

# SPARSH NEWSLETTER



NOVEMBER 2018

## EDITORIAL

**“My words are like a ship, and the sea is their meaning.  
Come to me and I will take you to the depths of spirit.  
I will meet you there.”**

*Jalāl ad-Dīn Muhammad Rūmī*

**Dear Readers,**

Time's a tired voyager; moments a many like spry fish swimming through a silken sea. Our souls, wide – eyed wanderers, explorers, strugglers, naïve indulgers, tackling the tantalising tide that gives as it moves out, trying to drink every drying drop. Then we set to sail our words, sound ships bearing hope, cosily bobbing up and down on the waves of elevated emotion. Beyond the blustering winds, swooping sails, and effortful engines, lies a silent sea of meaning, our effervescent spirits bubbling from the water. Rumi could not have better stated the abstract feeling of writing that makes bare one's heart and soul.

It is such writing that this edition of Sparsh hopes to set up a stage for and shine a light on. For it is this kind of writing that brings our small but ever- evolving Manthan community together. It is this writing that encapsulates, arranges, and contemplates upon the whirlwind of new experiences this academic year has brought so far.

This year's happenings, from Manthan's astoundingly successful Cambridge Community Literary Fest to the rapidly approaching Rangmanthan, have provided fresh fodder foaming with potential, which our writers readily feasted upon.

This time, our writers have elucidated their experiences, emotions, and ideas with an extra drop of dedication, another pinch of patience, and one more bountiful serving of character and charisma. This little bit extra of everything has made all the difference. It's made our stories a little more dramatic and engaging, our essays just a smidge more earnest and thought – provoking, our poems unfathomably intense and inspiring, and our jokes more bijou and chucklesome. Our entertainment has become more wholesome and heartfelt, making the enjoyment even more exquisite.

With each edition, our writers evolve into more mature, sensitive, and aware individuals. This journey of growth, from which soulful writing is crafted from, is what makes our pieces memorable and everlasting.

Writing and reading is a constant, never – ending, ever – surprising journey of learning, growth, and inspiration. It's a form of living that never ceases to question, confound, and captivate. The skill of writing with heart and sincerity is something that we hope to always inspire and cherish here at Manthan. For it is such skill that shapes virtuous human beings, navigators of the labyrinth that is our world.

Rumi had rightly said that such writing is where two minds meet and two spirits brush against each other – one the writer, and another the reader – and where they are synthesized to live an experience, emotion, and idea once again. Let this edition embroil you in fantasy, ensconce you in mystery, and intrigue you with stirring passion. For this time, Sparsh will not only touch you mind and senses, but will tenderly touch your soul too, true to its name.

**Happy Reading!**

**Chief Editors**

**Purvi, Shreya, Marcus, & Valli**

## FEATURED ARTICLE

# What is the future of the English language?

Rishita Chourey, XII

The English Language was spoken by a small number of people in a small region of northern Europe, known today as Great Britain. Today, English is fast reaching every corner of the world. Renowned linguist David Crystal claimed in 2003 that 'more than a billion people worldwide speak, learn, teach, and use English as a first, second, foreign, and international language'. However, with the rise of other major languages such as Spanish, Arabic, Mandarin, and Russian, English is gradually losing the power and status it has historically enjoyed.

Before evaluating the future prospects of the English Language, it is necessary to dive deeper to fully understand why it became the cornerstone of communication, trade, commerce, and eventually empowerment and unification in the first degree. Tracing back to Britain's colonial period, English was viewed by locals with contempt. It was deemed responsible for the imminent loss and death of the minority languages, a threat to linguistic diversity, and most importantly 'a language of the oppressors'. This meant that knowing the language empowered locals to engage in business and trade, claim status, and venture into the larger world beyond their domestic playground. The spread of English enabled English-as-a-second/foreign-language-nations access to personal betterment and lucrative markets.

With the number of non-native speakers acquiring the tongue on a rise, English has changed drastically in the past ~1400 years of its use, reflecting contact with other tongues, as well as the ever-changing communication needs of people. There are a number of loanwords that English has acquired from foreign languages such as "Oboe" "Filibuster" "Commodore" from French, and "Chutney" "Guru" "Khaki" from Hindi and Urdu, distinguished registers of the Hindustani Language. Crystal estimates that around 60-70 New Englishes have emerged since the 1960s, as English has been taken into the fabric of social life, developing ways in which it reflects local cultures and identities. Prominent examples of such developments are Singlish in Singapore, Hinglish in India, and Manglish in Malaysia.

landscape that we are operating within is. The longevity of the language lies in the social, political, scientific, and economic shape of the time to come, as well as how equipped younger generations are to deal with a culturally diverse future.

## **Sources:**

*Crystal, D. (2018).*

*English as a Global Language. [online] Culturaldiplomacy.org.*

*Available at:*

*[http://culturaldiplomacy.org/academy/pdf/research/books/nation\\_branding/English\\_As\\_A\\_Global\\_Language\\_-\\_David\\_Crystal.pdf](http://culturaldiplomacy.org/academy/pdf/research/books/nation_branding/English_As_A_Global_Language_-_David_Crystal.pdf)*

*[Accessed 13 Nov. 2018].*

*Ravelo, J. (2018).*

*Will Chinese be the next essential global development language. [online]*

*Available at: <https://www.devex.com/news/will-chinese-be-the-next-essential-global-development-language-86455>*

*[Accessed 13 Nov. 2018].*

*Pak, J. (2018).*

*Is English or Mandarin the language of the future?. [online] BBC News. Available at: <https://www.bbc.com/news/magazine-17105569>*

*[Accessed 13 Nov. 2018].*

*Brock, A. (2018).*

*Will Chinese Replace English as the Global Language?. [online] VOA. Available at: <https://learningenglish.voanews.com/a/will-chinese-replace-english-as-international-language/2554910.html>*

*[Accessed 13 Nov. 2018].*

*Englishlive.ef.com. (2018).*

*How English became the global language | EF English Live. [online] Available at: <https://englishlive.ef.com/blog/english-in-the-real-world/english-became-global-language/>*

*[Accessed 13 Nov. 2018].*

## FEATURED ARTICLE

# What Makes Them So Special?

Purvi Reddy 10A

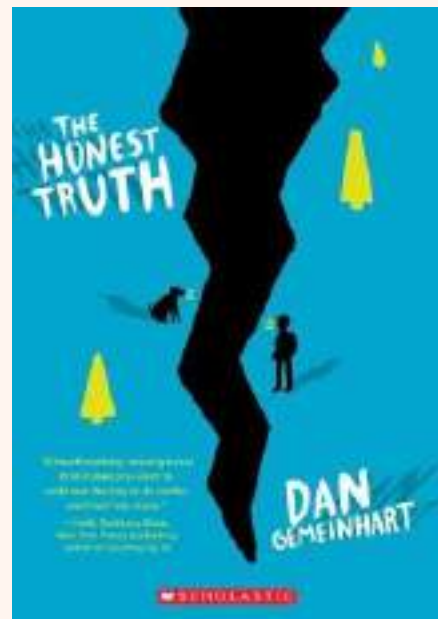
I will take the liberty of calling myself a budding writer, one who is still learning the ropes of this profession. This article, however, was comparatively easy to write because of how relatable it is to me. As a student, whose opinions are constantly created and shattered, books have a special place in my heart as a friend and a teacher.

The power of books is bewildering, is it not? Their strangely intimate voice rings in our head as our conscience and sensibility battle to comprehend the world unfolding before

us. Forcing a reader to make sense of it all, to try and wear the shoes of an alien character, to cope with their precarious plots and biased narrators. Though their most bewildering power is that they force the readers to make that journey, compel them to test the uncharted waters and lay trust in the characters they have just met. Some readers come out triumphant having reached conclusions that appeal to their conscience, while others are left furious at the author, or worse - unsatisfied.

Whatever be the case and however gentle a novel may be, it is inevitably a battle and no reader conquers it unscathed. For better or for worse, what we read shapes and moulds how we view the world around us, how we navigate it. The following is an account of such battles, fought by a range of readers over a host of books.

"The Honest Truth by Dan Gemeinhart is an extraordinary book about a character called Mark who has cancer and hates it. Yet, it won't stop him from conquering the mountains. His life goal is climbing a mountain that is overrun with snow. But cancer patients can't do that, and Mark knows it. So his solution is to run away from home to die trying to reach his dreams, climbing the mountains.

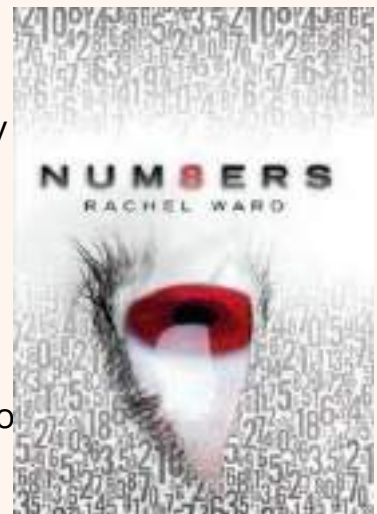




This book has influenced my life a lot and left me with mixed emotions. It makes me feel lucky to be alive and to be free of sickness. It makes me feel sad that people have to live like this. Mark's problems were a lot worse than mine. I understood that worse things can happen, and not to complain about minute things like school or homework. When I read this story, I see how characters that experience death and pain only yearn for a normal life. The characters were so realistic, that I oftentimes lived their problems through the pages. This book helped me understand the problems and hardships people go through, to stop whining, and just move on."

-Spurthi Challa 8B

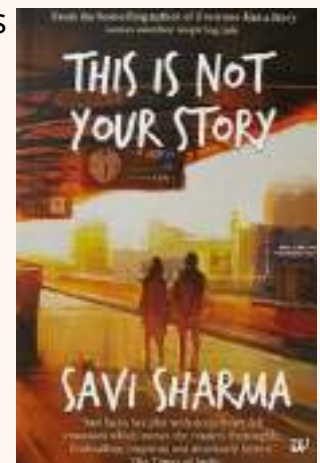
"I owe to books the feelings and thoughts I have today about my life and how to live it. Books like Numbers by Rachel Ward, and The Fault in our Stars by John Green left me in thought for hours, maybe even days. These books, in their own ways, teach readers about the true gift of life.



At some point in time, it is a human tendency to long to know what the future holds, for them as well as for others. Numbers taught me that however advantageous it may seem to be to know about the future, it causes unthinkable destruction along the way; that it is not the way nature intended things to be. The Fault in our Stars taught me to live each day as if it were the last; to love, live, and laugh for as long as you can.

These, and countless others, including, This is not your Story by Savi Sharma, left a permanent impression on my mind and heart, telling me that life, in the end, is worth it; but most of all, they helped contribute to my love for reading, strengthening my opinion that books are truly the best way of communicating those ideas that need to be shared, and that books are undoubtedly amazing."

- Aradhya Malladi 9A



"The God of Small Things by Arundhati Roy is both brilliant and terrifying in equal measures. The genius of the author shines through her words as she breathes life into her characters and their universe. It is a novel that

addresses love and all that it entails through a hauntingly raw story of a pair of peculiar twins in a very real and twisted world. It lays bare how our societies have, over time, laid laws on who to, how to, and how much to love – and it never fails to make me question exactly how restrained I am while I navigate my world and its impossible social norms. However unbiased one may consider themselves, everyone is imprinted by the social interaction they perceive growing up. So did I decide for myself how much I love? Why do I love some more than the others? And are those choices really mine?"

– Purvi Reddy 10A



"All the Light We Cannot See by Anthony Doerr is a groundbreakingly gorgeous book that I stumbled upon rather by accident. Set in the heart-breaking times of World War 2, it spans the lives of a blind girl called Marie-Laure and a boy called Werner, children who live on opposite sides of the war. When I finished the book, nearly on the verge of tears, the single biggest thought I was left with was to appreciate every moment that comes and goes, to realize that to be awake to these moments is to live your life the best you could. The book was staggering, cruelly beautiful, and the read of a lifetime, and I'd like to think that reading it has left me with a glorious amazement at the universe and all things between."

– Mahathi Kattamuri 11A



Words are incredibly powerful, and books are just words bound by spines. Each one has a different lesson in store for us and most book-worms will tell you the most memorable part of any book is how deeply it made them feel. What made you the happiest? How much did you cry? How long did it take to get over it? Well, we trust these accounts have persuaded you to dust the covers of old favourites or pick up one of the many books suggested here and bury your nose into their pages, delve into their plots and surrender to their power. Enjoy the ride!

# HINDI

## हिंदी जानना क्यों ज़रूरी है ?

दिशा गर्ग कक्षा 10 'अ'

आज सब अंग्रेज़ी के पीछे पड़े हैं। ज़्यादातर विश्वविद्यालय और विद्यालय के बच्चे अपनी मातृभाषा के बजाय अंग्रेज़ी माध्यम में पढ़ाई कर रहे हैं। यह एक बड़ी त्रासदी है जो सम्पूर्ण भारत में पसरा हुआ है, बच्चों को हिंदी के बजाय अंग्रेज़ी पढ़ाया जा रहा है जबकि हमारे देश की राष्ट्रीय भाषा हिंदी है। यहाँ हम पूछ सकते हैं कि राष्ट्र भाषा को उसका देश नहीं सीखेगा तो कौन सीखेगा ? हिंदी ही वह भाषा है जो हमारे विचारों और भावनाओं को व्यक्त कर सकती है। यह अनोखी और सुंदर भाषा हमारे देश की धरोहर है, और हमें बच्चों और देश के सुनहरे भविष्य के लिए इस धरोहर को अक्षुण्ण रखना होगा।

## अगर पता चल जाए कि आप का अंत कब और कैसे होने वाला है तो ....

संजना मिश्रा कक्षा दस 'ब'

सबसे पहले मैं चिंतित हो जाऊँगी। मेरे दिमाग में यह बात अपनी मृत्यु तक, हर पल रहेगी। परंतु मैं ज़्यादा सोचने की कोशिश न करके, अपनी ज़िन्दगी जीऊँगी। अपने सपने सच करने की पूरी कोशिश करूँगी।

सबसे पहले, मैं कुछ ऐसी जगहों पर जाऊँगी जहाँ मुझे हमेशा से जाने का मन था, जैसे:- न्यूयार्क, पेरिस, उदयपुर, रोम, आदि। इन जगहों से मैं खूब सारी खरीदारी करूँगी, क्योंकि मुझे खरीदारी करना बहुत पसंद है।

खरीदारी के साथ मैं इन जगहों का प्रसिद्ध खाना खाऊँगी और वो भी बिना किसी बीमारी के डर के। उसके बाद मैं हर उस फिल्म व टी. वी कार्यक्रम को देखूँगी जो मुझे हमेशा से देखना था पर देख न पाई। मैं अपनी ज़िन्दगी भिन्न – भिन्न पात्र निभाते हुए जीऊँगी जैसे राजकुमारी डायना आदि। मैं कोशिश करूँगी कि मैं कुछ गायकों एवं अभिनेताओं से मिल सकूँ, जैसे – शॉन मेंडास, विकी काँशल, कार्तिक आर्यन आदि।

मेरे हिसाब से अगर मुझे अपनी मृत्यु की इतनी जानकारी मिल जाए तो मैं भगवान का शुक्रिया अदा करूँगी, एक अच्छा जीवन देने के लिए। मैं हर बात को सकारात्मक रूप से देखना शुरू करूँगी और जो भी मेरे दिल के करीब हैं उनके साथ वक्त गुज़ारना शुरू करूँगी। यही नहीं, मैं सारी दुश्मनी छोड़कर दूसरों से माफ़ी माँगूँगी। हर एक व्यक्ति से मीठी वाणी में बात करूँगी।

अंत में, सबसे महत्वपूर्ण बात मैं खुश रहने की पूरी पूरी कोशिश करूँगी।



# HINDI

## इंटरनेट होते हुए अध्यापकों की भला क्या आवश्यकता

### सरायु 8 A

एक बच्चे के छात्र जीवन में वह इंसान जो उनके लिए सबसे ज्यादा महत्वपूर्ण है, वह है – अध्यापक !

बच्चों को जीवन में सही और ग़लत का अंतर का पता नहीं रहता है । उन्हें अनुशासन का पालन सिखाना बहुत ज़रूरी होता है । यह काम एक अध्यापक से बेहतर भला और कौन कर सकता है ?

आज की दुनिया में इंटरनेट से भी हम सीख सकते हैं पर इंटरनेट अच्छा व्यवहार और अनुशासन नहीं सिखाता है । इंटरनेट हमें कॉलेज की पढ़ाई के लिए ज्ञान तो दे सकता है पर एक अच्छा इंसान बनने के लिए कुछ नहीं कर सकता । जब बच्चे ग़लत काम करते हैं तो वह दंड नहीं देता । किसी प्रश्न का ग़लत उत्तर देने पर भी वह केवल सही उत्तर बताता है पर ग़लती को सही तरीके से सुधार करके समझाता नहीं है । ऐसे तो बच्चा कभी नहीं सीख सकता । एक शिक्षक को ही छात्र की कमज़ोरियाँ पता होती हैं और उन कमज़ोरियों को उसकी ताकत में बदलने का काम शिक्षक करते हैं पर इंटरनेट ऐसा कुछ नहीं करता ।

इंटरनेट पर बच्चे अपना ध्यान खो कर दूसरे काम कर सकते हैं, पर अध्यापक हमेशा छात्र को अपना ध्यान केन्द्रित करने के लिए कार्य में निमग्न करवाते हैं । इंटरनेट बच्चों को जीवन मूल्य , जैसे – मेहनत, ध्यान, एक लक्ष्य रखना और समय का सदुपयोग नहीं सिखाता । यह सब जीवन में सफलता पाने के लिए बहुत ज़रूरी हैं । इंटरनेट से पढ़ने पर बच्चों का भविष्य खतरे में होगा । जो अटूट रिश्ता शिक्षक और छात्र के बीच होता है वह बेजान और असंवेदनशील इंटरनेट के साथ कभी नहीं बन सकता है ।

इसलिए इंटरनेट कभी भी अध्यापक की जगह नहीं ले सकता है । चाहे इंटरनेट कितना भी आगे बढ़ जाए, बच्चों को केवल अध्यापक से सीखना चाहिए ।

## इंटरनेट होते हुए अध्यापकों की भला क्या आवश्यकता

### शिंजिनी कक्षा – 8C

हर घर में कम्प्यूटर है । सभी के पास इंटरनेट भी है । जिसके द्वारा हम पढ़ सकते हैं और जानकारी हासिल कर सकते हैं । पर क्या वह एक शिक्षक के समान ज्ञान दे सकता है ?

विद्यार्थी जीवन के लिए शिक्षक बहुत महत्वपूर्ण है । शिक्षक वह होता है जो विद्यार्थी का हाथ पकड़कर उसे विजय पथ का रास्ता दिखाता है । क्या इंटरनेट यह कर सकता है ? इंटरनेट हमेशा के लिए नहीं रहेगा । जब कम्प्यूटर चलना बंद हो जाएँगे उस दिन से इंटरनेट की भूमिका भी कम हो जाएगी । उसपर निर्भर रहने से हमारे ज्ञान की क्षमता भी कम हो जाएगी ।

एक शिक्षक हमें ज्ञान के साथ-साथ अनुशासन और शिष्टाचार सिखाता है । वह हमारे स्वभाव को निर्मल बनाने एवं आत्मविश्वास को बढ़ावा देने में हमारी मदद करता है । शिक्षक ही हमें सही और ग़लत का फ़र्क़ बताता है ।

दूसरी ओर इंटरनेट किसी इंसान के स्वभाव में बदलाव नहीं कर सकता । इंटरनेट से शिक्षा प्राप्त करके कुछ लोग बुरे आचरण के तो हो सकते हैं लेकिन विद्यार्थी जीवन में शिक्षक से हासिल ज्ञान अनमोल होता है, वह हमारे लिए एक वरदान है । शिक्षक हमें केवल ज्ञान ही नहीं देते बल्कि वो हमें जीवन यापन और स्वावलंबी बनने की शक्ति देते हैं । जो रिश्ता एक गुरु और शिष्य के बीच होता है वह अटूट बंधन जैसा होता है । गुरु अपने शिष्य को उसकी अपनी गलतियों का अहसास दिलाता है । परंतु एक इंटरनेट हमें केवल एक विषय पर

जानकारी देता है । गुरु-शिष्य का पवित्र रिश्ता जो हम एक शिक्षक के साथ बना सकते हैं वैसा इंटरनेट के साथ होना तो सिर्फ़ एक सपना है । इंटरनेट हमें जानकारी तो देते हैं पर वो हमें ग़लत रास्तों पर भी ले जा सकते हैं इसलिए एक अध्यापक दस गुना ज़्यादा भरोसेमंद है । सच तो यह है कि इन दोनों में कोई तुलना ही नहीं है ।

# HINDI

## माता-पिता दोनों के आजीविका में जुड़े रहने से परिवार पर पड़नेवाला प्रभाव ऋषिका परिहार कक्षा 10 'अ'

मेरे माता-पिता दोनों ही कामकाजी हैं, और लगभग पूरे दिन घर पर नहीं रहते, इस वजह से इसका मेरे जीवन पर बहुत बड़ा(बुरा) असर पड़ रहा है। हालांकि मुझे पता है कि वे हमारे लिए ही काम करते हैं। पर मैं बहुत अकेलापन महसूस करती हूँ।

मेरे परिवार में केवल मैं और मम्मी-पापा हैं, दादी कभी-कभार हमारे घर आती हैं, पर ज़्यादा समय तक रुकती नहीं हैं। विधालय से शांत घर में आने पर मुझे घर, घर नहीं लगता। सुबह का बना ठंडा व सादा खाना खाने को मिलता है, कई बार तो मम्मी को खाना बनाने के लिए भी समय नहीं मिल पता है इस कारण मैं अधिकतर जंकफूड ही कहती हूँ। इस से मेरे पर शरीर पर बुरा असर पड़ रहा है, मैं कई बार बीमार पड़ चुकी हूँ फूड पॉइजनिंग के कारण।

हमने कई बार एक साथ बाहर घुमने की भी योजनाएँ बनाई पर पर हर बार अचानक से कोई न कोई काम आ जाने की वजह से बाहर जाना स्थगित करना पड़ा। कई बार तो वे देर रात तक अपने आफिस में ही रह जाते हैं जिस कारण वो बहुत थके-थके से रहते हैं और मैं उनके साथ समय नहीं बिता पाती हूँ, जब कि मैं उनकी एकलौती संतान हूँ, मेरा कोई भाई-बहन नहीं है। मुझे बहुत अकेलापन सा लगता है। हाँ मेरे कई दोस्त हैं पर वे मेरे साथ रोज नहीं रहते हैं। जब वे मुझे बताते हैं कि वे अपने परिवार के साथ यहाँ-वहाँ गए और बहुत मजा किया तो मैं उनसे जलती हूँ। मेरे माता-पिता के काम करने से सिर्फ मुझ पर ही नहीं, उन पर भी प्रभाव पड़ रहा है। वो बहुत थके रहते हैं जिस के कारण उनके बाल सफ़ेद होने लगे हैं, जब की उनकी उम्र ज़्यादा नहीं है। मैं कई बार सोचती हूँ कि काश वे काम नहीं करते पर मुझे पता है कि यह हो नहीं सकता।

## दोस्ती रिशित शर्मा (सात 'ब')

दोस्ती है शक्ति,  
दोस्ती है प्यार,  
दोस्ती है भाईचारा,  
दोस्त मेरा यार।

इस बंधन को कोई तोड़ नहीं सकता।  
हाथ लगा के कोई छू नहीं सकता,  
अपनी बहादुरी कोई दिखा नहीं सकता,  
मन में कुछ बुरा बोल नहीं सकता।

दोस्ती है इतनी बलवान,  
जैसे हो विष्णु भगवान।  
जिसके पास है अच्छा दोस्त, वह है बहुत भाग्यवान।  
अपने दोस्त के लिए मैं दे दूँ मैं अपनी जान।

दोस्ती है दुनिया,  
दोस्ती है विश्वास,  
दोस्ती है उजाला,  
है ऊँचा जैसे आकाश।

# HINDI

## वर्षा ऋतु रिशित शर्मा (सात 'ब')

आज का दिन है बहुत खुशहाल,  
नीचे खेलने गए मैं और मेरा दोस्त कुशल ।  
हम खेलने वाले थे क्रिकेट,  
पर फिर पता चला कि हम भूल गए अपना विकेट ।

फिर बादल आये भाग-भाग कर,  
पानी का बोझ उठा-उठाकर ।  
उसके बाद बदल बरसे ,  
हम चले गए घर भीगने के डर से ।

हर जगह है हरियाली ही हरियाली,  
हवा की वजह से हिल है पेड़ों की डाली ।  
इतना खूबसूरत है यह नज़ारा ,  
अब बोलो कैसे करूँ मैं अपनी ज़िन्दगी का गुज़ारा ।

आ रही है ठंडी हवा ,  
कहीं और जाओ, तो लगता है जैसे हो तवा ।  
इतना अच्छा दिन था आज ,  
घर जाके खाऊंगा गरम समोसे के साथ प्याज ।



## मैं क्या हूँ ? काशवी (सात 'स')

मैं क्या हूँ, मैं क्या हूँ ?  
भगवान की एक रचना,  
या भगवान की गलती!

मैं इस दुनिया के लिए क्या हूँ ?  
एक उपयोगी,  
या एक बेकार इन्सान !

मैं तुम्हारे लिए क्या हूँ ?  
एक दोस्त, एक करीबी दोस्त,  
या कुछ भी नहीं !

इन प्रश्नों के उत्तर मुझे कहाँ से मिलेंगे ?  
भगवान, माता, पिता ?  
भगवान से बात नहीं कर सकती हूँ,  
और माता-पिता को क्या पता!  
तुझे पता है क्या ?

होने दो, मैं उनकी रचना नहीं हूँ ,  
लेकिन मैं ज़रूर,  
कहलाऊँगी उनकी रचना ।

होने दो, मैं इस दुनिया के लिए बेकार हूँ,  
लेकिन मैं ज़रूर,  
उपयोगी बनूँगी ।

होने दो, मैं तुम्हारे लिए कुछ नहीं हूँ,  
लेकिन मैं ज़रूर,  
तेरी ज़िन्दगी में अपने निशान छोड़ूँगी ।

होने दो, तुम में से कोई मेरे प्रश्नों के उत्तर नहीं दे सकते हो,  
लेकिन मैं ज़रूर,  
इनके उत्तर दूँगी

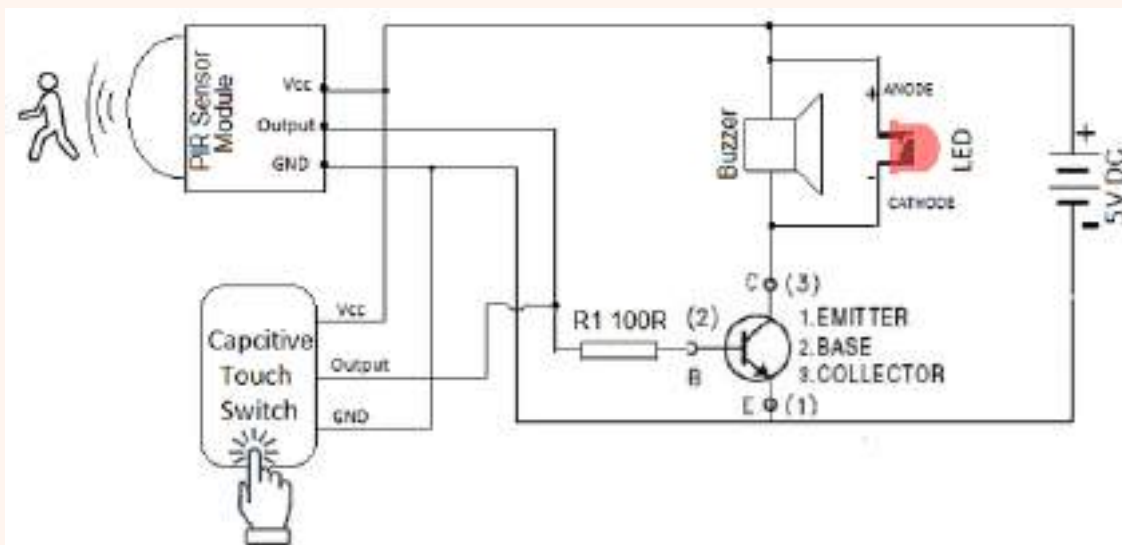
# SCIENCE

## DETECTING USER INPUT WITH CAPACITIVE TOUCH & PIR

Saketh & Jishnu, 6C

This sample application could be used as the starting point to build a touch-enabled and motion-activated doorbell, which could then make sounds using a buzzer. It uses a Passive Infrared (PIR) sensor that will detect the presence of a human which would illuminate the LED and activate the alarm and capacitive sense buttons for a touch input.

This simple alarm can be used to detect the movement of human beings at a distance of 10-20 meters. It works both day and night and beeps shortly when there is a human movement through its detecting range. It is ideal to monitor the entry passages, stair case, corridors etc. It is highly useful to monitor the human movements in flats, multi storied buildings, schools, shops, industries etc. A relay can also be connected to activate lights, electric alarms etc. It can be used as a Personal alarm during journey to protect luggage.



It is an assembled unit with PIR sensor, signal amplifier, presets for adjusting sensitivity range, duration of output etc. There are three connecting pins for VCC, ground and output. It is marked on the module. It works off 5-12 volt DC and the output is positive to drive the transistor. In the standby mode, the sensor sets its sensitivity by using the ambient temperature around it and the surface on which it is fixed. When a human being passes across its detecting range, the passive infrared radiation (heat) from the body changes the sensitivity of the sensor and its output turns high. This output is used to drive the transistor to switch on the buzzer.

# War of Words

## TREATY ON THE NON-PROLIFERATION OF NUCLEAR WEAPONS

Srikari, Class 10B

This house will dissolve the treaty on the non proliferation of nuclear weapons in its current form. The NPT is an international treaty which runs with the objective of promoting peace with nuclear energy, by annihilating nuclear weapons and demotivating the rise of nuclear weapon technology. This treaty, in brief comprises of three pillars which are non proliferation, disarmament and denuclearization and the peaceful use of nuclear energy.

Through my argument I will be proving to you three major points.

- 1) How the treaty has put countries on unfair tracks, thus proving the five nuclear superpowers superior to the countries which have signed the treaty and abide by the conditions and also the countries which are non signatories.
- 2) How this discriminatory policy has acted as a restriction and again placed an unfair barrier for countries from entering the nuclear suppliers group and progressing in the field of nuclear development.
- 3) How the security of other countries is threatened and is at risk and also the motives of the nuclear superpowers which may defame the purpose of the treaty itself.

Moving on to my constructive, considering my first point. The NPT has succeeded in the creation of an unfair game or monopoly among the five nuclear superpowers namely USA, UK, Russia, France, and China where they stand superior to other countries in terms of the potential and scope for nuclear energy and weapon development. I argue that, a random time frame as in this case, the year 1970, where these were the five countries which were the ones to have possessed and tested nuclear weapons cannot be used as the grounds, thus giving them the power to exercise arbitrary and discriminatory powers over other countries. On what fairgrounds are the other countries refraining from acquiring nuclear capabilities. It is absolutely unfair to declare these five superpowers as the permanent signatories due to the baseless time frame and to give these countries the power to demand every other country to denuclearize and disarm themselves for the sake of maintaining peace in this field. Naturally, it puts them on a discriminatory battlefield where countries with arms fight with the countries that don't have the right to keep arms but denuclearize themselves. Putting them on the same track, is like giving them no scope to prove nuclear superiority even though the potential exists, for the



# War of Words

## TREATY ON THE NON-PROLIFERATION OF NUCLEAR WEAPONS

treaty is in high favour of the monopoly.

Here, my fellow opponent might raise a point by saying that putting these five powers at a higher level is beneficial as opposed to giving this nuclear power to an irresponsible and harmful state like North Korea or for that matter any other country that might misuse nuclear power. In other words, if the opposition argues by saying that the NPT will prevent nations from misusing nuclear weapons and weapon technology on the rest of the world, I wish to clarify this argument with two additional supportive arguments. 1) There is no guarantee that the nation will in the first place sign the treaty, because there is no fear of a sanction, as sanctions have been proved ineffective in the past and 2) we must note, as the treaty states that, these countries only have the power to order countries to disarm and denuclearize themselves, but there is no one to check on the nuclear stockpile that countries produce. So either ways, there is no way the nuclear arms can be eradicated entirely in the nuclear world and promote peace with nuclear energy.

The second dimension, to clarify the argument is that there is no guarantee that all the countries that don't sign the NPT necessarily have ill intentions and might misuse power. Also, in the same way that they suspect even the major nuclear powers have misused their power in the past where US bombed Hiroshima and, France and UK had colonized Asian and African countries, therefore, either ways the NPT in its current form hasn't put the power in the hands of the right people, for anyone could misuse it.

Moving onto my second main argument, the prominent conditions specified in the NPT, state that before a country can enter the nuclear suppliers group which is a platform for nuclear energy development, manufacturing, research, technology etc, it first has to sign the NPT. The Nuclear suppliers group adheres to the motive of preventing proliferation which runs on similar lines as the treaty itself as this is once again the monopoly's doing. This acts as an unfair barrier and restriction for a country like India which possesses a great potential in terms of their nuclear resources, production, supply, exports and imports. This prevents them from building contacts and relations which are necessary for establishing themselves in the nuclear world. These countries even though have scope to progress in terms of nuclear societal advancement cannot progress or step up due to the restrictions put up by NPT. This is a huge disadvantage and halt in the progress of an economy where the

# War of Words

## TREATY ON THE NON-PROLIFERATION OF NUCLEAR WEAPONS

advancement and progression in nuclear energy could have been a contributing factor. These uneven conditions deprive many countries of their own rights, such as taking forward their strength and proving their superiority in that particular field, as in this case, their nuclear capabilities.

Considering my third point, containing two substrands

1. The monopoly uses the countries as their resources, manufacturers and producers of nuclear energy for they are the members of the NPT and the NSG. These countries who have signed the Nuclear Proliferation Treaty are only promised very minimal and obvious benefits such as worldwide acceptance, the right to safeguard the states interests and being active members of the NSG. The treaty clearly states nowhere that the countries which have signed up will acquire protection from external nuclear weapon sources or any other threats. In fact, there is major threat to those countries who have signed up because they themselves have their lives at stake, for they are disarmed and denuclearized and have no way to protect themselves from the five nuclear powers or the monopoly itself in the future, incase it is driven by strong intentions to utilize nuclear weapons in the future for destruction. As stated earlier, there is nobody in this whole treaty which supervises the nuclear arsenal or stockpile. This applies for the monopoly as well because there is again no guarantee that they will not misuse their powers in the future. Since their efforts are high in the field of nuclear development and it has also gained all the powers, the monopoly can deny and approve of anything that is on their side and favours them, such as the conditions and objectives which China recently, rejected and decided to not abide by.

If such a step is taken in the future, this will defame the purpose of the treaty itself and prove to be defective as the current form itself has many drawbacks .

Concluding, here are my three primary arguments.

1. How the creation of the monopoly has aided in the exercise of arbitrary power
2. How the NPT prevents countries from signing into to the nuclear suppliers group
3. How the NPT in its current form proves to be defective by granting the monopoly more privileges and leaving the majority countries unprotected, where the states are at stake.

Thus, the NPT in its current form proves to be a defective and destructive policy which might worsen conditions in the future by giving rise to an arbitrary rule exercised by an autocracy in nuclear arms and weapons. Hence, I believe it should be dissolved. Proud to propose!

# Book Review

## TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD

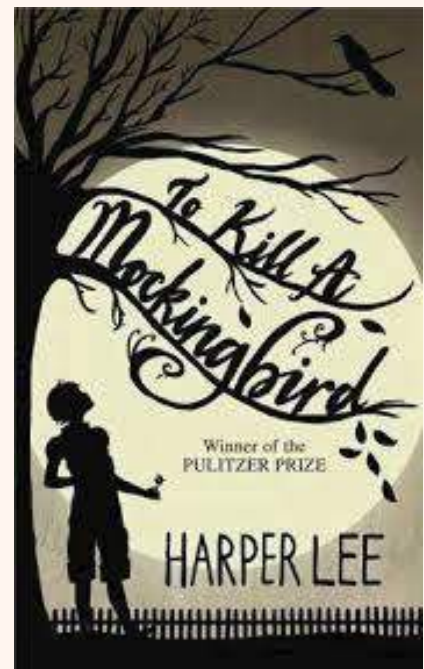
Abhiram, 7A

To Kill a Mockingbird is a North American classic written by the unparalleled Harper Lee. Using her graceful prose, Ms. Lee introduces critical problems that plague the society and explores them through the eyes of an innocent young child living in the Southern United States during the great depression.

In Maycomb County, a quaint town in Alabama, every family that indulges in anything has a streak, whether it be a peculiar streak, a morbid streak, or something more serious. Here, young Scout Finch along with her brother Jem, and Dill Harris try to make Boo Radley come out. Boo is the son of the Radley family, who hasn't come out of the dilapidated family house for over thirty years, probably due to his shy ways. But the children prefer another explanation, that Boo is a boy who eats raw animals and was locked in the house by his own relatives. But Scout's life changes when her father, Atticus, takes up a case of a black man charged with rape, whose trial deeply affects Scout Finch's irregular education in a crucial way.

Through the eyes of a young girl, Harper Lee teaches us about racism, prejudice and courage, making this book more than a protagonist, an antagonist and a plot. With tactile brilliance and lively characters, Ms. Lee shows what we can learn from everyday experiences.

Harper Lee's novel dives deeper and shows another side of racial discrimination in the Southern United States, by making a black man an innocent victim. It contains all the features of a contemporary work at the time, but they look new and fresh.



The refreshingly varied characters and their personalities really appealed to me. This novel is a real page-turner that has you hooked till the end, with a cleverly woven plot and absorbing story. Although I must warn you, it is extremely hard to put this book down once you start it!

A very pleasant, undemanding read, I would recommend this book to anyone who is capable of understanding the issues, which would be very disturbing for young readers. Otherwise, this eye-opening classic is a very enjoyable book to read.

# War of Words

## THE WAVE

Auric Mitra, Grade 10A

Over the last 30 years, India has grown to become an economic superpower. India's most recent economic expansion has brought a record number of people out of poverty. A growing middle class has fuelled impressive consumer growth. It is today the world's third largest market for smartphones and the sixth largest for cars. India's software industry employs more than 14 million people. Some credits do have to go to some of India's private sector too, which has helped build the power, India's economy has today. Not only that, but these acquisitions have helped change the culture of corporate India, embedding international best practices in some of India's top companies. For example: Tata Motors bought the Jaguar Land Rover car business from Ford Motors for \$2.3 Billion.

In the 1970's, India had a huge slump in the employment sector. Mainly, this was because, most of the services were owned by PSU's. Then, there was the problem of the 'License Raj'. The Licence Raj was an elaborate system of licences and regulation, for anything really. From buying groceries, to getting LPG, or even setting businesses.

Then came 1980. Indira Gandhi was elected for the second time. This time she really wanted to make some change to our economy. So first, to increase our employment from the slump, she put India on the world map, by hosting the Asian Games (or Asiad). While this happened, the colour TV was announced in India, and everyone had their eyes glued on to their TV sets. Private sector companies saw this as an opportunity to start advertising. So, the first colour advertisement in India was made, by a washing detergent known as 'Nirma'. After that, in pursuit, other companies started to do the same and now it had become a trend. Following Nirma, 'Bajaj' and 'Maruti' also released colour advertisement, for their scooties and cars. With these advertisements, consumers started having 'choices', which increased the demand for these products. To meet up with the increasing demand, companies had to start employing more, which got India out of its employment slump.

In 1990, a new government, Manmohan Singh as India's new Prime Minister. The first thing he did, was remove the unorganised Licence Raj. After this, things became much easier, simpler, and faster. Later, he connected a lot of PSU's into Private Sector companies like BSNL and many more. This privatisation created much more employment, from what it was earlier. Afterwards, a new law was passed which allowed FDIs (Foreign Direct Investment). This is what really made India the superpower it is today. What this did is that it allowed dollars and other foreign currency to pour into our RBI, and this increased our economic strength.

# War of Words

## THE WAVE

The Informal Sector, is the part of the economy that is not taxed or monitored by any forms of government, i.e. they are unbanked or 'Cash Economy'. The Formal Sector, is where wages and transactions happen through the bank. The informal sector in 1980-1990 used to be 80% of our economy. The advent of FDI's, improved a lot of the private sector, and the informal sector reduced. According to a report "The higher the education level, the higher the chance to obtain formal employment". Previously, Agriculture was in the informal sector, and had the highest level of employment. But over the years, employment in Agriculture has reduced and the employment in services has increased.

Indira Gandhi, was the first woman Indian Prime Minister. She became like a face or an inspiration for women to stand up and fight. She empowered a lot of women across the country. One example could be: Kiran Bedi, India's first woman who joined Indian Police Service in 1972 as a highest ranking officer and is famous for her tough and innovative police strategies. Like Kiran Bedi, women were seeking jobs in the private sector too, like PepsiCo CEO, Indra Nooyi. In Urban India, women participate in the workforce in impressive numbers. For example, in the software industry, 30% of the workforce is female.

Post-Independence, in order to build the country, MahaRatnas were created, like Steel (SAIL), Gas (GAIL), Aerospace (Air India) and much more. Post-Liberalisation, the Indian private sector was faced with increasing domestic and foreign competition, including the threat of the cheaper Chinese imports. It has since handled the change, by squeezing costs, revamping management, and relying on cheap labour and new technology. However, this has also reduced employment generation, and even among smaller manufacturers who previously, relied on labour intensive processes. Therefore, PSUs play a key role in steering the national economy in the right direction.

In conclusion, we can see that India has grown quite significantly over the last 30 years and that there is a substantial amount of development that is going on. Programs like 'Beti Padhao, Beti Bachao' will help increase the percentage of women employment. As this development slowly increases with programs like 'Make in India', employment will also increase subsequently. Apps like 'Paytm' and Internet Banking become more prevalent, the informal sector will reduce, and the formal sector will increase. Finally, although PSUs play a key role in steering the national economy in the right direction, Private Sector organizations are the way for the future.



# War of Words

## ITALY AND THE FINANCIAL CRISIS

Indu Dubagunta

Europe has been struggling for almost a decade with its financial crisis. The financial crisis which has been in Europe since 2008, is the state where there were collapses of financial institutions and high public debt (government borrowings) in many of the bigger European countries. This all started when Iceland's banking system collapsed in 2008 and this spread along to other major countries like Greece, Italy, and Portugal. Until now, this has not been of major concern to Italy but now it is turning into more of a problem.

This crisis led to a fall in the value of the euro and Brexit where Britain wanted to leave the European Union. Italy's market became unstable after this move and along with the poor decisions of the government, the country's situation worsened. Italy now is in very large government debt which they have said will have a maturity of 8 years.

Now in 2018, Italy is heading for its first ever all populist government which doesn't have the perfect plan to improve the state of the economy. They were proposing a flagship policy which promised the poor a universal income that would cost the government almost 17 billion euros per year. The leader of the party stated that "the recipe for a lower public debt is by investments and expansionary policies".

They are also imposing a flat tax of 15% for all firms and individuals which will cut their tax revenue by 80 billion euros per year. They also plan on not moving forward with the proposed pension reform, which would cost them 15 billion euros per year. This will prove to cause a budget deficit and will make their situation worse, dragging them deeper into the financial crisis.

Economists all over the world, especially in the European Union, think that these policies will only make the country's state much worse than it is at the moment. They think if the financial crisis lasts, it will be as bad as the Great Depression of the 1930s. Whatever policies that Italy's government or the European Union takes, the recovery of the economies of Europe is one which is very far from the present.

# Book Review

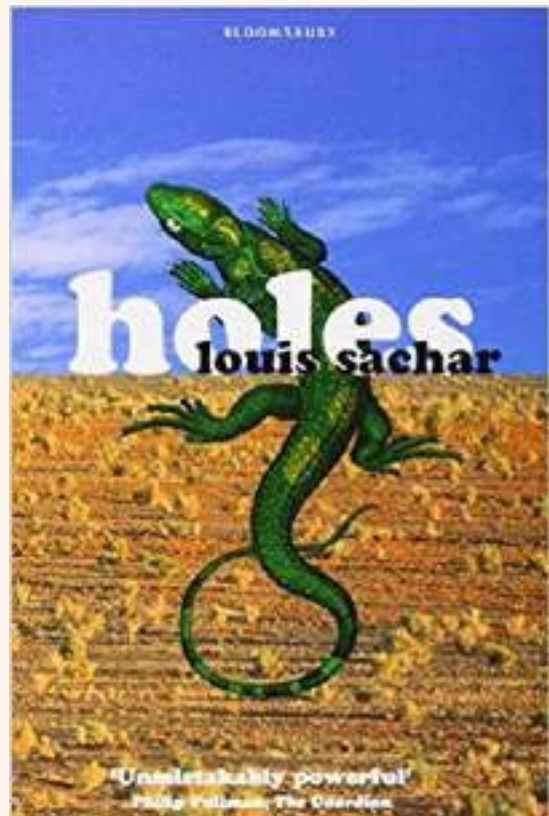
## HOLES

Shreya Challa

Do you ever feel like you're under a curse and nothing goes right? Stanley Yelnats feels like that everyday. And it all started with his great-great-grandfather! Why? Ever since his no-good-dirty-rotten-pig-stealing great-great-grandfather insulted a gypsy, almost nothing has ever gone right for the Yelnats.

So, of course, when Stanley gets arrested for stealing shoes from his sports hero even though he is innocent, he blames his no-good-dirty-rotten-pig-stealing great-great-grandfather. But nobody believes he's innocent, so he gets sent to Camp Green Lake, where there's no lake. There was, a long time ago, but it soon dried up.

The rule at Camp Green Lake is to dig a hole exactly five feet wide and deep. The shovel is your measure. But soon it's evident that the Warden at Camp Green Lake is not just making bad boys good... she's looking for something. But what could it be?



I really enjoyed the book. The author, Louis Sachar, writes about the past alongside the present, so the reader doesn't read everything from Stanley's point of view. The book has some pretty good jokes and overall I find the book amazing! As usual, Louis Sachar's writing is amazing- despite being crisp and straightforward, the writing takes the reader all the way to Camp Green Lake. Other books that Louis Sachar has written are Wayside School, Wayside School is Falling Down, the Marvin Redpost books, etc.

I really enjoyed Holes and it is a very entertaining, interesting book. I recommend it to ages 9 and above and can't wait to read more Louis Sachar books!

# War of Words

## ICELAND: ITS STAGGERING EMPLOYMENT RATE AND HOW THEY DID IT

Purvi Reddy

To understand this Nordic nation's current economy, it is important to first comprehend its history. Iceland was amongst the poorest nations in the world during the late 19th century. Agriculture was the primary and most popular sector until industrialization struck. The mechanization of its fishing ships, demand for fish rising due to wartime, and Iceland being an island added up to the creation of a large fish driven economy. By the late 20th century, around 83% of Iceland had shifted to working, directly or indirectly, in the fishing industry.

Then, in the 1990's, ex-Icelandic Prime Minister David Oddsson prioritized the liberalization and diversification of Iceland's fish-focused economy and ended up privatizing its entire banking sector. Considered a revolutionary decision then, and even now, it caused Iceland to move towards an economy heavily based on foreign investment banking and financial services. By 2007, the bank's assets were valued at almost 750% of the country's GDP, and the Icelandic unemployment rates were an impressive 1.75%.

Then, in 2008, three of the nation's leading banks – Kaupthing, Glitnir and Landsbankinn – went bankrupt. There were numerous reasons for this, including the credit market drying up and investments turning toxic as banks proved unable to cover their debt. Given the banks unprecedented and astronomical growth, Iceland was unable to cover their debts either. Pension funds reduced by 25% and unemployment rates more than tripled. 14% of the workforce faced a reduction in pay and around 7% had their workload forcibly reduced.

So, midst their biggest financial crisis since 1961, Iceland reformed its entire banking sector, again. It took a few big IMF loans, but Iceland made sure it did not slash their welfare programmes and government wages and banned foreign currency loans. Another proper diversification of sectors occurred and Iceland expanded to the technology and tourism sectors.

Women and female-employment

The ratio of women in full-time work relative to that of men increased from 4.7% in 1992 to 56% in 2010. Iceland has always had a relatively positive environment for

# War of Words

## ICELAND: ITS STAGGERING EMPLOYMENT RATE AND HOW THEY DID IT

working women through ages where it was not as accepted in many other parts of the world. In 2016, women accounted for 48% of the elected representative in the Icelandic parliament – the closest a country has ever come to equal political representation. In recent years, Iceland has achieved the smallest gender pay gap in the world and has held that position of over 9 years. Moreover, in 2018, Iceland enacted the world's first equal pay law.

In Iceland, men enjoy a 3-month paternity leave, and about 90% of them take it, making it easier for women to continue their careers – something that is almost impossible in most other nations even today.

### Post-crisis and the rise

By 2015, Iceland's total public expenditure was back to their pre-crisis 20 year average of 43% of GDP. Several factors now aid it function as one of the world's most successful economies including a relatively young population, a historically low unemployment rate, a fully funded private pension funds and a relatively small population.

During the crisis, employment in the public sector declined by 39% due to the privatization of the banking sector. Post-crisis however, employment has shifted towards public tourism organization, increasing public sector employment from 15% in 2007 to 48% in 2016. The ratio of tourism-generated foreign exchange revenues to total export revenues averaged at 31% in 2015, and the turnover in business related to the tourist sector was nearly 49 %.

### Education System

All of the above combined form a world-class, progressive education system that advocates equal opportunity for all regardless of their background. Most people in Iceland choose to go for the public education route, which is inexpensive and extremely effective.

It is no surprise that all these factors have led to Iceland having the lowest unemployment rate in the world, being just under 3%. It is an impressive nation that pioneers the future, both in its progressive policy, resilient administration and responsible citizens. For all its past turmoil, it stands proud for a host of achievements, and one can only expect more from them in the future.

# POETIC Minds

## MY HILARIOUS SIBLING

*Sneha, 4B*

I have a big sister,  
Who has a tiny little blister!  
She also likes playing with my twister.

My sister gets good ranks,  
But is a big thief in pranks,  
Who once emptied the tanks.

My sister acts like a king,  
Who likes to sing,  
She also has a precious  
gold ring.

She says I'm a fool,  
Who once jumped into a pool,  
But I think she is cool.

My marvellous sister loves playing  
with ink,  
By pouring it down the sink,  
She then asks where is my ink?

I love my sister,  
Who loves me,  
But be careful when she is around





# POETIC Minds

## DREAMS

*Sanjitha, 4B*

The moon is smiling at me!  
It's time to sleep.  
Thinking about dreams,  
I fell fast asleep.

In my dreams, I was in a jeep  
Carrying a bag full of beans,  
Thinking about how I look in jeans.

"Pom-pom" sounded the horn.  
I stood up to see why the driver stopped.  
Do you know what it was?

There were sheep saying "Baa-baa",  
Crossing the road!  
I got out of the jeep  
And I fed the sheep some beans!

"Tring-tring" sounded the alarm.  
It's morning already!

I was wondering what's for breakfast,  
I was very hungry!

It was cereal named 'Bungry'.  
Mmm-mmm! Very tasty!

It's time to go to school,  
I hope I'm not nasty!



# YOUNG WRITERS

## AN ORDINARY BOY WITH AN EXTRAORDINARY PURPOSE

Kavin, 10B

The Fall of 2017 was a turning point in my life. That faithful Wednesday, I hurried out of my school to only change my life and its purpose. I was walking home when suddenly, I felt a chill embrace my organs and muscles, as my body flew a couple of yards from its previous position.

I attempted to get myself onto my feet and noticed my chest feel lighter than before. I said, "It sure is a miracle to momentarily have a heavy heart from a bad mathematics paper change to a really light chest". I inquired of the reason of my apparent fall and right then I noticed people walk right through me. I WAS A GHOST!!

It did not take me long to realize that I was killed in a car crash and was now a levitating soul, and to go and fix my math teacher up with a couple of scares as a comeback for the terrible correction he had done for me. As I left school through the lobby window, I found a ginormous glimmering gold-plated gate appear in front of me. I was rather flabbergasted, yet took the time to have a little giggle, thinking to myself "It's funny to think when one window closes, a gate opens"

I soon walked myself to a huge corridor. It was as white as can be and this brightness almost blinded me. Then I found myself facing a large counter reading "God". My heart was in my mouth and my brain in my knees, I was mind-blown.

"God", I thought to myself, "definitely a guy with a good sense of humour or else he is just like my dad. There are the only two kinds of people in this world".

As I turned up, I saw a huge face, white brush-like eyebrows covering the eyes itself and a dense forest-of-a-beard.

# YOUNG WRITERS

## AN ORDINARY BOY WITH AN EXTRAORDINARY PURPOSE

"You look quite textbook, eh!" I said.

The face replied, "Ho, Ho and another ho! I am not God, it's a placard just to butter the way up to heaven! I got you, didn't I?" and he continued "I am the Gatekeeper, please state your number...or name, whichever deems fit".

"I'm Scott..Scott Plummeth," I said rolling my eyes after that ludicrous crack.

"You're quite a rare one, eh, death by car crash, right on the zebra crossing...after a bad test."

My eyes still wide in surprise listening to the boulder of a head speak.

"And because your remorse still due to the math test, your soul can still travel to the earthly plane and have a questionable spiritual solidity."

"So I am the only one like that, yes?" I inquired with a faint grin.

"Till date", the gatekeeper replied.

"I have a superpower!" I yelled in excitement.

Suddenly I found myself slightly dazed beside a handsome, yet lifeless body.

It's been six years since I have left my body in search of a larger purpose. Ghost-kid! I have helped the people of District B-13, Mumbai. The crime rates have dropped ten-fold and none of the criminals know why. I help the people using my invisibility and super-strength. Well, I can't brag either, can I?

*The End*

# POETIC Minds

## A BORING DREAM

*Pranav Sai, 4D*

“Wake up! Wake up!” shouts dad  
“Remember Joe, you’re making me mad!”  
“Oh dad, please let me sleep a while,” said Joe  
“I’ve got an infection you see, oh no!”

“You’ve got to wake up Joe, as early as a lark,  
Then you’ve got to take a walk in the park,

You’ve got to go to school,  
When you’re back home you’ve got to go to the  
swimmin’ pool”!

“But dad, what would happen,  
If I went to school as late as my friend, Laten?”  
“If you go late,  
You’ll end up in a very bad fate!”

Suddenly Joe woke up,  
Kicking his cup.  
That was a dream,  
Now I’ll eat some cream.



# YOUNG WRITERS

## VEXATION

Suhaas G., 10A

Tap, Tap, Tap. My fingernails steadily hit the fiberboard tabletop in an increasingly arrhythmic pattern. My busy mind buzzed with anger and the frustratingly calm atmosphere of the café provided no solace.

The café was in its calmer mood; the customers in a drowsy and meditative state from the soporific effects of the early morning. The refreshing aroma of freshly ground cocoa and warm milk wafted through the air, stinging my sensitive nostrils. I detested coffee; I silently laughed at the irony.

I glanced out the window, but barely anyone was on the bleak, dusty-gray sidewalk outside. It was hard to focus at the window, as the wall constantly screamed their bright, flamboyant colors. A highly fluorescing magenta contrasted with the dark oak floor. The tables were cramped together, and the chairs were uncomfortably spaced. The leather was newly upholstered; it was unnaturally glossy and agleam. The café counter was awkwardly pushed to a corner where it housed a small display of unappetizing confectionary. Behind the counter stood a bored waitress in an undignified manner, transfixed onto the small screen of her phone.

The noise in the café was subtle: a farrago of hushed murmurs, quiet phone calls and the cadence of frantic typing. A distinct chime filled the suffocatingly cozy air of the café, and my head turned; my annoyance only increasing a tenfold.

With gritted teeth and a stare of daggers, I was met with the sheepish grin of my 'esteemed' guest who was, in fact, incredibly late.

*The End*



# YOUNG WRITERS

## THE PEARL OF TRUST

Nayonika, 4C

"Zoey! Come here fast" said Chloe.

"Coming." Zoey came running through the golden sand of the beach.

"Look, I found something" said Chloe.

"What is it?" said Zoey squinting at something sparkling in the sand.

"Are you thinking what I'm thinking?" said Chloe looking into Zoey's eyes like an eager beaver.

"Yes."

"It's a seashell," said Zoey.

"No, it's pearl," said Chloe.

"Well, let's take it out of the sand and rinse it in water and find out," said Zoey, as she dipped it in the water and slowly took her hand out.

Suddenly, Chloe screeched, "Oh my God. Look at it, it is the most beautiful pearl I have ever seen."

But from that second Zoey started to envy Chloe because the pearl was to be Zoey's and not Chloe's.

The next day, Chloe was so proud of the pearl she found that she brought it to the park. Chloe showed her pearl to her friends as Zoey sat sadly in the corner as she had nothing to show her friends. Just then Chloe's mother called her, they were going out for dinner. Chloe forgot about the pearl and ran to her mother. Zoey looked at the pearl with guilt and thought for a second. Then she took the pearl.

The whole night she was overcome by guilt for stealing Chloe's beloved pearl. Then the next day in the school Zoey placed the pearl in Chloe's locker. Just when she was about to leave Chloe took Zoey by surprise and said, "I was watching you the whole time since you took my pearl."

"I'm sorry," said Zoey.

"That's okay because you are my friend and you did the right thing by returning it to me. So, now this is yours" said Chloe.

"Thank you" whispered Zoey.

*The End*

# YOUNG WRITERS

## THE HUGE EARTHQUAKE!

Sneha, 4B

"Luna! Where are you?" screamed Sunny Beth.

Sunny Beth is Luna Rover's best friend. Luna and Sunny live in California, United States of America. Sunny came over to Luna's house to play with her. They both were playing hide and seek. Luna was hiding and wasn't found by Sunny yet.

"Oh! Please come out Luna or else I'm going home," lied Sunny. Luna came out of the room as fast as lightning.

"No, don't go so soon," cried Luna in a sad voice.

"Are you mad? I just lied, pumpkin head," giggled Sunny.

Then someone interrupted Luna and Sunny.  
It was Luna's mom. Luna cried out, "Mom, did you bring the cookies?"

"Yes, Luna, my honey," said Mrs. Kellina Rover.

Mrs. Rover handed a plate full of choco-chip cookies.

"Yum!" cried Luna and Sunny. Luna and her friends sat on the sofa with a plate full of cookies, watching television, when suddenly...  
Everything started to shake rapidly. Luna was puzzled by what was going on. Then Sunny shouted,

"EARTHQUAKE!" Luna was frightened and ran to duck under cover. Sunny held Luna's hand when she was about to run.

"We have to warn the city about this situation," shivered Beth.

"How are we teenagers supposed to do it, blobber head?" said Luna angrily.  
After some time, the two of them along with Luna's mother rushed out, shocked to see a huge wind billowing and people running all around.

"Beth, what do we do? I mean, Sunny," screamed Luna.

"Luna, head right and warn the people, I'll go left and take Mrs. Rovers undercover. Okay?" suggested Sunny. She made sure that all the people had taken cover on the right side, while Luna took her mom and the others to shelter on the left side.

Suddenly, something crashed into one of the buildings. The building fell over many people. The building started a domino effect, making other constructions to fall down as well. Then Sunny spotted an old woman who had fallen under a flat piece of the building. Luna and Sunny ran swiftly towards the old woman and lifted the piece off her to save her. After some hours, everything stopped. Then Luna got an injury, so Sunny took her to the hospital.

When Luna woke up, Sunny gave her a hug. They saw all the people rebuilding.  
Sunny exclaimed, "We did it!"

*The End*



# POETIC Minds

## MY HEAD

*Aryan, 4D*

I went to the doctor to check  
my head,  
And after a few minutes the  
doctor said,  
“There is a lot of gel,  
This will not go well,

I will pluck out dirt, it will choke,  
This is not funny, not even a  
joke,  
There is a hole,  
There is even a mole,

Your hair is not growing taller,  
But it is getting smaller, smaller  
and smaller,  
Take this medicine,  
Your head will get cured,

Only five drops of it should be  
poured,”  
The doctor said.  
Outside the weather is as cold  
as a snowfall,  
I’ll, my friends, make calls  
And I’ll play with snowballs!

## MY TEACHER

*Vaishnavi, 4D*

My teacher is very nice,  
She never lets us pay a price,  
She always ties her hair and comes,  
By the way, she always hums.

My teacher looks very pretty,  
And she has a cute little kitty,  
She always makes our class fun,  
That’s how she gets our classwork done.

When we go on a field-trip to the zoo,  
Our teacher says,”Who knows what we  
will do?”  
My teacher brings her snacks,  
But all she has is powders and cracks.

My teacher lets us play dress-up,  
But it always ends in a mess-up.  
My teacher writes funny poems,  
About a very very funny gnome.

My teacher always says, “Hi”,  
And when she says that, she always  
sighs.  
My teacher has lovely socks,  
And she loves to say ‘Hello!’ to the  
peacocks.

My teacher is like a friend to me,  
Because she’s full of glee.  
My teacher is the best,  
But now let’s take a while and rest.

# YOUNG WRITERS

## MIR. MCMISERY

Vaishnavi, 10A

The snow had started to melt and was glistening beautifully on the rooftops and pavements. The street looked like an unfinished painting. Much of the canvas was still perfectly white, as if waiting for the artist's hand to return. Houses were covered in pearl white snow and it was certainly a quixotic sight to perceive. While some watched the snow in awe, others seemed to detest it and would scowl as little benign droplets fell on them.

Mr. McMisery most definitely fell in the latter category. He almost always had a frown and today it seemed to consume his face.

"Damn it!" He cursed once again after losing his footing on the icy frozen pavements.

Kids ran past him, laughing at his plight, not even bothering to help him, after all why should they? It isn't like he was ever kind, he was just like his name suggested, miserable! Groaning Mr. McMisery angrily got up, only to find himself back on the ground once again.

"What happened Mr. McMisery? Is the ice being more miserable than yourself? I must say that's quite shocking!" a teenage boy hurled the comment to McMisery, laughing loudly with his friends as they walked away.

"Those darned kids! Oaf! I dare say, it seems as this ice has a prejudice against me!" McMisery loudly exclaimed, earning himself a few raised eyebrows from the people who were also walking on the pavement.

After much failure and slipping a few dozen time, he finally made it to the alleyway that led to his house. It was quite dark, as the sun had set but the street lights were far from working. He was walking along, minding his own business for once, when suddenly something struck him.

It was snow!

It struck Mr. McMisery on the head, and quite knocked him over. He fell to the ground and the snow trickled down his neck in the horrible cold way it has.

Mr. McMisery was looking for his hat when he was struck by something again- and once more he sank down under a mass of snow! He struggled up, and glared all round. Who was this, throwing enormous snowballs at him in the night? Who was it? If only he could see them. He aimlessly looked around to catch a glimpse of his perpetrator, when he saw a figure lurking in the corner.

Mr. McMisery crept towards his tormentor and then suddenly threw himself on the waiting figure with a very fierce cry indeed. "Got you! Got you at last!"

Down went his victim into the snow, his face buried in it, so he could only gasp and splutter.

Mr. McMisery soon managed to tie up the arms and legs of his victim with his tie and belt. Then McMisery dumped him in the snow and tied his mouth with a handkerchief.

"And now," said Mr. McMisery to the struggling, trussed-up fellow, "I'm off to the police station to get the sheriff and soon you will find yourself spend the night in prison!" Off he went.



# YOUNG WRITERS

## MR. MCMISERY

He soon arrived at the police station but upon enquiring the assistant found that the sheriff was out and will return in a while. As McMisery waited, he started to think of all the awful and miserable things he could do to the man. Once the sheriff was back, he would lock him up for weeks, no months! Maybe even prosecute him! How dare someone throw snow at Mr. McMisery!

After a long wait, the door to the station chimed, signaling the entrance of the sheriff. The sheriff, Mr. Plod, stalked into the police station, red with anger and shivering with cold. With him was the local baker, Miss Lisa.

"Sorry, I am so late," Mr. Plod said to the gaping assistant. "Some idiot leaped on me in the dark, got my face down in the snow and tied me up so I couldn't shout or move. Wait till I get him. Just wait!"

The sheriff exclaimed while thankfully glancing at Lisa, "It is lucky that Miss Lisa found me on her way home otherwise I might as well have died of hypothermia!"

Upon hearing the commotion, Mr. McMisery's face turned deathly white. Oh, how foolish he had been! How much trouble he would get into for attacking the sheriff himself!

With that thought Mr. McMisery promptly rushed out of the station as fast as his long legs could carry him. His face was as red as a rose. He had been witless and worst of all, he still didn't know who the actual miscreant who had thrown snow at him is.

He was fumbling in the snow when suddenly he was struck down again. The white snow covered McMisery from head to foot like ornaments covering a Christmas tree. He was almost about to bellow in anger when he noticed something. He turned beetroot red with embarrassment when he realized where the snow had come from.

It wasn't someone, who was out to get him, that had thrown snow at him. In fact, it was the most natural thing ever and Mr. McMisery happened to be at the wrong place at the wrong time.

Winter was almost over and spring had started to peak out. The snow everywhere was melting and here and there it was sliding off the steeper rooftops, falling onto gardens and pavements; it had unfortunately hit Mr. McMisery. Well it probably served him right for being so miserable on such a pleasant evening; it seemed as though even the snow had a grudge on him!

"I've been an idiotic imprudent," said Mr. McMisery, under his breath, as he hurried home. "I thought a roof-fall was a snowball-I pounced on Mr. Plod thinking he was the one that threw the snow at me- and goodness knows what he'll do to me if he finds out that I am the culprit. Well, I shouldn't be surprised if he sent me to jail for 50 years!"

Poor Mr. McMisery. He didn't go to sleep all night- and now he was waiting for the footsteps and banging on his door that would inevitably come and seal his life away.

*The End*





# POETIC Minds

## MYSELF

*Pranavi, 4A*

I love to read,  
Also like to lead.  
I like to scare my parents with  
my fang,  
And like to feed my pet Lang.

I love to dance for my parents  
like a peacock.  
One day I asked my parents to  
break a rock!

One day I saw a slippery snake  
showing me a shell,  
It hissed at me with a cell.

I ran out,  
With a shout!  
I ran as quick as a cheetah and  
was tired,  
I thought that I was fired.

I ran to bed,  
And rested my head.  
I was scared to go to school.  
But the next day I realized it  
was just a dream.

## NORMAL THOUGHTS

*Shreyas, 4D*

Oh, what a small boy I am,  
Don't even know how to slam  
I'll wait till the night is reborn,  
But what if it never responds?

Why do I eat those chips,  
No! It's burning my lips!  
I'm going on a ship,  
Will I trip?

So I'll visit the doctor,  
But what if, he's out of order?  
I'll go up the road,  
But it'll be too cold

Now what do I do?  
Should I eat my chips?  
Should I go on a ship?  
Should I visit the doctor?

Should I go down?  
Should I go high?  
But I don't know how to fly!  
But most of all -

Should I care about all these,  
Because they're caused by my  
fleas.



# POETIC Minds

## THE SHOULDER

*Aranya Tanwir, 4A*

There once lived a soldier,  
who had lost his shoulder  
He checked for it in a dirty pool,  
But there was nothing but  
drool!  
He checked for it in his room,  
But it was full of mushroom.

He checked under the bridge,  
But there was a fridge.  
Hey it might be there in the  
fridge!  
So he tried to open it with all  
his might,  
But it wouldn't open as if it was  
in fright.  
So he shot it with all his anger,  
As easy as it is to talk to a  
stranger,  
But it didn't open yet.  
So he checked and checked and  
checked,  
For his very beloved shoulder  
Until he reached an Inn,  
And found his chair along with  
his shoulder!

## UPSIDE DOWN

*Awanee, 4A*

As white as milk,  
Sleeping at the night,  
The moon...  
If the world turns upside down,  
It will turn us around,  
Oh no...  
We will walk on skies,

And close your eyes,  
Soon the Sun will set,  
But in the morning,  
WHAT?  
The world is upside down!  
The school starts at 12:00 am,  
The time we sleep is 5:00 pm,  
Who wears shirts on legs,  
And pants on body,  
UPSIDE DOWN!  
Who likes this upside down,  
Down side up,  
Upside down,  
BOOM!!!  
Time flies...  
Just a dream.

# YOUNG WRITERS

## THE ABANDONED HOUSE

Srujana Reddy Namireddy, 4C

Once upon a time, there were three best friends - Anna, Peter and Sarah. They were always together. One day in school, just as the bell rang, the children ran out of their classes and screamed: "Yay!" Summer holidays had started."

Everyone rushed to their buses and went home. Anna, Peter and Sarah wanted to go somewhere together.

"Let's go to some place where the birds sing and there is greenery," said Peter. Anna and her friends went home.

The next day, Anna called her friends. "Peter, Sarah, let's go to my aunt's house. There is a lot of greenery and the birds will sing for us every morning. There are lots of mysteries which we can find there."

Sarah and Peter chuckled, "Okay, we will come."

The next day, they packed their bags and went in their car to Anna's aunt's house. Peter peeped out of the window after a while to check if they had reached their destination.

As he looked, he screamed: "Yay! We reached our destination. "

"Peter, please sit down", said Anna's father.

Peter sat down quietly and Anna and Sarah laughed. The car stopped and they stepped outside. Anna kissed her dad goodbye and she stepped inside the house with her friends as Aunt Susie greeted them.

"Go and wash your face, we have cake for dinner."

"Yay!" screamed Anna, Peter and Sarah. They went to wash their faces and came down in their pajamas. They ate the cake and slept.

The next day, Anna and her friends went to play with their blue ball. Peter threw the ball so hard that it fell in a puddle. Anna ran to the ball and saw a cave.

"Children, dinner is in ten minutes," said Aunt Susie. Anna said to her friends, "Let's go the cave at midnight. We will explore the place and come back home before morning."

Sarah and Peter nodded as they went home to eat dinner and sleep.

At midnight, Sarah and her friends quietly climbed down the stairs and went to the cave. After some time, in the middle of nowhere, a forest appeared. They saw an abandoned house. They went inside and saw something like a ghost. They got so scared that they pushed the ghost and spotted a person. They ran to Aunt Susie and complained to her. She called the police.

The police caught the person and said to the children, "You caught a thief. You are very brave, children."

Anna and her friends giggled. They really were very brave.

*The End*

# YOUNG WRITERS

## IF I HAD A DREAM THAT WOULD CAME TRUE

If I had been given the power to make dreams come true, I would choose my most important dream. The dream I would choose is one I had a while ago. In it, I had magical powers given to me by an old woman. It started like this. My friends and I were walking home together. We saw a woman throwing some bread to different birds. Suddenly she cried out in pain and started falling. I rushed to help her. Just before she fell, I caught her and sat her down on a wall.

‘Thank you my child, you saved me. To repay you, I will grant you a wish,’ she had whispered to me. Immediately, I thought of magical powers. I had always thought that being able to control fire would be wonderful. I asked for this and instantly I felt I could do it.

The woman taught me how to control my powers and a week or two later, I had gained complete mastery over them. I had thought my dream was coming to an end, but no, I was nowhere near the end!

A few days later in my dream, I was being pulled by a mysterious force towards a hedge taller than me. I walked through the hedge and found myself in another world.

Chaos was reigning in this new world. Gunfire whizzed all around. Fire and smoke crowded the air. This new world smelt musty and smoky. Civilians ran helter skelter, caught in the crossfire, mourning and sobbing over the loss of their friends and family. Giving up and falling down, feeling as if their life had ended.

All through this, I stared in awe and fear. A hand grabbed me in my dream and led me away.

‘You are the chosen one, help us now’, said a figure in a hoarse voice.

‘No, I do not understand, I cannot do anything, please let me go back’, I screamed, trembling and shivering.

After this, the figure told me everything. What was happening now was a war against men and witches and angels. The angels were on the same side as men and all hell had broken loose. The only one who could bring peace back was me.

It was stated in a prophecy that when peace was needed the most, a girl would step through the boundary of the two worlds. This girl would have special powers and would make sure peace returned to this world.

At that moment, I understood what to do, but just when I was running out to stop the war, I woke up. I wanted to finish the dream and wanted to know what happened next. This is why when I had been given the power to make dreams come true, I knew which dream I would choose.

I thought about this while I made my gimcrack bed. This dream is most important to me because I had wished to control fire for nearly my whole life and wanted to be a person who would be remembered for bringing peace to the world. I had wanted to do good to the world and have a purpose in life. This is why I would choose this dream and be happy and contented living in it.

*The End*



# POETIC Minds

## MOTHER

*Gayatri Jagdev, 4<sup>C</sup>*

Sweet and kind,  
Sharp in mind,  
Strong as a stone,  
The family's bone.

She cooks like a speedy  
train,  
And always tests my  
brain,  
She is never wrong,  
She is very strong.

Always rocks like a  
rockstar,  
And gives me a chocolate  
bar,  
She lives in town,  
She never gives me a  
frown,  
She deserves the queen's  
crown.

## WILL I

*Lalitha, 4<sup>D</sup>*

Yesterday in school I sat in my  
chair,  
Some Will I's crawled into my  
mind.  
They danced and swayed,  
Hopped and waved all day.  
They sang their old rhyme,  
While I didn't know the time.

Will I become a doctor?  
Will I become a potter?  
Will I become an artist?  
Will I become a journalist?  
Will I become fairy?  
Will I go around merry?  
Will I become a writer?  
Will I become a typer?  
Will I become a dancer?  
Or will I become a singer?  
Will I write?  
Or will I bite?

I don't know what to think,  
So I cannot blink.

Life is all same,  
While I try to be tame.  
Everything is different today,  
But the Will I's crawl again.



# YOUNG WRITERS

## NANDU IS TRAPPED!

Dhruti Mudigonda

At the foot of Mount Kilimanjaro, there lived Lakshmi, Nandu and Kaka, their grandmother, in a small hut. The climate was unpredictable there. Sometimes it was freezing cold and other times it was normal.

"Pittu." said Lakshmi.

"Not again!" said Nandu and the other team members. "Seven stones is a boring game. I am reluctant to play this game."

"Please?" requested Lakshmi.

"What do you say, friends?" Nandu asked his team members.

"Fine!" they all said together.

"Yeah!" exclaimed Lakshmi. They continued to play the game.

"Oh no!" exclaimed Nandu. The ball in Nandu's hand had slipped. It whirled and went near a storehouse that was four meters away. Nandu immediately started towards the storehouse.

"Nandu! Don't go to unknown places! Please! It's dangerous in there!" shouted Lakshmi.

"We're warning you!" shouted his friends.

Nandu didn't listen, but he was scared within. He went on his way.

As soon as Nandu reached the storehouse, someone started dragging him. Lakshmi, who was staring at Nandu from a distance, immediately went to Kaka to inform her about this incident.

When Nandu revived, he realised he was inside the storehouse! Sunlight poured in through a window. There were many antiques in a dark, quiet, corner of the room. He could see a gecko outside the window.

Suddenly, two men appeared out of nowhere. One of them was tall, thin and bald, and the other was a manikin. They were scary with black and red scars on their faces. The tall, thin, bald man was Kal and the manikin was Mal. Nandu recognized them. They were the most famous thieves in the village!

"If you both play hide and seek with me, then I will tell you the places where the antiques in the village are hidden." said Nandu.

"Sure!" the two thieves said together.

That started the game, with a smile on Nandu's face. Kal started counting when Mal and Nandu were hiding. Mal and Kal were not suspicious of Nandu nor were they confident. As soon as Kal started counting, Nandu got up and trotted away. He had managed to escape from the storehouse. Nandu had fooled the two thieves! Nandu scurried back home. He was exhausted! He couldn't breathe!

Nandu trotted to the living room. He noticed a strange sight. Lakshmi and Kaka were weeping. Lakshmi noticed him.

"Nandu? Is that you?" asked Lakshmi.

"Yes." Nandu replied quietly. Lakshmi went near Nandu and embraced him.

"Didn't I warn you?" asked Lakshmi.

"Sorry, I should have listened to you. I was the one who made you and Kaka weep." said Nandu.

Meanwhile, as soon as Kaka heard her name, she had realized that Nandu was back. Kaka went and felt his face. It was Nandu indeed, she thought. Then, Nandu explained everything to Kaka and Lakshmi.

Lakshmi was astonished and said, "When did you become so intelligent Nandu? I thought you were still a baby!"

"Stop teasing me, sister!" shouted Nandu.

"Now, now, stop fighting!" said Kaka.

The next day, they went to the police station and informed them about the hideout of the thieves. The police caught the thieves. Kaka warned Lakshmi and Nandu not to sneak into the storehouse again.

*The End*

# YOUNG WRITERS

## DIARY OF THE DARK AGES

Joel Jose Thomas, Grade 7

"It's one heck of a sleepover", his mind stated. "All your friends are here but your head is not". Outside, the azure blue sky was turning into a dark, ominous blanket. Pomfrey was staring onto the phantom lights, bringing brightness into the dark. His friends were just playing around, pranking others and chattering about their day's activities. But Pomfrey was walking around his room.

Staring into the mirror, his eyes were yearning for some sleep and his head was pounding like a huge drum. "I should be enjoying because this is my mansion", his mind chattered, "but they don't acknowledge the fact that I am present here".

Being the son of a Marquise, all that he wanted were good friends. He slumped himself onto his bed. "A short and stubby boy, only eleven years old, could never enjoy and get along", scolded his mind.

Ignoring the vague comments of his mind, Pomfrey glanced at the clock.

"It's way past my bedtime", he sighed as his eyes closed in a blur of darkness with his friends voice calling him "Hey Pomfrey, come over here.....!"

A sound of a pail filling and then -SPLASH! The water poured down his face. Pomfrey woke up with a scream, his friends giggling around him.

"Wake up sleepy-head, let's go and explore the mansion!" bellowed Jake. For a muscular and tall boy like him, Jake would not mind waking up at midnight. Others chorused in and Pomfrey had to join them or they would create a racket, disturbing his peace. They went out to explore, Jake marching up front with the rest huffing to maintain pace.

As they moved along, they reached the store room. Pomfrey knew that they had to stop as Sarah was becoming a hypochondriac saying that she was having an ache in every part of her body.

"Guys let's explore the store room!" Everybody turned curious, except Pomfrey because he knew that there would be nothing in there.

The room was pitch-black, with a draught coming in. The floorboards creaked as they stepped in.

"This is creepy guys." Sarah whispered into Pomfrey's ears.

The darkness was eating up their excited minds. Suddenly, a book appeared from nowhere in front of him. As Pomfrey opened the book, everyone was sucked into it. There was again the blur of darkness in his eyes.....

A hooded figure stood in front of him. "Join our cause, Pomfrey, you are the chosen one, the MAKER".

Pomfrey's mind was racing, it was an amalgamation of his dark background. He was a wizard.

"Your arrival was waited for a long time", the figure stared at him with diabolical, red eyes.

"Never!" the exclamation came through his mouth. "Never", he repeated, out loud and clear. The figure was Dementorious, the evil emperor of darkness.

The duel started and Pomfrey was on the ground. He never used any spells, but his opponent was a master. Darkness was at the rim of his vision; he was about to pass out.

"Now, you die!", screamed the shrill voice.

Looking at his unconscious friends he groaned.

"Summon the Triagon" a voice whispered; it was the ghost of his parents.

Their eyes rested on him. With his last strength he summoned the Triagon. His eyes closed forcefully with the three headed dragon grueling with Emperor Dementorious.

"No..." his weak voice screamed.

Pomfrey woke up, nothing had changed. The sunlight was glowing onto the table stand and the autumnal wind howling at his window. Darkness was expelled from the sky.

Suddenly, there was a thin stick hanging onto his back. There it was, the wand with his parents' name on it. The Triagon toy was on the table stand, a toy he never bought. His friends all missing from their beds, stuck in the magic world, all alone.

*The End*



# POETIC Minds

## REALITY

*K.S. Sanjana - 11A*

Wandering along the streets  
I wondered what this city hides  
A city known for its wealth  
A city known for health  
A city deemed safe  
From the horrors  
Rest of the world knew as reality.

Such a thought was broken,  
Rather it was assimilated into another,  
As I held the wild sheet of paper in my hand  
Fourth murder of the month  
I read  
Victim barely seventeen  
It said  
No evidence found  
I knew.

Treasure can be protected deep under the sea  
But there was never a man  
Who left with only one  
There were always more taken  
Greed and curiosity have ruled mankind  
Longer than any king ever known.  
Such a report was just one  
Just one of the thousands of secrets  
Krovich kept safe.

Keeping these truths veiled was more important  
More important than helping the ones in need  
More important than protecting the children  
More important than letting others know their true form.

These colorful gardens  
Clear rivers  
Smooth roads  
Smart robots  
Were the artificial elements  
Of happiness  
Of safety and security  
Which deceived many  
But not me.

How would they know  
That something was wrong  
How would they know  
That there was poison  
Poison coated in strawberry cream  
Poison which ended a life.  
A life in sunshine  
They wouldn't.  
Of course they wouldn't.  
Blinded by their fake security.  
This city would never catch a mistake  
A disturbance in the perfect life  
A red in a sea of black and white  
A murderer in the midst of businessmen.

With this thought in mind  
I continued walking along the streets of Krovich.  
The bright blue sky reminded me of her smile  
The black roads reflected the dark night it took place.  
The red rose reminded me of the blood  
Of my beautiful daughter  
Whose innocent blood has been spilled  
Spilled to keep a dirty, disgusting secret safe.  
A secret which I was now going to expose.

# YOUNG WRITERS

## THE HAUNTED FOREST

Sriya. M, 5A

"Hurry up Nandu!" Lakshmi cried, stuffing her last pair of clothes into her bag. They were going to their grandma's house for a few days due to some inconvenience at their house in the city.

Nandu zipped up his bag and ran down the stairs. He opened the door and ran to the car, where their father was waiting for them. Lakshmi closed the door behind her and ran after Nandu.

"Ready to go kids?" their father asked.

It was a long way from the city to the village. The car passed through green meadows filled with blooming flowers and fields filled with golden corn and ripe apples.

"I just love this route! It's so beautiful!" cried Lakshmi with her eyes glued to the field.

Nandu agreed with her and said, "Didi, Look! We have arrived!"

Grandma was waiting for them at the door.

"Grandma!" cried the children as they ran to meet her. Their father waved goodbye and returned home. Their grandma was very delighted to see them.

"So, what do you want to do first, huh?" asked their grandma as she placed their bags on the bed.

"Granny, can we go and see Ananya?" Nandu asked Grandma.

Ananya was their cow who lived in the cow shed.

"Sure, why not?" said grandma, beckoning them to go.

Nandu and Lakshmi ran outside to meet her. After a while, they came back into the house, looking exhausted.

"Come on now, you look tired. We'll eat some dinner and sleep," said grandma. Dinner was then eaten in silence.

The next morning, the delicious aroma of parathas awoke Nandu and Lakshmi. They brushed their teeth and went downstairs for breakfast. As they sat down, they caught a glimpse of the forbidden forest. Legend has it that the forest was haunted by a woman killed 20 years ago. Breakfast was delicious.

Then Nandu spoke up. "Granny, can we go to the forbidden forest?"



# YOUNG WRITERS

## THE HAUNTED FOREST

"No, Nandu! How many times do I have to tell you?! You cannot go there!" grandma shouted.

Evening arrived and Nandu sneaked outside the house without informing Grandma. Lakshmi caught a glimpse of him and started following him. She saw him enter the forest and caught up with him.

"Aah! Didi, what are you doing here?" said a shocked Nandu.

"I saw you sneak away, so I followed you. Did you think I would let you go alone?" said Lakshmi.

They entered the forest and marvelled at the sight of the beautiful trees and birds. From outside, the forest looked creepy, but on the inside, oh how wonderful it was!

"I really regret not coming here before", Lakshmi whispered into Nandu's ear. But Nandu's mouth was still hanging open like a door.

Dusk had started to set in. Now, the forest looked creepier than ever. Tired from the long walk, Nandu and Lakshmi sat down near a big cedar tree and were surprised to hear a loud thud. They got up immediately and brushed away a thick carpet of dried leaves and twigs.

They found a wooden trapdoor with a big, metal ring of some sort attached to the door. They pulled it open and found a tunnel. It was dimly lit with burning torches. Nandu and Lakshmi went through the tunnel and found a small room with boxes of gold and jewels!

"Nandu, this must be a hideout of a gang of thieves!" said Lakshmi, in a low voice close to a whisper.

They followed the torches out and through the trapdoor. They were a bit surprised to see dawn arriving. Suddenly, Nandu saw a small hut.

"Didi, look! A hut!" Nandu cried as they rushed towards it.

They saw that they were in the village and sighted a small but noisy group of people. In the center, few village police men and grandma stood. Then, grandma saw them and rushed towards them.

"Nandu....Lakshmi..." grandma was crying. Then Nandu and Lakshmi told the village policemen about where the trapdoor was, and the thieves and their loot. After that day, Nandu and Lakshmi never dared to go to the forest.

*The End*





# REMEMBERING YOU

*Samhitha Nair X A*

My veil of confidence fell as I sat down on the train seat,  
My sapphire eyes immediately shooting down to my feet.  
The demons began battling once again in my head,  
Slashing through my brain, making sure everyone was either injured or dead.

My calves were tickled by a scrap of paper that appeared,  
Instinctively, I picked it up, hoping to get it out of my hair.

Purely out of curiosity, I turned it over to read up on what I had missed.  
As my eyes darted to the title, my breath hitched.

The mug shot of your face confirmed my suspicions, despite reading your name,  
My brain trying to convince me it was all just a silly game.  
But the horrible things the report said about your lies,  
Made me think otherwise.

And all of a sudden, the memories hit.

I remembered the first time we met under a tree;  
I remembered the first time you told me you loved me.  
I remembered the late night talks that ended at three;  
I remembered that with you, I felt free.

I remembered the teddy bear you had won for me at the arcade;  
I remembered you helping me make my horrible past fade away.  
I remembered that angelic laugh that gave me butterflies;  
I remembered the night those very butterflies died.

I remembered you screaming, spit flying from your mouth;  
I remembered you telling me to get out.  
I remembered the hit on my face when I did not comply;  
I remembered the many times I feared for my life.

I remembered the day I decided I had had enough;  
I remembered believing myself when I said I was tough.  
I remembered looking back as I walked out in the middle of the night  
I remembered regretting not being able to put up a fight.

I read the headline once, twice, thrice, then a fourth and a fifth;  
I would be lying if I said I wasn't miffed.  
I began begging myself not to feel pity and cry;  
Then again, even I could not believe my lie.

Tears of anger flooded my eyes, turning from blue to gray;  
Tears of sadness made me wish I had stayed.  
Tears of guilt ran down my cheeks, my hands not bothering to wipe them so no one would stare,  
But tears of joy – the most prominent – told me I no longer had to be scared.

So I willed myself to stop,  
Reminding myself that I was not a flop.  
That in no way was I at fault;  
He just merely had the keys to my vault.

And my mind travelled elsewhere,  
If in another life, you would actually care.  
As your face would stare back lovingly at me,  
And we would have lived happily.

# CREDITS

## Chief Editors

*Valli Peddada (12A)*  
*Marcus Fernandez (12A)*  
*Shreya Challa (10A)*  
*Purvi Reddy (10A)*

## Editors

*Aradhya Malladi (9A)*  
*Isha Kanigicherla (9A)*  
*Rishi Chousalkar (10A)*  
*Samhitha Nair (10A)*  
*Kavya Pothapragada (10A)*  
*Suhaas Godavarthy(10A)*  
*Saloni Shenoy (10B)*  
*Akshita Ravi (10B)*  
*Sameera Vasant (10B)*  
*Srikari Ammanmanchi (10B)*  
*Akshita Gundavarupu (12A)*  
*Sai Praneeth Vupputuri (12A)*  
*Rishita Chourey (12A)*  
*Prasad Kuberkar (12A)*

## Sub Editors

*Reeti Bandyopadhyay (8A)*  
*Syed Abdul Rasheed (8B)*  
*Tarun Manick Murugesan (8B)*  
*Spurti Challa (8B)*  
*Manogna Sai Chirasani (8B)*  
*Riya Meka (8C)*  
*Marcela Fernandez (8C)*

## Teacher Editors

*Priya Ma'am*  
*Sohul Sir*

# 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](mailto:info@manthanschool.org)  
[www.manthanschool.org](http://www.manthanschool.org)**