

ISSUE NO.3

SPARSH

CREATIVITY & ORIGINALITY



intro

BY: Rishi Akkineni

As the color that occurs least frequently in nature, purple is most associated with the unconventional and the bizarre - and is, therefore, the perfect color to convey the theme of this Sparsh newsletter: creativity.

From Alice's adventures in Wonderland and the world of Harry Potter to the epic battles in Star Wars, the human mind has devised some truly imaginative things. All the novels you read, movies you watch, and songs you sing are a result of creativity.

However, creativity isn't just limited to the arts, and can be seen in almost everything around you: the cars you drive, the computers you use daily, and the indispensable internet.

The lives that we lead today are very much the culmination of countless creative ideas starting from the beginning of human civilization - so it cannot be stressed how important this skill is. In this edition of the Sparsh newsletter, we will take a peek into the inventive minds of Manthan students, as they mesmerize us with their out-of-the-box thinking.

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NEWS SHORTS

Written by: Shalini Nannapaneni (12B)

World Love

Strings connecting us
From one soul to another
A beautiful world

Kicking Off

An introduction
The start of several more
A new beginning

A Blue Funk

Sinking in quicksand
Reality is hazy
Someone pull me out

Blueberry Picking

Dusty sapphires
Baskets hanging from my waist
Humid gusts of air

The Ocean

windblown, salty hair
A golden sun sinking low
Orange horizon

A Rainy Drive

Rain, rain, go away
Please don't ever come again
Squealing tires say

Shower Tears

A steel waterfall
Clear water turning salty
Wish I could go back

haiku wall

There was a dull 'thud' that echoed around the estate. The commercial strip of land was unimaginably gigantic, with apple trees scattered carelessly around, sprinkles of free land in between, and a few, disjointed openings beneath the cavernous canopy. There was a sudden crunching and breaking of twigs as the frantic feet of men trod loudly upon the floor, reverberating from all directions. From where he was though - encircled in his mother's arms - Alex could only see one thing, the limp, lifeless body, that lay spread-eagled in front of him - that of his father.

Through the blinding, shaking tears, his eyes flailing in all directions, Alex was still not able to fully see the ghastly expression plastered across his father's face, something so vile and oily, something he'd never seen before. The air was heavy with the smell of blood and Alex couldn't stand it. His gagged mouth was suddenly released and he gasped for breath, wheezing for half a minute, before his eyes let go a deluge of tears, without a single thought of how he had been released.

There was not a single resemblance to a smile, with the way his father's features were arranged, but his heart projected it anyway, fresh from his memory, this very morning in fact. For so painful a day, it had started out well, with the sun shining brightly, clouds puffed like cotton candy, and a brilliant blue sky radiating a vibrant smile.

"Get up Alex, but don't open your eyes yet," came a familiar voice, wafting into Alex's ear, like a soothing wake-up call.

"Ok, dad."

"Just wait here a sec. I'll get it out right now," James replied.

a cold summer day

The room was colored in blending hues of yellow and green, the story's canary yellow complemented beautifully by the soft, gentle hint of green; the feature wall adorned with a larger-than-life wallpaper of Alex's favorite football player, diving to the ground in celebration. Into the room came a glittering new football, brought behind James' back.

"Surprise!" was the exclamation, with the enthusiasm of ten friends, but from the only friend Alex had - his dad.

"What! Oh my god! You got me a football!" was the six-year-old's disbelieving reply. A smiling James just stood there, waiting for Alex to soak it in.

"It's not as good as I expected it to be," Alex said with a grin. James was perplexed for a moment before he saw that his son's smile had a naughty edge. He had been played.

"It was better than I expected! Come on dad, let's go play!"

With that, all of Alex's 3-foot frame launched itself out the bed, trundled like lightning down the stairs, and burst out of the house - into the car - even before the gates slid open

In an instant, they were out in the lush green field that was their weekly hangout. As Alex piled out of the car with unbridled enthusiasm, out of the corner of his eye, James noticed a big, bulky, mountain of a man staring shiftily at Alex and he bristled. In his preoccupied haste, he left the car keys inside and glanced coldly at the bigger man. The man turned and began walking away. James' muscles relaxed reluctantly, but he remained wary.

a cold summer day

"Here comes a shot, lousy goalie," squealed his 6-year-old in delight,

"What did you call me?" He inquired in feigned anger.

As they continued playing, the monstrosity of a man placed himself strategically behind James looking for a lapse in concentration. James fumbled and, in a flash, the man sprung up, sprinting at them.

James scooped Alex up and ran blindly, as he heard the perpetrator's thudding footsteps behind him.

James ran faster than he thought possible, yet, he felt the man closing in on him. In unrestrained panic and protective anger, he set Alex down and told him in a hurried whisper, "Get in the car! Now!"

"B-But the football?"

"I'll bring it, Alex. Get in NOW!"

Turning to the other man he said, with a smirk that exuded confidence, "You can get me, but not my son."

"I disagree. It seems they've got him already."

The color drained from his face when he turned and saw his car driving away.

"Why do you want Alex?"

"I think you know why we do."

"Oh! You're his men?"

"It would appear so."

With the realization appeared a new look on James' face: one of malice, hatred, and murderous intent.

The transformation was ghastly, but one James underwent often, from the just-another-office-worker, to the don of drugs peddling in the country.

a cold summer day

"Well then, seems you've hit a roadblock," James sneered.

A knife was drawn, and with vehemence, it was struck into a man.

Meanwhile, Alex was trapped, bound, and gagged in the middle of a humongous apple orchard. The three men that stood guard over him seemed bulky, heartless, and pretty stupid. They looked around with ape-like eyes and exchanged furtive glances when they heard the screams of their comrade, followed by footsteps coming towards the clearing. Then they saw him - James Mason, the notorious drug-peddler. What they missed, however, was a soft rustle of a black cloak, sneaking behind them in the low-laying hedges that bordered the clearing.

James' husky whisper came, "You're going to release him right now."

"Or?" said one.

"Or you die," came a woman's steely voice from behind the hedge, above. Three twangs of a skillful bow and three thuds, the kind of thuds that come when massive man-giants fall to the ground, pulverizing the twigs beneath them in the process.

"Ah, so that's what this is." came a surprise-hiding leer from James.

"Yes, I got you here to take him back," was the reply.

"And what makes you think I'll let you?"

.

a cold summer day

"I know you won't, but he deserves more."

"I have given him nothing short of a perfect life," James gritted out with vehemence, the devil still playing with his features and frightening a still-bound Alex. This new side to his father, the man whom he lived with for his entire life, was horrifying to witness. Even though Alex's heart tugged him towards his father, his body moved away from the frightening man in front of him on instinct. James' face momentarily took on a pained expression as he saw Alex move away, soon to be replaced by planet-ripping fury directed at the woman.

Pulling a gun out of his jacket pocket, the same jacket that he hugged Alex with so often, he aimed it at her, only to be beaten by a tenth of a second. The difference between life and death. The fourth twang echoed around the trees and the fourth thud followed, The woman slunk down the tree and undid the gag, as Alex let flow a flurry of wheezing breaths and deluge of tears.


She sighed, before telling the boy, "Come to mom, Alex."

Alex clung to her, feeling strongly as if he would never let go. A tear rolled down from the woman's face, onto the pool of blood of James; whose face was contorted in that vicious anger, never to be altered. The same face that Alex remembered so fondly...

- Pranav H | 10th

*This story won second place at the Chirec literary fest**

a cold summer day



What does it mean?

WRITTEN BY: ANIKA VASUDEV |10B

Ages and centuries of work
crumbling in my hands
burnt edges and withering surfaces
always seem to suffice

I know this language
yet I am at my demise
the words jumble themselves in fright
and gibberish is what comes to light

Poems and essays
long and wide
who knows what they mean
who knows what they hide

The future is ahead
the past is behind
the present is a gift
which we leave behind


Poor ancestors
write in blanks,
the emotions we perceive
from their writings are vast

Funny t 'is
to think of it so
a line too deep
or a word so shallow



Tools for Time Management

BY: DIIPIT NAYYAN



There are many ways to manage your time and learn to be efficient. You can start with something as simple as marking events and tasks on your calendar. Putting your calendar in a place that's always visible to you will help you constantly remember your tasks and manage your time accordingly. This is something many students do to keep up with their various tasks.

To better manage your time, you should also be clear about your priorities and remember them. For this, you can take notes as and when you recall important tasks. This will help you feel less overwhelmed and have a greater sense of clarity. Staying ahead of deadlines and preventing stress are benefits of following a regular routine and finding ways to manage your time.


Try to be clear and self-aware about your own strengths and weaknesses. It will help you set realistic goals.

Follow

S - Specific
M - Measurable
A - Achievable
R - Realistic
T - Timed

Tools for Time Management

BY: DIIPIT NAYYAN



Distractions are a major reason behind not managing our time effectively, especially with social media. Installing app blockers and using them during designated study periods will prevent you from using sites that distract you, allowing you to focus on the task at hand.

You can also set buffer times and timers to track your progress while studying, starting with easier chapters will initially help you develop a sense of achievement, and encourage you to keep working at the task. Once you've gotten into the studying mindset, you can try increasing the time period or intensity of your study sessions.

Distractions are normal - we are only human, after all. Instead of trying to avoid them completely, we need to understand how to set some time apart and ensure that we don't engulf ourselves in work. Allowing your mind to relax and having fun are parts of developing healthy study and time-management habits.

Eventually, you too can learn to manage your time and be more efficient!

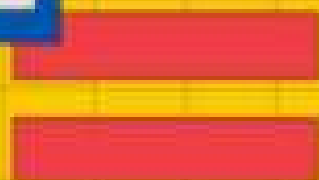
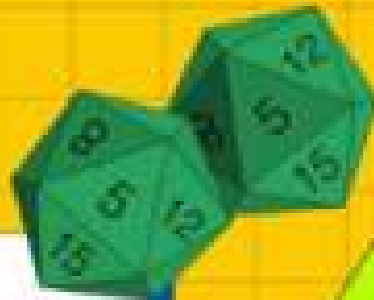
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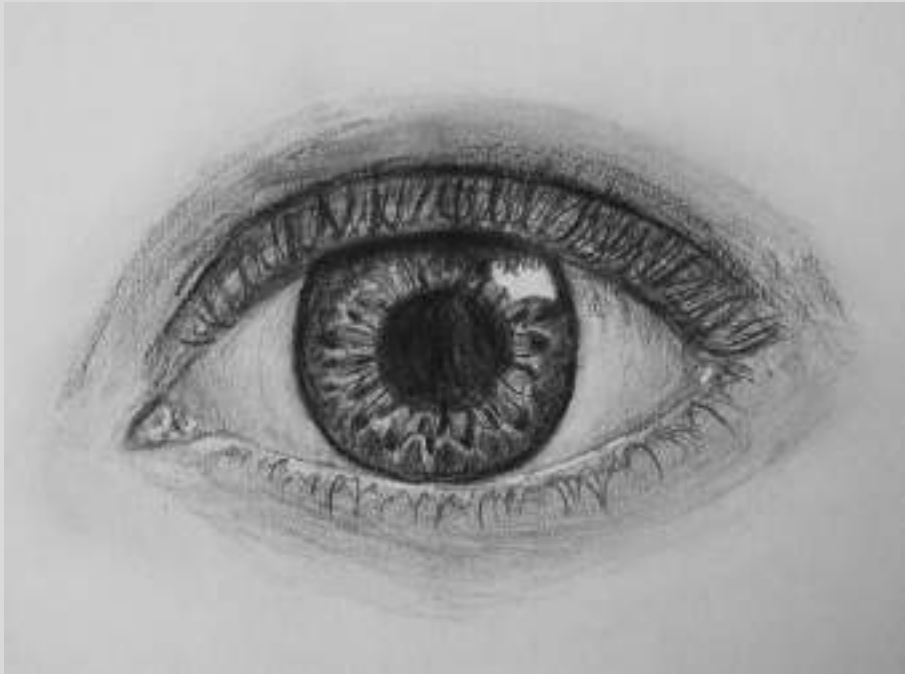
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[all around us.]











NEWS SHORTS

Written by: Rishika Pasupulati (12B) and Kaushal Dasika (12B)

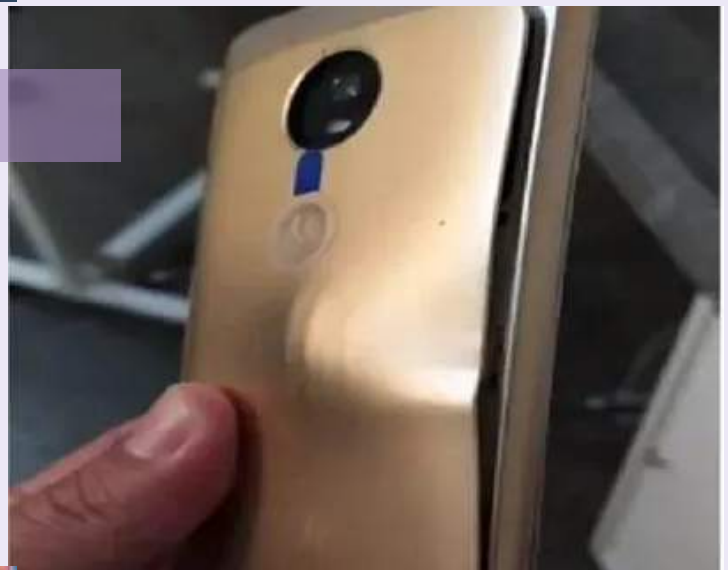


HOUSE ON THE MOVE?

The idea of moving an entire house to a different location might seem bizarre but a couple in Canada proved us wrong by using several boats to shift their two-story house when they heard that it was about to be torn down. It took around eight hours for the house to be moved to its new location. According to reports, this shift seemed impossible on land thanks to obstacles including powerlines. Luckily, they were up for an adventure!

SAVING YOU FROM BOREDOM TO A BULLET, A PHONE CAN DO IT ALL.

A five-year-old Motorola phone saved a man's life by stopping a bullet from penetrating his skin during an armed robbery that might have cost his life. The individual was discharged immediately after a medical report of a small bruise due to the impact of the gunshot. Now we can say our phone really is a life saviour.



SKINNY HOUSE OF BOSTON

Boston's famous 'Skinny House' went viral after being sold for \$1.25 million (over ₹9.21 crore) in 2017. The 1,165 square feet building, built in 1862, consists of two bedrooms, one bathroom and a private deck. It was reported by Boston Globe as having the "uncontested distinction of being the narrowest house in Boston." Is it really worth it?

NEWS SHORTS

Written by: Rishika Pasupulati (12B) and Kaushal Dasika (12B)

A SHOW TO BE REMEMBERED

At the 2020 Expo held in Dubai, a policeman flew in an 'Iron Man' suit as a part of the show performed by the Dubai police. The marvelous display was one of the highlights of the event, astonishing several of the viewers present. The only thing that would've made the show better would've been a Tony Stark cameo appearance.



THE HEIST OF THE CENTURY

Common stolen items include bags, phones and money - but in Ohio, police are on the hunt for an unusual piece of stolen property: an entire 58-foot-long pedestrian bridge. Even Sherlock Holmes would tear his hair out over the sheer absurdity of the case. The police have no suspects as of now. We have yet to see who will crack the case and emerge as the Ultimate Human/Detective.



conc

BY: Rishi Akkineni

That brings us to the end of this edition of Sparsh. We hope that it added a new plethora of colors to a world that we hope will return to normalcy in the near future. We hope that you're safe in these uncertain times. If things seem especially gloomy, reach out to the Paraamarsh team and remember the words of Maya Angelou:

"You can't use up creativity. The more you use, the more you have. So let your inner creativity run wild, and allow your soul to grow richer with color, for life is also about having fun."

Inspire the creativity lying dormant in your mind, and express yourself to the fullest. If you feel like sharing it with the rest of the school, the Sparsh team is always here to help!

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