could, only if you do not disturb the bed or the sheets. I know this is weird but the family is really particular about it and soon enough they'll get it shipped to their new place. "Weird? Mom, this is super weird! I didn't even..."

"Please, Mira..." mum interrupted, "It's a matter of only a month or two, please." I sighed

and went on to sulk about it. After a few weeks, I got used to the villa but the only thing that bothered me was the bed and the bedsheets, which I accidentally stained with blue and green paint. No matter how much I washed it, no matter how much detergent I scrubbed, the paint just would not go off. And it was really surprising considering that it was only paint and absolutely nothing else.

One night around two o'clock, while I was tucked in my now bed, I heard some creaking voices and swishing of wind.

I was scared, but I couldn't change the sheets so I just spread a mattress on the floor and slept there. One night around two o'clock, while I was tucked in my now bed, I heard some creaking voices and swishing of wind. What I saw on turning the lights on was Joanna's bed, and right in the centre of the bed, a halo surrounding the stains.

I gasped with fear and was about to scream when something clamped over my mouth. I struggled but it wouldn't let go.

Suddenly, someone whispered in my ear, "Shhhh Mira." The voice was feather-like, so soft yet so scary. "I told mom that it was a bad idea," was all I thought.

Finally, the thing removed its hand from my mouth and revealed itself. It was nothing but a translucent shadow.

"Mira darling, don't you want to know how to get those stains out of my bed sheet?"

"Joanna?" I muttered, my voice trembling. Beyond that, I couldn't utter a word, I couldn't move, I shivered with fear, as the halo came near me.

It smirked, and in its feathery voice whispered, "Mira, honey, for the sheets; use Surf Excel, Daag Achhe Hai." 🇮🇳



Crunchy munchy brunchie

Sajal Kumar, AIS Vas 1, IX C

Crunchy munchy

Sajal Kumar, AIS Vas 1, IX C

Ingredients

Cracker biscuits3
Cheese slice1
Yellow bell pepper1/4 cup

Onion(chopped).....1/4 cup
Capsicum(diced).....1/4 cup
Olives4-5
Tomatoes (diced).....1/4 cup
Pizza sauce.....As desired
Oregano.....To taste

Method

- Spread out cracker biscuits on a plate.
- Spread pizza sauce on the biscuits using a spoon.
- Place a small piece of cheese slice on the biscuit.
- Put chopped onions, bell peppers, capsicum and tomatoes on the biscuits. Spread the veggies evenly so that your cracker looks appetising.
- Put olives on the biscuits.
- Finally, garnish with coriander leaves and oregano.

WORDS VERSE

Anupriya Bhatnagar
AIS Vas 1, IX A

The boy who covers every night
In the corner of the bed
It's not his fault he's a Jew
He just wants his family not dead

He knows not what Nazis shout
His family's life? He had doubts
Alas, this was not meant to be
Cruel fate wanted him solitary

He rummaged through rubble
Saw the Nazi police with guns
Horror, grief and plight
For there was no family in sight

But he bore no hatred nor grudge
For his mother had always taught
"All deeds should be done
After parley with one's thoughts"

The pain of loss stayed for long

The holocaust

Though it only made him strong
He grew up without a family
Ripe with holocaust memories

That day he was going to a ball
The weather outside was chilly
Dark and harsh with snowfall
Climate had turned all frilly

When he reached the venue
Saw a man he thought he knew
Harder he tried to remember
Had he seen him last September?

His memories; back they shot
More dreadful than any thought
That man destroyed his life
He gave him all his strife



Graphic: Pranik Rai, AIS Vas 1, IX D

He was the killer of his family
He was the reason he had to flee
The killer looked happy and glee
The boy's heart grew all heavy

He - a Holocaust survivor at ball
Gave a moving speech for all
He cried out his emotions gore
For his family was there no more

The killer was all shell shocked
His conscience prickly rocked
An old man now, he felt sickly
As he knew that he was guilty

No soon had he come off stage
The killer all hunched of age
Bent as low as he could
Asked to be forgiven if he could

The boy shaken soon recovered
Looked at killer and uncovered
"You wronged me; and right
For you left me alive"

"For if I was also dead and gone
Whom would you have asked
Your forgiveness from?"
Said the boy with strange calm

Tears of guilt filled killer's eyes
Forgiveness came as a surprise
"How could you not but hate?
A man who destroyed your fate"

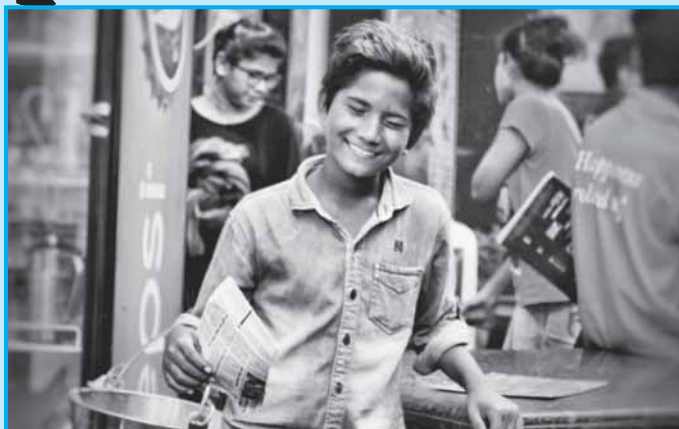
"Hatred makes people go senile"
Said the boy with a smile
"For I have never learnt to hate
With love I rewrote my fate" 🇮🇳



CAMERA CAPERS

Anubhav Pandey, AIS Vas 1, X B

Send in your entries to
cameracap@theglobaltimes.in



The 'Smiling' glory makes a cheerful story



Super duper joy, for the world is all mine to enjoy



Candid smiles, candid shots, world is a candid lot



"We don't just read GT, we step into it...
And experience a whole new world!"
Sanjna Saxena, AIS Vas 1, IX C,
Page Editor

Pic: Manya Tyagi, AIS Vas 1, VII A

The cave in sea

Short story

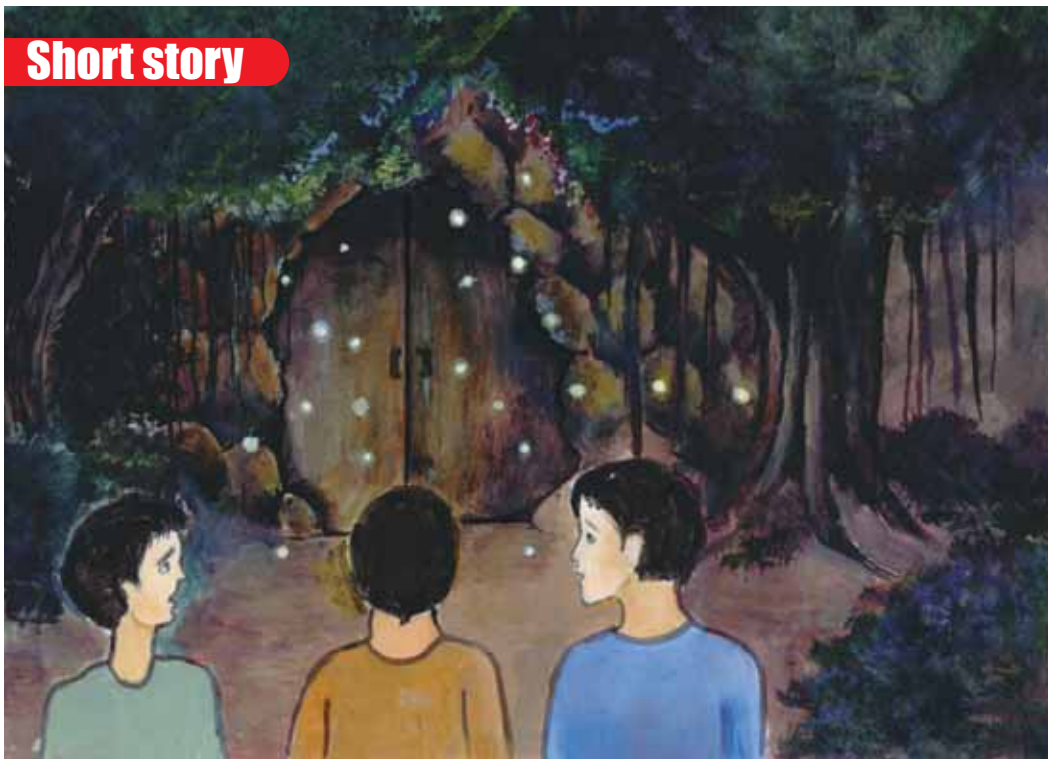


Illustration: Sarah Qadri, AIS Vas 1, IX B

Akshat Gupta
AIS Vas 1, VII A

Rohan, Jacob and Roshesh were three friends, who lived near a sea beach in Goa. One fine evening, they went playing on the beach. As soon as they reached the beach, they squealed with joy as the sea was calm yet breezy. Excited, they hit the waves. Suddenly, they were hit by a large tide and they just couldn't balance themselves. The tide pulled

them at the bottom of the sea and for a moment they thought they were dead. But to their surprise, they were pretty much alive. They opened their eyes only to find an array of colours around them. Beneath all those colours flora and fauna, a turquoise sea shell mattress awaited them. They landed on it with a thud and surprisingly they were not hurt at all. Scared and surprised, they stood up and looked around. There were enchanted by what

they saw - green pearls, white sea shells, orange clownfish, blue starfish, beautiful plants and animals everywhere. "What a **stupendous** world this is!" Rohan exclaimed. "Yeah, it's magical," muttered Jacob. Roshesh still spellbound by the magic around him, could not utter a word. As they were still reeling in the enigmatic world around them, Rohan noticed an underwater forest with sea anemones and sparkling corals. Curious, they

Inquisitive, they went near the cave and suddenly, the fireflies grew larger and larger and started hovering over them.

went into the forest which seemed scary at first, but mesmerizing, nonetheless. A few steps later, they came across a cave with a wooden door and glowing fireflies. "Strange," the boys said. "How can there be a forest and a cave beneath the sea?" Inquisitive, they went near the cave and suddenly, the fireflies grew larger and larger and started hovering over them. The three boys started running, trying to escape but to no avail. The fireflies were pretty, but nasty. Suddenly, they started glowing even brighter. "Oh no! I can't see anything. Go away, leave me," screamed Rohan. "Rohan, Rohan, wake up, what happened? Did you have a bad dream?" asked his mom. Rohan woke up with a startle. Turned out, he was just dreaming about the beach picnic he had planned with his friends that evening. But he really wished that the magical sea world he saw in his dreams was for real, except fireflies. **6 1**

So what did you learn today?
A new word: **Stupendous**
Meaning: **Impressive**



Manya with her watering planter

Watering planter

Manya Tyagi
AIS Vas 1, VII A

Materials

Plastic soft drink bottle
Knife / Cutter/ Scissors
Cotton Strip / Shoe Lace
String (for wick)
Soil
Water
Plant



■ Cut the bottle into two with the scissors.

Method



■ Drill a hole into the cap of the bottle. Pass the string through the hole in the bottle cap.



■ The top part is the cup and the bottom is the reservoir. Invert the cup (with the neck down) and put over the bottom reservoir part. It should not touch the bottom. There should be at least an inch of clearance so that the wick is immersed in water.



■ The longer piece should be on the inner side of the cap. Make a knot half way through the string towards the inside of the cap.



■ Fill the cup with soil, making sure that the top end of the wick reaches up through the soil. Fill the reservoir with water and fix your plant into the soil in the cup.

Optional: You can cover your planter with decorative paper in order to protect it from direct sunlight. Money plant is the best choice for this planter.

It's Me

Know me

I am: Abeer Arora
School: AIS Vas 1
Class: Nursery B
Birthday: April 8

Likes & Dislikes

I like: Drawing
I love: Dancing in rains
I dislike: Big Statues

Favourites

Hobby: Acrobatics and yoga
Role model: My Papa
Best friend: Prisha
Book: In the Night Garden
Game: Carrom board
Food: Rajma Rice
Teacher: Shruti Arora ma'am
Place: Heritage Transport Club
Poem: London Bridge
Subject: Computers
Pal: My big Brother

I want to feature in GT because: I want all Amitians to know me.



POEMS

Life is friendship

Illustration: Shreyash Mohanty
AIS Vas 1, VIII B

Archita Kochhar, AIS Vas 1, V D

As I stepped into school
I looked for a friend cool

As I stepped in class nursery
It all looked like sorcery

Toys, crayons, colours and paper
I still looked for a friend daper

As I sat on the chair in a corner
You came to me with a whisper

"Hey, I am John! Let's be friends"
You said and shook my hands

Oh, how I smiled with joy
For now I had a friend, not just toys

Today as I step out of senior school
Happy I am as we are still friends cool. **6 1**



Mathemagic

Arnav Dhamija
AIS Vas 1, V D

Math is a ride, full of fun
So much to learn

Profits are added
Losses are subtracted

Degrees are multiplied
Percentage is divided

Geometry is full of mystery
Algebra has a big history

Lines are parallel
Angles are similar

Statistics are vital
Probability is conditional

Math is necessary in life
It makes life easy to survive. **6 1**

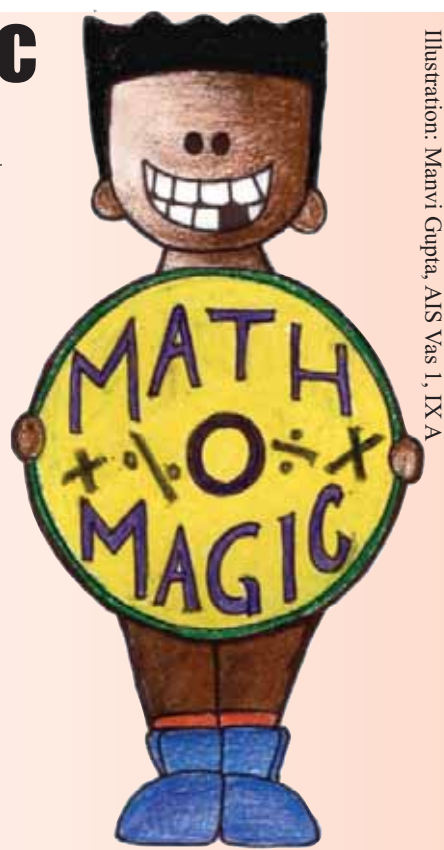


Illustration: Manvi Gupta, AIS Vas 1, IX A

Tongue twisters

Uday Jagoori, AIS Vas 1, II B to wish

Fuzzy Wuzzy was a bear
Fuzzy Wuzzy had no hair
Fuzzy Wuzzy wasn't fuzzy

Denise sees the fleece
Denise sees the fleas
At least, Denise could sneeze
And freeze the fleas

I wish to wish the wish you
wish to wish
But if you wish the wish the
witch wishes
I won't wish the wish you wish

One-one was a race horse
Two-two was one too
One-one won one race
Two-two won one too

I'm not the fig plucker
Nor the fig plucker's son
But I'll pluck figs
Till the fig plucker comes

Tie a knot, tie a knot
Tie a tight, tight knot
Tie a knot in the shape of a
nought

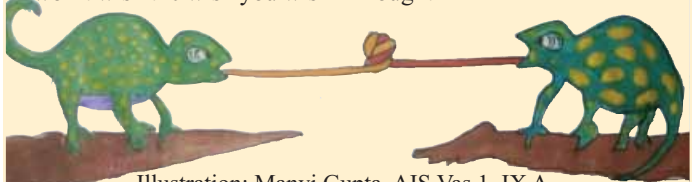
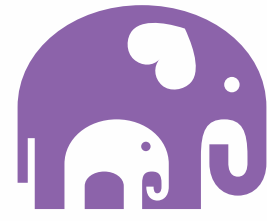


Illustration: Manvi Gupta, AIS Vas 1, IX A



amitots

AMITY'S TODDLER PROGRAMME

Ages: 15-28 months



Learn, Laugh, Explore!

Share precious moments of bonding with your little one!

75% of your toddler's brain develops before the age of 3 years.

At this crucial formative stage, a lot of learning happens naturally during a toddler's play and exploration. However, research indicates that some explicit instruction from observant and sensitive adults is required to build on a toddler's emerging literacy, numeracy, social, creative, musical, physical and cognitive skills.

At **amitots**, we create enriching learning opportunities for you and your toddler by setting the scene for developmentally appropriate activities through free play, circle time, creative arts, music & movement and storytelling under the guidance of our experts.



Registration Open for 2018 Session

Pushp Vihar (Delhi)

99-100-36580

Sec 27, Gurgaon

99-711-33582

Sec 44, Noida

98-187-04663

Gurgaon (Sohna Road)

99-990-39992



"Pictures and postcards; neither can hold happiness and emotions, The way GT edition does."

Maansi Anand, AIS Vas 1, X B, Page Editor

Khelo India Games

'Khelo India', jeeto Amity

Play To Win, Win To Play, Play As In World You Foray



Victorious archers Rishabh and Harsh



(Left: Spot 2) Mallika Kulshrestha, AIS MV secures silver medal in Gymnastics

Eight students from different Amity International Schools participated and won in various disciplines of archery, athletics and gymnastics, at the recently concluded first ever, Khelo India games*. The games were inaugurated on January 31, 2018 by Prime Minister, Narendra Modi, at Indira Gandhi Arena, New Delhi. It's a matter of pride for Amity that Sanchita Tiwari, of AIS Vas 1

was torch bearer of the games. Two students from AIS Gur 43 Rishabh Yadav (X) and Harsh Paramar (XI) secured 4th position and bagged the silver medal respectively in Archery. The ace archers have also been selected for the scholarship of 5 lakh INR for five years and have also been awarded 3 lakh INR by Haryana Scheme as well. Mallika Kulshrestha (X) from AIS Mayur Vihar bagged a silver medal in

Gymnastic. Archers Pihu Kalra (XI), AIS Mayur Vihar, Sanchita Tiwari (X), and Tanya Bansal (X), AIS Vas 1 qualified for the quarter finals. Archer Manvi Singh (X) of AIS Gur 46 too qualified for the 2nd round of the games. Gymnast Ananya Agarwal (IX) from AIS MV also made it to pre quarter finals. This feat was made possible because of the constant endeavour of Dr (Mrs) Amita Chauhan,

Chairperson, Amity Group of Schools & RBEF, to provide students with best opportunities in every field, for holistic development. *Khelo India are the multidisciplinary, school games in India for U-17 school children. Every year best 1000 kids will be given an annual scholarship of INR 500,000 for 8 years to prepare them for representing India at various International sporting events especially Olympics. 🇮🇳



Sanchita Tiwari presents the torch to PM

An archer's bow

Passionate for archery and dedicated towards her Olympics dreams, Sanchita Tiwari, AIS Vas 1, ace archer and torch bearer at recently concluded 'Khelo India' has done Amity proud with numerous rewards in Archery. She gets candid with GT...

gradually it became my deepest passion.

Archery the world over
India has very good infrastructure. But players abroad play with a very free mind and spirit. In India also we should have psychological counselors to help players cope up with pressure and stress.

Archer's other loves
I love to dance and I am a practicing Kathak dancer. I also practice yoga daily and love to study.

A bow of gratitude
I am thankful to my teachers and coaches for their support, guidance and motivation. I am grateful to our Chairperson ma'am as it was because of her initiatives that I got to discover, learn, and play archery- my passion. 🇮🇳

The moment of glory

The moment when I carried the torch of the first ever 'Khelo India' games is a memory which will remain forever etched in my heart. I am extremely grateful to Chairperson ma'am, and Amity for giving me this great opportunity of lifetime.

When the arrow struck

When I was in Class VI, I was just curious to know about what archery is. And when my school offered this sport, I took it up and

Scholastic Alert



Management); Bachelor of Arts (Journalism & Mass Communication); Bachelor of Hotel Management & Catering Technology (BHMC); Bachelor of Arts (English) (Honours); Bachelor of Commerce (Honours) (B Com Hons); Bachelor of Science (Medical Technology - Radio Technology); Bachelor of Vocations; Bachelor of Economics (Honours); Bachelor of Education (Special Education); Bachelor of Education; Bachelor of Technology; B.Tech (Bio-Technology); Bachelor of Medicine & Bachelor of Surgery MBBS; Bachelor of Dental Surgery (BDS); Bachelor of Ayurveda, Medicine and Surgery (BAMS); Bachelor's Degree in Homeopathy Medicine and Surgery (BHMS); Bachelor of Science (Yoga); Bachelor of Architecture

Institute: Guru Gobind Singh Indraprastha University (GGSIU)

Courses: ■ Bachelor of Computer Applications; Bachelor of Science (Nursing); Integrated - (Bachelor of Laws); BALLB; Integrated (Bachelor of Business Administration); BBALLB; Bachelor of Physiotherapy (BPT); Bachelor of Prosthetics and Orthotics (BPO); Bachelor of Occupational Therapy (BOT); Bachelor of Science (Medical Lab. Technology) (BSCMLT); Bachelor of Audiology and Speech Language Pathology (BASLP); Bachelor of Business Administration; Bachelor of Business Administration (Banking & Insurance); Bachelor of Business Administration (Computer Aided

Eligibility: Please refer to website for detailed eligibility criteria of each Course.

Application Process:

Online Registration begins: February 19th, 2018

Last date for reg: April 10th, 2018

Examination: Common Entrance Test (CET) for all the courses mentioned above. (Please refer the website for Entrance test dates)

Admission through NEET 2018-MBBS; BDS; BAMS; BHMS; Bachelor of Science (Yoga)
Admission through NATA 2018 - Bachelor of Architecture

Website: <http://www.ipu.ac.in/>

Taruna Barthwal, Head Amity Career Counselling & Guidance Cell

For any query write to us at careercounselor@amity.edu

I learn, I do, I innovate, I win

Amitians Emerge As 'Top Innovators' At ATL

Project 'Calcium dispenser prototype' by team Amity of AIS Vasundhara 6, bagged 'Top Innovators Award', under healthcare category at the finals of 'Atal Tinkering Lab'* after making it to final top 30 of the marathon. The other project 'Practicality' by AIS Gurugram 46 also made it to top 100 at all India level of the competition. There were total 10,000 innovation entries from all over India in the marathon. In the first stage 650 top innovative entries were chosen, each of which was then judged by a panel of



Winsome innovators all smiles and cheers

judges to select 100 best innovative entries for ATL Marathon final. Out of those 100 entries, top 30 were fi-

nally selected, wherein Amitians emerged glorious and brought the laurels home. The opportunity to participate

and innovate in ATL has been extended by Dr (Mrs) Amita Chauhan, Chairperson, Amity Group of Schools & RBEF who has a vision to kindle scientific temperament of students to help them grow as path breaking innovators, the ones who can change the world for better

*Atal Tinkering Lab-It is the science marathon which focuses on identifying a problem and developing innovative solutions that align with the National agenda of the Prime Minister of creating a New India by 2022. 🇮🇳

Museum calling



Students at museum

AIS Pushp Vihar

Students of Class III visited Indira Gandhi Memorial Museum for an educational tour on February 2, 2018. There at the entrance of the museum children first saw a collection of photographs of the National freedom

movement and Nehru-Gandhi family.

They also saw the photographs and displays of some belongings of late Rajiv Gandhi. Maneuvering around, the students also saw the dressing room, dining room, the hall, bedroom and the study room which was the most impressive of all. They also saw a biographical movie on the life of Indira Gandhi and a movie of her marriage ceremony. All the students enjoyed the trip and learnt about the life of late Mrs Indira Gandhi. 🇮🇳



Champs of martial arts

AIS VYC Lucknow

Karate students of the school brought home the laurels by bagging the laurels by bagging the laurels in the District Karate Championship held on February 8, 2018 at Shivani Public School, Lucknow. Displaying exemplary karate skills Abhigyan Bajpai,

Karate champs

Aditya Singh, Aditi Verma and Vaishnavi Yadav bagged gold medals and added yet another feather to Amity's cap. Equally commendable were the efforts of Priyanka Pal, Kaavya Shukla and Abhigyan Bajpai again who won silver medals at the championship. Ishan Gupta, Binayjeet Singh, Kaavya Shukla and Vaishnavi Yadav also did Amity proud by winning bronze medals. School principal congratulated the winners of their achievement.



Gulzar ki dilli

The Delhi Of Someone's Dreams, May Remain Just That - A Mere Dream

Saloni Saxena, AIS Vas 1, X A

*Often, in the 'loo'-scorched afternoons of Delhi
The man who made charpais
Would stand at the corner of the Ghanta Ghar
When the loo subsided, water was sprinkled
Outside shops and in courtyards;
And when on rooftops the beds would be made
Stars would twinkle
In the cool sky above
-Gulzar, An Afternoon in Delhi*

I closed the book and looked out of my cab window. I had finally arrived in the city of my dreams. "Dil walon ki dilli," they say and it was my heart that had brought me here. I am Sandeep, my friends back in New York call me Sandy. I moved there when I was a toddler along with my parents; the only thing that did not move was their hearts. It's been twenty five long years, but the business of the Times Square still reminds them of the hustle bustle of Chandni

Chowk; Central Park has reminiscences of Lodhi Garden... Here I am trying to hear the heartbeat of my parents.

It is a special day for me, being in my country, but for the city it is an ordinary December afternoon. I see cars waltz by, people going about their business. I suddenly feel warm, and take off my jacket. I don't think I am going to quite need the multiple woollens mom packed for me. "Dilli ki sardi...garam pakode aur tapri ki chai," my dad would often tell me. Perhaps, Delhi was cold back then.

I couldn't wait to get to my destination. The wait grew longer as my cab snarled at a snail's pace. Blaring horns made it worse. "Kaafi loud hote hai dilliwale," my mom had once said mockingly, after I refused to wear a jazzy kurta. I'm sure now I know what she meant.

I had been in the cab for about an hour and as per the GPS we were still 20 minutes away. "Best route despite traffic congestion," it said. "Dilli me toh roz ka traffic ka problem hai," my cab driver said with nonchalance. I wondered of all the

things that my parents spoke of about this city, why they never mentioned the traffic woes.

'Mathura Road', the sign board announced, when my eyes fell on a large board that said 'PM levels: 112'. Woah, that is scary. A part of me was glad that my parents were in another part of the world, breathing clean air. The driver struggled, for visibility was low; fog is a permanent member of the Delhi winter club, I was told. It was only after the cabbie told me that smog had become a major problem in

the city that I realised that the fuzziness of Delhi fog was lost to the darkness of smog. "Sardiyo me wahan muh se dhua nikalta hai," my dad would often tell me. I bet he'd be disappointed to see that smoke no longer comes from the mouth but engulfs the entire city. Perhaps, the city that my parents hold so close to their hearts was not here. It was only in one place - their stories, where still "Dilli Gulzaar hai."

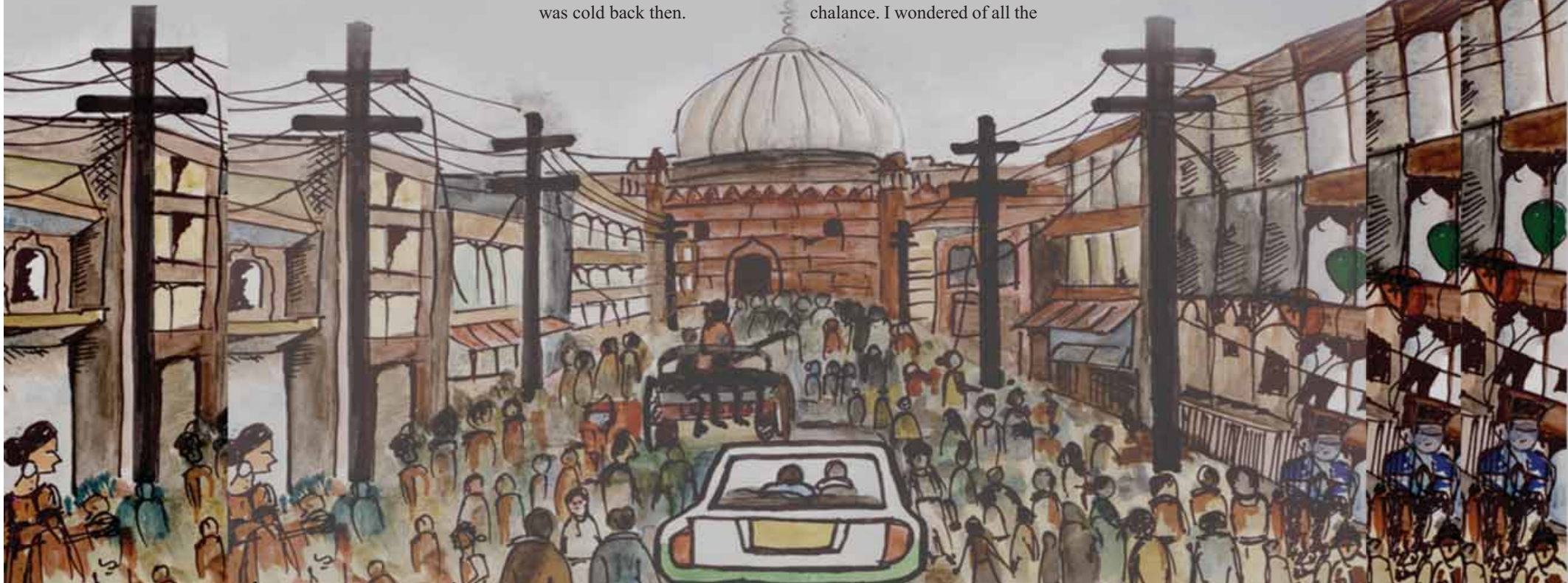


Illustration: Sarah Qadri, AIS Vas 1, IX B

Tale of two fates

Jellybean and Apple: Two Flavours; Two Stories



Graphic: Pranik Rai, AIS Vas 1, IX D

Maansi Anand
AIS Vas 1, X B

This is a story of two siblings, Jeet and Geet who encountered a similar fate on the same day, when something phon(e)y happened to them.

Jeet's story

It was a cloudy day. The horoscope read, 'Be careful! Some-

thing 'tragic' may happen. You might lose lot of money.' As the door of the metro slid open, Jeet went inside, he felt something slide out. And then, his heart slid out with his iPhone.

He had used up all of his first salary to buy it. With a sad smile, he remembered how he had gathered all the things required: his entire pocket money for a year, one of his kidneys, half of the belongings in his

house, his mother's jewellery, and the White House. He recalled the box in which 'it' arrived, the feeling was similar to winning his first award. How he had shown it off at parties, how every picture on Instagram was a mirror selfie, (how else is one supposed to show off the logo?)

With tears in his eyes, he recalled the way the App Store had absolutely nothing. How the storage would show 'full' way before it actually was; how a new model would be launched before people had time to digest the last one! How the charger would break every few days, and a third kidney would be required to buy a new one! Every post on FB, every mail; ended, with the same line: 'Sent from my iPhone'.

The last few minutes were a flashback. He picked up his phone, which now had a shattered screen, a broken home button, and? The half-eaten apple, sadly looking back at him.

Geet's story

The day seemed pretty normal. The horoscope said 'Stay safe. Something tragic might happen to you.' No idea how to distinguish this as good or bad, Geet went on with her daily routine.

An athlete, she took to the field instantly. Running with full strength, she was just halfway when she suddenly heard a 'crack'. Was it her heart? Indeed, it was as she turned around to find her 'Samsung' on the ground. As she picked up the now estranged device, it was time for a flashback.

It was her 18th birthday, when it was gifted to her by her parents. It was wrapped in a simple box illustrated with a huge phone. It was a simple one, yet a wonder in itself. As she switched it on, a dancing bot appeared. Cute. She recalled how she could borrow anyone's charger. How the Play Store had anything and

everything. How simple it was to download songs and sync music! How easy it was to manage picture. How everything

droid jellybean continued to dance, and wink. She picked up the phone and got it repaired from the nearest centre.

