


This special edition has been brought to you by AIS Gur 43 as a part of the GT Making A Newspaper Contest. The inter-Amity newspaper making competition entails each branch of Amity across Delhi/NCR churning out its own ‘Contest Edition’. The eight special editions are pitted against one another at the end of the year, which decides the winner at GT Awards.

INSIDE

Quizzed parents, P3

How a DSLR works, P 7



Do you think the banning of 500 and 1000 rupee notes promises economic stability for India?

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

To vote, log on to www.theglobaltimes.in

POLL RESULT
for GT Edition November 7, 2016

Will the I&B ministry's decision to keep NDTV off air for a day make media more accountable for its acts?



Results as on November 19, 2016

Coming Next

AIS PV Contest Edition

Twinkle twinkle, little star...

...for Children’s Day just went by, a day that celebrated the myriad resplendent hues of young stars, some shining brighter than others

Chinmaya Kausik, XII A & Ankur Banga, XI B, AIS Gur 43

That doodle you made, for the 4 year old in you wanted to be an artist. Clumsy yet sincere. That time you were red, looking at the seventy hands clapping, because you had sung it perfectly, after sobbing in front of your mother, begging her to not let you alone on the stage. Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star. And so you twinkled and that is special. And some twinkle a little more. They are children we call special, children we call child stars and there’s you. And maybe the line is thinner than you think. And maybe somewhere in these lines is an image, a reflection of you. This is a painting in the colours you know.

Yellow: Yellow like the sun you’re trying to taste. The sun that whispers brightness, beckons you to dream. “Har ladki ka sapna hota hai heroine banna,” Rubina Ali said in an interview. Children are priceless. Or so we thought. The Slumdog Millionaire girl’s father tried to sell her for adoption for 200,000 euros. Her Oscar clothes, her toys and her fame, nothing brought joy any longer. At 16, she is still dreaming. Aren’t we all?

Blue: Dark blue like the skies that indicate awaited rain, long due. Underneath these clouds, Shafiq Syed drives his auto rickshaw across Bangalore; a poster of ‘Salaam Bombay’ being the only thing adorning the monotony. As a 12 year old back



Pic: Kavish Sahani, AIS Gur 43, XII C

then, he made it to the Oscars with Mira Nair’s seminal film. Today, as a grown up, he glances at his picture as a child star and then ascertains himself in the mirror in his uniform of an auto rickshaw driver. ‘Perhaps it wasn’t meant to be’, is his only contention. Failure is unsettling for everyone, but you need to pick up the pieces and move on.

Green: Green like the grass on the other side. Wanting, searching, and craving for more. Starting out as a 10 year old star, Hansika Motwani went on to win the ‘Favourite Child Award’ for Koi Mil Gaya. But then, she tugged the cable too hard. She played the role of a 23 year old at 15 with Himesh Reshammiya. As a triggered metamorphosis marred the butterfly, the audience was left wondering while she dived into a state of struggle. Trying a little too hard isn’t that unfamiliar, right?

Grey: Grey like the dawn, neither dark nor shining bright. At 21, Jackie Coogan, the kid of Charlie Chaplin’s ‘Kid’ was shocked that his parents had spent the \$4 million he earned through his childhood stardom on petty objects. Jackie filed a lawsuit against his own parents resulting in him getting only 3% of his money. After being beheld in both white and black, grey was his only way out. He found himself and his drive for acting again. He rose to applause again. We all should.

Red: Red like the fire of passion, that doesn’t burn, only radiates. Avika Gor, the child bride from Balika Vadhu says, “I’m like a student who loves to play cricket. He will come back from school, study and rush to the pitch. Main vaisi hi shooting ke liye bhaag jaati hoon.” She liked travelling the extra mile, doing her homework on sets, avoiding shortcuts, because she was passionate. Because we don’t mind going the extra mile for things we love. Maybe you were trying to find yourself in one of these strokes. Maybe you aren’t a colour, but a pallette, ready for your own concoction. Or a canvas, waiting to be painted. Just believe that colours are beautiful. Imbibe all shades and most of all, enjoy ‘painting’.

Graphic: Shashank Agarwal, X B | Model: Mansha Rapria, V B; AIS Gur 43

To the rhythm of the beat

Transforming himself from Krishna to Kaliya, Kuchipudi dancer Raja Reddy with a sparkle in his eyes and a smile on his face, talks about his passion-dance

Damini Mehta, XII D & Aradhana Sai, XI C, AIS Gur 43

Raja Reddy has an animated smile on his face. His eyes twinkles as he says “It is a passion”. Suddenly, he stands up and very gracefully transitions into Krishna, who’s playing with his friends. Next moment, aggression takes over his face. Now he is Kaliya, the snake. He seems to enjoy the trance. It is the sheer innocence on his face, the innocence of being so simply in love with dance, which left us enthralled and enchanted, like everyone else.

The rebel with a cause

Raja Reddy’s first tryst with dance was at a tender age, when he saw the ‘bhagavatams’ perform in his village. “I was taken aback by the beauty of their art and decided to join them, much to the dismay of my family,” he says. Difficulties came, but any journey starts with a pursuit. Mine was no different. “Even today, I am as captivated as I was as a child,” he says with wonder.

The passion and the pursuit

His concrete resolve was tried and tested. Each guru he went to refused to teach him. “You are a boy, they would tell me. They thought I was unfit to learn the discipline of Kuchipudi,” he recalls. Yet he kept trying

Pic: Kavish Sahani, AIS Gur 43, XII C



GT reporters with Raja Reddy

and soon opportunity knocked on his door, and stayed with him. He met his wife, Radha Reddy, under whose guru both of them learnt and flourished as established dancers. There has been no looking back since. They took their art to international stages, representing India’s culture in all its grandeur in countries like USA, Turkey, France, among many others. They were presented with numerous scholarships and felicitated with the prestigious Padma Bhushan for their contribution to dance.

Flowing but firm

As he talks to about his love for dance, his wife walks in, eager to join the conversation. “Art should evolve

with time, without losing its essence,” she says. To this he adds, “Art is like a river, it should be allowed to flow freely, but with the banks intact to avoid damage.” For them, their dance is about experimenting, but without losing its purity, the very essence that makes Kuchipudi stand out. As it has ever since they have brought it to the world map, on their own.

The nectar of the world

Our conversation with the enchanting Kuchipudi dancer then turns towards the rich culture of India. He talks about how India is a gleaming gem, overflowing with multiple cultures and traditions. “India is the ‘Vishwaguru’ or the guru of the world when it comes to culture, the nectar from where the world tastes the divine art forms and beautiful heritage,” he says.

Dance is discipline

“Dance isn’t only about feeling relaxed or free, it requires intense discipline and motor coordination,” says Radha Reddy, the better half. She talks about how all households should foster an environment that promotes the learning of at least one art form, to help children become resilient - physically, mentally and emotionally. “He lives, eats and breathes dance,” she concludes.





The fall of the big tree

October 31, 1984: A prime minister had been assassinated. A tree had fallen, shaking the foundation of the country. What ensued was chaos and mayhem. 32 years later, have we learnt anything?

Graphic: Saksham Manaktala, AIS Gur 43, X C

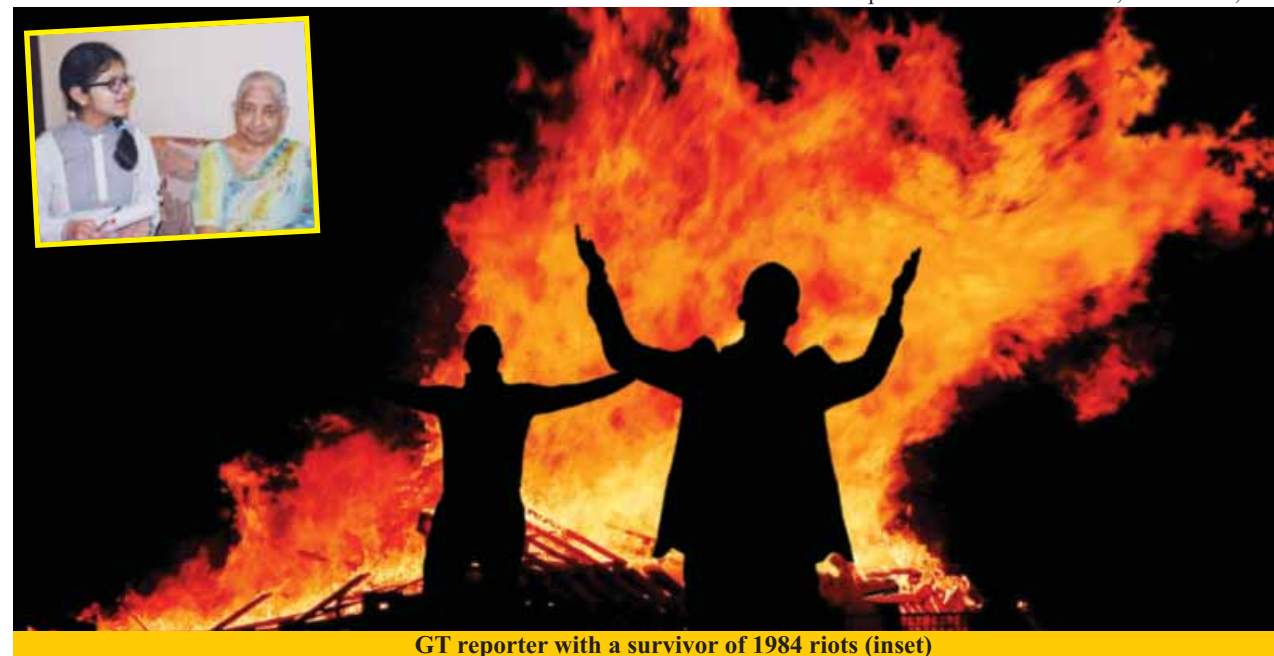
Ground Reporting

Samriddhi Aggarwal, X D &
Ria Agarwal, XI C, AIS Gur 43

On October 31, 1984, a big tree had fallen and tremors were felt. Tremors that shook many other trees, small, big and old. Tremors that shake memories every year, on the death anniversary of Indira Gandhi. And each year, we dissect the causes and consequences of the catastrophe we term as 'anti-Sikh riots', looking for answers to justify the unjustifiable. And perhaps, the answer remains same, a question indeed, "For what?" So here we are, 32 years later, revisiting the weeks when justice was at the wrong disposal and hope at its bleakest, every aspect of life choking underneath.

Routine: Ruffled

Sanjeev Goel, then 11, unfolds, "We hid in our home for two consecutive weeks with limited food supply." "The local dairy was ransacked and firebombed as a Sikh family wept inside," tells Radha Aggarwal, a mother of three. Wherever one went, the onslaught followed. "I remember being on a DTC bus and traveling through the riot-torn areas of New Delhi while the gutted down Sikh-owned businesses passed by, covered in black soot," recalls Siddharth Kumar. The hubbub that was once a part of the lively city had turned to chaos. Normal-



GT reporter with a survivor of 1984 riots (inset)

ity became a struggle, hoping to catch hold of the simpler things again.

Childhood: Compromised

Sleeping with her shoes on, so she could run away whenever need be, is not the fondest of childhood memories for Shalini Ramaul, who was then a student at Convent of Jesus and Mary. Her school's boundary walls, next to the Bangla Sahib Gurudwara were pelted with stones for Priyanka Gandhi happened to be a student there. Childhood was scarred and 'running around', had changed meanings. "My fa-

ther was killed by the mob while I ran away with my brother, dressed in my mother's clothes. A mechanic provided us shelter," Sumit K. narrates the tragedy he witnessed at the age of 8. Luckily and paradoxically enough, his innocence was his only savior through the animosity.

What was seen through young eyes, remains etched as bad memories in grown-up minds. "It's been so many years and yet, I still have vivid memories of those tragic days," says Shalini.

Identity: Lost

The *kesh* (unshorn hair) is regarded of

highest importance in Sikhism. A core tenet to the religion, it was lost amidst the chaos. "It was my only chance for survival. I had to cut off my hair to be allowed to hide at my neighbour's," Rashant Singh, a victim, narrates. Meanwhile, the Khatri's, another family from Delhi "cut off each other's kesh" and disguised their beliefs behind short hair and bare wrists. Identities were lost, cultural ties uprooted. Wails, shrieks and tears accompanied the loss, for sustenance was all that mattered. "I remember my father could not sleep for weeks because he had chopped off his hair. To

date, he has not been able to forgive himself for this," says a sad Sukhwinder.

Duties: Intact

RP Gautam, a CRPF Commandant posted in Amritsar "used to come back from patrolling after four days and slept in his uniform, ready to strike and defend the citizens any moment," recalls his wife. "Reporting was difficult with the mob holding the city captive," informs a senior journalist Harshwardhan, who has worked with The Statesman. Perhaps, some pillars withheld the tremors, not letting it all fall apart.

Hope: Contained

The 1984 riots drowned the nation in waves of retribution and hostility. But there were some who rowed their boat against the tides. "I can't forget the people who helped me hide and run away from the vengeful mass in Bahadurgarh," says Surinder Singh as he recounts the compassion bestowed upon him in dire times. "Many Sikh taxi drivers took refuge near Bengali market and were served Langar," Siddharth Kumar asserts.

Amidst attempts of bringing back normality, saving childhood, affirming identities and duties, humanity did try to restore itself. But was the struggle called for? Every time we are faced with this tug of war, we have to decide which side are we on- retribution or forgiveness? And it is here that the answer lies.

Pics: Maansi Manchanda, AIS Gur 43, XII B

News Room Hulchul

Recheck Every word



Child stars of AIS Gur 43



Engaged In discussion



Editor-in-chief Assessing every line



Illustrators Making colourful strokes



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Quizzed parents

It's easy for parents to rule out sports or music as a career option for these are careers they still understand. The agony (read complication) worsens at times

Kaavya Sahu

AIS Gur 43, XII B

Parents: So what are you planning to do after school?

Me: I want to be a product designer.

Disappointed parents: Oh, so you mean like Manish Malhotra, fashion and all huh?

Me: What? No, not a fashion designer.

Confused parents: Then, is it interior designing?

Me: No...Well, no not interior design. After a 39 second pause where I assume they try to sort their confusion (which they cannot obviously) the ultimate question is hurled at me: "Kama loge?" For a moment, I feel triumphant as they obediently followed my predic-

tion, but then let go of the silly smile, for the sake of manners and realise that the time had come when I would explain what exactly I'm going to do...

Actuary

What parents think it is: "Actuary...Actually?" *unable to pronounce*

What it really is: Actuaries - the actual backbone of management firms which find ways to manage risk, minimise loss and maximise profit. To become an actuary, you need to have a UG or PG degree in math, statistics and economics.

What it fetches: 9 lakh/yr (approx.)

Sports Team Manager

What parents think it is: "Khel me haar-jeet toh chalti rehti hai....ab sports ko bhi manage karoge?"

What it really is: These managers

oversee practices, game strategy and make important play decisions during the game. A sports manager should have a degree in management or a Bachelors in Physical Education or a sports management degree.

What it fetches: 4 lakh/yr (approx.)

Data Scientist

What parents think it is: "Data me chemicals daaloge?"

What it really is: Data scientists scrounge through data, analysing the collected information and set up a data infrastructure that a company requires to move forward. You need to have a degree in math, statistics or physics to take up this career along with the knowledge of a statistical programming language.

What it fetches: 6 lakh/yr (approx.)

UI Developer

What parents think it is: "UI..You I...what? You would still be an engineer, right?" *sceptical looks*

What it really is: User Interface developers combine the art of design with the art of programming, creating an interface that is attractive for users and consumers alike.

A bachelor's degree in computer science, web development, graphic design or software engineering will guide you through this field. This field requires a thorough knowledge of programming languages. Now being taught at many colleges, it is poised to generate the next generation of jobs.

What it fetches: 4 lakh/yr (approx.)

Graphic: Piyush Prasad, AIS Gur 43, XI B



Pic: Aradhana Sai, XI C | Model: Aadya Moturu, Alumnus; AIS Gur 43

Checklist for studying abroad



Aradhana Sai, AIS Gur 43, XI C

Studying abroad will be one of the most amazing adventures of your life. So, in order to have a thrilling journey, tick off one item at a time from this handy checklist and you'll be at the doorstep of your dream college soon.

Before 12-18 months

- Talk to your parents, teachers and decide upon a course that will suit you the best.
- Once you know which degree you're interested in, read the application requirements carefully.
- Take the tests of your soon-to-be university and aim for the scores they are asking for.
- Give advance placement exams and stand out.

Before 9 months

- Apply for your passport (if needed) and visa.
- Consider volunteering with an NGO; it will spike your resume.
- Apply for an International Student Identity Card to avail amazing discounts.
- Work on GPA, SAT/ACT, LoRs et al.

Before 6 months

- Watch your grades.

- Look out for scholarships.
- Work on the additional material such as art portfolios, music tapes or writing samples.

Before 3 months

- Keep your medical record handy.
- Settle your housing arrangements. Pay your security deposit.

Before 1 month

- Book your flight.
- Apply for part-time jobs.

Before 1 week

- Throw a party for your friends and don't forget the classic 'I'll miss you' posts on Instagram.
- Pack all your essentials, it's time now!

Before 1 night

- Keep your plane ticket, passport and necessities.
- Let your family know how much you'll miss them, and tell them you'll be alright.
- Get a good night's sleep.

Unlocking the doors of your dream college abroad isn't that difficult. So stay motivated. We meanwhile will prepare *khakhra*s and pickles for you.

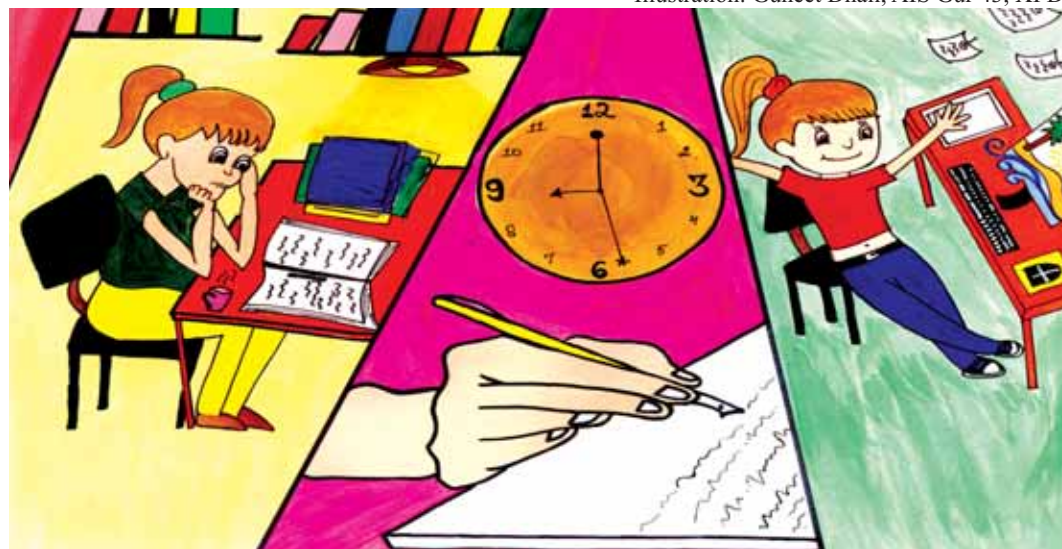
On the 12th hour

'A gar zero period main bhi padh rahe ho, toh 12th main ho tum.' Class 12 is not just another class! It is the bridge to adulthood dotted with hurdles and hearts. **Harshita Nagpal, AIS Gur 43, XII A, brings you signs, too unmistakable for a 12th grader to miss.**

- Class 12 is quite a ride from the first day. Sitting with thick books and constantly copying notes? That's exactly what we're talking about.
- You'll have less hours in the day than the number of tuitions and coaching classes.
- Like all the previous classes, your parents will no longer defend you for marks at the PTM. Get ready to be scolded two fold.
- You will have to say your final goodbyes to social networking sites. Time to face-the-book.
- Class toppers will terrify and inspire you at the same time when they raise their hands to answer every question in every Class.

- There is no set bed time. There is no set waking up time. All time is nap time.
- Unrealistic timetables that require you to study till the wee hours and wake up at 5.
- You'll hate it when your teachers cancel your games period just to take an extra class.
- Between all this hustle bustle, you'll try to squeeze in time for your hobbies like looking for inspiration for your GT articles.
- Life will be divided into 'pre exams' and 'post exams' and you'll have a bucket list prepared for the latter (a checklist for the former though).
- Your teachers will clear your doubts till the day before your board exam and wish you luck. Best friends indeed!
- Being the senior most class, juniors will look up to you. Especially if you're a council member.
- Amidst the chaos, it'll hit you that you are going to miss your school a lot. For you can't imagine summer vacations without last minute holiday homework, Wednesdays without sports dress and birthdays without distributing chocolates with your best friend and the whole class clapping for you.

Illustration: Guneet Dhall, AIS Gur 43, XI D





Oh no! No more editing please!
Kaavya Sahu & Suhani Jain, XII B
 AIS Gur 43, Page Editors



The bad break up for good

My version of a balanced diet always had a few cups of coffee in it. But off lately, I have been hearing rumors (or facts?) about its nocuous effects. I have decided to put an end to this relationship. Parting ways wouldn't be easy I guess! And so, I **Rishika Arya, AIS Gur 43, XII D**, ask for your company through the tough road.

Day 1: Resolve to quit

It's 11:59 pm and I have made up my mind. I am not, and I repeat, I am not going to let even a sip of coffee into my mouth, starting tomorrow. This dependency on a stimulant cannot continue.

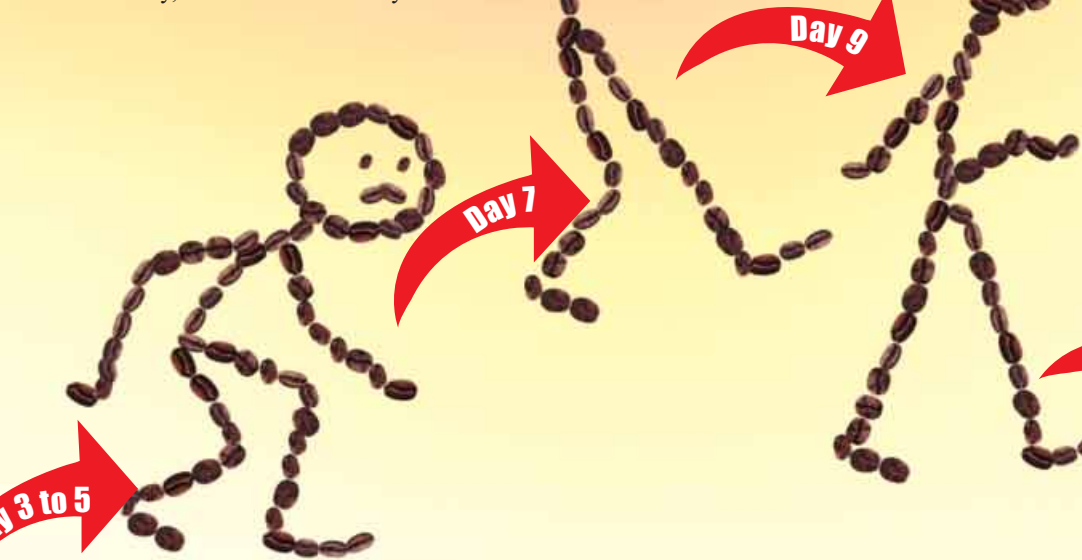
Day 2: Effects are quick to come

It's 8 pm now and I am struggling to concentrate on my history lesson. It would be a cake walk with a cup of coffee. Desperate, I turn to Google for answers. I find out that having missed on my coffee dosage for the day, my brain is flooded with melatonin (sleep hormone) while dopamine (the 'feel good' hormone) levels have dropped, disturbing the brain's chemistry.



Day 3: The torture continues

Not leaving me of its tight grip, quitting coffee leads me to frequent bathroom trips because of the increased production of hydrochloric acid in my stomach. I am still not over the fact that I shouted at my best friend today (I hate you coffee). Caffeine, the psychoactive drug present in coffee used to let dopamine and glutamate be the party animals in my head, producing the feel good chemical. Today, their absence hurts my head.



Day 5: Not worse but still not OK

Hoping for a new beginning, I started my day with a 30 minute workout. But that 1 km jog today was nothing short of a marathon. So blinded was I with the love for coffee that I couldn't see the ascending numbers on that weighing machine. That Starbucks caffè mocha with whole milk, whipped cream and 400 calories was surely not meant as an everyday beverage. But the good news is that the intensity of withdrawal has reduced. I do have mild headaches and then there is the fatigue, but I am sure that with time my body will get accustomed to a caffeine free lifestyle. I will be more energetic than ever.

Day 7: Light at the end

At 6 am today, caffeine seemed to have resigned from job. I had a deeper and healthier eight hour long sleep. Looking into the mirror and brushing was a delight as my white, no longer stained by coffee teeth made me more confident. Today I am feeling relaxed and at peace. The symptoms have faded. I have more energy than any shot of coffee could have 'lend' me. Also I am hungrier than before, for the temporary hunger suppressant is gone. My teacher praised me for my increased concentration and I was at my best with my friends. Coffee, we might meet in the future, but not so often I guess. I am free now.

Day 9: On Mount Everest

More regular and healthy bowel movements, increased awareness of the messages my body is sending, patience and one hour of yoga class made me feel on 8848m height (Mt. Everest height, duh!). Flu like symptoms and muscle aches have not been troubling me anymore. My productivity has increased more than ever.

Day 11: In sync

Everything is in its place including my headaches and stomach. Looking at my friends drinking coffee no longer makes me jealous. I stay in a better mood and have lower anxiety levels. At 9 pm, I again saw my laptop to find what made me overcome these withdrawal symptoms, and Google answers-your individual strength and the related psychology at work. And me? I am now a healthier, and relaxed individual!



Graphic: Saksham Manakata. AIS Gur 43, XC

Upholding the pillars

Technology is a one way road, there is only moving forward and perhaps no coming back. And those who drive the wheels of development today, might find it difficult on the new roads. So will there ever be a constant 'driver'?

Ankur Banga, AIS Gur 43, XI B

“Aniket, the TV's is not working!” “Did you try using the remote Ma?” Now this happens to be a prominent situation in Indian families that own technological devices but lack their general know-hows. Ironically enough, they have children who are passionate techies and possess a burning desire to grasp every opportunity they can find to get themselves the latest iPhone or the Pixel - 'something new' every-time. Even though they are able to derive immense pleasure handling the mindboggling devices, the 'tech high' comes with complications. Spiderman's uncle Ben once said, “With great power comes great responsibility”.

If the household tasks of every person in a family

are broken down, the responsibility for ensuring the reliable and convenient functionality of electronic devices boils down to the youngest member of the family. This arises from the belief that technology is the essence of the new generation. Whether it's updating the laptop to the new Windows or someone's phone not displaying the correct time, it is the duty of the kids to fix the issue no matter how minute its significance is! Even the mere task of setting an alarm might appear on the child's to-do list. Consequences may be frustration, as a result of being ahoy'd at every technological mishap. The kids feel victimised in the process, with the excessive care bestowed upon them as customers (mostly in the form of telephonic conversations that lead one nowhere).

But then you can't really blame someone for believing that you are good at something. Teenagers possess an innate sense of technology. The sense which guides them through every button on a website full of hyperlinks. It's our generation's own spider sense showing us the path to tread on through the spider webs. It is they who insist on latest technology.

But the question that remains unanswered is that how long will this dependence last? Till when will the younger generation have to replace the batteries in the TV remote for their parents? A survey in India stated that one in six parents do not under-



Illustration: Kavya Gupta. AIS Gur 43, XII D

stand their children's high tech gadgets. Would this be true in the coming years when the present teenagers grow up? The fact remains that technology never stops developing. It has developed from trunk calls to video calling. And perhaps every generation will find a device 'way too complicated'. Would you believe a scenario set 20 years later

from now, where a man, who used to be the Steve Jobs of his own school asks his 10 year old son to configure the settings of their latest robot because he finds it too complicated? Who is going to be the one responsible for upholding the pillars of technology in the future, the youngsters of every generation or the same old people keeping up with the latest fads, their passion intact? Till then, fixing up batteries and setting alarms are still on the list. 🇮🇳



Pic: Maansi Manchanda, AIS Gur 43, XII B

‘Luna’r Eclipse

The moment Luna came into my life, she overshadowed everything, including my presence in the house. A sneak peek into sibling rivalry of a new kind - the pet edition

Maansi Manchanda
AIS Gur 43, XII B

Luna gets to sleep in on weekends. Luna gets to play whenever and with whomsoever she wants. Luna can damage the furniture, ruin the laundry, get muddy and still get away with everything. Luna is my dog. Feel jealous when a sibling is born? This is worse. From spending hours, making puppy eyes to convince my parents to get her, making promises to bathe her and feed her, only to get replaced by her. This is real envy!

Daddy’s little girl no more

Long day at office. Papa enters. The warm embrace that I secretly used to look forward to, has now been conveniently transferred to this little fur ball. Her cute demeanour and unconditional love just makes it that much easier to replace her with my hormonal teenage rebellion.

Trophy dog

Left, right and centre, parents showing off their offsprings. 97 percenters, SRCC

admits, prize winners, mere survivors... all stepped up onto a pedestal. And, in the midst of shiny trophies and baby pictures, instead of my mediocre achievements is little Luna’s haircut. Why wouldn’t they love her more? Even if I travelled to space and back, it still wouldn’t ever match up to the swooning “awwwws” escaping from aunties’ mouths, when they see her post-grooming pictures.

Budhaape ka sahara?

Before the puppy invasion, the day I leave the nest was being dreaded. After the puppy invasion, plans for three more dogs are sprouting. What happened to “Take care of us when we’re old”? When did it turn into, “Leave soon because we’re looking forward to replacing you”?

No need to snooze

Every morning is a great (sure) morning when it begins with the attack of the tiny monster. It has almost become a routine now. Luna’s mornings go a little like this- Step 1: Jump on the owner’s face. Step 2: Since they obviously won’t respond, start licking every part of visible skin. Step 3:

Since all attempts to wake them have now failed, shove a saliva-soaked ball in their face because the only thing better than sleeping is giving little Luna all our attention, right?

But, as I list these out, all the things I hate about her, I realise it is the same things that make me fall in love with her. All the pee puddles and stray hair on my clothes, the incessant barking and licking..all of it seems worth it for the adorable companion she always is. Luna is one of the best things to have happened to me. She’s always up for a cuddle and will always be there with that insane grin on her face, trying to cheer me up. Nothing in my life matches up to the joy of having a dog.

I wouldn’t give up my little Luna for anything. Luna is incredibly cute. Luna can melt hearts. Luna runs to the door every time I enter or leave the house. She cuddles with me as I cry, takes the blame for everything I break. Luna is my best friend. [G](#)[I](#)



Pic: Maansi Manchanda, AIS Gur 43, XII B

Every chocolate tells a story...

... the story of a different member of the family.
Ankur Banga, AIS Gur 43, XI unwraps the personalities hidden behind the chocolatey goodness

Dairy Milk Sweet Nani

No matter where you go, *nani* will always love you; just like her chocolate version that offers you sweetness everywhere, from big malls to street shops. You might think she’s ordinary but deep down you know that she’ll always be the one melting your heart with her obscured sweetness.

Ferrero Rocher NRI Mausi

This divine chocolate is like the NRI aunt. Her aura is so exotic that whenever she enchants your house with her presence, you feel a rush of excitement. She unravels herself in steps – the nutty layer followed by the heavenly chocolate deep inside.

Bournville Serious Pitaji

This dark chocolate has 50% cocoa, a property not dissimilar to sincerity. It is the bittersweet cocoa that makes your dad the ‘man of the house’. Just as you begin to get carried away with his subtle sweetness, he reprimands you for your mistakes, very reminiscent of the strong flavour of his chocolate version.

Crackle Chatterbox Bua

There is one person in the family who is updated with the happenings of even the *door ke* cousin



Graphic: Piyush Prasad, XI B & Shashank Agarwal, X; AIS Gur 43

ke bete ke friend ki behen. And she disseminates her hard earned information with the same enthusiasm. No surprise, the entire house crackles up with her visit.

Milkybar Obedient beta

Every family has a milkybar. They are the sincere, sweet ones, who will keep to themselves, wake up at 5 am, and do everything that they are asked to with utmost diligence. You find them weird at first, but it is this uniqueness that draws you and you adore that person for offering you the break you needed.

Gems Awww baby

This small and vibrant sweet is like the tiny cute kid in the house, which serves the purpose of offering you small and entertaining interruptions, just like this one. Tiny and simple - that’s what they are. Everyone wants to cuddle up to them, pull their cheeks; that is only till they start crying and are ergo appreciated only in small doses.



As the first leaf falls...

...rises the chill in the air and the demand for a toasty cup of coffee because hey, it’s winters!

Damini Mehta, AIS Gur 43, XII D

As Kavita walked out of the auditorium, she suddenly became aware of the slight nip in the air. She huddled her files a little closer, foolishly hoping that they would somehow provide her with a little warmth. “Damn, I knew I should’ve brought my trench coat,” she muttered under her breath. She’d spent the entire conference dreaming about snuggling in a blanket with an espresso, something she yearned to do when it was almost winters, her favourite time of the year. Engrossed in her thoughts, she bumped into someone. “Oh my God, I’m so sorry!” “It’s alright, let me just help you gather your files.” She looked up to be greeted by a familiar face, that of Shashank Mehra, the quiet kid from school, whom she’d never spoken to. As they gathered her files, she stopped to glance at the pretty fallen leaves. She reached out and collected a few rust coloured leaves in tinges of vermillion. She daintily put them in the middle of her files as she got up, and as she did, she heard, “Changing weather has its own kind of beauty, doesn’t it?” She realised that he was saying this with reference to the leaves she clutched in her

hands. “It does, especially when the soft skies make the barren trees seem as if they’re reaching to touch the clouds,” her train of thought led her into her own day dreams. She came back to reality, only to be greeted by a look of sheer puzzlement on Shashank’s face. “Not everyone is as romantic about the changing weather as you are, dumbo,” she thought to herself. Embarrassed, they walked in silence onto the street, which looked like a street straight from the movies - barren trees adorned with fairy lights, lined with fallen leaves and flowers. People scattered around the street, walking and enjoying the weather; something they wouldn’t have done a month back in the stifling heat. The weather really had changed. She realised that Shashank was no longer walking beside her, and glanced back searchingly, only to find him with a look of awe and wonder on his face. “Shashank, up for a cup of espresso?” He snapped out of his trance, and nodded at her. They came upon a dimly lit open café, and took a table. “One hot chocolate and an espresso please.” As they sat sipping their hot drinks, the lazily wafting smell of *mogra* surrounded them. “Changing weather has its own kind of beauty, doesn’t it?” “It does...” [G](#)[I](#)

Nanhe munhe bachhe

“Children are like wet cement. Whatever falls on them make an impression.”

Dr Hiam Ginott



As the quote explains, children are like wet cement, everything that they see leaves an impression on them. It is very important to shape them because they are the ones who'll bring a bright future for our country. Therefore as elders we are entrusted with a responsibility to fulfil; a responsibility to leave good impressions on them. We need to be role models for them. It is through examples and not just words that we can guide our children in the right direction. We need to nurture our children in an environment that is full of love, care and support; an environment full of morals and values. So that when a child grows into an adult, every action he performs mirrors the deep rooted values he's nurtured with. Amity has always aimed to provide such an environment to the children and equip them with virtues and skills that will make them shine globally. Through celebrations like the Grandparents' Day, we try to strengthen the bond between elderly and children, hence teaching them the virtues of respect and gratitude. Initiatives like Youth Power and exchange programmes prepare and polish them into fine diamonds. So that wherever they go, they shine so bright that the world notices them. Having just celebrated Children's Day on November 14, let's take a pledge to provide our kids with the finest virtues and facilities. So that when we see them grow, we experience nothing but a feeling of pride! 🇮🇳

A dream come true



Communication has been an integral part of human life. Be it words or pictures, everything thrives on it. This is the age where communication rules; one's success is propelled by one's excellence in this skill. This undeniable fact holds true for each one of us. Being a writer myself, I know from experience that expressing oneself fulfils, entertains and proves to be therapeutic. It enables one to explore the realms of one's personality and empowers one completely. All Amitians are blessed as they have 'The Global Times' as a platform to develop and improve not only their writing prowess, but also their art. The kind of exposure that our children get by learning the nuances of writing, drafts after drafts, choosing interesting issues and executing them in innovative formats, and brainstorming for visual ideas is indeed tremendous. Salutations and gratitude to the vision of our honourable Chairperson Ma'am, who wishes to see her students in the prime of their skills. Each one of you must value and seize this opportunity as writing and ideating will always prove to be a key asset at every stage of your life. Channelising creativity to our advantage fosters our ability to explain and refine our ideas, allows us to comprehend lives and meet the challenges of life in a harmonious way. AIS Gur 43 aims each time, to unleash the aspirations of budding writers and expressionists who zealously strive to excel in their pursuits. I congratulate the entire editorial team for their perseverance and commitment in making this dream come true. 🇮🇳

Fatter in the eye

You get up from the sofa, leaving a crater behind. Your paunch is spilling on to the newspaper. You are looking for a cushion to hide it. This is life, and it is okay

Disha Rawal, XII D & Parnika Prabhakar, XI B
AIS Gur 43

I've had enough of fat (almost everyone has). The yoga enthusiasts, some Nordic countries, and now Kerala. Everybody has heard everybody talking about it; that is except the fat ones like me-talking about their fat. Fatness is a hard thing, this. Especially when the fat loses its softness and you can't burn it off. We do try to burn it off, pinky swear. We think about our health more than Shilpa Shetty does. We have a folder on the bookmarks bar dedicated to fitness videos. But then, the fat is too hard. It's all a waste. And then they tax us. The Fat Tax. It won't work, I can promise. Because contrary to popular beliefs, not every fat person is sitting on a proportionally smaller couch, with potato chips packets placed on their potbellies. Most of them are either thinking of ways to become slim or are too upset over their yet another failed diet plan. It is the thinner lot, the hollow ones with little substance, who are gorging away to glory. But you wouldn't notice that, for you are too busy gazing at us and our food as we walk down the aisle, from the order counter to our tables. It gives me cold feet as I somehow manage to carry that tray, wading through



Illustration: Kriti Bansal
AIS Gur 43, XI D

tables, praying that there will be enough room so that I do not have to ask anyone if they could move their chairs. I get into an auto, it shakes. Cars bounce up as soon as I get off. What is worse, every time I switch on the TV, I see the Slim Sauna belt advertisement. No matter what I do, I carry this weight. But why on earth do I have to be so conscious? It's a general health concern, not an object of ridicule. Why do I have to bear the body-shaming from the thin sticks? Even the world is round, why can't I be? You know what? I can do without any 'light-hearted' humour. People think I am occupying way too much space at the ticket counter. The government thinks "Oh let's tax 'em they eat so much" but no one knows the mental torture the likes of me go through before taking a bite of that burger. Yes, I do take up space and so do you. Yes, I might cause inconvenience to some high-headed fit people, but so do you. Wasn't this supposed to be a community? When would you understand? Do I need to undertake the India Gate march before I have it my way? And if the government is so concerned, why not reserve a seat for us instead of taxing us? Put yourself in my shoes. You'd rather not, right? Now think why you don't want to be fat. Fact is, no one does. So at least empathise with the situation. End the jokes and the body shaming. Stop making fat people more conscious about their diet than they already are. Let everyone accept their bodies with contentment because we have to (one doesn't get the option of refusing it), as there are entire industries which don't. Modelling? Army? Sports? Fat chance there. And limited fashion choices too. Limited food duh! That is all you get, being fat. But I am asking for more. Am I asking for too much? Bahut fat-fat *ho gaya*, right? That is the exact problem. 🇮🇳

Graphic: Archit Gupta, AIS Gur 43, XI S



Judging the cover

Judging a book with a bird's eye view, deciding whether its worth it in a single glance is common. Only, birds don't read

Ankur Banga, AIS Gur 43, XI

Two people, two books, one setting - an overcrowded metro. One person reading his award winning edition of the 'Shadow lines' by Amitav Ghosh, the other with his Indian bestseller, 'Five Point Someone'. Both unlikely to come out of their different worlds. One stuck in the nation's struggle and the other in college romance. But a slight jerk made them look beyond their words. They caught the eye of each other via the book covers and then started the passage of thoughts.
AG: Chetan Bhagat.
CB: Ah! Amitav Ghosh? Could be another quick read, who knows?
AG: Make the English read this. We're going to outdo the Nazis.
CB: Shadow Lines? Sounds so myste-

rious and historic. That explains the baggy *kurta* and oversized glasses.
AG: Such clichéd stuff. Girl meets boy meets another girl meets parents meets counsellor. I miss the old days. These love stories wouldn't have sold 1000 copies, let alone be a bestseller.
CB: I like how things have changed! Reading these carefree simple books is all I can do, especially when travel time is the only time I get to read. Not that it prevents them from making weird faces.
AG: I do love *chaat masala*. Just not in books that sound totally like Bollywood scripts.
CB: It'll take me a year to understand all that Shakespearean thou thy! Life's too short anyway.
AG: Stop sneaking into my book lady. You're wasting your time. Try getting a seat next to the guy with the 1/2 or

3/4 girlfriend, sitting over there.
CB: Sure all the old books had that literary glamour, but the common man can't develop into intelligentsia without simple stepping stones.
AG: Yeah I know, reading is the new cool, just like road trips and adventure sport. But there's a thin line between simplifying and sabotaging.
CB: But is it such a bad thing? Simplicity in novels opened horizons that no one thought was possible. At least people take out time from looking at their screens to read, who cares if it's Aesop's Fables or 2 States. You can't make a Malayalam person read a classic at first!
AG: I can bet on my life, 'Durjoy Dutta' is on its way. Errr! The same bestsellers in every hand.
CB: But you never know, maybe someday, I could try reading some-

Here we come!



To see something you had imagined, in tangible reality is sheer delight! The demands of the contest issue are great and brings with it great responsibility - that of teaching students what 'responsible' freedom of expression is. As we started planning our 2016 contest issue, team AIS Gur 43 wanted to make it a vicarious experience for each scribe. From analysing the stardom of child stars to recording the angst of the 1984 riot victims, to how the youngest prove to be the most tech-savvy in their family; we have got it all-straight, straight from our hearts. Trapping imagination and recording realities in an effort to educate, entertain and engage the readers...here we come!

thing 'out of the box' as they call it. What's the harm in trying?
AG: It does feel weird as an avid reader that I haven't read a book almost everyone has. Chawri Bazar already? As AG got off the train hurriedly, he forgot his book on his seat. What he didn't forget was Five Point Someone imprinted in his google search history. Meanwhile, CB got the chance to take the shadow lines home. Literature evolved in such a way that it formed two different worlds. Everyone thinks their world will always be superior, it's human nature. But what stays common is that passion for reading and what remains important is reading, whether it's complex or simple, casual or professional. Feel free to pick your own genre. Don't judge a person by his book cover. Two worlds, two people, one passion - reading. 🇮🇳



The world is constantly striving for picture perfect. But how do you master the magic without mastering the wand? So before you say 'cheese', let's dig deeper into it

SHUTTER UP

SHUTTER SPEED

Shutter speed refers to the amount of time for which the camera is exposed to light. The longer the shutter remains open, the more will be the light entering through it.

LIGHT SENSOR

When the sensor is exposed to light coming through the lens, it converts it into electrical charge which is converted into complex information that results in a photograph.

Increasing shutter speed



If the denominator of the speed is large, the shutter will close more quickly and you will be able to capture the zooming dog whereas if it doesn't close quickly, your image will be blurry.

APERTURE

Aperture is the size of the opening of the shutter that lets light through, to the sensor. A larger size of the aperture captures more amount of the light coming in, even from far away while a smaller size only captures light from closer objects.

Increasing aperture



It works exactly like the iris in your eyes. It opens and closes to shrink and expand the diameter.

LENS & FOCAL LENGTH

The focal length is the distance between the lens and the sensor when the image is in focus. In short, it is the measure of how 'zoomed in' your camera is.



ISO

ISO is the measure of sensitivity of the sensor. The lower the ISO, the lesser will be its sensitivity, resulting in a darker picture. But increasing the sensitivity makes the picture grainier.

Increasing ISO

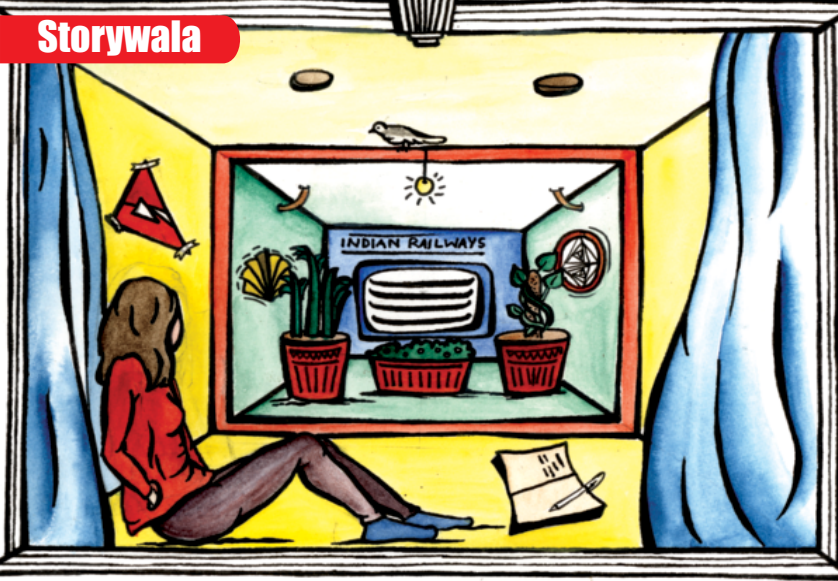


A picture at ISO 200 will be darker than a picture at ISO 1000, but the one with an ISO 1000 will have small ant like 'grains'.

Pic courtesy: Guneet Dhall, AIS Gur 43, XI D

Windows I remember

Illustration: Kavya Sahu, AIS Gur 43, XII B



Storywala

Disha Rawal, AIS Gur 43, XII

‘Ananya is such a black cat’, was my first diary entry. My first year in my new school revolved around Ananya, the topper. I had swallowed the hurt noiselessly - I felt like a mud and shame construct against her perfect English speaking smooth tongue. And that gave me the hope of writing a diary every day, using the soft afternoon light that came in through the window by the mountainous yellow and blue cabinet. Next to it was a cute corner, I could cry there when everyone was asleep. I had never cried alone, not before I came to Delhi. I soon befriended Ananya and had no other reason to cry for a couple of years. In the two months of summer vacations of 2010, my entire paternal family migrated in and around Haryana. We

moved two blocks away in our own society to a similar, slightly larger house. The balcony here opened up straight in the face of an oddly flat, a wide eight storied building with balconies similar to ours. Our plants drew pigeons from all these vantage points. To offset the oil paint green falling into the house through the window, a Fengshui good luck charm was put up in the window-which sprayed across the walls a hundred peacock coloured dots. It has only been ebony shades since my father left the Administrative Services. He realised that it wasn’t too good for an 11 year old to change schools often. So, he resigned and slapped a case on the Government of India. I have forgotten most of that interesting episode. His then job now looks like the window we had to travelling, etiquette, chivalry, varied education, no friends, budgeting and

The balcony here opened up straight in the face of an oddly flat, a wide eight storied building tiled with balconies similar to ours.

questions my father smoothly belittles. He is a smooth conversationalist. I remember the train we took to Hisar that year, my hometown. Trains are a fun gamble. You never know if there are complementary meals or enough light on the track – because otherwise the train windows become mirrors at night time. Train windows have this great cinematic length: height ratio which dramatises everything outside. I was too afraid to touch them though, for they had those translucent yellow-brown stains which looked ancient. “She has added another one to her collection”, my mother grumbled. I loved *Dadi*’s watch showcase on the drawing room window sill. *Dadi* was renovating her house, and to my utter dismay, had given in to the request of filling the ‘service’ window that opened from the kitchen into the veranda. Using that window for second helpings was like dipping feet in the little trench of water at the Gurudwara steps. Soon that house was sold too, and *Dadi-Dadu* shifted in with us. *Dadi* never complains of anything that my mother wants her to excessive/less/no salt in food or the windows getting jammed every monsoon. The house, however, is getting green again. [G T](#)

WORDS VERSE



Time

Prodipta Sen, AIS Gur 43, XI C

The ruthless one who never stops
The one who is the master of all clocks

Creation and destruction are his slaves
It lays the web like a labyrinth maze

And the traps of truth, life and lies
Rest in the heart of it and then it flies

Time changes and so do lives
Time passes and drowns the cries

Time changes leaving some weak
But some turn over a new leaf

To become even stronger
To thrive a lot longer

Some try to walk over the grave
Try to be calm and look brave

But the future is not too far
And the past is never gone

Sometimes distant like a star
Or sometimes hardly long. [G T](#)

The realm of unknown

Sugandh Sachdeva
AIS Gur 43, X B

I am the poetry
Unwilling and unsaid

The bare black mud
Unsettles on paper
Truth that is yet unfed
I am the happiness

Forceful and fake
In the snow impeccable

The unowned smile
That you give and take

I am the glitter in white
Unseen and invisible

Graphic: Shashank Agarwal, AIS Gur 43, X B

Mason jar vase

Materials required

- Mason jar
- Shipping label paper
- Paint (Golden)
- Paint brush
- Scissors
- Fresh flowers

Method



1

Make a heart - shaped silhouette on the shipping label paper.



2

Cut out the drawn heart shape silhouette with scissors, carefully.



3

Now, take the mason jar and stick the heart on it, in the centre.



4

Next, start painting your jar in golden colour.



5

Once your jar is fully painted, let it dry for some time.



6

After the jar has dried, remove the sticker. You will find a heart shape in the centre of the jar.



7

Your mason jar vase is ready. Now all you need is a bunch of fresh flowers to adorn your beautiful golden vase.

I am the unfinished novel
Neglected and naïve

You need me or not
In shelves I still thrive

But I am the unsheathed sword
Unveiled and uncherished

I am to be blamed by and for
All those who have perished. [G T](#)

CAMERA CAPERS

Gautam Khurana, XI C & Maansi Manchanda, XII B, AIS Gur 43

Send in your entries to
cameracap@theglobaltimes.in



Epitome of holy souls



Driving out darkness



Rekindling the joys of light

Rewinding the clock

Aditya Nagpal, VIII C & **Vinayak Gupta**, VIII D
AIS Gur 43

The journey begins...

The winds were howling and the torrential rain was hailing down on Medha as she stumbled down the road, which led to her home. She had missed meeting her father who was flying abroad the same afternoon. She was already upset about her father leaving for a week, and not meeting him before he left made matters worse. She entered her house with a morose expression on her face and sat down on the dining table. Her mother, fully aware of how badly Medha was already missing her dad, followed her and asked, “Do you want to see your father?” Medha looked up at her with surprise and hope. To be sure that she had not misheard, she said bewildered, “That is only possible if you have a time machine.” Her mother smiled and stood up saying, “I do.”

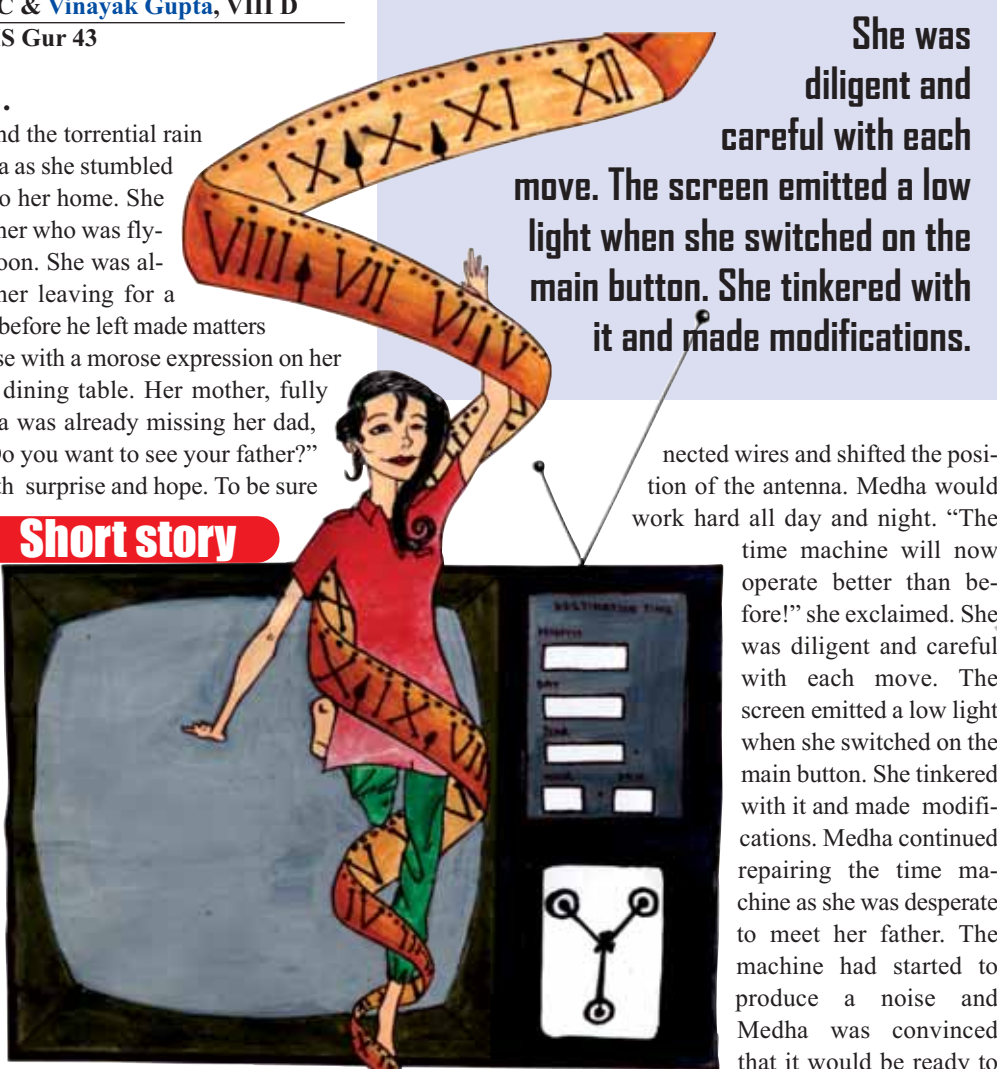
A minor setback...

Medha watched her mother with a newfound interest. Her mother went up the stairs and brought down a large box. Medha was perplexed. Oh, it was a machine all right. But it was about the same size as the old television set that was stored in the attic. Her mother said, “Your father had transformed it into a time machine two years ago.” Medha was very enthusiastic and asked her mother to turn it on so that she could go back in time and meet her father before he left. The latter started pressing the buttons in a specific pattern. An hour later, a flustered Medha’s mom announced, “It’s not working!”

And fixing it continues...

This was Medha’s last chance to meet her father. Knowing that she had lost even that, she could not hide her sorrow. Seeing the disappointed look on her face, Medha’s mother said, “But you can fix it.” Medha looked up at her, confused again. Her mother **elucidated**, saying she had a manual with all the instructions. Within a second, Medha could be seen with the manual in one hand sitting in front of the time machine. Following the manual, she opened the entire set and then recon-

Illustration: Kriti Bansal, XI D & Ritvik Labro, XI B, AIS Gur 43



Short story

The final call...

Medha was all set to test the machine. And suddenly, an all-too-familiar voice echoed throughout the house, “Medha! I am home!” She was surprised but she was happy beyond words. While the father-daughter duo reunited, the mother stood on the side with a mysterious smile on her face. Let’s just say that the ‘time machine’ was returned to the attic, the manual thrown in the waste bin and that Medha had sailed through the week without shedding a tear. Her mother was happy that the useless TV set had finally been of some use.👍👍

So, what did you learn today?

A new word: **Elucidated**

Meaning: To make something clear



Pic: Sara Chawla, AIS Gur 43, VII

Chocolate mocha spoons

Sarah Chawla, AIS Gur 43, VII

Ingredients	
Dark chocolate chips2 cups
White chocolate chips1 cup
Instant coffee granules1 cup
Crushed Gems.....	1/2 cup
Antique spoons4
Parchment paper1
Disposable pastry bags2



- Take dark chocolate chips in a large bowl and white chocolate chips in another bowl.
- Melt the chocolate chips in microwave separately and stir frequently to keep chocolates from scorching.
- Now, combine half of the melted dark chocolate with coffee granules in a bowl. Mix it well.
- Scoop the spoons into the coffee mix one by one and level off to remove the excess. Let them harden.
- Dip any two spoons in melted white chocolate and the other two in melted dark chocolate. Make sure that the spoons are covered totally.

- Take a tray and place parchment paper on it. Keep the dipped spoons on the tray.
- Next, take two disposable pastry bags and fill each with left over melted dark and white chocolate.
 - Hold the bags in the shape of cone and cut the edge of the bag. Now, decorate the spoons according to your choice.
 - Finally, garnish the spoons with crushed gems to give them a colourful appearance.

You can enjoy these coffee spoons by warming up some milk and pour it into a mug. Stir the milk with one of the spoons for the most delicious hot chocolate ever.

It's me



Lavitra Kumar Singh

 **Birthday:** August 27

 **Class:** I

 **School:** AIS Gur 43

 **Best friend:** Saachi

 **Role model:** Tiger Shroff

 **Hobby:** Swimming

Favourites

Food: Shahi Paneer

Teachers: Meena and Ritu ma'am

Game: Cricket

Poem: This is my family

Book: Diary of a Wimpy Kid

Mall: Sahara Mall

 **Like**
To draw


 **Dislike**
When someone irritates me

 **I want to be:** An actor

 **I want to feature in GT because:** I want to be famous in school.

Twist your tongue

- Excited executioner exercising his excising powers excessively.
- Hi-tech traveling tractor trailer truck tracker.
- How many yaks could a yak pack if a yak pack could pack yaks?
- Nick knits Nixon's knickers.
- I slit a sheet, a sheet I slit, upon a slitted sheet I sit.
- Frivolous fat Fannie fried fresh fish furiously.



Compiled by: Aditya Nagpal, AIS Gur 43, VIII C

POEMS

Illustration: Kriti Bansal, AIS Gur 43, XI D



My brother

Suzan Ghorai
AIS Gur 43, VII A

I remember our childhood
When you and I were together
But now I am missing the fun and joy
The happiness and sorrow

As both of us are far from each other
And our bond is broken
Seasons are passing, time flowing by
I think we will come together again

I will be waiting for you
To come and give me a hug
And fill my bag with many chocolates

But where are you?

I know you are busy
In your own world of study and work
Come to me, I want to talk to you
We need to bond again

We will come together again
To share the happiness and sorrow again
But don't forget
There is someone here

Your 'sister' waiting and waiting
To catch a glimpse of you
And that's the reason I wait
Only for you my big brother.👍👍

The tale of night

Riddhi Rastogi
AIS Gur 43, VII C

A sky full of stars makes me happy
Eyes filled with tiny dots, as I stare

Beaming in the sky is the great Polaris
And it continuously glares down

The Orion fits perfectly in the sky
We want to reach the stars, we try

Look there, a broken star appears
And starts the game of wishes

Some miss, some make the mark
As the moon silently smiles

Beaming with the rays of sun
All delighted with the heavenly fun

All in all, it was a beautiful night
Everyone enjoyed its exquisite sight

But nothing lasts forever
The clouds began pouring hard soon

The stars, the moon, and the Orion
Lost way in the sky, said goodbye.👍👍

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Pratibimb – Junior Annual Day



Students with Founder President, Chairperson and the Amity family

A day celebrated with enthusiasm, inspiration, fun, entertainment, motivation, achievements and a lot more.



Students filled with enthusiasm and excitement

AIS Pushp Vihar

The school organised Junior Annual Day - 'Pratibimb' on Sep 29, 2016. Dr Ashok K. Chauhan, Founder President, Amity Universe, was the chief guest for the occasion. The event was also graced by the presence of Dr (Mrs) Amita Chauhan, Chairperson, Amity Group of Schools & RBEF along

with other dignitaries of the Amity family and the Cambodian Ambassador.

Special awards were given away to students with exemplary accomplishments in academics, sports and human values. Some of the most prestigious achievements of the school were acknowledged



and felicitated with the cash prizes. They included European Union project where students bagged the title of 'The Best Future Young Entrepreneurs For 2016'; the Wharton Investment Competition; Brain Bee finals held in Copenhagen, Denmark and the International Aerobics Achievers

of Korea. School Principal Ameeta Mohan presented the annual report, highlighting the school's achievements for the session 2015-16. The cultural fiesta unfolded with a wide array of performances after the ceremonial lighting of the lamp amidst chanting of *shlokas*. In tandem with the spirit of Amity, the theme 'Pratibimb' showcased value based stories depicting spirited lessons

of life. Many popular value based stories as 'Idgah' and 'Kahani Mantra' by Munshi Premchand, 'Three Questions' by Leo Tolstoy, 'Swami and Friends' by R K Narayan were presented by children. The event concluded with a soul stirring speech by Dr (Mrs) Amita Chauhan, who applauded the efforts of the students and teachers in making the annual day a grand success. [G.T](#)

Appreciation letter from Prime Minister

AIS Noida

Rachit Bhatia of Class IV E, received an appreciation certificate from PM Narendra Modi as acknowledgement for his innovative ways of water conservation. Affected by the severe drought conditions in summers, Rachit wrote a letter to the PM suggesting ideas as compulsory rain water harvesting in schools, colleges, hotels, hospitals, societies, etc, and a request to initiate 'save water' campaign on similar lines as



Swachh Bharat campaign so that children can participate in it. He suggested setting targets to save a minimum of 10% water every year for all the hotels and hospitals and reward the outstanding efforts annually and create awareness for water saving through his addresses at all national and international forums. Rachit thanked PM for working hard for India and inspiring children like him to follow in his footsteps. He also thanked his school for inspiring him to be sensitive to his environment and do something for it. [G.T](#)



Kids as Ram, Sita and Lakshman

Dussehra celebrations

AIS Pushp Vihar

The school organised Ramleela within the school premises to apprise the students about the Indian heritage and cultural values. Chairperson, Dr (Mrs) Amita Chauhan, Amity Group of Schools & RBEF, believes in inculcat-

ing moral values in the children essential for the development of their overall personality. The children of the primary section presented the dramatic depiction of Ramayana from 'Baal Kaand' to 'Yuddh Kaand'. The young students were applauded by one and all for the realistic portrayal of mythological characters. [G.T](#)

Chess champions

AIS Vasundhara 6

Amity International School, Vasundhara 6 bagged the school trophy for being adjudged as the Best Performing School at the District Ranking Chess Championship held at Ghaziabad. The competition saw 400 students from 18 schools take part in various categories. 29 students were fielded by AIS Vasundhara 6 in 8 categories in this championship held under the aegis of Ghaziabad District Chess Sports Association. Shivank Jha of Class KG was the youngest player while Sarthak Choudhary of Class IX was nominated for representing UP state in the



Students with the school trophy

Under-15 category. Arjun Dube of Class II secured the first position in Under-7 category while Vibhushi Agarwal and Soumya Jha secured second positions in Under-9 & Under-11 categories respectively. School Principal Sunila Athley complimented the students as well as the coach, Sumit Sharma for bringing laurels to the Amity family. [G.T](#)

AIS VVC Lucknow



(Top) Prisha Parashar of Class KG, won 1st prize in inter-school fancy dress competition. Shubh Gupta of Class IX won 3rd prize in inter-school web designing competition 'Convergence- 2016' at DPS.

Grandparents' Day

AIS VVC Lucknow

The school celebrated Grandparent's Day on November 5, 2016 to appreciate the love, care and efforts grandparents make for their grandchildren. The occasion was graced by the presence of chief guest Maj Gen KK Ohri, Pro Vice Chancellor, Amity University and other dignitaries of the Amity family. The grandparents were welcomed with a beautiful dance performed by Yashaswi Verma and Shrishti Pandey of Class VIII, followed by a Hindi play 'Chiefki Dawat' presented by the children. The other highlights were songs, dance drama, *antakshari*, Whatsapp riddles, etc. The event concluded with grandparents being presented with small souvenirs by their grandchildren. [G.T](#)



Grandparents have fun with the children

AIS Saket

The KG students of the school invited their grandparents to visit them in their classrooms on October 1, 2016. The children welcomed their grandparents with warmth and started their day with daily activities like morning prayers, exercises, thought for the day, word of the day and also shared some amazing facts and current news. The little ones performed dance and sang songs which mesmerised the hearts of the grandparents. The grandparents also got involved in fun filled activities and enjoyed the day with their grandchildren. The day culminated with refreshments, souvenirs and a lot of applause, giggles and new learnings. [G.T](#)



Little kids present a dance on the occasion

Revisiting Tripura

AIS Noida

Students of Class IV conducted a vibrant heritage assembly on Tripura on October 21, 2016. Through different activities as traditional dances and heritage quizzes, the students apprised the audience about the history, state symbols, cuisines, festivals, handicrafts and famous personalities, followed by an informative talk highlighting the colourful costumes worn by men and women of Tripura. [G.T](#)



Student performing

AIS VKC Lucknow

Students of Class VI conducted a heritage assembly on Tripura on November 7, 2016. A

presentation showing the state animal, national parks, dances, culture, quizzes, skit enlightened the audience. The highlights of the assembly was the Chakma dance performed by the girls, which is originally performed by the women of the Chakma community of Tripura to bid adieu to the previous year and welcome the new year. The assembly culminated with words of encouragement by the coordinator Reena Srivastava. [G.T](#)



Girls perform Chakma dance

I stayed up all night to see where the sun went and then it dawned on me.

Maansi Manchanda,
AIS Gur 43, XII B, Page Editor



Contest editor

Auto-Bai-graphy

Who needs a life when you have a maid? She is the ruler of the house, the ‘B(h)ai’, tormenting everyone with her ‘Baigiri’. Even your sibling looks lovable when she’s around. Are you done dealing with the paraphernalia she brings each time she walks in? You’re not the only one. **Harshita Nagpal, AIS Gur 43, XII A** shares the emotion with you.

Where’s my...

She will ensure that your shoes are under the bed, out of your reach or that you don’t find one off the pair. You pray for her to be in your shoes, someday.

Wakey wakey

Who turns up before dawn? Our maid, of course! After all she has important things to do, like keeping the bathroom occupied with her cleaning expertise exactly when you really, really need it.

DND: not found

She’s the only person worse than your parents in terms of respecting your privacy. She will never shut the door of your room, even if you ask her to. You might think that she doesn’t understand your language, but the fact remains- she hates you too.

Bai bai mommy

The worst part is that you can’t even be happy when

your maid’s on leave because your mother will be cranky without her. The friendship between them might have something to do with the fact that your maid knows all the neighbourhood gos...shhhh!

Raise and shine

Any festival = raise. #BaiLogic. You get used to her list of Diwali gifts being longer than yours.

Sadism at its worst

There is one thing she does sincerely, without cribbing - not letting people sleep either by turning the fan off or through her jamming session with the dishes. She’s an alarm without a snooze button.

The death stare

Yes, we are talking about the way she looks at you

when you leave your footprints on the mopped floor or when you shower just after she cleaned the bathroom. A string of angrily muttered words follow in a language you would never understand.

Life can wait

Birthday party? Sorry, I can’t come because I have to open the door for the maid when she arrives. What if she leaves without doing the dishes? I don’t need friends, I have a maid!

Bai-yonce

She hums her favourite folk song all the time and you can’t get the tune out of your head. She could have her own Bai-lingual album. But then, she will find your assignment on the day of submission and you will forget it all.🇮🇳🇮🇳

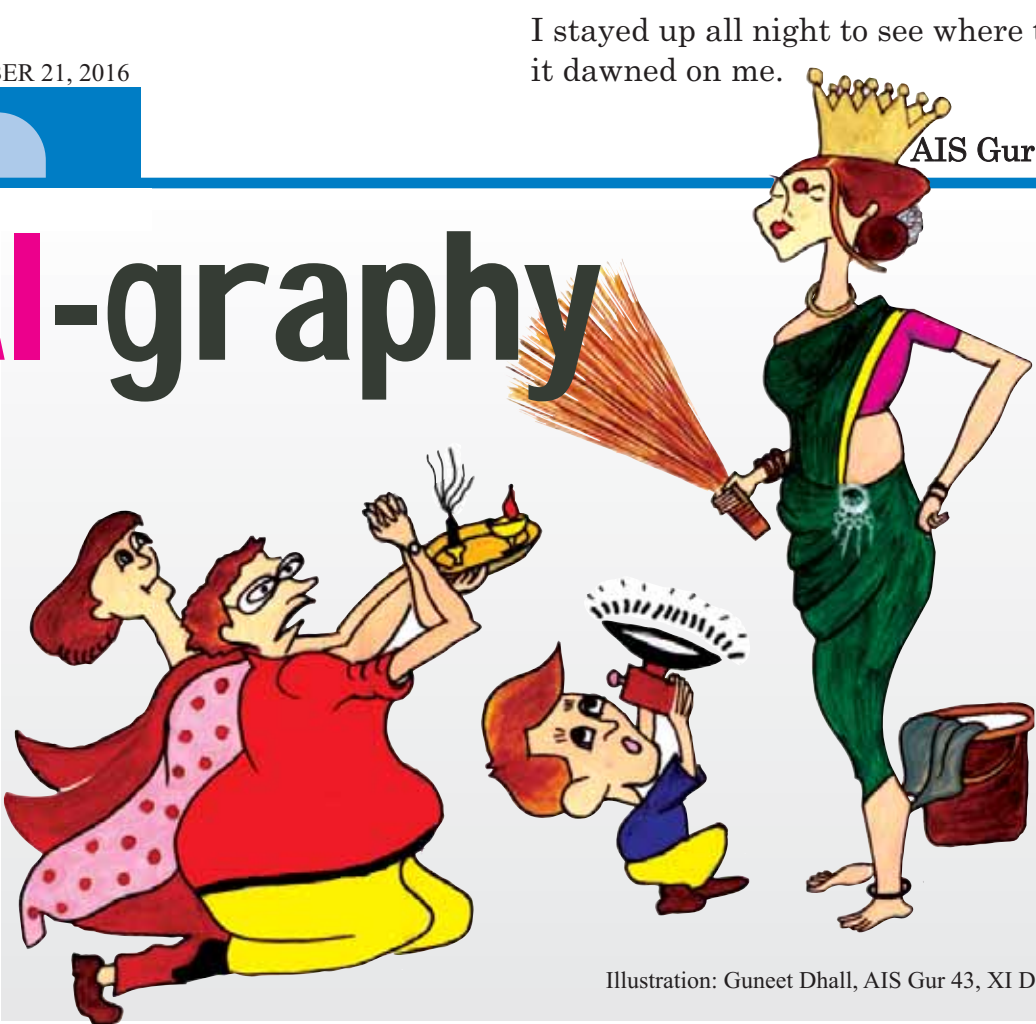


Illustration: Guneet Dhall, AIS Gur 43, XI D

Lies about college life

A corridor brimming with charismatic people, a happy-go-lucky professor who turns out to be an undercover agent, the parking lot packed with Ferraris and BMW’s and a canteen that serves Lebanese. Sure, we would all like to live the ‘Bollywood college’ dream. But, life isn’t a bed of roses and neither is college life. Read on as **Aradhana Sai & Manvi Jain, AIS Gur 43, XI C** burst the bubble of college lies you’ve been living inside since forever.

Illustration: Kavya Gupta, XII D & Guneet Dhall, XI D, AIS Gur 43



Lie: No studies

This one’s the biggest and the most obvious lie of them all. In movies, college students spend all their time collecting life lessons from cafeteria chefs, battling the wicked dean and preparing for crazy contests. The real college students, on the other hand, are brewing their fifth pot of coffee, making notes and trying to figure out if they can squeeze in another trip to the library before the big test the next day.

Lie: Your roommate = your best buddy

The truth is, you weren’t destined to meet your roommate. And no! Sharing isn’t caring when your roommate wants to borrow your every possible belonging, from your toothpaste to the hard drive you are so ‘emotionally’ attached to. While life becomes a constant struggle of pleading your partner to keep it low while head banging on the Metallica number, it is only on your birthdays (perhaps, if you’re lucky) that you come close to liking them for they get you cake. So permanent roommates? No way!

Lie: That big competition

That inspirational speech, training montage, the hero’s win and humiliated bad guys is just perfect, but for the movies. While colleges do offer plenty of extracurricular activities, the chances of one arriving just in time to completely change everything about you while destroying the reputation of your enemies are less. Also, half of the college isn’t going to care if you win a trivial challenge. They’re too busy, you know, going to college and adulting.

Lie: The dean isn’t your biggest enemy

Who’s a dean? Well, as most or at least how ‘3 Idiots’ would put it, he’s the only bad thing about your too-good-to-be-true college life. But here’s the truth: honestly, s/he has a university to run and doesn’t really have time for your little cliché-shown-by-movies problems. So if the dean actually knows your name, congratulations. You must be an exceptional student.

And yet you’ll have a great time in college making new friends, creating new memories, dealing with the real world and skipping breakfast because you’re already so late for class.

WholeLiewood

To fit us in your reels, you’ve tailored us in a way far from reality. Maybe it’s time to look behind the (Hollywood) scenes

Kavya Sharma

AIS Gur 43, XII C

Hey Hollywood! We hope that you’ll be producing great cinema there, especially with Deepika and Priyanka kicking away your blues. Oh wait! Did they just turn out to be different from your stereotypical portrayal of the Indian woman? Surprise, surprise! Here’s a much needed reality check for you to ponder on, before we send you another Mallika Sharawat to seek revenge with a hiss.

Spirituality ≠ India

How you show it: A white protagonist tries to ‘find’ herself. She travels to an exotic Asian/African country, where she is shocked by the destitution and overwhelming traditions. But then the mediocrity of the people who live there inspires her. The film concludes with a religious awakening and a new found sense of self-fulfilment in our sprightly protagonist who is wearing a saree by the end of it all.

Reality check: Kids in India don’t spend all their time on the streets, dressed up as Shiva.

And *Ramleela* happens only once a year. India isn’t just the land of saffron-clad *sadhus* who balance themselves on sticks. Marigold isn’t our favourite flower and Hinduism isn’t the only religion followed in India. Maybe you’re seeking inspiration from the wrong DVD’s.

The NRI family

How you show it: Nahasapeemapetilon / Koothrapali is either a cabbie or a storekeeper of an ‘Authentic Indian Masalas and Pickle Store’ (because we don’t eat Thai or Italian or Mexican, just pure Indian *masala*). His wife is busy turning the house into a furnace with incense sticks or *tadka*. The son with his oversized glasses and a buttoned (right upto the collar) shirt knows nothing except engineering and the daughter, nothing except Indian classical dance forms.

Reality check: If only Satya Nadela or Sundar Pichai belonged to these families

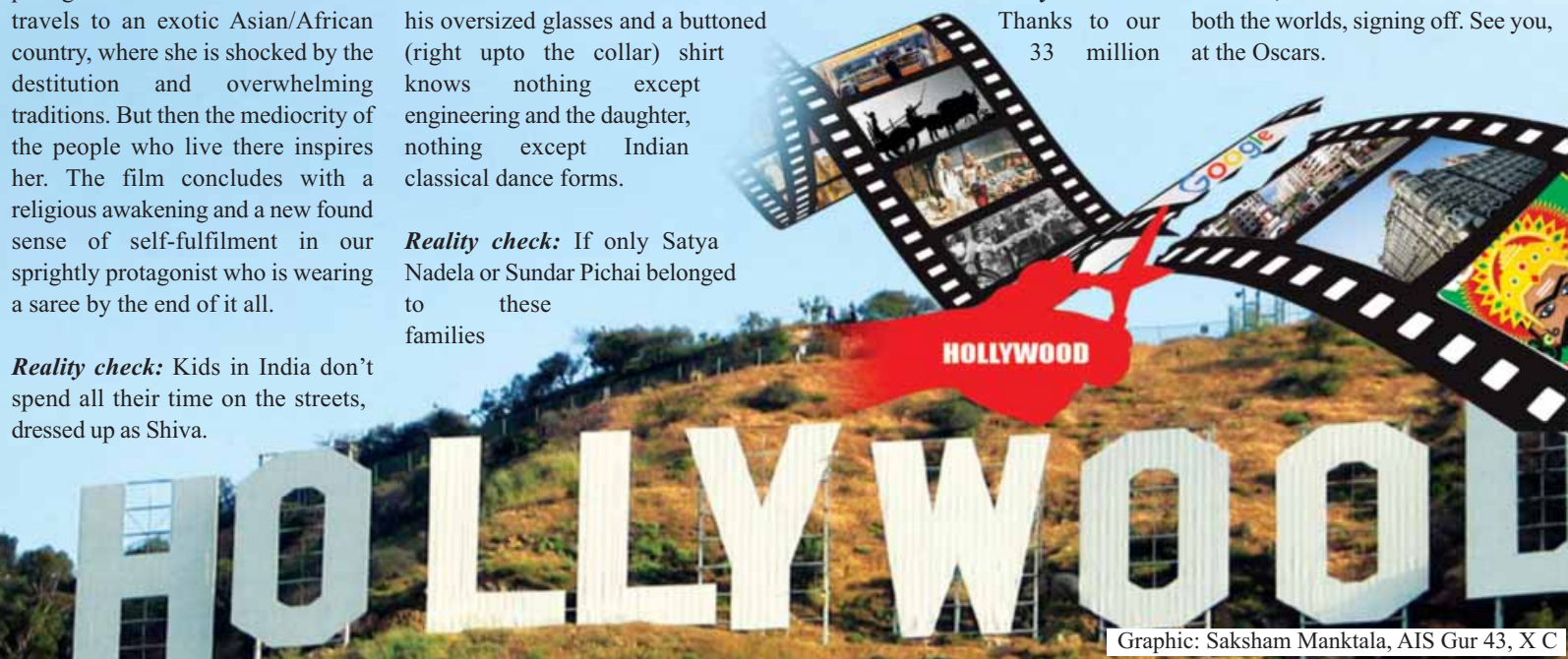
you show, our screens wouldn’t be suffocating with all that smoke! And by the way, we don’t really have the time to prepare pickles these days, we are busy travelling to Gurgaon!

The ‘real’ India

How you show it: There is poverty, chaos, slums, dogs (no millionaires), filth, and the Taj Mahal (our only possession) and you are good to go, but only till the Oscars. You show our children playing on the streets and travelling long distances on bullock carts while the soul of Indira Gandhi hurts and screams ‘Garibi hatao’. Why don’t you show Antilla for a change?

Reality check: Thanks to our 33 million

Gods, we have been blessed with luxury hotels, cars, shopping malls and cafés. Too bad you didn’t know that ‘The Pierre’ is another version of The Taj Hotel, which of course, is Indian. It’ll be great if you could do away with your image of ‘Real India’ and replace it with a more accurate ‘Dual India’. You can thank us later (if that ever happens in a Hollywood Indian movie). We just hope that you do follow these suggestions and we’re sure that you will reach even greater heights in the future. And in case we missed on something, Mallika is already on her way. Till then, here’s an adherent movie follower, who likes to see the best of both the worlds, signing off. See you, at the Oscars.



Graphic: Saksham Manktala, AIS Gur 43, X C