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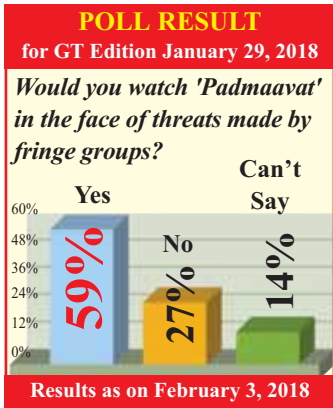
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AMITEpoll

Do you think that with Netflix around the days of cable TV are over?

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

To vote, log on to www.theglobaltimes.in



Coming Next

AIS Gur 43 Contest Edition

Aditi Suresh & Yashika Thapar

AIS Pushp Vihar, XI F

The world is concocted of 5.98 atoms, 7.6 billion humans and uncountable number of varied species. Each of them have stories to narrate. While some revolve around the craving to escape the labyrinth someday, others are daily struggles. But, there are some stories that go unheard for they fail to find a voice. The story of international problems that are a part of us and this labyrinth. They breathe the way we do, if only, we give them the voice to tell us their side of the story, their human story.

Population

The world fathoms that I love to grow and socialise. What they don't really know is, I'm the biggest introvert ever. I despise it when people cling to me (in large numbers, 7.6 billion to be precise). These humans are so incorrigible, it looks like they are out to set some world record. Look at UP, it has managed to match up to the total population of Brazil. Given a choice, I would abscond to the Broken hill, New South Wales with 0.34 people per km² and have a forever detox from this species.

Corruption

Who doesn't like to be on top of the hier-

A chance to human your story

Personal Problems of Problems As Persons

archy? I do too. Statistics are always favouring me, 75.3% right now. It's my contribution that's made the Indian sub-continent the most corrupt nation in Asia. 54% of India's population has paid a bribe when accessing public services and institutions, that's more than 1 in 2 citizens. And yet they keep talking about removing me at Ramlila grounds. And, the favours they ask me of are downright hilarious. Skipped the traffic signal? It's me. Don't want to bear the long que? It's me. Ironical that they rant about me being unethical, and yet they come back to me each time.

War

They named me war, and gave me a meaning. I gave no one the right to do that to me. The cowardly use me to bluster their military

powers. North Korea uses my name every second day. Syria bleeds each day; it has given me 475,000 curses already. I am condemned at graves and burial grounds. I needed this voice, and so I shall disclose my agenda on this planet: to create harmony and not enraged massacres. I plead mercy and peace.

Unemployment

Choices keep burgeoning for me. Everyday there's something fresh to deal with. If not, you can create one on your own. At my turtle-speed, I have managed to move to 3.46 from 3.49 this year. Basically I'm the one who supports 'Survival

of the Fittest' (read: richest), and they take excellent care of me without a doubt. With a grin, I read BJP tweets of my decrease. Economy (Economic problems) prevails because of me, 201 millions' smugness continues too. I make humans persevere more than anything else, still half of the world runs away from me.

Climate change

Does anyone here recall how I used to be? I wish to be the way I was, neither too cold nor too hot. Why don't humans get it? President Trump calls my existence a hoax. Everybody liked how I was before, I did too. Now, I am just a part of peace talks and treaties. But if they continue using me to their disadvantage, my greatest foe global warming shall take over their planet.

As they say, that however huge this globe might be, we're all but just a little family in this esoteric universe. And it's about time, we admit, all that goes around comes right back around. Let us try and become humans that care not just about the biotic species but also, about these pertinent global problems.



The road to the future

Insights Of A Modern Leader On The Path That Will Propel Us Forward

Aditi Suresh, AIS PV, XI F

Lav Agarwal, Joint Secretary, Ministry of Health and Welfare, Govt of India, is a known name in Indian bureaucracy. In an exclusive interview with The Global Times, he talks about the road ahead and how to tread the same.

Women *The road to leadership*

Women are as strong as men, if not more than them. They have time and again proven their excellence and brilliance in various fields. Women at various levels have not just provided valuable ideas, but also given shape to the same. They have been quintessential in changing world dynamics, further vindicating the notion that gender is no barrier for success. So, in my opinion, entrusting women with higher roles of responsibility and leadership, is the way forward.

Humanities *The road to a holistic view*

Humanities as a stream, is fundamental in shaping the leaders of tomorrow. It is an amalgamation of human psychology, world affairs, history, geography, culture, art, literature, sociology, philosophy, and a plethora of other domains that involve understanding the evolution of societies and civilisations and analysing human interactions. Technological innovations are the by products of continuous strides by human civilisa-



tion, and such ambitions come from the appreciation of geo-political scenarios and human interactions which one can learn by studying Humanities. It won't be an understatement to conclude that this stream perfectly complements science and commerce, both in terms of skills and knowledge.

United Nations *The road to world peace*

These are very turbulent times that we are living in.

The world at large is witnessing several contradictions and divisions based on religion, ethnicity and varied interests of different stake holders. At a time when each nation has interests of their own, there is an even greater need to look at the larger picture. This is where multi-lateral organisations like United Nations come into play. In the present day scenario, their role has become more significant than ever. Such organisations generate leadership and provide right guidance to the member nations, thus ensuring that emphasis is given to humanity and world peace before anything else.

Dream & Work *The road to success*

The world is getting more competitive and fierce with each passing day. In such a scenario, the only option one has is to give their best in everything that an individual undertakes. One must have faith in their dreams, and the willingness to toil each day to achieve them. Remember, there are no shortcuts to success, except for giving your heart and soul in every thing that you do. 🇮🇳



Bole chooodiyan

...Albeit A Sad Melody That Is Subdued By Their Happy Clinking

Anvi Mahajan, IX C &
Aditi Suresh, XI F, AIS PV

They are the hallmark of Indian tradition and yet their own tradition seems to be lost in the aisles of time. Their bright and beautiful colours hide the dark tale of their making. Behind their melodious clink are many untold, unheard stories. Life seems to have come a full circle for this circular ornament - bangles. As we set out ambling in the clamorous streets of Central Delhi, we came across a kaleidoscopic area beaming with vibrant colours - the Choori market, Connaught Place. The market makes your dream of a colourful life come true in an instant, that is till the time you unravel the life beyond the colours.

Lost in time

“Aaj kal kaanch ki chudiyon ki koi demand nahi hai. Ab naye fashion aa gaye hai, yeh poorani chooodiyan koi nahi pehnta,” shares Sulaiman, a choodi-wala at the market. “Nowadays, metal and lac bangles are available in smart and contemporary designs. Besides, they are cheaper. As a result, they have taken over glass bangles,” says Ajmal, another bangle seller. “It is only during the festive season that we witness a spike in sales. The rest of the year is rather lull for us. Earlier it was different, for women used to wear glass bangles on a



Choori market in CP is a kaleidoscope of colours

daily basis. They would break, making way for new purchases,” he adds.

Made of glass

The future of these bangle sellers are as bleak and fragile as the bangles they curate. “Making these bangles requires a lot of effort and hard work. *Itma aasan nahi hai*,” says Javed, a shopkeeper at the choori market. The meagre returns on their immense efforts only makes things worse. “*Income itni nahi hai. Aaj*

kal sab choodi wala koi aur kaam dekh raha hai,” says Sulaiman.

A cultural transmission

“My great-great grandfather, great grandfather, grandfather and my father have all been indulged in this business of bangle selling and so have I. It is in my blood,” expressed Ajmal. For them, bangle crafting is a family culture. Indeed, this craft is more than a profession for these choodi-wallas; it is an inheritance. But,

in contrast, Ajmal’s children aren’t involved in the family’s labour force. “There is no scope in this field. So, we are trying to educate our children so that they can take on something else,” he says.

New journeys

As these choodiwallas grapple with their conventions, they are also trying to charter on new journeys - eco friendly bangles. Glass bangle production requires the use of coal which leads to high lev-

els of pollution. Eco-friendly glass bangles, on the other hand, make use of ‘natural gas’, thus reducing air contamination. “Firozabad is the hub of the bangle industry. A part of Firozabad falls in the area around Taj Mahal where use of coal has been banned. I’m aware that this is a new technique which is gradually gaining ground. But it is not widely available,” says Ajmal. He further vindicated that his co workers weren’t aware of eco friendly bangles. “The government should conduct cultural orientations to apprise everyone about these new bangles along with sanctioning eco-friendly raw materials at subsidized rates,” he further added.

These bangles have long embraced Indian culture, enhancing its ethereal beauty. It’s about time we embrace them, so that another cultural beauty is not lost in gallows of time. 🇮🇳

Pics: Rudraksh Ahluwalia, AIS PV, X



Pics: Dakshesh Bharal, AIS PV, IX E



It's the Editor-in-Chief Checking the final draft



It's the writers Writing another draft



It's the illustrator Colouring magic



It's the page editor Thinking hard



It's us, THE TEAM

For more pictures, log on to www.facebook.com/theglobaltimesnewspaper



The deadline date is at quarter to eight: I'll see you at the gate, so don't be late.

Yashika Thapar, AIS PV, XI F, Page Editor

New age entrepreneurs

Survivor's Guide To Run A Start-up, Which Has All Chances of Failing

New Delhi: Friday, June 9, 1997

Two seemingly innocent girls caught travelling without ticket on a train to Goa went missing from the police station, three hours after capture. On questioning, they had come up with a cock and bull story about opening a tattoo parlour on the sea shore. The real intentions are still unknown.

Dhairya Chaudhary & Kanika Sharma, AIS PV, XI C

20 years later... Victoriously waving this newspaper clipping, were the co-founders of 'Ink by the Ocean', the tattoo emporium behind the ink revolution. Their story teaches us to dream big, for what was once called a cock and bull story has become the biggest success story today. A tête-à-tête with the two richest ladies in the country, Kim and Dora.

First things first, where did you get your finances from?

(Kim) The little capital we had came from our accumulated pocket money. The thing that was required the most was perseverance and readiness to be poor. That was how we were for not months, but for the first three years.

But, Goa is a location with countless tattoo studios, how did you manage to stand out amongst them?

(Kim) We conducted an extensive market survey disguised as school students, and we

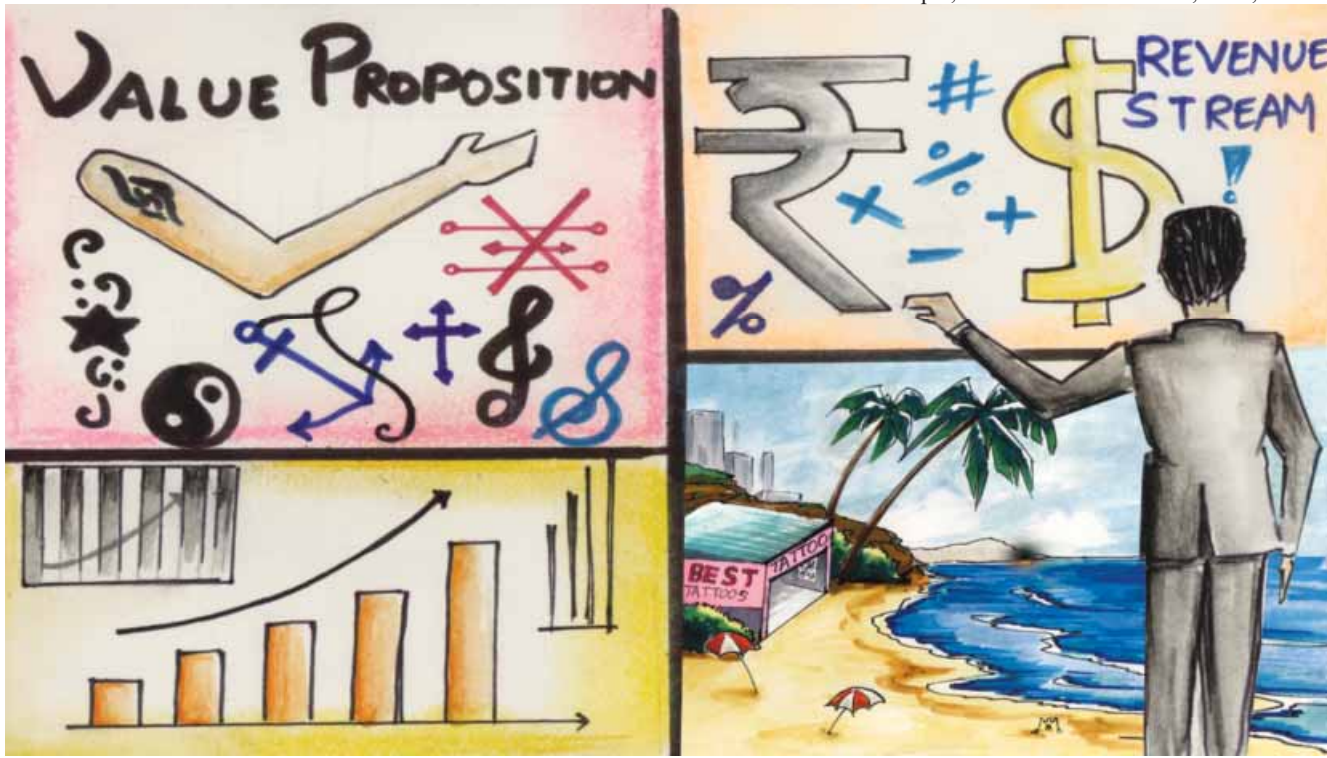


Illustration: Keshav Gupta, IX C & Dhimant Badan, IX A; AIS PV

concluded that present tattoo styles of dragons and dolphins had bored the masses.

(Dora) We came up with the GWPI, Gain without Pain Ink. As the target audience changed, our designs changed too, with lines like the Anime line.

(Kim) The moral of the story being to deliver new services to the masses with an experimental approach and keeping the target audience in mind.

Your marketing has been as unique as your beginning, what's the importance?

(Dora) Marketing is essential. Prove your-

self, even if that involves dancing in the middle of the beach to grab attention.

(Kim, in a low whisper) which we did in our most desperate hours. (Louder) Marketing is a slow process.

What do you think looking back at your decision of running away?

(Kim) It was immature, reckless and obviously Dora's idea.



So, starting with friends is the best option?

(Dora) Partner with someone with whom you form an unbeatable team.

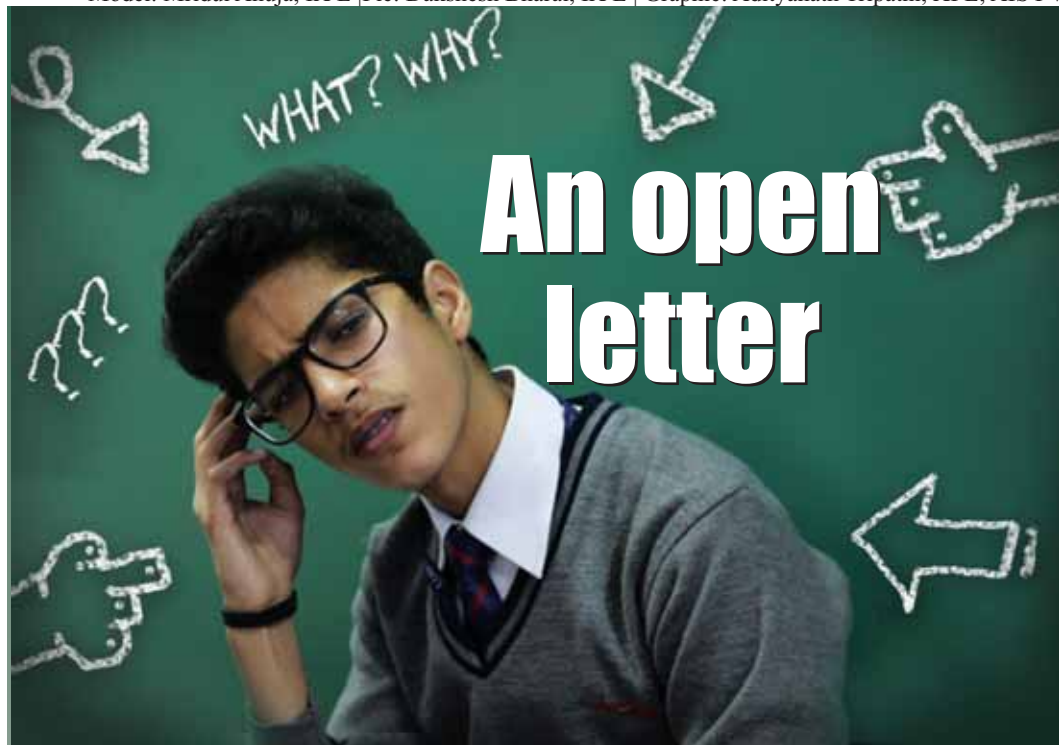
(Kim) At the end of the day, keep friendship and family before business, and there will be no major fight. This in no way means that we've had many peaceful years.

Any tips for the new age entrepreneurs?

(Kim) Forget your comfort zone. Don't give up because success won't come knocking on your door on its own accord. And lastly, ideas will come and go, the implementation will matter.

(Dora) Life isn't a fairy tale and everything won't just work out for you, getting started and going with the flow is the key.  

Model: Mridul Ahuja, IX E | Pic: Dakshesh Bharal, IX E | Graphic: Adityanath Tripathi, XI E; AIS PV



An open letter

Penned To The Oblivious Kid At School

Aditi Suresh, AIS PV, XI F

You, yes you out there. I know it, when you say it's tough, to not fumble with things at school. I understand, when you try to focus at the physics numerical being taught but end up scribbling lyrics of Arctic Monkeys. I feel you, when you wanted to raise a doubt in the class, but got subdued by the voice of that witty topper kid and decided otherwise. I know the feeling that engulfs you, when failing a test is equated with failing life. But guess what? School life is a phase, which is meant for making mistakes, yet learning from each of them. As clichéd as it

may sound, don't let any exam subvert you because one day you'll pass the toughest of tests, that life will offer. Never let anyone define you as average, mediocre, or any of these stereotypical terms because, you are a lot more.

To define is to limit, but you're limitless and growing each day. Aren't you? They call you lost and aloof, show them all the stories you curate. Don't let that last page of your physics book be an enigma; let them know of how you plot the world's colliding and yet give the humans a choice to undo all their wrongs, for it to be righted one last time. Don't throw that piece of art in the dustbin, rather embrace it.

Counter those, who hinder your way whilst you put forth your voice. Being a wanderer in the basketball period is beautiful, but hey, just try once to aim that basketball in the ring. Toil each day and study with your heart. Join one of the school societies and try to know yourself, in depth this time. It's okay to be a dreamy wallflower in a world full of nihilists. You are millions of atoms intricately put together, so make sure that you make it worthwhile. Lastly, breathe. There is more to life than that Physics UT. Give it time, it'll all fall in place.

*From,
A kid, who has
finally found herself*

May I come in ma'am?

Will He Make It Through The Door?

Shreya Ghosh, AIS PV, X B

Stand, until she lets you in.)

A part of our everyday routines involves the interrogation of a trivial yet significant question- "May I come in ma'am?" Unfortunately, not all teachers let you pass by with a simple yes.

"No, you may not."

The no-nonsense teacher

If you bother the 'no-nonsense' teacher in the middle of the lesson with this question, don't expect anything more than this curt reply. (Suggestion: Even your puppy-faced-sorry-expression might not work here, so don't try.

"Where were you?"

The cynical teacher

This question is an outcome of two instances. One, she has figured out that you were bunking the class. Here, you will end up standing outside. The second event could be her forgetfulness of permitting you to move out in the first place. In which case, congratulations, your proof will permit you entry with the unsaid doubt over you for the rest of the lesson.

"Yes yes, you may."

The preoccupied teacher

Standing at the very fringe of the classroom, repeating the question half a century times and withstanding the snickering of the classmates, the preoccupied teacher finally gives in a hurried yes. She might be busy correcting registers or so engrossed in teaching, and overlooks you desperately seeking entry into the classroom.



"No."

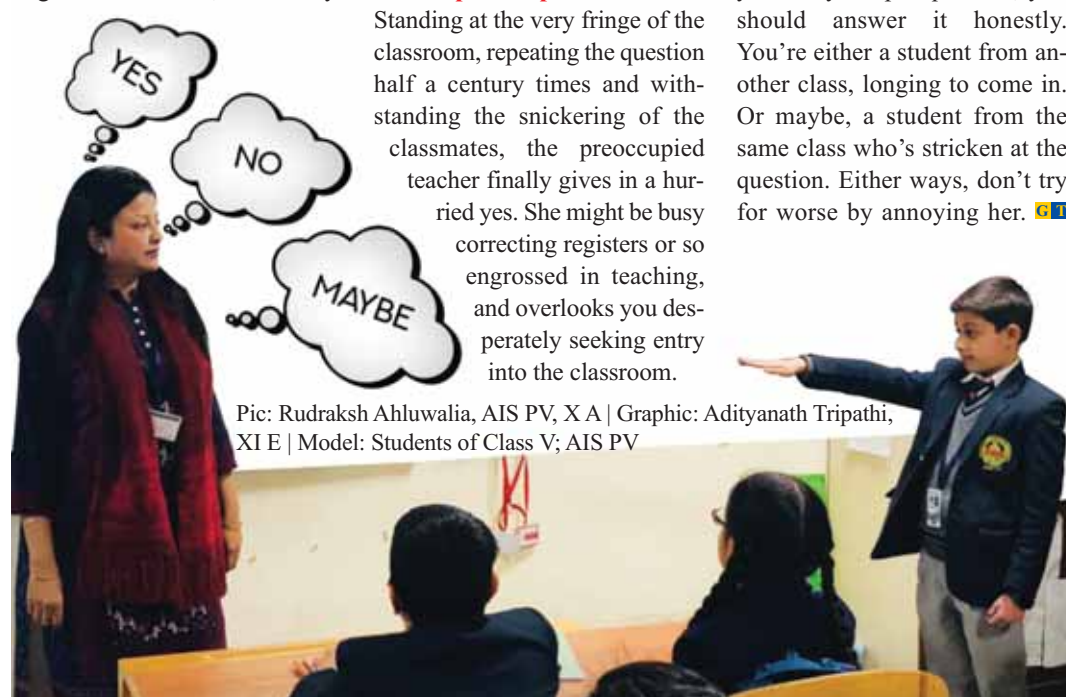
The cross teacher

A simple no and nothing else to go with it. There are myriad possibilities. Either, you've disturbed the class (most probably), or you wish to come in after the 'out-of-the-class' punishment. Either ways, bad for you. (Note: This answer might follow a very long speech on mannerisms.)

"Why? What do you want?"

The irked teacher

Hold up! By experience to tell, the irked teacher is not the kind you will want to mess with. If you come across this interrogation to your very simple question, you should answer it honestly. You're either a student from another class, longing to come in. Or maybe, a student from the same class who's stricken at the question. Either ways, don't try for worse by annoying her.  



Pic: Rudraksh Ahluwalia, AIS PV, X A | Graphic: Adityanath Tripathi, XI E | Model: Students of Class V; AIS PV



**Amity Institute
for Competitive
Examinations**

Presents 

**Brainleaks-234
FOR CLASS VI-VIII**

If in a certain language,
MADRAS is coded as
NBESBT, how is
BOMBAY coded in that
code?

- a) CPNCBX
- b) CPNCBZ
- c) CPOCBZ
- d) None of these

Last Date:
FEB 9, 2018

3 correct entries with
attractive prizes

Ans. Brainleaks 233

Winner for Brainleaks 233

1. Aditya Grover, VII A, AIS Gur 43
2. ARK VERMA, IX C, AIS PV
3. Akash Soni, IX AFVCP, 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

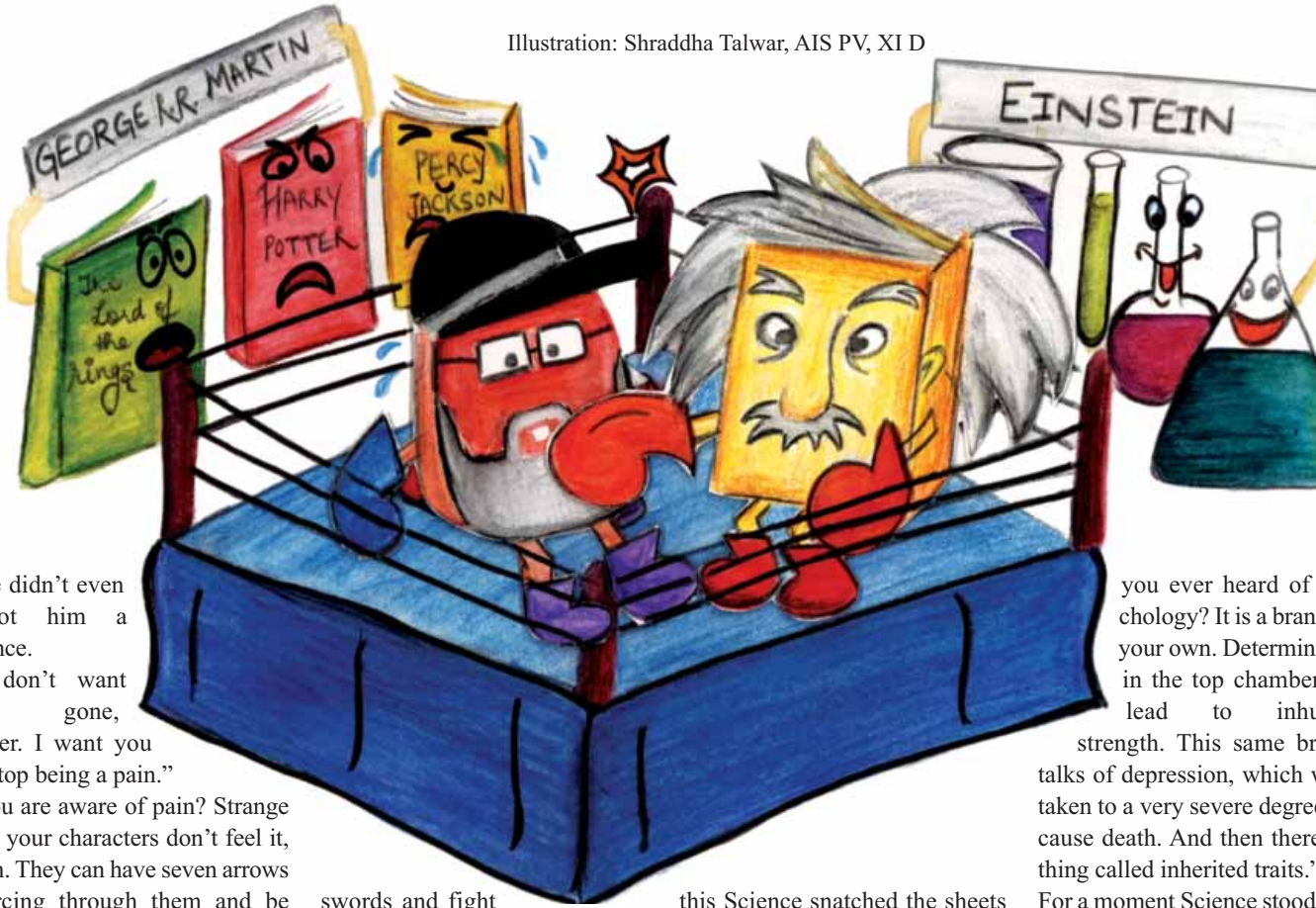
Dhairya Chaudhary
AIS Pushp Vihar, XI C

This time it wasn't going to let it go, all limits had been crossed; Science moved with firm intentions and a loose grip on its Bazooka. He could see the enemy now - grim spectacles, twinkling eyes and sly nose, all hidden behind a manuscript. Science stood hidden in the shadows, ready to strike as Literature picked manuscript after manuscript, and soon enough he got his opportunity. It was a Sci-Fi text. "Stop right there, you. Don't you move!" he screamed in a surprisingly shrill voice. "Well, hello to you, too, Science. What brings the thought of displeasing me with your company?" Literature raised its eyebrows without even looking up from the manuscript. "That document in your hand is a fib, one well concocted, but that is all there to it. You need to stop spreading rumours about me." "Repetition is the murder of art, said my disciple, Robin Green. I am art and this conversation is a repetition, I will have to ask you to leave," replied literature, in a rather nonchalant way. "Leave, huh? If you were one, I would be your Chlorophyll. You need to formulate your views in a structured form! You want me here and you want me gone, too?" Science threw its arms in the air, but to no avail as Literature

Red Handed

Idioms Were Fired, And Test Tubes Broken

Illustration: Shraddha Talwar, AIS PV, XI D



ture didn't even shoot him a glance. "I don't want you gone, never. I want you to stop being a pain." "You are aware of pain? Strange that your characters don't feel it, then. They can have seven arrows piercing through them and be running on a battle field, others can die of a broken heart. Those without any training can pick up

swords and fight whenever they wish. Every day you go against me and fill the minds of people with lies," with

this Science snatched the sheets from the frail grip of Literature. With a dramatic flourish the thinner figure got to its feet, "Have

you ever heard of Psychology? It is a branch of your own. Determination in the top chamber can lead to inhuman strength. This same branch talks of depression, which when taken to a very severe degree can cause death. And then there is a thing called inherited traits." For a moment Science stood with eyes wide, and then he began, "That is not what this is about." "I think this is all just much ado

about nothing," hummed Literature, dismissing Science. "It is about the little franchise you run in my name - science fiction," wailed Science. "It increases expectations from me to an unreasonable degree. It is not Science, if it is impossible." Literature sighed and thought of the time it was wasting, and from time came to its mind: "Remember 'Time Machine' by HG Wells? That follower of mine spoke of powered flight, and some years later you came up with it. Your scientists have come up with theories for time travel, why can't I?" Science was getting fidgety, "You misquote information..." "But nothing is known for certain, as said Aldous Huxley, we know nothing and that is the greatest degree of human knowledge," echoed Literature, "Language isn't a mere instrument, remember. I am repelled by your mechanistic approach. You and I share language, we are both expressed in it, and neither is superior. Why should I submit to your steeliness and precision when I am known for creativity and expression? You might be happy as a hard, cold diamond but I am content as a wildflower." "F-fascinating... literary ideas as a challenge to Science - " and with that Science paused for breath, came up with nothing, turned tail and sauntered off, not returning to attack Literature for a long time.🇮🇳

What's life? Wish To Contemplate Your Existence?

Kabir Arora, AIS Pushp Vihar, XII C

Think about yourself for a moment. You can think, you can feel, and you can create. Does that make you feel alive? Naturally, everyone knows that humans like you and I are alive, right? But let's try to analyse what 'alive' really refers to. You're made up of organs. They're made up of cells. Cells are made up of a lot of constituents, which, at the most basic level, are all just chemicals. However, chemicals aren't alive, are they? But you are. So just where along this chain from chemicals to organisms do we define something as 'alive'? Let's think about things that we know are unique to 'living' beings. Primarily, they are organisms that can make more of themselves. In fact, that's pretty much all they do, from a biological perspective. Organisms are born, they ensure their survival by reproducing, and then they die. Of course, not all living organisms can reproduce, so that can't be the defining characteristic. However, what we all contain, is the epicentre of reproduction: DNA, the thread of chemicals that passes existential information from one generation to the next. So, is DNA the definition of life? Well, DNA is composed of chemicals. And, again, chemicals aren't alive. DNA on its own is incapable of anything, so it can't be termed alive. That leads us to believe that DNA along with its interactions with the rest of an organism is what constitutes life. So, does that mean that being alive means containing information or a set of codes and instructions that you can pass on using the rest of you? That raises another question. Would artificial intel-

Thinking that objects are non-living merely because they are composed of certain elements that are intrinsically non-living is incorrect.

ligence be considered living? After all, we're very capable of storing information in an artificial mind and programming it to pass that information on to other versions of itself. Does that confuse you about what life really is? Good. You're not alone. Although this article hasn't helped much in making clear the blurry line between living and non-living, one thing is for certain. Thinking that objects are non-living merely because they are composed of certain elements that are intrinsically non-living is incorrect, because, so are we. This identity crisis isn't entirely new, either. Earlier, mankind believed that it was far different from other organisms, and that we were a different, superior type of 'living' altogether. We were forced to alter that ideology when we discovered that we, just like all other organisms, are products of evolution. We had to change our idea of 'living' to put all other organisms on our biological level. Who knows, when our understanding of the concept of being alive gets better in the future, we may just have to do it again. Just as we weren't different from animals earlier, it may turn out we're not that different from everything we right now consider non-living. A few questions to conclude: If we can't accurately describe how life works, how do we know what death is? If we weren't exactly alive to begin with, can we even die? Lastly, everything in the universe is made up of the same substances that on their own aren't 'living'. So, is everything dead? Or, more interestingly, is everything alive? Confused? Good. You're not alone.

Graphic: Adityanath Tripathi, AIS PV, XI E



A wild perspective Dethrone, Pacify And Acquit The Myths

Kanika Sharma, AIS PV, XI C

There's lot to know about millions of animals roaming on the planet. Think you're a master of zoology trivia? Read on and find out!

All hail the lion 'king'?

'The lion is the king of the jungle.' Or, is it? A pride of lion functions just like a kingdom. A king is the commander to the army – a lion to his pride. It collects taxes, through the first and largest share of the lionesses' fresh kills, and fends off any rival that dares to enter his 'kingdom', but, research shows that tigers have a larger brain (16% larger) than lions do. Plus, tigers also command superiority over lions

in terms of power and agility! So, jury's out on whether the lion really is the dictator.

Crocodiles: crybabies?

The phrase, 'Don't cry crocodile tears' is used to express insincere emotions. Supposedly, crocodiles weep 'false' tears of remorse while devouring prey. Research has shown that crocs do cry while they eat. They possess tear glands very similar to humans, for ocular lubrication. They can't chew, so they rip their food into chunks and swallow them whole. Their tear glands are right near their throats, so these eating habits actually force tears into their eyes. So clearly, these tears aren't due to remorse or emotion.

Sharks is 'Jaws', really true?

Sharks don't deserve all the hate they get. While these ferocious beasts are biologically engineered to kill, they are deeply misunderstood. These predators would much rather stick to their regular old meal of fish and seals, than human flesh. Sharks attack humans only when confused, or in defense. If it sees a human splashing in the water, it may try to investigate (leading to an unintended attack), or mistake a human for their usual prey, due to low visibility. But then again, cows kill even more humans accidentally. On an average, sharks kill 80 humans yearly, but we hunt 100 million sharks at the same time. And you still think we're the victims? 🇮🇳



I edit till my fingers are sore, all errors go straight out of the door.

Deeksha Puri, AIS PV, X B, Page Editor

Parliament ‘Sort’ed

What Happens When The Revered Sorting Hat Gets Its Hands In Politics

Shraddha Talwar, XI D &
Aprajita Gupta, XI F, AIS PV

From the halls of Hogwarts, comes the sorting hat, a creature of great intrigue and awe, for a visit to India’s political arena. On its tour to this politically diverse nation, it stopped to sort the Indian political leaders, putting them into the four prestigious Hogwarts houses.

The guest of honour was greeted by the Indian President, who, on the hat’s visit to India, served as Albus Dumbledore, its mentor. The hat commenced its journey with everyone’s favourite

NaMo. The Sorting Hat placed upon his head fidgeted for a moment, then uttered, “Hmmm...I see a lot of courage, not a bad mind either. You have a thirst to travel the world, in an attempt to highlight India on the world map...aah...GRYFFINDOR.”

The audience seemed to agree. India’s lion roared along with the lions of Hogwarts, almost as if he was a direct descendant of Godric Gryffindor.

The Sorting Hat, next, spotted Amit Shah, with an air of cleverness and intellect around him. SLYTHERIN, the Hat announced. He disliked the choice at first, but

then, he realised that Slytherins can be saviour too. He hoped to be the heroic Snape.

The opposition, led by Rahul Gandhi, however, not on board with the choices, started to point out fingers at the legitimacy of

the Hat. The Sorting Hat settled itself on Rahul Gandhi’s head.

“Huh, another Gandhi... I know just what to do with you.. GRY...” suddenly the Hat caught a glimpse of RaGa’s twitter feed. “Hmmm....loyalty to one’s family and the nation...You will do well in HUFFLEPUFF,” the Sorting Hat said with a smile. And so a bewildered

Rahul Gandhi went on to join Hufflepuff with his future best friend, Lalu Prasad Yadav.

The chief minister of Delhi was next up to acknowledge the all-

knowing Hat. At a mere glimpse, the Sorting Hat could see the IIT intellect, masked behind the politics. ‘RAVENCLAW’, it shouted. The Hat explained its decision by a single statement, “Winning the throne of the Capital, twice, without a political background, sure says a lot.” Sushma Swaraj followed Modi’s path to Gryffindor, with some valiant decisions that helped the citizens. Ravenclaw was enlightened by presence of the Finance

genie, Arun Jaitley, who shook the nation with the new taxation. Next in line was Shashi Tharoor. Upon being placed Mr Tharoor’s head, it exclaimed, “I can see charisma and ambition oozing. You are destined to be in SLYTHERIN!” But Mr Tharoor was not happy with the Hat’s wit, he agitatedly said, “What?! This is an exasperating farrago of distortions...” Well, we all know the rest.

The Sorting Hat had done its job, not realising that Indian politicians are too dynamic to be confined to the same house for long.



Illustration: Dhiman Badan, AIS PV, IX A

Tomboy’s letter

Yashika Thapar, XI F &
Maanya Kumar, XI C
AIS PV

To the girly girl,

First of all, that eyeliner is on point, if only my eyelids could be that beautiful whenever I rolled my eyes at you. But it wasn’t really you. I guess it had more to do with that makeup and the dress you were wearing.

Judgemental? Times made me. Remember that party last summer? I was there too, but of course, who’d be looking at a girl in a t-shirt and jeans when your perfect self walked into the room. Every time I tripped over my shoelaces, I found myself comparing their length to the height of your heels. Each day as I woke up staring at my Frank Martin poster, not liking the little pink it had, I thought of the countless pink tops I had seen you wear. Speaking of your clothes, they are fabulous. How I marvel at your ability to style crop tops and skirts, whereas I can barely exist without the hoodie I love. And you must remember, the horror story called the fringe that nested itself on my forehead in sixth grade, you still never fail to laugh at me now.

I have been asked why I’m not ‘girly’. I don’t really remember from when I started hating



Illustration: Dhiman Badan, AIS PV, IX A

skirts and high heels. It was, of course, a slow occurrence, but that’s what shaped me into the person I am today. A tomboy. There’s not a single dress in my closet, no high heels, just a pair of dirty sneakers that I kicked off five hours ago. I realised that I desire to be different. I realise that despite all the scrutinising stares my appearance attracts, the fact remains that my uniqueness earns attention, just the way your uniqueness gets you yours. My sweatshirt is me, like your dresses are you. My group of male friends give me the same happiness that your girl gang gives you. We are own people, still unique nonetheless. So, here’s to you and to me, to who we are, and to who we wish to be.

*From,
The tomboy*

The world in one night

Floating On A Boat Of Paper And Sailing Through Ink

Aastha Gupta, AIS PV, XII F

As I rest on my chair, weary of my journey, recollections of numerous events take form in my mind. I had just embarked on the greatest peregrination known to the human mind, that of voyaging through various lands, without any motion of the feet. Indeed, it was an expedition facilitated by the most unmatched invention of man-The Book. I settled in a boat composed of words, attired in black ink, floating on the flow of imagination and new worlds. I visited a variance of kingdoms and realms, each independent of the other and all an escape from reality. I entered the wondrous land of Middle-Earth, encountering graceful elves, greedy men,

powerful wizards, and marvelous Hobbits. I destroyed The Ring at Mount Doom and experienced the final victory against Sauron. I stepped through a wardrobe and made my ingress into the make-believe world of Narnia. A lion and a witch, four children and creatures of all sorts of origins, all ensured a hospitable stay in the land of magic and all that could be. Hogwarts followed on my itinerary; Platform 3/4 inaugurated the excursion into the world of wizards and witches. Spells, wands, battles, legends, beasts and hope provided souvenirs and fond memories to preserve in the sanctity of my heart. A reverberating blow awakened my heretofore passive eyes. I was standing next to Percy Jackson, son of Posei-

Ten cannons boom in my ears, as I find myself isolated in a forest, with a scared boy and a determined girl.

don, fighting a monster, a blasphemous abomination. His alacrity and intrepidity grant inspiration to my feeble soul. Ten cannons boom in my ears, as I find myself isolated in a forest, with a scared boy and a determined girl. I hence divine these to be Katniss Everdeen and Peeta Mellark, both holding poisonous berries in their cupped hands, at the verge of consuming them. Before I can witness the outcome, I am transported to Barton

Cottage; ensconced on an armchair, I hopelessly view Marianne Dashwood weep to her content at the cause of heartbreak. I stand to offer my sympathy but I am now ambling along the road of a melancholy moor. I am strolling alongside Jane Eyre, who deep in reflection, presents a certain unparalleled cynosure to my own heart. I now board a sad train with Anna Karenina and make my return to my room. I restore myself to the dull reality of my life and express utter compunction at the lack of magic and adventure in this world. As I reminisce, I dawn upon the realisation that magic is where we create it. It is in our minds, our souls and most of all, in fingers that confine the magic to paper, which guards it with its life. 📖🌈



Illustration: Vanshika Chaudhary, IX C | Pic: Dakshesh Bharal, IX E, AIS PV

The number of ideas is off the chart,
Oh my, where do I start?

Sanjana Jain, AIS PV, XI F
Page Editor



Contest Edition

Mind for Math



Dr Amita Chauhan
Chairperson

India is credited with showing the world a way forward in mathematics and astronomy through ground breaking research and innovations of its genius mathematicians in ancient and modern times both. It is the land of mathematics looking at the fact, that our

Sulba-sutras of Baudhayana, Apastamba and Katyayana composed around 800 BC are the oldest known mathematical texts, known the mankind. However, the mathematical knowledge contained in it is even more ancient dating to early Vedic age (1500 BC to 1000 BC). It is in these ancient Sutras that the first proofs of Pythagoras theorem exist. The world has now woken up to Vedic mathematics and its proven benefits in developing multiple intelligences and enhancing mathematical abilities.

That India gave zero, decimal and trigonometry to the world is known to everyone, but we are also the only nation which also gave Binary numbers, cyclic algorithm for indeterminate quadratic equations, ruler measurements, Fibonacci number and calculus to the world. Our Vedic Mathematics has the methods which can help us to do very large and complex calculations mentally in no time. Sadly for us, while the world adopted our mathematical knowledge, our mathematical geniuses who actually discovered those mathematical concepts and even invented new methods and equations faded into oblivion. It is time to reinstate the lost glory of India. Through programs as Mathamity, Inter Amity Mental Math quiz, Ramanujan mental math competition and special math labs, we at Amity strive to foster in students the love for Math, sharpen their analytical outlook, enhance mental calculation skills and help them to overcome math phobia. I am confident that Amity will one day to give back the world our 21st century Aryabhata, Ramanujan, Madhav, Pingla, Brahmagupta, Bhaskara, Vrihanka, Gopala and many more. The geniuses who will lead the world with their highly developed mathematical intelligence along with responsible leadership skills. They will show the world the way forward. 🇮🇳

Perseverance is the key



Ameeta Mohan
Principal AIS PV

An ant climbing a wall slips, falls and fails repeatedly, but it never gives up. It gets up and keeps going till the destination is reached, sometimes even carrying loads heavier than itself on its back. At the end it is nothing but the virtue of consistent perseverance that enables the ant to succeed.

Perseverance is not a long race, but a series of short races, we can't quit in the middle. If one wants something then he has to go get it, giving up is not an option. It is my firm belief that grit and determination can get a man anywhere. In the making of the contest edition, too, the team faced writers' blocks, dead ends, and feedback countless times, but they kept going, and this is how our team shines through. Like every year, the work put in by the students was remarkable, surprising us with their sheer resolve at every step. Our Chairperson Ma'am, Dr. Mrs Amita Chauhan, often quotes "*koshish karne wale ki kabhi haar nahi hoti*," meaning one who puts in effort never loses. You may not reach your goal with just a step, but it will certainly bring you closer, even if the step is miles away from your destination, you would only have learnt more. So strive hard and keep yourself motivated; don't be afraid if your ship tilts because you're only learning to sail better! 🇮🇳

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Dr Web & I can't confide

The Hospital Is Empty And

All The Doctors Are Here

Dhairya Chaudhary, AIS PV, XI C

Mrs I-can't-confide, a working woman, was adept to the world of technology, putting a lot of her faith in gizmos and gadgets. Since long had she been suffering from some seemingly rare disease. As one suspicious symptom showed up after the other, she decided something was wrong with her. With only half a will to figure out the problem, the lady spent hours pondering as to what could be the cause of her distress. Help was needed and she had only one figure to turn to. With trembling fingers, she opened her laptop and immediately popped a plethora of diagnoses.

Dr Web MD: Oh Là Là!

N'est Ce Pas Très

Grave? You should've

come to me when your pretty (h)ead first (h)urt, you have obviously cancer of the fourth stage and just three months to live. Quelle damage!

Mrs I Can't Confide: Wait, pause, I don't speak French.

Girls Health: Let me tell you, I believe it is a fully developed cyst that needs to be operated on immediately.

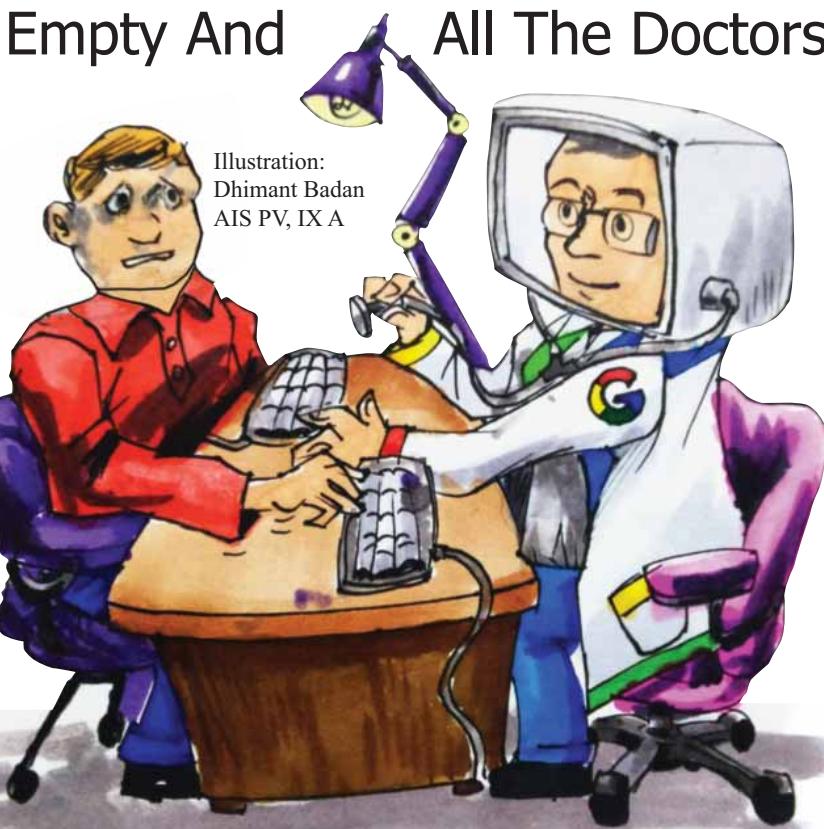


Illustration:
Dhimant Badan
AIS PV, IX A

Mrs I-Can't-Confide: But I have no family history for the development.

Epocrates: Thy approach has a flaw, milady; why dost not thou borrow advice from the old and learned? Fever and w-what? Palpitations... it is rare coronary artery disease. You can drop dead any second.

Everyday Health: I agree, it's the

heart, but the fault isn't in her stars, Epocrates, it is in her lifestyle.

Girls Health: A cyst in the heart!

Dr Web MD: Dio mio! A stroke is on the way!

By now the lady in question was truly swooning and fainted. She was rushed to the hospital and in came the true diagnosis, viral fever causing weakness

and emotional stress that lead to passing out. When questioned about why she hadn't visited earlier, the woman muttered something about being busy, but inwards she let out a sigh of relief.

As busy schedules mingled with blind faith in technology, the ensuing was medical queries being the third most popular internet tools, followed by essentials like e-mail and search engine use, according to a PEW study. 80% users are in pursuit of medical information online, ranging from food safety to drug use.

A hypochondriac's nightmare or a useful tool? Medical websites might come in handy for small scale problems, but

more often than not they just end up scaring the living

daylights out of you. The in-

formation that was once tightly controlled by scholars in the age of books and medical pamphlets now flows freely, information that could prove to be valuable or inaccurate. All the years doctors spend studying, surely they must have learnt something that can't be presented on a web page? Physical fitness should only be physically tested, how can one be a doctor over a virtual screen? 🇮🇳

Shades of (Hue)mour

Perhaps, Laughing Is No Longer A Mere Joke

Deeksha Puri, AIS PV, X B

Ever since the dawn of time, the fabric called humour has enveloped humanity in bouts of laughter, smiles and happiness, but will this humour withstand the test of time itself, or will it fade and collapse into non existence altogether? Let's see for ourselves, shall we?

Spilling slapstick stains: Well, apparently being hit on the head with a heavy object doesn't just induce blunt force trauma. It induces an endless supply of laughter in the slapstick universe. Not to mention Man + Banana Peel = Fall + Giggles is the basic theorem on which this universe works, after all. In a world where comedy is becoming more and more self-aware, don't highly over exaggerated acts of violence, act like (rather clumsy) stains on this bright fabric?

Playing overwash: Boy meets girl and token cultural stereotypes. These secondary 'comic relief' providing characters, stretch, wash and rehash the same old narrative over and over. From token Punjabi guy bursting into bhangra references, to the token misrepresentations of various other cultural stereotypes, all topped with terrible jokes harshly torturing this fabric, how long will it sustain the brightness it once possessed?

(Tear)ing up in bouts of laughter: Worshipping the God of insult comedy, Kapil Sharma, using overly unfunny playground insults in a bid to make your audience laugh is another golden rule of comedy you must follow, lest you actually want to have some originality left in you. Even though these insults are sharp darts, they irrefutably fail to attack their target and just miss and pierce the comedy fabric instead. Is the day when the yam of this fabric will come apart really far?

Solu-chan dilutions: Who doesn't love a good meme, making us laugh and giggle at the most nonsensical of subjects. While some truly clever memes are appreciated, we find ourselves on the internet, often in a cesspool of "What is this even?" From our very own indigenously manufactured "Kamlesh" memes to incomprehensible posts, somewhere comedy hangs on a loose thread, waiting to be saved by a miracle. Hanging onto its own last pieces, humour yelps in a cry for help. Do you hear it?

Time, along with us, has been a witness to the erosion of this fabric by the mentioned ways. However, it is not the end for humour.

It is up to us, to not overly slaughter it, through those horrible stains, over washing techniques and severe wear and tear. The very essence of humour-the urge to be happy, laugh and make others laugh still lives on, despite all this. Its transcendence of terrible jokes and uncomfortable statements, binds us together in glee even when human itself starts to wear down. 🇮🇳



Illustration: Keshav Gupta, AIS PV, IX C

Matter of satisfaction



Garima Dhingra
GT Coordinator

Once a young girl was learning piano. Initially, she felt difficult to grasp the musical notes. Her mother knew that her daughter was an amateur and was in the learning phase. One day the young girl shared that she wanted to participate in a musical concert. Her mother was not confident. Nonetheless, she allowed her and the day arrived. The concert was about to start. Curtains were drawn aside and the young girl was sitting at the great piano. In her mother's eyes were hope that she plays well. With deep concentration, the girl quietly tapped out the notes of 'Twinkle Twinkle Little Star'. The mother was surprised and felt as if her life had been fulfilled. Her daughters sheer determination and passion to participate in the concert was all that made her play the tunes beautifully.

This is exactly what I feel, a 'sense of fulfillment'. Every year I have a new team and new challenges. But the best part is when I see my team gliding through their struggles with their determination and undoubted passion to present the best. And in this quest of making their very own contest edition, the team almost magically overcomes all challenges that they face. I am struck with awe when they sit down to brainstorm out-of-box ideas and make the best of illustration and graphics to get the best for their newspaper till the time the edition gets printed. This edition has come out after series of deadlines along with formation of concrete bonds of hard work made on the way. No matter whatever happens, this will be an experience for a lifetime.



A star is born

This is the account of the heavens, the universe,
when the cosmos witnesses the birth of life...

Text: Kanika Sharma, XI C | Illustration: Keshav Gupta & Vanshika Chaudhary, IX C, AIS PV

Psalm 1

The creator of life,
God, calls upon clouds
of hydrogen gas and

dust in space to come together in the
making of the birth place of a star, called
'the Nebula' This is the place where the
newborn 'star' comes to life.



Psalm 2

The newborn hasn't acquired its shape yet.
When atoms of light elements in the space are
squeezed under enough pressure for their nuclei
to undergo fusion, it does. The luminous globe of
gas is radiant and lively, emitting its own heat and
light from nuclear fusions.



Psalm 3

As the star proceeds with its
life, eventually the hydrogen
fuel powering its body begins
to run out. Now entering old age,
it expands, cools and changes its
colour to become a red giant.



Psalm 4

The star now embarks on a new jour-
ney, and settles into a steadier life, as
it transforms itself into a red dwarf. It
burns very slowly now, and goes on to
live for a 100 billion years or more.



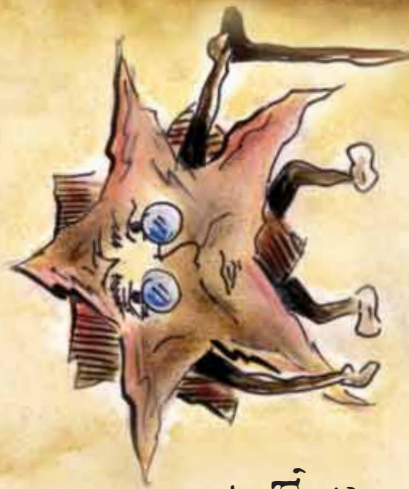
Psalm 5

The star now approaches its end as the fuel
of its life slowly diminishes. Small stars, who
haven't sinned, undergo a peaceful death.
They undergo planetary nebula, where they
lose their outer layers and change into a white
dwarf, eventually cooling to form a brown dwarf.



Psalm 6

However, the massive stars, those have
sinned in life much like Adam did, expe-
rience the most energetic and violent end,
which sees their remains scattered about
the cosmos in a giant explosion, called a
'supernova'.



Psalm 7

The judgement day for the massive stars is
here. A rapidly spinning dense star, called
a neutron star or a pulsar is the only thing
left behind now. An especially prodigious
pulsar forms a black hole, defining death
as a gateway to endless possibilities.



An artist’s reverie



Pic: Dakshesh Bharal, IX E | Model: Siddhant Kohli, XI D | Graphic: Adityanath Tripathi, XI E; AIS PV Aditi Suresh, AIS PV, XI F

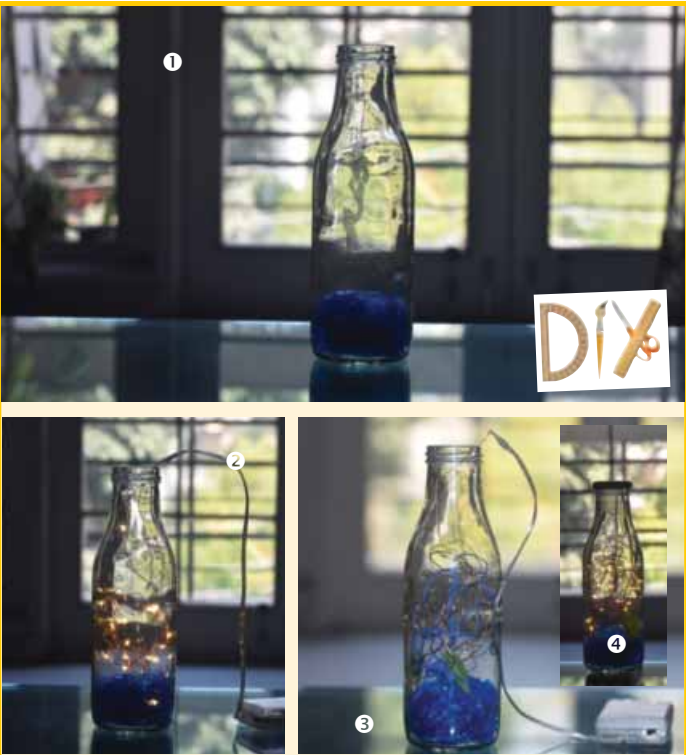
The sky was bluer than usual, and the sun was brighter than ever. I walked towards the National History Museum, New York, with a mind full of dreams and a paint kit on my back. As I entered, I felt a sudden adrenaline rush through my veins. I felt like an impervious kid, lost in some behemoth fest; exhilarated yet daunted. I gazed at the walls that were emblazoned with archaic paintings, not ignorant to the hurly-burly of the public, which echoed in my ears. It

was my annual semester assessment, and I could feel myself crippling from anxiety. Our professor escorted us, a group of final year students towards our respective scriptures. I stood in front of my scripture; it was a docile and lady-like figure with a meandering body. It was fairly difficult to interpret a rough draft of her. All I had in my mind was that I longed for this day to come, and all the practice had to pay off, I thought. This was the day, my day. I opened my kit and sprawled out my paintbrushes, paints and chatels. Minutes later, I was obli-

ous to the hustle around me. My eyes were glued to the canvas as my brain calculated just the right amount of red to be mixed for the perfect strokes. Midway through, a bead of sweat fell off my forehead indicating that I had reached the zenith of my concentration. Strangely, my view became blurred by a lady, similar to the one in my scripture. The only difference being, she was human and her hair seemed to be longer. Their features were so concordant, it almost dazed me. I could sense red drops cascading from my paintbrush, speckling my foot. My canvas

My eyes were glued to the canvas as my brain calculated just the right amount of red to be mixed for the perfect strokes.

awaited the final strokes whilst I was lost in reverie. And for a while, I wasn’t computing the amount of paint and I wasn’t sulking in any pressure. My reverie was fazed by two gentlemen, one of whom was my professor as they gazed at my canvas, and so did I. The next sixty seconds were to decide my future, and they weren’t fleeting at all. Soon with an appreciative nod they handed me a sheet which had an ‘A’ grade. I stared at my canvas and realised those final stokes weren’t thought through, they came with the flow. It was the first time ever that I didn’t treat my canvas as a mathematical equation, but got lost in the canvas. I turned around and caught the mystery woman staring right at me. She walked past me and said, “Your painting is too good to be a part of history; go embrace it, mislay yourself into it.” Hypnotised, I felt. I picked my canvas and walked out of the museum and thought to myself that I was on my way to becoming what I had always wanted to be, an artist; and I believed in myself this time.



Lamp in a bottle

Aprajita Lahiri
AIS PV, X D

Materials required:

- Glass bottle
- Copper wire battery operated LED lights
- 13cm x 13cm blue cellophane, crushed
- Electrical tape
- Blue yarn (optional)
- Leaves (optional)

Method:

- 1 Take a glass bottle and place the crushed cellophane sheet at the base of the bottle.

- 2 Now fit in the lights inside the bottle. Remember, keep the battery outside the bottle.
- 3 You can add blue yarn to the bottle or decorate it with leaves. This is an optional step.
- 4 Close the bottle lid and carefully secure the battery pack at the base of the bottle with a tape.
- 5 Be careful whilst handling the glass bottle.
- 6 Its done! Now you can place it at your favourite spot and switch on the light, to enjoy the aesthetics!

WORDS VERSE



Sanjana Jain
AIS PV, XI F

As the sun sets, on the other end
Darkness tugs my shield down

An enslaved piece of me
Is no longer caged
Place where my voice is not muted
And unheard but acknowledged
The only place where

The stars could finally align
As my soul entered my subconscious
Drifted away to a world of darkness
An air of comfort embraced my mind
As I go to the one I called my own

This place that let me unleash
The furies of my true identity
Where the waves of my emotions
Reached beyond the ‘Abell’

Where the heights of my happiness
Depths of sorrows mustered together
Where my eyes struggled
Looking at the blazing light

I shut my eyes in hopes of returning
To a place I could call home
A place where I knew I belonged
And then it became hard to bear

With each passing second
I succumbed to the light
As the darkness died within
And I evolved from the darkness

Prey

Deeksha Puri
AIS PV, X B

Scowls gracing the face of the moon
The shadows howl at every step
The heavens leering in distaste
Empty echoes abandoning her in the dark

Her body, a seemingly empty vessel
Drowns in tears of terror
Rain dripping on all of her scars
Taunting the fires set ablaze within

Nail marks on her palms
From acrimony clenching her wrists
Distant cries, lodged in her throat
Like an unheard scream

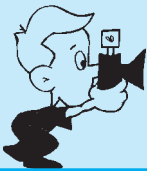
Bellowing tread of entities
She’d been escaping all this while



Looming grins plastered on faces
As they sniff her presence like dogs


Her eyes searching for a corner
Yet the walls start closing in
The entities quivering with delight
Pouncing on oblation the world offered


An entity exclaims in pleasure
“For society, she was an easy prey.”
“Why yes, fear of disappointment?”
A chaste reply from the other




CAMERA CAPERS

Lakshay Garg, AIS PV, XI D






The simplicity of silence



Culture on a plate



A vibrant passage

Brains over brawn

Saumya Chauhan
AIS PV, VII A

Once upon a time, there was a man named Finn McCool. Finn was a man with brawn; such was his built that people even in faraway villages were scared of him. Finn’s wife, Oonagh was a complete contrast. She was a petite, woman, but her brain was sharper than anyone else in the village. Finn often mocked Oonagh for being so tiny. One fine day they received a message that read, “I will be there at your house tomorrow at dawn. Let’s see who has greater strength. Cuchulain.” As soon as Finn read the name ‘Cuchulain’, his face lost colour. Cuchulain was a giant who was known to lift and throw people like a ball. Having heard stories about Finn’s strength, he decided to challenge him and emerge as the strongest man in the entire land. Oonagh, seeing her husband worried, said, “Don’t worry, I’ll think of a way to take care of Cuchulain!” The next morning Oonagh asked Finn to lie in a baby’s crib. She told him to be still and quiet.

Wisdom Tale

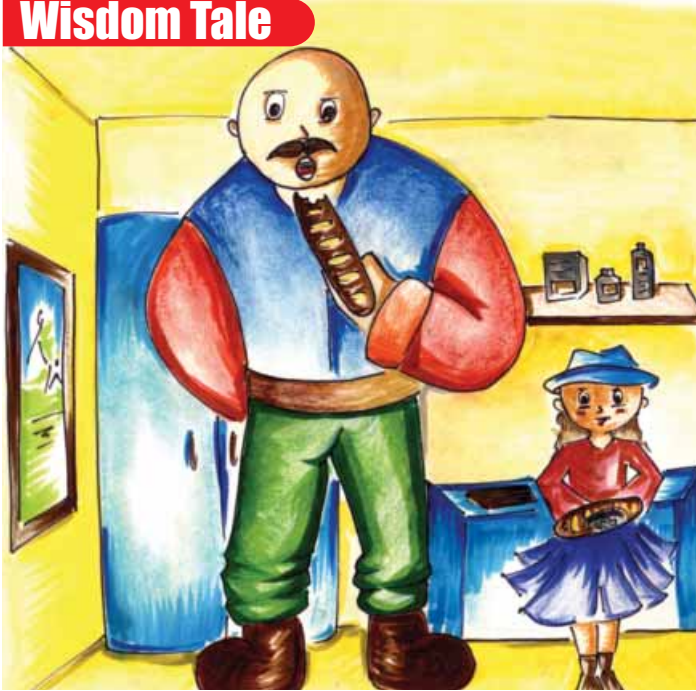


Illustration: Keshav Gupta, AIS PV, IX C

Then she baked two loaves of bread and hid a rock in one of them. When Cuchulain arrived, Oonagh came out to greet him. “Are you looking for my husband, Finn ?” she asked. “Don’t worry, he’ll be back soon. But while you’re here, would you do me a favour? The sun is about to rise. Would you

please turn my house in that direction? My husband does this every morning.” With tremendous strain, Cuchulain turned the house. “This Finn must be very strong!” he thought. Soon, Oonagh offered Cuchulain the loaf with the hidden rock. “Taste it, it’s my speciality!” As soon as the giant bit into it, he

Finn’s wife, Oonagh was a complete contrast. She was a petite woman, but her brain was sharper than anyone else in the village.

broke a tooth. He cried in pain. Oonagh feigned surprise. “Don’t you like it? I always give this bread to my baby!” She then gave Finn, who was in the crib, the bread without the rock. And Finn ate it without any problem. Meanwhile, Cuchulain thought, “Wow, that baby is huge! I wonder how big his father must be!” He stretched his finger towards Finn’s lips. With one chomp, Finn bit off the giant’s finger. Cuchulain screamed, “Oouucch-hhh! My finger!” He ran and never came back. Finn McCool climbed out of the crib. “So what is worth more, brains or brawn?” Oonagh asked him. Finn embraced his wife with admiration, “I am proud of you!” 🇧🇩

So what did you learn today?
It is always better to trust your brain over your built.



Pic courtesy: Smaya Jain, AIS PV, VII C

Smaya with her rainbow cookies

Rainbow cookies

Smaya Jain, AIS PV, VI C

Ingredients

Maida2 ½ Cups
Unsalted butter1 cup
Choco chips1 cup
Shortening.....1 cup
Milk¾ cup
Sugar¾ cup
Brown sugar.....¾ cup
Food colouring gel ..7 colours
Baking soda1 tsp
Salt1 tsp
Vanilla essence.....1 tsp
Eggs2

Method

- Preheat the oven to 350° C.
- In a bowl combine maida, baking soda and salt.

- In another bowl, combine shortening with both sugars and beat until creamy. Add eggs and vanilla essence. Mix well.
- Add the maida mixture to the beaten sugar and knead it into a dough. Fold chocolate chips in the dough.
- Keep the dough aside for 30 minutes and divide the dough into 7 equal sections. Add a drop of different food colour to each section and knead it well.
- Line a baking tray with butter paper and using a cookie scoop. Drop the dough onto baking sheet. Bake at 350° C for 8-10 minutes.

POEMS

Let it rain

Suhani Chauhan
AIS PV, V A

A drop fell on the apple tree
Another on the roof
The rain makes me carefree
It helps me to be free

A few drops here and there
A few on my face
Dampening all my curly hair
Helping me to escape the life race
Let the rain kiss you

Let it sing you a lullaby
Feel honoured to have experienced
After all rain makes you forget pain🇧🇩

Rise and shine!

Asees Kaur, AIS PV, VII B

Idle, when you sit
Look back in time
Relive memories that were hit

Through all highs and lows
The unsatisfactory and the fine

We want to relive those moments

Good times never come to an end
Let’s fight the bends so it extends
It will come later, to make life greater

Whenever you are miserable
And things tend to make you irritable
Don’t remember the terrible

Don’t be so dreary
Let life make you cheery
Because it won’t stop, dearie

Every mistake can be corrected
Now don’t waste any time talking
Get up, and start walking🇧🇩



Illustration: Naman Sogani, AIS PV, IX C

It's Me

I am
Aryavardhan

School
AIS Pushp
Vihar

Class
IA

Birthday
August 10

Hobby
Playing
cricket

Best friends
Aadit &
Kaira

Role model
Chairperson
Ma’am

Favourite
Toy
Gun

Favourite
Cartoon
Doraemon

Favourite
Subject
Math

Favourite
Disney
character
Mickey
Mouse

Favourite
Mall Select
City Walk

Favourite
Poem
Johny, Johny!
I dream

Favourite
Food
Rajma

I want to
become
A businessman

Favourite
Teacher:
Komal

Riddle fiddle

Adhiraj Chauhan, AIS PV, III A

1. I can fly without wings and cry without eyes. What am I?
2. What comes down but never goes up?
3. What travels around the world but stays at one spot?
4. What can you catch but not throw?
5. What is at the end of a rainbow?
6. What starts from ‘t’, is filled with ‘t’, and ends with ‘t’?

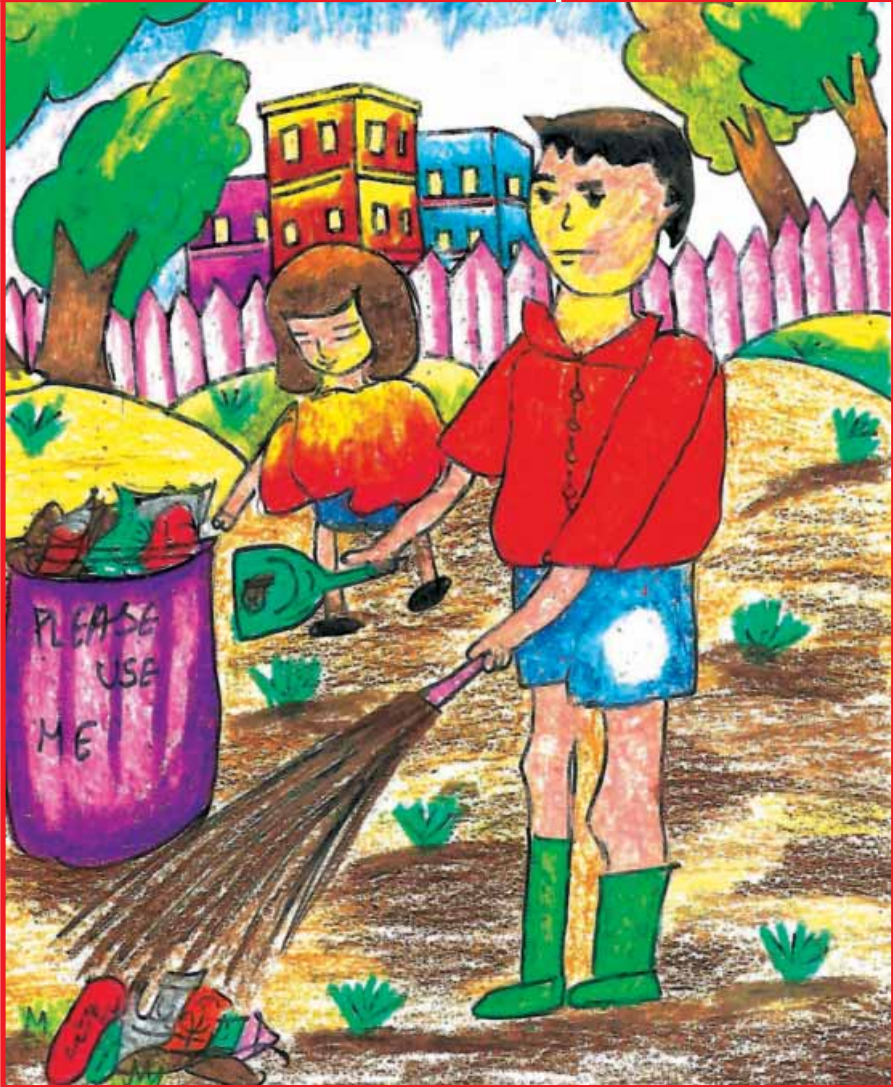


Illustration: Vanshika Chaudhary
AIS PV, IX C

Answers: 1. A cloud 2. Rain 3. A stamp 4. A cold 5. The letter ‘W’ 6. A teapot

Painting Corner

Prisha Kaur
AIS PV, V D





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I scream, you scream, we all
scream for the edit team!

Dhairya Chaudhary
AIS PV XI-C, Page Editor

Mental Math quiz

Students Learn To Make Math Their Best Friend



Students with their trophies along with esteemed dignitaries

RESULTS			
Class	Host School	1st Position	2nd Position
I	AIS PV	AIS Noida	AIS Gur 43
II	AIS MV	AIS Noida	AIS Gur 46
III	AIS Vas 6	AIS MV	AIS Gur 46
IV	AIS Saket	AIS Vas 6	AIS Gur 46
V	AS Vas 1	AIS Gur 46	AIS Noida
VI	AIS Vas 6	AIS Noida	AIS Saket
VII	AIS Gur 43	AIS Noida	AIS Gur 46
VIII	AIS Gur 46	AIS Saket	AIS PV
IX	AIS Noida	AIS Gur 46	AIS PV
X	AIS Gur 46	AIS Saket	AIS Noida

R & D Centre

It has been a constant endeavour of Dr (Mrs) Amita Chauhan, Chairperson, Amity Group of Schools & RBEF, to nurture young mathematicians and foster love for the subject amongst students. The Inter Amity Mental Math quiz is an initiative in this direction that began under the aegis of Amity Research and Development

(R&D) Centre.

The 9th edition of the competition held across various Amity Schools from January 22-24, 2018, focused on sharpening the analytical outlook of students, conquering their math phobia and enabling them to calculate without paper and pen, regenerating interest in mathematical tables and developing their reasoning and logical skills.

This year, the quiz saw a cent

percent participation of students from Classes I-X from different branches of Amity Schools. The competition was held at three levels i.e. intra-class, inter-class and then inter-school for all classes. Students participated in interesting rounds like, 'Audio Stories', 'Practical Application', 'Rapid Fire', etc. The rounds were meticulously designed with an aim to enhance the mathematical aptitude of students. An em-

inent panel of judges from the field of Mathematics and Technology were invited to grace the prestigious event.

The first position in the competition was bagged by AIS Noida, followed by AIS Gur 46 and AIS Saket bagging second and third positions, respectively. The annual quiz was successful in enhancing students' interest in math and helped them learn how to do math in a fun way. [G](#) [I](#)



Children celebrate different flavours of India

Republic Day

Celebrating Indian Culture

AIS Vasundhara 6

Class III students of school conducted a special assembly on January 24, 2018 on the occasion of Republic Day. The assembly commenced with a prayer song and showcased India's varied culture and traditions through a mini Republic Day parade. The students enacted a skit that conveyed the

importance of the day and told the brief story about how the Indian Constitution came into being.

The assembly was graced by the presence of school Principal Sunila Athley and Coordinator Sangeeta Paruthi. The day ended on a high note with a dance performance on the song 'Hindustan meri jaan hai' spreading the message of unity. [G](#) [I](#)



Students during the march past

AIS Jagdishpur

The school celebrated Republic Day with great zeal and joy on January 26, 2018. The occasion was graced by the presence of Atul Gupta, DGM, SAIL and Naresh Chauhan, Assistant Commandant, CISF. The celebrations commenced with unfurling of the national flag by the guests, followed by national anthem 'Jan Gan Man'. Various kinds of cultural programmes were performed by the children. Students also gave patriotic speeches in Hindi and

English. The senior students took part in the March Past, representing each house led by their respective captains. The girls presented a dance performance paying a tribute to the martyrs.

The highlight of the programme was the pyramid formed by students showcasing their unity and courage. The guests motivated the students with their inspirational words and enlightened them with their experiences. The celebrations concluded with the vote of thanks presented by school Principal Purnima Ghoshal and distribution of sweets on the occasion. [G](#) [I](#)



Little ones give a colourful presentation on the occasion

AIS VYC Lucknow

The staff and students at school celebrated Republic Day with great patriotic fervour on January 26, 2017. The unfurling of the national flag by school Principal SG Mishra commenced the celebrations at school followed by national anthem 'Jan Gan Man'. School's Head Boy Shubh Gupta spoke on the importance of Republic Day. Children also presented a

plethora of cultural activities like dance, drama and patriotic songs. The occasion also saw an inter house Hindi poem recitation competition being held wherein students rendered patriotic poems. School Principal SG Mishra addressed students about the sanctity of the occasion and the role played by the Constitution makers, with particular reference to Dr BR Ambedkar. The day concluded with distribution of sweets to everyone. [G](#) [I](#)



Children take part in fun race

Fun race activity

AIS VYC Lucknow

The school organised a fun race activity for the students on December 27, 2017. Children outshone their excellence through a plethora of races like pack up your school bag race, balancing ball on the spoon race, 100mt hurdle race, eating banana race and many more. Alaknanda house bagged first prize in the inter house relay race for girls and boys. School Principal SG Mishra encouraged and applauded the students. She further said that sports give students strength and will power to overcome a lot of difficulties and challenges. [G](#) [I](#)

Workshop on mental health

Training and HRD

Different Amity Schools in collaboration with Manas Foundation held a workshop for teachers to initiate a comprehensive discussion on mental health, child protection and related themes. It was organised in AIS PV, AIS Noida, AIS Saket and AIS Gur 43 on Oct 31, 2017, Nov 22, 2017, Jan 12, 2018 and Feb 3, 2018, respectively. The workshop conducted by resource person Monica Kumar, Managing Trustee of Manas Foundation utilized

videos, pictorial cues, interesting activities and teachers' participation to encourage facilitation of psycho-educative discussions and contextualizing with the lives of students and teachers. The themes covered in the workshop for teachers focused on how the teachers can redress the issues when observed among their students. The sensitive topic of child abuse and how it affects the family and the child were also discussed. Student issues such as anxiety, depression, bullying, growing up, identity, self esteem, gender sensitisation were also

discussed at length. Few themes covered in the workshops were 'Role of a teacher, Student mental health: Why we need to talk', 'Mental health concerns among students', 'How teachers can help', 'Suicide and self-harm among students,' etc.

POCSO Act: The core component of this workshop included increasing mental health awareness and creating a cadre of professionals sensitized towards socio-emotional needs and concerns of children. These trainings also function to enhance vigilance of sexual abuse in the school's context, along with providing strategies for prevention and redressal in the instances of violations. Monica also shared the workshop findings with teachers and relevant authorities, providing suggestions that would develop a greater sense of well-being for students at schools. The training was interactive and activity-based, allowing teachers and staff to experientially understand their roles in creating and enabling an environment within which students feel safe and cared for. [G](#) [I](#)



Teachers interact during the workshop

Basant Panchami celebrations

AIS VKC Lucknow

The students of Class IV conducted a special assembly to celebrate Basant Panchami on January 22, 2018. The assembly commenced with a prayer followed by a skit reiterating the importance of *Basant Panchami* and why it is celebrated. Children presented a melodious song and dance performance to invoke the blessings of Goddess Saraswati on



Children present Vandana

the pious occasion. School Headmistress Ms Tanuja, graced the occasion and blessed the children.

AIS VYC Lucknow

Basant Panchami was celebrated at school with great fervour and enthusiasm on January 22, 2018. The festival of *Basant Panchami* marks the advent of the spring season and is also celebrated to worship Goddess Saraswati. The students, teachers and staff members assembled to pray together and seek the blessings of Goddess Saraswati. The celebra-



Taking blessings from God

tions commenced with Saraswati Vandana presented by students followed by an auspicious havan for the occasion. [G](#) [I](#)



Illustration: Naman Sogani, AIS PV, IX C



Evolution of a FANGIRL

Five Stages Of Addiction

Garvita Batra
AIS PV, XI F

If you say you've never been a fangirl, you're lying. Be it books, TV series or musicians (it's okay, many of us were Directioners back in the day), everyone has had at least one fandom in their life. And once you get in, there's no going back. Keeping in mind all those times we cried, laughed and had a good time with our favourites, revealing in the joy of fangirling, here's a list of 5 stages of becoming an official Fangirl.

Second-hand fangirling

Your friend watched this new amazing show and urges you to get into the fandom so that they can share the joy with you. You sit there, enjoying them, gushing about this character that's just too fascinating. This could be an additional stage that many of us don't go through because we end up being the crazed up friend.

Hmm... I like this stuff

This is the stage when you try the fandom for the very first time. You revel in the anecdotes, a spark of interest burns in your then oblivious mind. This is also the stage which decides if you'll fall for a fandom or not.

Another step in the well

You've developed enough allegiance towards the fandom that you start understanding the pains of the characters. This is where you start getting to your path to salvation in the league.

You relate to every page, every scene, and your tears fall in unison with the story line.

Everything is fandom

You've seen every aspect and every corner of the fandom. Now you find your fandom everywhere, be it in normal conversations or classroom. You've established an unwritten and unexplainable bond with that one character and not once have you defended him in those fangirl dissensions. "NO, Khaleesi is the best!"

"Oh how I wish.."

This is the stage where you start creating your own scenarios and, well, what we call a fanfiction. You add your own tit-bits to the story in the hope that it would actually change. Now this is the stage where all you can think about is fandom. "I've never been distracted by my fandom." SAID NO ONE EVER. You can't escape the fandom anyhow. So, don't be surprised if you're writing an important exam and out of the blue, F.R.I.E.N.D.S. title track starts running through your mind. Yeah, that's what fandom does to you.

Of course, there are extreme cases as well, when you buy all the merchandise and everything fandom-ish to cherish all the beautiful and tragic parts. And then you are enveloped in a parallel universe of your own. But then you miss the innocent person you used to be, oblivious to all the joys and sorrows. It's almost bittersweet.

HIGH Fashioner thinking

Is What You Wear Really You?

Dhairya Chaudhary &
Kanika Sharma, XI C, AIS PV

As she walked into the store, Amber felt her heartbeat quicken. Her eyes flashed the luminosity of the overhead lights, her knees turned to jelly: it wasn't excitement, it was nervousness. It was a store full of a hundred garments. There was decision making, permutations, economics and budgeting. That's what Amber thought. But little did she know that even before she entered the labyrinth of fashion choices, her purchase had been certain.

Sensational overdose

Shopping: the array of intoxicating smells like someone has sprayed ambrosia in the air. The pleasure of running your hands through silken folds of new merchandise and sheen of shiny surfaces, making you wish to drop everything, maybe even yourself as you shop. This isn't ambience; it's the perfect web woven by masterminds of the fashion industry that overwhelms your faculties into spending more.

Trend in and out

It's the age of social media; and fashion trends are changing as quickly as news trends, not a good time for those who are trying to keep up. Even if one buys

the fresh fads off the racks, a new style craze emerges. Is this just a result of the quick pace of the contemporary world? No. Social media stars are paid to endorse different brands and their style changes weekly. So, when consumers shop new collections, the whim shifts and the race to catch up becomes a wild goose chase.

Illusionary deals

May the discounts be ever in your favour, but are the discounts really in your favour? Sales are nothing but glossy boards screaming lies. So don't get too excited. The next time you see a board that declares 'fifty for fifty rupees', for your air castles will crash when the bill shows a grand total of 2500.

Try to buy

"As I stare at it, I can feel invisible strings, silently tugging me towards it." Sophie Kinsella aptly describes the feelings of a shopper as they embrace the new fabric. It will be in this moment of weakness that a salesperson with a sweet smile will emerge and bombard you with phony compliments. If you haven't already guessed, it is a part of their job description.

Smaller is bigger

Fashion stores really take the concept of doing small things



Pic: Rudraksh Ahluwalia, X C | Graphic: Adityanath Tripathi, XI E
Model: Mehak Jain, XI D & Radhika Modi, IX C; AIS PV

with great love to their head. They use smaller packaging to plant dissatisfaction in the minds of shoppers, pushing them to make extravagant purchases.

Branded blackmail

You may not even notice it but as you wander around the mall, a gun is held to your head, prodding you in the direction of brands that

are 'acceptable' purchase choices. How else do you explain spending thousands on a piece of attire that could've been purchased for a fourth of the same price?

As all this reached Amber's ears, she woke up from reverie. The realisation was stark: she had been cheated by the stores that she had spent years with. 🇧🇩

RIP Conversation

This Is The Article You Have Been Looking For

Garima Minocha
AIS PV, X B

Who doesn't like a conversation that's so dead even Leonardo Da Vinci is ashamed? And there might be ways to restore it, but every word uttered seems to make it worse. Note the sarcasm (because all you want to do during such a conversation is to be swallowed by the Earth). Having a lifeless conversation is an

art to master. Between agonising small talk and pain of awkwardness, here are some tips and tricks to have a real dead conversation.

Eye not to eye: The perfect way to avoid human interaction is to avoid eye contact. Yes it does help. Just look over to the charismatic sky or to the captivating ground. We can all be just Flamingoes hiding our faces in sand, savvy?

Expressional talk: The key to success here is NOT to smile even if by the most unintended accident you have an eye to eye contact. Just have the Severus Snape like frown and you're ready to go. Anyway, offering smiles is overrated.

Initiation: Do not be the first one to start a conversation. Let that awkward silence linger till it becomes difficult for the other person to breathe. Keep your

fingers crossed that they do. Nobody wants a productive conversation in this age of small talk, yeah?

Anti-Emoji(fication):

Use of emoticons on a chat encourages a good conversation. Minimal use of emojis and the use of a period after every dreaded sentence creates the impression of a dead colloquy.

Curiosity killed the cat:

It's veritable! So the less enthusiastic you are in a conversation, the more lifeless it gets. The technique is to NOT ask questions. Plus points for replies like 'okay', 'oh', and 'hmm.'

Passive(isation):

Being active in a conversation gives the deceased conversation, the nutrients to survive, which you don't want. A divagating gaze and involuntary head nods work.

Body language: A straying gaze and poker face serve as the cherry on top. As humans expect a reaction to their words, this is the most successful tactic.

(Don't) Make use of this expertise in the next conversation.

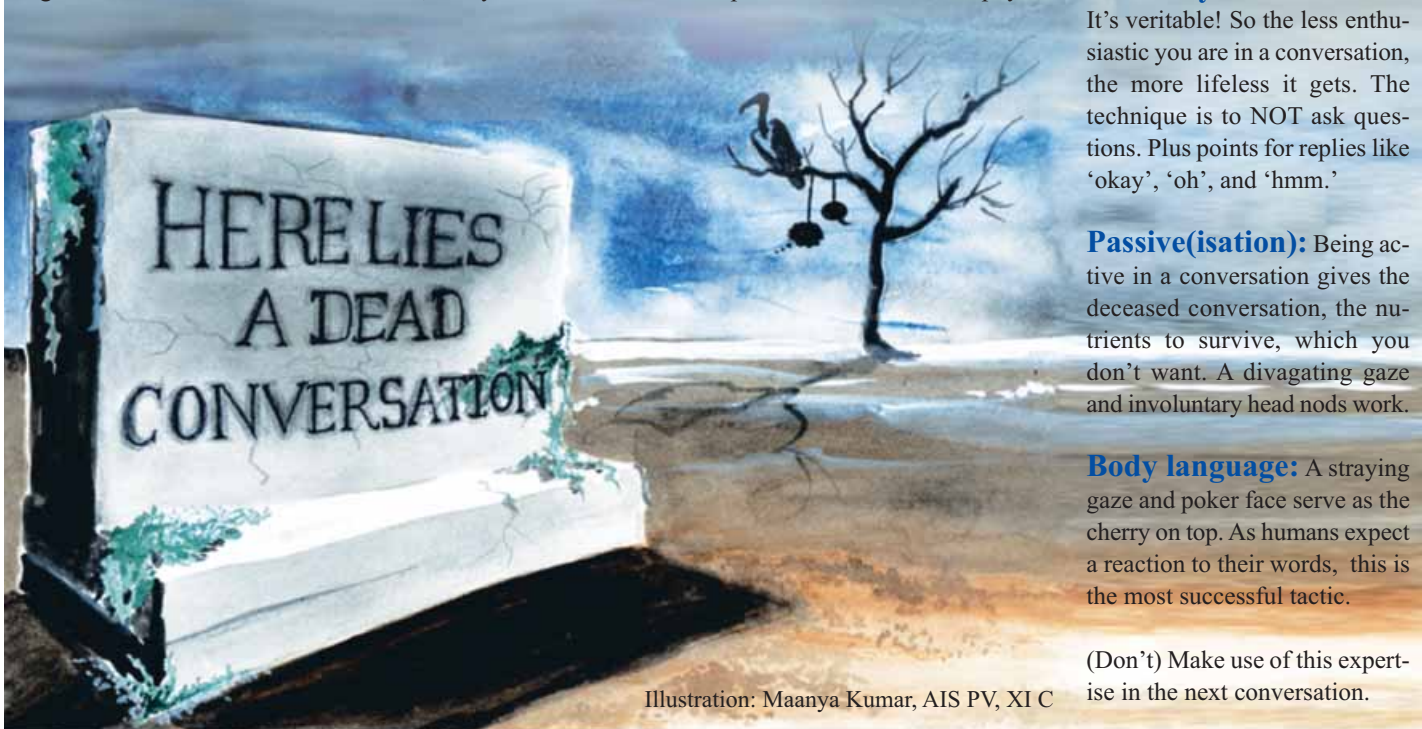


Illustration: Maanya Kumar, AIS PV, XI C