



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

Arshya Gupta, AIS PV, XI G
Page Editor

U, Me Aur Hum

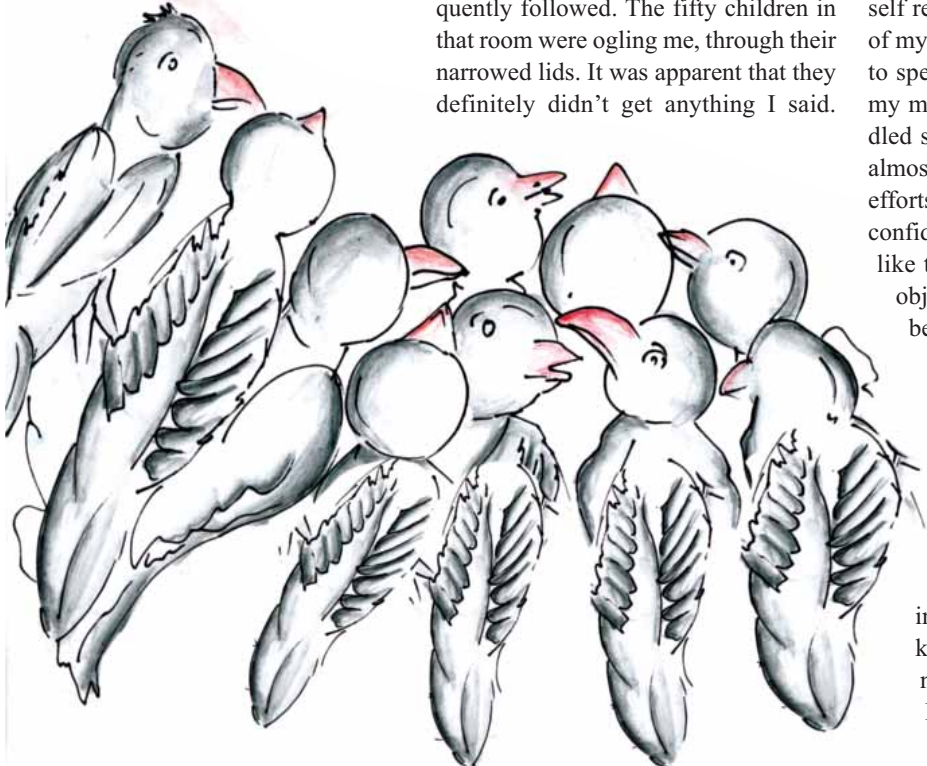
Whose life is it anyway

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 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