

SPARSH NEWSLETTER



OCTOBER | 2016

STUDENT EDITORIAL

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

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

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

As Robert Frost put forth so rightly in his words:

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

-Robert Frost, “The Road Not Taken”

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

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



Laugh Aloud

► **ON PAGE 11**

Mini Sagas

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Book Review

► **ON PAGE 45**

IN THIS EDITION

SPOTLIGHT

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

YOUNG AUTHORS

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

BOOK REVIEWS

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

POETIC MINDS

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

Trump: The American Shadow

Marcus Fernandez 10A

The 2016 November presidential elections will be a historic day for the United States of America, a day that could change the thriving country forever, but will it be for the better? The candidates Donald Trump and Hillary Clinton are arguably the two worst candidates for office, however despite the countless flaws with Hillary, Trump emerges as the greater of the two evils, and in my opinion will cause the eventual downfall of America, but why is Trump the worse choice?

To begin with, Donald Trump has very little political experience and has come this far purely with his wealth as a real estate agent developer and a TV reality star, hardly enough to make someone worthy of controlling a nation.

In addition, Donald Trump's methods are both brash and illogical, minimal thought has been put behind his ideas. In the words of current President Barack Obama, "Trump plans to lead America through fear." Trump's speeches condemn minorities and threaten the innocent. Regarding immigrants from Mexico, Donald Trump had this to say, "When Mexico sends its people, they're not sending their best... they're bringing drugs. They're bringing crime." This has been statistically proven incorrect as in terms of crime rates Mexicans are the third lowest rates. Mexican immigrants if provided for, will benefit the American economy.

Some argue that Trump's plans although forceful and extreme, will get the job done. He plans to target ISIS, crime within the country; furthermore he plans to

Trump: The American Shadow

boost the economy. His goals are quintessential. However, his methods strike fear in hearts, for example the center of his many campaigns has been to build a wall along the country to keep Mexican immigrants out. Apart from being ridiculously extreme his plan is also a frightening idea for the citizens of Mexico. This wall will create a divide that will lead to culture clashes, racism and destruction of a solid relationship between the two nations.

In conclusion, Donald Trump spells disaster for the 3.2 million Americans that could fall under the shadow of his reign, in fact the world as a whole could face possible catastrophe. The coming apocalypse has a new name, it's Donald Trump.



SPOTLIGHT

KNOWING BETTER - Simarjeet Ma'am ICT Teacher

MAHATHI: Hello, ma'am! Today we would like to get to know a little bit more about you apart from your role as a ICT teacher. So we would like to ask you a few questions.

SIMARJEET MA'AM: Go ahead.

LAHARI: Ma'am all have fantasies...If you had the chance to go back in time and change the profession you are in right now, would you?

SIMARJEET MA'AM: Honestly, when I was a child, I wanted to have a desk job, a 9 to 5 job, but now, I don't think I would want to be anything but a teacher. When we're kids we think being a teacher is the most boring job ever, but now I'm realizing how amazing it can be.



MAHATHI: The world is amazing! It continues to inspire and teach. I am sure you will agree that all wish to explore places, and what better if it is free of cost. Given a chance, where would it be for you?

SIMARJEET MA'AM: I would love to travel the world without any expenses, but ultimately, I would settle in India because it's my motherland.

LAHARI: You teach ICT with a lot of passion. We were wondering if it were your favourite subject as a child?

SIMARJEET MA'AM:(laughs) No. I loved Science.

MAHATHI: Which branch of Science was your favorite?

SIMARJEET MA'AM: Actually, back then you weren't taught the different branches separately, however I enjoyed every bit of it.

LAHARI: Mahathi and I always wish we had superpower... going invisible or have a magic wand. Anyways, ma'am if you could have any superpower, which one would it be and why?

SIMARJEET MA'AM: Flying, because you can reach anywhere. It would be so much fun and 'saving' you see. I won't have to pay for auto or cab when I can just fly!!

(all laugh...)

MAHATHI & LAHARI: Well, Ma'am we need to leave now. Thank you for your precious time.

Ma'am: Thank you .

**Thank you for your time
by-Mahathi & Lahari**

HINDI

दो घड़े RITHIVIKA-3B

एक घड़ा मिट्टी का बना था, दूसरा पीतल का | दोनों नदी के किनारे रखे थे उस नदी में बाढ़ आ गई, नदी के बहाव में दोनों घड़े बहते चले गये बहुत समय तक मिट्टी के घड़े ने अपने आप को पीतल वाले घड़े से काफी दूर रखना चाहा | ये देखकर पीतल वाले घड़े ने कहा “तुम डरो नहीं दोस्त मैं तुम्हें धक्का नहीं लगाऊंगा” |

मिट्टी के घड़े ने जवाब दिया “तुम जानबूझ कर धक्के नहीं लगाओगे, सही हैं मगर नदी के बहाव में हम जरूर टकरायेंगे | अगर ऐसा हुआ तो तुम्हारे बचाने पर भी मैं तुम्हारे धक्को से बच ना सकूंगा और मेरे टुकड़े-टुकड़े हो जायेंगे इसलिए अच्छा है की हम दोनों अलग-अलग रहे” |

शिक्षा –जिससे तुम्हारा नुकसान हो रहा हो, उससे अलग ही रहना अच्छा है, चाहे वह उस समय के लिए तुम्हारा दोस्त ही क्यों न हो |

खरगोश और कछुआ Tharun - 3B

एक घने जंगल में एक खरगोश और कछुआ रहते थे | एक दिन खरगोश ने कछुए को दौड़ लगाने को कहा | फिर खरगोश कछुए ने दौड़ना शुरू किया खरगोश बहुत दूर निकल आया कछुआ बहुत पीछे रह गया | खरगोश ने पीछे देखा तो उसे दूर तक कछुआ नहीं दिखा उसने सोचा कि थोड़ा आराम कर लेता हूँ ये सोचते हुए ऐसे ही वो सो गया | और कछुआ जीत गया |



तन से बढ़कर मन का सौन्दर्य है Aashrita- 3C

महाकाव्य “मेघदूत” के रचयिता कालिदास “मूर्ख” नाम से प्रसिद्ध है ,जिनका विवाह सुन्दर व महान गुणवती विधोतमा से हुआ था उन महाकवि से राजा विक्रमादित्य ने एक दिन अपने दरबार में पूछा “क्या कारण है, आपका शरीर मन और बुद्धि के अनुरूप नहीं नहीं है ?” इसके उत्तर में कालिदास ने अगले दिन दरबार में सेवक से दो घड़ों में पिये का पानी लेन को कहा | वह जल से भरा एक स्वर्ण निर्मित घड़ा और दूसरा मिट्टी का घड़ा ले आया |

अब महाकवि ने राजा से विनयपूर्वक पूछा “महाराज ! आप कौन से घड़े का जल पीना पसंद करेंगे ?” विक्रमादित्य ने कहा, “ कवि महोदय, यह भी कोई पूछने की बात है ? इस ज्येष्ठ मास की तपन में सबको मिट्टी के घड़े का जल भाता है |” कालिदास मुस्कुराकर बोले “तब तो महाराज आपने अपने प्रश्न का उत्तर स्वयं ही दे दिया |” राजा समझ गए कि जिस प्रकार जल की शीतलता बर्तन की सुन्दरता पर निर्भर नहीं करती,उसी प्रकार मन बुद्धि का सौन्दर्य तन से नहीं आँका जाता |

रचनात्मक लेखन

महती, कक्षा ९ अ

राजू कक्षा ८ का विद्यार्थी था। उसके चार भाई - बहन थे। उसके पिता एक छोटे से स्कूल में अध्यापक थे। बहुत अधिक आय न होने पर भी घर आसानी से चल जाता था। राजू का स्कूल घर से दूर था। राजू के स्कूल में शिक्षक दिवस के लिये आयोजन हो रहे थे। स्कूल में कहा गया कि हर बच्चे को अध्यापक के लिए एक तोफा लाना पड़ेगा। राजू के माता-पिता यह सुनकर बहुत परेशान हुए थे--- जितने पैसे थे उससे तो घर का खर्च आसानी से चल जाता, लेकिन इस तोफे के लिए और पैसे कहाँ से लाएँ? शिक्षक दिवस के लिए सिर्फ दो दिन बचे थे और राजू के पास ना तो तोफा था और ना ही तोफे के लिए पैसे।

एक दिन, जब स्कूल से घर लौट आ रहा था, उसे सड़क पर एक छोटा-सा बस्ता दिखाई दी। जब पास आकर देखा तो उसमें सोने के सिक्के! राजू को डर था की उसे कोई देख न ले?

बिना सोचे जल्दी से बस्ते को लेकर घर की ओर भागने लगा। जब घर पहुँचा, तब उसे एहसास हुआ की उसने चोरी की है। बस्ता राजू का नहीं था। शायद अब भी बाहर कोई उसे ढूँढ रहा हो। राजू ने तय किया कि वह कल जाकर उसे लौटा देगा। लेकिन उसके तोफे ? उन्हें खरीदने के लिए पैसे कहाँ से आते? और कल ही तौफ़ा देना था। रात भर राजू को नींद नहीं आई, बस सोचता रहा। शिक्षक दिवस आ ही गया था, और राजू के पास कोई योजना नहीं थी। फिर भी वह स्कूल गया, सोचते हुए कि वह सच ही बता देगा।

जब अध्यापक कक्षा में प्रवेश किया, सभी बहुत से अच्छे-अच्छे, रंग-बिरंगी तोफे लाये, लेकिन राजू के पास कुछ नहीं था। अध्यापक ने उसे गुस्से से पूछा की उसका तौफ़ा कहा है, तो राजू ने धीरे से बस्ता निकाला। "मैंने सोचा के यह सोने के सिक्के से मैं आपके लिए कुछ लाऊ लेकिन मैं ऐसा नहीं कर सकता था। यह मेरे पैसे नहीं", राजू ने कहा। अचानक अध्यापक हँसने लगे, उसने चिल्लाया, "अरे, यह बस्ता मेरी है, मैंने उसे खो गया था। धन्यवाद बेटे, अगर तुम ईमानदार नहीं हित, तो मुझे यह कभी नहीं मिलता !"

राजू ने पुछा, "लेकिन तोफ?" तो अध्यापक ने मुस्कुराते हुए कहा, "अरे राजू, तुम्हारी \ सच्चाई और ईमानदारी से बेहतर और कौन सा तौफा हो सकता है?"

हमें हमेशा सच्चा और ईमानदार रहना चाहिए।

Conservation of Resources

Vikrant V 10 B

Life has been sustained on this planet for more than a million years, including the adaptations and modification of thousands of other species. Out of which the most supposedly evolved organism is us-the humans-who despite being the most intellectually developed beings have been destroying habitats of their own kind, as well as, the habitats of other animals eventually leading to extinction. Their materialistic greed has caused enough damage, and one of the most obvious results of these activities is global warming. Global warming is the gradual variation of temperature to extreme high conditions, attributed by CFC's, Carbon Dioxide and other pollutants.

However all we do is talk about it and satisfy ourselves with the fact that we are up to date about all the disasters that this phenomenon has caused instead of doing something. It's obvious that the government has been doing its part by introducing policies and international institutions help in raising awareness. But that isn't enough! unless we contribute to save this big beautiful blue planet of ours.

First of all, we must plant trees, this takes in most of the pollutants that affect nature and turns it into fresh breathable air, that not only benefits us, but also contributes in creating a bio-diversity and builds the beauty of an ecosystem.

Secondly, save electricity. This rule is heard everywhere on a daily basis, but usually goes unheard, hence we must practice it ourselves and coax others in doing the same. In fact, why stop there, we could change our methods of obtaining power. From coal and other fossil fuels the take a long time to get replenished, we might as well look for alternatives, most commonly, solar or hydro powered projects.

In place like India, we often complain about dirt on the roads and stinky places which prevent people from visiting different places. Let's take an initiative and improve this situation. We could either help other NGOs or do it ourselves. This also discourages the use of non-biodegradable like polythene bags that are found everywhere lying on the ground, forcing people to stay home to halt unwanted dirt.

Effect of Education

Rishita, Grade 10A

If a less-developed country is classified as a developed country, then the occupational distribution would be in such a way that more workers would be concentrated towards the tertiary or service sector. The reason behind this is that: during development, all sectors of the economy expand. However, it is the tertiary sector that helps expand all the other sectors. Agriculture, transportation all require services to grow and hence with the development of the tertiary sector comes development of others. Good growth prospects and working conditions are also provided. As explained, earlier, the agricultural sector will now have a less proportion of workers. In addition, people will retire at an early age since there are many financial institutions providing pension schemes etc. More people would be encouraged to pursue higher education.

On the whole, with development and an increase in education, people will be choosing to work in the tertiary sector as it is more rewarding and less dangerous (for example: mining is a hazardous activity).

An improvement in education in a developing country would have an effect on its population since, by educating them, citizens are now more conscious of how to take care of themselves and practice good sanitation and hence live longer. In addition, with higher education comes more innovation and technology and therefore enterprises may be coming up that supply commodities that raise living/sanitation standards and consequently will impact the population positively. Furthermore, if people pursue higher education, they will be likely to get better jobs and more chances to emigrate. If individuals emigrate, the age-structure of the population is changed and there may be better living conditions in the home country.

On the contrary, an improvement in education does increase general awareness but it is up to the individuals whether they follow it or not. In the age of pressurized workers, many-a-times it is observed that health of people is neglected. In such a scenario, more education and job prospects are insignificant if they don't impact the population positively.

SOCIAL

Stones for the Ages - An article on Paleolithic Man **Rishi, Grade 6C**

The Originations of the 'Stone Age'

Stone Age was the earliest known period of human culture, and was characterized by the usage of stone tools. The term 'Stone age' was coined in the late 19th century by the Danish scholar Christian J Thomson. It is also known as the 'Three age system' as it mainly consisted of three ages : Paleolithic Age, Mesolithic Age and the Neolithic Age.



The Paleolithic Age

The Paleolithic Age was the largest age in the three age system. It started 2 million years ago and is known as the old Stone Age. It was a time when people just started to develop, and when there were no written records. It can furthermore be divided into three ages : the Lower Paleolithic Age, the Middle Paleolithic Age and the Upper Paleolithic Age.

The Paleolithic Man

The Paleolithic Man was known as a hunter-gatherer as he hunted animals and gathered fruits, nuts, seeds and leaves. He was a nomad and his average life span was only 20 to 25 years. He lived in caves and rock shelters. He depended on nature for mostly everything. He covered himself in animal skin and leaves.

Stone Tools and their uses

The Stone age was called the 'Stone Age' because stone was the most vital source of material, even though man also used wood and bones at that time. Here are some of the stone tool uses:

1. The Paleolithic man used stone tools for hunting
2. To make fire
3. To cut meat and bones
4. To scrape bark and animal skin from trees and animals

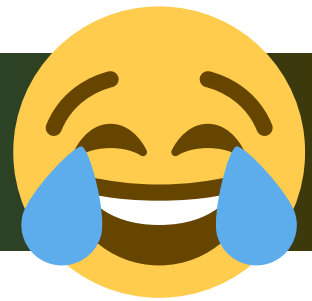
Shaping of Stone Tools

Sometimes, stones were meant to be kept sharp to hunt animals. The early man shaped rocks to be sharp by rubbing the stone to another stone. The rock that was supposed to be shaped was usually called a 'core'. The early man could also pressure flake to maintain shape. In pressure flaking, the core was placed on a firm surface. The hammer stone was used on a piece of stone that was placed on the core to remove flakes that could be shaped into tools.

Sites of the Paleolithic Man

Sites were places where the early man lived, worked and the remains of their existence was found. At some sites, a large number of tools used for all sorts of activities were found. These sites were called habitation cum factory sites. In some other smaller sites, there is evidence to suggest that tools were made. Some sites were closer to springs.

⁷ LAUGH ALOUD



Quirky Quotes



“Two things are infinite: the universe and human stupidity; and I'm not sure about the universe.”

– Albert Einstein

“A day without sunshine is like, you know, night.”

- Steve Martin

“How can you ever be late for anything in London? They have a huge clock right in the middle of the town.”

- Jimmy Kimmel

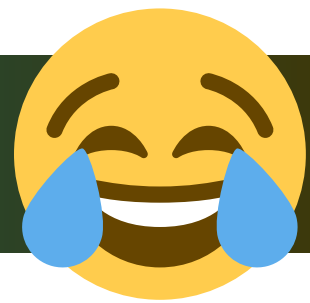
“When I was a child my father attacked me with cameras; I still have flashbacks.”

- Stewart Francis

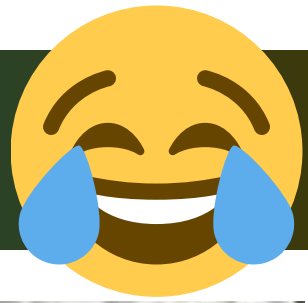
“What the world needs is more geniuses with humility; there are so few of us left.”

- Oscar Levant

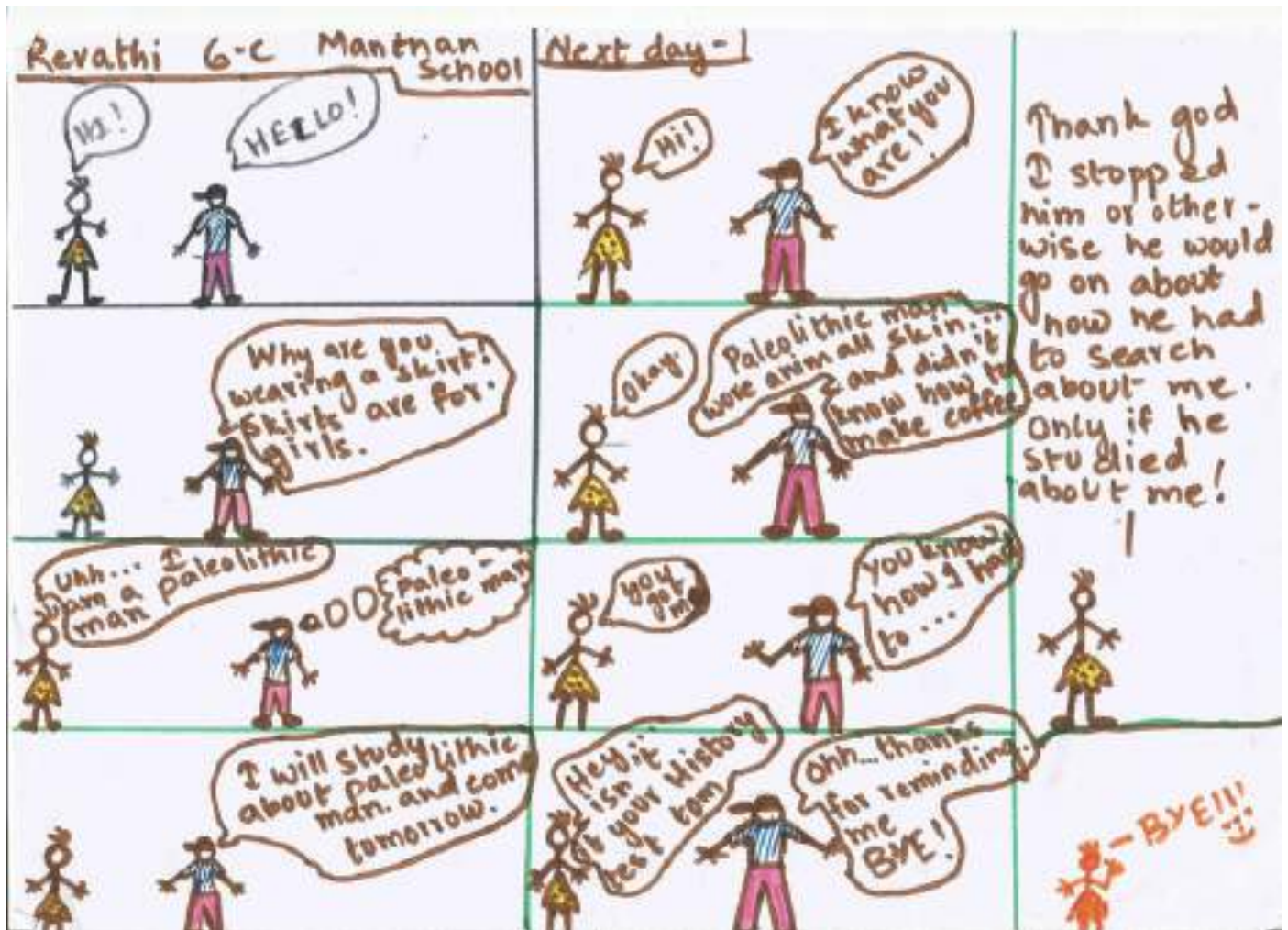
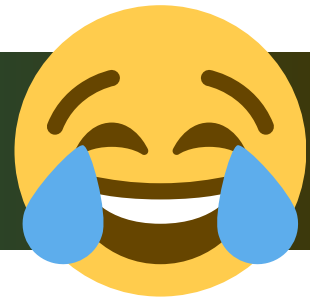
LAUGH ALOUD



LAUGH ALOUD



LAUGH ALOUD



LET THE CAVEMEN REMAIN IN CAVES

MINI SAGAS

Winnie's Play Date

Raaghav Madukuri 1D

Once there was a baby squirrel Winnie who lived with his Mom and Dad. One day he was super excited to have his squirrel friend over for a play date. So, he went to the market and used some acorn money for the bananas and corn for his squirrel friends. The shopping trip was so good that the baby squirrel some banana shake on him. The play date was good because they played and they had pillow fights with each other. At the end they all had to go home.

Flora and her Friend

Vaeshnavi . A 1D

A baby squirrel whose name was Flora lived with her Mom and Dad on a tree top colony. She was excited for her play date. She decided to go to the fruit shop near the root of the tree with her Mom and spend her acorn money on food for her friend.

Then they went to the play date and enjoyed. Flora and her friend went to an ice-cream and there they had a coconut ice-cream. They also went to a swimming pool. After that Flora returned home and took bath. She ate her dinner and drank water and then she said, 'Good night and I love you,' Mom and Dad. Then she went to bed.

MINI SAGAS

Oreo Cake Pops

Ayana 4D

You will need:

- 1 Oreo for each cake pop
- melted chocolate
- smarties candy,
- popsicle sticks



Procedure:

1. Twist the Oreo
2. Spread some of the melted chocolate in the Oreo
3. Join the two Oreo biscuits
4. Put a stick in between the two pieces of the Oreo
5. Add some smarties for eyes, and melted chocolate for a smile
6. And then you have your beautiful Oreo cake pops!

MINI SAGAS

New Place Sanjith, 3A

“Where am I?” panicked Fatima, gaping at the unfamiliar room filled with teeny-tiny furniture.

“What happened?” panicked Fatima again, thinking to shift to a different place. She went everywhere but only found teeny-tiny furniture. So she thought of going to a new planet. She joined the NASA club, and she was ready to shift to the moon.



“I can’t believe that I am going to meet Mr Moon!” exclaimed Fatima as she was about to enter the rocket.

Baby Squirrel INVITES her Friends Aadya Acharya, 1C

There was a baby squirrel who lived with his Mom and Dad on a tree top. One day he decided to invite his friends. First, they bought acorns for the friends. Next, they bought dresses and then they came back home. The baby squirrels friends came and ate ice-creams, buns, pizza and played football. They had lots of Fun!



MINI SAGAS

Emma, the Baby Elephant

Akshita Hegde, 1D

Once upon a time there lived a baby elephant called Emma. She lived with her mother and father in a forest. One day Emma and her friends decided to have a play date.



Emma and her Mom went to the supermarket to buy food for Emma's friends. They bought bananas, nuts, and corns. After the shopping trip, they went to an ice-cream parlor and also to a fair.

Emma enjoyed the rides and roller coaster. Later she went to a chocolate factory. Then she returned home, met her friends and enjoyed the play date. They all sang, danced and ate bananas, nuts and raisins.

At the end the baby elephant's friends went back home. Emma was feeling very tired and sleepy by now. So she went to bed and slept peacefully.

MINI SAGAS

The Tree and The Dragon

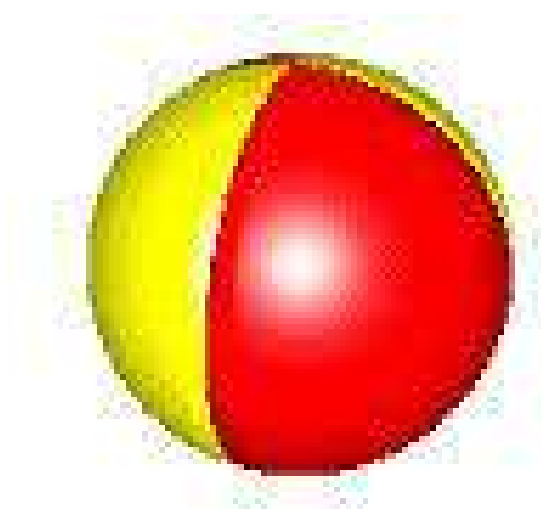
Prerana, 3A

“Everybody, take cover!” barked the tree in the corner of the playground. The tree had a friend who was a dragon. The Tree had the power of reading others’ mind and the dragon had the power of changing into whoever he would like to change into. The ground on which the tree grew was unusual too. Each time the children sat or played in the playground, it would grow bigger and bigger...

Sam and her Friends

Snigdha - Grade 1B

Once upon a time there was a Squirrel named Sam, who lived with his Mom and Dad in a tree top colony. One day baby squirrel was very excited to call his friends for a play date. She bought fruits and nuts and called her friends.



Her friends came and played lots of games. They did colouring and drew some pictures. At night they has some drinks.

MINI SAGAS

The Cute Little Squirrel

Abhimanyu Bhat - Grade 1A

Once upon a time, there was a cute little squirrel. He lived on a tree top colony with his mom and dad. One day, he wanted to invite his squirrel friends, Daisy and Tom for a playdate.

He went with his mom and dad to a supermarket and they bought chocolates and cherries.

Next, they all bought ice cream. Tom, the squirrel said, “Let’s go back home and play there.”

“Ok,” said the baby squirrel.



They went home and while they were going home they saw a gift shop. The squirrels went in and saw many beautiful things. The baby squirrel bought earrings for Daisy the squirrel. They had a nice day. They played at home too.

After some time, it was midnight and it was time to sleep. The squirrels had to go home. And the baby squirrel went to sleep.

SCIENCE

Chemistry in 99 Seconds

Kritman, Pranavesh and Kavya - Grade 8A

There once was a little atom,
destined to form a bond.
His electrons were taken by goldemort,
who gave him a positive charge.

YO ATOM! YOU'RE AN ELEMENT
Atom goes to table,
he meets eighteen other groups there,
and then he decides that he belongs in group 1.
Noble gasses are stable,
in the Periodic Table.
Alkali metals react aggressively.

Down the groups,
outer shells increases,
more radioactivity.
Unstable nuclei inside
the massive lower periods.

Elements contain particles,
of the subatomic size.
Neutrons, protons, and electrons
make up the inside.
These elements form compounds,
and they have to be balanced,
it's very complicated,
I don't really get it either.

SCIENCE

Atom gets put inside period seven..
By now you should know the
atom is unstable,
FRANCIUM!

Atom, atom!
it's getting scary!
Goldemorts back! Now everyone's reacting!
Cesium, cesium, why do you have, so many
isotopes!
Atoms forced to get a charge!
Ionic bonds are now at large!
Molecules break into group 3
Tellurium's half-life is dead as can be....

Oh....

Split your shells,
7 parts have now fell.
They're atomic bombs,
They make large mushroom clouds...

There once was a little atom,
who constantly gained a charge.
But in one final duel with Goldemort,
He may form a covalent bond.

SCIENCE

Constellations

Sonal Nagesh 6C

Constellations are a group of stars in the night sky which make images of humans and animals. Each constellation is given a name after some animals and mythological creatures. They are viewed before sunrise and after sunset. Here are some famous constellations.

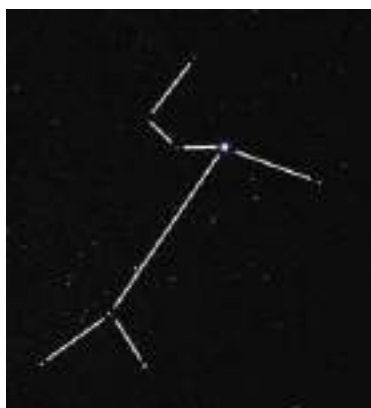
Ursa Major – Great bear or Saptarishi Mandal



Orion the Hunter



Canis Major



SCIENCE

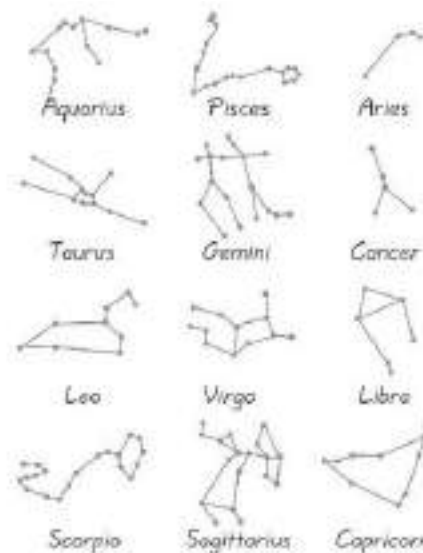
Hydra



Zodiac Constellations

There are 12 zodiac constellations:

- Taurus (Bull)
- Gemini (Twins)
- Cancer (Crab)
- Leo (Lion)
- Virgo (Virgin)
- Libra (Scales)
- Scorpius (Scorpion)
- Sagittarius (Archer)
- Capricorn (Goat)
- Aquarius (Aquarius)
- Pisces (2 Fish)
- Aries (Ram)



Original uses of constellations

- Ancient Farmers used constellations to tell them when to plant and harvest their crops (crop cycle – when they see one constellation, they used to plant one crop, when they see another, they used to harvest it)
- Constellations have also been used for navigation
- Constellations are used to locate other objects such as galaxies, nebulae, etc.
- Constellations were also used to tell time

Few more points

- There are two pointers in Ursa Major (Dubhe and Merak) which point to the North star in Ursa Minor
- Canis major is the greater dog and has the brightest star in the sky – Sirius
- Hydra is a water snake and is the largest constellation in the sky
- Orion is also called The Hunter and has a star (Betelgeuse) which is 650 times bigger than the sun



THREE ANTS IN AN ANTHILL

Shumala J 4C

One cold winter night, in a huge anthill in a forest, there was an ant who was asking for food as she had finished her store of food. Her name was Alley Ant. Everyone agreed to help her. "There you go. I'll get some cake too." offered Amy Ant, the kindest ant in the anthill.

"Thank you, Amy." Alley thanked Amy and went to Anty Ant, who lived next door. Alley asked Anty for some food but Anty rudely shooed her away yelling, "No!! I'll never share!"

Alley was really hurt. She went to Amy for help. Amy and Alley hatched a plan. Soon winter passed and summer arrived. Amy and Alley together made sure that Anty was always playing and never thought of collecting food for the winter, throughout the summer.

Soon the freezing winter came. Anty had no food and went to Alley for food. Alley refused to even speak to her. A hurt and shivering Anty went to Amy for food. Amy offered her nothing, saying she didn't have extra.

A month of winter passed and Anty had learnt a lesson. She regretted being selfish. She went to Amy for forgiveness. Amy and Alley felt bad for her and shared some food. From then on, Anty became as kind as Alley and Amy.



Moral: Never be selfish

The End



YOUNG AUTHORS

BUCHHA REDDY

Advay Vivek, 2A

One day, when I was going to bed, I wanted my father to tell me a story. So my father agreed and said, "OK, I will tell you a story."

"Hooray", I exclaimed.

Then, my father told me a story and it was called 'Buccha Reddy'. It was very dark. Usually all his stories start with 'It was a dark and stormy night'.

From then on, he used to tell me a story every night on the tales of Buccha Reddy. After the week, Buccha Reddy had become my dream role.

Every day, I used to go downstairs to play. So I used to tell my friends the Buccha Reddy tales. The stories fascinated them. After a month or so there was going to be a play. I was invited to participate two days before the main event.

The meeting for the play was going to be at 5 pm and was 10 kilometers away from my house. So I set out at 4 pm and reached at 5 pm. We all decided to do the play on Buchha Reddy-my favorite hero! We discussed and debated the roles each one had to essay. But, all my friends wanted to be Buccha Reddy!

One more character was the villain- Gogolaga . He was Buchha Reddy's enemy. And one boy wanted to take his role. I was chosen as Buchha Reddy because my friends thought that I had invented my hero but actually my father had.

The setting was going to be in a desert with a small town in it. In the play, I defeated Gogalago .I was praised for my performance!



The End



YOUNG AUTHORS

A TYPICAL DAY FOR GULLIVER

Suhaas Godavarthy - 8B

Saturday, 2-7-1704

Dear Diary,

Today, was absolutely bizarre. I have bid farewell to the citizens of Lilliput and set sail yet again in pursuit of home. To my sheer luck, the ocean rapids became strong, so strong that my raft ultimately tipped over. I was once again shipwrecked. Fighting against the monstrous waves, I swam for my life. Déjà vu it was! All my belongings were lost, except for this blasted diary protruding from my trouser pocket. After some ephemeral, terrorizing hours, the current abruptly changed. I fought against it, but I wouldn't budge. The rapids have finally trapped me; I was stuck in a maelstrom. A helpless individual like me could do nothing, so I was sucked in. I remember it being frigid and airy, an unusual feeling after succumbing to a whirlpool. My apparent location stunned me. I was in the sky. And I was flying. The sensation was unforgettable, gliding over fluffy white clouds as free as a bird. The clouds here were tangible, allowing me to experience their magical, pulverulent softness. It was a calm and silent terrain, and I cherished the quiescence after the hustle and bustle at Lilliput. So, here I am, solitarily writing in my diary, sitting on a tranquil cloud. That's it for today!

Love,
Gulliver

The End



YOUNG AUTHORS

THE POWER OF KINDNESS

Anoushka, 4C

There once was a beautiful seaside with pigeons flying onto the sand. Under the sea, there were three fish living in a small hole under the gold-coloured sea bed.

The names of the three fish were, Juno, Neptune, and Mercury. Mercury was an ill-mannered pig. He also used to boss and shout at the other fish. Juno and Neptune were sick of Mercury's behavior.

One day, Juno was sitting on her chair and thinking hard; she suddenly came up with a plan and shouted, "Neptune, I have an idea. Come here quickly!" He came up to her and she said, "My idea is that we be kind to him, he would be kind to us too!" Neptune thought it was a great idea. He agreed.

A few hours later, Mercury went down to the sea to swim. It happened that a fisherman was fishing there. He put a bait on his string, and lowered the fishing line. Mercury was passing by and smelt the bait. He was just about to get caught when Juno and Neptune caught him by the tail and hauled him home. That time, Mercury was dumb-struck. He realized his mistakes and repented. Juno and Neptune forgave him, and they lived happily ever after!

Moral- Be kind to others so they will be kind to you.

The End



YOUNG AUTHORS

THE DOG AND THE HORSE

Hasita Talatam- 4C

There once lived a dog and his mother. The dog had a friend, a horse who stayed with his mother. Both the families lived in the forest. The dog was naughty and was not respectful to others. But the horse was good and obedient. Both their parents were friends. One day, the dog's mother shouted at the dog. He did not listen to her and went out to play. The horse studied, later went out to play and his mother was glad. When he went to the dog's house, his mother told the horse about her problem.

The horse was thinking of a solution and got an idea which was not to give the dog whatever he wished for. At least then, he would understand his mother's plight. The dog's mother did the same as the horse suggested.

After one day, the dog understood that he should respect the words of his elders.

The moral is always respects our elders.



The End



YOUNG AUTHORS

THE FOX AND THE SLUG

Sriram - 4C

Once upon a time in a forest, there lived a fox and a slug. The fox always lost in running. He wanted to win at least once. So he thought that he will challenge the slug, as that would make him feel better. He went to the slug and questioned, “Hey, do you want to race with me?”

The slug consented to have a race with him.

“Come on”, said the fox.

There was a big plain in the forest. The fox thought they could race there. They went to the venue and the race commenced. The fox was in the lead and also far away from the slug. So he thought he would just take a little nap, as he was tired.

After some time, he woke up and yawned and saw that the slug was about to win the race. So he got up and with a lot of confidence he ran as fast as he could. He went right past the slug and crossed the finish line.

Then he realized that without that much confidence he would have never won the race.

Moral: Never lose confidence

The End



BURIED IN THE LAND OF GRIEF ...

Srikari 8 B

Buried in the land of grief
Isolated from my near and dear ones
I lie, dismayed on the
shore
Struggled like a dragon,
glooming in a lonely
spirit
Gazing at the sun and
reflecting back,
I curse myself for being
so feeble and crestfallen,
As I take a walk to the sea bed,
And patiently wait for the waves to show mercy on me
Yet, they never hear me wail and sob
Never in a million years,
Envious of my loyalty.
They step back and leave discourteously.
I did attempt to turn a new leaf over,
And help myself in liberating my cherished life.
Yet, all lie in my mighty heart that
Never revealed its true self and remained unspoken
forever
Left on the bare ground,
I remain as weak as a reed,
Trying to get onto my feet
Hoping to discover the purpose of life.



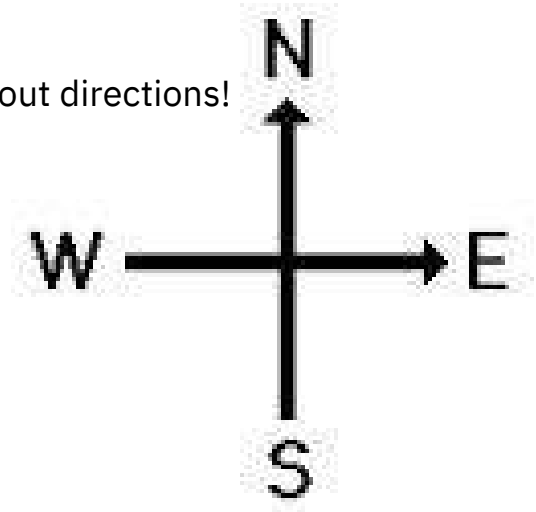


POETIC MINDS

DIRECTIONS

Hiranya, Grade 3A

Directions everywhere,
She loves to be with her friends.
Directions in the air,
North, South, East and West,
Here is a tip and it is best!
North is the way you should go,
If you like the cold and the freezing snow,
West is fun with the hot burning sun
and summer breeze,
Go to the South and fill your mouth
With our favorite strawberries,
Go to the East for a big fancy feast,
Find your prey which is information about directions!
Have a nice day,
If you may,
Bye bye.



DIRECTIONS

Laasya, Grade 3C

There's North, South, East, and West,
But no one knows which one is the best!
North is one of the directions,
It's bad when North pokes you with injections!
South is my favorite direction so far,
I'm sad it doesn't know how to drive a car!
East is where the sun rises,
Which is no surprise!
West is where the sun sets,
This is as easy as it gets!



YOUNG AUTHORS

THE AMAZING PLAY OF CINDERELLA

Lasya Koleti 2B

I am a girl who likes reading story books. My name is Lasya. One sunny morning, after breakfast, I was reading a wonderful, pretty and most beautiful book I found in my own, personal library. That wonderful book was 'Cinderella'. It had an interesting character named 'Cinderella'. I liked her a lot because she was kind, beautiful and helpful.

I went my mum with excitement and shouted, "Cinderella is my dream role!"

My mum turned her back, laughed happily and said, "Oh! Finally you have dream role. Your teacher sent me an email saying that yourclass is doing a play for a special assembly at school."

I shouted, "Yay!! I can suggest my favorite story: Cinderella". The next day at school, I couldn't wait to suggest the story. The teacher declared in an excited voice, "We are going to do any wonderful play. All of you can suggest one idea."

That moment, I raised my hand and shouted, "Cinderella!" All my friends and my teacher replied, "Yay! That's a great show!" Next, I raised my hand to be Cinderella.

Mary said, "You can't be Cinderella because she didn't have dark skin." Raj said, "You can't be Cinderella because you don't have such a beautiful gown." I got home and I seemed rather sad.

My mum asked, "Why are you sad and dull?" I replied, "Mary said I can't be Cinderella because she didn't have dark skin." My mum replied, "That's okay, you can still try to prepare." Later, I remembered something else.

My mum was cooking and I went to her and said, "Raj said, I can't be Cinderella because I don't have such a beautiful gown."

The next day at school, my teacher said, "We are going to have auditions." From that day onwards, for my homework I would always practice the lines and act. My mother helped me to practice. Finally the day of the auditions came.

I wore a beautiful gown. Raj said, "What a beautiful gown!" I did very well in the audition and I was chosen to be Cinderella. I prepared and worked really hard for my role. My teachers, friends and my parents helped me.

It was a big success. Everyone clapped really hard. I celebrated my success by eating tasty pizza. I felt proud of myself!



The End



NEEDS AND WANTS

Ganga P.R. 4C

Once upon a time, there lived a little bird and her mother. They lived in a meadow on the branches of a mango tree. Every morning, they used to chirp and wake up all the cats, dogs and other animals. As they woke up, all of them danced to their melodious music.

One afternoon: "We need to go shopping to buy twigs. Look at our nest, it's become so old and it's full of holes," Mother Bird frowned. "Yes, we shall go to the shop right away," said Baby Bird. They flew towards the shop and at that very moment...

"Mother, can you please buy a doll for me," requested Baby Bird. "No, no, it's too expensive," said Mother Bird in a firm voice. "Please, I really need a doll," nagged Baby Bird. Mother bird ignored her, bought the twigs and took Baby Bird home.

"You didn't really need the doll, you just wanted it. There are things you need and things you want. Like you need water, shelter, etcetera," explained Mother Bird.

"I understand now; we need twigs because our nest is ruined and it can fall from the tree any moment. Then, we will not have any shelter," rationalized Baby Bird.

"Yes, my child, you have understood," said Mother Bird. They built their nest and lived happily ever after!

Moral: It is not necessary to get everything you see.



The End



YOUNG AUTHORS

GRIMMINATURE

Disha Garg - 8A

James walked back home after a long and exhausting day, a bit absorbed in his thoughts, perhaps about his daughter who went missing mysteriously. Who had vanished-poof- without a word. James, was an ordinary man who lived in New York City and loves the snowy weather.

James noticed a man who intensely stared at him. James, who felt uncomfortable, suddenly saw that the man's face had turned into a demon. Maybe a wolf, or a vampire, James didn't know. He screamed. Now, everybody's eyes were on James. He looked at the man again and saw absolutely nothing except an ordinary man, eating his cheese burger.

He asked a policeman who came over to check on him, "Did you see that?! Did you see that?! That man's face!"

"Sir, there's nothing on that man's face, that poor guy is just eating his burger", said the cop in a shocked tone. "Would you like me to drop you home sir?"

"No, no. I'm fine, it's okay," replied James confused and terrified.

James walked towards his house. Suddenly he felt a hand on his shoulder.

Terrified and petrified he turns around to see a woman. Maybe in her late 40's, about five feet, wearing a long, dull dress with her short hair accompanied by a band the same color of her dress.

He asked her, "Yes? What do you want?"

"I know why you screamed, I saw it too. I need to have a little chinwag with you, meet me at my house at 5:00pm sharp. Here's the address, don't be late!" she replied in a deep and soft voice.

Though perplexed, James quietly concurred to the proposal.

He got ready and at 5:00pm sharp, he knocked on the door of the address given to him. The door opened, he saw a round table inside. As he walked ahead, he bumped into a mini-cupboard. He saw a drawer and opened it. Inside, he found a huge map folded several times just enough to fit in the drawer. He opened the map and saw the word 'Grimminature' written on it and next to that he saw a picture of himself.

He called, "Um... excuse me? Where in the world did you get my picture from?"

"Oh that doesn't matter! Now sit down! I have to talk to you."

"But-but..."

"Hush! I know what you saw, we can see things no one else can. You saw a monster didn't you?"

"Yes, but-but..!"

"I said QUIET! God! Kids these days. Anyway... Now these monsters are called 'grimms'. These monsters have their souls captured in crystal ball which is at a castle 3-4 hours away from here. The queen of the Grimms' -Grimminatrix- guards it. These monsters cannot be killed or perished."

"Then how do they die? Or do they just stay there?"

"They can't be killed and they don't just stay there! Their souls have to be free from the castle."

"How were their souls even captured?"

"When a Grimm bites them on the neck. Sort of like a vampire you can say."

"Right, how do you free the souls?"

"I'll tell you tomorrow, you have stuffed enough in your brain for today."

James obeyed and walked away from the house going home. He had quite an uncomfortable night. He woke up and immediately received a phone call.

"Excuse me? A lady by the name of Carmen is being rushed to the hospital and she asked us to contact you." said the stranger's voice.

"Carmen? I'm sorry I think you've got the wrong number,"

"I don't think so sir, she asked us to tell you- grimminature."



GRIMMINATURE

"Oh! Oh! Okay, coming! Which hospital?"

"A world for us, sir."

James quickly cut the phone and he dashed to the hospital. He found the room which Carmen lay in.

"What-what happened?" asked James, terrified.

"A Grimm- bit me, on the leg! You have to end this James- or none will survive! Free the souls!"

"But-but how? I don't know how to. You have to help me!"

"Do you think I can? God! Kids these days! The drawer you opened remember- that's the map to and of the castle. There's a gun in that drawer too. It won't kill the Grimms, but it's enough to knock them out. now go!"

"But-!" And then Carmen lay in his arms, with her eyes closed and a long beep followed the monitor. She was gone. Doctors said they could do nothing.

He walked to Carmen's house; he opened the drawer and pocketed the gun and map. He had to end this. He had to.

He was eager to avenge the death of an innocent soul. The next instant, he grabbed the requisites, rented a jeep, a black and rusted jeep, and on his side sat the gun and map given by Carmen. After a long and tiring journey he finally arrived. A huge castle faintly lit by the dim moon. This was the gloomiest castle he had ever seen. Actually the only castle he had ever seen.

As he entered the castle, the war began. Every monster in his way was knocked out by his surprising skill of shooting and aiming. He finally reached the inside of the castle. Huge roof tops. Big red curtains covering the only light source entering the room. Big statues near a huge door which was mysterious. Very mysterious! James had a weird feeling about that door and so he went and opened it.

He ran towards the crystal ball but stopped and turned around just to see the Grimminatrix. He had only one bullet left. The Grimminatrix, floated in the air, covered in a black, shredded cape. She had no shadow, and her eyes glowed red which sent a shiver down James' spine.

"Why would you possibly want to do this?", asked James terrified, confused and curious all at the same time.

"I," she snickered. "I want to rule the world!" she replied in her low, deep and monstrous voice.

"Why?"

"My father never took care of me, he always was busy in his work, he never worried about me and now I shall do the same!"

James was shocked, this had sounded exactly like his daughter, Emma's, story. He was so busy in his new job he never got the time to pay attention to her.

"I can't let that happen."

The Grimminatrix shot a beam of laser towards James but he managed to dodge it. The Grimminatrix shot another, but James was too fast. James had to do something fast, he couldn't be lucky every time.

He thought fast and pointed the gun towards the crystal ball.

"It's over", and a bullet hit the glass. The sound of shredded glass hit James' ears.

Souls began to stream out. They flew all over the castle, but one flew towards the Grimminatrix, she fell and James ran towards her. James could not believe his eyes, he had found his daughter. After all these years he had finally found her.

"I'm so sorry Emma!", and a tear trickled down his cheek.

The End



YOUNG AUTHORS

THE OLD DOG

Spurthi Challa 6A

It happened at exactly 2 pm, Sunday, on Lily's birthday, the moment she blew out the candles of her birthday cake.

Murphy was not to be blamed for what happened. He was an old dog, older than Lily. Lily's older sister, Christina, who had had her birthday in February, could still remember Murphy as a puppy. The little dog was unwanted, a mixed breed stray, born with a limp, a torn right ear, and was the last of the litter.

No one believed it happened, or would happen, especially on Lily's birthday. Time to get to the point—a dog died, Lily's worst birthday ever.

But it wasn't until after a few days weird things started to happen.

It started when Lily and Christina went to the backyard, to give flowers to Murphy's grave. While they came back, they heard a very, very, very, very, very weird thing. They heard a bark. A BARK.

"Do you think the neighbors got a dog?" Lily suggested, though she knew all her neighbors surprisingly hated dogs, or anything related to animals. (Once a neighbor fainted when she went the zoo and saw a bunny).

Before Christina could answer, their mother, Mrs. Bell, opened the door of the house, asking them why they were so late for the delicious and special breakfast.

It turned out the 'delicious and special breakfast' was an omelet with vegetables. Christina groaned, while Lily mumbled if the dog god could send Murphy back from doggy heaven to eat the omelet, as that was what usually happened when they had to eat omelet.



THE OLD DOG

With a cheery smile, Mrs. Bell put plates of omelets in front of them. When she left, out of habit, Lily and Christina put their plates under the table, expecting a-Murphy-that-was-not-there to eat it. After a few minutes, Lily's omelet fell 'SPLAT' on the floor. She looked for help on the helpless Christina. Then Lily gasped. "M-my om-omelet!" Lily stammered. "It's gone!"

"What do you mean it gone?" Christina scurried the floor for it. Then she remembered her own omelet. How come hers didn't fall? When she pulled her plate up, she almost fainted at what she saw.

Her omelet was missing too.

"Quick, Christina and Lily!" Mrs. Bell squawked. "I'm leaving!" Lily and Christina scurried down the stairs to take a picture with the new flower bushes they had planted last week.

"Smile!" Mrs. Bell pulled out a camera. She clicked a quick picture, and handed the camera to Christina. "I'm late!" Mrs. Bell murmured.

When Christina saw the picture, she let out a cry, and fainted. There was Murphy standing at the corner of the picture.

The End



KARNEVAL

Bharti, Grade 9A

In the vast depths of a child's mind,
There lies a raging waterfall.
Through the waterfall it goes,
The path that leads to Karneval.
Karneval is where I live,
A place I can call home.
Karneval is yours to find,
It's a place you can belong.
Every book I've ever read,
Has become a realistic dream.
I have traversed over many lands,
And crossed innumerable seas.
Yet Karneval seems to have no end,
It stretches till infinity.
I am a part of Karneval,
As it is a part of me.
Every character that lives there,
Is etched into my memory.
I carry all their hopes and dreams-
The wishes they want fulfilled.
I keep record of all their friends
And all the foes they have killed.
There is a ticket to Karneval,
So you can go there too.
It's something special for you to find,
So I cannot tell you.
All I had to do was to
Stop for a moment and think.
Plunge myself into the depths of my mind
To find that special link.
As I took in the sight before me
For the first time, I felt myself change.
The sounds of lively chatter told me,
That now I would have a new home.
So I took off, down the hill I went,
And upon my face it stretched;
A grin like that of the cheshire cat,
With a soul as mad as the hatter.



POETIC MINDS

WAVEBOARD

Aditya Rathode, 6 B

Kilo-bearer
Smooth-turner
Stream-liner
Speed-gainer
High-stunter
Wheelie-generator
Scratch-bearer
Leg-troubler
Automatic-speeder
Smooth-rider

LONDON

Manogana - 6A

Thou walking by on the busy street
Stop by at someone to meet.
Thou briefcase with you on the concrete,
As 'tis a raineth day.
Gainst your knees are falling
Snow which is crawling,
Hath you hath your boots hauling
As 'tis a raineth day.

SEA CREATURES

Laasya, 3C

There are so many types of sea creatures,
And they have various features.
Some are big, some are small,
Some are short, and some are tall.
Sea creatures come in many shapes and
sizes,
They are waiting for you with shocking
surprises.



YOUNG AUTHORS

THE CREATOR

Samhitha Nair - Grade 8A

Why me? Just because I am ‘His’ (meaning God himself) does not mean I have to be the one to save the world from zombies. Again. Except this time is real. The first time, it was a cynical scientist, who thought it would be a good idea to make zombies. It was an amazing idea, but when it reached its limit, I was sent to shut the machine down. It was simple get in, get out. This time is different. This time, the creators of the zombies is Satan himself.

Anyway, back to the present. I landed face-down on the cold, hard ground in a small alley. My appearance was acceptable for my standards (which are extremely high). I had long, black hair tied in a messy braid. I wore a black shirt with skinny jeans that showcased my long legs. I’m used to flying, to be honest. My sword was disguised as earrings and my shield as my necklace. My complexion was light, so blending in would, hopefully, be easy. As I began to make my way out, my body buckled in pain.

Back in the heaven, we ‘angles’ have chips so that God can track us at all times. Higher ranks have darker color chips. Since I have the highest rank, I have a Black chip. The chip was fighting its way out like an angry dog. My shoulder showed no sign of its removal, but I was in agony. I should consider this as a setback so I prayed, moved on, and pushed the thought that I was alone out of my head.

As I reached outside, I was automatically pushed to the side, leaving my body helpless. I need to find out where I am. After many twists and turns, I found myself in the one place all villains take over. NEW YORK CITY. Just because I am not human, doesn’t mean I don’t watch the movies. Zombies everywhere. Rookie mistake, I forgot to check the surroundings. I did the human thing to do, which is I ran until I bumped into him.

The man, a bit taller than me, wore all black. He had a broad chin and somewhat fit body. Angles have good eye for details. He had piercing blue eyes and a tattoo of a pitchfork on his forearm, indicating he is one of Satans. When we began to fight him punches were lousy. I could easily block him though his kicks left a bruise. Just as I thought I could finish this the (I think this is what the humans call it!) police broke it up. They took us to a cage and made us ‘work out our problems’. I have better things to do like ...gee I don’t know...SAVE THE WORLD!!

What’s done is done. Miles, I think Started the conversation. “I’m Miles and you’re Alex, right?”

I gave no reply..

“Okay... I have always wondered what living up there would feel like. Living down there is okay...,” he rambled.



THE CREATOR

I guess I kept sane for a while, eventually I grew tired. As quickly as I could, I picked up Miles (or was it Giles?) and pushed him against the wall.

"Listen! All I really need to know is how to get rid of the zombies. Can you help me?"

"Aaaaaahhh!" The person in the talking box screamed. "If you thought the zombies were bad, there is an all new guy in town! Zombie Boss is here to take on the best of the best!"

"Well?" I said impatiently. A wonderful skill angels have.

"If you defeat the Boss, the zombies will go back to Satan." Miles said, looking pale in the face.

"Thank you-wait why are you telling me this?" I inquired.

"I think...well I believe...actually all I need to say is we should choose what we do and who we work for."

I smiled and tugged on my necklace. "Well then let's go."

Escaping the cage was easy. Devils can teleport because they are afraid of heights. Defeating the Boss would be hard. I remember in my briefing that all zombies have a point which can paralyse them. It's a pressure point on their shoulder. Pressing the point took only a kick and a punch. Miles held the Boss down with his magic and I put it down to sleep using my magic, reversing the effect. The last thing I remember was lying on the ground.

I woke up with a start. I was dressed in white with my long sleek wings on my back. My hair, in its pixie cut was white again. The Med-angles came rushing to me, but my mind was on where Miles was. Just then a bed caught my eye with Miles sleeping on it. After I was prepped and told about recent gossip, I went to meet God.

"Congratulations, Alex!" his voice boomed.

"Thank you, Almighty," I bowed.

Behind me, I heard snickering. It was clear that Miles woke up.

"Almighty? You guys call me Almighty?" he said arrogantly.

"Well, my real name is James, but I prefer Almighty." He replied.

Too bad I was looking forward to God punishing him.

"Alex, go show Miles around. I have prayers to answer."

So, in the end, Miles ended up staying here. I taught him how to fly. I will NEVER forget the look on his face when I pushed him off the cliff. I guess you could say Earth was safe because of me. Maybe a little Miles, but mostly ME! That's my story, what's yours?

The End



THE PHONE

Abhinav.M 6B

I just finished my homework and rushed over to the laptop, after all that's all I can do when no ones home. I watched a few videos, well until I heard a noise.....probably a howl... from the... I just don't know. As I walked down the hall, the sound grew rapidly. I followed it into the the kitchen, before the noise paused all of a sudden. Everything was a mess in the kitchen, probably my sister is up to all of this... or atleast i think so.... by the way this wasn't the main problem, it was the phone call...the phone was ringing. I went forward to answer the call. "UH. hello, who is this?" I said clearing my throat. Someone replied "I need your help (coughing) I'm being murdered. Help me at Block 13, Dark Falls, Seattle." and that's it, the women hung up, and the house she mentioned was...mine!

I sat down in dilemma, I just don't get the picture. The only solution I can think of is to search the whole house, so I went forward to do that. I started with my room, nothing much. On my path to the drawing room, I spotted drops of blood, but hadn't I come this way just now? This gave me goosebumps, but I couldn't leave in suspense now, so I followed the blood drops back into the kitchen, but before I could open the door, a streak of pain ran down my back.. I looked back and saw a knife pierced deep into my body... before I realised I was in a dark place. Is it hell? I should be in hell after the bad chores I did...no it wasn't hell. I moved and then knocked into something. It took me awhile to realize I was on my bed.

So the next day, I finished my homework and rushed over to the laptop, after all, it's all I can do when no one's home?. I watched a few videos, well until...I heard a noise.

The End



YOUNG AUTHORS

THE T-REX BONE

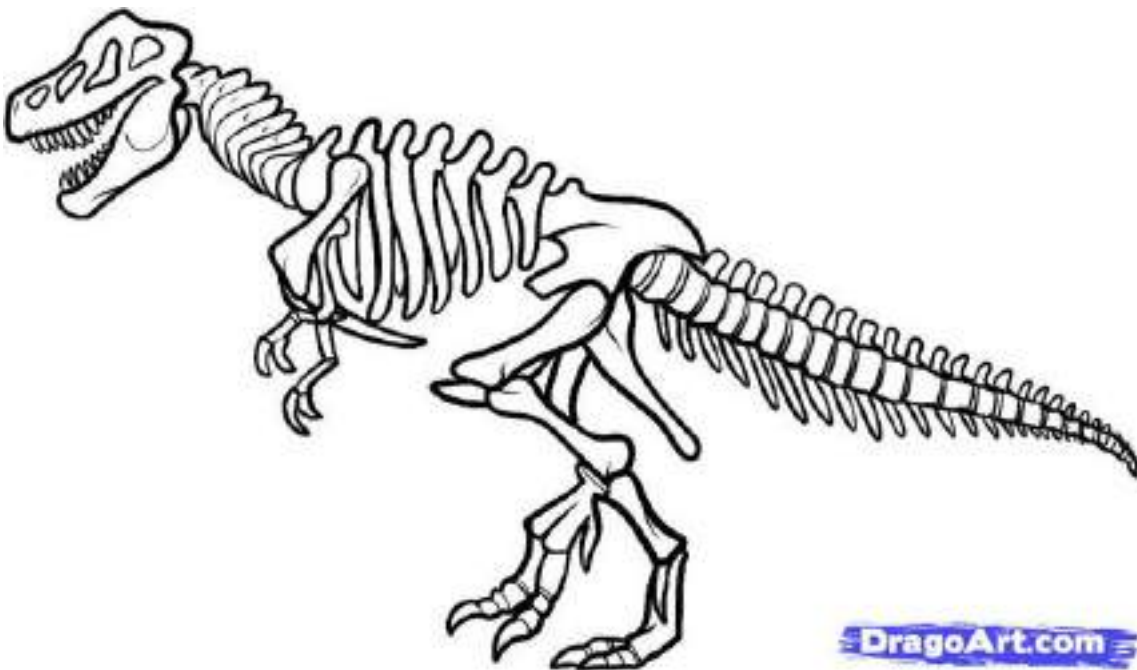
Anant Krishnan - 5D

I wonder how I would explain the dinosaur bone in my bag to grandma.

It all began when we went to the British museum of natural artifacts to see the fossils there. I was putting my hand through the t-rex's rib cage when the security startled me and the bone flew into my bag. Well the trip wasn't all that bad it was where I met my best friend, Jax. That gave me an idea!

When we met ,Jax asked me ' why did you call me here in the middle of the night?' when I showed her the bone she completely understood. So we set off to the museum where the bone had come from. When we reached there I climbed on Jax and threw the bone in. that's where the trouble started. I fell down and Jax laughed as a dog chased me in circles until I decided to go home.

The next morning grandma asked me ' Do you have any idea how the bone got back?' asked grandma. I replied , 'I think I do.'



The End



BOOK REVIEW

THE MYSTERY OF THE INVISIBLE THIEF

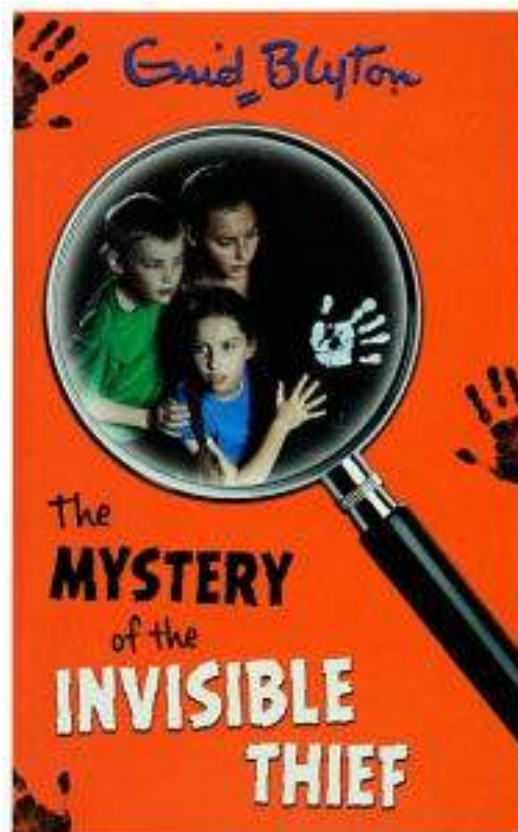
Author: Enid Blyton

Reviewed by: Nishitha Grade 5

In Peterwood the five find outers and dog were lazily sitting under a tree in Pip's garden waiting for a mystery to begin.

The five find outers, Pip, Bets, Daisy, Larry, Fatty and Buster (Fatty's dog) have solved many mysteries like the burnt cottage, the secret room and many more. They have so much fun solving the mysteries.

The five find outers have to solve the most difficult case yet. Will they solve the case before their enemy Mr. Goon the ill-mannered police man will.





BOOK REVIEW

THE EGYPT GAME

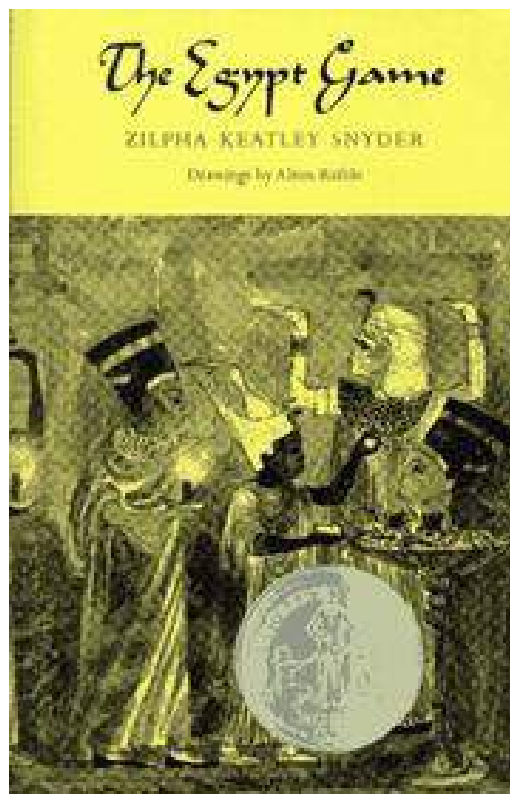
Author: Zilpha Keatley Snyder

Reviewed by: Shreya Challa, 8B

'The Egypt Game,' written by Zilpha Keatley Snyder, a three-time Newbery Honor Award winner, is an intriguing mystery about five children. The book is about 'the Egypt Game,' a game that revolves around the mysteries and culture of ancient Egypt. At first, the game is fun and everyone is immersed in it- until strange things start happening to the players. That's when everyone starts to wonder- has the Egypt Game gone too far?

The story is extremely original and is enjoyable as well. The characters are well-fleshed out, but the far most interesting character is the Professor, the old man who first sparks the Egypt Game.

Zilpha Keatley Snyder uses good vocabulary but the words are not so difficult that they cannot be understood by young readers. The plot is easy to understand and is perfect for someone who is reading chapter books. I recommend it to ages 10 and above. The sequel of the book is 'The Gypsy Game.'





BIOOK REVIEW

GOING SOLO

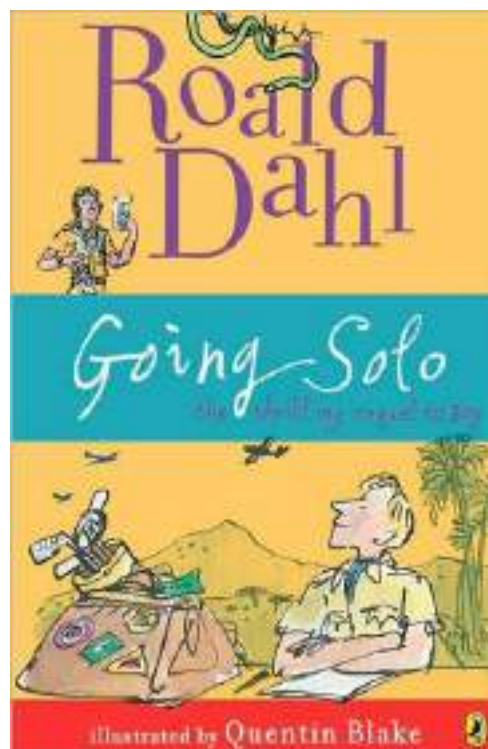
Author: Roald Dahl

Reviewed by: Shivi Garg. 5A

The ship was carrying Roald Dahl out from England to Africa. More English than English, more Scottish than Scotts, they were the craziest bunch of people Roald Dahl had ever met. Many years ago in Autumn, this ship was an old paint- peeling tub of a thousand tons, with a tall funnel which rattled the tea cups. In 1983 a journey was full of stepping stones.

If they worked in east Africa their sentences were sprinkled with Swahili words, and if they lived in India then all manner dialects were intermingled. This ship weighing nine thousand, and sixty-five tons, had a vibrating engine. This ship was called the SS MANTOLA. It would take two weeks to go somewhere, whereas nowadays, it takes few hours and you would stop nowhere.

Roald Dahl knew nothing of what was going to happen. He could die or he could make an attempt to survive the disaster that was yet to come.





BOOK REVIEW

THE CHRISTMAS TOY FACTORY

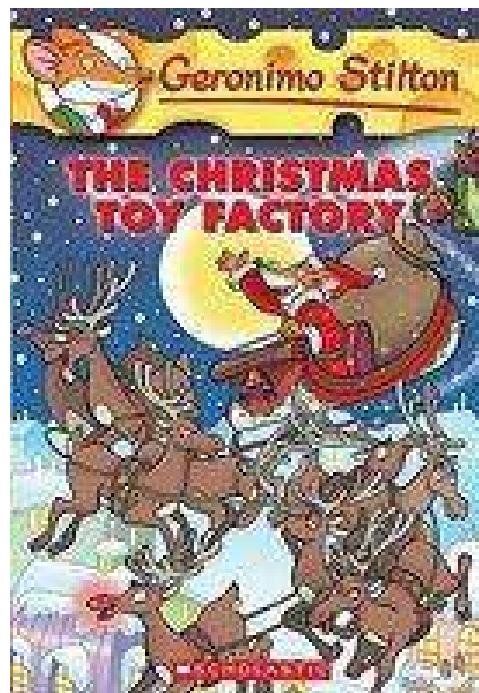
Author: Geronimo Stilton

Reviewed by: Shivansh 5A

The winters started arriving in New Mouse city. Poor Geronimo was still worried. He was finding a solution for the cold weather. He was already feeling cold. He didn't have any blanket or heater. Also he could not go to the shop because it was freezing outside. He got a heater home delivered but it was not sufficient.

It was night and Geronimo still could not sleep due to the cold breezes in the house. He dreamt of meeting Santa and having a party with his friends. Then he slept soundly for few hours. In the midnight, he woke up. At that time the temperature was really freezing. He thought, "How would I go to my office tomorrow? He thought for a couple of minutes. Just before he slept again, he thought about his dream.

Geronimo was unaware of what would happen tomorrow. The things which would happen to him might be either pleasant or unpleasant to him. He might fulfil his dream in the days yet to come or if it would be a bad day for him, his family would miss him.





BIOOK REVIEW

GREYLINGS' MANOR

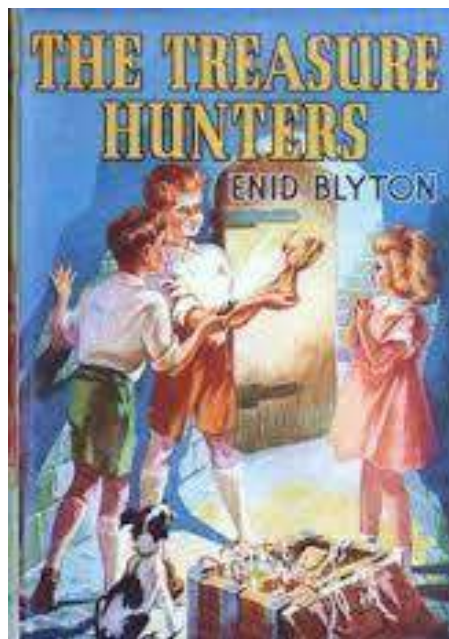
Author: Enid Blyton

Reviewed by: Pranav.H

Nick, Katie and their parents were on a trip in their car. Suddenly, a tragedy struck them - their parents had died in the car accident! They were then adopted by an aunt who hated them and an uncle, too weak to stand up for them. So they had run away. They had camped in a hollow tree and survived on the food brought by a girl called Laura. After a while, Laura fell ill. Nick and Katie were traced by Laura's parents. Now they lived with Laura and her parents.

Nick, Katie and Laura were excited when they started living together. Nick and Katie, though adopted, were feeling at home all the time. Aunt Marion and Uncle Peter, as Nick and Katie called them, were quite pleased as well. Laura and her pet dog Russet were lonely before Nick and Katie had come. After being left out for so long, Laura and Russet finally had some company. One morning Katie and Laura had come with smashing news that they were going to Greylings' Manor (Laura's grandparents' house).

Nick, Katie and Laura had heard their news about their vacation. Soon they would uncover a mystery which had shadowed their grandparents' life since birth. The time was yet to come when they would learn about the Greylings' treasure. The day would come when they would save the Manor, which their grandparents' desired the most, but were forced to sell. They would soon solve the issue that was troubling their family for centuries and generations in the past.





THE WINTER WONDERLAND

Spurthi Challa, Grade 6A



Snow falls
Kids throw around snow balls
Snowflakes are admired
The clouds are hired
To fill the cold air
Warning not to go out, with hands bare
Comes once a year
As we happily grin ear to ear
Soft as a blanket
As fresh as a night sky when the sun just sets
Sitting inside
This cold pride
Blankets till chin
Sitting near the fire
To get warm
without harm
Drinking hot cocoa
Waiting for Santa's ho, ho, ho
Isn't this winter wonderland
A shining white gold?!



DOUBLE TROUBLE

Sarayu Gannamani, Grade 6C

My mom says I can't keep this up any longer,
I can't play tennis ever after.
She says it's too time consuming,
And goes on about school and learning.
So much money is spent on balls,
Rackets, grips, kits and all.

She says if you are not seriously committed,
Then coaching is not needed.
Even if i try to disagree,
She keeps talking about the school fee.
She says dirty clothes,wrecked soles
And even rackets with large holes,
Are too much for a mother to take.
She says even my brother is a messed up cake,
He doesn't have time to pass the rake.
He goes to play all morning and eve,
And comes back with a torn sleeve.
You both are just too much for me,
You guys are just chickadees.
After hearing this my heart sank,
I felt like a over flooding tank.
The pressure was too much to take,
At least mom knew my love for tennis is not fake.





THE PACKAGE

Shriya Vadavalli, Grade 8B

"Beep beep" the truck was coming through,
but all that you could see was a man and a kangaroo,
he dumped the box and sped away
leaving poor Louis in astray!

Up and up with a heavy load,
28 floors up here we go!
The box wobbling here and there,
alas reaches with a bang on the door!
"Here you go miss a package for you,
just sign this sheet and I will shoo!"
"Oh no, Oh no, you shan't shoo
watch our experiment and then you can move!"
"Well if you insist so, I will see"
"Now class lend your ears to me
for this activity,
to see how gravity works with you and me!"
'Kaboom!!' the box flies out of the window
and crashes flat on the floor!
Poor Louis stomps down the stairs
"So now I know my hard work is on the floor!"

THE SEA

Sanaakshi, 3B

I love the sea,
It is the most beautiful thing I can see.
Full of many pretty sea creatures,
I bet they all have some clever fishy features.
And all of them move far and wide,
Even the waves know how to glide.
Now I say bye to the beloved sea,
It was the most beautiful sight I will ever see.





BELINDA AND THE WEIRD WATCH

Reeti, Grade 6B

In the busy streets of New York, there once lived a girl called Belinda. Well, she was quite bright, she simply loved watching T.V. and enjoyed drawing pictures (I tell you, she's a really good artist), but there was just one thing: she hated doing her homework and going school.

Ever since she joined fifth grade, her stern and strict teacher, Mrs. Brown, was always mad at her for sleeping during class. While doing her probability math problems she would suddenly collapse onto her desk out of boredom and fall asleep. Then she would be awakened by her teacher's voice, who would be shouting, "Belinda! That's the tenth time you've slept in class! The next time you do it, I'm going to send you down to the principal's office! Enough is enough!"

Then Belinda would reply, "Sorry, I won't do that again in future."

The place Belinda loved to go to was her bedroom. Once she came back from school, she would quickly run up to her room and joyfully jump into her bed for a nice little nap until her mother woke her up by saying that she had a lot of homework to do.

One day, when Belinda was in school, something unusual happened. And by unusual, I mean a miracle. And by a miracle, I mean a big coincidence which is fabulous!

It was one of the most normal days. It was recess, which was Belinda's favourite period. Not because you got to play and all, it was that she always slept during recess. She didn't know why. She simply felt like it. But with the racket outside, it was quite impossible. Her best friend, Miranda, had also gone out to play. Sometimes she felt lonely, but she took care not to show it.

"Don't you want to play? You're all alone in the classroom." It was Miranda. She had sneaked into the class and was shaking Belinda's shoulder.

Irritated, Belinda said, "Well, I'm much better off when I am alone. Now if you don't mind, can you please go out of this classroom and leave me alone?"

After a long time, Miranda agreed. Belinda glanced at her watch and then at the clock. Her watch followed the school time. The time was a quarter to three. It would be a matter of time before the bell rang for the end of recess. Belinda thought she saw something sparkle on her watch. She wasn't so sure, though, it could always be just a bit of dust.

"Oh my, how long these fifteen minutes are taking to get over," Belinda said to herself. She glanced at her watch again. Now it was just ten minutes to three.

Bored, Belinda looked for something to do. She didn't want to go out and play, she hated sports.

Finally, Belinda pretended as if the time had gone forward, to the future (as if she was time travelling). I know, it's crazy, but she actually did it. If you don't understand, it's okay, just read on.



BELINDA AND THE WEIRD WATCH

This is what she did. She spun the time on her watch nine minutes faster. The time on her watch now showed 2:59. She looked at the school clock. It also showed 2:59.

“That’s weird,” thought Belinda, “I thought the time was supposed to be 2:50.”

Belinda pretended as if she had gone into the future and the bell had already rung. She packed up her bag with her homework books and pencil box and waited.

One minute afterwards, the bell rang!

“Hey, who spun the school time nine minutes faster?” Belinda said aloud. She knew no one could hear her but still it was worth a try.

Then it hit her. She had actually time travelled nine minutes into the future using her watch! It took a little time for Belinda to understand what exactly had happened. She couldn’t believe it! Through some connection, her watch and the school time were linked!

After a few minutes, she heard footsteps coming up the staircase. It was the students coming back from recess. Miranda joined Belinda.

“I have a feeling as if the recess bell has rung a little too fast,” exclaimed Miranda, who didn’t have a watch on her wrist.

Belinda, a little too excited about her new discovery, wondered if she could go into the past. “I’ll spin my watch fifteen minutes slower, to the time when Miranda came to me. I won’t linger there too long and I’ll come back to 3:00.”

And that’s exactly what she did. Suddenly she found herself in the classroom, and saw Miranda walking towards her and say the same thing. So this watch was really magical. She would take care of it as much as she could. Then she remembered that she had promised herself not to stay there for long.

She spun the time back to three o’clock. She found Miranda in her classroom, packing her bag.

“Where were you, Belinda? I was looking for you everywhere!” cried Miranda.

Belinda didn’t want Miranda to know about her watch. She thought she wouldn’t believe it.

“I had gone to the restroom,” she said as an excuse. And they were friends again. It was only Belinda who had the watch to control the school time as she wished.

Now Belinda keeps the watch in the drawer in her room. At school, whenever Belinda got bored of her teacher shouting at her all the time, she would simply spin her watch to the end of the period and everything was taken care of.

What a world and what a life Belinda had! She was lucky!

The End



YOUNG AUTHORS

IMAGINE

Purvi Reddy, class 8A

“Ahaa....!” She woke up as a wave of shudder ran through her. “Rebecca, honey are you okay?” her mother gushed, “are your nightmares back already?” she questioned further.

Her nightmares had started just as she was introduced to the Hidden World. A world where Fairies, who are half Human and half Angle, strove to rid this world of all Dark Things. She, Rebecca, had been chosen to become a Keeper, someone who kept the secrets of the Fairies and played spy for them. Keepers were also sent on missions to act like innocent human bystanders but actually stole information from the Dark Things and when they would attack.

Stumbling out of bed, she ran a hand through her forsaken, unruly brown hair. Her nine year old self was still unable to properly see into her high dresser mirror though her tall parents promised her a future of good height. She got dressed for school quickly; yes Keepers went to school but only to maintain their alias.

She climbed down the stairs, her eyes searching for her fine younger brothers who would have been making racket. The voice of her parents slowly rang through the house: they were arguing.

“...friends are really doing her no good!” Her mother exclaimed, “The nightmares are getting worse by the day Luke”

“Yes, yes Samantha you think I can’t hear her scream every night,” her father consoled “but if we tell her?” her father stopped short, finally spotting Rebecca standing in front of them.

Her mother gave father a pointed look then walked away. Her brothers suddenly appeared next to her, pulling her to the breakfast table, she was getting late. “Rebecca... .. um..... honey can we have a small talk... um you see” her father stuttered. Though just then she heard the bus, which was unusually loud today for some reason.

“Daddy, not now. I have to drop the boys at the pre-school bus stop and then go to school myself,” She replied quickly.

Her father’s frown deepened and he gave her a troubled look. She understood though, her parents were always fretting about her being a Keeper and everything especially because the job was extremely dangerous but she had always waved them off. This new drama must be much of the same.

She walked outside the door, her brothers trailing by her side. Her best friend Hillary was waiting near their house bearing a troubled look on her face. She was startlingly pretty with long blond hair that everyone envied. She also knew about Rebecca being a Keeper and most of Rebecca’s Hidden World friends.

Hillary and Rebecca walked alongside each other for a minute. Hillary looking behind her back, then she muttered “One of your Fairy friends asked me to tell you that they have just uncovered information on a large Dark Things gathering next to your school, in the games shed.”



YOUNG AUTHORS

IMAGINE

“What now?! But I have to go to school and” Rebecca started off. “You took an oath remember? The Service before anything” Hillary stated. Rebecca sighed! Of course she remembered. The Service oath had always been ingrained in her memory. They left the boys at the bus stop, where people gave her strange looks as she waved goodbye, though this was probably due to the fact that she had five brothers.

After that they quickened their pace, trying to reach school as quickly and quietly as possible.

The games shed was dark, they walked in stealthily on their tiptoes, all of a sudden the doors on either sides flew shut. A sinister laugh erupted from the side. Demons! She thought. They were the worst of all Dark Things.

Hillary and Rebecca took a step back, afraid because this demon was more powerful than anything they had ever faced before. It almost radiated power. The moment the demon’s face came into view they stopped in their tracks. It was the most appalling, despicable, vile, vicious and disgusting thing they had ever seen. It almost seemed as if it changed its face itself to appear scarier to them individually.

Though something was nagging Rebecca’s mind, a dream, a phrase, a memory one that always succeeded in frightening her so much that it gave her nightmares. The memory choked her throat insisting on being let out, then unable to keep it inside any longer she screamed it out.

The demon’s face contorted; she had found its Ending Curse, a curse that touched a demon only human sense, fear and then sent it to oblivion.

The demon vanished and Rebecca looked at her right to see Hillary looking at her with an expression of awe. Her chest swelled with pride, until she remembered school!

She raced to school, late by almost thirty minutes. As she entered the class, the girls snickered when she told the teacher she had a duty to complete, while the teacher just sighed. Rebecca went and took her place in front of Lindsay and Zoe, geeky looking girls prone to gossip.

She heard Zoe say “oh God! Do you thing they are ever going to tell her?”

“Of course not, she’d probably go into shock!” the other one giggled.

“They’ll have to tell her someday, she can’t drop her brothers to preschool every day in front of everyone now can she?” Zoe questioned.

“No but..... Imaginary friends, imaginary siblings and all that stuff about ‘her duty’ she’s got serious problems. She has built her whole life on lies and imaginary things” Lindsay finished.

Rebecca turned around and gave them a weird look.

The End



The last few months have seen a lot of controversy after the ban of Russia from the 2016 Summer Paralympics as many believe an entire country shouldn't be banned. Many, including myself, believe this action is justified despite what some may say against the ban.

To begin with, doping has become a significant issue in Russia since 2014 and, in 2015, to prevent the widespread doping, the IAAF suspended Russia indefinitely from world sports. Earlier this year the World Anti-Doping Agency (WADA) announced Russia should be banned from the 2016 Summer Olympics, however, despite this announcement, 270 athletes had been cleared, one day prior to the opening ceremony, while a staggering 167 athletes had been banned. By banning the entire Russian team in the Paralympics will evoke better sense into all of the Russian athletes to not administer any performance enhancing drugs or the like in the future.

In addition, banning Russia in the Paralympics will keep events fair as, in the past, some Russian athletes had managed to manipulate urine samples to compete in the Olympics and considering that there were over 400 athletes who were to participate, the chance of sample manipulation was extremely high, especially with today's technology that can be used to the advantage of athletes. Even some athletes who have been cleared to participate in the Summer Olympics are under investigation due to accusation of manipulation. Banning Russia in the Paralympics will keep the games fair and can assure everybody that the games will be clean and free from any cheats, as when a country is banned, others won't be willing to take any risk.

On the other hand, some may say that there were still 270 athletes who were clean while only 167 athletes were banned which is a high number, but there are still many who were clean and some may ask how it is fair for the clean athletes to be banned. The ones who actually deserved a spot have been banned and shouldn't be acceptable as the Olympics are for everyone.

It is true that the Olympics, in general, are for everyone but when there are such people who proved to the world that you can get away with sample manipulation and have destroyed the true spirit of the Olympics, the ban is required. Even though 270 athletes were clean, the number of athletes who manipulated samples is unknown. By banning Russia on a whole, those who failed their dope tests can wear the guilt and this will also alarm many Russian athletes into not even trying to take any performance enhancing drugs to assure a clean country for the 2020 Olympics and Paralympics. Moreover, no one would try to take any drugs as in 4 years' time tests will become more efficient and accurate.

All in all, it is completely understood why the Russian team is banned and is justified as the Olympics are a place and time of honesty and to retain the integrity of the sport, now and in the future, a ban is definitely required.



ESSAYS - THE STUNNING UNFAVOURABLE VENUE

Aditya K 10A

The Olympics 2016 which is being held in Rio, Brazil has had an initial controversial opinion from the public, health officials and athletes. These include, quality and completion of the Olympics Village, Zika Virus and crime levels.

The Brazilians had fought hard for the Olympics to halt due to the country's economic crisis which had led the government to announce a state of emergency. This has been the main reason due to which the completion and quality of Olympic Arenas and Village. Lack of basic amenities such as chairs, couches or TVs in the rooms is the main point of criticising ; the Indian hockey team posted pictures of themselves shifting furniture into their quarters which was given to them by the Indian diplomat.

A number of maids and workers of the Olympic Village have been accused of stealing money and electronics from the rooms while players are at the games. This issue has been first brought up by the Poland Team. Olympic arenas have also been criticised on, to an extent, due to the shoddy quality of spectator stands and uncompleted sections in outdoor stadiums. Unfortunately the loss of a large number of Russian athletes had made the Village look empty.

The Zika virus, which is widespread in the region, causing severe defects in newborn babies, had more than 200 academics and medical specialists call on the World Health Organisation to have the Rio Games cancelled. Zika prompted a handful of athletes including South African golfers, to pull out of the games (prompting champion swimmer Chad le Clos could join the golf team once the swimming was done).

The city has cut the amount of untreated sewage and industrial waste flowing into the bay, but not by nearly as much as it had promised. This is a problem for the sailors and marathon swimmers as they have to either swim or sail in water which has all trash, pollution and dead bodies of marine life.

Citizens are not particularly enamoured of the games, with one recent poll registering a 50% "no" vote against Rio's hosting of it, and protests marking the arrival of the Olympic torch. Many civilians have also protested and formed petitions for months before inauguration of the games.



ESSAYS - TERMINATION OF STRIKE AT LAST!

Sai Praneeth 10A

Irom Sharmila has ended her 16 year long hunger strike that was initially started to repeal the Armed Forces (Special Powers) Act (AFSPA) on the 9th of August 2016 by a lick of honey at Imphal. In the words of Irom Sharmila, "There is no democracy in Manipur. I want to be Chief Minister of Manipur and make positive changes". The decision marked a salient moment in which we have seen a historical transformation of Irom Sharmila from a renown icon of protest and the most identifiable face of resistance in the conflicted State of Manipur into a political leader.

It all started on the 2nd of November 2000 after what is known as the Malom massacre that involved the death of ten civilians by the Assam rifles, one of the paramilitary forces operating in the state. Already involved in local peace movements with regard to human rights abuses in Manipur, the massacre added fuel to the already raging fire and caused her to start the sixteen year long fast in a desperate attempt to repeal the AFSPA.

9th August 2016, Irom Sharmila ends her fast still demanding the repeal of the AFSPA. She also said "I want to join politics as I've been called the Iron lady of Manipur and I want to live up to that name", in front of a press meet at Imphal. She also went on saying that the end of her fast does not mean the end of the battle- no, she just wants to take it to a different arena, a whole new level.

Some of her supporters have expressed their anger at her decision, to end her fast before she reached her goal. Mr Somorendra, who lost his son, Shantikumar, in the Malom massacre, said: "She has not fought for herself, or for someone she knows, but for all of us. She has fought our struggle. For me, she is next to God. But why did she take this decision so suddenly?". Sharmilla replied by saying "...they want to think of me with the tube, without any desires, just as a symbol of resistance. This is my right to choice. I have the right to be seen as a human being."

I for one, believe that the decision made by Irom Sharmila is what is needed to bring this up to a whole new level. Despite 16 years of fasting, she hadn't changed the minds of many influential figures and as a politician, Irom would be more influential than she already, thus making her case far more significant than it already is in front of the governing body of this country. It is therefore only fitting for me to wish her the best of luck in her future endeavors in making this country a better place. So all the best Irom Sharmila!



ESSAYS - IROM IS TOUGH ENOUGH

Valli Peddada 10A

As the honey touched her lips, a mulish remonstrance came to an end and the golden thought of leadership came to life. On Tuesday morning, 8th August 2016, Manipur's martyr Irom Sharmila Chanu ended her 16 year old fast against the Armed Forces Act(AFSPA). After 16 years of sheer disobedience, the world's largest longest hunger striker has finally hung up her boots, only to wear the red saree and big bindi of a typical Indian politician. On July 26th, Sharmila announced that she will make her much awaited transition from social activism to the underworld of Indian politics.

The age – old Gandhian principle of non – violence, 'Ahimsa', was infallible followed by Sharmila, but there comes a time when everyone realizes loudspeakers and lathicharges are the only action the Government takes in India. Despite her perseverance, the Indian Government never repealed the AFSPA, while she waited on the lifeline for 16 years. This comes as no surprise; as we all know, our politicians sit idle until the axe descends on their very own necks. India is a democracy; and what better self – governance than Sharmila taking up the throne? In addition to this, Irom Sharmila has always been one of the beacons of light and hope for women all across India. Seeing a very prominent social figure tackle the dynamics of politics will motivate many other women aspirants in the country to come forth, out of the crass sexist mentality our society is still grappling with. Irom Sharmila is not just a social activist ; she is the epitome of the Indian people.

On the other hand, the people's epitome may not be strong enough to withhold the hypnosis of politics. Can Irom Sharmila, fueled purely by public faith, really stand against Congress' deceptive promises and BJP's foolishly lulling futuristic ideas? Politics is propelled by money and muscle power, not faith and trust in righteousness. We have seen so many political dreams turn sour; this will be no different.

Moreover, if Irom Sharmila contests for Chief Minister like she hopes to, can votes be guaranteed? Indian voters are not units of democracy, they are bonded labourers of the rupee. Not even 24 hours after Sharmila rested her fast, the 'Save Sharmila Group' began distancing itself from Sharmila. All national and international reporters left from Imphal, leaving Sharmila to fend for herself. The road to power is long and tiring; we can only wonder how many more will leave along the way.

Nevertheless, Irom Sharmila is a beacon of hope we cannot afford to lose. We are certainly not in a position to discourage anyone willing to stand up for us. 16 years of hunger have only fed the seething anger, the voracious fire inside her. Her hunger might have died, but her thirst for vengeance is still very much alive. That thirst for justice, for the repeal of the armed forces, for the people of Manipal, and essentially, the relief of the entire nation. Sharmila's followers will eventually open their eyes to the goodness in this, and will fight all the demons politics releases. And if heartfelt words can't get voters....well there's always money, which is the real politics.

All in all, Irom Sharmila Chanu entering politics is for the best possible decision, despite the current public opinion. The road to power is a warpath, and Irom Sharmila needs the same support and trust she had for the past 16 years in order to survive on the bloody battlefield. As for now, it looks like honey will be the only sweetness Irom Sharmila will be tasting for a long time.



ESSAYS - WHERE'S THE ROAD TO GLORY?

Nikil K.R.P 10A

India wasn't always (or ever) the best in a lot of things, notably sports. But now after they have demonstrated their capabilities at the world's largest and celebrated sports event, most Indian fans aren't very provoked about looking up to their team at the Rio olympics this year. 'What exactly is the problem?'- this is one of the most asked questions about the games; but the members of the contingent aren't ready just yet to answer despondent admirers. While trying to answer such questions, a lot other questions arise (such as 'have they practiced well?', 'have they been encouraged appropriately?' and so on); which is why we preferably let the athletes give us the answers themselves.

While assessing the sports individually, even the people who aren't very bothered about sports turn proud of their nation, chiefly due to the number of athletes from India-124; as well as the number of events they are taking part in. Considering the facts that major Indian sports teams such as the men's hockey team, the women's hockey team, the badminton and the tennis teams have been trying hard to make their nation soar high, and have already exhibited this by winning various other world class events every recently, everyone had expected India to leave a mark at the prestigious games-especially in shooting. Unfortunately, the closest India got to a medal was 4th place, which was achieved by the Indian world shooting champion Abhinav Bindra and a rising star Dipa Karmaker for the gymnastics events.

And so go our hopes of a model in shooting. Yet, the Indian contingent does not seem to have lost it yet, for the reigning champions are still due to show off their dexterity, from wrestling to tennis. The Olympic aficionados aren't quite disappointed with India yet, as they know it's not an easy task finding the road to glory.



ESSAYS - IS SUCCESS ON THE CARDS FOR INDIA?

Rishita 10A

The games have begun! 5 days in, and the US is putting up quite a show with a staggering 27 medals! China is close behind at 17 followed by Japan with 14. Though India still has many opportunities, the situation is not very promising.

With a population of 1.25 billion, it is quite absurd that the Indian subcontinent does not garner Olympic success. At the 2012 games, India managed only 6 medals, 2 silvers and 4 bronze, as opposed to the US (population of 320 million) who won 103. The question now arises, where is India lagging behind?

Fitness is the first and foremost criteria in any endurance activity. Sports-particularly at international level- require immense training. The only way this can be achieved is when athletes are fit and healthy. There is a dearth of proper health, sanitation and education facilities in the country, something that it is paying the price for.

Countries such as the US, China and Great Britain emphasize the need for sports, as part of schooling. Sports are given a priority and subsequent sports amenities and equipment is organized. This is facilitated by the fact that these international governments direct their resources in all spheres, giving equal importance to sports as well. This outlook, however, is not prominent in India. Though India is rapidly developing, sports are still considered a leisure activity- something done to pass time, but not acceptable to be pursued as a career.

Furthermore, due to lack of information and exposure, people lose out on life-changing opportunities such as the Games. General information about the games, opportunities etc are not effectively conveyed to the entire population, such as those in remote areas.

Aside from this, inevitable factors such as unfairness and corruption contribute largely to India's loss. Raw talent often goes unnoticed due to biases and political potency.

Should these issues be addressed, India will certainly show a drastic improvement in performance. Lack of adequate facilities and exposure are the fundamental reasons behind India's unsatisfying performance.

On a final note, we all have immense faith in India's capability and are hopeful of achieving glory at Rio. Any sport demands physical strength and mental composure – which India has proven to have in the past games!



ESSAYS - HILLARY: THE LIGHT IN TRUMP'S TUNNEL

Prasad Kuberkar 10A

Probably the hottest topic on people's lips, not just in America, but around the globe is the battle between Donald Trump and Hillary Clinton. From veterans to young adults who will vote for the first time, the issue is something that is always in their conversations; even youngsters use this opportunity to come up with drollery criticizing either side. Yet, I feel Hillary has an edge over her dodgy competitor, and with good support and guidance, her policies can bring back America's lost glory.

Evidently, the United States is now haunted with the problem of unemployment: too many people chasing too few jobs. If this issue is resolved, then America will be granted benefits like higher living standards, soaring GDP, and surplus exports. While Trump shows no signs of addressing this, Hillary has pinpointed exactly this and is devoted towards solving this concern. Her policies are made with research and experience she gained from the time she was First Lady, so they are bound to work well.

In addition to this, America is currently experiencing heavy immigration, due to well-paying jobs, top-class universities, and great opportunity for entrepreneurship. Trump sees it in a way deleterious to America, with shortage of food, gang and terrorist attacks, and less job opportunities for American citizens. But Hillary's positive viewpoint overshadows this. She believes that if people start companies in the US, then that will generate a lot more jobs, bring more investment, and allow America to advance technologically. Also, these immigrants may help in agricultural advancements to increase food production, so there will be minimal chance of food shortages. With good security measures, the immigrants would be harmless, moreover would contribute greatly to America's economy.

On the contrary, Trump seems to be gaining supporters because he has an unusual personality. Being slightly quizzical, people are now thinking that he is the miracle America needs to come out of its downswing. They believe that only he is capable of coming up with new ideas and policies to clear up the many encumbrances on America's path to prosperity.

While this may be true in their perspective, the election of Trump as president could just make things worse. Because he has little experience in this field, his policies might make life harder for the citizens. Hillary, on the other hand, has gained loads of experience when she was Secretary of State and First Lady. She has an idea of how policies are made, so naturally she would come up with something a lot more influential.

In conclusion, I would say that even though Hillary is a lot more able for President, nothing can be said for sure. The tables can turn very swiftly in the world's strongest economy, in a race to make America great again.



ESSAYS - EUTHANIZING THE RIGHT TO DIE

Ishrath 10A

On March 7, 2011 the Supreme Court of India made passive euthanasia legal for those who are in a permanent/persistent vegetative state. Euthanization can only be done legally by the means of withdrawing life support. It often requires the approval of the High Court. The same law also asked for the decriminalisation of suicide survivors. On August 8th, 2016 the Mental Healthcare Bill was passed, officially decriminalising suicide survivors.

However, certain religions are against these laws. Islam prohibits anyone from taking the decision of one's life, as Muslims believe that the end of someone's life lies only in God's hands. Several Jewish groups have similar beliefs. While some think that euthanasia should stay legal to allow the peaceful death of the ill, others believe that it's immoral.

More often than not, the critically ill are a burden for families. They require constant care and have expensive healthcare costs. Especially when in a non-recoverable state, it becomes hard to care for them. Euthanization should be advised by doctors when needed. Family members and close friends would obviously be reluctant to make a decision like this, as they share emotional bonds and ties. With external advice, reassuring, and guidance from trained counsellors, this decision may be a little easier for them. Making the concerned understand the process and amount of pain they will be free of could leave them feeling slightly better.

Nevertheless, some doctors can be misleading. The illiteracy rate in India is high, making it easy for many people to be deceived by medical practitioners. It may lead to a euthanization that isn't required. This can be prevented by taking proper consultation from several professionals.

Passive euthanization is often confused with assisted suicide (also known as physician-assisted death or a mercy kill). Assisted suicide is when a person is voluntarily euthanised with the help of a physician. A drug is usually used to induce death. It is illegal in India as of now. Passive euthanization is usually involuntarily done as the patient is unable to respond (from the illness). It usually involves removing any food supply and stopping medication. If a ventilator is being used, that can also be removed leading to an almost immediate death.

The laws regarding euthanization and assisted suicide have been growing more liberal. More people have been wanting to save themselves from the pain that comes with chronic, incurable diseases. But other people don't want this saying it devalues life.

While the debate on euthanization is growing, it requires more attention in India. Death is one of those things that isn't talked about freely in India. It's not a conversation starter. Losing someone has been described with a great deal of sorrow. Many of us fear oblivion. All this prevents people from participating in discussions that would provoke conversations and bring about debates on this issue. It would bring numerous amounts of opinions to the light. Bringing these issues up can give people a better idea on all this and would popularise the issue. Spreading awareness can also be beneficial in the future.

All this leads to one question: all of us have the right to live, but do we all have the right to die?



YOUNG AUTHORS

SYLVAN'S JOURNEY

T.V.Dheeraj Rao Grade : 5 A

“Wake up, Tiny” said Sylvan. “Mother promised we are going out today”. “Sylvan” Aven said stubbornly. “If you ever call me ‘Tiny’ again I’ll gnaw your ears off” said Aven, waking up angrily and making her fur straight. “But you’ll have to catch me first, “or wait until you’re asleep” said Aven. “Now be quiet you two”. “Always fighting 24 hours a day and Sylvan don’t be so excited because you’ll have to wait for one hour more today”, said their mom.

Orris woke up straightening his spectacles while taking a big howl! “What’s so good about going out anyway? asked Orris. “I don’t know it’s just more exhilarating fresh and better out there” said Sylvan. “So Mr. Sylvan, you want to go out only for freshening up,” said Aven stubbornly. “If there are owls and foxes trying to eat us, I’m out” exclaimed Orris. “Know-know there”, said their dad. “Do you know what’s really nice out there?” asked their dad. “What”! Shouted everyone. “Learning new things and enjoying together as a family”, said their dad. “Not again, dad”, said Aven.

Sylvan’s mom pinched their dad hard on his tail. “Ouch!” yelled their dad. “What was the deal? Make them more curios to go out?” asked Sylvan’s mom angrily and quietly! “No, but we have to teach them to stay together and enjoy” said dad. Sylvan’s mom thought about it and said “Ok, but don’t show them in detail”. An hour was up. Sylvan strolled upward and downward, Orris at the place to check the scents, Aven at the knot of roots and their parents leading them. With each step the air grew more fresh, more exhilarating and just a small ‘hello’ to the new neighbors, and then there was ‘The Great River’. The gateway to the world and beginning of their new session and on reaching, their parents smiling, everyone exclaimed “wow”!

The End



INSPIRATION CORNER

Ramakrishna Reddy

Head of the Institution

I will be sharing different pieces of literature that are inspirational and are relevant for our children and parents in each issue of Sparsh.

A lot of us as parents have several aspirations for our children and more often than not they are driven by what we want from them rather than what they would like to do, we feel we own our children while in truth we are just their care takers and only can influence them in parts.

I JUST SUED THE SCHOOL SYSTEM

<https://youtu.be/bVfcqDp3nPI>

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