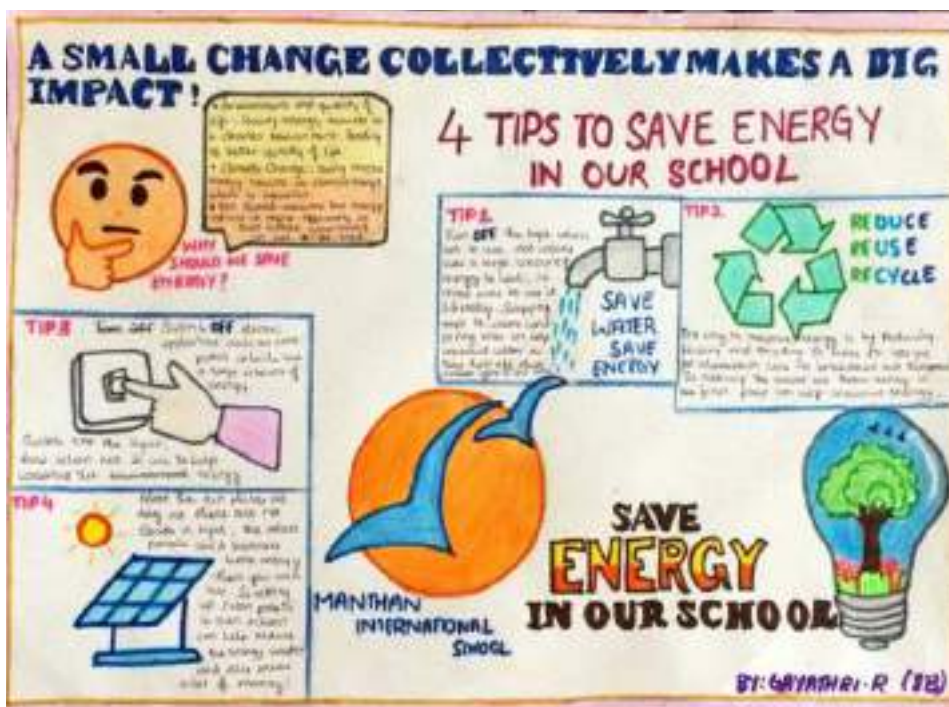


Small things

Big Impact

Background by Gowri Nandana Nair - 7C



SMALL HABITS, BIG CHANGES

By: Gayathri Jagdev, 6F ; loves to read mystery stories!

Too often people think that a massive success requires a giant action. This thought pressurises people to do an enormous improvement which will be praised by everyone. Most of the time under this pressure of doing something big, people end up depressed. This is why making one small change everyday counts more than one giant change at once. Improving by 1% may not be noticeable, but over a period of time it can cause a big difference. For instance: if someone tries to make 1 person smile everyday for one year, they'll end up making 365 people smile by the end of the year! The concept is pretty easy, but the results can be startling. This concept of small habits should be used carefully. If someone inculcates a bad habit each day then by the end of the year it can come to a toxic result. It is necessary to remember that real changes come from hundreds of small changes.

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“Be yourself; everyone else is already taken.”

Oscar Wilde

PAIN

By Deshna Tummala 8A

I stared at my empty house with a dry mouth, and scary thoughts shot in my brain.

“Soph!” I screamed on top of my lungs. “Sophie!” My voice echoed in the vacant house. I fell onto my knees as sweat dripped on the floor.

“Olivia! Via!” I called out to my wife.

Sophie is my four-year-old daughter but likes being called ‘Soph’. She has beautiful, blue, ocean eyes which gleams and sparkles with joy and happiness every time me and Olivia surprise her with something like today morning.

Me and Via had planned a picnic for Sophie in the morning as Sophie had been bored staying in the house for what felt like a decade. Sophie had still been sleeping when we were planning it. After two hours, we completed setting up the picnic in a nearby park.

I went into Sophie’s bedroom and shook her slightly. “Good morning Soph,” I whispered in her ear. She moaned and shifted to the other side. I started tickling her and she giggled.

“We got a surprise for you!”

“Really?! Thank you!” She exclaimed as she hugged me tightly. “You guys are the best!” She whispered in my ear. I gave her a smile and lifted her up, taking her to the bathroom.

We reached the picnic spot at ten o’clock a.m. and Sophie loved it. She started running around with a paroxysm of happiness. This was my life. She was everything I ever needed.

When we were having a lot of fun and playing around, I received a lot of weird stares from the people. This happened every time I came out with family and this is the reason we don’t come out that often.

Continued on next page

Seasons

By Shreya Nag (6G); loves writing poems during free time

Our mother earth, our mother nature,
They made wonders together,
The things, the creatures yet to be found,
We have just started our adventure.
When I wake up in the morning,
I hear leaves rustling,
And the cries of birds,
I know you have come spring.
The sun shining on my face,
The sweetness of a mango,
And the laughter of pure joy,
Adventure of a new time and place.
The skies become darker,
The snow is pure white,
The time for bond,
And the shadows bolder.
The time of farmers,
The leaves yellow, orange and red,
The time of deciduous trees, The sight a charmer.
They all are my favorite seasons,
The feeling of different worlds,
Every season unique in their own way,
They all come for a reason.





Comic By Vaishnavi 8b



continued from page 2

We packed up and boarded the car. The picnic was a blast and Sophie was so exhausted that she fell asleep in Olivia's arms. When we reached our house, I dropped Olivia and Sophie on the doorstep while I drove to the garage to park the car. 'Today felt too good to be true', I thought as I locked the car and entered the house from the garage door.

There was no sign of Sophie or Olivia... I went and knocked on Sophie's door. No response... I searched the whole house and yet I couldn't find them. I screamed for them but no one replied.

I could hear the cute giggles from Sophie which turned into unbearable loud cries asking for help. This was my worst nightmare. "No Sophy, don't cry! Papa will rescue you!" I mumbled.

My phone buzzed and I came to my senses. It was an alarm indicating the time Sophie needed to go to bed every night. I immediately got up and dialed 911.

"Hello sir! How may I help you?" said the lady on the other side.

"My wife and daughter are missing! I need to find them!" I exclaimed.

"May I know your name please?" She asked.

"Robert Williams! And my daughter's name is Sophie Williams. Olivia Williams is my wife," I said as my voice shuddered.

"Sir, I can't find any Sophie or Olivia Williams in the list..." She hesitated.

"But they were here until today evening, what do you mean by 'You can't find them!'?" I yelled at her.

"Sir I can view their names in deceased."

"Wai- Wha- How?!"

"They died two years ago in a car accident..."

I froze, not knowing what to say. I was not able to perceive this situation. 'Who was I with until today evening then?! That lady must've been lying. But why would she?' These thoughts made my brain dizzy as I fainted.

I woke up on an unfamiliar bed and bright light made it impossible for me to open my eyes. I realized I was in a hospital and my head ached very badly.

"Ah! Mr. Williams, you are awake!" said a doctor as he entered the room. "I am Doctor Ray". I forced out a smile.

As I came to my senses, all the memories from yesterday flashed into my brain.

"What happened yest-----" He interrupted me by raising his hand for me to stop.

"You need to rest Mr. Williams. Please don't talk, I will explain everything,". I slowly nodded.

"Two years ago, you met with a car accident and your family was in the car too. Your wife and daughter died on spot while you experienced a severe head injury. After curing your head injury, many doctors were satisfied and thought the job was done. But... what they didn't know was that you completely forgot the car accident had occurred and your family had passed away. You kept imagining that they were still with you. I assume you received a lot of weird stares when you were in public with your 'family'?"

I was speechless. I forced out a nod to answer the question.





By : Jasna of 7A.

Our reborn planet

-Mahalaxmi Nitturi 8C

This new year brought our pockets full of a disease,
It's like our health has never come to our please.

But looking at a problem with positive eyes,
Solutions to other problems soon arise.

Staying at home is meant to be
For the nature to recreate and for us to see-
That soon Earth will be reborn,
Our Planet will be reborn!

We might as well call this problem a solution,
Everyone's at home, which is killing the pollution.
Together we are binding the shattered ozone,
And very soon a beautiful planet we will own.

Our world is giving us a chance to exult
A better atmosphere as a result.
Soon Earth will be reborn,
Our Planet will be reborn!

The new reformed glory of the once destroyed
nature,

Is what we can imagine as a perfect picture
Of the cotton like clouds embedded in the sky
And for clear flowing water, anything is worth a try
Soon Earth will be reborn,
Our Planet will be reborn!

Memorable moments with the moon

By Deeksha Koneru 8B

Every morning, it was the same thing for Amit Sharma. He would put on a pot of coffee and get dressed as he waited for the coffee to brew. But today, things would be different because this was the day he had been waiting forever since his wife passed away. This was the day that the blue moon occurred as this was the day he had his last moment with his wife. As quickly as he could he could, he ate breakfast, drank coffee and rushed to work on a busy Friday. His indefatigable efforts to concentrate on the work he was doing seemed to fail since he was excited for the night, so he took a day off and rushed back home. He and his wife used to always spend time together though they both were busy and he still thought that his wife was still with him. In a blink of an eye, it was dark and the only light falling in the living room was the light from the moon. Watching the moon with a smile, he drifted off to sleep. He was sure that he would dream of her and she, on this very day, would visit him in his dreams and tell him all the tales of her journey while he sat and listened to her melodious voice. He could hear her bell-like voice...now he would, any minute, see the swish of her white gown that she loved so much-her wedding gown and there she was...



Painting by: Haardik, 7B

You may only succeed if you
desire succeeding; you may
only fail if you do not mind
failing.
- Philippos

The Mourning Mother's Cry!

-By:- Aarushi Kulkarni, 8B; loves writing poems

My eyes are clouded just like the sky,
My tears are falling just like rain,
The thunder can be heard for miles,
But like always stifled are my cries
Because It is I ... that must always pay the price
What is happening to this world?
My Trees ruthlessly slaughtered for timber,
Baby animals crying for their mothers dead.
A sunless sky choking with smog,
The dying sighs of the lake and bog,
The green struggling amongst the grey.
Should our planet be this way?
What is happening to the world?
No animal is free,
Not a leaf on a tree.
Garbage here,
Plastic there.
Hot in the summer,
Hot in the winter,
The earth is boiling with anger!
The greed of your species knows no bounds,
Sundering the bonds delicately woven
With nature, with the soul, with the animals,
With Me, Mother Earth myself!
It has taken a virus to lock you in
And set free the nature,
Is this not enough to make you
Fear for your future?
How much do you really need,
And how endless is your greed?!
Wake up people! Wake up!

Wake up and look-
Mend the bonds,
Help our angry dying Earth,
Let me revive its colours,
Let me show its happiness,
Let me live its days everlasting.
Stand up for the planet!

And, once again-
The birds line up on your balcony,
Animals roam free,
The trees dance in the wind,
The weather pleasant as can be-
This is the Earth that should be,

This is the commitment that must be
And if you abide , it shall be the earth
we all wish for it to be.



Painting By: Jasna, 7A



Primary Section

By Akshat Arora of 3F

THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF A.R.T.

Blurb by Akshat Arora, 3F

The company robot making has just made a Robotic Dinosaur which they have been making for years, but they always failed. His name is A.R.T. But A.R.T escaped from their robotic lab, and he went to a special place where there are magical things. Meanwhile, there was a boy, John, who was riding a motorcycle up and down the hill. But his evil friend, Alex, who was jealous, put sand in the petrol tank of the bike. John fell down the hill and reached the magical place where A.R.T was hiding. But the robot company wants A.R.T back. John and A.R.T became friends gradually. Will John win the battle with the Robot company???



MY CHILDHOOD

By : Snigdha 3D

I had nyctophobia like most
of you,
But I recovered soon.
My nanny told me to repeat
Rama's name,
Even when I passed away, I
had the word Rama on my
lips.
My power is to scare away
fright,
I can also give you sight,
To non-violently fight,
That's how we got our
Freedom at midnight.

RADICAL RHYME

By Darsh 2E

A mice lived in a shoe,
Who always wanted to go to
the zoo,
Wanted to see the pesky
parrot.
Scaring people was his
habit,
The parrot came out and
said, "Boo."



By Aarit Gupta, 3D



Primary Section

THE MYSTERY OF THE STOLEN MONEY

By : Laasya (4B)

In a house of Rose County, Smithara and Neena stood confused, looking at a door that was locked, and had a wall on the other side. Smithara was an eleven year old girl with long and shiny black hair. Her eyes were startling blue and she was thin and tall. Neena was thirteen and Smithara's sister. She looked exactly the same as her sister except for her hair which was short. They were smart girls and could spot the tiniest things like a man entering a house that had been emptied. Both of them had seen, an hour ago, on the news that Lily Gevol, a millionaire, had been robbed. They had always wanted to be detectives and seeing this man entering a house that had been emptied made them curious, so they followed him, only to see him disappearing through a door and locking it. All of this was very unusual but the most unusual part was the door he went through had a wall on the other side. "Any idea how to open this door?" questioned Neena. Smithara replied, "Well we could if we have a pin." The next moment they were running around the house and searching every corner for a pin. "Aaah. I found one," announced Smithara, proudly. Smithara inserted the pin into the keyhole and after three loud clicks, the door flew open. They saw that there was a slope that led underground. "Oh my goodness!" mumbled Smithara, her mouth slightly open. "Flashlights!" Neena bellowed. Smithara scampered off and returned holding two torches. She gave Neena her torch and made their way down the steep slope casting freights looking at each other. After a while, they came to an opening with two other narrow passages. Before they could decide which way to go, a voice grunted, "You still have to give me more money." Smithara switched off her torch and she and Neena crouched behind two boxes which were stacked on top of each other. "I gave you enough money for the loot," said another drawling voice. The man growled in agony, "Fine" and the two men appeared. They both were short and stout with curly brown hair and the man with a grumpy voice was who Neena and Smithara were following. They went away just as quickly as they came. Neena got up and beckoned Smithara forward. Neena made a circle around the boxes and gasped. "Smithara, look!" Smithara came into the position where her sister was standing and saw that a label on the bottom box "Lily Gevol" was written in an untidy scrawl. Smithara's eyes widened. She looked at the box on top and that had a label, but it read "Agust Frank" and it was wide open and empty. "Does that mean they are going to work to rob him, Agust Frank, next?" asked Smithara. Neena nodded and pointed her finger at another door and said "They are in there. But you want to see what they are up to!" They both headed for the door making sure they didn't make a sound. Smithara pressed her eye to the tiny space in the keyhole and narrated the scene to Neena. "They were walking in circles. No! They are coming right at us! Run!" yelled Smithara, but it was too late. As Smithara and Neena ran, they could hear the footsteps and angry screams of the men which told them they were running after them. They went on and on until they reached the door connecting to Rose County. Smithara and Neena went through and locked the door with the pin panting. The moment they went in, Neena dialled the cops and said, "Sir, my name is Neena Jivela and my sister Smithara Dose Jivela..." She told him about everything she and Smithara had seen. After telling the cops, she was relieved. Even though she could hear the men screaming from behind the door, she felt tranquil for the first time in an hour.

WINGED PANTHERA TIGRIS

By - Aadhya
(4D)

Name:	Habitat:
Winged Panthera Tigris	Dark Cave of Chantogon.
Strengths:	Weaknesses:
It has super- vision, and flies at high speed.	It is very angry when it is hungry.
Appearance:	Diet:
Tiger with vulture wings	It eats animals and reptiles.



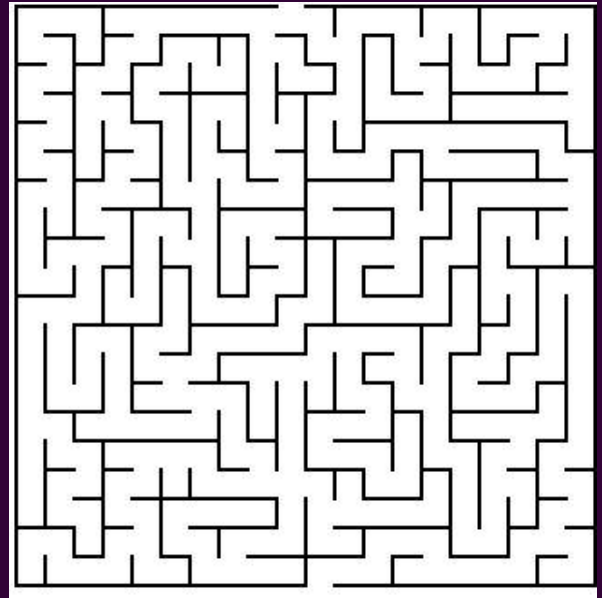
COFFEE BREAK!

Find the Penguin!



Spot the mouse

3	5	1		9		7		4
	9	6		2		5		
4		7				9		8
1	8		9	6	3		7	5
5				4		6	1	
		2	7	5		4	8	3
6		9	1					7
			5			3	4	6
	3			8	4		9	2



Answers to Riddles (Sep Edition) -

- It is greater than god and more evil than devil. The poor have it and the rich need it. If you eat it you will die. What is it?

Solution:- Nothing

- What five-letter word becomes shorter when you add two letters to it?

Solution :Short (Short + 'er')

- Where does success come before work?

Solution:- The Dictionary

- What is so fragile that saying its name breaks it?

Solution : Silence

- A school teacher asks his students to put certain objects in a large box. Apples and balls are allowed whereas pencils and flowers are not. What determines whether an item can enter?

Solution:- Only words with double letters are allowed

- Name three consecutive days without using the words Wednesday, Friday and Sunday.

Solution:- Yesterday, today and tomorrow

MAKING A BASKET OUT OF PLASTIC BAGS

Plastic bags have become a necessity in our daily lives. As each day passes, our homes are more and more littered by them, similar to our environment. Although it may seem that we, as individuals, can do little to solve this problem; we can, in reality, make a big impact by using these plastic bags to create daily usable items, or as in this case, baskets.

WHAT YOU WILL NEED:

Sewing needles
White thread
Plastic bags of all types

HOW:

- 1) Cut handles and bottom seam off bags to obtain a flat piece of plastic.
- 2) Cut the plastic bags into continuous strips of about 4 inches wide.
- 3) Repeat the process for about 3 plastic bags and start braiding them. Remember to not braid too loose or too tight.
- 4) Keep adding strips of plastic bags whenever required by sewing them to the previous ones or by knotting them.
- 5) Coil the rope tightly, skinny side up, until you reach a base size you're happy with. Secure this with a pin or another sewing needle.
- 6) Now, pick the other side of the round and sew four lines into the bottom - one horizontally, one vertically and two diagonals going through the center.
- 7) Grab the tail of the braid that you pinned into the base, and bring it up diagonally to form the bottom row of the basket. Push your needle down through the base, and then bring it over the braid and back down through the base to secure the bottom row. Do this every 1-2 inches, keeping the thread diagonal and tight and the braids upright and straight.
- 8) Then, anchor the two layers of braids together and knot on the inside of the basket and keep repeating until you reach a desirable size for your basket.
- 9) Then, tuck the very end of the braid behind the top row and stitch it into place. You can trim or fold over the end of the braid to make it look neater.

Source:- <https://www.instructables.com/Make-a-basket-out-of-plastic-bags/>

"Don't limit yourself. Many people limit themselves to what they think they can do. You can go as far as your mind lets you. What you believe, remember, you can achieve."

- Mary Kay Ash



"Keep your face to the sunshine and you can never see the shadow."
- Helen Keller

The Murder of Roger Ackroyd by Agatha Christie

Rating:- ★★★★★ (4/5)

The book 'The Murder of Roger Ackroyd' is a must-read for those who love suspense, thrill, and mainly detective stories. This book features a doctor who has got into the mess of serious murder. One of Agatha Christie's most favorite characters - the Belgian Hercule Poirot - is featured as the lead detective of the murder case. His ways were quite bizarre; however, he never admits that they are of some use. He is a punctilious man, and by far my most favorite character in this story. All characters; however, have such deep and interesting personalities. One of the best parts about this novel is the outstanding and unforgettable plot twist at the end. I highly recommend that whoever reads this novel should re-read it at least once to discover things seemingly obvious that they must've skipped. There is not much that I dislike about this book. One of my concerns is that this book might be a little too confusing for a neophyte reader who cannot comprehend such an intricate and detailed plot. Again, why I advise you to read this multiple times. To conclude, 'The Murder of Roger Ackroyd' is one of the greatest detective novels I have ever read. I would rate this amazing book 4 stars out of 5.

- Akarsh Duddu 8 IG



Dedication, Diligence and Determination: The Three Keys to Debating

Recently, Haasini Kelampalli of grade 8 IGCSE has been chosen to participate in the national ISDS (Indian school's debating society) team of 2020. We are extremely proud of her and offer our most hearty congratulations. We were lucky to have the opportunity to interview her on this occasion.

Sparsh: What made you interested in debating?

Haasini: I am just really interested in it in general. It is a good way for me to express myself.

Sparsh: How did you prepare yourself?

Haasini: The main thing in debating is that you have to think on your feet. I often do research on the internet for interesting topics and create cases on both sides. I also watch debates, and pick up different strategies.

Sparsh: How many steps did you go through before you reached here?

Haasini: First, there were the junior selections. There were two teams and four debates. Then, they shortlisted 40 people to take a test. After that, we had to answer a comprehension test about debating. Finally, they selected 60-70 people across the country for training, and after careful consideration, certain people were selected.

Sparsh: How do you feel? Do you think that this is something you want to continue in the future?

Haasini: This is more than just debating. It helps me to better structure and change my thoughts. The skills will help me in the future.

Sparsh: Is there any advice you'd like to give to someone going along that same path?

Haasini: Join the debate club. It will help you improve a lot. Put in a lot of effort. It genuinely helps you.

Sparsh: Would you like to thank anyone?

Haasini: I would like to thank Purvi and Simir. They taught us how to debate, they've been very persistent and constantly gave us feedback. The teachers were also really helpful.

Sparsh: What is the next step after this?

Haasini: We will go through training from Jan-July before competing in different international tournaments.

Sparsh: What do you believe you have achieved personally?

Haasini: We, as people, are not well-versed at having good discussion, something I speak about with first-hand experience. Debating is about finding meaning in those discussions and is one of the most significant things I learned from it.

We would like to thank Haasini for giving us this opportunity to interview her, and again, wish her congratulations for this achievement. Best of luck to you from the Sparsh team!

We would like to appreciate the student council and the previous month's sub-committee for the hard work they have put in. Best of luck for their future presentations!

"Enthusiasm is the energy and force that builds literal momentum of the human soul and mind."

- Bryant McGill