

SPARSH NEWSLETTER



MARCH | 2016

Some of the young minds
that contributed to
Sparsh March 2016 are:

Grade 1

Ridved, Krutik, Avaneer, Srujana
& Avantika

Grade 2

Rithvika & Sonakshi

Grade 3

Rayan & Haasini

Grade 4

Navya, Mahimna, Varun, Ranya,
Pranav, Vivikth, Aarushi, Aditi,
Kriti, Bhavin, Rohinish, Sanvi,
Sai Bhadange, Shaurya, Adya &
Anjali

Grade 5

Pranav, Sonal, Nagesh, Sahiti,
Nitya, Abhishek, Reeti, Miha,
Riya & Rishi.

Grade 6

Sai Teja & Kashvi

Grade 7

Auric, Shreya, Suhaas, Akhilesh,
Siddhi

Grade 8

Mahathi, Lahari, Soumya,
Suhas, Rishi, Anusrihita,
Soujanya, Sanjana, Kashish,
Nikhil, Mahita & Akanksha

Grade 9

Rishita, Prasad, Marcus, Akshaj,
Valli

Grade 10

Aarushi, Srivardhan, Shreyas,
Sanjay & Pradyumna

STUDENT EDITORIAL

Dear Readers,

Sparsh has always been one of the fundamental fibers of Manthan: an elaborate platform for our students to express their ideas, individuality, and exceptional work. Keeping this in mind we wholeheartedly present to you the March 2016 issue of Sparsh.

One of the new aspects of this issue is the well – thought out, precise, and compelling writing styles which have emerged to the forefront, more than ever before, with this edition. From hard – hitting editorials, fascinating poems, to thought – provoking essays, a new lease of writing has become the core of our latest offering of Sparsh.

With the last Sparsh issue of the academic year 2015 – 2016, we also bid adieu to our first ever batch of 10th Grade. These cheery yet eager group of learners have been with us since the very establishment of Manthan. We will miss them deeply and wish them bright futures, as they step into new waters.

As Robert Frost put forth so rightly in his words:

**“I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.”**

-Robert Frost, “The Road Not

Taken”

Let us all embrace the new changes we come across this year. Just as our students have taken the less trodden path with their writing, we encourage our senior students- leaving us- to take the road not travelled, to explore the curiosities of life, and to carve a niche for themselves in our modern and ever-changing world.

On this note, we leave it to you to explore this fresh, rejuvenating, and intriguing version of Sparsh.

**Happy Reading !
Chief Editors,
Rishita & Valli**



Laugh Aloud

► ON PAGE 11

Science

► ON PAGE 17

Movie Review

► ON PAGE 23

IN THIS EDITION

SPOTLIGHT

In Spotlight our children interviewers interview various people at Manthan to understand what motivates them.

YOUNG AUTHORS

Showcases some of our young writers and their writing. At Manthan creative writing starts very early, while the first couple of years of Kindergarten is more to do with developing language skills of listening and speaking, from grade 1 the focus shifts to reading and writing. Children are encouraged to write at every point and they are given not just inspiration but various devices to structure and articulate their thoughts.

LAUGH ALOUD

While school is as much about studies it is also about having fun doing so.. here our children take a dig at themselves and their teachers for some fun times.

BOOK REVIEWS

Children are encouraged not just to read a good book but to discuss, analyse and understand it. Book review gives our children an opportunity to present their thoughts on what they see as the essence of the book.

POETIC MINDS

The poems published here are collected from regular class room assessments of the children done during the year. Its tough to do justice to all and pick the best from thousands of such works, the effort was more to present a sample of children's works rather than select the best. It still gives a glimpse into our young poets and how they use words to express their feelings, emotions and ideas.

Our Trip to Warangal

Suhas Kellampalli - Grade 8

As a part of our school excursion, we the students of grade eight had gone to Warangal. The fun we had was endless, and the knowledge we acquired about generating electricity is unforgettable, considering the fact that we learnt it by taking a trip to the power plant.

Whether it is learning or not, when we think back onto this trip, we will surely be visited by an array of nostalgic memories.

We began our journey early in the morning, and, after four hours of journey, arrived at the hotel. The travel, as described by many of our classmates, was the best part of the trip.

Then we paid visits to some of the many temples of Warangal. The Kakatiya architecture quite well captured in the intricate carvings of the Ramappa Temple left us stupefied.

Our next stop was at the Kakatiya Thermal Power Station. I believe it was the first time for many of us to go inside a thermal power station.

Our Trip to Warangal

We observed the many components of the power station which help in the process of generating electricity.

The process is as follows: First, the coal is broken down into finer pieces, and sent to a boiler drum. This coal is burnt, and heat produced is used to convert water into steam.

The steam is then used to turn various turbines (such as the high pressure turbine, intermediate pressure turbine and low pressure turbine). These turbines are connected to generators which produce electricity when they are in motion.

This steam is then sent to a condenser, which turns most of the steam back to water. The water is put through a set of reheating processes, which brings its temperature high enough to move the turbines. The reheated water is finally sent to the boiler drum. Thus, the process repeats.

In the end, the trip was excellent, with the perfect combination of learning and enjoyment. Thanks to Ram Sir and Mani Ma'am for giving us such a wonderful experience!

SPOTLIGHT

KNOWING BETTER - Alen Sir

Activity In charge & Music Teacher

Lahari: You have been a part of Manthan for six years. Share your experiences with our students.

Sir: I cherish each and every moment spent in Manthan. I've enjoyed teaching and leading all of the students in my Clubs and classes.

Mahathi: You seem to have mastered playing many musical instruments, which one do you enjoy playing the most?

Sir: Well, I love keyboard the most, however, my second preference is guitar.

Lahari: Tell us about your musical journey...

Sir: My unabated passion for music is evident to all. I have invested 18 long years into music, and believe me, I have enjoyed every moment of it. Music has always been my passion, inspiration and my journey still continues to fathom the unfathomable depth of various musical forms.

Mahathi: You have encouraged and motivated us into music. Who inspired you?

Sir: My music teacher is the one who inspired me. I used to love music classes in school because of him.

Lahari: On a personal note, tell us what you enjoy in music?

Sir: I love singing high pitch songs, especially Pop music.

Lahari: What else do you like besides music?

Sir: Cricket. Chris Gayle is my favorite cricket player.

Mahathi: If you had a chance to live anywhere in the world, where would it be?

Sir: I love Hyderabad, but if I could go anywhere, I would like to go to Italy.

Lahari: Would you like to give any message to our students?

Alen Sir: 'Music is an essence of order and lends to all that is good and just and beautiful' acclaimed Plato and I concur with his view. Hence, I would want to encourage children to love music.

Lahari & Mahathi: Thank you for time. Have a good day!

Interviewers: Lahari and Mahathi - Grade 8th



SPOTLIGHT

KNOWING BETTER - Neha Ma'am

Chemistry Teacher

Soumya: This is your first year in Manthan, how are your experiences so far?

Neha M: Wonderful so far. This is my first job and the kind of interaction with the teachers, management in fact everyone and their cooperation were enjoyable.

Valli: What made you take a path in the chemistry field?

Ma'am: I took up chemistry as a challenge to my professor I had in high school. He never had faith that I would pass his subject and told my mother that he guaranteed I would not do well in chemistry. But then after 12th I took various science fields with chemistry thinking that I will give it a try. When the exam results came out I stood 3rd in chemistry in the whole university. I proved my professor wrong and am finally teaching the subject I hadn't been confident in.



Soumya: That's great! What did you want to become when you were young and why?

Ma'am: I always had an interest in biology and that's why I had always wanted to become a scientist or a doctor.

Soumya: Amazing! What makes you relaxed if you are too tired at school or at home?

Ma'am: If I am at school then I try talking to other teachers and do something fun but if I am at my house then I prefer listening to music.

Valli: What are your hobbies?

Ma'am: I really like listening to music, dancing and reading mythological and spiritual book.

**Interviewed by
Valli 9A & Soumya 8A.**

HINDI

मूर्ख दूधवाली संजना, ७ अ

एक गाँव में एक दूधवाली रहती थी। वह गाँव से दूध खरीदकर शहर ले जाकर बेचती थी। एक दिन वह अपने सिर पर मटकी रखकर शहर जा रही थी, तो रास्ते में वह एक गहरी सोच में पड़ गयी कि उसके पास बहुत पैसों की बचत हो गयी जिसकी वजह से उसने एक गाय खरीदी। धीरे-धीरे उसके पास काफी रुपए आ गए और वह बचत करती रही। थोड़े दिन बाद उसने और गाएँ खरीदी और दूध बेचने लगी। कुछ दिनों के बाद, उसने उन गायों को बेच दिया जिससे उसका वेतन बढ़ा और उसने उन पैसों से एक बड़ा घर और खूब गहनें खरीदे और बहुत अमीर बन गई। वह अपने अमीर होने पर बहुत खुश हुई। वह अपना एक हीरा उठाने गई और जब उसने इतनी ताकत से उठाया, कि वह नकली हीरा भी टूटा और उसका सपना भी।

भारत की सांस्कृतिक एकता सान्या गुप्ता, 7 अ

भारत एक ऐसी जगह है जिधर अन्य धर्म के लोग एक साथ अपने-अपने त्योहार एक साथ मानते हैं। हिन्दू ईद मानते हैं, और मुसलिम दिवाली। भारत में मुसलिम, फारसी, हिन्दू, इसाई, सिख, सूफी, आदि मिलजुल कर रहते हैं।

भारत की अनोखी बात यह है कि यहाँ हर शहर में अलग-अलग त्योहार मनाए जाते हैं। गुजरात और राजस्थान में घागरा-चोली, कुर्ता-पजामा पहनते हैं। इधर नवरात्रि धूम-धाम से मनायी जाती है। तेलंगाना में लुंगी और साड़ी पहनते हैं। और यहाँ बतकम्मा त्योहार मानते हैं।



सामान्य रूप से भारत से दिवाली, क्रिसमस, और ईद धूम-धाम से मनायी जाती हैं। सभी लोग सज-धज कर एक-दूसरे की कली जी की खिला देते हैं।

मेरा भारत सबसे अनूठा, प्यारा, और निराला है...
मेरा भारत महान!!! जय हिन्द!!

मेरा नाम सान्या है और मैं सातवी कक्षा में पढ़ती हूँ। मेरी रुचि नाचना और खाना बनाना है।

मेरे पिताजी रितिका, कक्षा ६

मेरे पिता जी है मेरे,
सच्चे दोस्त हमेशा से,
करते हैं बड़े काम,
है मेरे भगवन राम।
डॉटते हैं कभी-कभी,
मिलझुल के रहते हैं हम सभी,
खाते हैं फल कच्चे,
पर है बहुत अच्छे।
मुझे दी एक रिंग,
नाचते हैं जैसे सिंह,
सुबह-सुबह उठाते,
सभी समस्याओं को दूर मिटाते।

HINDI

क्या सरकस में जानवरों के करतब दिखाए जाने चाहिए ?

साद, कक्षा ६बी

जानवरों से करतब करवाना नहीं चाहिए | जानवर जो करतब करते हैं वो हमें तो अच्छे लगते हैं लेकिन उन जानवरों को बहुत तकलीफ़ होती है उन्हें इतने खतरनाक करतब सीखने पड़ते हैं | हमें सिर्फ़ अपने मज़े के लिए इन जानवरों की जिंदगी खतरे में नहीं डालनी चाहिए | ये जानवर जो करतब करते हैं इनका भी परिवार होता है और हम इन्हें उनके परिवार से अलग करते हैं तो वह भी उदास हो जाते हैं जैसे की हम अपने परिवार से अलग होकर उदास हो जाते हैं | जब यह करतब करते हैं तो यह थक जाते हैं लेकिन फिर भी इन्हें बहुत कम खाना देते हैं | सरकस वालों के पास इतने पैसे भी नहीं होते कि वह जानवरों को बहुत अच्छा खाना दे सकें |

क्या सरकस में जानवरों के करतब दिखाए जाने चाहिए ?

समप्रिथ, कक्षा ६ ब

मैंने सरकस देखा था | मेरा विचार है कि सरकस में जानवरों के करतब नहीं दिखाना चाहिए क्योंकि जानवर भी एक मनुष्य की तरह जीता है और हमारे आनंद के लिए उन्हें उपयोग करना गलत है | मेरा यह विचार है कि सरकस में जानवर का उपयोग नहीं करना चाहिए | सरकस के मालिक को समझ आएगा अगर वह एक सरकस का जानवर होता | अगर वो एक बार सोचता है कि वो जानवरों को कितनी हिंसा पहुँचा रहा है तो उन्हें पता चलेगा कि सरकस में जानवरों के करतब दिखाना कितना गलत है | सरकस चलाना बुरा नहीं है पर उसमें जानवरों का उपयोग करना गलत है | अगर आप किसी जानवर को सरकस के लिए ले जाते हैं तो वो अपने परिवार से कभी मिल नहीं पाता है और अगर वो जानवर अपने परिवार से नहीं मिल सकता है तो वह बहुत दुखी हो जाता है |

क्या सरकस में जानवरों के करतब दिखाए जाने चाहिए ?

असावरी, कक्षा ६

मेरे विचार से, जानवरों के करतब नहीं दिखाए जाने चाहिए | निर्दोष जानवरों को अपने परिवार से अलग करा जाता है | क्या आपने सोचा है कि अगर आप अपने बच्चे और परिवार से दूर कर दिए जाते तो आपको कैसा लगेगा? ज़्यादातर सरकसों में उन जानवरों को मारा-पीटा जाता है ताकि वह डरे | उन्हें ताज़ा खाना भी नहीं दिया जाता है | उन जानवरों को तो खुले में रहने की और जंगलो की आदत होती पर उन्हें चार दीवारों में लाकर बंद किया जाता है | यह सब केवल इंसानों के मनोरंजन के लिए होता है | क्या हम इंसान इतने बुरे हैं कि एक जानवर को इतना कष्ट दें ? हमें इनके बारे में सोचना चाहिए और जानवरों के करतबों को रोकना चाहिए |

अमूल्य जीवन ! (फ़रज़ाना)

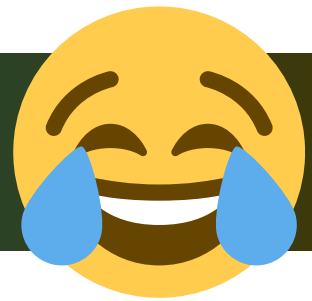
ना अभिमान कर ऐ इन्सान अपने धन पर,
गर्व और अहंकार में अपने आप को सब कुछ समझकर ।
ऐसा कोई धनवान अबतक कायम नहीं रहा ,
इतिहास गवाह है, कई धनवानों का गर्व हवा होकर है रहा !
समय का पहिया हमेशा जादू की छड़ी घुमाता है रहा ।
जिसने समय की उपेक्षा की, उसका नामो-निशान बाकी ना रहा ।।
अपनी बड़ाई जो करते रहे, ऐसों का तमाशा पल भर का ही रहा ,
जिसने मेहनत की, उसका नाम आदि से अंत तक रहा ।
भले मनुष्य की भलाई को न तराजू में तोलो कभी ,
आज धरती हरी-भरी है तो ऐसों से ही ।
वो बुरा किसी का क्या करेंगे, जो हमेशा खुद पर रोते रहते ,
हाथों की लकीरों को मानकर अपनी किस्मत को कोसते रहते हैं ।
कीड़े-मकोड़ों की तरह न जीना, उठ ! आगे बढ़ ! कामियाबी तेरा रास्ता देखे ।।
ज़िंदगी मिलेगी नहीं दुबारा दोस्त, जीले जीवन होकर बदमस्त ।
अपने आप पर विश्वास रख, न घबरा, ज़्यादा न सोच ।।
चल, पैरों को दे, मंज़िल का पता ,
लंबी साँस ले और बाहों को दे फैला ।
फिर देख कुछ पाने के बाद कितना सुकून मिलेगा जीवन में ।
देखना एक दिन तू सितारा नहीं, चाँद बनके चमकेगा गगन में ।।

మా పల్లె ఒక గోపురము !

మది పాడెను మధు-మాస వసంత రాగము ,
పలు మార్లు చూడ ముచ్చటైన నా పల్లె వాతావరణము.
చూపించు వరకు వ్యాపించే ప్రకృతి ఒడిలో పచ్చని పైరు,
ప్రాణ వాయువున్నిచ్చే చెట్లు, ఆహ్లాద కరమైన చెరువు.
స్వచ్ఛమైన కొలను అంబు-దర్పణములో నా ప్రతిబింబము.
కలుషితము, కల్మషము లేని వాతావరణము, నా పల్లె స్వచ్ఛందనము .
భవనాల ఆశ లేదు, మా పల్లె లోని ప్రతి గూడు ఒక గోపురము .
మనస్సున ఎలాంటి వ్యధ లేదు, అందుకే ఈ పడవ ప్రయాణము.
పాడీ-పంటలు మా ఆస్తి -పాస్సులు; ఇక వేరే లేవు దురాశలు .
ఇది నన్ను కన్న, నా పల్లె సీమా , ఇది నా ఆత్మీయురాలు .
చీకూ - చింత లేదు, ప్రతి రోజు ఇక్కడ ఒక పండగ రోజు.
రోట్టె పై ఇంత పచ్చడైన ఉంటుంది కానీ, పస్తు లేదు.....

(ఫర్జానా)

7 LAUGH ALOUD



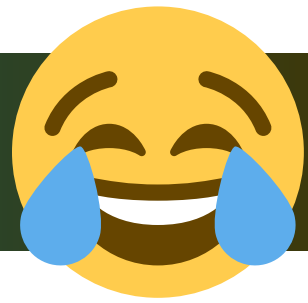
Stories of Humour

 Here, take a cookie. 	 Thanks, the cookie tastes really good. 	 Today was a really weird day. First my brother gave me breakfast in bed. 
 He did, that's so sweet. 	 I know but then you called and asked if we could be friends again. My mom made my favorite lunch and didn't give me lectures. 	 Maybe because today is Valentine's day. 
 That explains everything. 	✓	

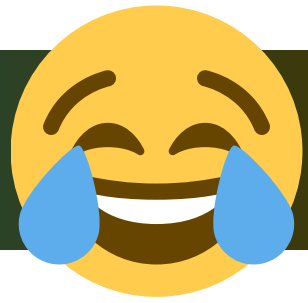
The author's name is Chandana. She is 12 years old. Chandana loves to write comics and she loves to draw. She loves the sports basketball and tennis. She also loves the color blue and purple.

Grade - 7 (English) UC Manthan School Page: 2

LAUGH ALOUD



LAUGH ALOUD



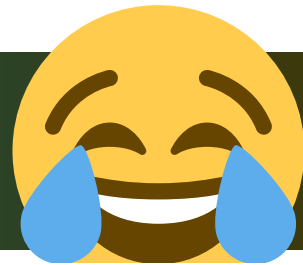
AUTHOR INFORMATION

Shreya Challa was born on 5th February 2003. She is 12 years old. She loves the colour yellow. She enjoys listening to music. She likes to draw, dance, write stories and read books.

Well done!



LAUGH ALOUD



Stories of Humour

Unit Check

Name: Chandana 7B Date: 12/2/16

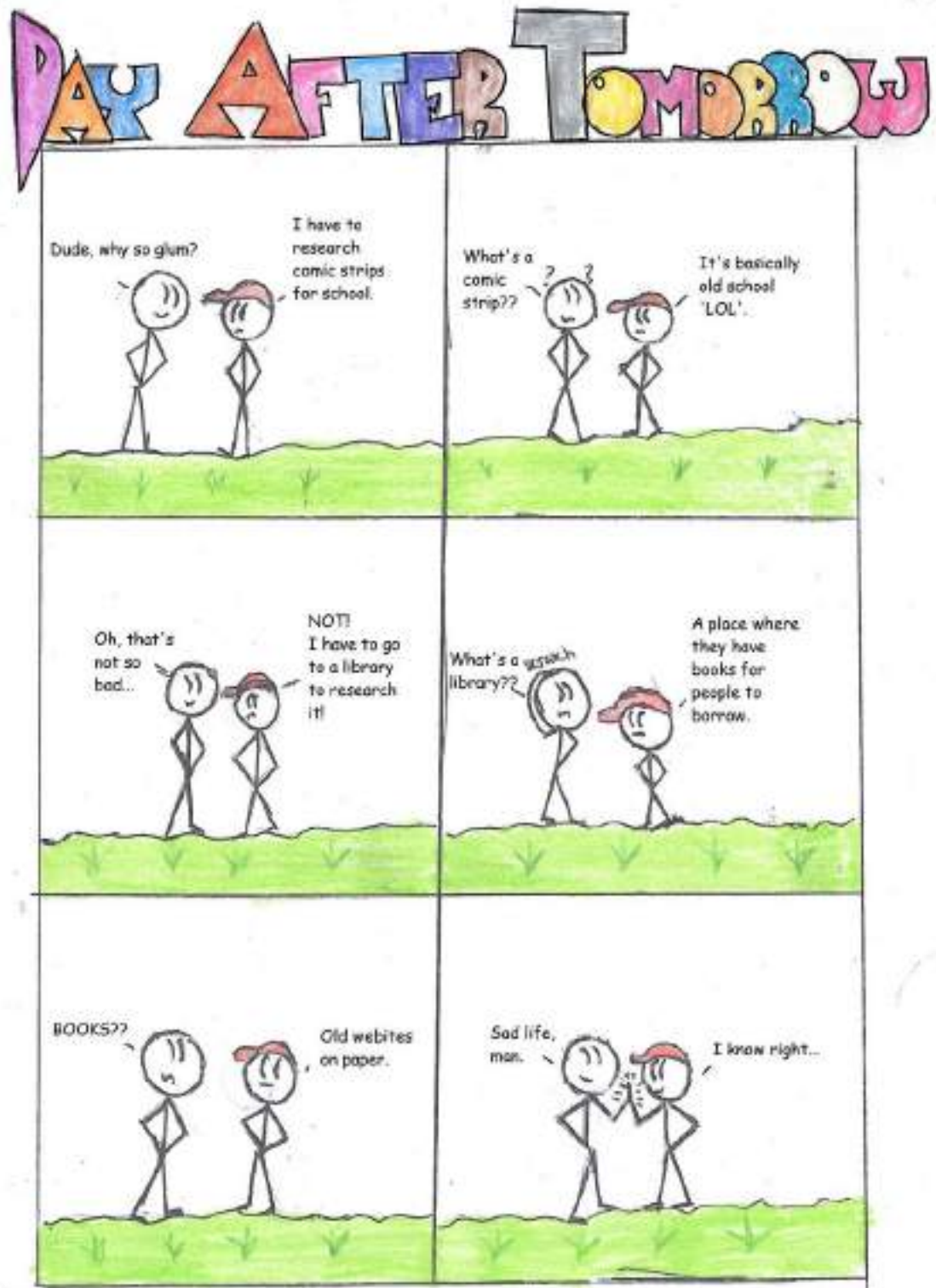
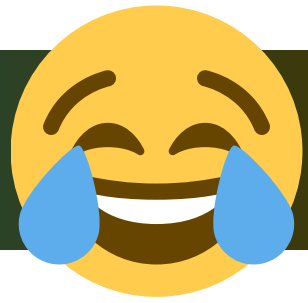
I. Make a humorous comic strip on the topic "A weird wake up in the morning" keeping in mind the structure and the language features. Word limit: 200 words

A weird wake up in the Morning

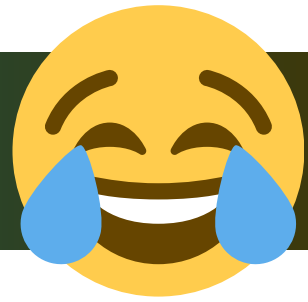
<p style="text-align: center;"><u>At Kate's Friend's House</u></p>		

Grade - 7 (English) UC Manthan School Page: 1

LAUGH ALOUD



LAUGH ALOUD



SCIENCE

All about Sharks **Arnim 3B**

Sharks are considered carnivores and rarely attack humans but are fascinating fish. Sharks have appeared 400 million years ago.

Types of Sharks

Sharks come in many different sizes, few are big, and few are small. A few sharks' bellies even glow! Megalodons, which are now extinct, had teeth which were the size of the human head. On the other hand, whale sharks have teeth the size of a baby's eye!

Diet

Different sharks have different diets. Some sharks like the whale sharks eat plankton, shrimp, and tiny other creatures in the ocean, while others like the Great white shark likes to hunt for seals, sea otters, and sea lions.

Sharks' incredible senses

Sharks' senses are incredibly strong. Sharks can hear their prey from 50 miles away in clear water. They can also smell their prey's blood from about 15 miles away.

Physical Appearance

Sharks appear in many different shapes, sizes and colors. Sand tiger sharks are yellow and long, while other sharks like the Ball shark are small and fat.

Endangered Species

Many Sharks like the whale shark are endangered due to shark hunting. Most sharks are hunted for its fins.

The government does pass laws on not to hunt sharks as sharks are a precious part of the ocean.

SCIENCE

Our Amazing Sharks **Rayan, 3B**

Sharks are one of the largest sea creatures in the entire ocean. Sharks could be very large or really small.

Size

Sharks come in different sizes. They can be huge like the Great White shark, the largest shark, or very small like the Glow shark, which is about the size of your hand.

Type of Sharks

There are more than seven types of sharks in the ocean. They come in all shapes, sizes, textures and colors. Some can also be omnivores. Male and female sharks of the same type cannot be of the same size. Different sharks can have different habitats.

The Great White Shark

The Great White shark is the biggest shark on earth. Before the Great White shark was discovered, a shark called the Mega Tooth shark, also known as the Megalodons, was found. One tooth of the Mega Tooth shark is the size of our arm! This shark is three times bigger than the Great White shark, but due to its extinction, the Great White shark is known to be the biggest shark of the deep sea.

Fun Facts

Sharks love blood, so they chase anything that bleeds.

Some adult sharks could be the size of a tennis ball.

Sharks are great animals and we should try to save them from being killed or becoming endangered.

SCIENCE

An Apple's Journey

Arnim Kucchal - Grade 3B

Hi! I am an apple. Right now, a little girl is picking me up and putting me in her mouth and all her teeth are munching me and I am getting mashed into tiny bits. Now I am traveling through the esophagus. Whew! What a long journey! Let's move on now. I'm in the stomach. I am getting churned with all the gastric juices. Now I am going through a small tube. Now what is that called again? Oh yes, the small intestine. More juices from the liver and pancreas in here. I can feel all the nutrients are getting absorbed from me. Oh god, this journey is even longer! Moving on to the next part, I am in the large intestine. All the water is getting absorbed from me. Now I am in the rectum. I guess I am going to be here for a while. Soon I 'll be going out of the anus in the form of a semi-solid waste.



SCIENCE

The First Detection of Gravitational Waves Kritman, 7B

On Feb 11th 2016, scientists announced the first direct detection of gravitational waves. This was detected by LIGO (Large Interferometer Gravitational wave Observatory) on September 14, 2015, when 2 black holes, 29 and 36 times the size of the sun respectively, collided with each other.

Now we have physical proof that two black holes merge together to form a larger more powerful black holes. But the main thing is, with this discovery, we have an entirely new world full of interesting information to explore.

With LIGO, we could study what happens in a supernova, or the famous neutron star, which is so dense, 1 teaspoon of a neutron star would weigh 1 billion tons on earth. LIGO is also very easy to update; in the near future, we should be able to see and study things 500 times the size of the sun.

One may find it interesting to know that Albert Einstein was the first scientist to predict the existence to gravitational waves some 100 years ago.

SCIENCE

Survival of the Fittest **Nikhil, Grade 9**

“Survival of the fittest” is a phrase that was first used by the biologist and philosopher Herbert Spencer, and is said to have originated from the evolutionary theory that Charles Darwin has proposed. It was used in reference to the natural selection, a mechanism through which beings capable of reproducing choose their mates, unlike artificial selection- which involves the process of selective breeding.

It is also said that Herbert Spencer first used the phrase after reading Charles Darwin’s ‘Origin of the species’, and used it in his “Principles of Biology” in the year 1864. This phrase basically means that only the fittest organisms(that is, which have adapted to their surroundings) are the only organisms that can survive many generations. Charles Darwin accepted Alfred Russel Wallace’s proposal of using Herbert Spencer’s new phrase, and first used it in “The Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication” in 1868, and later in the fifth edition of “On the Origin Of Species”, one of the most revolutionary works of scientific literature.

A common example of a creature that might have evolved through this mechanism is the Giraffe- *Giraffa camelopardalis*, which is said to have evolved from a species that had short necks. Among these species there might have existed a few creatures that were unusual from the rest- with longer necks than usual, and thus having the advantage of reaching up to taller parts of the plants that they might have fed upon. As the vegetation at lower levels turned scarce, the rest of the creatures with short necks would have had to starve to death, leaving only the tall-necked organisms. As several generations passed, only the gifted varieties of this species managed to survive, resulting in a whole new species.

SCIENCE

Survival of the Fittest

Several generations have had to pass in order to observe these changes as with every generation, a small part of the creature's genome is modified, and for the rise of a whole new species, this process of genome modification has to occur numerous times.

Another example that I would like to state, which I have observed while watching a documentary on the National Geographic Channel, is that of the 'Guanacos', or desert cows. The Guanacos are native of South America- especially the Atacama desert, namely Chile and Argentina. Young Guanacos are known as 'Chulengos'. Guanacos quench their thirst to the fullest when they arrive at a water body, and while in the desert their only source of water are the flowers of the cactus plant. Due to the circumstances under which they live, Guanacos have adapted a unique ability of balancing themselves on two of their limbs as they try to reach out for the flowers, while making sure they do not go too close to the cactus plant and get struck by the spines- or the cactus' modified leaves.

According to my interpretation, Guanacos might have originated from a species of desert cows that, at one point weren't able to reach out to the top most part of the cactus plant- where the flower is usually located. But through several generations and after a long way of the genome modification, a different kind of the creature with the ability to balance itself on two legs to reach up to the flowers might have emerged. The previous creatures that were unable to do so might have had a very short lifespan, and the new variety of this species would have a considerably higher lifespan, due to their special adaptation. This ability might have been passed down several generations until all of the previous kind went extinct, and a whole new species emerged; named as Lama guanicoe.

MOVIE REVIEW

THE GOOD DINOSAUR

LANGUAGE: English

VOICE CAST: Raymond Ochoa, Anna Paquin, Jack Bright, Sam Elliot, A.J Buckley, Jeffrey Wright, Frances McDormand.

DIRECTOR: Peter Sohn

“The Good Dinosaur” asks the question: What if the asteroid that forever changed life on Earth missed the planet completely and giant dinosaurs never became extinct? The movie works upon this hypothesis to come up with a beautifully animated and a family-friendly movie, even though it doesn’t quite live up the lofty standards put up by Pixar.

The runt of the family litter, Arlo (voiced by Raymond Ochoa) is a timid Apatosaurus who’s encouraged by his father, Poppa Henry (voiced by Jeffrey Wright) to step out of his comfort zone and make his mark in life.

Arlo is unintentionally put to a test where his father gets killed tragically while helping him pursue the critter that had been getting into their corn supply. Subsequently, Arlo gets separated from the rest of his family- his mom and his two siblings. Eventually he catches up with the pest, a grunting, growling wild boy or a man cub – who comes to be named Spot (voiced by Jack Bright).

Their tender, largely unspoken bond serves as the film’s emotional heart and soul as they venture out into the gorgeously rendered wide, open spaces. The side characters- Arlo’s mom and his two siblings match up quite well with their characters and blend in with the atmosphere.

In his feature debut, director Peter Sohn, who took over the reins from the story’s originator, Bob Peterson, keeps his prehistoric western amiably engaging.

So, go to the theaters, watch the movie and come back with nothing but sheer happiness and satisfaction.

Reviewed By - Pranathi Reddy -8B

MOVIE REVIEW

Bajirao Mastani

LANGUAGE: Hindi

Cast: Ranveer Singh, Deepika Padukone, Priyanka Chopra

Director: Sanjay Leela Bhansali

“The story revolves mainly around Bajirao (Ranveer Singh), Kashibai (Priyanka Chopra), and Mastani (Deepika Padukone). Kashibai is the devoted first wife of Peshwa Bajirao and is loved very much by the entire family including her mother - in - law, Radhabai (Tanvi Azmi) and her husband. Upon a cry for help from Bundelkhand in a war against Mughals, Bajirao rushes to assist them after being persuaded to do so by Mastani, the warrior princess of Bundelkhand. After a gruesome but well choreographed war scene, Bajirao stays at Bundelkhand to celebrate his victory and eventually gets married to Mastani according to the Bundelkhand tradition. The rest of the story travels along the lines of everybody’s hatred towards Mastani, as she is the daughter of a muslim mother.

Sanjay Leela Bhansali seems to have an obsession with the idea of lovers dying together. This movie resembled his Goliyon Ki Rasleela Ramleela very much, the only difference being that in Ramleela, the clash is between two clans while in Bajirao Mastani, it is between religion. Also, just like Ramleela, the rich dresses and splendour of the palaces, the pure, raw emotion, and the weight of words unsaid, provided a breathtaking visual impact and feel. I would like to commend the effort he has put into portraying the strategical genius Peshwa Bajirao was in the war scenes.

Ranveer Singh really justified his role as the terrifying Peshwa bajirao, carrying the fierce regal demeanor required for the role. He commands attention from the audience with his stellar performance. Ranveer has developed a lot as an actor from Band Baaja Bhaarat to this movie. Deepika Padukone gave off the proud, distant, calculative aura that any warrior princess would be expected to have and almost looked ethereal. Kashibai or Priyanka Chopra was my personal favorite, being the sweet, innocent, but ignored wife of Peshwa Bajirao. She added the much needed liveliness to the storyline, and was the only character who seemed like she wasn’t hiding something. Her jealousy and quiet acceptance of Mastani was excellently portrayed by Priyanka Chopra. Her soft femininity in the movie came as a major contrast to the tomboyish role she played in Mary Kom.

I was really touched by how despite the disregard shown towards Kashibai by the one she loved, she still continued to give all her devotion, compassion, support, and love to Bajirao to keep him happy. Without her support, I doubt Peshwa Bajirao would have been a name seen in our History textbooks today. But the scene where Mastani is nearly assassinated and Kashibai hesitates to inform Bajirao of the imminent danger to his beloved Mastani’s life until the last moment, really explains how even the best people can crack under pressure and no appreciation.

The makeup that Sanjay Leela Bhansali has done on both breathtaking beauties really compliments the character that they play. The raw beauty of Kashibai and the royal look of Mastani have been shown clearly. The tone of the songs in the movie vary from deep and slow, to peppy and fast. The song ‘Pinga’ will most certainly be a hit, as both actresses dance together.

Although the majority of people say that the movie was not taken perfectly according to history and this may be true, you will get a good sense of the feel, culture, the way life was lived during those days, the discrimination between religion, and most of all, the qualities and character of these three historical idols. I would say that it is definitely worth a watch.

Reviewed By - SoundaryaLahari Murari -8B

MOVIE REVIEW

Life of Pi

LANGUAGE: English

DIRECTOR: Ang Lee

Ang Lee's 'Life of Pi' is completely a family entertainer which is mainly composed on adventure and fantasy. The movie is based on the novel; which was also named 'Life of Pi' written by Yann Martel.

The story revolves around a young boy named Piscine, rather known as Pi. Pi's parents decided to sell their zoo and moved to Canada, taking a couple of valuable animals with them. On their ship journey to Canada a deadly storm occurs and kills everybody leaving Pi and a few animals alive. Pi and a Bengal tiger named Richard Parker, managed to climb a lifeboat nearby. Now Pi and Richard Parker has to learn to live together in a lifeboat which is interesting to see in the movie.

Piscine Molitor Patel, known as Pi, is the narrator of the whole story. In the movie there were three people who acted as Pi. One is when Pi when he was small.

The next Pi was Suraj Sharma, who played the lead character in the movie as a teenager. The third Pi was Irfan Khan, who was narrating what happened during Pi's remarkable 227 days in in the Pacific Ocean with a Bengal tiger.

Richard Parker is a three-year old Bengal tiger who is Pi's only companion in the ocean. In this movie there were several other characters followed by Pi and Richard Parker, they were: Santosh Patel- Pi's father who directed the Pondicherry zoo; Gita Patel- Pi's mother; Ravi Patel- Pi's older brother. Santosh, Gita and Ravi Patel died during the shipwreck, leaving Pi alone.

The 3 dimensional picturisation makes the movie all the more appealing. I love the use of 3D in The Life of Pi. In a few scenes- like in one of the islands, the graphics were made so beautiful that the audience could feel the reality of the motion picture. Although in most of the shots the footage of the tiger was of course CGI, four real tigers are seen in some shots. Suraj Sharma contributes a remarkable performance by being brave while acting with the real tiger.

The movie turns out to be outstanding in Ang Lee's direction, with mesmerizing graphic effects, camera angles were perfect in a few scenes, and the fight scenes were outstanding. I think Life of Pi is one of the best movies I ever watched, as it is a fine blend of philosophy and fantasy.

Reviewed By - Mahitha, 8A

MOVIE REVIEW

P.K

LANGUAGE: Hindi

Cast: Aamir Khan, Anushka Sharma, Sushant Singh Rajput, Saurabh Shukla

Director: Rajkumar Hirani

Rajkumar Hirani and Aamir Khan have teamed up once before for one of the biggest blockbusters of all time, 3 Idiots. They have teamed up once again for the very interesting yet controversial PK. Let's see how the movie is.

An alien (Aamir Khan) lands on Earth, only to have his spaceship remote stolen in the desert area of Rajasthan. As Aamir Khan goes on a journey to find his remote, he learns Bhojpuri and Hindi.

Due to his funny acts, he gets the name PK. During this whole journey, his interest turns towards the figure that people call God. So, will PK find his remote? What does God do in this movie? Watch the movie to find out.

As far as the performance is concerned, Aamir Khan once again stole much of the limelight. He makes us believe the act as he steps into the shoes of an alien. Aamir Khan is by far the best actor in PK. Anushka Sharma plays a reporter that finds a good story in PK. She has done her role well. Sushant Singh Rajput plays the love interest of Anushka Sharma, and he is very convincing as a Pakistani. Sanjay Dutt played well as support star.

Saurabh Shukla plays the sage who has the remote of Aamir Khan. He has done the role well, too. Other actors like Boman Irani were apt for the role.

The music was okay, but not up to the level. Editing was good. The art director receives a pat on his back for doing a very good job, as he has left his mark on the movie. Screenplay is up to the mark and has been planned out well.

All in all, PK is a very good, message oriented film. The movie may have offended a few on the religious level, but if watched in right spirit, it is entertaining enough to give you a break from the wearisome routine.

Reviewed By - Varun Dharmala



YOUNG AUTHORS

LEARNING TABLES

Shivi Garg, 4D

"Mom, can I talk with you for a while?" asked Jay. "Oh, yes, of course my son", said his mother. "I need to memorize the tables of 8,13,14,15, 16, 17, 18, and 19! I thought that you could give me some tips or advice. And moreover, you are a Math teacher too!" exclaimed Jay. "Sure, why not?" replied his mother.

Seema then entered the room, and interrupted, whispering complaints of boredom. "Then why don't you go and play a game with daddy?" suggested their mom. "Daddy's sleeping", said Seema.

"Oh, my little sister, why don't you go and watch something on Youtube?" suggested Jay. "No, I shall go to bed." "Yes, you look tired. You should go to bed", giggled their mother.

"Look mom, I'm 8 years old, I'm short, I have a sister, I talk kindly and gently, I love studying, and hate juices, but then...." hesitated Jay. "Hold on! Did you just say that you hate juices?" asked his mother.

"Yeah..." Jay said. "Yes, that's it! That's why you can't learn the tables!" "At least I love tomato juice..." Jay said hesitantly. "Oh, so that's why all the tomato juice is gone!" realized his mother.

"Yeah... umm..., could you buy some more?" "Sure!" smiled his mother. "You should get to bed now." "Okay!" said Jay, and bounded into the bedroom.

After everybody was sleeping, Jay suddenly woke up and wasn't able to sleep anymore. He then decided to try and memorize the table. He was awake until 6:30 in the morning.

The next day at school, he was asked to recite the Table of 8. He got nervous and started feeling goose bumps. But finally, he got enough courage to start saying it. He managed to say it perfectly and the teacher was impressed.

When he returned, he told his family what had happened in his school and they were impressed as well.

"How in the world did you do that?" asked his mother. "That's simple, I couldn't sleep that night so I went to the laptop and searched it up!"

"Very good" said his mother, "Now you understand why I tell you to never give up."

"Now, will anybody play with me?" interrupted Seema.

"Okay Seema, right after I memorize the rest of the tables." "Okay!"

After Jay memorised all his tables, he played for some time with his sister, Seema, just as he had promised her, and finally, both the children retired to sleep for the night

The End



YOUNG AUTHORS

ROBIN'S AND JOE'S BABY SISTER

Shivansh Srivastava: 4D

"What a great and beautiful city this is!" exclaimed the mother. "Yes, it is the best place I have ever seen," agreed the father. "Birds chirp, dolphins jump. I like this city a lot." After a few days, two twins were born to the mother.

"Such cute children! Aren't they?" said the mother. The father said "But the only problem I have is what should we name them?" The mother cheered with happiness "I have already chosen the names for them!" The father questioned, "So tell me what their names are?" "Robin and Joe", said the mother in reply. "What lovely names they are!" exclaimed the father.

After 10 years, Joe and Robin were tall, strong and quick at doing things. They also looked very similar as they were twins. Only their likes and dislikes varied. Robin liked nature and adventures while Joe liked adventure and thrilling movies.

After 2 years a baby sister was born to the twins. "This is your dear sister", said their mother. Their father said "This time I'm going to decide the name for her, um... Ya! Got it! " "What is it?" enquired their mother, who was excited as well. "Sandy!" replied their father.

The next day, the father got a phone call from his boss, informing that he is giving a two month holiday, as the elimination for the younger workers, who would be replaced with senior workers during that period. So he was requested not to attend the office.

Then, the father planned a trip to the countryside but as Sandy was too young to travel, she could not go on the vacation. Moreover, the father had only two tickets and he had no other choice, but to leave Joe and Robin to take care of Sandy.

After a month, Sandy started to cry a lot. Robin and Joe were upset with Sandy. They went through the contact book and searched for the babysitter's phone number and called him. He came to their house and asked what the problem was.

The children complained that their baby sister Sandy, was crying a lot and they asked him for help. The babysitter then said, "No, your parents already told me that I can't help you!"

The children begged the babysitter and finally he gave them a clue. "See Sandy's emotions and expressions. These tell you what she wants. Can you give her a sipper of milk?". " Sure", said Robin and Joe. Then the babysitter made Sandy drink the milk and she was quite again.

The children understood how to handle Sandy and they requested the babysitter to keep the clue a secret.

When their parents came back from the trip, they were pleased with Robin and Joe. They also asked them curiously about how they managed to handle their baby sister, in their absence. The brothers, just smiling at each other, explained to their parents saying "If we could handle Sandy, then we can handle any baby!"

The End



YOUNG AUTHORS

MISSING WATSON

Joel Jose Thomas 4C

It was a graceful morning in the city of Boston. James, a 23 year old detective and his assistant, Bob, were having tea in the tea shop. They had been chatting about Boston and the adventures they had had before.

Boston was a very graceful place, where people were always on the streets, with busy bridges, great and splendid houses, high and stylish skyscrapers soaring high into the sky and children tweeting in buses.

Suddenly, a rushing lady banged the door of the tea shop and told the waiter, "I am here to see Sir James, a detective." Just then, James lifted his hand and said, "I am James," sipping his tea. The lady told him that her name was Mrs. Potter and that her husband was kidnapped.

"I think we need to take some running notes," said James. They went to Mrs. Potter's house and took some running notes. "He went in a taxi, but the taxi didn't take him to his office. My husband has not come back since the past 2 days", explained Mrs. Potter.

James asked Mrs. Potter if she had noticed the taxi's number. "Yes," replied Mrs. Potter, "Um..... 933." James went to the taxi manager's office and asked him to track down where taxi number 933 was.

They found the taxi at Midtown lane and explored the streets filled with garbage. Soon they saw the taxi with the same number that Mrs. Potter had told them about. They also saw an old, abandoned house in the lane.

They went inside with two shotguns and saw some shadows asking a man, "Give us your money and we will let you go." "No." said the man. "Watson!" cried Mrs. Potter, recognizing her husband's voice. "We will have to shoot you then." said the shadows.

Just as they were about to shoot Watson, James cried, "Nooooo!", and dived like a superstar and both the teams started a gunfight. James' assistant, Bob, got injured on his arm. Mrs. Potter was still hiding and called 911. In a short amount of time, 911 came and joined the gunfight. Soon, they took Bob and admitted him to the hospital.

In the hospital, a man came to visit him and took a gun in Bob's room and tried to shoot him, but Bob was too fast. He lifted his bed and put it ahead of him like a protective shield. He called the police, shot the man and ran away. Then the police came and saw the man holding a gun and bleeding, and also an opened window. Since Bob's room was on the first floor, he could run to the sight of the gunfight.

While James was fighting with the kidnappers, more cops arrived with Bob and counter-attacked them. The kidnappers finally surrendered. The cops offered the detective and his assistant to become cop detectives and they agreed. The next day they both were having tea again and then came their next adventure.

The End



YOUNG AUTHORS

DAD'S BIRTHDAY

Bhavin Grade 4D

"Dan? Danny!" Danny's mother called.

"What is it mom?" Danny - a tall, honest 9 year old - answered.

"I have some good news for you. We are going to visit a hill station next week end. Tell your brother, Mikey, too" Danny's mom said.

"What? Yippee!!" Danny exclaimed in excitement.

Danny rushed to tell this to his brother Mikey - a 7 year old boy, tall for his age, wearing a T-Shirt and trousers- who screamed and said "Yay!!!" in equal excitement.

The next day, their mother called them both again, but said "I'm very sorry but we won't be going to the trip next week, though I promise you we'll go next month."

"Why?!" Mikey and Danny cried.

"Your Dad's got office work to complete," replied their Mom.

Mikey and Danny sadly went to their room but then started to think about how they both could help their Dad with his office work.

Though, as they started to look around, all of their father's office files flew because of the fan! It was miserable!

Their dad scolded them and they both felt awful.

They went to their Mom who asked them, "Dan and Mike, what happened?" Danny told their mom about everything that had happened. She suggested "Why don't you make a glorious Birthday card for your Dad?"

"Yeah Mom! That's an excellent idea!", Danny said happily.

So Danny and Mikey made a glorious card for their father.

The next month, as planned, they went to visit the hill station. The hotel, inside the forest, was very large and was surrounded by frosty air.

When they reached their room, Mikey asked, "Mom can I go and play?"

His Mom replied, "Okay Mikey, but take Danny with you."

Danny overheard their conversation and yelled "No-oo! I don't want to go!"

"Please go with your younger brother. He likes to play with you", his Mom persuaded.

"Fine, okay mom", Danny agreed.

After completing 3 nights of their stay at the hotel, they celebrated their Dad's Birthday. Mikey and Danny gifted their card to their Dad while screaming, "Surprise!!"

Their Dad exclaimed, "Wow!", and felt very special.

What a splendid time they had!

The End



YOUNG AUTHORS

NOT EVERYTHING IS AS IT SEEMS

Srivardhan (10A)

I was sitting in the director's office of the company building, waiting, knowing that something big was soon going to occur. I was the director. The view did nothing to calm my nerves. The hustle-bustle of cars ranging from Smart ForTwos to Bentleys, the skyline of the city, with all its innovative architecture, the gray tinted mountains peeking from gaps between buildings, none of it helped. I sighed and turned around, knowing staring off into space wouldn't do anything. That's when I saw him.

I observed him carefully as he walked towards the door. I knew that time was running out but suppressed the urge to check my watch. I took a deep breath and started counting in reverse under my breath. "Ten, nine, eight, seven..." The door opened.

I watched him like a hawk, silently registering every movement of his, all the while still counting down. My hand hovered over the keyboard, waiting to hear myself say zero to press the Enter key. He pulled out his phone, typed a few things and entered the doorway. "Why are you doing it?" I found myself asking him.

"I don't know what you're talking about," he said so confidently I almost believed him. However, the look in his dark, brown eyes betrayed him, and it only confirmed my suspicions. I heard the ping from my laptop, and said, "You're driving the price up."

"Price up? What?" he managed to squeak out. I didn't understand why he tried to cover it up. I knew he was and he knew I knew. I knew he knew I knew, so what was the point? Irritably, I demanded, "Show me your phone." It seemed the longer I interrogated him, the more his defenses went down. By now he was struggling to find words and managed to stutter out, "Wh.. why do you wa.. want it? It is just a ph.. phone. You've seen it before."

Anger surging through my veins, I spit out, "You lowly piece of pond scum! That vase is a family artifact, and I finally have the chance to bring it back to my family. You know that very well, but still push the price up? Why?"

He scoffed, "Ryan, you think I'm pushing the price up because I want you to pay more for it? I hate you, but I wouldn't risk driving the price up and have you not beat it. No, I'm bidding high prices because I want it." It was my turn to be at a loss for words as I stared at him with wide eyes and an open jaw.

"But, but why? Why do you want it, Thomas?" I asked.

He smiled. He smiled THAT smile which I loathed with all my being. The one that says, I know something you don't. He wasn't going to reveal anything. "Everyone has a part of them that no one else knows about." With that, he left.

I hate Thomas Anderson. No, I don't hate him, I despise him. I look at my laptop, now in sleep and wonder at what happened. Hands shaking, I type out my password and pray, pray that I won. As I look at the screen, joy fills my veins as I stare at the laptop, jaw hanging in disbelief. The family vase was finally coming home.

The following days are torture for me. My mind is possessed, unable to wait for the arrival of the vase. I want to hold it in my hands, to polish it and make it spotless. I want to keep it in a transparent box and show it off to all my friends. Most importantly, I want my family to take pride in the exquisite piece of work that its creator, my ancestor, turned it into. The restlessness is killing me.



NOT EVERYTHING IS AS IT SEEMS

Somehow, I managed to sleep at night, but my dreams were of nothing other than the vase. I was obsessed, and the only cure was the delivery of the vase.

Finally, it was here. I had to resist the urge to tear everything apart and get to the vase as I was unboxing it. Looking at it for the first time, I knew something was wrong. Completely identical to the picture, the average onlooker wouldn't have noticed anything. However, the bad feeling in me was growing by the second. I hoped, desperately, that by touching and picking it up, that my worry would dissipate, but it only seemed to catalyse whatever was causing my despair. I knew I had to get it checked out by someone, and knew just the person.

"Come in," a hoarse female voice said as I knocked on the door. As I entered, I was, as usual, amazed at what she was reduced to. At one point in her lifetime, she was the matriarch of the family, but plagued by disease and old age, she could no longer handle the pressures of being the head of our very large family.

"Ryan," she said, voice trembling, "why were you so urgent in our meeting. What is it that needed my attention immediately?" Despite myself, I laughed. She was always one for business, while sentiment wasn't her cup of tea. I leaned so I could be level with her face and said, "Aunt Martha, I have something I need you to check out. This is something that you've held years ago, and you should see it."

I held up the vase for her to see, and I could see her eyes fill with emotion. She opened her mouth to say something, but I cut her off. "No, I don't know if it's real or not. That's what I need you to check."

She nodded and held her hands out. Taking it from me, she started scrutinizing it and after many anxious moments, she declared, "It's a fake." Then, looking at me, she asked, "How'd you get it?"

I studied her, debating on whether I should tell her or not. On one hand, I didn't know how she would take the information that the family artifact was sold off on the internet, as the very sight of it made her start to tear up. On the other hand, if there was anyone who deserved to know, it was her.

I closed my eyes and took a deep breath. "It was being sold on the internet. I bought it after bidding the highest," I said. I immediately regretted it, and knew I made the wrong decision after seeing the pain on her face and in her eyes.

"I'm going to find the real one, and you're going to be the first one see it," I said, "I have to go now. I will be back, Aunt Martha. I will be back successful."

She said in a whisper so soft, I had to struggle to hear, "Good luck, my child. Go and make the people who did this pay for messing with our family." I looked at her and saw the fire burning in her eyes. I realized then that if she could, she would have personally found the person who did this, and made them suffer. I nodded, and left, ready for revenge.

The first thing I did was check the account that sold the vase. Well, I would have, except for the fact that the account was deleted. Whoever did this knew it was a fake. Undaunted, I tried calling the website.

"Hello, how may I help you?" greeted the person on the other end of the call.

"I am calling to ask about a certain user," I answered.



YOUNG AUTHORS

NOT EVERYTHING IS AS IT SEEMS

Srivardhan (10A)

"What would you like to know about the user, sir?" he responded.

"I would like the list of IP addresses that the user logged in with, and the times that they logged in as well."

"I am sorry sir, but that is personal information and it is strictly against company policy to give you such information."

If I didn't get any information, then I was stuck. "The user is deleted, and he or she sold me a fake item."

"In that case, let me see what I can do sir. Can you tell me the user ID?"

"Yes, it is antit01. A for apple, N for neck, T for toy, I for igloo, T for toy, O, 1."

"Yes, I have it up in front of me. How would you like me to send you the information?"

"Send it as a text message to this phone number."

"You are very lucky, sir. All user information gets deleted after a week after deletion of account. If you had called tomorrow, the information would not have been accessible. I do hope you get your money back, sir. Is there anything else you need?"

Little did the man know, this was about more than just money,. "No that's it. Thank you."

I checked my phone, and sure enough there was a new message. The list of the last ten IP addresses that the account was accessed from. The top two were very different from the others, so I waved it off as a mobile connection. The bottom eight, however, were all the same, and I had a hunch that that address would lead me to the seller. At that moment, my phone rang for a second, then stopped. Useless ad calls.

The next day, I had an address. According to the internet, it was only an hour away, so not wanting to waste time, I got in the car and drove. When I got there, I quickly located the place, and knocked on the door.

"Who is it?" the person inside asked.

"Are you user antit01?" I responded.

"What," he asked, confused, "How do you know my id?"

I smiled, he gave himself away. "I bought the vase," I stated simply.

"Oh, yes please come in. It's unlocked" he said.

I entered, and felt a fist on my face. Reeling from the surprise, I struggled to fathom what was going on. "What are you doing? What was that for?" I asked to someone I couldn't see.

"You ask what that was for, when you know what you did," answered the man in a cold voice as he came into view. His entire body screamed anger. The way his eyebrows furrowed, the coldness in his eyes, the way his fists were clenched.

"I don't know what you're talking about," I said.

"All right, I'll humor you. You deleted my account. Does that trigger your memory?"

"What?" I exclaimed, confused, "I never deleted anything. I'm here to figure out why you deleted your account."

His cold, blue eyes bore into me for what were the longest moments of my life, then they softened. "I didn't delete it," he said, "but you would have figured that out by now. It was deleted a week ago, and I lodged a complaint with the company, but didn't get a positive response."

"Oh," I said, "so you didn't delete it because you stole me a fake vase?"



NOT EVERYTHING IS AS IT SEEMS

Shocked, the man exclaimed, "Fake vase? How dare you accuse me of selling fake items? I take pride in the fact that I only sell authentic goods. I even have a certificate to prove it." He got up, and returned a few minutes later with a piece of paper. I inspected it, and saw that it was, indeed, a certificate of authenticity. Ideas swirled in my head, and handing it back to him, I said, "Thank you for your time, I will be going now."

Later, I ran a trace on the latest IP address, and got a coffee shop. "Can I see your records of the people who use your internet?" I asked to the man at the counter, "I need to see the records for the past ten days."

The man studied me for a few seconds and said, "Right this way, sir." It was rather simple to find the log details in the thick book albeit the details made The Matrix references. Exasperated and desperate as I was, I chuckled to myself, "Must have been a Matrix fan." Something clicked in my head and everything seemed to fall in place. I knew it was a long shot, but everything made perfect sense. Whipping out my phone, I put a trace on the last remaining IP address, the second-latest one. If the result came back the way I expected it to, then my suspicions would be confirmed about who the culprit was.

I checked the resulting address with the list of addresses at my office. Not surprisingly, I was correct, and once again, my short temper got the better of me. When I got to the place, I charged in without thinking, and what I saw inside took my breath away, momentarily making me forget my rage. There lay, in front of me, arguably one of the greatest collections of art I've ever seen. Smack in the middle of it, was my vase. I took a step forward, and felt a blow on my head. My vision was suddenly blurry, and my senses out of whack. I fought to get control of myself, and my stumbling saved me. I felt a whoosh of air above my head and a chance look at the vase seemed to rejuvenate me. I turned and saw my assailant. It was none other than Thomas Anderson. Guffawing, I asked him, "Really, Thomas? You thought you could write yourself off as Neo Anderson and not be recognized? You L-O-V-E the Matrix, your name is the same as the chosen one's original name, and you were always called Neo. And, with the constant references, you were a fool to think you wouldn't be figured out." I was met with silence. He didn't respond and just stared at me, daring me to continue. A dare I accepted. "I must admit, your plan was pretty good. It would have worked too, if you hadn't signed off as Neo Anderson, gods that's hilarious, and if you hadn't logged in from your home."

"You're right," he finally responded, "I'm the culprit and the vase there is evidence enough. If only I hadn't been so obvious, then maybe I would've gotten away with stealing your vase." Suddenly, he tried striking at me with his baseball bat. Thanks to my sharp reflexes from having been a goalkeeper in college, and a black belt martial artist, he wasn't able to put up a fight and it was soon over. He lay unconscious. "This is the part of you that no one knows, huh?" I said to his still body.

I picked up my vase, and called the police from Thomas's phone. I had no doubt that many of these were as illegally acquired as my vase. Needless to say, the look on Aunt Martha's face when she saw the real thing was priceless, just like the vase.

The End



THE SECRET VALLEY

Rida Masood Grade 4C

The phone rang “Tringg”. Liana’s mother responded, “May I know who is calling?” “ Your child Liana is invited to the school ‘Finlayn’. This school is full of sports and there is a special game named ‘Alley Shot’, said the Headmaster of the school, on the other end of the line.

Liana’s mother allowed her to go the school as she was fed up with her daughter’s mischief at home. When Liana went to the school, she met a new friend, whose name was Miley. Miley was rude to others but not to Liana. Besides, she was also lazy.

One fine day, both the friends were playing the game ‘Alley Shot’. When Miley hit the ball so hard, it went into the dark forest, just behind the walls of the playground of their school.

“Some people say that there are some ghosts in that dark forest. So I don’t want to go”, said Miley. “ Hmm..., but we need the ball. So, let’s go and bring the ball”, proclaimed Liana.

When they went in search of the ball, they saw a valley. But that was not just any valley. It was a ‘Secret Valley’. When they both entered the Secret Valley, they found a book there, which read , “This book is very precious. But the chief of the dacoits is planning to steal it. Please be careful so that this book will not land in the clutches of the evil chief of the dacoits!”

There was a photo of the dacoit chief on the walls of a cave in the valley. When they went deep into the dark forest, they spotted the notorious chief of the dacoits, who was coming near them.

The friends took a stone and hit him hard on his face. It hurt him so badly that it seemed it would take quite some time for him to recover from the injury. Meanwhile, the girls went in search of their ball, found it and came back happily.

Days and months passed after this incident. Soon it was summer vacation. Now Miley and Liana had to go back. Before going, they asked their teacher, Mrs. Williams, “ Will the chief of the dacoits come back again?”

Mrs. Williams said, “ He can come back any time as he is very powerful and cruel too. So you have to be very careful. Let’s hope that he gets arrested by the police, before you come here next time. Now, you have to leave for your home”.

“Bye,bye, Mrs. Williams,” said both Liana and Miley as they left her.

The End



YOUNG AUTHORS

THE PRECIOUS DIAMOND

Sanvi Chitturi - 4C

There were two children, named Lilly and Jack. They lived in a house with their parents. At their home, they were playing with their new, exciting video game which their parents bought for them last week, until.....

They heard a weird noise. Lilly and Jack thought that the mysterious sound was coming from the attic, but when they reached there, they found out that it was not coming from the attic. They noticed that it was coming from outside, through the window.

Jack said, “ I think the sound is coming from outside”, “ Yeah! Me too,” said Lilly. “Let’s go and find out what it is!” Jack and Lilly went downstairs, down their patio and then outside. They saw that the mysterious sound was coming from a diamond cave.

The diamond cave was huge and located in the forest close by their house. They went inside to have a look. Lilly said, “Look at all those sparkling, beautiful, shiny and colourful diamonds.” They both met a diamond collector whose name was Jeff.

They all went through the diamonds and then came upon one rare, shiny diamond. They tried pulling it out but they couldn’t. They requested Jeff to do it for them.

Jeff used an axe to get it out, but he had cut the diamond into pieces instead! He had some super, dry glue in his bag in case if anything happened to the diamonds. He glued all the parts of the diamond that were scattered on the ground and brought it again together as a complete piece.

After the glue had dried, Jeff looked through his tools and found the perfect tool, which was a huge pair of pliers, to take out the diamond. Then, he took the spectacular diamond and said, “This is a very rare and precious diamond.” Then, he gave that precious diamond to Lilly and Jack.

After that, they went out of the cave, waved to Jeff and he waved back. Lilly and Jack went back home and told their parents about the diamond cave, hid the diamond in the cupboard and they were the happiest siblings ever!

The End



POETIC MINDS

SUMMER'S NOT A BUMMER

Harsharit, Grade:3A

Summer's not a bummer,
Than all the other seasons it's better,
We could go to the beach
Gobble a peach,
Summer's very hot,
But that's not all it has got!
There'll be mangoes,
So don't forget to go to the grove,
You can eat ice cream,
And then you could sit down and start
to dream,
How summer's not a bummer,
And it's the best season ever!

SUMMER

Sriya 4A

Summer is very hot
But I enjoy it a lot.
Summer is fun
And I like to eat a bun.
I love to go swimming
But sometimes I start drowning.
Summer is the best
And also the season to rest.
During summer I like eating mango
And also to visit the flamingos.
I love the summer holidays
They are such jolly days.



THE SUMMER ACROSTIC

Prateeti

Sunny and hot
Utmost bright
Many indoor games
Enjoy swimming
Running with friends



SPIDER SPIDER EVERYWHERE

Yahvi 2B

Spider spider everywhere
You are running here and there.
Creeping up the floor,
Climbing up the door.
Making webs everywhere,
Running here and there.

SPIDER

Srishti 2A

Spiders can be brown,
In the rainy season they are in town.
Then the spider
Opened its mouth WIDER.

THE SPIDER

Nandini 2A

I saw a spider with eight legs,
I saw it crawling on eggs.
It makes a fancy web,
For prey and its bed.



THE TWO ROBOTS

Naga Rishith - 2A



A robot is blue.
It can give a clue.
And it can't grow.

The second robot is yellow,
It likes soft pillows
It's not frightened of anything,
And it can write and sing.





YOUNG AUTHORS

VILLA NO. D-502

Auric Mitra - 7

It was a cloudy day and I, Auric Mitra, was going out to my retail store for some groceries, and the Heffely family was just moving into Villa no. D-502,, which is right opposite my one, but I did not understand one thing which is whenever someday shifts into that villa, after one or two months the light are off, the car is not used so we a get a tower to lift that car, they don't come out and they used to keep their door unlocked, and all those sorts of things.

I was going for my groceries when a person came and said "when the 'X' is on the hand the life has it's a signal call for instant death", then I said "I did not understand by what you just said", then he said "you will understand when Yougmara gives you the mark for death", after that weird conversation I was really puzzled, but I saw that the man had a dark, red, bloody 'X' mark which looked like the mark he may have been talking about but I was really scared when he said "has it's a signal call for instant death".

I was so scared that I dropped my bags and I went home and told my mother about the scary conversation I had with the man and about the 'X' mark on the man's hand but my mother told to just forget about it, it may have been somebody who was just playing pranks on you. My mother might have thought this was just a small situation which I can handle but this is a very very tough situation where in I have to save myself in any way so that I can live and my family does not have to worry about me.

After that, we went to the mall, where I could enjoy and refresh myself, while I was doing that I forgot about everything about the death call and the 'X' mark, but when I was going on the escalator, in the mall, I saw a man who had the same mark as the man who told me about the death call, and after I saw that I started calling my mother and father but unfortunately they were both on calling somebody or the other but luckily my mother finished her call and I turned my head to show her, but it was too late, the man had already left.

After we came I had to go to sleep. When I was sleeping, I was having nightmares of the man and the 'X' mark. I could not take it anymore, I had go and do something about it, so I went on the Internet and searched about the 'X' mark and the the screen went completely blank and up the text " When the 'X' is on the hand, YOUR life has it signal call for instant death". This totally freaked me out, the text was written like inscriptions on walls that to with somebody's blood. I was so scared that I fainted right on the desk



VILLA NO. D-502

The next day came up with some clouds, but just as I looked out of the window and I saw that the door of D-502 had been unlocked! Which meant that they again had left, and their lights are not on, and it hasn't even been 1 month, just 2 days! This was really suspicious. I wanted to go and inspect their house, so I asked my mother if I could go to play, so I secretly went to villa no. D-502 and opened the creaky door and stepped on the dusty floor and I thought that who would be living in such environment? Anyway, as I was going forward and forward it was getting much scarier and scarier, and I wanted to go home, but I couldn't, I have to find the mystery.

Then something really scary happened,, from the chair which was right in the center, some radiant light started coming out and started combining together, and the chair started coming towards me and also turning towards me. Out of the light came a person who was wearing a deep, leather black coat, and said "you were so curious about the 'X', right? Well, now that you know about it you can have it", after he said that, I asked him "who are you?" and he replied "I am the king of zombies!" and with one swipe he took out a knife and started sharpening it and after he did that some people came who were looking like zombies came towards me and started pushing me towards the man but then I realized something, the people who were people who lived here and the man who told me about the 'X'. So this means that he is the person who gives the 'X', He is the person who makes them into zombies, the knife which he is holding has some poison on the tip, which means one thing: HE IS GOING TO MAKE ME A ZOMBIE!!!

I started walking back and then something came to my mind,, zombies has a weak point which is LIGHT! So what I did was, I was really close to the door and with one step back the door opened slightly, and when I opened it right after two seconds they all changed back into people but the king of zombie was still not dead so I shouted to all the people in the room "EVERYBODY, GET OUT OF THE ROOM!!!!!!!" and I ran to my house and I got a jumbo light bulb and connected it to a electrical socket and I turned on the switch and it took about two minutes to make him change himself into a man, and right as he changed into a man he said "this was a disease which which I created to make people scared which makes me really prestigious and you have destroyed it, so I will recreate it", From the day he ran out of that door and never came back to Villa no. D-502.

The End



YOUNG AUTHORS

WIT PAYS

Pradyumna.N.Holla, 5C

Long ago, in the Amazon Jungle, there lived many animals, like today. They had no king or leader, but still they had very few troubles. In this jungle, there was a turtle named Tim. He had many friends, but his best friends were Bob, the bear and Chunky, the monkey. Once, Chunky took part in an incidental event, in which he was the main character. Let us see what that event was.

It was a sunny morning. All the animals and birds were up. The birds were chirping and tweeting while all the animals were running and playing. At the river, Tim was swimming around and Bob was watching him, while behind them Chunky was swinging on the branches of tall trees.

“It’s so nice today. The water is cool, there’s a nice breeze and all the flowers on the trees and in the meadows are blooming”, said Tim.

“Yes, that’s all very well, but I’m hungry”, said Bob, grumpily.

“Huh! Can’t you just grab a fish from the river? Use your common sense”, said Chunky. Bob just scooped up a fish and gobbled it up.

“Uh! That’s disgusting. I’m out of here”, said Chunky. “I’ll go set up some pranks.” Saying this, he swung away.

On his way, Chunky came across a gap as large as ten grizzly bears! “Uh oh!” he thought. “This doesn’t look good.” Then he noticed a green vine. “Aha! I’ll use this vine to swing to the other side.” Saying so, he grabbed the vine and jumped. As soon as he jumped, he heard a voice go “Ooouuch!” Chunky looked around to find the source of the voice, but couldn’t find it.

Chunky looked up. Then he knew where the voice came from. It came from the vine. Only it wasn’t a vine. It was Hissy, the snake!



WIT PAYS

“Oops! Sorry, I didn’t know”, said Chunky.

“You pulled so hard that I could see stars in the day! How heavy are you?” said Hissy, soothing his throat. “I will complain to Roary, and he will attack you, your friends and everyone else in the jungle! Except me and him, that’s it”, he hissed. After saying this, he slithered off.

“Uh oh! I must warn everyone. Roary is going to attack and we are in grave danger!” said Chunky to himself. When Tim, Bob and everyone in the jungle got to know about this, they were horrified. “I HAVE AN IDEA!” shouted Tim with excitement.

“We can conduct a tournament to see who is smarter.” When Roary heard the idea, he agreed.

In the tournament, Tim was going to ask Roary questions and if he answers correctly, all animals in the jungle would be under the rule of Roary and Hissy, but if he loses, he would leave along with Hissy and never return.

It was finally time for the tournament. Tim came into the tournament ground and sat down on a chair, and Roary was already there. Tim asked “How many stars are in the sky?”

“As many as there are hairs on a goat”, replied Roary. This was too easy.

“What is a hen way?” (Sounds like ‘What does a hen weigh’ while speaking) asked Tim.

“A hen weighs about six pounds”, said Roary, licking his lips.

“Which is the question you cannot answer?” asked Tim, flashing a smile. Roary was blank. He had no answer, so he had lost. He jumped up and ran as fast as lightning, screaming, “I will be back!” at the top of his voice. Since then Tim became the apple of all animals’ eyes.

The End



YOUNG AUTHORS

THE MYSTERIOUS MOUNTAIN

Ananthkrishnan Grade 4D

Two boys, named Frank and Joe, lived in a village with a leader, whose name was Kai. He was a benevolent leader and also a staunch devotee of their God. The village was safe under the leader's protection.

The next day, leader Kai was delivering a speech to the villagers. Suddenly, he fell down and fainted in the middle of his speech. Everybody started panicking, "Oh no! Leader Kai! What happened to him?"

The village doctor was called for immediately. He examined Kai and said, "The leader cannot be saved unless someone gets the medicine from the mountain nearby!" Nobody was ready to go.

Just then Frank and Joe came to the doctor. Frank enquired, "What's wrong with him?" The villagers explained to Frank and Joe, everything that had happened. They told, "We will go to the mountain."

The next day, Frank and Joe set off for the mountain. When they were almost there, Frank thought that he had seen a pair of yellow eyes, in the bushes surrounding the mountain. He mumbled to himself, "I must be imagining things!" They reached the mountain in a few minutes. Frank saw the eyes once again.

"Joe, did you see that?" asked Frank. "What?" asked Joe. "That's the plant needed to prepare the medicine!" Frank told as he pointed to it. "That's right", Joe said. "Let's go and get it!" The two boys then proceeded towards the medicinal herb.

After they went near the plant, Joe said, "I cannot reach it. It's too high for me." Frank replied, "I'll get it for you!" Just as he stretched his arm, a snake came out of the bushes and bit Frank. He fell down and Joe screamed, "No, Frank!"

Joe told, "Stay here. I'll go and get a medicine." He ran away and came back with a medicine. After a while, Frank recovered from the snake bite, on applying the medicine that Joe had brought. Then he jumped high and got the medicinal herb on the tree. Then, Frank and Joe set off for the village.

Once they reached the village, they went to the doctor and handed over the medicinal herb to him. The doctor cured the leader Kai, by giving a paste from the herb and applying it on his body.

The next day, the leader told Frank and Joe that they had been really brave to go the mountain. "I am rewarding each of you by giving a medal for the bravery that you had put forward for saving my life." Saying so, leader Kai gave them the medals, in front of all the villagers, which they truly deserved.

The End



YOUNG AUTHORS

THE LAST BIT OF WARM WIND

Ishrath Shaik

The grotto was unwelcoming- frigid and stony, but it wasn't devoid of the genial, yet panicked pat of the warm breeze from behind. Freckled with crystal-like dew, were the walls. The air was salty and dense. My feet were bare, touching the rigid, rough surface. It was a soundless night, barely any light either, except for the small LED from my key chain, which came with me.

Something cold pierced my foot. I knew this was my end. I sat down and my eyes were forced shut. For a minute, I was in great pain. I tried to suck the last of life. No more hospitals, or surgeries. It was over. Cold air blew at my feet. The ground was smooth like frosted glass. My eyelids blocked the sting of the white light. The world's warm touch was gone, forever.

I opened my eyes. I was in something I could call a room, which kept on going. On and on and on. There were white squares covering every inch of the place. Beneath every square was an illuminating white light. On the tiles, which were on the sides, were small, glassy wooden knobs. I began to like the temperature; however, I still clutched on to the last bit.

I held the glossy knob of the square I was leaning against and pulled it till my waist. The bright light wouldn't let me see. I pushed inside with my legs- the square was just my size. Now, I was in another hospital, but in my Dad's hairy arms, which would have tickled me if I wasn't wrapped around twice in a clean, fresh smelling blanket, stamped with pink and blue footprints. He carefully placed me into Mom's arms. She was propped against a raised hospital bed, wearing a -partially covering- light blue gown.

A balloon popped. This isn't meant to happen. I started to cry. None of this happened. Mom told me that nobody brought balloons- they weren't allowed in the hospital. On my left was the white square. I got up and pushed the tile in. While one of my legs was on the other side, I turned to my right. I saw a family- my family. This was meant to be where I was born, somewhat. I stepped out completely and closed the square door.

I had the key chain in my hand. That's what I was clutching all this while. I shone the LED onto the tile I came out of. 'Memory number: 57; version 2 (edited). On the right was 'Memory number: 57: version 3 (rewritable) and on the left was 'Memory number: 57: version 1 (original). There were three versions of each memory. Version 1 was the original one; Version 2 is edited; and Version 3, I could relive and control like a lucid dream.

At the very end, was a small grey square, which stood out from the rest. This was the last square, without a knob. Something told me, I can't see, reach, or remember this memory, ever. It's just there to remind me that I'll never know or change the end.

The End



POETIC MINDS

YELLOW

Akshara 3C

Yellow reminds me of the leaves of autumn,
Yellow tastes like a juicy mango,
Yellow smells like fresh marigolds,
Yellow feels soft and warm,
Yellow looks like the bright sun,
Yellow sounds like a bird chirping,
Yellow makes me feel energetic.
I love the colour Yellow!

WHITE

Tanusha 3B

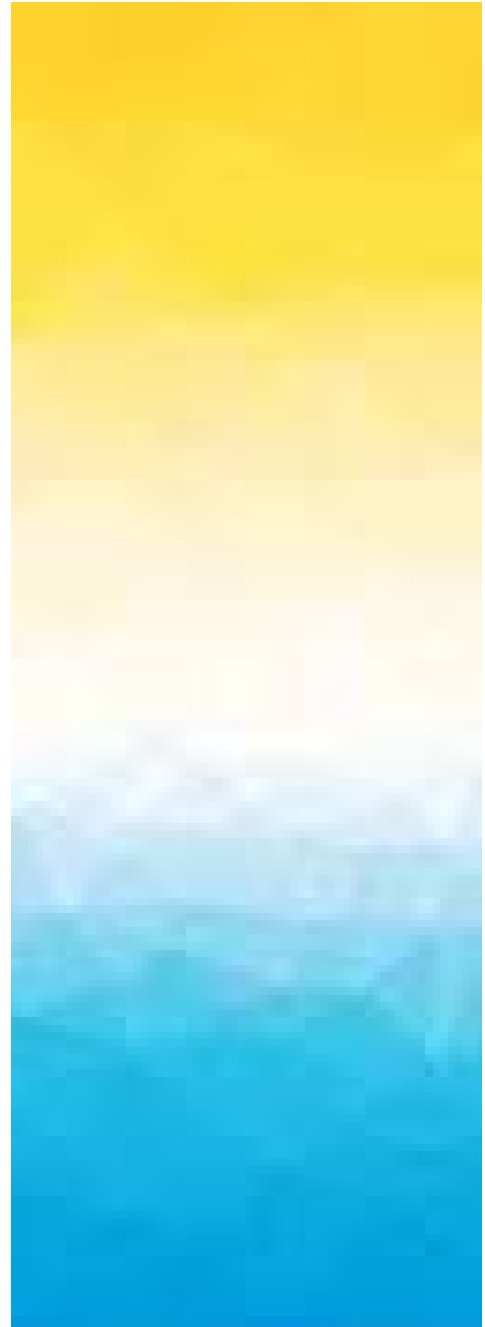
White is the most beautiful color for me,
That is really gorgeous to see,
It sounds like snowflakes gently falling on
the ground,

Snow is the best example to be found,
It feels like a soft and fluffy pillow,
White looks like freshly fallen snow,
White smells like jasmine scent,
And I love white because white is the best!

BLUE

VIVAAN - Grade 3

Blue is the colour of the gentle sky.
Blue tastes like the salty sea,
Blue smells like a fresh cut blueberry,
Blue sounds like a screeching whale,
Blue feels like a silky cloth,
Blue looks like two good friends playing,
Blue makes me give my best,
Blue is my favourite colour!



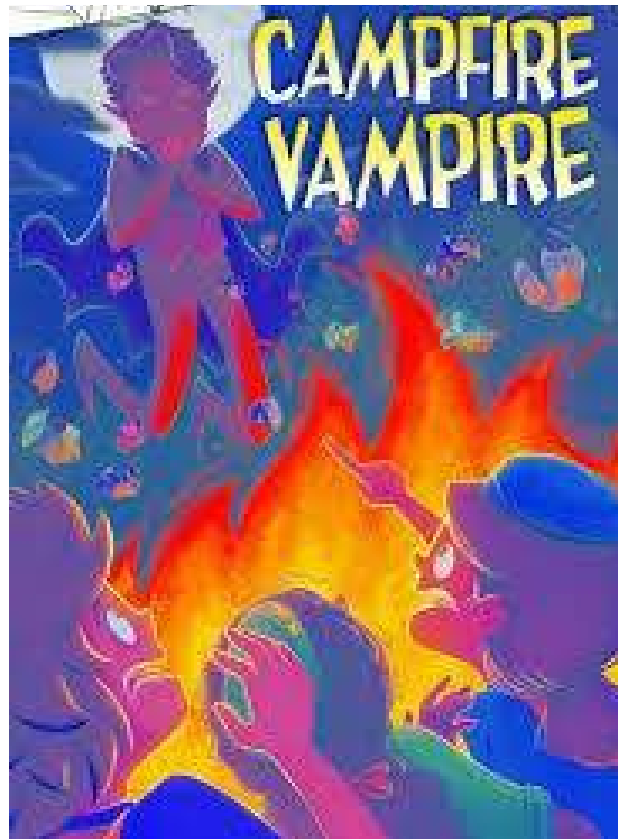


VAMPIRE GOES FOR A CAMPFIRE

Tarun. 2B

Vampire, Vampire, come here.
We will go for a campfire.
I will light your pants on electric fire
if you do not come to the campfire.
Can you hear with your ear?

Oh! Vampire, you are queer.
Vampire, dear Vampire,
This year we will go for a campfire.
Will you fear like a deer
When we go for a campfire?
Vampire, Vampire, come here.
We will go for a campfire.





YOUNG AUTHORS

THE ADVENTURES OF JOHN SILVERSTEIN

Nikil - 9A

Shots are fired. BANG-BANG! Magazines are loaded. CLUCK-CHUCK! Bullets whiz past John's face. WOOSH! All of sudden, a shot is fired at the heart of the sentinel-in-charge. The sentinel falls, and to everyone's astonishment, there was James - lying languidly on the carpet. John fell to his feet.

It all started on the 29th of February, the year 2050. Or might have - as that is what John was told. Mr. Reynold Silverstein, his father, was the sole mastermind behind the creation of the 43rd sector of the Swiss Intelligence, which came into being on this very day, and its sole purpose - assist the intelligence by

developing molecular - level weapons. Everyone knew it wasn't possible without Mr. Reynold - the molecule - level engineering aficionado, who had also been a part of the team that was hired to eradicate cancer from the world. John never doubted the fact that his father was a genius, but always remained baffled at the memory of his father - the last he saw his father was in the headquarters of the 43rd sector - whose location remains unknown. Everyone assumed that his father was since bereft of life, and so did John - he felt it would make sense if he'd agree with the rest of the world.

James, or James Cookson to be more precise, was an orphan until he was adopted by Mr. Reynold, and is John Silverstein's only friend - a friend than a brother. James was older than John, and showed a peculiar interest in detectives, but never tried any of their ways of deducing facts from minor clues. On the other hand, John was more of an athlete and a science specialist than a mystery solver, and was never amazed by such cases - until one was discovered in their garage - destined to change their lives forever.

That day was a miserable one for John, who got into a fight with his neighbors, who regarded James as 'adopted'. Though this was true, John wasn't ready to accept the fact, and pulled out his bone - zapper* and zapped one of the neighbor's bones till they froze in place. James wasn't present at the scene, and would have certainly saved the day. Unfortunately, it didn't happen, and the police were on their way the second John was reported. John, who hasn't experienced such situations before, hopped on his hover - board** and unleashed all of the charge it had to get home as soon as possible.

He broke opened the garage door and rushed inside. The police were already at his house, and were scanning the house. He knew the garage would keep him from the scanner's reach, but he had a feeling that he never experienced earlier - John Silverstein was scared.



THE ADVENTURES OF JOHN SILVERSTEIN

The footsteps were closing in. John forgot everything that moment - even that the garage could be accessed by the police. He panicked, and walked around looking for a better place to hide. There was a cupboard, which remained untouched since a couple of decades, and the door shouldn't have opened - with all the rust and corrosion on the hinges. But it did, when John forced it open to enter, and he did. He waited there for a minute, until the men in duty left. As he got down, he caught glimpse of a very old bag that was a left in the cupboard to rot away. In it were a few documents, perfectly preserved in a plastic folder. Suddenly, a faint voice called his name. John panicked like never before.

The faint voice was of James, as it turns out to be, who had come across the incident quite late. John run to him with all the might he had. James almost slapped him for what he did, but something more interesting caught his attention - the documents John was carrying. He snatched them and read them with great curiosity, discretion, and all such qualities usually a detective's possession.

The first page said, 'date of creation, see a calendar'. The rest of the pages were empty. John read it now, and jumped in excitement- he knew what the note was talking about, and he knew the date - the 29th of February, 2050. They wandered why they had to look in a calendar, until James came up with a fact - a fact that is going to change their lives thereafter.

What could the note have wanted to say? As they submerged in deep thought, James sprang up with glee, having solved the mystery - James said that the date never existed, as the 29th of February would only appear in a leap year, but 2050 isn't one. What could this imply? John was filled with horror and melancholy at that thought - that the 43rd sector never came into being - and his father was not who he thought was.

The last time John saw his father was in the headquarters of the 43rd, which is now proven to never have existed. Then where could that place have been? The answer: safe and sound with the Swiss Intelligence. But there was one problem - the police were looking for him.





YOUNG AUTHORS

THE PERMIRTZ

Mahimna 4D

It was a hot day in Mellowbrook, and the two brother scientists, the short red-haired 25 year old Rick, and the tall green-haired 26 year old Mike were getting bored.

"I'm getting bored, what should we do? Should we make something?" suggested Rick. "I don't know....I guess we could make something.." Stuttered Mike. "Hey? Why are you stuttering?"asked Rick.

"B-B-Behind you!" Mike slowly said. They then heard the voice of an evil scientist, the PERMIRTZ! "MUAHAHAHAHAHA! Now with the help of my evil machines, Mellowbrook shall be mine and mine only!" the Permirtz snorted.

"Yeah, and you think we will let you do that?"Rick yelled. "You think you can stop me? What a joke!" he giggled. "Fine, in one hour, we will see each other in the dark forest, we will fight, and if we win, you will have to leave Mellowbrook." Said Mike."But if I win, Mellowbrook is MINE. Deal?" "Deal"

One hour was all it took for the two brothers to build three fierce robots which they thought was enough. When they reached the dark forest, they heard the Permirtz yell his battle cry. "ATTACK!" The battle begun.

"Hey, where did you get this rusty old piece of metal you call a robot?"the Permirtz commented. "Oh this is garbage to you, we'll see what it can do." Rick said.

Both sides were constantly and fiercely attacking. Mike then released a fourth robot, a small dog. He used it to go and pluck out the screws of the opposing team.

"Hey! Cheating! You're using robot dogs too!" The Permirtz yelled. "Sorry, no rules."Mike responded.

And with that, there was a crashing sound as the parts of the Permirtz's robots crumbled."I'm really sorry, I have underestimated you. I will never return again!" "Be quick" Mike said. The Permirtz never even dared to take a single step into Mellowbrook again.

The End



SECRET NOTE

Adya Grade 4D

Megan was 9 years old. She lived with her mother in her apartment. She wore long, skinny jeans and loose shirts. Megan was very tall and skinny. Her best friend was Mellisa, her neighbour.

Mellisa was 9 years old. She lived with her sister and father in her apartment. She wore Capris and regular shirts. Mellisa was a little shorter than Megan, but Mellisa was very fit. Her best friend was Megan, her neighbour.

Megan and Mellisa were getting on the bus to go to their school, St. Valis. They always used to sit together and so people used to call them 'twins'. That day when they got on to the bus, they saw a new girl sitting in the front seat.

Megan questioned her, "what's your name?". The girl replied "Julian", in a sweet voice. By the time they reached school, they saw that the new girl was following them. They did not want to behave rudely with her, so they kept quiet.

When they were going up the stairs, Julian stepped on Mellisa's foot and it was very painful. So Megan had to help her up the stairs. Julian ran past them laughing.

When they reached their classroom, they saw Julian sitting in Megan's chair, in the first row. So Megan had to sit in the last corner.

That day, they saw a small piece of paper falling out of Julian's notebook. Julian did not notice the paper falling out. But Mellisa grabbed it and unfolded it. It was written 'I'm going to kick you and boss you around!'

Mellisa thought "How would she do that?". So that day, after school, in their apartment, Mellisa shared the note with Megan. When Megan flipped it around, it was written 'Secret Note'. From that day onwards, Megan Mellisa stayed far away from Julian, and Julian wasn't able to get to them.

After a few days, it was after lunch and Julian was still eating. Nobody was in the class, so Megan and Mellisa looked through all the pages, trying to find the page she ripped the piece from. When they found it, they went to find their teacher to show the matching piece. Julian was sent to the Principal's office!

When Julian came back, Megan and Mellisa announced the unforgivable thing she did. From that day, everyone felt proud of Megan and Mellisa for revealing the true colours of Julian.

The End



BIOOK REVIEW

MORIARTY

Author: Anthony Horowitz

Reviewed by: Marcus Fernandez

Sherlock Holmes is dead and darkness falls

'Moriarty' by Anthony Horowitz is a Sherlock Holmes novel with no Sherlock or Watson, in fact Moriarty too is supposedly dead during the events of this novel so how could this book possibly be any good? Well it is, in fact it is fantastic and one of Horowitz's most sophisticated and thoughtful novels.

The main characters are the narrator, Fredrick Chase an American investigator and Athelney Jones a British investigator from Scotland Yard. Chase is a timid yet determined American who forms a quick alliance and friendship Jones to track and hunt down a new ruthless criminal mastermind, Clarence Devereaux following in the evil footsteps of the great Moriarty.

This novel is written almost like a spin-off from the classic Sherlock Holmes, however, Horowitz has retained the style of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle so skillfully I sometimes completely forgot this book was written in 2014. Fredrick Chase is our main character in this novel written in first person through his eyes and I was transported into his shoes throughout the story feeling his pain, confusion, anger and fear. Athelney Jones our second character, is a man who looked up to Sherlock Holmes so much so he became obsessed. Jones is portrayed as a crippled detective who strives to be greater than Holmes but is afraid he never will be, and this conflict of feelings and desires is artfully expressed by Horowitz who makes the reader empathize with this torn character both physically and mentally.



BOOK REVIEW

MORIARTY

Author: Anthony Horowitz

The novel is set during Great Hiatus which is the period between Sherlock Holmes' supposed death and his reappearance three years later. Horowitz used this period of mystery to produce a sophisticated yet believable story involving both new and old characters. The complexity of the plot in fact baffled me, Anthony Horowitz is accustomed with simple plots which he piles with layers of perfect character development and description, however, in this novel he brings an unusually deep plot which grows in complexity as the story progresses which I believe is a fantastic variation to his normal writing style. The plot also progresses very slowly, there is a lot of build up for an absolutely mind blowing finale, some readers may find flaws with this and tag it boring, however, in my opinion the slow pace helped me savour novel till it left me drooling in the end.

My only issue with this book is its lack of humour. I understand Horowitz does this to stick with style yet even the original Sherlock Holmes by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was full of fun. I found this surprising as Horowitz is an author who can produce some of the most hilarious books namely the 'Diamond Brothers' series. This small issue by no means ruined any aspect of the book it just gave the novel a very dark gritty tone that Horowitz usually doesn't write. This point only became an issue in certain parts where I felt some humor could liven up the mood and keep dialogues from feeling dry.

Overall this book in my opinion is a fantastic crime novel with a gut wrenching twist which is always expected from Anthony Horowitz. This book retains a solid style which I give Anthony Horowitz full credit for. I recommend this book for anyone thirsty for a good, solid and convincing crime novel. I can also say in full confidence that if Sir Arthur Conan Doyle were alive today, he would be proud of this masterpiece of a novel.



BOOK REVIEW

BOOK SCAVENGER

Author: Jennifer Chambliss Bertman

Reviewed by: Shreya Challa, 7B

Book Scavenger is about a special website called Book Scavenger, where books are hidden all over the country and clues are updated on a special website, left on a wild adventure.

Emily's parents are always taking the family from one place to another, working on their blog 50 Homes in 50 States. Emily, an ardent Book Scavenger, can't wait to move to San Francisco, where the founder of Book Scavenger, Garrison Griswald. And she's working on finding a new book!

Best of all, Mr. Griswald is creating a new game! Emily can't wait to find out what it is about.

But then disaster strikes. Mr. Griswald is attacked in a subway and no-one knows what his new game is. But maybe Mr. Griswald left a clue behind...

When Emily finds an odd book at the scene of the crime, she assumes that it's a Book Scavenger book. But following a secret code hidden in the book, Emily and her new friend James are thrown into a world of books, ciphers and greedy thugs.

Will Emily and James be able to crack the case of the strange book?

Jennifer Chambliss Bertman works as a proofreader and a copy-editor. This is her first book. The sequel to Book Scavenger will release this year (2016): The Unbreakable Code.



BOOK REVIEW

DIVERGENT

Author: Veronica Roth

Reviewed by: Vanshita. P - 8A

In Chicago, where society is divided into five factions: Amity for the peaceful, Abnegation for the selfless, Candor for the honest, Erudite for the knowledgeable, and Dauntless for the brave. At the age of 16 people must choose a faction or remain in the same where they have been raised.

According to the aptitude test results 16 year olds make a decision to which faction they truly belong. But Beatrice Prior (Tris), a 16 year old has an aptitude for

three factions. She is special. She is Divergent. However, it is not safe to be a Divergent and Tris must conceal it. So she ventures out alone, determined to discover where she truly belongs. Shocked by her brutal new life, Tris can trust no one. Yet she is drawn to a boy who seems to both threaten and protect her.

One craves for this book! Tris is such a strong, but she is not perfect and that is why she is one of my favorite character. Tobias also known as 'Four' only had four fears and he didn't want to be just one thing, he knew he just couldn't be one thing. He discovered himself in a very balanced manner and this is what I appreciated the most about this character.

This is a moving book with a great balance of tension and humor. It is such an original, amazing piece of writing, it is thought provoking and action packed with a little romance blended within. The characters are relatable and realistic, with each one having their own secrets, but also their own desires, which shine throughout the book. There are four books in the series including Divergent followed by are Insurgent, Allegiant and the final book called Four. It is worth reading the series, yet I believe Divergent was the best!

The story was tightly told from Tris's perspective but it is narrated in the present tense. If you have ever been to Chicago you will recognize the landmarks of the city, though they have all been tweaked a bit: when the Dauntless go to play capture the flag paintball, Tris climbs the Ferris wheel.

After Tris ruins Jeanine's plan to use the Dauntless against the abnegation, Tris and friends move in to find a safe place but harder choices lie ahead. You should really pick this book up whenever you are free and find more about the choices. I rate it 4.5/5 because of its ongoing and unique plot and precise description of characters. I recommend it to the age of 13+ as the age lower might get confused with the plot in a few instances of the story.



THE MOUSE

Harshitha

There is a mouse in my house.
The mouse is locked and blocked,
But it is behind the door,
And on the floor,
So that is why I'm scared and flared!
My mom hits and beats,
But still the mouse is on the seats.

THE FIGHT

Tharun Mukesh 2A

In the dark night, came Dr.Zome,
He wanted to destroy everyone, and their homes,
Everyone was scared,
Then in the light,
Came the bright Hero,
Suddenly everyone started to shout,
It was Supreme!
"Don't when Supreme is here" he said,
"Dr.Zome, now come and fight me!"
They fought and fought,
Until they both hurt a lot,
Then Dr.Zome picked up his gun and said,
"This battle was fun!"
"But now I have won!"
Then the Supreme said,
"Don't be so sure,"
"Because it's going to hurt a little more"
Then Supreme use all his power,
There was rain around them, as if in a shower,
Dr.Zome cried with fear,
"What is happening here?"
Then Dr.Zome said,
"The battle is not yet over,"
"Until next time we meet Supreme!"
Dr.Zome then flew on his Spaceship,
And sped away with a Yip.



“PICTIONARY”

Navya, 2A

My sister and I played a game
which was not lame.
The game's name was Pictionary,
but I needed a dictionary.
I used a paper
and drew a skyscraper.
My sister guessed it
before I could suggest it.
My sister drew a girl,
and then I did a twirl.
My sister and I like playing Pictionary
with a dictionary!



THE COLOUR OF CARS

Arnav 3A

Red wine is very sweet,
Recommended not to have with meat,
Dark blue is like a BMW car,
Which goes 320 kilometers far,
Light blue is like the cloudy sky,
Or a white shirt dipped in dye,
Grey smells like stinky paint,
Spilled on a holy Christian saint.



THE COCONUT TREE AND THE WHALE

Neha Verma - 2C

Once by the sea,
I saw a coconut tree.
A whale came out,
To shout.
The whale saw the coconut tree,
So free.
The coconut tree saw the whale's tail
The coconut became a trend.
The coconut tree and the whale,
They became friends.





YOUNG AUTHORS

THE BEST FRIENDS

Sai Bhadange Grade 4C

“Good Morning, Kita”, her best friend Lella yawned, who was of the same age as Kita. Lella loved to talk to her and was very friendly with Kita. “Good Morning!”, Kita replied in her soft voice. When Lella woke up and saw, Kita was already prepared to go for a walk.

Lella woke up and got ready to go with Kita. As they waked through the corridors, they could see that nobody was awake. “Kita, why did you wake me up so early?” Lella complained grumpily. “ I didn’t tell you to wake up. You woke up yourself. I wanted to go to the playground where I could get some fresh air”, said Kita gently.

When they came back, every one teased Kita. “See the buffalo has come!”, laughed one of the boys at Kita. Kita didn’t mind. They went inside and got ready for their school.

After the day was over, the friends came to their room, where they changed into their nightdresses and talked with each other, as they didn’t get sleep. “ Good night!” wished Kita to Lella. “Good night to you too!”, said Lella back to Kita.

Next day, Kita went to see if Lella was awake or not, but she couldn’t find Lella in her bed. Then she thought she would be hiding behind the door to scare her, but she wasn’t there too! Kita sat on her bed and thought where her friend Lella might be.

“Is she in the bathroom? But I just went there and she’s not there! Where can she be?” thought Kita. Just then, she heard something from the window that was near the balcony of their room.

“Help! Help!” Kita rushed to the window and saw Lella being kidnapped. She ran to follow Lella, but as she was too late, she lost her way. Finally, when it was night, Kita found Lella, trapped in a small room of an old house, where she was guarded by only one man. Suddenly, an idea struck Kita!

Kita dressed herself as a kidnapper and went inside the house. “I will keep watch on her. You can go and sleep because you seem to be very tired!” The kidnapper believed her because she was in the dress of a kidnapper too!

After the kidnapper had fallen asleep, Kita and Lella ran out of the house and went back to the hostel. When they reached the hostel, they slept soundly, as they were tired on running such a long distance from the kidnapper’s house.

In the morning, Kita questioned Lella, “How did you get kidnapped?” “ I don’t remember who or how I was kidnapped, Kita!” After a while, they got ready for school.

Actually, the kidnapper had climbed through the window, into their hostel and kidnapped Lella when she was asleep. At school, Lella told everyone how Kita had rescued her from the kidnapper. From that day onwards, nobody teased Kita anymore and even the boys became friends with her.

The End



YOUNG AUTHORS

THE AMAZING ADVENTURE

Rohinish Grade 4C

In the past, there were two people called Sam and his father Max. They looked very much alike: tall, stout, and pale with blue eyes. They used to visit Jamaica very often in a plane. As usual, they went to Jamaica, did swimming and enjoyed partying. Finally they went to a hotel to sleep.

The next morning, they were returning home when a horrible tragedy struck. The engine of their plane failed and they fell onto an island. After they got off the plane, it exploded and so they went in search for the pilot. They were astonished at what they saw. The Pilot was dead! Then they abandoned all their hopes of returning home.

After a few hours had passed, they felt hungry and went searching for food, when they ran into a cheetah that was also searching for food. After a few moments of staring at each other they dashed away.

Suddenly, Sam fell down and found a rock. Then he told "Father, look we can throw the rocks". Right when the cheetah was unbelievably close, Max threw two rocks and hammered them into its eyes.

Then the cheetah hit a coconut tree and some coconuts fell down. When it fell down, they started regaining some hope because they could eat the coconuts and survive.

Sam thought of an idea and he asked, "Why can't we try our phones?" Max started trying his phone, but he didn't receive the signal.

It was two more days, but they still didn't get any way out of the island. On Friday, Sam started to think about movies that he used to watch on Friday. That was just when he told Max, "Why don't we write 'Help' in a bottle and throw it in the water?" On the shore, fortunately, they found an empty glass bottle, wrote 'Help' on it and threw it in the ocean.

Just then luckily, the President of Jamaica, who was on a holiday tour, with his family, was fishing in the water and he found the bottle. He read the message that was inside it. Then he ordered the whole government. The government started sending out search parties and after a few days they found Sam and Max, safe on the island. Since then, both the father and the son made sure that they took care of the arrangements prior to starting their tourist trips!

The End



YOUNG AUTHORS

THE GOLD COINS

Aarushi, 4C

Long ago, there lived a little girl named Andy, with her parents, who was nine years old, and had long, curly hair. She was tall, had big, black eyes and was always ready to go out somewhere, as she disliked the idea of staying at home.

Andy lived in a village, with lush greenery and trees, surrounded with many houses near the Ganga river. She was also very lonely as she had no friends, because the village was small and not many families lived there. She always wished that she could have at least one good friend.

One day, Andy was in her room playing when she heard her parents, who were in the other room, talking about going to a distant place in search of some treasure that they read of, in that day's newspaper. If they were lucky in finding the treasure, then could have more food, move to a bigger village and Andy could also make friends with many children there. Andy was astonished when she heard of their conversation.

In the night, she slowly went to the other room and found a map, which only showed the route from the village to the Ganga river. She was surprised as she discovered that the map did not show the entire route to the place, which her parents had talked about earlier. Then, Andy took the map, packed it in her bag, ready to go on a journey to the place, the next day.

The next morning, Andy set off on her journey. Very soon, she came near a river, where she found a cup, in which was a map to the place that her parents were discussing about. She kept on walking following the directions given in the map.

Suddenly, Andy fell down as she accidentally tripped over a stone in her way. Then a boy named Jackie, saw her and helped her to stand up. Jackie was eight years old and lived with his family, near the river and liked being lonely, most of the time. After a while, Andy thanked Jackie and asked him, "Would you like to come with me?" Jackie told, "Of course!" Then, they both set off together.



THE GOLD COINS

Later, they saw a waterfall near to which there was a small, dark cave. Andy immediately recollected the cave as the place that her parents were talking about, in order to find the treasure that was hidden there. Then, Andy and Jackie went inside the cave and to their surprise, they found a chest of gold coins there.

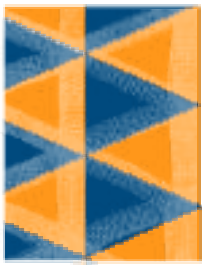
Andy came to know that Jackie was poor too and that he needed a proper place to stay. So she decided to divide the treasure equally between Jackie and herself. Once the treasure was distributed among the two children, Andy started on her journey back to her parents.

When she reached home, her parents were very glad to see her come back and that too with the gold coins. After a few days, they moved to a bigger village, where Andy saw a boy and instantly recognised him as Jackie. She was very happy on seeing Jackie with proper food to eat as well a house to stay in.

Andy was so delighted at this sight that she felt like getting tears of joy. They both played every day and stayed as best friends for ever.



The End



ESSAYS - MORE ODDS THAN EVENS FOR KEJRIWAL'S NEW SCHEME

Valli - Gr. 9A

Our Government has conjured up another outré and bizarre idea: the Odd or Even Plan to reduce the pollution levels in Delhi. Kejriwal's latest larger-than-life scheme proposes to have all even- number plated cars on the roads one day, and odd numbers on the next. In my opinion, this plan will engender more disasters than the good it will do.

To begin with, the idea will only enable one kind or number plates to run on the road. What about the other cars and their owners? The remaining working population will be pushed into a tight spot. There is absolutely no reason to hinder movement in an urban setting, our capital city especially, where some of the most nation – breaking decisions are made. Does the Chief Minister really want to hamper economic and social growth?

In addition to this, the idea will only be a temporary success. The Government will definitely not be able to sustain it in the long run. A couple of months after implementation, the pollution levels will retain themselves and traffic will be rebarbative again. The elite section of society in Delhi may purchase another vehicle, so that they have even and odd – numbered cars. They will be able to commute to and fro with ease every day. Or, what is stopping the poor and middle class from illegally buying two number plates? Do we really want to make Delhi more dangerous?

On the contrary, the 'Odd or Even Plan' does have potential to work itself out. The scheme may be far from the usual Governmental bromides, but it seems to be a humble attempt by our administration to the Delhi public. At least now we can justly say that our politicians are thinking up ideas to actually change public condition rather than plotting against the opposition parties. Instead of excoriating the Government, maybe we should acknowledge their efforts. In other words, this scheme may be first spark of political reform.

Another pro of the Odd or Even Formula is that other than decreasing traffic and pulling down pollution levels, it may also educate and create awareness about the environment. It is the poor which really bear the brunt of pollution. If roads are properly monitored and citizens abide to it sincerely, than the scheme has promises of working out. Moreover, this plan will also spread national awareness about environmental pollution and conservation.

Nevertheless, the Odd or Even Plan is highly irrational and beyond our time. India is at the pinnacle of economic growth and social –development and we simply cannot afford sully our very desperate breakthrough. Plus no matter how much hope Kejriwal has in this notion it may be better for the worse. Delhi, one of our most epochal cities, has very volatile crime rates and we are in no position to encourage them. The proposition may succeed at first, but it cannot protect itself from the India evils that will soon start poking holes in it.

All in all, the Odd or Even Formula proposed by the Delhi Chief Minister does not have enough life in it to be put into practice. It may cause more damage than we realize, even though it has a promising goal. One can never diminish the powers of greed, vainglory, and corruption in India, and the Odd or Even Scheme is a sitting duck waiting to be shot.



ESSAYS - WILL A NEW POLICY SAVE DELHI?

Akshaj Tammewar 9A

November has been seeing a long debate where Arvind Kejriwal hopes to enforce a new, pertinent policy involving odd and even numbered license plates of vehicles allowed to be driven on different days. I strongly disapprove of this policy as there are several flaws associated with it despite the good intentions behind it.

To begin with, Delhi's current public transport is barely able to support the current demand so when this policy is in use the demand will definitely increase and there is no possible way the public transport department can cope up with the extensive demand. This would result in approximately 1.2 million vehicles not in use and approximately 2 million people using public transport on top of the current people already using public transport and this is just a recipe for disaster.

Furthermore, Delhi is one of the largest and busiest cities in the world. On top of this, with the current corruption, not every car in Delhi can be monitored as people will obviously be motivated to drive their vehicles on days they are not supposed to while bribing cops to let them go if they are ever caught. Despite fact that everyone won't do so, there will still be those willing to go against the law and would only accelerate the devastating problem of pollution.

Although there are problems with this policy, this policy was brought up with good intentions to protect the vulnerable environment and will reduce pollution produced by vehicles on the road by nearly 40%.

Secondly, reducing the vehicles on the road by almost half will reduce the already treacherous traffic to something that will save time and therefore increase productivity in Delhi. This productivity will develop the city and just make it a better, healthier city.

Some may say that traffic and pollution will reduce; however, Delhi is home to people who can afford to buy two vehicles and drive one corresponding to their license plate a day and will just result in more pollution. Although this is less polluting than if everyone was driving, this won't help the problem of pollution that has already reached deadly levels.

To sum up, this new policy will most definitely have a prominent impact on the city for the good but, with the type of people who go against the law, corruption, unreliable transport, and high pollution levels, the impact may not be significant enough to solve the problem. The question that arises though is whether it has been too late.



ESSAYS - WHICH GOVERNMENT STRUCTURE BEST SUITS OUR COUNTRY, UNITARY OR FEDERAL?

Soumya - Grade-8A

I think our country, India, has a perfect system of government as it fulfils our needs, extensively. Unitary and Federal, both, are needed because each of them have their own importance in our government structure.

Why do we require a federal system?

First of all, a federal system is a system which consists of dual powers which means equal powers are given to both the state and central levels. As we are a populated country, we need this system to cater our ever-growing population. Also, division of powers (by lists) and a bicameral legislature (two houses) makes it easier to oblige the population. The federal system also has an independent judiciary which means that it isn't affected by any of the other two branches.

Why do we require a unitary system?

A unitary system of the government is when the central government is the only government present in the country and has all the powers. If we follow both of the systems, unitary and federal, it would mean that there would be state governments but the central would have the supreme powers. This would reduce the unnecessary chaos and fights between the state governments as they have a head over them. Unitary also provides single citizenship (one passport) which is easier for the citizens to follow and wouldn't cause a confusion.

Both of these and the listed evidences are needed for our country therefore both of these suit it very well. It is truly said that we are federal by nature and unitary by spirit as federal defines our structure and unitary our characteristics. The right form of government for us is QUASI FEDERAL (half- federal) which is the one we are following right now.



The start of November saw the chief minister of Delhi, Arvind Kejriwal, suggest a policy to control the rapidly rising traffic and pollution in Delhi. He proposed a policy allowing only even numbered vehicles on Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays, while odd numbered vehicles on Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays. I believe that this policy will not work very well, with history and other factors on my side.

At the base, people in Delhi work at least for the weekdays, which is five days a week. Considering an employee has a car with an odd number plate, he will not be able to attend his office on three other days. This will be a disadvantage for him along with his employer. Overall, this will be of great inconvenience to employees, especially if they can't afford another vehicle or if they don't have any other public transport near homes. This will also reduce production of firms in Delhi.

In addition to this, another concern seems to arise. A significant amount of people in Delhi have enough money to afford another vehicle, if they don't have the number plate of their choice. As a result, people are eventually going to buy more cars, so the traffic on the roads will not decrease too significantly.

The supporters of this policy may point out the direct advantage: there will be less private traffic on the roads. Less private traffic means lower overall traffic, leading to less time wasted in traffic and decreased accidents.

They also suggest that reduced traffic will result in much lesser pollution from vehicles. Also, people will now be motivated to carpool more often.

On the contrary, this policy may turn out to be a nightmare for the public transport officials. It will be extremely tough for the public transport to control such a sudden hike of people wanting to use their transport. Along with that, public transport itself emits huge amounts of carbon, especially the buses.

In conclusion, this policy is just a new born one for India and only time will tell if this will turn out to be a good move by the Delhi Government. It is noteworthy that the same policy has not worked exceptionally well in foreign countries.



ESSAYS - SHOULD WE PARTICIPATE IN 'SHUT DOWN YOUR SCREEN' WEEK?

Kashish, Grade 8

Albert Einstein once said that “ I fear the day that technology will surpass our human interaction. The world will have a generation full of idiots.” Well I’m sure that ‘feared day’ is very close. Technology helps students gather information, kids to stay entertained, adults find a new relaxing factor and grandparents find a new ‘buddy’. However I believe that we should shut down our technology for a week, to see if it benefits us.

To begin with, I think technology and the internet should never be the first source of information. People tend to take in way more information than needed, which could harm them. Mitchell Kapor said: “Getting information off the internet is like taking a drink from the fire hydrant.” Hence I think other sources of collecting information should be preferred and used.

Furthermore, nowadays, people are so obsessed with technology that they spend most of their time indoors. Staying too much at home and not interacting with the outside world, in person, would make them socially isolated. The results of a recent survey held in Greengates International School, Mexico state that- “Seven out of ten people prefer staying at home and not participating in social events.” This clearly tells us that only three out of ten people are actually socially active.

In addition to the previous claim, staying indoors and not being physically active can have a huge impact on our health, negatively. A survey informs that-“Seventy three million people or one- third of USA’s population is obese, and this is a result of over usage of technology.” By letting technology creep into every single corner of our lives, we are – weakening our memory, unstabilizing our focus, straining our vision and affecting our hearing.

On the contrary, people also believe that internet and technology is one of the ways of spreading awareness. Many people write post on social networking sites, regarding social issues. Their purpose is to spread awareness and ask people for their support. Many campaigns have been launched through social sites and have succeeded greatly.

To add on, people also think that being on a social networking site is a good way of being social. Individuals get to interact with other people present in other corners of world. There is the presence of loved ones via some sites like Skype and Google Hangouts. This is one feature of technology that makes everyone fall for it.

Technology is queer thing. It brings you great gifts with one hand, and it stabs you in the back with other. Technology has proved to be a boon to a mankind, especially to the modern world. Do you know what it has been planning to do over the time? Over the time, it’s been planning to betray and then eventually rule us. But would you like technology to control your life? Definitely not. Taking a break from the internet, mobile phones, will increase interpersonal interaction and strike physical and mental equilibrium.

In a nutshell, technology harms us more than it benefits. However, by shutting down technology, you weaken its power and strengthen yours.



ESSAYS - DOES INTERNET BRING ENORMOUS CHANGES TO THE EDUCATION OF THE YOUTH?

Rishi, 8B

Fifty years ago, students did not have the internet, but now, the internet is an integral part of our daily lives. Everyday, we use the internet for an innumerable amount of tasks. We send emails, use the cloud, and juggle with important data files for our professional and personal lives. But does the internet really affect the education of our youth? Does it bring enormous changes in the way children are educated??

First of all, it is safe to say that websites such as Khan Academy and Ask.com have greatly helped many a student understand and complete his or her homework. Even teachers use these sites to keep an eye on their students and harness it for their own knowledge. They can also browse sites such as Pinterest for interesting activities, and use the internet's many planner websites to plan for interactive classes.

Secondly, it has been recorded that most schools use smart boards and now computerized examinations system has long replaced written tests. Also, from middle school onwards, teachers have started assigning online homework, making it mandatory to carry a laptop or tablet in school, thus rendering the notebook obsolete, and replacing it with a Macbook. Obviously, the internet has ushered in a new era of education!

On the flip side, the internet is also a major distraction that may divert the attention of a student. The mere presence of phones in class may make students restless and can cause the children of the class to text during school hours. In addition, there is a lot of inappropriate content online that may not be suitable for younger viewers.

Going back to the original side of the conflict, the internet definitely has changed the face of modern education. It also has, in fact, brought enormous changes to the way our youth are educated in a very positive manner, and will continue to do so for generations to come. I, thus conclude that the internet's benefits far outweigh its liabilities, and the internet is very important in the education of the modern-day student.



INSPIRATION CORNER

Ramakrishna Reddy
Head of the Institution

What defines a Good School?

Words matter. They matter in all aspects of life, especially when we are talking about how to define a school. Of course, brick and mortar are only a small part of the story. The academic and emotional climate, both inside and outside the physical space, gets us closer to an understanding of what forms the basis of any school. Throughout our country, we have many opinions, positions, and reform efforts competing to control the narrative not only of what defines a school, but also, more significantly, of what it means to be educated in 2016 and beyond.

My daily travels in the schoolhouse as a superintendent give me an inside look at what constitutes a school. I am fortunate that my professional work over the last 30 years has put me inside dozens of schools and in contact with hundreds of educators, scholars, and support staff. I have also had the good fortune to be in the company of thousands of children and their families. No, I do not consider myself an expert on all things that define a school. I do, however, have a vested interest in seeing that the schools of today and those that are created in the future are shaped with the care and respect they so richly deserve.



INSPIRATION CORNER

Ramakrishna Reddy

Head of the Institution

The call to have children as young as 8 or 9 years old "college- and career-ready" does not create the same narrative as building a sound foundation in childhood filled with play and creativity. Among the many other more important ways to engage the hearts and minds of our youngest students, we must promote the childhood experience in all its wonder.

Schools have always existed as an expression of how a given community values its children, and how a society looks at the future—a covenant handed down from one generation to the next. The problems that beset our social, political, and economic well-being as a nation are, in fact, notborn at the doorsteps of our schools. They are certainly not derived exclusively from the province of our public schools. The crumbling roads, bridges, and tunnels of the infrastructure that is the lifeblood of a thriving economy demand our attention, as does the scourge of substance abuse wreaking havoc on families of every demographic group.

Local neighborhood and even family issues that confront all generations, from toddlers to senior citizens, are ever-present in our daily lives. If schools do play a part in shaping our future—and I believe they do—how we articulate the issues matters as much as how we marshal the will and resources to meet these challenges.



INSPIRATION CORNER

Ramakrishna Reddy

Head of the Institution

The calls to shutter schools, to replace and dismantle them, are being offered by those with a variety of other interests. These are not the solutions we should accept. They create a hostile dialogue that reflects the worst in our democratic discourse. In the last 10 years, we have witnessed a rapid decline in civility, an unfettered belligerent approach to the questions central to the teaching and learning process.

Words matter in how we discuss our schools and the issues that confront all communities. How this conversation occurs has changed in recent decades across the entire country, from small rural towns to large suburban and urban communities. Technology affords us wonderful ways to gather data points that could promote change, but it may still fail to foster a deliberative and thoughtful dialogue regarding the seeds of our problems. The most basic elements of our humanity must not get lost in the pursuit of a faster, data-driven decisionmaking process. Such is a key element of our current fascination with a punitive, high-stakes testing environment designed to sort and select students and teachers.

So, what truly defines a school? For me, the exchange between child and adult is at the heart of it. That exchange may be subtle or vigorous—not rigorous. Rigor, which shares roots with the Latin *rigor mortis*, implies severity, rigidity, and stiffness—all connotations that restrict the learner and the learning process—while vigor implies energy and dynamism.

Yes, words matter. The best learning occurs when both teacher and student are in pursuit of a deeper understanding. It is a quest that is based on love, one that is filled with authentic, joyful, challenging, and impactful experiences. A school is a place of respect and wonder.



INSPIRATION CORNER

Ramakrishna Reddy

Head of the Institution

The search to create, discover, reveal, and share is an unending journey that occurs in the best of our schools: the child immersed in beautiful poetry, the student acquiring the skill of using a watercolor-paint brush, the rendering of a museum-quality display of artifacts. Scientific experiments, research papers, debates, and discussions centered on classic literature are the means through which students explore and discover ideas. Unpacking the essential elements of contemporary issues and having students learn to take responsibility for their actions coalesce to teach valuable lessons that extend beyond the school walls. Students who present their learning before a panel of adjudicators and get so immersed that they lose track of time are then at their optimal disposition to learn. No reward or punishment necessary.

All members of a community, from custodians to teachers and principals to kindergartners, are the learners of a true school. A climate of fear and hostility, or a tone of acrimony and mistrust, will yield neither a school that serves the needs of children nor the globally competitive country that some imagine will arrive when we replace the old with the new. Schools of the future—no matter their size, technological sophistication, or cost-effectiveness—should always begin with the best qualities of our humanity.

We must choose our words carefully in this fight. We must strive to retain the core values that define a school as a place that upholds the tenets of our democracy and cares about people, rather than a place that efficiently manages the system or pits stakeholders against one another. "Education," in the words of John Dewey, "is a process of living and not a preparation for future living."

CREDITS

Sub Editors:

Chief Editors

*Rishita
Valli*

Editors

*Shreya, Suhaas
Pranavesh, Purvi
Trina, Anusha
Saanya, Lahari
Mahathi, Suhas
Soumya, Nikhil*

Sub Editors

*Sonal, Manogana
Marcela, Ashlyn Joy
Pradyumna Holla, Somansh
Akanksha, Ritika, Mihir*

Technical Editors

Marcus , Akshaj, Nikhil

Teacher Editor

Priya Saxena

Mentors

*Shalini Reddy
Ramakrishna Reddy*

Sparsh

**Created and Published by the Students
of the Manthan Sparsh Club**



**Tellapur Village, Ramachandrapuram Mandal,
Sanga Reddy Dist 502 032
Ph: 08455 297919 / 81793 81535
E-mail: info@manthanschool.org
www.manthanschool.org**