

Corona warriors



Dr. Amita Chauhan
Chairperson

I hope this newsletter reaches you in the happiness and comfort of your homes. As our nation enters second phase of lockdown, AIS Gurugram 46 brings to you the second edition of their GT Quarantine Special. I am happy to see so much of sensitivity and fire in my students to do their own bit in their fight against this pandemic. While students from all branches are coming out with their own e-edition, from this issue onwards, we also bring to you, one real story, that runs common in all. It shall be the story of young corona warriors. These stories brought to you by GT reporters shall be featuring one initiative of any teen in and around us who has emerged as the true hero, inspiring others to beat COVID-19.

While students are doing their bit, let us also not forget the other superheroes i.e our Amity educators. Right from online classes to flipped classrooms blended learning models, from coordinating over emails to making themselves dispensable for students 24*7, they have wholeheartedly engaged their minds, souls, sentiments and precious time for their students. I am immensely grateful to every Amitian who stands as a strong pillar that holds this institution strong and surging ahead in these tough times. **GT**

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'Shield'ing from the crisis

Fighting Corona, One Mask At A Time



Kreetik Thakur
AIS Noida, XII D

The novel coronavirus brought about an abrupt chaos in our otherwise seemingly peaceful lives.

While we tried to keep ourselves safe by taking every precautionary measure possible, Satyam Mehta, a student of Class XI from AIS Noida, decided to step up and derive effectual safety measures not just for himself, but others around him. Thus, 'Faceshield' – 3D printed face mask, was born.

Phase 1: The know-how

It was in the summer of 2018 that Satyam was introduced to the concept of 3D printing, when his father suggested him to pursue a course in the same. "When my father pitched it to us, we simply laughed it off. It was after attending a session that I found it highly exciting," recalled Satyam. It was through this very course that he crossed paths with his teacher Avikshit Saras, who was



CORONA WARRIORS

Pandemics know no boundaries, and neither do warriors who battle them. This special series, running across Quarantine editions of all Amity schools, is an ode to those fighters. Highlighting stories of young change makers from within and outside Amity, this special series has been curated by young reporters across various Amity branches.



inspired to make a change. So when then the crisis came knocking, the decision to create masks using my knowledge of 3D printing was an easy one," says the young corona warrior. But what Satyam struggled with was making the face mask stand out in terms of comfort, breathability and reusability. After much deliberation, he and his teacher Avikshit, narrowed down to a minimalistic design featuring a transparent sheet of plastic that would cover a major part of the face. "Even though only one standardised size has been printed so far, it is a comfortable fit," says Satyam. Other than the comfort factor, the masks also rank in terms of usability, as they can be easily sanitised and reused.



instrumental in the production of the masks.

Phase 2: The brainstorming

"Having been a part of Amity for so long, I have always been in-

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'Shield'ing from the crisis

Phase 3: The production

Procuring the required materials for the mask production was a challenge, given the lockdown. The transparent sheets used for the masks were made of OPH plastics, keeping in mind that general plastic was harmful. He shared, "Printing one mask takes about 45 minutes but varies as per the capacity of the printer. The addition of the sheets adds another half an hour to the entire process. I wanted to create at least enough masks to be able to offer one to every helper in my sector. Thankfully, I was able to do so."

Phase 4: The distribution

"My grandparents weren't in favour of me venturing out to distribute the masks amidst this lockdown. So, convincing them was a task," Satyam remarked. However, he has currently been able to distribute around 100 masks to the local watchmen and vendors. "Some vendors and shopkeepers even came upto me for getting the masks. It felt good to see them wearing it even after a few days had passed."!GI

Satyam also began his own fundraiser to support the daily wage workers, for which he ended up collecting over 36000 INR.

Links:

<https://covid19india.squarespace.com/>

<https://milaap.org/fundraisers/support-satyam-mehta-1>



The World Teenage Reporting Project, COVID 19 is a global collaboration of teenage reporters in newsrooms around the world who produce stories about what their peers are doing to help during the Coronavirus pandemic.

A page from the diary

Of Mr Monday Amid Lockdown



Ritisha Roy

AIS Gur 46, IX G

Dear diary,

The whole world is familiar with the gruesome tales filled with loathing towards me. On a usual Sunday night, teenagers should be drowning in guilt for not finishing their homework on time, dreading the challenges I bring. But here they sit, nonchalant as ever binging on web series. What is wrong with these people? Why are they so relaxed, even as I approach? This is preposterous; while the Coronavirus gains all the fear and panic I can't help but be concerned.

With the lockdown in place, humans seem to have resorted to a long, ceaseless vacation. No adults grumbling to wake up early in the morning, mandatory coffee and the usual dose of existential contemplation. I remember my scheduled morning rush hours that welcomed impassable traffic jams, with ugly curses and headaches. Now, the roads are empty and lonely. The man who always hurried to the office with burnt toast in his hand has all the time in the world now. I never had the best relationship with humankind, but our bittersweet always kept me highly entertained.

My glory and pride stay buried under late

Sunday night karaoke sessions and people waking up at noon on Monday mornings. Coronavirus affected humans, but the days of the week are bearing consequences too. My 'frenemy' Friday has also been feeling blue. No Friday night parties, no weekend get-togethers. Sunday has the face of a wet weekend (pun intended) for now every day feels like a Sunday. People should know that if they are experiencing self-doubt and self-loathing, they aren't alone. We are in this together. The good part here is that the days of the week are bonding with each other.

The entire world has become dormant. I don't mean to sound like a sadist, but I miss being the 'ringmaster', making everyone dance to my tune, annoying them with my irksome business. I do hope everything goes back to normal soon. Also, I am amazed to see how humans are handling the situation in the best way possible, they have earned my respect.

Maybe we all deserve a break from me, don't we? I surely deserve a break from constantly being cursed at. As we aren't in touch with the sense of time or the concept of day and night right now, I can't say if it is getting too late.

Good night,

Mr Monday. GI

Enough is enough, Corona

A Virus That Continues To Plague Our World At A Rapid

Kartikey Sharma

AIS Gur 46, XII J

Coronavirus has been ravaging the world since December of 2019, as we all know. And if you don't, on what beach will I find the rock you live under? Anyway, coronavirus is a deadly virus whose origins are a bit controversial. All we know is that it started in Wuhan, China and then spread all over the world to countries like Italy, USA, Spain, India etc, killing many. Starting off with

zeal to fight it out, people are now somehow just tired of it and want for it to just leave and never come back.

The world has thrown all it had and could at the virus. Modern technology, modern healthcare system, everything they had but this just won't stop. It keeps coming back to hit us harder than ever. What haven't we done to fight it? India has been in lockdown for so many days, and other countries have restrained public movement too. The Taj Hotels in India have been vacated

and transformed into living quarters for the doctors and nurses, catering to their every need. Hotels in the UK have been transformed into living quarters for the homeless who were unable to practice social distancing. Car parking lots in Los Angeles were turned into shelters for homeless people; trains in India were turned into isolation wards for the patients and so on. Even we, as the general public, have shown that, no matter how miserably, we can all live in our houses for weeks on end to defeat a pan-

demic. One might think this might be enough for the virus to go away. But here's the catch, it isn't!

This virus has a strong willpower. It does not back down and has somehow been infecting people in lockdown too! It infects the doctors who try to kill it; it jumps between human to human from a bare touch, it doesn't show its symptoms for two to fourteen days after exposure. And we don't even know if it's done yet! But it seems it won't give up soon and, like most viruses, is expected to come back with a second wave that might infect even more people. Oh! And it will only get worse. US scientists have warned the world about mutations in the virus. That's right. This little mischief is now mutating into something even more dangerous! According to these scientists, these mutations are suspected to cause the virus to be even more infectious than the original strain that emerged in China. Also, the people who have been cured of it will be more vulnerable to a second bout of the virus than they were to the first. At this point, it's just too much honestly. We're fed up and we're tired and the only thing we want right now is to give a big sigh, raise our hand and say, Corona, enough is enough! I wish that it works! 🇮🇳



Illustration: Chinmay Tuteja
AIS Gur 46, IX C



The lockdown paradox

Think Before You Wish Something, Because The Year 2020 Is Listening!

Manasvi Kadian

AIS Gur 46, XII J

2020—the year we all thought was “it”. No, not the scary clown from the Stephen King novel-adaptation, rather the very thing we all had been waiting for. However, it seems like the year just took a turn for the worse, something even more scary. It is as if it came along with a wish-granting lamp, that is granting all our wishes, with the only catch that there would be a catch in each one of them. See for yourself!

(No More) Morning Blues

It was an everyday ordeal. Having to get up early in the morning and complaining, getting ready for school and complaining, sitting in the first period and complaining.

And when asked, all we wished for was a school that started late, so that we could finally have those late night movie binges without putting them off for the weekend. One fine day, voila! The wish was granted. But the only happiness we had, the company of our friends was taken away ruthlessly. All the snickering, the gossip and the sly looks exchanged, gone!

Definition of Holiday changed

How many times have we screamed in frustration for “a six month holiday, twice a year” and wished fervently for it to come true? And now here we are, with a holiday that seems never-ending! Alas, the genie has played his trick yet again. ‘Poof!’ went all the helpers we had: the housemaids, the electricians, the gro-

cery delivery boy, leaving us with a big pile of laundry and dishes to do on our own.

Another sad account

Every YouTube video with titles like “Moving away from home” or “Life of an Adult” had one thing in common and that is the melancholy of not getting to eat “maa ke haath ka khaana.” But with everyone trapped inside their homes and eateries not just one call away, we are all left with no option but to have home-cooked meals each day, every day. Not forgetting our occasional experimentation with it that usually ends up with something burnt or broken. All we now wish for is the time when we could get back to attacking pizzas and burgers again. PS, sorry mom!

Happy(?) Birthday!

Event planning might be one of the most tedious tasks to do and planning your own birthday party even more so. But when we wished for lesser hassles and more fun on birthdays, we never wanted to be sitting alone at home, staring at the disproportionate cake we tried baking. For reference, just ask all those disappointed birthday girls/boys who tried to imitate a party over video calls but failed miserably.

Well, as the country remains under lockdown, with little to no assurance for things to change in the near future, perhaps it’s time that we just find a way around the paradox and fall into a new round of “wishing” wishes but thinking twice this time before doing so. For, you never know who’s listening. 🇮🇳

Present ma'am!

Types Of Students You Encounter During An Online Class

Vrinda Gupta

AIS Gur 46, XI H

Well, who can say that online classes are different from the regular school classes we used to attend before the lockdown. The teachers are the same, the syllabus is the same and when it comes to seeing the wide variety of students, it is the same. So, let's meet the typical students present during every online class and their never-ending excuses and problems.

The fault lies in bad network

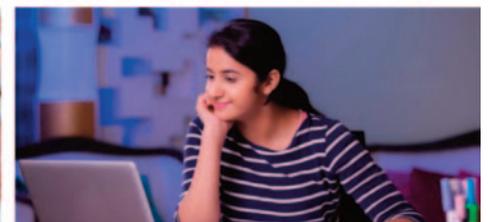
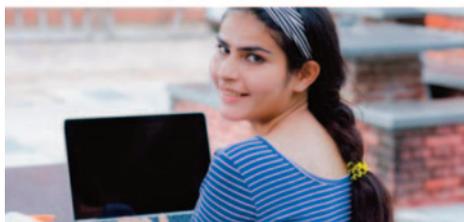
It is no surprise that there is always one student whose internet connection goes extremely slow with the onset of online classes. This student floods the chat box with statements like "Ma'am I can't hear you" and "Ma'am the screen isn't visible." Somebody should try and make him understand that with little patience, and a good internet connection, he can hear everything pretty well.

Fake mic! Fake mic!

When lessons are over, it's time for some grilling. But who likes to be grilled, probably no one. Whenever it's time to answer a question, the microphone suddenly loses its ability to function. And there's one student who simply writes "Sorry ma'am I'm unable to access the mic" in the chat box. And lo and behold, our teachers – not seeing any other option – let's leave him, next... Smart one, isn't he!

What's a chat box?

There is always one annoying student who just doesn't understand the concept of a chatbox. He has to unmute every time the



teacher asks a question, even when it is strictly prohibited. With every "Ma'am, the answer is 6," the rest of the students lose just a little bit more of their composure. Maybe it doesn't happen from now on *wink*

Attendance matters

What did the teacher say in the last few minutes? Can't recall. Because this type of student rarely pays attention to the lessons and the teacher explaining the same. The only thing he is worried about-whether attendance has been marked or not as he was 0.001 seconds late. All, one can say is, attendance is important but what the teacher says is of supreme importance.

How did the mic go unmute?

It's not just about one typical student. We have all experienced this during the online classes. The mic somehow becomes sentient and unmute itself. What happens next is nothing to hide about? Everyone hears the

commotion going on around us. And then comes the voice of the teacher to press the mute button (aka 'the most embarrassing moment in a person's life'). A moment of silence for all the students who have fallen prey to their wretched mics.

Excuses and more excuses

Of course, no class is complete without someone making excuses like "I wasn't late because I was sleeping, ma'am! The internet wasn't working!" "I didn't submit the assignment because it wasn't letting me submit it, not because I didn't do it!" This student is replete with excuses throughout the class. Everyone except the teacher believes you.

So, the next time you're in class, be sure to keep an eye out for these clowns. Oh, and don't forget to tell us all about them and their antics. Until then – stay home, stay safe and have a good quarantine! 🇮🇳



A Day In The Life Of A COVID Superhero, Safeguarding Lives

Sanvi Batra

AIS Gur 46, VIII A

I wake up to the shrill beeps of my alarm clock. It's 5 AM. I hear a crow cawing disconsolately, Babblers and Bulbuls bustling in and out of the bushes and long grass in search of worms and insects, the sweet, ascending trill of the Himalayan Whistling-Thrush. I wish I had time to enjoy nature's banter. Having slept for only 3 hours, I complete some chores and get dressed for work. I kiss my sleeping daughter goodbye, brace myself and dash off to work.

The desolate streets remind me of the hapless situation. On reaching the hospital in about 7 minutes, I

hear the sirens of an ambulance. Not the best way for a day to begin, I suppose. The thick tension in the hospital could be cut with a knife. I, too, am apprehensive of the day that lies ahead. No, I am not a doctor, or even a nurse - I am a hospital janitor. My job mostly consists of cleaning. Sanitising the corridors, disinfecting the wards. I don't think of my job as anything less than that of the doctors and nurses. I take pride in doing my work. I do assist them, trying to make myself as useful as I can to aid the recovery of patients. A cleaner place is a safer place and I give my best to contribute to a healthy environment.

Another day passes by. The

Coronavirus rages on, but it also giving us specks of hope. 11 new people affected, and 2 recoveries. I bear witness to their rising pain and their dropping pulses. Every emotion that goes around in these wards is also felt by me. Every other day I grow to believe that my job isn't just cleaning, it's so much more.

Whenever I'm sick of this job, I remember the face of the elderly woman I saw 2 weeks ago, how her eyes lit up when she was told that her son had fully recovered, how her face beamed with glee and the purest expression of happiness possible. I capture beautiful moments like these to help me through the bad ones. Though we all feel depressed, all we can do

right now is be hopeful for a better day and keep giving love to the ones we hold close. Through all the heaviness, people just need to be told that it'll all be okay.

Having done my work for the day, I start back to my home, craving the presence of my family. Finally, at night I get time to meet them and while I tell them all that happened during the day, I feel content with myself. The satisfaction of having done all that was in my capacity to soften the situation fills my heart with love. My children are proud of me, and that is enough for me to keep going.

And for the first time in a long, long while, I know that we'll be alright. [GT](#)

Angad Gautam

AIS Gur 46, VIII E

The mask

Let me begin by introducing myself
I am the great super hero 'The Mask XII'
I came from the family of 'The Mask'
You heard that right, 'The Mask' himself

My forefathers were from hero scout
Always hanging confident and proud
They believed in showing off their skills
But the face always showed its doubt

I was shy as I had no scope to shine
I was the last in line to meet the swine
But my time came pretty quickly
As fate slowly started to untwine

My friend 'The Bat' went to China



Along with friend 'The Wicked Hyena'
They didn't know that they were sick
And naively put humans in battle arena

'The Bat' ended in soup, became a story
Sacrificed himself for my fame and glory
You might be thinking about Mr Wicked
He ended in market beside some berry

China made me a part of their life
As they could not control the knife
But they wanted my fame to grow
So they sent me out without a strife

Even before I could even cover a face
I was wanted by the whole human race
Hundreds demanded me for protection
My popularity grew at an unlimited pace

Today I have become abundant
Now you know why I am so important
Don't you dare to step out without me
You shouldn't ignore me and be discordant **GT**

A ray of hope

Chinmay Tuteja, AIS Gur 46, IX C

Our lives were going too fast,
Busy in our day to day tasks.
No time for self or peace of mind,
That was normal for human kind.

But world came to a standstill,
All around people were falling ill.
A virus had stuck named COVID,
It has the whole wide world hit.

Every country under a big threat,
Ways searched so it doesn't spread.
The future looked very hazy,
Lockdowns made people crazy.

None thought it would be like this
All man's plans are poorly dismissed
But there are some positives to learn
Nature revived after the harmful burn **GT**



A world at peace



Illustration: Krishang Vyas, AIS Gur 46, IX I

Farhan Siddiqui, AIS Gur 46, X E

The bustling streets are silent
Like old abandoned islands
Humanity's liberty is seized
The world is finally at peace

A new disease is here
Pushing the humans into fear
COVID-19 has all activity ceased
The world is finally at peace

This is not just any pandemic

Not an excuse, or a gimmick
We might be displeased but
The world is finally at peace

Humankind is on a time-out
To stop the viral contagion
Now nature is again at ease
The world is finally at peace

The birds are chirping now
And animals roam fearlessly
Mother Nature, she is appeased
The world is finally at peace. **GT**