

amiown

Amity's Caring Preschool

WE NURTURE
HAPPY AND
LIFELONG
LEARNERS

RANKED #1*

for Innovative Teaching, Leadership Quality,
Teacher Welfare and Development,
Infrastructure Provision, Value for Money,
Safety and Hygiene, Parental Involvement,
Competence of Teachers, Curriculum & Pedagogy

ADMISSION OPEN

amitots (14+ months) • Prenursery (2+)
Nursery (3+) • LKG (4+) • UKG (5+) • Daycare

Age as on 31st March, 2025

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Experience the best in preschool education with:

- A play, activity and values based curriculum focused on holistic development
- Caring and qualified teachers
- Low child-teacher ratio
- Spacious, well-equipped classrooms
- Indoor and outdoor play areas
- Nutritious meal plan
- CCTV camera surveillance
- AQI monitored and controlled environment
- Early Years Intervention
- Amiown Kahaani Tree
- Parenting workshops

*Results of the nationwide preschools survey rankings published in Education World (2014-2023)

Noida (Sec.44) Vasundhara (Gzb.) Pushp Vihar (Delhi) Gurgaon (Sec.27 & Sec.46)
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The Midas potion

A Saga Of Mighty Sanitiser Killing Bacteria

Saksham Duggal & Misha Pathania

AGS Noida, Alumni

Once upon a time, in the magical land of ancient Greece, there was a glimmering city of gold named Phrygia. It was ruled by a benevolent and selfless king named Midas. One day, a plague broke out in the kingdom. None of the doctors had any clue what it was. Soon, Midas' daughter, Marigold, too caught hold of the plague. Midas rallied the best of doctors from all around the city, but none could cure his daughter.

When medicine had failed him, he turned to the gods. He prayed in the temples of Phrygia for long nights and longer days. Soon, the god of festivity, Dionysus, appeared before him. Dionysus was displeased with the turn of events that had taken place. There were no festivals for him to cherish as everyone stayed at home and no one talked to each other. There were no fruits or feasts for them to enjoy and he took pity on the people of the kingdom.

Dionysus offered to solve the problem by giving Midas a magical potion. He told him that the moment the potion touched a surface, it would rid it of all illness. If Midas was to wash his hands with it, his hands would be cleaner than water could ever make them. Dionysus called this potion of his, the 'Sanitiser'. "But how?" cried Midas.

A smile then spread across Dionysus's face. As he explained with the utmost content. "This sorrow, this illness, it is caused by tiny monsters known as

The science of it

Bacterial cells, like any other cells, have a plasma/cell membrane that encloses all the other organelles. The membrane acts as a barrier between the interior of the bacterium and the outside environment. Any damage to the cell membrane causes bacterial death. The alcohol present in the sanitiser destroys this membrane, consecutively killing the bacteria.

'Pathogens'. They are invisible to the human eye, but they cannot hide from me. They have strong shells that protect them from your medicine, but as soon as the potion drowns those shells, they dissolve. And the monsters cannot stand the medicine anymore."

Midas then went around to the people of his nation, benevolently gifting bottles and bottles of sanitiser to every soul that crossed his path. As he made his way to his castle, his face lit up with a hopeful grin. He rushed to his beloved daughter, and with the bottle of sanitiser, he cured his poor daughter of her wretched illness.

Peace, harmony, and joy returned to his kingdom. The king was overjoyed, his people even more so. But the happiest of them all was Dionysus, for the festivals and orchards were livid again, and the people were happy once more.

