

# The shining medal

## Here's The Saga Of The Highly Coveted and Craved Laurel

Autobiography

Nurina Amin, AIS Pushp Vihar, X C

You know all about the event, the sport, the winner, and the glory, but do you know about me? I think you might, because I am such a huge part of the Olympics, but my complaint is that none of you have ever stopped to properly think about me. Well...I could whine about it, but today, I'd rather take this time to educate you on my rich history. Oh, who am I, you ask? Well, I am the one and only, the team of three legendary metals that adorn the neck of every winner; I am an Olympic medal. Yes, the same one that every athlete dreams of. I am granted to the winners of Olympic Games and come in three classes – gold, silver, and bronze, which are awarded to the first, second, and third placeholders respectively. This much, I am sure you already knew, but what you didn't know is that my very first form was not a medal, but rather an olive wreath introduced by Heracles at Ancient Olympic Games. It was only in 1896, when Olympics as we know it today began, that I, a medal, was designed by the French sculptor Jules-Clement Chap-

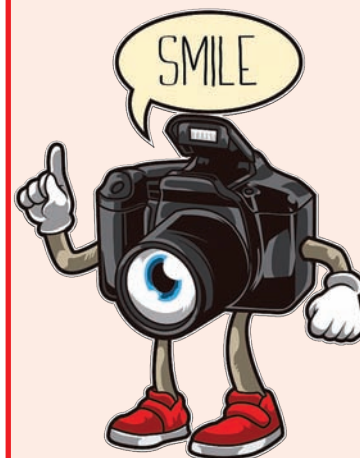
lain and was given out to players. However, my gold form was still not created. The winner, back then, got a silver medal, whereas the others received a copper or bronze medal, and in 1900, I moved to having gilt silver for first place holders. It was only in 1904 Summer Olympics in USA that I was given the classic gold, silver, and bronze division.



The image I have created now seems to be set in stone (or rather in circular gold, silver, and bronze), but I was not always like that. In fact, I was not always circular. In 1900, the Olympic Games witnessed rectangular versions of me, as designed by Frederique Vernon, for the first and the last time. I was also not awarded to the winning players of all the sports back then. Only limited games like shooting, racing, gymnastics, rowing etc., saw my distribution, whereas the other sports were awarded with cups and trophies. My name comes with its own pride, and if achieving me is not easy, trust me, giving me away isn't a piece of cake either. Of course, I demand great care. As per the rules dedicated by the International Olympic Committee, I have to feature an attachment of a chain or ribbon, and my diameter should be a minimum of 60 mm, and thickness 3 mm. The gold version of me (the one I am proudest of) is to be composed of at least 92.5% of silver, plated with 6 grams of gold. The silver one is the same, minus the gold plating, and the bronze one needs to be 97% copper with 0.5% tin and 2.5% zinc. I also have other details engraved on me about the event, with the name of the sport being a necessity. From being minted by the host city to my gold medals being made of solid gold till 1912, my variations have changed a lot through the years. What hasn't changed, however, is my legacy, soused in gold, silver, and bronze, rewriting the tales of athletes, countries, and the sports alike.

POEM

## Through the lens



Ishika Kapoor, AIS Saket, IX C

In fleeting moments, I'm your guide  
Here to capture life's endless rides  
With one click, I freeze every view  
A silent spy, capturing what's true

With my lens, life's a vibrant show  
I preserve memories, gems to stow  
From dawn to night's gentle shush  
I record it all, in every little brush

In bustling streets or nature's grace  
I find beauty in every person's face  
From big days to tiny stuff at play  
I snap them all, no matter the day

I catch your smiles and its delight  
Capturing memories day and night  
In every click, a fresh view appears  
One-of-a-kind, soothing your fears

Hold dear the stories that I've won  
I'm your camera, taping everyone  
In the digital world, you shall see  
A forever witness to your history.

Lavanya Mishra, AIS Vas 6, X B

As the festive season begins, there are certain things we wholeheartedly indulge in, yet overlook and never give credit to; things that make sure that the enthusiasm in the house remains wild. It doesn't take a genius to figure out that we are talking about festive movies. Of course, the general opinion, mostly our mom's opinion, dictates them as a relaxing form of entertainment or an excuse for not helping her with the household chores, but festive movies aren't limited to just laying like a motionless zombie on the couch, or are they? Imagine sitting in the drawing room with your childhood friends watch-

# Festi(pals)

ing 'The Christmas Chronicles' on Christmas Eve, with some hot chocolate on the side. This simple movie can take the warm, fuzzy Christmas spirit to a whole new level, reminding us to live in the moment and to be with our loved ones. Likewise, watching 'Hocus Pocus' during Halloween season and turning the whole atmosphere spooky, too, is an experience in itself.

You see then how festive movies not only set the mood, but also remind us of the magical memories that we

have created through the course of our life. They jog our memory with the small things that matter like decorating the house with our cousins, getting cozy and eating uncountable sweets with our family, playing dumb charades, and whatnot. They bring the scent of warm caramel popcorn, sour candies, and cold drinks back to our kitchens and make us create a thousand new prized memories that will stay with us forever, even if it's our thousandth hit on the play button over the years.

