



## The stars of Amity



Dr. Amrita Chauhan  
Chairperson

This edition and this year is very special because The Global Times has completed 10 years of publication, and this newspaper that you read today marks the first issue of the 10<sup>th</sup> GT Making A Newspaper Contest, 2018-19.

In the last 10 years, The Global Times has moved beyond being a 'mere newspaper'. Today it is not only a platform for writing and expressing your inner self but has also become a harbinger of personality development and social change. Many of our bright and much awarded student journalists who now work in diverse sectors stand testimony to the fact. I am amazed to see that our student journalists have taken up diverse professions like doctor, scientist, computer programmer, PR and media managers, engineer, etc., and many of them unfailingly attribute their tremendous success to their stint as student journalists with The Global Times. Some of the alumnus have categorically credited opportunities to interact with and get motivated from a huge array of inspiring personas as the main reason for their lives getting a new direction. Indeed, being a journalist you not only write or draw but you also think, and you think critically. You act and you act responsibly. You react and you react sensibly. You express and you express sensitively. Running around and coordinating for taking out the edition hones every team player and the leader in you. The cut throat competition to emerge as winner builds your inner strength to accept defeat and success in the same stride. The number of articles rejected make you more accepting of critical reviews and with every expression you only get better and innovative. I congratulate the students of AIS Pushp Vihar for teeing off the GT Making A Newspaper Contest 2018-19 with this edition. 🇮🇳

## The makers of tomorrow



Ameeta Mohan  
Principal, AIS PV

We all have dreams and things we want to achieve, but one of the main things we forget is how we need to work hard in order to achieve what we want to achieve. This is a simple fact and it cannot be changed. There are no shortcuts or magic spells where we won't have to work hard but will still achieve our dreams and goals. As a principal, it is my job to know and take care of all of my students and I have seen some students who had nothing but talent and could have achieved great success, but did not because of itty-bitty distractions. To be successful, one needs to ignore these distractions and practice self-control. With self-control, we will be fixated on the bull's eye and hit our mark with utmost precision. I'm glad that this year's edit team also decided to follow the same *mantra*. They have been dedicatedly working towards the making of this contest edition since the beginning of academic year. I have seen them brain storming in a near frenzy, writing, re-writing, designing, sketching and adding the finishing touches – I never saw their fervour decrease. My team has stood out successful with their undeterred motivation and a vision to be the best at what they are doing. Their hard work and will power has paid off in the form of this wonderful first contest edition for the academic year 2018-19. 🇮🇳

Published and Printed by Mr R.R. Aiyar on behalf of Dr (Mrs) Amrita Chauhan from E-26, Defence Colony, New Delhi 110024 and printed from HT Media Ltd, No 8, Udyog Vihar, Greater Noida. Editor Ms Vira Sharma.

■ Edition: Vol 10, Issue 32 ■ RNI No. DELENG / 2009 / 30258. Both for free distribution and annual subscription of ₹ 900.

Opinions expressed in GT articles are of the writers and do not necessarily reflect those of the editors or publishers. While the editors do their utmost to verify information published, they do not accept responsibility for its absolute accuracy.

Published for the period October 29 - November 11, 2018

# Foreign confessions

## You Only Know You Love Your Family When You Let Them Go

Garvita Batra, AIS PV, XII F

Dear brother,  
I never thought I'd say this, but I miss you. I thought that a foreign university would be utopia, but it is far from it. The glittery skyline photos on Instagram, which beguiled me into thinking that foreign land is the place where everything is pitch perfect, did not tell me that this new place would be nothing like home. I woke up this morning and covered my ears with pillows, only to notice that no temple bells were ringing this morning, no *aarti* to attend. Was I relieved? Absolutely not. Believe it or not, I actually miss the morning routine, so the next time mom asks you to sit in the *pooja* do so without a frown.

As I stumbled into kitchen, waiting to be embraced by mom's special tea and *paranthe* followed by a 'Good morning, beta', it hit me: there was nothing. Zilch! With every passing day where I struggle to put together a meal, sometimes cutting my hand or burning the food, I realise that I miss the same green and bitter vegetables which I re-



Pic: Kunal Ahuja, X F | Model: Siasa Sindhwani, XI F, AIS PV

fused to eat at home.

All dressed, I stepped out onto the street to commute to campus and hoped to catch the familiar blur of yellow and green; the autos and the haggles that came with it, which now seem like messiahs, as I have to walk five blocks on my own.

This still seems like a breeze compared to the stares I get simply for an-

swering my roll call. Of course, we are not all Appus just because of our language and our accent! I feel more and more conscious because of the looks I get when I speak in English. My soul pangs to use that language of (now) comfort, which I'd regrettably shunned previously. I wish I could've indulged in speaking exclamations like "Arre yaar!"

Don't get me wrong – my dream course in my dream university in my dream city is truly a dream worth living. But then it is a dream that will cause some tossing and turning, something the fancy social media posts don't tell you. 🇮🇳

With love

Your sister in a foreign land

## Cry me a river!

### The Degradation Of Our Holy Water Bodies

Ahaan Bhandari & Shyla Basu  
AIS PV, IX E

"My friends and I used to take three laps of Yamuna early morning everyday!" said my grandfather as he reminisced about his childhood. I stood bewildered, as I could never imagine actually swimming in such a grimy water body. He tells me how rivers were originally pure like a shrine, a pilgrimage, as clear and serene as...

...Humus. Compost. Pumice. Silt. Gravel. And other murky substances made Yamuna darker than burnt charcoal. The river that once bashed with speed now barely trudged. It splashed against the walls of the bridge hoping to catch the attention of the bystanders, but with its stagnant flow, it barely stood a chance...

...I wondered how his dream of swimming in those rivers again seemed so far away and mostly utopian. With these resources and technology, shouldn't there be a solution? And then there's Ganga. Originating from Mount Kailash, forming the spiritual foundation for Indians, radiating purity through hearts and souls, the river where people came to wash their sins, but now...

...Splash! The sound of clothes hitting the *ghats* echoed. The same river where people washed their sins off is now where they wash clothes. From afar came chants of people pouring ashes into the river, while others immersed idols of the same Gods that they worshipped into the prestigious holy river...

...Grandpa then tells me about how

mighty the river Indus was. "The Indus civilization was one of the highly developed civilizations where the mighty Indus used to flow!" he says. "But now there is not much of the river left to be seen!" His sighs come to a halt and he goes back to reading his newspaper...

...I wonder what I will tell my grandchildren. I would tell them about the rich history of India. The culture, dance forms, food, clothing, accessories, the holy rivers...Oh wait! 'Rivers'! How could I tell them about something which would completely cease to exist by then? Sure, let's tell the next generation that their elders have overused rivers. Not a big deal, right? After all, we have given them huge glass buildings, technology and whatever else they could want. All this for the cost of a few rivers, not much! 🇮🇳

Illustration: Vanshika Chaudhary, AIS PV, X C



## Struggle leads to success

Once, a man found a butterfly just ready to hatch from its cocoon. Watching it struggle for days at end, the man decided to take matters in his own hands and cut away the cocoon with a pair of scissors. Though the butterfly emerged, its wings were small and shriveled and its body was swollen. Unable to fly, it spent the rest of its life crawling on its swollen body. In life, struggle is a necessity. It is the only process that can lead to development of strength and growth in an individual. If one adopts shortcuts in life or gets accustomed to help, they turn out like the butterfly, unable to spread its own wings. Time and time again as I see the editorial team face new challenges every year, I get strong urges to help them out, but when I see them overcome these problems and handle tasks on their own, this urge is replaced with utmost faith. I realise that my students are made of hard work and determination, so they can overcome any challenge that comes their way. Now, watching all the students emerge from their cocoons, strong and confident, I have a brick wall of assurance and pride in my heart. With little guidance any student can go through this process and do wonders and become more and more self-dependent. Guiding each team is a whole new experience and as another year and another edition passes by, I can't help but remember the faces that I worked with in the past who always awed me with their perseverance – students who now stand on their own feet. One can never get tired of watching this journey, even on repeat. Read on to find out what more this wonderful edition has in store for you!



Garima Dhingra  
GT Coordinator