

# SPARSH NEWSLETTER



NOVEMBER 2019

## EDITORIAL

**Dear Readers,**

This edition of Sparsh is planned to acquaint readers to ideas that have not been previously touched upon: from mental health to economic policies and artificial intelligence. The spotlight section contains interviews with two Cambridge Learner Award recipients who have excellent advice laid out for their juniors; the Essays and Minisagas showcase the creative minds that define our school. While Laugh Out Loud is set to make your day as it documents humorous classroom situations, the poems written by Manthan's most expressive minds are bound to make you feel a plethora of emotions.

What makes this edition so special and close to our heart is that it celebrates a decade of Manthan, a milestone for this foundation laid by the greatest--- Ramkrishna and Shalini Reddy.

We welcome you to be a part of this celebration as we remember the wondrous journey Manthan has been through. Captured in words and pictures, in this edition, are the best moments of our school, the challenges it had faced, and how this educational community has grown to be one of the finest in Hyderabad.

The Sparsh team-the teachers, editors, technical team, and illustrators-have worked day and night for weeks to put out this edition together to ensure that the readers not only enjoy every bit from the magazine but also have something to take away from it.

We hope you love reading it as much as we did putting it together.

**Happy reading!**

**Editors-in-chief,**

**Soumya 12A**

**Mahathi 12A**

**Shreya 11A**

## FEATURED ARTICLE

# UMANG – OUR FEISTY FIESTA

Sharada Prasad

Before our 12th grade journey had even begun we had been sufficiently warned of the magnitude of this year. In many ways 12th grade is the epic finale, it's the conclusion of more than a decade at school and needless to expectations are high.

In fact 12th grade is often two journeys. One, get cracking with the syllabus and two, figure out your college. Was it hectic? Sure, but not as insane as many describe. There are horror stories associated with it, but it was an exciting week for Manthan from 22nd November -30th November; for, we celebrated our Sports Meet- Umang. The array of events was spanned across the week for different grades from pre-primary to high school. Our learners embraced the spirit of sports, athletics and fitness with gusto and excitement.

Children from the primary and pre-primary grades had a platform to showcase their skills through various drills, heats and games.

Middle schoolers participated in all the races and matches with fervid enthusiasm and our learners from High school felt the gush of their adrenaline rush while competing with each other in many a team and individual events.

The hortative participation of the parents was the icing on the cake. From marathon to Zumba dancing, from friendly football and basket ball matches to parachute drills; the events gave a perfect podium to parents to revisit and rekindle their childhood.

The success of Umang is attributed to our P.E. teachers who have directed and trained our learners to stay focused on the game and deliver their best. The measures to provide timely medical aid were carried out expeditiously by our medical staff. However, Umang would not have been able to achieve its desirable outcomes had it not been the bolster and encouragement of Ram sir and Shalini Ma'am.



What Umang also witnessed was true sportsmanship qualities amongst our learners –big and small for whom playing for his or her house meant more important than individual winning or losing. Whether it was a parachute drill or a throwball match , the outcome was to make our learners fit, firm and resilient .To quote Swami Vivekananda : “ The world is a gymnasium where we make ourselves strong” It is this mantra that helps our children revolve around the dynamics of sports and athletics.



Middle schoolers racing for the winner's trophy



School captains Mihir and Kasvi at the torch lighting ceremony





# SPOTLIGHT

## KRITI MA'AM AND SHYAMALA MA'AM Discussion on Mental Health

**Interviewer:** Mental health issues are an increasing concern nowadays, what can we do about this to ensure that fewer people are affected by mental health problems?

**Kriti ma'am:** It is everyone's responsibility to make sure that they take care of their mental health just as much as they take care of their physical health. Taking care of your mental hygiene, and ensuring that you acknowledge your mental state as a part of your lifestyle will help you in maintaining a healthy mind.

**Syamala ma'am:** I totally agree. Self-motivation plays a big role in mental health, along with discipline. Approaching life with pessimism plays a big role in negatively affecting the mind. There is no reason why anyone needs to be egoistic in what they do and say, and they should look at things positively. Self-consciousness, self-reflection, and self-correction also play key roles in maintaining your mental health: Think about what you are about to say and do before you do them; think about why you did something; think about what you can do differently next time. Most importantly, talk to those who are experienced, by which I mean, experienced in life as a whole, whether it's your parents, teachers, or psychologists like us.



**Interviewer:** Mental health in India is not taken very seriously. Many people believe that if one feels lonely or despondent it is simply an excuse to get away from something. Clearly, this is not true, but in a country with such beliefs how will we bring about the much needed awareness and destigmatize mental health issues?

**Kriti Ma'am:** We need to start with the youth and make sure that learning about mental health starts from the primary level at school. It should be made part of the curriculum and along with other health check ups, mental health check ups should also be provided to students. When children begin to understand the true value of mental health, they will tell others, and soon enough it will spread across the country and to a much larger scale.

**Syamala Ma'am:** In earlier times, most people lived in large joint families, where if one wanted to approach someone to talk to, they had a lot of choice. This means that there was no need for them to approach anyone outside their family. Approaching a psychologist for emotional support was never a part of their culture. In this day and age, we have a lot of nuclear families and so, people no longer have many options in whom to approach for emotional support. Since the culture carries on, people are not free to express their emotions to outside people and their thoughts are piled on top of each other. We need to ensure that children and adults alike know that approaching a psychologist to help with a mental issue is just as important and normal as approaching a doctor for dealing with a fever.

**Interviewer:** It is believed that social media has an adverse effect on studies. However, a recent study conducted showed that the mental health of teenagers is unaffected by the amount of time they spend on social media. Do you agree with this? Why or why not?

**Kriti ma'am:** I do not agree completely: there are always two sides to a story, and similarly, there are both positive and negative effects that social media can have on a teenager. In today's day and age, children are shown to have much weaker eye muscles than they did before as a result of increased screen time, not to mention that problems



# SPOTLIGHT

## KRITI MA'AM AND SHYAMALA MA'AM

such as ADHD are much more common. When a child is developing, he/she needs other stimulation as opposed to only staying indoors: they require exercise and outdoor activities, and a lot of screen time can negatively impair their development. It can impair their growth as well as their gross and fine motor skills. These days, children aren't as curious or eager to explore new things as they were before, the cause being social media. The concept of social media itself is very superficial, where people depend on likes and comments to boost their confidence, and shows that people lack confidence in themselves. Having actual face to face interactions with your friends and family can be vital to your development as a whole.

**Syamala ma'am:** Social media not only includes Facebook and other networking sites, but movies and such, which have a larger reach and are capable of impacting people on a very large scale. I believe they do affect a person's mental well-being, especially because violence is very dominant in movies nowadays, and may unconsciously cause people to behave aggressively. Most people do not know this, but even minor disturbances in their day to day lives can build up and damage their behavior in the long run.

**Interviewer:** Modern statistics show that women, on average, are affected by mental health issues nearly twice as much as men. What do you think could be the reasons behind this?

**Syamala ma'am:** Well to start off, I don't agree with this statement. I believe that women are much stronger than men and they have the unique ability of multitasking which men do not have. Men cannot handle many things at once. Before, men were allowed to show multiple emotions, mostly anger and frustration, whereas women were emotionally suppressed and were not allowed by societal expectations at the time to express their thoughts and desires, because of which they had to deal with a lot of bottled up emotions, but now, that is not the scenario and women continue to become stronger everyday and are capable of dealing with even the toughest of situations.

**Kriti Ma'am:** I agree with Syamala ma'am. But then again there are two perspectives in this case as well. Some mental health problems are more susceptible to men and some towards women. Many people believe, as a result of societal expectations in the past, that men are not supposed to cry or show their emotions. As a result, they feel less inclined to actually express themselves, and are prone to bottling up their emotions. Not only can this impact their mental well-being, but these situations may lead to an increased risk of health problems such as cardiac arrests.

**Interviewer:** What lead you and your students to create a support group? How will it benefit the students (those in the support group as well as the others who want to approach them)?

**Kriti Ma'am:** Well, the main objective behind creating this support group was to have a group of students that other students could talk to; a group of peers with which they would feel comfortable expressing themselves. Having peers talk with other students their own age enables a sense of connectivity with them and can also enable them to have face to face interactions.

**Syamala ma'am:** I think the main reason that we created a student support group as opposed to one run by only teachers was because students see teachers as authoritative figures, and as a result, cannot express themselves very freely in front of them. This is just human tendency: we tend to listen to our friends more than we tend to listen to our parents or teachers, and in this case, we thought that we could use that fact to allow students to openly talk about anything they may be going through, and allow the support group to act as a channel to convey their issues.

**Interviewer:** Thank you Teachers. This discussion will surely help our readers!

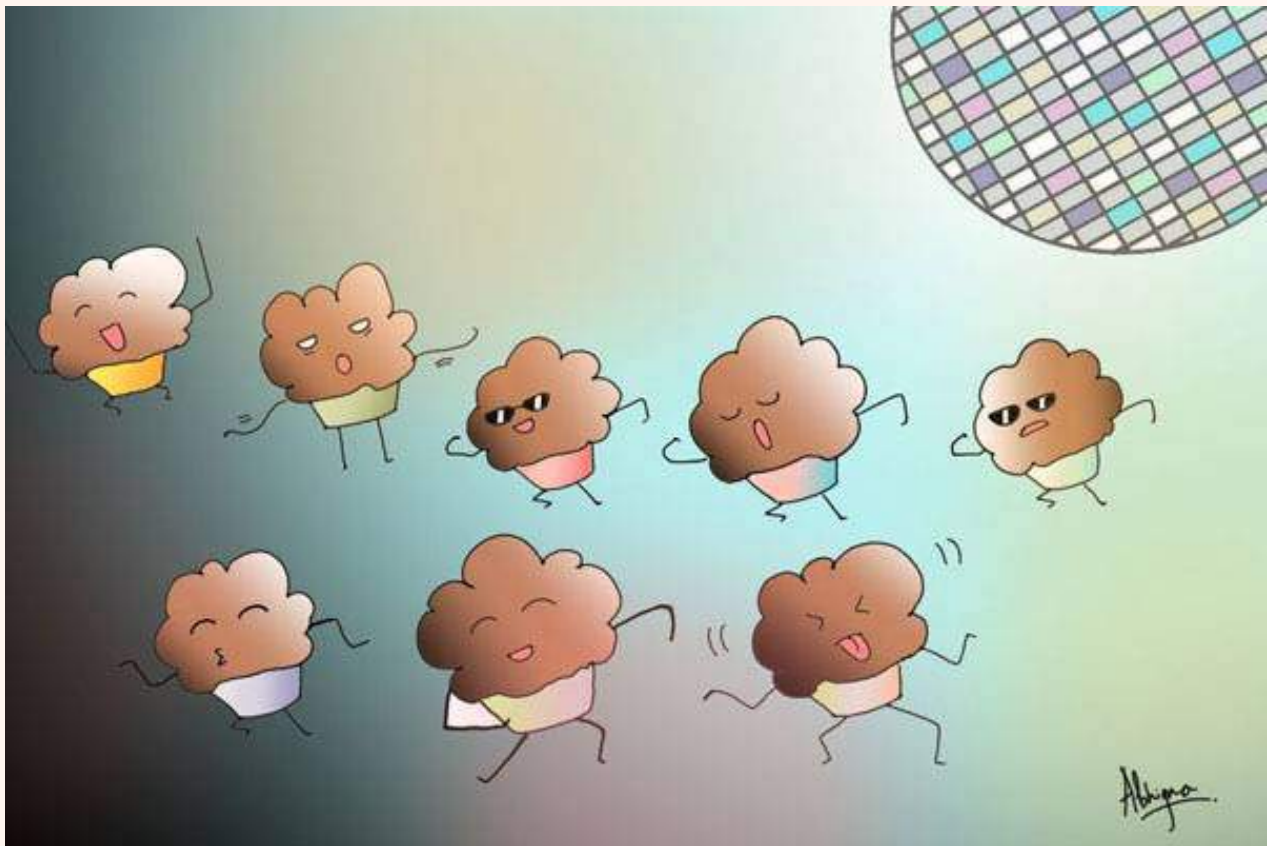
**Interviewed By:** Soumya (11a) , Aradhya and Shalini (10 B)



# Laugh Out Loud

## A-BUN-DANCE

Abhigna M. (10A)



## PUNCHLINES

*An omnibus (or should I say omniPUNS?) of some of the best classroom jokes*

Kasvi Methi and Sai Teja (10A)

Why do we have to knock on Malala Yousufzai's door?  
Because "Nobel."

What does a furry, four-legged farm animal eat for breakfast?  
Goatmeal.

A: Hey, why did you open that pizza parlor? Don't you have a job?

B: Yeah, but I knead the dough.



# Laugh Out Loud

Rock: I just adopted a puppy!

Pock: That's great! What's its name?

Rock: I've asked her a million times, but she's never told me!

If India's Prime Minister had plastic surgery, would it be called a MODification?

What do you call a rude thief walking down the stairs?

A condescending con descending.

How do you make holy water?

You boil the hell out of it.

If Hitler was a tiny insect, what would you call him?

A tyr-ANT.

Light travels faster than sound. That's why some people appear bright until you hear them speak.

Bob: My tummy hurts, mom.

Mom: Why?

Bob: On TV, Ajay Devgn said Lifebuoy is good for health, so I ate it. He's a liar!

What does a lonely Arab farmer do in his free time?

He dates.

What's was the Wicked Witch's favorite subject at school?

Spelling.

Teacher: Why didn't you do the descriptive writing task?

Student: I wanted to write it on my dog, but as soon as I put my pen on it, it ran away!

What would you call a boy band that only played classical music?

The Bach-street boys.





# SPOTLIGHT

## KAVYA POTHAPRAGADA, 11A

### A SNEAK PEEK INTO THE TOPPER'S WORLD

*Recently, Ms Kavya of 11A made to the headlines of the all leading newspapers. She was recognized by the Cambridge Board for securing 100% in Mathematics in her IGCSE exams that she took this past year. This automatically made her the national topper in the subject. The following interview was conducted a few months after the news was received. Here are her tips to success...*



**Aradhya (interviewer):** I think I speak for almost all our Manthanites when I say that we were ecstatic when we found out that you'd been recognized by the Board! Achieving something like that isn't exactly easy, so how did you feel when you heard the news for the first time?

**Kavya:** Well, I actually wasn't the first one to find out, which made it a lot more frustrating for me. The result screen was frozen, so I wasn't able to see my marks, but I soon found out after my friend called me and said that I had gotten 100% in my math exam. I really didn't believe her at first, but all I saw on my class's group chat were messages about how well I had done. I think that was when it actually sunk in for me, not to mention that one of my relatives also gave me a watch as a present. The whole experience was surreal, and to this day, I continue to be shocked, but grateful at the same time.

**Shalini (Interviewer):** I've seen the drawings you work on, and they're detailed down to the very last element: they must take quite some time to do, not to mention that you bake in your free time as well! Balancing those kinds of hobbies and extracurricular, and managing to score well is something that every student aims to do, so how did you balance these two aspects of your life?

**Kavya:** I set apart about four hours every weekend to do whatever I want. In those four hours, I would make sure that all I did was relax and not think about studying. I usually have a lot of things I want to do, so I often end up doing multiple things at once, like watching a movie and drawing at the same time. It really helped me by making sure that I find a balance between extracurricular and academics as well as it took my mind off my studies and helped me relax once in a while.

**Q.** What advice would you give to your juniors (such as us) who are aiming to perform just as well as you did in their Board exams?

**Kavya:** If you can't finish your papers on time, make sure you work on your speed by solving a lot of past papers because when it comes to your final exams, you need to ensure that you're able to finish on time and recheck your answers as well. We all make silly mistakes, and doing this can help you make sure that you don't make as many in the future. When you study, remember to take frequent breaks where you make sure you are not thinking about studying. Also, I cannot stress how important sleep is. Not having enough sleep can really affect the way you attempt your exams. Oh, and make sure you have a clear idea of all your concepts. If you need help, you should definitely approach your teachers.

**Interviewed By: Aradhya and Shalini**



# SPOTLIGHT

## SUHAS KELLAMPALLI, 12A

### A SNEAK PEEK INTO THE TOPPER'S WORLD

*Suhas of grade 12 A topped country wide in Cambridge International AS Level in Biology. After this howling success, we spoke to Suhas to know his route to success...*

Here are the finds...

**Aradhya:** I think I speak for almost all our Manthanites when I say that we were ecstatic when we found out that you'd been recognized by the Board! Achieving something like that isn't exactly easy, so how did you feel when you heard the news for the first time?

**Suhas:** I was very happy when I heard the news, but kept in mind, at the same time, that it was only a small achievement of mine, and that I still had a lot more to come.

**Shalini:** Being students, we know that preparing for the exams isn't a cake walk. How did you overcome the challenges that came in your way?

**Suhas:** The main thing I want to say is that you should always maintain a balance between your academics and what you do outside of school, whether that relates to just your hobbies, or more time-taking aspects such as volunteering.

**Aradhya:** We've heard about so many accomplishments of yours such as your internship at Dr.Reddy's and being accepted into the New York Academy of Science. Balancing those kinds of hobbies and extracurricular, and managing to score well is something that every student aims to do, so how did you balance these two aspects of your life?

**Suhas:** Creating that perfect balance is not always possible. We must work towards it every day. Even if there are certain points in time where we find that we're focusing more on either our academics or in extracurricular, there will always be a way to bring that balance back and that is what matters.

**Shalini:** What advice would you give to your juniors (such as us) who are aiming to perform just as well as you did in their board exams?

**Suhas:** I know for a fact that all of you have it within you, and are more than capable of doing well in your Board exams. What I want to say is that you should try and figure out what you're passionate about, and just keep working towards that. Try your best in your Boards, and I know that you'll be able to perform really well.

**All the best!**

**Aradhya and Shalini:** Thank you Suhas. Great tips!

**Interviewed By:** Soumya 12A, Aradhya and Shalini, 10 B



# War of Words

## EXPLORING OUR ECONOMIC POLICY

Mahathi Kattamuri, Grade 12

Government economic policy should be directed towards increasing living standards, employment, health, education and sustainable development. It should not concentrate on fixing prices, raising taxes, and regulating bank lending. Discuss whether there is any truth to this statement.

Government economic policy is subject to a dual classification: demand-side, or supply-side. Demand side policies can involve two mechanisms, termed fiscal and monetary policies. Fiscal policies rely on government spending and/or taxation; monetary policies, on the other hand, rely on exchange rate controls, money supply, and/or interest rates. Government intervention--the active interference of the government in the market--is generally seen when markets fail; it is a response to market failure (if markets fail to achieve efficiency when left to operate freely).

Focusing all economic policies towards increasing living standards, employment, health, education, and sustainable development may have its own benefits. Firstly, targeting some of these objectives contribute towards a more productive workforce. Greater educational standards in the country will increase the level of skill that any entrant to the workforce will possess and can also lead to worker specialization. Better healthcare institutions ensure a fit and able workforce. Increasing the general standard of living again may attract more people to take up education--it may even enable previously poor parents to send their children to school---and join the workforce. This alone can greatly improve the country's economic situation; the logic behind this argument can be distilled into two key points. One, a more productive workforce means that any production that firms engage in is likely to be of higher quality, and will use up less resources. Costs of production are likely to decrease as a direct consequence of the fact that each worker will make better use of the resources at their disposal, and firms may even choose to pass on these lower costs to consumers in the form of lower prices, thus increasing the consumer surplus and improving economic efficiency. Aggregate demand may rise: either because quality has gone up, or because higher profits for firms means more employment and higher purchasing power for the population as firms expand. The increase in output and quality may also increase demand for the country's exports (provided the demand for exports is price-elastic, as per Marshall-Lerner's condition) and may also help improve the balance of payments stability for the country. A second reason why greater productivity is going to greatly advantage the country is that it attracts foreign direct investment. Internationally-reputed firms, such as established MNCs, may set up production in this country because it wished to make use of the highly skilled, able workforce, which leads to more job creation and consumer choice.

# War of Words

## EXPLORING OUR ECONOMIC POLICY

Directing government policy towards increasing employment (till the full employment level) also presents many of the same benefits. Higher employment rates mean higher purchasing power. It also reduces the stress on the workforce to provide for the dependent population. Targeting sustainable development has heightened relevance in today's world: we are at a crossroads that requires us to make a choice between consuming to the fullest today or preserving the future generations' ability to consume at all.

Furthermore, focusing on government intervention such as price fixing, regulation, or taxes is likely to impose a deadweight loss on society. It represents an opportunity cost that could have been avoided by attempting to meet the same objectives through other mechanisms. For instance, instead of fixing prices in the labor market (minimum wage), the government could work towards better employment policies (as mentioned above) that may achieve the same target. Moreover, taxation often has disincentivizing effects on the working population (as predicted by Laffer's curve) and in extreme cases, it might even lead to the working population emigrating from the country in search of better opportunities.

However, focusing solely on these policy measures may have grave consequences for the economy. While they certainly do increase productivity, they may also contribute to inflation, that, if unchecked by the other policy measures listed on the other side, would have drastic consequences for the economy. Higher aggregate demand, caused by an increase in employment, leads to demand-pull inflation and this leads to inflationary noise, menu costs, shoe leather costs, uncertainty, less investment, and so much more. Moreover, in some cases, government intervention is necessary. To protect the rights of workers, a minimum wage legislation may be the best tool a government has at its disposal. Without concentrating on the regulation of bank lending, it is highly possible that banks start to make bad loans. In India especially, bad loans have been posing serious problems for the economy, where defaulters often escape the country and it takes a lot of government resources and time to bring them to justice. Bad loans reduce confidence in the economy and this could lead to slower economic growth as investment ceases. Lastly, tax revenue forms a big part of total government revenue, and to stop focusing on raising taxes would throw the government into a budget deficit, especially if it needs to continue spending.

Therefore, while government intervention has its drawbacks, not at all focusing on the objectives of fixing prices, raising taxes, and regulating bank lending can be very dangerous. This question essentially comes down to whether the government should focus on macroeconomic policy or intervention, and as discussed above, there is a positive side to both views; this also depends on the kind of impact that the government is hoping to have on the market.



# War of Words

## SAVE WATER

Sparsh Pandey, Grade 9

Water is a precious gift of God on the earth. Life exists on the earth because of the availability of water. Water itself being tasteless, odorless and colorless, it adds flavour, color and a nice aroma in the life of living beings on the earth. It is easily found everywhere and is also known as life. It takes nothing from us but gives life to us. It has no shape but takes the shape of container we store it. We find it everywhere in rivers, seas, tanks, wells, ponds, etc, and yet we lack clean drinking water. Three-fourth part of the earth is full of water; however, we need to conserve water as there is very less percentage of clean water.

We all know that we need water for our survival on this blue planet. We need it for our daily work and we use it but in a wasteful way as we think that water is unlimited. When we talk to one who wastes water, they say that water is found on 3/4 of Earth. Well, this fact is quite right and although all of us knew that Earth is 70% water, most of it is salty water which we can't drink; only a little quantity of water is drinkable. The rest of the water is found in the form of glaciers which cannot be used as it is frozen.

### Importance of Clean Water

Without water, life is not possible on the earth. All living beings like humans, animals, plants, etc need water to grow, develop and live. Water is the only source of life on planet Earth. We need water in all walks of life from morning till night. We use water to drink, cook, bathe, wash clothes, water plants, etc.

People working in different occupations need water for different purposes. Farmers need water to grow crops, gardeners use water to water plants, industrialists use water for industry work, electricity plants use water to generate hydro-electricity, etc. Therefore, we should save water for the wellness of our future generations and for a healthy life for us and the wildlife. People in many places of the world are suffering from water scarcity or complete lack of water in their homes or their surroundings.

### Conclusion

We know that we need air, food and water for our survival, but these all are being exploited by the human activities. Among these three most important needs, the need to save water is the foremost.

SAVE WATER, SAVE a LIFE!



# War of Words

## ARE ENTREPRENEURS OR GOVERNMENTS LIKELY TO CAUSE ECONOMIC GROWTH IN A MIXED ECONOMY?

Shreya Challa, Kavya Pothapragada, Rakshek Vasu, Chetana More and  
Purvi Reddy, 11A

A mixed economy is one where the private sector has the freedom to decide the price of goods and services with respect to demand and supply forces. However, the state still has the authority to intervene if the welfare of its citizens is compromised.

An entrepreneur is someone who organizes the other factors of production- land, labor and capital- and takes risks. They are part of the private sector.

**Efficient allocation of resources**

An entrepreneur is likely to efficiently allocate resources in order to ensure their firm does not incur losses. In order to do this, they take into account the price mechanism wherein demand and supply forces establish a market price, which allows them to distribute the factors of production efficiently. This reduces resource wastage and ensures that all resources are fully employed in production. This is due to the carrot and stick theory, which is caused by the price mechanism.

However, this strategy will not work in markets where a firm has established itself as a monopoly because demand for their product is relatively inelastic leading to an abuse of market power. The government can prevent this through central planning. This is because the government has oversight over a variety of sectors which could give them unique comprehensive information regarding a market and the price at which to sell goods and services and on how to allocate resources efficiently.

**Innovation**

Additionally, the entrepreneurs may be more innovative than the government since their main aim is profit. They may be more willing to lower the cost of production and increase the use of technology as well as introduce new products. This innovation may come in his form of specialization wherein entrepreneurs can choose to specialize in one good and export this good to another country. This will help the firm gain revenue and the economy may have a current account surplus. The increase in revenue for firms will lead to and increase in supply, leading to economic growth due to rise in GNI (Gross national income).

However, the government can provide tax breaks and subsidies to domestic and international firms leading to a fall in the cost of production as well as greater investment in specialization and innovation.

**Profit Motive**

Entrepreneurs, since their main incentive is profit, may want a larger market share, thus they may be more competitive and drive down their prices to increase demand. This benefits the consumer who will pay lower prices for goods and services.

Although they may produce more in order to earn more profits, they may choose production practices that may be immoral or have negative externalities and harm consumers. Whereas, the government has a mandate to protect the welfare of the people.

On the other side, the government works for the welfare of the people, lowering prices and generating more employment, raising living standards and aggregate demand, which leads

# War of Words

## ARE ENTREPRENEURS OR GOVERNMENTS LIKELY TO CAUSE ECONOMIC GROWTH IN A MIXED ECONOMY?

to economic growth and development in the long run.

Conversely, due to the lack of profit incentive, they lack efficiency and hence the goods and services they provide may not satisfy the demand of consumers or may be of poor quality.

### Natural Monopoly

Another advantage is that the government, when producing goods and services, may prevent wasteful duplication of good, in which firms may compete to produce goods, but may not be that efficient as other firms. If the public sector becomes a natural monopoly, prices would be low and this wasteful duplication, which may occur with entrepreneurs, would not occur.

However, natural monopolies may not be very efficient due to lack of incentive and may lead to lack of product diversity and poor quality of goods and services. For instance, the Indian railways are a natural monopoly and have many problems due to mismanagement that often even lead to the loss of human life. Unfortunately, consumers lack alternatives and are forced to demand these services.

### Health and Welfare of the people

Most governments have a mandate to protect the welfare of their citizens. This translates to the government ensuring a minimum level of unemployment and lower cost for essential goods, unemployment benefits and pensions. All of this aids in improving the standard of living and aggregate demand in the economy leading to economic growth. Private firms lack this incentive and prioritize their profits over the welfare of their employees or consumers. Private firms do not give unemployment benefits. For example, Chrysler and GM took risky decisions that led to a loss in revenue and risked the jobs of thousands of their employees; the state intervened and bailed these firms out, protecting the livelihoods of their citizens. Against this, private firms will attempt to attract employees by providing fringe benefits, good working conditions and high salaries.

### Government intervention

The government also ensures that there is no market failure by taxing or breaking up monopolies, subsidizing or providing merit goods and providing pollution permits. They can also intervene in the market through fiscal policies. With expansionary fiscal policy, the government may reduce taxes and increase government expenditure to raise spending and employment, increasing aggregate demand, GNI and economic growth. This may have a more widespread effect than any actions taken by entrepreneurs

However, if a firm has a large influence on the political decisions, they may attempt to benefit from or influence the decisions taken by the government.

In conclusion, entrepreneurs can drive economic growth by increasing production efficiency, allocating resources according to the consumers' wants and being more competitive. However, the government can employ many policies, prevent wasteful duplication, and encourage employment as well as providing goods and services that are beneficial, but may not be profitable. A good balance would be in a mixed economy where the government has a presence in the market to rectify market failure and can help control demand and supply to some extent, but entrepreneurs are also encouraged.

# War of Words

## PENGUINS

Rohan 3G

Penguins are birds that cannot fly. There are different types of penguins.

### Appearances

Penguins have a large head, short neck and an elongated body. They are covered with lots of feathers.

### Diet

Penguins eat seafood. Their main food is fish, but they also eat squids, small shrimps-like animals called krill, and crustacean.

### Life Spans

Most penguins have a lifespan between 15 to 20 years. Some can live longer.

### Movement

Waddling is the most efficient form of movement for penguins. They use their flippers for swimming in the water. Penguins also slide over snow and ice on their bellies.

### Protection

Penguins have feathers all over their bodies to keep them warm. Outer feathers keep them waterproof and downy feathers them warm.

### Where are they found

Penguins are found in Antarctic, Argentina, Chile, New Zealand, South Africa and Australia.

Penguins belong to the bird family. They not only live in cold countries, but also can live in warm countries.





# War of Words

## ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE

Kavya Pothapragada and Abhinav Kotta, 11A

One of the most thrown around words in today's world is Artificial intelligence - more commonly known as AI.

What exactly is it?

In the simplest of terms, it is the ability of a machine or a computer program to think and learn. Basically, if a programmer were to create a program for certain outcomes, the computer would be able to learn from new experiences just like humans. This makes AI extremely valuable to businesses and that's why it is taking over the world with such a storm.

So, how does a machine think and learn like a human?

To make a system learn something, the programmer has to feed it some algorithms and some preset data before sending the computer out into the real world to be used. As it encounters new situations that it is unfamiliar with, it finds patterns using its algorithms in these cases and becomes faster at dealing with these types of situations.

Uh oh...does this mean that it will be harder for you to get a job in the future because you would have to battle against computers? No. Even though computers will be able to learn, the world will always need people to verify everything that the computer learns (as well as to make them). For example, commercial airplanes use AI autopilots. If anything were ever to go wrong, everyone would crash and die, but the pilot checks to make sure that the autopilot does not go wrong. Like this, AI can be used in any field from journalism to surgical technicians with experts constantly working with these machines.

Explain more...

One example of active AI participation in expert fields is the media. Even though the incorporation of AI into the media began recently, the two areas complement each other nicely. For example, Heliograph and the AI system in Washington Post create numerous articles for the Washington Post in a matter of minutes. Before publishing the article, a journalist proofreads the article and corrects any mistakes that Heliograph may have made.

AI, though just emerging, has become essential for our survival: Google Home, Amazon Alexa, and the Siri on your phone are all examples of AI that you use in everyday life. The incorporation of AI in media is only the start of a truly digitalized world.

# War of Words

## CHEETAH

Akshara.S 3E

A cheetah is a part of the large cat family, which lives in Africa. It is one of the largest animals in the world, and can run up to 112 kilometres per hour for a short time, most cheetahs live in savannahs in Africa. There are a few of them in Asia. Cheetahs are active during the day and hunt in the early morning or late evening.

Looks:

Cheetahs, when compared to other big animals, are light and slimly built. Cheetahs have deep, slender bodies and also have 2000 solid black spots on their bodies.

Diet:

Cheetahs are meat-eaters, so they are called carnivorous animals -it also means that they eat the flesh of other animals. Cheetahs are known as big cats.

Habitat:

Cheetahs live in Africa, mostly in the savannahs of Africa, and there are a few in Asia.

Movement:

Cheetahs have limbs, they are the hind and fore limbs. Cheetahs are the fastest animals in the world, and can run up to 112 kilometres per hour for a short time.

Protection:

Cheetahs are some of the largest cats in the cat family. They live in Africa, some live in Asia, some of them live in caves.



# Mini sagas

## THE BIRD AND THE SQUIRREL

Amogh, 2B

Once upon a time, there were two friends: a bird and a squirrel. They lived in the same tree. One chilly morning, the squirrel said to the bird, "You are very strong, and I am not. Why don't you get some food for both of us?"

So, the bird quickly agreed and flew away. Since it was a chilly morning, it was hard to find food, but somehow the bird managed to bring something to eat.

When the bird returned, the squirrel slyly said, "Why don't you go and invite some friends? You have got lots of food!"

Then, the bird dashed out of the house. After the bird was gone, the squirrel scooped all the food and scoffed, "Ha ha ha, silly bird. I have all the food now!"

When the bird returned with its friends, they saw the squirrel merrily munching on the food, so they lunged at her, but she escaped. The bird learned a lesson.

**Moral: Do not do something just because someone tells you to do it.**



# Mini sagas

## THE SLY FOX AND THE FOOLISH BIRD

Ishika, 2A

Once upon a time, there lived a sly and clever fox.

One day, the fox saw a bunch of grapevines. He couldn't reach it. A bird was perched on a nearby tree.

So, he looked slyly at the bird and said, "You are so kind and helpful. Could you help me get that bunch of grapes?"

The bird immediately flew and started nibbling at the grapevines, but her feathers got stuck in them. A bunch of grapes fell down.

The fox enjoyed the juicy grapes, while the bird kept on struggling to get her feathers out of the grapevines.

**Moral: Don't do something just because somebody tells you to do it.**





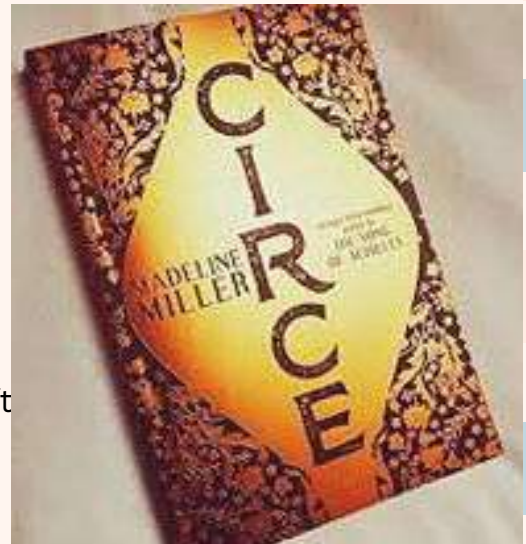
# Book Review

## CIRCE

Rishi Chousalkar 11A

Circe, a daughter of Titan Helios, is highly dissimilar from all her siblings and cousins: she does not have amazing good looks, a great singing voice, and apparently no powers. After spending a long, ignorant childhood of false love and feeble bonds in her father's halls, however, she comes to realize that she has a great skill - witchcraft. She experiments with her immature powers to find trouble and is exiled to an island forever. Away from the protective bubble she had so far resided in, she learns through experience the harsh reality of the world. Here, amid enthralling adventures and onerous trials, lies her quest for true happiness.

The book is an excellent read because of the intense characterization that is focused upon throughout the novel. From the moment Circe is born, she is constantly learning more and more about the world. Her development from a child to a woman is beautifully shown through her experiences: her joys and sorrows, victories and defeats. It also really captures the dark side of life, when it seems as though there is no good left in the world, that there is no hope for love. Nevertheless, she ploughs through these phases and learns to trust and love again. Her journey is graphed in an extraordinarily intricate manner - the young, foolish girl transforms into a strong, fierce lady in front of you.



'Circe' also reflects effectively the challenges faced by women in their lives; they are often not taken seriously and at times seen merely as tools. There is much pain and suffering that Circe has to endure, not only at the hands of men but other women too, before she is deemed of any significance. It imparts a very powerful message about gender inequality and the stereotypical mindset to the readers.

I would recommend this book to everyone above 14 years of age. It may not be appropriate for a younger audience since it has some dark and disturbing themes; however, it is imperative that older children and young adults read it due to the very real issues portrayed, which may well be faced by us in life.

# Mini sagas

## THE HORSE AND THE PIG

Navika, 2B

Once, a horse and a pig lived together on the same farm. They were good friends.

One ordinary day, the horse was thirsty. It was a hot day and the farmer had left very little water in a bucket for all the animals to share.

The horse wanted all the water. So, he looked slyly at the pig and said, "I know you can dance well. Can you show me some of your moves?"

So, the pig started dancing. But, the pig's eyes were closed. The horse quickly sneaked towards the bucket and drank all the water.

**Moral: Don't do something just because someone tells you to do it.**



# Mini sagas

## RINKO AND HIS PETS

Anwasha Bhargava, 1D

Once upon a time, there lived a boy named Rinko. He loved his pets. One of the pets was a dog. Rinko loved it dearly.

One day, his friend came for a sleepover. Rinko got so busy playing with his friend that he forgot to feed his dog! The next morning, he went to check on his pets.

He was totally shocked to see his dog was dead! Rinko continued crying for a long time and felt sorry for his mistake, but it was too late.



# YOUNG WRITERS

## THE RESCUE

Juhi Saini, 9D

I stood barefoot upon the glistening sand. The last rays of the sun brushed upon me as the omnipresent thunderclouds soon engulfed it completely. Rough crests of water kicked my feet as my hands opened the letter I had received from school. Therapy. They wanted me to do therapy. It had been two months since my parents had left this world, my world, and they had wanted me to do therapy. Tears rolled down my cheeks as thunder boomed around me.

All my friends had left me, thinking I was a "bad influence", but now I longed for them the most. I walked back home, letting my thoughts and fears get to me.

I swung the door open and the familiar scents of books devoured me. With my parents gone, I had to manage the town library by myself now. It was my home. I closed and bolted the door as water droplets pattered, bashed and slapped the window sill.

I poured some milk into my mother's favourite turquoise cup, sat on my dad's favourite crimson red chair and took a deep, long breath. Salty droplets resurfaced my eyes as I told myself, reassured myself, lied to myself that it would be alright, that I could do this.

The next day, a rude knock upon the door woke me up. I got up from the chair and rushed to the door, avoiding the heaps of books lying upon the dusty floor.

I slowly opened the door and found myself facing a boy of my age, brown messy locks of hair covering his forehead. His eyes matched his hair but had this unearthly glow, full of light. He wore a pastel blue shirt with denim black jeans.

"Are you open?" he asked with a shimmering smile on his face. My lips couldn't form any words at the moment so I nodded a 'yes' and stepped aside to let him in.

He strode in confidently to the fiction section, picked up a book, sat upon the wooden musty floor and flipped it open. I observed him for fifteen minutes, then disappeared into the kitchen to make myself some coffee.

I don't know what made me come out with two cups. I handed one to him and he gave me another smile.

"Thanks! My name is Alec by the way," chirped Alec.

"Olivia," I replied while taking a seat next to him. I didn't mind the dust on the back of my jeans, anyway. I closed my eyes for a moment, pushing aside the easy darkness it allowed me to fall into. "I don't need any help," I told my shattered heart and my annoying brain.

I opened my eyes and let them meet the pretty brown ones, sitting next to me. He closed his book and we talked. About the most randomest things, yes, but we talked.

We talked about books and dogs and green apples and waffles and cities and stars. It felt nice.

Then, he asked me where my parents work.

I told him and surprised myself by not crying or falling into a black void. He then surprised me by giving me a hug and asking me whether I wanted to go to the



# YOUNG WRITERS

## THE RESCUE

beach. I looked at the clock. It was 6.30 pm. I looked back at his deep brown eyes. It was astonishing how quickly time passed on when I was talking to him.

I nodded and slipped into the kitchen to steal a few cookies. He waited for me by the door as I wore my yellow sneakers.

Our footsteps echoed on the cobbled street as we walked in silence. No clouds were present today and the sky was filled with radiant orange hues.

Serene ripples reflected the dipping sun in the horizon. Alec took my hand in his and we watched the sun disappear and a tapestry of stars form, taking their time.

For the first time in two months, my face adorned a smile and I looked over to Alec. He smiled back at me and I let myself be pulled out of the blackness.

I might have required some help, but not anymore.

I had been rescued.



*The End*

# POETIC Minds

## AMUSING BOOKS

*Sneha Mukkamalla, 5E*

Books are a wonder,  
But they don't bring in thunder.  
Readers go deep in books,  
And don't care how the cover looks.  
Books give quite a lot of information,  
Which helps in succeeding in our education.  
Everyone knows about 'Harry Potter',  
But barely anyone knows the novel 'Water'.  
Stories written by J.K Rowling,  
Are very entertaining and exciting.  
Books are for big and small kids,  
Even for people in the 'mids'.  
You can carry books anywhere,  
But make sure to take care.  
Some are books with loads of pictures,  
And others with long, long lectures.  
Books are written in paragraphs,  
With different types of calligraphy.  
Books are an amazing new world,  
For readers to enter in.



# YOUNG WRITERS

## THE SPY

Aradhya Malladi, 10B

Helvera stood in her long, silk robes, draped with borders of velvet, as she stared solemnly at the mahogany red walls surrounding her. In the distance she heard the frantic screams of soldiers, as they began to load canons and build defenses. Her deep-set red eyes bored into the walls – she had to win, no matter the price it took. Above the chaos, her ears picked up on an ear piercing scream, and she froze.

“Your majesty, i-it---it’s begun.” Her furrowed brows arched as she turned to face her advisor, Malcolm.

“I am quite aware. No matter, my dear Malcolm. I have a feeling that this battle will be ours.” A sinister smile edged its way up her rosy lips, as she walked to the balcony and peered over the chaos. “In fact, I am quite certain of it,” she whispered. With that, the war had begun.

Helvera rushed out of her chamber, eyes widened, as she spotted her son, Yves, calling out orders, his husky voice echoing throughout the corridor. He would make a great leader one day, Helvera knew. He was, after all, her son. She smiled to herself before calling out her son’s name.

“Yves! Come here, my child.” Yves strode to his mother with lumbering steps that seemed to make the ground tremble.

“Yes, mother?” He kneeled in front of her, one arm across his broad chest as a sign of respect. Helvera stroked his tousled hair, motioning for him to rise.

“Son, go and see to it that our plans are in order. If anyone is hurt, ensure that the nurses tend to them immediately. We cannot afford to make mistakes now, my son. Do you understand?”

Yves nodded, whizzing off immediately. Helvera’s gaze followed him until he was nowhere to be seen. She motioned Malcolm inside her chamber, and ambled out to the balcony, her fierce eyes scanning the battlefield where her soldiers could be seen dropping to the ground, one after the other; her hands began to shake.

“There truly is no time like the present, dear Malcolm. This battle has the power of determining this kingdom’s future and we cannot afford to lose, not now,” She turned slowly, a steely look in her merciless eyes.

“But I have the solution. This vial holds the secret to our victory, and a sip is all it takes: without the king, the kingdom itself will lose its identity, and victory will finally be ours. I am impatient, Malcolm, that is true, but perhaps my impatience is my strength.” She spoke frantically, her hands shaking as she gave the vial to Malcolm, her eyes filled with excitement. He glanced at

# YOUNG WRITERS

## THE SPY

the queen, hesitating, and walked out, where he found Yves waiting in the corridor.

“Yves? My son, wh—what are you doing here? I assumed you’d be---” Yves held out a hand.

“I heard everything, mother,” He looked up to face her, a smile slowly emerging onto his face, “and I am with you. I always will be. Let me have the honor of taking this vial to our opponents, and victory will be ours, as you want.”

Helvera looked at her son and nodded curtly, menacingly following the vial with her gaze.

A while later, Helvera stood on her balcony yet again, now delighted, as she watched Yves slink through the chaos of the battle, the vial in his hands. Turning, she sauntered towards her door, a malicious gleam in her eyes, but to her chagrin, was welcomed by a frantic Malcolm. She could tell by his worrisome breaths that something grave had happened.

“Your majesty. I’m afr—I’m afraid th—that Yves has forfeited. He is in favor of our opponents.

Helvera felt as though her heart had crumbled. Her eyes burned with rage. Marching up to the battlefield, everything seemed to freeze in place as the queen strode past the thousands of soldiers. She walked up to Yves, her eyes searching for her son’s, and all she found was satisfaction.

“Why?” She whispered.

“I should be the one asking you that question, mother. This has never been the way to victory, nor shall it ever be.” He yelled.

Scoffing, Helvera spat her son, “What do you know about ruling a kingdom? This was for us, for the future of our kingdom, for our people. You only ruined it, Yves. You only ruined it.”

“No matter your words, taking away an innocent life from the face of the earth is not what father would have done. I trusted you, mother. A true queen is someone who would have risked her own life to save her people. But you? You are revolting. You don’t deserve this. You never will. That is why, I have been helping them all this while.” He screamed at her in fury.

Helvera stepped back, shocked at her son’s vile words. She smiled at her son, turned, and walked briskly away. She would conquer the opposing territory one day, at any cost, even if she had to take her own son’s life. Victory was hers.

*The End*

## Mini sagas

# THE DONKEY AND THE GRASSHOPPER

Hridhaan, 2A

Once upon a time, there lived a donkey that had a loud voice. Everybody would run away when he opened his mouth to sing. He wished that he had a sweeter voice.

Then, he heard a melodious voice. He looked here and there. He saw a grasshopper. He asked, "What do you eat or drink?"

"I drink dew drops," said the grasshopper.

Then, he decided to drink dew drops as his food. He became weaker and weaker. Soon, he died because of hunger.

Moral: Don't do something just because someone tells you to do it.





# Mini sagas

## THE FOX AND THE BIRD

Ira Dinesh, 2A

Once upon a time, a clever fox lived in a forest. One day, the fox saw a bird perched high on a tree. It was a very hot day and the fox was thirsty.

He slyly looked at the bird and said, "You can fly. You can easily find water. Can you help me find some? We can share it."

So, the bird cawed and swooped down the tree. He glided through the forest. The fox followed him. Soon, the bird perched near a pitcher. The fox peeped inside. The fox said, "Bird, you are so fast. Why don't you go and get some stones to drop it inside the pot?"

As soon as the bird went to get the stones, the fox got some stones that lay behind a tree and dropped it inside the water. The water level had risen and the fox licked the water.

The bird had learned a lesson.

**Moral: Don't do something just because someone tells you to do it.**



# POETIC Minds

## COLORS OF LIFE

*Shinjini Kanrar, 9B*

One day a flower arose from a bud,  
Smiling and grinning as the golden  
rays embraced it.

On the same day, I was born too,  
My rosy pink cheeks luring many  
eyes.

The blue ocean waves ran and ran,  
You cannot catch it; you cannot  
touch it.

That naughty creature I was too,  
Crawled and crawled yet peaceful  
like the blue.

Slowly spring arrived, new green  
leaves evolved,

I turned into new leaves, new  
thoughts, and new ideas.

You never know when the red lava  
will erupt!

Like that, I showered my anger and  
later shed into my blue tears.

All the seasons came and went,  
The ticking of the clock welcomed  
autumn again,

The leaves shed and transformed  
into orange.

But drained the colors of my life,  
leaving silver with my hair.

Very soon, some leaves turned  
brown and crippled on the Earth,  
The wintry winds tore the flowers  
and froze my soul.

I was buried beneath the earth,  
Anything that was left behind was  
black as ash.



# YOUNG WRITERS

## THE LAND OF WITCHES

Sahiti, 3A

Robert and Sophie sat gazing at their fireplace.

"I have a strange feeling that I can see the outline of a fairy," said Robert.

"Let's check tonight," said Sophie. They climbed into bed and fell asleep. A few hours later, Sophie heard the grandfather clock strike twelve.

"Robert, are you awake?" asked Sophie.

"Yes, let's go," said Robert.

A small fairy wearing a pink cardigan was warming her hands by the fire.

"Hello," whispered Sophie.

"Hello, I am Katy. I am the princess of Fairyland.

You don't mind me here, do you? I am here because the ugly witch, Egrelt, took over my castle. The witches are taking over Fairyland and they have my crystal jewel. I am weak," she explained.

"We will help you!" said Sophie.

The next moment, Robert and Sophie, stepped out of their fireplace. As they stepped out, they saw tiny fairies flying above.

The dark side of Fairyland was called Witchland.

"Come, let's go," said Katy.

They climbed into a carriage. The carriage stopped at Thunderstorm forest.

"Good luck!" said Katy and disappeared. Robert and Sophie climbed onto a horse, called Cupcake.

Cupcake stopped at Death Lake and went away. There, they met a rainbow coloured octopus, named Starlight. He told them where to go.

They started walking in a village, after bidding goodbye to Starlight. Sophie noticed that there was no one in sight. A witch was following them.

"Duck!" yelled Robert, as a bunch of brooms rushed towards them. A few seconds later, they found themselves in front of the witch queen, Egrelt.

"Ah, non-fairies! You can help me defeat Fairyland. Will you join?"

"Never!" screamed Robert and Sophie.

They found themselves in a dungeon with a fairy, called Violet.

"We could drink an invisibility potion, set Witchland on fire, get princess Katy's jewel and escape!" suggested Sophie. They drank the potion. Violet quickly got the jewel and they set Witchland on fire.

Robert and Sophie were heroes. They celebrated with a party and everyone had a gala time.

Robert and Sophie woke up the next morning. "I had the weirdest dream," said Robert and Sophie. They didn't believe in fairies, but they did now because princess Katy was waving at them.



*The End*

# YOUNG WRITERS

## THE PRINCESS AND THE DRAGON

Pranjali, 3C

Once upon a time, a prince and a princess were living in the kingdom of Barban. Princess Marinda and Prince Jack were best friends.

One day, Marinda was walking in the garden. Suddenly, she heard something fly. She called Jack and said, "Jack, I heard something fly." Jack said, "But I don't see anything in the sky." The sound came again and again.

Suddenly, a dragon appeared. They were scared. They ran inside the palace before the dragon could catch them.

Next morning, Jack went to the garden to see if the dragon was still waiting.

"Thank god, the dragon is not here. I think I should call Marinda," Jack said.

While he was walking, he heard the whisper of the dragon. Jack got scared and ran. He called Marinda. "Marinda, the dragon is still here. I went to the garden and took a look," Jack said.

"Jack, you have a sword, just send it away,"

Marinda said. Jack was scared to send the dragon away. "Oh, Jack don't be scared, he's not harmful," Marinda said.

Marinda took Jack's sword and went to send the dragon away, and when she reached the garden, she searched everywhere but couldn't find him. The dragon was right behind her. He picked her up and took her to dragon world. The princess started to cry.

Meanwhile, Jack wondered where Marinda could be. "Where is Marinda? She is taking a lot of time," said Jack. He went to search for her. He couldn't find her. He climbed on his horse and started searching for her in the forest. Still, he could not find her. Marinda was trying to kill the dragon but could not.

Jack went to dragon world looking for her and found her trying to kill the dragon. He came in front of her and killed the dragon with his knife. Both Marinda and Jack left to their kingdom and lived happily ever after.



*The End*

# Mini sagas

## CHICO'S JOURNEY

By Aditi, 1D

Chico was sad when his dad went out. He got an idea – to follow his dad's footprints.

But, when he followed his dad's footprints, he became tired. Chico wanted to go to the park, so he went to the park and played there. After that, he continued his journey again. Then, he reached the swimming pool. He saw many kids in the pool and continued his journey. Finally, he found his dad.

His dad was shocked.

"How did you know where I was?" Dad asked.

Chico said, "I followed your footprints."





# YOUNG WRITERS

## WISE VARUNA

Vivek Chandra Katragadda, Grade VII

High above the clouds of India, were the heavens. These heavens were inhabited by a divine, serene and powerful race called Gods. Their leader was the strongest of all and created humans. He was as old as the Earth itself and went by the name Vishnu.

Vishnu was the God of the sky. He was as smart as a fox and as strong as an elephant. He brandished a weapon known as 'Chakravarthya', which he used for mass destruction and creation. If he wanted to, Vishnu could grow as big as a hill. He had a brother called Varuna, who controlled the rain and the oceans. He brandished a wicked 'Scythe'. Varuna was very generous and made it rain whenever the people asked.

One day, Vishnu decided to check on the village of the people. He transformed into an eerie, enormous eagle and flew towards the village. He was furious upon reaching the village as the streets were clogged with water. The people were joyfully talking, while not even paying attention to the free flow of water. They were acting as blind as a bat in the morning! The village smelled like rotten sewers. Vishnu was infuriated with Varuna for carelessly giving water to the humans.

He flew back to the heavens and summoned Varuna. When Varuna entered the royal court of Vishnu and saw how angry Vishnu was, he asked, "What is the matter, brother? Have you lost 'Chakravarthya' again?"

Vishnu boomed as his winged weapon magically appeared in his hand, "No, I have not! I am angry because of you being as careless as a human!"

"What have I done, brother?" questioned Varuna calmly. Then, Vishnu roared as loud as a lion, "You have carelessly given the humans water and rain, whenever they asked. Now, look at the streets, waterlogged and smelling like garbage. Varuna, you should fix this soon or there will be consequences."

"I wi...will" stuttered Varuna nervously and zoomed back to his palace. He decided that to stop the problem he would talk to the humans.

Back at the village, the humans suddenly heard a hoarse voice from the sky saying, "My humans, it is me, Varuna. I have given you an endless amount of rain and water whenever you asked, but you have wasted it. That is why I have decided to punish you. From now on, whenever you waste water again, I will send floods to destroy you. But, when you need water, you shall pray to me and save water. This is my order and if you don't follow, there will be consequences."

The humans learned their lesson for the cost of exhaustion of precious resources and decided to follow the words of Varuna and behaved as ordered.

*The End*

# YOUNG WRITERS

## WHY HUMMINGBIRDS SING

Pavitra Nannapaneni, 6E

Once upon a time, there lived a beautiful, clever, and greedy musician in the depths of the forest. No one could recognize and appreciate her talent. Her name was Jo.

One day, the queen sent her hunter to bring her a rabbit from the depths of the forest. Rabbits were considered sacred. It was a dangerous mission, so very few people tried to retrieve a rabbit from there.

On his journey, the hunter started getting tired and decided that he should stop for a break. Just as he was thinking about this, he noticed a small but beautiful hut. He decided to go and ask the young maiden sitting on the porch if he could rest at her house for a while. After he did so, he was granted permission to stay there as long as he did not disturb her afternoon singing practice. Later, he realized that the journey would be too hard to continue. He thought that the queen may not be too angry with him if he brought her something else instead. As he was pondering on what to take to the queen, he heard a melodious noise coming from the maiden's studio and remembering the queen's fondness for music, he entered the maiden's room.

He said loud and clear, "Oh, young maiden, will you come back with me to the queen and sing for her? You will be paid a lot of money."

The maiden, being greedy, replied, "Only if you pay me 100 pence a day." The hunter replied that she asked for a lot but it was worth it, and so they both travelled back to the queen's palace.

The queen was more than satisfied with the maiden's voice and gave her all the instruments in the palace. Every night at dinner, she sang for the queen.

One day, at the peak of dawn, before everyone woke up, the maiden went to the instrument room and stole all the instruments. Then, she proceeded to run home. She happily went back to bed, at her house, satisfied with her work.

# YOUNG WRITERS


## WHY HUMMINGBIRDS SING

The queen and the rest of the palace woke up to realize the maiden was missing. The queen was devastated when she realized that the instruments were missing too. The queen herself marched with the hunter to the maiden's house.

She entered without permission and killed the maiden. After some time, she started feeling guilty about what she had done and decided the maiden should live and continue to sing. She then shaped some clay into the shape of a hummingbird and mixed the maiden's ashes into it. Since then, the maiden and her descendants sing as birds. This is why hummingbirds sing.



*The End*



## Mini sagas

# THE DOG AND THE CAT

Sohan, 2B

Once a dog and a cat lived together in a house. They were good friends. One day, the owner put a bowl full of treats in front of the cat. The dog wanted the treats, so he said, "You are so kind and helpful. Could you please help me find a squishy bone?"

The cat agreed. When the cat trotted away, the dog took the bowl and ate all the treats. When the dog was done eating, he put the empty bowl back in the same place. The cat returned. She gave the bone and went to eat the treats, but to her surprise, there were no treats!

**Moral: Do not do something just because someone tells you to do it.**



# POETIC Minds

## A NEW BEGINNING

*Saumya, 12A*

The railing extended,  
Cold and lifeless,  
In front of me lay,  
My uncertain future.  
I looked up,  
As chatters burst,  
Students filled the stairs,  
The stairs I had to take.  
It looked easy to walk,  
Walk up this new phase,  
It looked easy for them,  
The ones dressed the same.  
I heard a voice,  
“Are you new?” It asked.  
I nodded in reply,  
A smile was shared.  
It led me up,  
Emptied my nervousness,  
Filled me with curiosity,  
And I knew this was the place.  
Every day the railing extends,  
It guides me up,  
In front of me lies,  
A path I’m proud to take.  
I race up the stairs,  
Curiosity bursts in my mind,  
I try to be that voice  
The voice that never left me behind.  
If it hadn’t been that voice,  
I wouldn’t have trotted up,  
Wouldn’t have discovered,  
Wouldn’t have seen me.  
It would be lost,  
Lost in the chaotic noise,  
But it echoes in my mind,  
Loud and clear every single day.  
I still look up these stairs but,  
Through glistening, not doubtful,  
eyes.





# YOUNG WRITERS

## THE LATE MORNING COFFEE

Abhignan Muppavaram, 10B

Warm, effulgent beams of the morning sun penetrated through the amber curtains, faintly enlightening the tenebrous hotel room with a hue of yellow. The wooden chimes, hung upon the ceiling of the patio, was performing a melodious tune, orchestrated by the calm zephyr blowing across.

Then suddenly, disrupting this tranquil atmosphere, the alarm blared out, which immediately made Harvey spring out of bed. Harvey was so stunned by the alarm, his heart nearly skipped a beat and he was unaware of what was happening around him.

Slowly, after regaining his consciousness, Harvey got out of bed and went straight to the patio to relax himself. Outside the hotel room, the view was absolutely picturesque. The land, stretching out from the hotel, was crusaded upon by lavish verdant weeds of grass, polka dotted with fluorescent daffodils. Between these fields, a creek of fresh scintillating water pierced through the green land, making its way to a small pond.

A smile spread across Harvey's face, looking at all of this. He was truly mesmerised by it. Peculiarly though, beside the pond, a small boy, alone, was playing with a boomerang. However, every single throw, the boomerang never returned to him, yet he resiliently fetched it back.

"Strange," thought Harvey because it was 5 AM in the morning, the sun just barely got out into the sky, and boomerang isn't a sport to be playing so determinedly in the morning; It was particularly odd.

Then, after admiring the view for a long time, suddenly, the doorbell rang.

Harvey, annoyed that he was disturbed from looking at the patio, hastily strolled towards the door and opened it. At it, was a short man, formally dressed in a sable suede tuxedo with a rather big bowtie, under which his chin was hiding. With a sweet, high-pitched voice he said, "A very good morning sir, my name is Peter. I will be your assistant for this day. Would you like any beverage to begin your day?" Pleased with the courtesy that he had been receiving, Harvey, clearing up his throat, said, "Good morning Peter, I would like to have a warm coffee, no sugar please."

"Well, of course, sir" said Peter, politely as usual and he bulleted away.

Then, Harvey shut the door and his eyes caught the grandfather clock, which stood straight across the hallway; it was 6:30 already. Harvey's eyes instantly widened. He had a meeting to attend to at 7:15 and he must be there on time.

Harvey bolted into the bathroom and got washed up, dressed in formal attire and was all set by 7. Now, all he had to do was have his morning coffee.

Unfortunately, there was no sign of Peter. Harvey got restless; he currently had an unquenchable thirst for caffeine to give him a slight boost of energy, but he was getting late for his meeting. Having lost his patience, Harvey took his bag and hurtled away from the room.

# YOUNG WRITERS

## THE LATE MORNING COFFEE

The meeting was in the second block of the hotel, which can be entered through a long pathway. Harvey was racing across this pathway like a formula one car, with absolutely no caution at all. Then, suddenly, the bright sky was invaded upon by wolf-grey clouds, replacing the once warm, effulgent beams of the sun with cold, lifeless shadows. The once calm, tranquil zephyr was now transformed into a fierce gust of howling wind.

Then, in no time, a huge rainfall hit the hotel. The bullet-like raindrops shattered the ground below it as it came down, giving birth to small muddy puddles. Arduously, Harvey still continued his swift journey along the pathway, until he suddenly halted.

His nose caught a stingy fragrance emanating from something nearby; it wasn't the sweet petrichor, but it was something unpleasant in nature. On the spur of the moment, a narrow stream of vermillion coloured water arrived at Harvey's footsteps. As soon as he noticed it, an ice cold chill went up Harvey's spine, his eyes rolled upwards reluctantly, tracing where this red stream of water came from- it was emerging from the plants on the side of the pathway.

Harvey gulped, trying to swallow as much fear as possible, and courageously marched towards the plants- only to find Peter's dead body. THUD! Harvey collapsed to the wet ground.

After a couple of hours, Harvey found himself in the clinic. His clothes were partially drenched from the rain and his head was still spinning and aching from disbelief. Harvey eavesdropped the nurses talking about how Peter was taken away and it's most likely, the boss, who murdered him for personal reasons.

To be relieved from this grim experience and to clear his head, he got up from his bed to relax, when it suddenly occurred to him— he dropped his bag when he collapsed. The bag contained documents that were of great importance and Harvey went back to retrieve it.

As soon as he got there, as expected, the area was totally under police surveillance and the bag was nowhere to be found. Harvey resiliently kept searching around the plants for the bag. Then, strangely enough, he spotted a small wooden stick, but as he scrutinized it even further, it was a boomerang, very similar to the one he saw the kid near the pond play with. Harvey picked the boomerang up and on it were smudged stains of vermillion water, or rather smudged stains of blood!

*The End*



# POETIC Minds

## BEACH

*Ananya - Class 2A*

Drinking lemonade,  
I soak in the hot warm sun,  
And build sand angels.

## ROSE

*Ananya - Class 2B*

Crimson in color,  
As precious as a child,  
Regal as a queen.

## SUN

*Amogh, 2B*

A yellow, bright sun,  
Glimmering, soaring gold ball;  
Brightens up cold days.

## BIRDS

*Sohan - Class 2B*

Birds fly in the sky,  
High, high, high - up in the sky,  
Nature's gift for us

## SUMMER

*Ojar, 2B*

Summer is coming,  
Take out your new cotton clothes,  
From the old wardrobe.

## AUTUMN

*Navika Prashantrsisodia 2B*

Breezy sunny day.  
Brown leaves fallen on the ground.  
I gather them all.

## LEGEND

*Sri Vaibhav, 6E*

A fresh new soul, with a set of  
dreams,  
Confused day after day,  
Called inexperienced, clumsy and  
amateur,  
Its dreams are slowly fading away.  
Defeat after defeat, failure after  
failure,  
It stood there, angry and depressed,  
With tears from sorrow and sweat  
from dread,  
It knew it could never rest.  
But once in its life, it stopped to  
think,  
To quit sobbing and move on,

To get better each day, using its  
failures as stairs,  
And with people, make a better  
bond.  
It turned and roared, at the hurdles  
in life,  
Jumped over every single one,  
And it was at one hurdle, the last one  
left,  
That it knew it officially had won.  
Centuries later, our head its rules,  
Respected, and never taken for  
granted,  
For in it's a hard life, it has made the  
mark,  
Of the very next legend planted.

# YOUNG WRITERS

## THE SNOWMAN

Anvee, 3A

Once upon a time, a girl named Lilly wished that winter would come soon. Last year, her friend, Kay, made the biggest snowman ever! This year, Lilly wanted to make an even bigger snowman.

When winter finally came around and everything was covered in snow, Lilly couldn't keep her excitement. She ran to her front door and jumped on the snow covered ground. From her house, she saw Kay looking out of the window. He looked sad. Lilly walked up to his house and knocked on his front door.

"Hello Kay! Are you coming out to build a snowman?"

Kay showed his front leg and said, "I'm sorry, I can't come this year. I have a fracture."

Lilly felt sad and went back to her house.

Lilly thought about the big snowman Kay had made last year. She thought about how to make a bigger snowman. Her mom and dad were also thinking about strategies.

Lilly's mother had an idea. She said,

"Let's do this together! We can do this through teamwork!"

Everyone agreed and started building their snowman. Lilly started by rolling the face of the snowman. Her mom started by rolling the body of the snowman. Her dad rolled the bottom body. After finishing all the parts Lilly made the hands out of branches that had fallen down. She made the nose out of a carrot, and the buttons out of stones. To cover the head, she put a woolen hat.

After a while, Lilly was digging through the snow, and she found a magic ring. It was glowing brightly.

"I wish my snowman was bigger than the one that Kay had made last year!" she wished.

The ring glowed brighter than before and the snowman was growing bigger, and soon enough, it was bigger than Kay's. The snowman was so big that it came in the news. Lilly and her family saw the news and were very happy.



*The End*



# YOUNG WRITERS

## THE LOST BROTHERS

Sohan P, Class 4C

Long ago in Indus Valley, there was a city called Harappa. It was the capital of Indus Valley. In Harappa, there lived two brothers called Indran and Aryan. Both brothers were humble, kind, clever and very brave. They lived with their parents and grandmother. Their father was a craftsman. He made many toys with wood and clay. Their father made and gave a few toys to Indran and Aryan. Indran and Aryan enjoyed playing with the toys. The brothers helped their parents in their daily chores. They had a happy life.

Aryan and Indran lived with their parents in a beautiful house made of clay and mud blocks. Their house had beautiful carvings on its walls and they had a huge well. Their house was near the Indus River, which flowed through their city. There was a big market that sold pots, fruits, vegetables and clothes. Their village was surrounded by a dense forest, lakes and huge mountains.

One evening, it was raining very heavily. Aryan and Indran couldn't play with their friends, Arjuna and Dhrona.

Aryan said, "Oh brother! Now that it's raining, we can't go and play with our friends."

Indran said, "Well, our luck is bad today."

Then Aryan said, "Hey, let's play in the rain!"

Indran said, "Yes, let's play in the rain!" The brothers went out to play in the rain. It was raining so heavily that nothing was visible.

The brothers were completely blinded. They did not know where to go. The brothers just ran and ran and found themselves in the forest.

"Oh no! We are lost in the forest!" Aryan said.

"I am very sleepy. I am going to sleep here," Indran said. Both the brothers slept on the forest floor. The next day, Aryan and Indran started walking when they heard a sound, "Drip, sss, shsh!"

"Oh I can hear water! Let's go and drink it!" said Aryan.

"Yes, let's go," said Indran. The brothers followed the sound and found a stream of water. They drank some water and continued to walk.

The brother came across a hill. They climbed the hill and found a farm on the other side. They ran through the farm and saw a few houses. They ran towards the houses where they found their friends and parents. The brothers were so glad to see them that they never left their village again.

*The End*





# POETIC Minds

## THE DARK LANE

*Rishi Chousalkar, 11A*

In the quiet desolate lane,  
That consumes all light,  
I first learned the meaning of sheer,  
pure fright!  
The stranger behind me walked,  
As if he had nothing to fear;  
But his pace changed when the  
demon called,  
For he held his life dear.  
Like a wounded animal it moaned!  
The shadow danced awake,  
The wind howled at the forest,  
The trees threatened to break!  
When the escaping footsteps came,  
I ran, scared out of my mind,  
But the poor stranger, fat and old,  
Was too slow; he was left behind.  
I encountered a monster that day,  
One he could fight,  
In the quiet, desolate lane  
That came alive by night.

## RAINBOWS CAN CRY

*Viha and Anvi, 9B*

At that moment, her scent passed  
by,  
Just as I said "Hi".  
She replied with a smile,  
That was brighter than any day's  
light.  
But little did she know I loved her,  
I couldn't say it, so I murmured,  
As no one knew I was gay,  
And falling in love with a girl was not  
the way.  
The teardrop that fell,  
Fell harder than I did for her  
It wasn't hard to tell,  
That this love was only making me  
suffer.  
Mortals are powerless,  
And so am I.  
My love story could never be a  
success,  
This I can't deny.

## THE OCEAN

*Navya, 5B*

The ocean is an amazing place,  
With fascinating animals to see.  
Whenever I wave at the ocean,  
It always waves back at me.  
It's like a large swimming pool,  
And a museum too;  
With the shiny treasure and pirate's  
jewels;  
Seasoned with salt, too.  
It stands out from the universe,  
Being so flowy and transparent.

No other planet has this feature:  
And will never get it, even in the future.  
It looks dark blue,  
Sometimes orange, too.  
It cheers us up on a gloomy day,  
In its very own, wonderful way.  
Here are the reasons why it's unique.  
So start taking small steps,  
To help it stay neat.

# YOUNG WRITERS

## MOLE?

Kasvi Methi 10A

The morning after the first term parent-teacher meeting, the class was bustling with activity – loud conversation punctuated by peals of laughter. Mani stormed in, with her face scrunched up in anger. She hit Manish sharply on the back of his head. “How does Miss Sengupta know I call her ‘Sengorilla’? She told Ma and now I’m not allowed to watch the new King Kong movie.”

Manish rubbed the back of his head. “I didn’t even know you called her that!”

Meanwhile, Bholi had broken out into shrill laughter. “Sengorilla – oh, that’s classic!” she said, slapping her thigh.

“What makes you laugh, Bholi?” Miss

Sengupta entered the class (without the trio’s knowledge), setting her books down on the table. Bholi opened her mouth to reply, but promptly shut it with one stern look from Mani. Instead, she mumbled a half-hearted apology and made her way back to her seat, right in the very front of the class, from where she could clearly see the teachers and count all the premature white hairs on their heads – a common feature of most people in their profession.

The bell rang, signaling the start of the forty minutes of school-wide chaos that we call lunchtime. Rahul, Mani and Manish sat outside the classroom, near the staircase, dodging falling tiffin boxes and occasionally other students. Bholi usually sat with them, but today she had decided to spend her break in the teachers’ lounge.

“Ma’am knew I hadn’t done any of my own homework this term!” Rahul exclaimed.

“Everyone knows that, dingus. Your driver even wrote his name on your Physics worksheet last week.” Mani said, smirking.

Manish looked down. Miss Sengupta had told his mother to make sure Manish focuses less on his non-existent pre-teen love life and more on his upcoming exams, but he couldn’t mention this to his friends. He didn’t want to be teased.

“Clearly, there’s a mole among us. Any guesses to who it could be?”

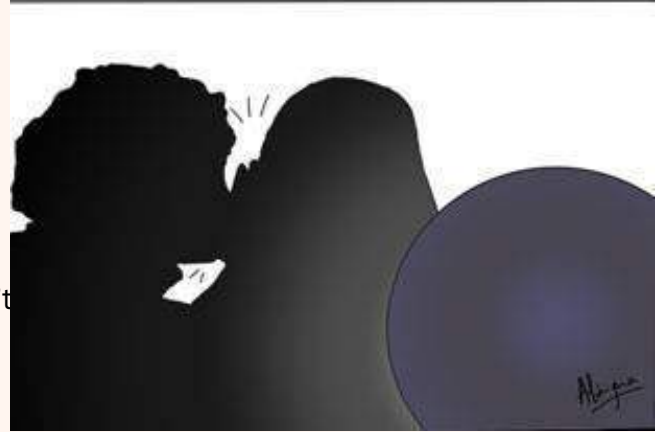
“I think it’s Bholi. Remember last year, when she told the hall monitor that Rahul’s nails were long enough to get him the role of Wolverine without special effects? Right now, too, she’s in the teachers’ lounge.” Mani said.

The children decided to avoid Bholi until they knew for sure that she was innocent.

The class after lunch hour was, yet again, Miss Sengupta’s. “Children, I would like to share an opinion of mine with you today, before I begin the new chapter. It is not good to alienate your friends, no matter what perceptions you may have of them.” She said, looking pointedly at Rahul, Mani and Manish. The three friends were puzzled. How did she know? Bholi had been too far away to hear them, and there was no way Miss Sengupta could have eavesdropped, her office being in the other building. For the rest of the day, the group remained disbanded, racking their brains to find a possible explanation for these peculiar happenings.

The next morning, Mani came to school early with an empty, grumbling stomach. She decided to grab a snack from the teachers’ lounge before sitting down in class to endure yet another five-hour day of school. She approached the door, but before opening it, she peered in through a little glass window.

What she saw shocked her. Miss Sengupta held a glowing glass ball, whispering to it. She held it up to her ear and then set it down, smiling smugly. From the shadows next to her, Manish stepped out and whispered something in her ear, making her smile even wider.



*The End*

# YOUNG WRITERS

## THE UNUSUAL BODY

Aravind.J.T, 10 A

The man's burly frame shuddered in delight. The smell of roast beef always seemed to excite his stomach. But no, he could not linger. He was on duty. Tearing himself away from the tantalizing warmth and aroma that was at the entrance to the pub, he continued on his mind-numbing patrol. Being a policeman can get terribly boring sometimes. Behind him, thunder boomed, lightning cracked, and the clouds swirled. They exuded menace, as the skies prepared to open up, and unleash their heavenly deluge. Brighton felt that something different would happen today, but then again, he was always telling himself that.

As he plodded along the streets of Whitechapel, his gaze turned towards the sky. It looked like he was going to be in for a rough night. Suddenly, something fell from the sky, obscuring his vision, and flattening him to the pavement. His first distinct thought was "This isn't rain. It's a bit too hard. And squishy." His second thought was what would, and should be, any rational person's first. "What?"

He heaved himself out from under the object, and turned around to get a good look at it. His lower jaw then promptly decided to unhinge itself, and go for a walk. Looking very much like a fish out of water, Brighton spoke out loud to calm himself. "This person has very distinctly been stabbed in the head." He then went on to say, "I wonder how he died."

Now, despite what his name may suggest, Brighton, was not very bright. He was in fact, quite below average, having barely made it out of high school. The only reason he decided to become a police officer, was because it did not require a high level of intellect. This is true. However, a little bit of common sense is sometimes needed, and this Brighton appeared to be severely lacking as well. He had also joined the police force because he had always hoped that something exciting would happen to him. Now that it was happening, he had absolutely no clue what to do about it.

The street did not seem as deserted as it once did. Brighton began to see threatening shadows everywhere. So, it can be understood why, when an old man walked up to him, he absolutely jumped out of his skin.

This old man looked like he had just gotten out of bed, since he wore a dress that strongly resembled a nightgown. His face wore a kindly smile, and he seemed to convey a feeling of wisdom. "What seems to be the trouble, young man? Kneeling on the floor will catch you a chill in this weather."

"Sir, there is a dead body right here. Since I am a police officer, I am designating this area, a crime scene," replied Brighton, somehow coming to his senses enough, to begin the procedure. Brighton had not, until this point, checked whether the man was actually dead, which is where the common sense, mentioned earlier, should have come in.

The old man then said, "Yes, I know. I did it."

This is not a comment that anyone could really expect, an admission to murder right in the street. However, Brighton was now receiving it. At this moment, there was a rather large robbery going on two houses down from the both of them. This was a huge thief that had been plaguing London for almost three weeks now. This was a perfect opportunity, but since the police was otherwise occupied, the thief walked away, and was never caught.

"What do you mean, you did it?" Brighton, shocked, questioned him.

"I killed him. Do you like it? Quite realistic, don't you think?"

"What do you mean realistic? It's a dead body!"

"Oh no, my dear sir"- and this was where it was revealed to Brighton what he had done wrong- "This is my mannequin. I'm a magician."

"Oh. I see. That is unusual indeed. Well, good day to you sir, you can have your doll back. Sorry about this."

"Are you alright young man? Your cheeks are turning quite red. Perhaps, you would be feeling a little bit of a chill?"

Brighton turned and walked off speedily. "Oh no sir, I'm quite fine." He continued on his patrol, but this time hoping that nothing else would happen tonight.

*The End*

# POETIC Minds

## HANSEL AND GRETEL

*Reinterpretation by Sampurna Chatterjee, 6A*

It was a fine, spring dawn,  
When nature woke up and gave a yawn.  
Beside the forest, there was a wretched little hut,  
Nothing inside it but two children, their father  
and the wood that he cut.  
Now the children's names were Hansel and  
Gretel,  
Who were pouring tea from their boiling kettle.  
"Oh father! Can we come with you to the woods?"  
Hansel said.  
"All right. Come on. But let's take some bread."  
They helped their father cut the trees,  
Amidst the soft and lovely breeze.  
The twins just finished cutting one,  
When they looked back and saw no one.  
Their father wasn't there - he was gone!  
They waited with beating hearts,  
For with their father, they didn't like to part.  
How could their father leave them there,  
And make them face a nightmare?  
They slowly tried to go back to their shack,  
But they went deeper instead of going back!  
They sat down, exhausted, with tears in their  
eyes,  
When they remembered - their stomachs empty -  
the bread and the spice.  
They gobbled up one and continued to walk.  
Making a trail with the other to leave a mark.  
All of a sudden they saw a house,  
Covered with sweets, treats and nibbling mouse!  
They couldn't believe their eyes.  
A whole house made of chocolate, candies, sweet  
and spice!  
Was this a house or something in disguise?  
They went forward and started to eat,  
And lick the walls filled with treat.  
Suddenly, there was a noise,  
They turned around to hear a voice.  
"Starving children? Come in I implore!"  
"If you love sweets, I have much more!"  
They turned around and saw an old lady at the  
door.

They went in and saw a beautiful sight-  
A dining table filled with food and a candlelight,  
And as they sat down, they saw a raven in a cage,  
Yelling at the lady to unlock it, in a rage.  
They gobbled the food and were about to stand,  
When the lady came back and took out a wand.  
"Proscominus cantus kie!"  
"Turn the kids to human pie!"  
The wand fell on the floor.  
In front of it, lay the hat of the lady who opened  
the door.  
The disguised witch pointed the wand the wrong  
way,  
And she herself was turned into pie that day!  
The happy children ran to find the trail,  
But they saw that their plan had failed.  
There was just trees and soil and sand,  
But no sign of crumbs on the forest land.  
Was it a bird collecting food?  
Or just the clouds in a bad mood?  
So they were trapped; they could never go back,  
To their lovely father in their small shack!  
Just then they heard a noise,  
"Follow me!" said a known hoarse voice.  
The witch's raven who was now free,  
Was sitting on top of a large oak tree.  
"I am now free from the witch's control.  
Because of my power it was me who she stole.  
Trust me, I will not do any harm,  
For I am free from the witch's charm."  
"Through my magic, I can lead you back,  
To your father in the tiny shack."  
The children followed him in glee,  
Walking and walking through the trees.  
Suddenly, they spotted their home - their shack!  
Said the bird, "You gave me help and I gave it  
back."  
The children thanked him and waved goodbye,  
And watched him, through the forest, fly.  
Father shed a happy tear,  
And next time they always stayed very near,  
To avoid the trouble and fear.





# YOUNG WRITERS

## THE UNFORGETTABLE EVENT

Manjari Verma, 10B

Buried deep beneath the clouds, was the sun for the Sri Lankan capital: Colombo. The city was dreary; murkiness infected the entire place, by its scavenging touch. The summer break had just begun, but boredom already killed Louis. The weather was exactly the opposite of that; cool and moist wind brushed past people, the smell of the sea dissipated into the tiny corners of the country.

Louis sat at his window and gazed at the shore; where the waves hit the sand violently. The days and nights seemed equivalently dark; the citizens of Colombo had never seen such a thing.

Despite the bad weather, Louis and his family decided to spend a day by going for a long drive. Before the outing, there had been a huge argument between Louis and his Dad. Replaying the argument in his mind made him feel guilty: this was the biggest argument they ever had and his dad was extremely annoyed. During the drive, his dad hadn't spoken a word; this not only surprised him, but his mom as well: his dad couldn't survive without talking to him.

These thoughts were abruptly disturbed by the cacophony of the sea gulls; it was as if they were migrating due to the cold.

'It is summer,' Louis thought to himself; but the sea gulls weren't the only animals showing peculiar behavior: the deer jumping haphazardly around, snakes slithering out on the road, rabbits protruding from their burrows. This idiosyncratic behavior was also conspicuous among the waves: the thud and gushing seemed like a way of expressing their aggression.

This abnormal behavior seemed completely normal to Louis' parents. Just then, there was a traffic jam before them, all the people were evacuating their vehicles and running in the opposite direction. Louis' Dad got off the car to go and enquire about the situation. Just then a fisherman approached their car and said something in Tamil; Louis didn't understand what the man said, but his expressions and gestures expressed fear and shock.

His Mom's expression suddenly changed into a sense of fear and tension arose.

"Go to the top of the hotel, I will go find your Dad" screamed his mom.

Louis ran towards the tallest building he could see: the twenty storied hotel owned by a politician.

From the top of the building, Louis could see the sea swell up: gulping everything that came on its way. There seemed no sign of his parents; several people had made their way to the top of the building; everybody was traumatized by the event, most of them were continuously searching the ground for their loved ones.

Louis waited for hours together on the top of that building, until there were rescue teams helping them out of the terrace. Few of the people went into the waters looking for their family members, but no one was visible; only those that stayed on the roof.

Louis still stands at the remains of the most treacherous calamity that left him orphaned and away from home for the rest of his life. He has been waiting for his parents for the past twenty years, but they never returned from the sea. They too were engulfed by those ferocious waves.

*The End*



# YOUNG WRITERS

## THE SPY Shalini Nannapaneni 10B

The Sun's yellow light tickled Cedar's olive tinted skin, as he strode into the large lobby of the candy floss factory. Cedar's nose crinkled at the strong smell of strawberry floss and a look of distaste crept over his face.

A stout lady sat at a heavy Maplewood desk in the middle of the room. He walked up to her and pulled out the fake identity card from under his coat. The woman looked up at him and frowned, "Another inspector? You can stay on the fifth floor of the residential building, and make your work fast; we don't want our sugar fest to be further delayed," she said.

Cedar flashed her a smile and took the access card from her hand. A small smile spread across his face. He had successfully finished the first step. All that was left now was finding the secret recipe.

\*\*\*\*\*

The loud ring of the doorbell woke him. Cedar sat up and ran a hand through his coarse black hair. A woman stood in the doorway. "Room service," she said walking past him into the room. Cedar watched her vacuum the carpet.

Suddenly an idea came to his mind. "Hey, my name is Peter, how long have you been working here," Cedar asked casually. The girl turned around, irritated.

"Five years, why?"

"Well, I think I might be able to make you an offer. If you promise me that you can get me the secret recipe of the floss, I promise you I will pay you any amount you ask me for," Cedar said.

The girl scowled and turned back to her work. Cedar sighed. "I'll pay you beforehand," he said.

"How much?" the girl asked, her back still facing him.

"Five thousand bucks," he said.

The girl turned around smiling. "Fine, I'll do it. Meet me outside the office, that's where the recipe is, I'll get it for you," she said.

\*\*\*\*\*

Cedar sat on the couch in the lobby, cleaning his black frames with the edge of his shirt. He looked at himself in the reflection. His green eyes were gleaming with excitement. He glanced at his watch, just five more minutes and the recipe would be his. He knew how important this was. That recipe was what he needed to get the promotion he had wanted for his entire life.

\*\*\*\*\*

The air conditioner outside the office made goosebumps creep up Cedar's skin. He stood there looking at his watch. Where was the girl? He had been more than sure that she would have done the job. He had paid her a fortune, and that amount of money for a person like her should have made her do the job. His heart began to beat faster. What if she didn't turn up? All his dreams of getting to the next level at the spy organization would be crushed.

Suddenly, the door swung open with a swoosh. The girl stood there with a tiny card in her hand. Cedar sighed in relief. "Thank god, you're here, I was starting to get worried," he smiled.

"I beg your pardon sir, what do you mean?" she asked frowning.

"The recipe remember, I paid you to get it for me," Cedar said starting to panic.

"Are you a thief?" she asked a look of disbelief, flooding her face as she covered her mouth.

Then, she let out a scream that seemed to echo against the walls.

The security rushed to the location. The girl put the tiny card in her pocket and began to cry.

"I was cleaning the office when this man came in and started going through the files. When I tried to stop him, he threatened to kill me," she sobbed.

The security grabbed Cedar by the arms and dragged him out of the factory.

\*\*\*\*\*

The girl wiped her tears as a small smile began to slip onto her face. She pulled the secret recipe out of her pocket. She dialed a number into her phone.

"Hello sir, the job is done. I have the recipe and even better, I have eliminated a rival spy. Thank you sir," she said putting her phone down.

*The End*



# POETIC Minds

## A MEMORABLE EXPERIENCE

*Siddharth, 10B*

As I catapulted through the air,  
My life flashed before my eyes.  
Flying without a halt,  
Not a soul heard my cries.  
I stood at the doorway,  
A warm breeze in my face,  
I just watched the hidden shadows  
As their bodies were beaten with a mace.  
No one could hear their pleas,  
While they slowly faded.  
Then came the fleas,  
Their heinous eyes gleamed as they feasted.  
I had done naught,  
To help save their lives.  
If only I had fought,  
To let their widows stay wives.  
As these scenes rushed through my head,  
I liberated my last breath.  
A final look at the sea,  
Before I embraced death.

## MY ENGLISH TEACHER

*Suhitha 5E*

Happy Teacher's day,  
Time to shine today.  
Always teaching,  
When are you resting?  
"Maybe later," you say.  
You are a hard working teacher,  
And you don't give a long, long lecture,  
You make a good gesture.  
You are like a diamond in a treasure chest.  
East or west, you are the best.  
You are the glow to the sun,  
You let us have some fun.  
You are never bitter or sour,  
And you are as mighty as THOR.  
We love you more than a ton...

## THE WONDERS OF INDUS

*Srishti Sengupta, 6D*

In the 1900s, an archaeologist went on  
excavation,  
Near Pakistan and our nation.  
Where the five rivers of Sindh met,  
Out on a new adventure they set.  
A tiny cave near the Indus river bed,  
"What is this place?" they said.  
"Mohenjo Daro, the land of dead", a  
shepherd replied,  
"The land of dead!" the britishers cried.  
With the credible curiosity filling their  
minds,  
And a thirst for discovery running through  
their hinds,  
Off to the land of the dead they set,  
With a lot of danger lying ahead.  
For days and nights, dawn and dusk,  
They worked with their team, without a fuss.  
Until one day they stumbled upon,  
One of the greatest civilizations of them all.  
Now the problem arrived in,  
Digging through the mud and rocks not very  
thin.  
This task was indeed hard,  
But the excavators sure did their part.  
Scared of failure, they thought their dreams  
came to an end.  
Sorry notes to England they were about to  
send.  
Until suddenly the rock fell apart,  
Revealing what we now call the Great Bath.  
On the shores of Indus, this civilization once  
flourished,  
But with an extreme flood the civilization  
was punished.  
With structures and granaries here and  
there,  
They handled each piece with care.  
This was the true story of how Indus valley  
civilization was found,  
With happiness of nature, all year round.  
Where the five rivers of Sindh met,  
A new historical wonder is set.

# YOUNG WRITERS

## THE TWO BROTHERS AND THE NECKLACE

Siddharth T, 4G

Long ago, during the Bronze Age, there were two brothers named Ghoulashah and Mirshah. Their parents died when Ghoulashah was 11 and Mirshah was 10. Since then, Ghoulashah took care of Mirshah.

Ghoulashah wore a white robe and wore blue bands around his wrist; he also wore a necklace that his grandfather gave him. It had a beautiful blue gem on it. It was a common belief that if his village was in trouble and needed to be saved, the necklace needs to be offered to the statue of good and the village would soon be saved.

Mirshah wore a green robe with white bands around his wrist. The brothers were the first ones living in Harappa. Now, they had moved to another village called Mohenjo-Daro. Both of them were getting used to the new place. Mirshah and Ghoulashah had made many friends.

Mohenjo-Daro was a bright and sunny place during the mornings, and it was a pleasant place during the evenings. Mohenjo-Daro was the perfect place, unlike Harappa.

As they grew older, Mirshah started hating Ghoulashah and he wanted the necklace very badly. He plotted a plan to steal it from his brother. Mirshah showed the gem of the necklace to his friends and they decided to help him in this heist. Every morning, they would sit together planning and talking about the necklace.

After days of planning, the night came when they would steal the necklace. According to the plan, two friends were standing outside, making sure that no one was coming their way. The other two and Mirshah went inside. Mirshah went in tip toeing and stole the necklace from the closet. After stealing, they immediately ran away from the place. They changed their clothes to black so that they won't be seen.

Ghoulashah had a habit of checking whether the necklace was there or not. His brother, Mirshah, did not know this. As soon as he opened the closet door, he found out that the necklace was not there!

Ghoulashah ran outside and started searching around for the robbers. He found an old man and asked him,

"Have you seen anyone with a necklace?"

The man could not speak, but he pointed at the direction the robber ran. Ghoulashah ran in that direction. On the way, he found clothes and realized that the robber would be somewhere nearby.

He searched around frantically and heard someone giggling in the granary nearby.

He peeked inside slowly and was shocked to see his brother among the thieves.

He took his brother to their home and asked him about the necklace.

"Why did you steal the necklace, Mirshah?!" Ghoulashah asked.

"I was jealous of you because you could keep the necklace! I'm really sorry brother!" repented Mirshah. "I swear that I will not repeat this again, trust me!"

Ghoulashah took the necklace and kept it in a safe place, until the time came to use it wisely.

*The End*

# YOUNG WRITERS

## THE SAVIOR OF CIVILIZATION

Sai Nayan, 4G

Long ago, around 2900 B.C. in the Indus Valley, in a city called Mohenjo-Daro, there lived a young boy, named Denim Rob. He was 22 years old. He lived happily with his sister and parents. He was smart and wanted to be an architect.

One day, the city was filled with darkness. The clouds collided with each other and it started to thunder. The people halted their work to look at what was happening. There were heavy rains and storms. This lasted for many days.

Then, floods occurred and started destroying the city. The floods knocked down anything that was in their path, from small people to big houses.

Then, Denim Rob started doing something to stop the dangerous floods. He thought as quickly as Einstein before it was too late. He suggested, "We can build more drainage systems to stop the floods." He and the city architects started building the drainage systems. It took them a long time to build.

Finally, they built the drainage systems to lead the water underground to store it for future use. Everyone praised Denim Rob for his intelligence and courage and lived happily ever after.



*The End*



# YOUNG WRITERS

## THE STRANGER

Akanshya Chakraborty, 9C

The dark, gloomy and murky sky surrounded me, like a hunter approaching its vulnerable prey. The sky was blanketed by huge grey clouds and it was raining cats and dogs with occasional thunder. The moons and stars hid behind the clouds as if to mock me because I didn't have a single source of light. My car had broken down and I was stranded literally in the middle of nowhere. Tall trees loomed around me menacingly and in the distance, I could hear a wolf howl. I shuddered.

I was desperately in need of shelter, for I had a high fever. My car wasn't of any help because the mechanical system of the convertible roof wasn't working either. I was also hungry and thirsty, on the verge of collapsing, but I had to wait for a miracle.

Locals usually avoided the path I had taken because of an old tale, but I was in a rush and this route was a short cut. According to the story, anyone whoever has taken this abandoned path has got stuck midway and has remained stranded. People either got lost in the dense forest or they slipped into the hands of death, due to starvation. Apparently, there were only two survivors who got rescued by a stranger with no face. How are people so creative even to come up with such fake stories?

Though, I guess those tales are true sometimes; like now.

I was about to give up. I sat down against a bark of a tree and I could see black spots. I felt numb. That is when I saw a man dressed up in complete black clothes cross the road and approach me. Was this how death looked? Pretty modern if you ask me. He was wearing a black leather jacket with a hood; black jeans, black gloves, and a black mask. I could not see his eyes either, it was pitch dark. Was I hallucinating? I already had black spots before my eyes and I had started to create imaginative figures, wow!

Soon, I realized that I wasn't actually hallucinating because that gentleman pulled me up with a strong grasp and helped me walk over to a car, presumably a Sedan. I was a bit more aware of my surroundings as I could feel the ice-cold wind against my face. I was also sure that he wasn't death, cause if I were dead, I wouldn't feel anything, right? He helped me into the car and turned on the heater. I was semi-conscious and I felt like asking him a million questions. I wanted to thank him, but a single sound wasn't coming out through my vocal cords. I noticed that he was driving without headlights, so he must know the place pretty well.

Suddenly, I could see street lights ahead and he stopped the car at a safe distance, from the lights. I got out of the car clumsily and croaked out a 'thank you'. He just nodded his head, sternly paying little attention. I walked over to the streetlights to find the police and my mother. I happily collapsed onto my mother's arms and she hugged me warmly as tears ran down her cheek.

A police officer came up to me and asked, "How did you manage to get out?"

I pointed at the forest, but there was no sign of a vehicle or a man. The police looked at me as if to question my sanity.

My mom responded, "She is tired, she needs rest." The police nodded his head acknowledging her and backed away.

My mom took me to our house and I immediately collapsed on the bed. I took a long nap. After I woke up, I felt better and grateful, but soon guilt conquered me for never asking the stranger his name or address. I owed him my life. He had been so kind and I knew that he wasn't a part of my imagination. Upon asking my mom about whether the police had found any traces of a vehicle, she replied saying that none were found.

A single question raced across my mind...who was he?

*The End*

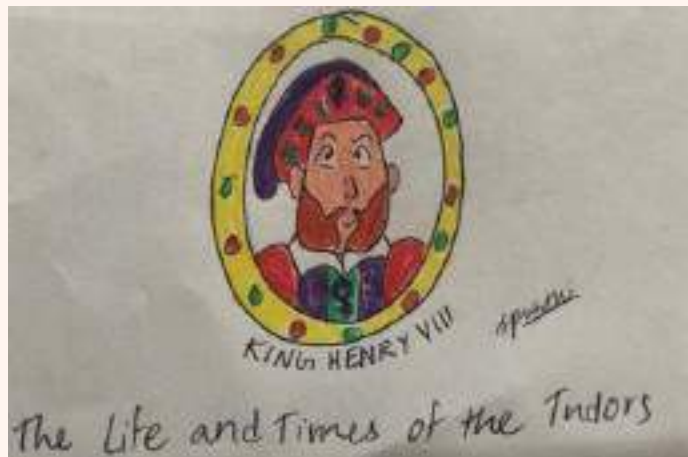


# POETIC Minds

## THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THE TUDORS

*Surabhi Kar, 6E*

There once was a royal family named the Tudors,  
Destined to make gory history.  
They were all as bloodthirsty as tigers,  
But their story is filled with misery.  
The family consisted of King Henry VIII,  
And his six wives.  
Together he had three children,  
They would have loved to have him at the sharp end of their knives.  
King Henry VIII was first married to Catherine.  
They had Princess Mary.  
But by now Anne Boleyn was thinking it would be well for her to rule  
From hereon, Catherine's time would be dreary.  
And thus the fights begin,  
Between the Queen and the King.  
Years it took for it to resolve,  
But Henry finally robbed Catherine of the wedding ring.  
All this while, Princess Mary stood watching, not saying a word.  
She knew that if Catherine gave up her queenship,  
She would be illegitimate to the throne.  
So, she did nothing but serve Henry lip.  
Catherine was banished to a convent,  
And not long after she was pronounced dead.  
Princess Mary grieved, while Anne Boleyn rejoiced,  
For finally, she would be able to put the queen's crown on her head.  
King Henry wanted a boy this time,  
And everyone predicted it would be so.  
But when Elizabeth, a girl was born,  
Queen Anne quickly went from wife to foe.  
Hence, Queen Anne was beheaded,  
Since she couldn't produce a son.  
Now, just like Mary, Elizabeth was forbidden from the throne.  
And her chances of her being a ruler were next to none.  
Next, the King married Jane Seymour,  
And then they had a son, Edward.  
King Henry was overjoyed,  
Since in his eyes, the legacy of the Tudors would finally go forward.  
Years passed, and King Henry died.  
Edward became the ruler.  
But Edward was always a sickly boy,  
And he perished soon, his subjects wishing he had lived his life fuller.  
While Mary began her reign of five years,  
Elizabeth was always frightened for her life.  
She could never trust anyone around her,  
And her life was full of strife.  
But, soon Mary died, following her mother.  
Elizabeth was now free from prison  
She danced and laughed with joy,  
As she would never again be charged with treason.  
Elizabeth was crowned soon after,  
And the joyous rule began.  
All the people in England were happy,  
As they would never see cruel Queen Mary again.



# YOUNG WRITERS

## THE UNFORTUNATE DAY

Rishabh Jain, 10B

Emily was just an ordinary woman with an ordinary job. She worked in a hotel as a room service helper. She liked the way things were going on. Earning and sleeping.

One day, a perfectly normal one it seemed, she was heading towards cleaning room number 4. It would have been the same case, until a startled dog raced out of the room, running in haphazard circles. Something seemed off, but it seemed perfectly normal for her to investigate. Emily would have gone further in if an ear piercing scream had not filled the air. She stood there, petrified, gawking at the saturnine scene. Her hands flew to her mouth in utter shock, as pools of blood raced out of the body in front of her.

A man laid there; with a knife gone right through his nerves. He was in severe need of help. Emily seemed absolutely clueless on what action to take! She was in a profession where she dealt with bad beds and mattresses, not bodies with ounces of blood coming out of them.

Bending down, she dislodged the knife, which seemed to have been coated with the red of the man's blood. The next moment, footsteps were heard and they seemed to amplify by the minute, as they were nearing.

Emily's next sight intimidated her. The hotel manager, Mr. Kent seemed to have been in a different world, perhaps the planet of Krypton. His brain froze for moments and his eyes took in more light than he expected them to, every bit of him went on a pause while his thoughts caught up. After the wash of cold, he stepped from the shadows, feeling new warmth to the day.

The blank expression soon seemed to have changed into one Emily wouldn't have wanted to see even in the worst of her nightmares. Anger boiled deep in the system of Mr. Kent, as hot as lava. It churned within, hungry for destruction, too much for Emily to handle. The pressure of the raging anger forced him to say things he didn't mean to say. So he didn't. He kept those feelings within him. He rushed and called the cops.

Emily didn't seem to know what was happening. It had not been much time since Mr. Kent had signaled the cops and there were already sirens blaring all along the street. A group of armed men sprinted towards the murder room.

Emily's shoes were the largest shoes to be filled in at the minute. Her brain had shut down. She was clammy and there was the glisten of a cold sweat. Her eyes were wide, wider than the stomach of a sumo wrestler. Trapped in a psychosis, tailor made by her own brain...she felt that the need to investigate was her fault.

A cop rushed to her and screamed, "Ms Emily Allen, you have your fingerprints all over the knife and therefore, you are under arrest for the murder of Clifford DeVoe."

.....To be continued

*The End*

# YOUNG WRITERS

## THE STRANGER

Arushi 9C

A guy holding a chainsaw was chasing me, as I tried to escape my rotten fate; my heart desperate for a breath of fresh air. My legs sprinting as fast as they could, the power of fatigue slowly overcoming them. My brain beginning to trepitate as I reach a dead-end. The guy came sauntering behind me, cackling with laughter as he came towards me. All of a sudden, hope disappeared and I gave up. The guy reached out with the chainsaw, towards my face and...

BAM!!! I suddenly woke up from my nightmare; what I thought was a nightmare, my hands sweaty and shaky. I looked at the clock and saw a blur of red. My eyes finally focused on the clock to reveal the time at 2:59 AM.

All of a sudden, the doorbell rang, just as the time-shifted to 3:00 AM. My emotions got the best of me, as if they were released from a bullpen, demanding to be felt. Fear dominated my body as I realized no one was there to save me from this intricate maze of reality. It was just me, myself and I.

The doorbell rang again, this time with more intensity. As my fingers cascaded through the soft, slippery silk of the blanket, confusion decided to take a hit at me. This wasn't... my blanket! Or my room! As my understanding came to par with my confusion, darkness had started to celebrate its glory.

A loud bang on the door could be heard. It was then that I decided that I better take the courageous act of opening the door because either way, I was going to die. Little did I know I was right...

I got out of the bed and climbed down the cold, glassy stairs, which were leading me straight to the face of pity and possibly death. Hope suddenly reunited with the chilly, dark truth- I had no idea how I ended up here and had no memory of anything. So, it was better to be my own hero and save the day; be it life or death. As I reached out towards the rusty door, my heart pounded with such intensity that I thought it might actually explode.

As I opened the door, I asked mercy whether it would support me or not. Turns out it decided to take darkness' side; my words of wisdom from before turning into dust. Knowing that reality was a monster, commonly known as an imbecile, I opened the damned door, revealing a guy covered with a black veil, holding the cursed chainsaw; the exact same one I saw in my dreams. While evil took a moment to kill any reminiscences of happiness or hope and finally reconcile with its brother, darkness, my eyes stared at this living nightmare.

Once evil gave the sign, my senses came rushing back to me, making me close the door. The guy forced his way in. He started the chainsaw, his covered face enjoying this moment like any psychopath would.

After moments of battling for my life, I gave up the will to live. I bellowed in agony; pain-numbing my sullen yet innocent mind and body. I then closed my eyes, sprawled on the floor; my soul turning into pieces... The very pieces from which this had begun...

*The End*

# POETIC Minds

## BABY'S DAY OUT

There once lived a baby, who was as precious as gold,  
The baby was very bold,  
The mom was as proud as a dancing daisy,  
That she had such a beautiful baby.  
One day two kidnappers planned,  
To steal the baby's beautiful land,  
And threatened the parents for money,  
Joking and thinking it was funny.  
Boom! The baby went missing,  
And the kidnappers went searching,  
But the baby could not be seen,  
For the baby was like an ant, short and lean.  
The parents put the baby's photo in the paper with the news,  
And a rapper provided them with precious news,  
That the baby was spotted in the mall and a park,  
Which were both very dark.  
The maid realized what was going on,  
The baby was following 'Baby's day out', a book on,  
A baby going out,  
"That's it," the father said without a doubt.  
They arrived at the last stop,  
An old man's house, with a cop,  
To find the baby and the crook,  
All because of one BIG BOOK!



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