



A Judy- cious tale



A Posthumous Note From A Special Dog

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Bow..bow...vow... ensued at 'Kennel House', a hotspot for furry ones. Commotion was abound as Tuffy's hair spa had gone bad, and Champ was not happy with his pedicure. "It's a dog's life," one of them growled. The drama came to an abrupt halt when Sylvie unearthed a hidden note...

To whoever is reading this,

I don't know you and won't even get to know you, considering I will be long gone by the time you read this (I was born in Feb 1936, you see). I am Judy, a dog just like you. And just like you, I, too, loved spending time in Kennel House.

But that was before I became 'Judy of Sussex', when I was purchased by a captain to be the mascot of his ship – HMS Gnat. Life before that was easy-peasy in the Shanghai Dog Kennels with six siblings, but then all that was history once I was hired to be a gundog and serve the navy. Now, navy and all sounds cool, but then like every other dog I, too, had a dream of lying on the couch and being spoiled silly by my owner.

My training began, and how I wished to be trained to 'sit down' and 'fetch' like my siblings. Alas! I was sniffing, pointing, and what not, but apparently the only 'pointing' I was good at was finding food! I did good work on the Gnat though. I helped the crew navigate the river by detecting foul-smelling cess boats before the stench overtook our ship. My superior hearing abilities also allowed me to warn the crewmen of hostile aircrafts!

I'd just begun warming up to Gnat, when my crew and I were transferred to its sister ship, HMS Grasshopper, and sent off to Singapore. It was 1939, I guess. I'd started warming up to Grasshopper, too, when those cursed Japanese aircrafts sunk the entire

ship during war.

I still remember those days being stranded on a deserted island with little food and water. Imagine a dog like me who would have been fed in his owner's lap was hunting for food! But dogs can be more than spoiled, erm...responsible. Just as supplies ran short, I unearthed a fresh-water spring. Yay me! And then there's another adventure of me breaking a crocodile's bones, but we will keep that for another day. I was adapting to my non-luxurious life pretty well, but then prisoners of war? Yeah, those cursed Japanese had us eventually. '81A Gloegoer Medan' was the number given to me at Gloegoer prisoner of war camp in Medan. Now, life was really tough. But then I survived, courtesy- my best friend, leading aircraftman Frank Williams. I met him at the camp. Such a gentle soul, he would share his daily helping of rice with me. In fact, it was Frank who smuggled me back into the UK, where all the adulation I craved for finally came my way. I was presented with a 'For Valor' medal and a 'Dickin' medal, the animal equivalent of the Victoria Cross. I was interviewed by the BBC for their radio show, and my barks were broadcasted all around the world. Attending dog shows, raising money for charities, I was a star now; life was way better than I had dreamt of. But having served the country, I'd realised there was more to life than being patted on the head and being fed biscuits. Life is about valour and honour, the latter was bestowed upon me as I was buried in my Royal Air Force jacket, with my campaign medals shining bright. Yeah, my days came to an end on Feb 17, 1950. 14 years of a dog's life, one that was every bit worth living.

*Your truly,
Judy*

81A Gloegoer Medan, POW

For once, there was absolute silence in Kennel House.



Graphic: Chahat Garg, AIS Gur 46, X C

The life and times of Our Beloved Bobby The Teddy Bear

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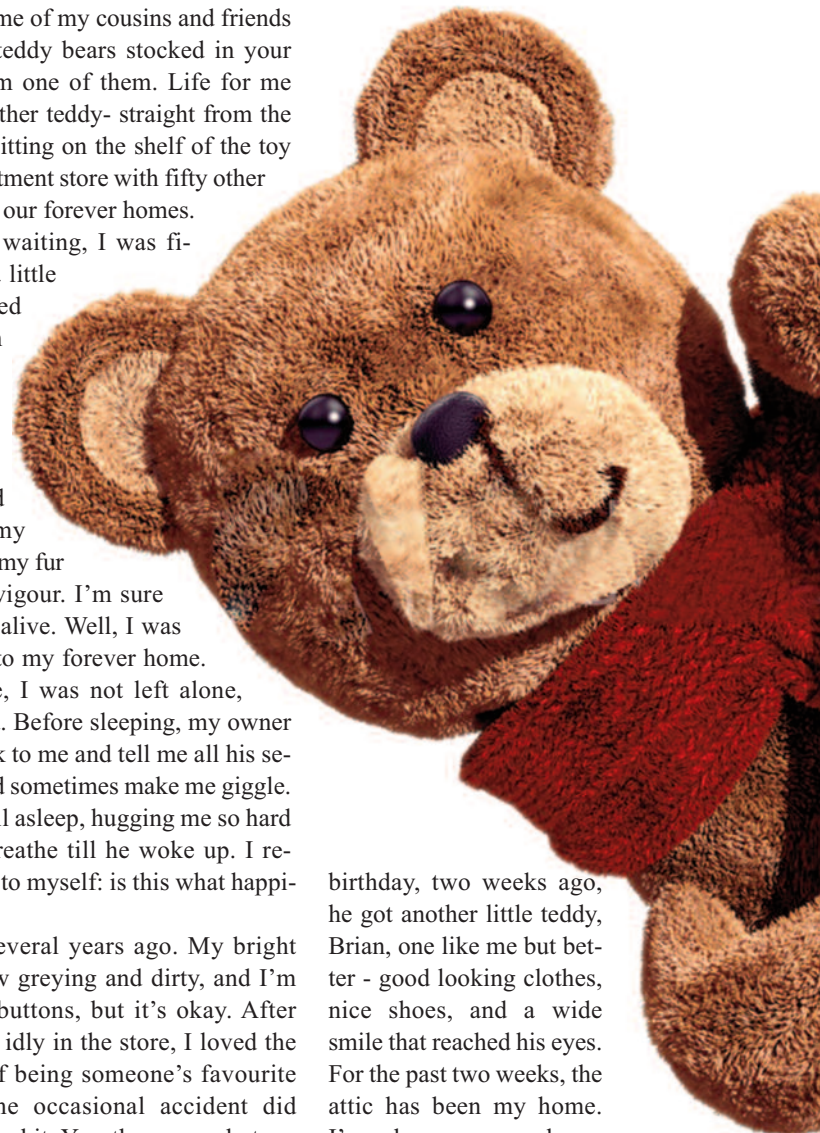
Hi! Remember me? I'm Bob. Still doesn't ring a bell? Oh! You probably know some of my cousins and friends – those squishy teddy bears stocked in your house. Yeah, I am one of them. Life for me started like any other teddy- straight from the manufacturer to sitting on the shelf of the toy section of a department store with fifty other Bobs, waiting for our forever homes. After months of waiting, I was finally picked by a little boy who screamed and jumped with joy at the sight of me. As he clutched me in his arms protectively, he counted the buttons on my shirt and combed my fur with the utmost vigour. I'm sure he thought I was alive. Well, I was just happy to go to my forever home. When he got me, I was not left alone, even for a second. Before sleeping, my owner would always talk to me and tell me all his secrets which would sometimes make me giggle. He would then fall asleep, hugging me so hard that I couldn't breathe till he woke up. I remember thinking to myself: is this what happiness feels like?

Well, that was several years ago. My bright shiny shirt is now greying and dirty, and I'm missing several buttons, but it's okay. After months of sitting idly in the store, I loved the rush and craze of being someone's favourite toy. Although the occasional accident did occur, I didn't mind it. Yes, the green chutney stain on my red shirt is probably going to stay for a long time, it's completely okay.

Over the years, I have seen it all; from being 'accidentally' dunked in a bucket full of water to having my leg chewed on by the family dog (aka my enemy). The other day, a stray thread on my stitched-on shoes was tugged and tugged

till my entire shoe disappeared. Sigh! I'm shoeless and buttonless and dirty, but my owner still loves me.

Well, at least I thought they did. For his last



birthday, two weeks ago, he got another little teddy, Brian, one like me but better - good looking clothes, nice shoes, and a wide smile that reached his eyes. For the past two weeks, the attic has been my home. I've been propped up against the wall, sitting still like furniture. Sometimes, I hear him speak to Brian just the way he did to me. Hmhh! Does Brian think he's special? He's gonna end up in the attic just like me one day. Well, atleast I will have some company. Till then, I am going to sit still and hope the rats don't get to me. Ciao!

En route to success

As Talks Continue With Dr Biswajit Saha

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Route 5: "New Education Policy 2020 is an integrated approach to education."

The NEP'20 very clearly states that there would be no categorisation between the subjects of academics, vocation, art and sports. This integrated approach has made these educational spheres cohesive, thus giving them a multidimensional approach. With the rigid structures of subject combinations being erased, students will now have opportunities to explore different areas of study. The focus will be on practical association rather than text-based learning, which will aid in preparing students for real life.

Route 6: "Education boards are equipped to tackle any and every situation."

One thing that the Coronavirus pandemic has taught us all is to convert problems into opportunities. CBSE, too, has faced this challenge head on and brought in

several reforms to soften the blow of any such situation in the future. We have introduced technology as a mode to transfer board decisions. Besides, CBSE has also introduced many important exam reforms. Moving way past the standard pen and paper tests, the board has started to conduct semi-online tests and online tests.

Route 7: "The infusion of technology in education should be in a much more controlled manner."

Humans invented technology for the good. However, like everything else, technology too should be used in moderation. While it can be utilised to make learning better and further develop the thought process of the students, it is essential to use it in an ethical manner. We have often seen in Sci-fi movies how robots and artificial intelligence systems begin to reign over humans. Thus, it is crucial to embrace change in a controlled way, be it technology or any

other domain.

Route 8: "A long term vision should be the basis of educational frameworks."

In terms of reform in the Indian education sector, I would like to see more collaboration and openness in our approach, along with wider participation of communities. Also, in India, the strategic decisions need to be mapped with the vision of the nation. Educational framework should be made by keeping long term goals of the country in mind.

Route 9: "If you're happy, you can achieve anything in life."

My message to young Amitians would be to always stay joyful. Being happy from within leads to the development of a proper consciousness with which you can achieve anything in life. The reason is simple - if you're happy, you spread happiness in the lives of people around you and moreover, contribute in building a happy society and environment for all. 🇮🇳