

Vasant Valley TODAY

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sarina,

When I first saw that maroon-and-golden unassuming badge with the word 'Editor' imprinted upon it, it felt like I was holding in my hands a burden of responsibility. I imagined myself as a ruthless, overworked maniac, who ate punctuation for breakfast and breathed in bucket-loads of articles. I felt like I would never be able to keep up with events, or compile, edit, and occasionally (often!) write for the newsletter every two weeks. But now that I look back, the word 'Editor' is nothing but a bunch of innocuous little letters, waiting for someone new to give it meaning.

Through the course of the year, you will find yourself in the middle of countless proof copies, unimaginably bad spellings, embarrassing mistakes, and stressful deadline nights. But when you see your name printed on the back of your first issue, I promise you, it will feel like it was all worth it. Because believe me, you will be your own harshest critic, and every member of the Editorial Board will be your biggest supporter (immense love for you guys!). You will begin to appreciate every font and picture placement you perfect, and trust me, your eyes will start scrutinizing every sheet for typos. When you hold after-assembly and 8th-lesson meetings, and get to know each and every member of the eccentric, hilarious, ingenious Editorial Board, you will start to realize just how amazing this post can be. Your Editorial Board is much more than a bunch of students in charge of making sure the newsletter runs properly; they're your own family inside school. Newsletter meetings will soon be characterized by long gossip/advice sessions and lame inside-jokes. Frankly, the members of the Ed Board are the only people I know who can run to the server room every five minutes, and fold supplement issues at the speed of lightning- willingly. Talking about supplements- keep in mind that however stressful those few days may seem, you will get through them. They will be especially rewarding, and the slightly-superhuman capabilities that come with being Editor will help you through when things seem impossible! And when you make calls to Mr. Balwant at unearthly hours, or when you get special privileges to interview visitors in school, you will understand that being Editor is unlike any other post.



SCHOOL WATCH

Social Science Debate, 9-12

1st- Green House: Aryan Sadh & Kabir Singh
Best Speaker- Aryan Sadh
Most Promising Speaker- Saniya Sidhu

Psychology Case Study Competition - 8th April

1st-Pranati Kapur
2nd-Yashasvini Jindal
3rd-Aanchal Sharma and Ujaan Ganguly

Hindi Kavita Vachan Pratiyogita- 6th April

1st- Kartik Vaish
2nd- Vedika Bagla
3rd- Shrijeet Kolley

Speed Math (Class 7)- 6th April

Winner- Aarush Shah
Students who have done well- Shaurya Chandana,
Katyayani Jha, Norah Isha Khosla, Sabeer Singh
Bhullar and Agastya Rattan Nashier

Marketing Case Study Competition

1st-Rahul Jairath, Amrit Dang and Jansher Debu

While compiling and conceptualizing each issue of the newsletter, remember to not compromise. Set standards for yourself, and publish articles that bring you joy. Bring your own creativity and immense talent to each issue, and leave your own legacy behind. Enjoy every moment of your year as Editor of Vasant Valley Today. Never doubt your expertise and judgment, and (try to) avert every crisis with your steady perseverance.

Lastly, remember that there will be moments where you will start to give up on your responsibilities as Editor. That between exams, college stress, parties, and general pressures, you will inevitably begin to get annoyed with constant deadlines and InDesign documents. But in those moments, know that each issue you compile is a tangible reminder of your passion and hard work. And when you look back at your file with a year's worth of copies, you will understand exactly what I mean. I know you'll set the bar higher than anyone could dream of- and this post couldn't be in better hands.

Love, Noor

Yamuna Yatra 2016

8 years. We'd been dreaming about it for 8 years. 2 words, 5 syllables and a hundred memorable stories before. Yamuna Yatra. A journey, a Yatra, a trip and so much more.

There are so many aspects to Yatra, we had all heard the stories that were precedent to famous trip, and yet nothing came close or did justice to the 12-day experience that it was.



unexpected people pat your back and lend you a hand when you were out of breath. It's about sliding people over and cheering your classmates on as they try and drag themselves down an ice covered cliff without flying over the edge to a bloody death.

Yatra was about those 2 am gossip sessions where the teachers got irritated at our raucous laughter and the other times where you consoled each other and held the other while they cried.

Yatra was that time where you could recognize new friends and those closest friends who would be there to hold you when you were homesick, unwell or holding your pee when the loo was just too dirty to go. It was also a time where you realized that perhaps that one acquaintance, close friend or even best friend wouldn't always have your back and were present in your life just so you could have a good time. It was having a heart to heart and forging relationships with people you once hated or never imagined you'd interact with.

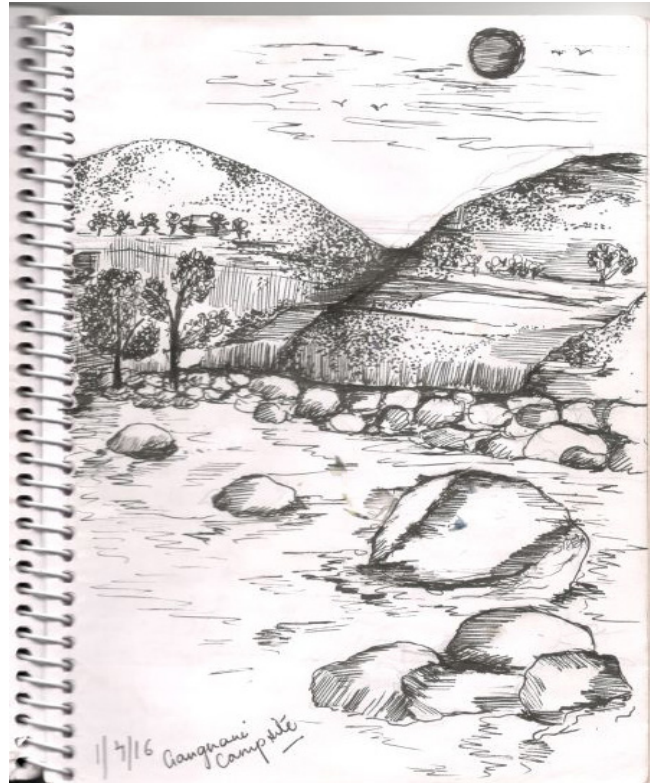
Yatra was pretending to have a party in your vehicle while listening to the saddest songs so that the tenants of the surrounding cars were jealous of all the fun you were having. It was trying to change the music on the pen drive with a toothpick because the gaadi simply had no fast forward or rewind button.

Yatra was the hot Maggi and sizzling payola's consumed after long treks and icy showers. It was posing for those 'candid pictures' and singing by the bonfire where even the worst musicians sung at the top of their voice. It was haggling at Paonta Sahib with the old lady who had extremely over priced goods and going with reverence to get second helpings of prasad in the gurudwara.



Yatra wasn't just 12 days of staying with your friends, away from the nagging voices of your parents telling you to study. Yatra was a journey that was inexplicable or indescribable. It was more than sneaking a packet of chips onto the cars, just to be caught. It was more than looking out of the window of the car to be stunned by nature's magnitude, more than cribbing about the bathrooms, more than being cranky about the daily dose of daal we had to eat, and more than learning how to shampoo your hair in the river while squatting over a rock using a *mugga*.

Yatra was about trekking up five km from Janki Chatti to Yamunotri while having some of the most



(by Ananya Jain)

It was exploring intellect and a new multitude of opinions as we as a batch, as classmates learned about differences, development, rivers, friendship and so much more. At the same time it was popping in gol-guppas one after the other just so you could beat the record or savoring aloo tikki in Vrindavan. It was realizing that Yatra didn't just end at the Taj Mahal, but was going to continue for a long time.

Yatra. The card games, be it *Kot piece* or *Gulaam Chor*. The tears, the giggles, the dirty clothes and the tempting ice creams and packets of chips. The car journey, the new friendships, the tiring treks, the music. The realization, the recognition. Yatra. In a synonymous word. Yatra was Discovery.

-Zoya Hassan, 11

FIRST TIME CAMPER

'The Secret Life of Walter Mitty' is a true reflection of what the Yamuna Yatra was for me, something new, unique and far away from my comfort zones. For all those who have not seen the movie-'The Secret Life of Walter Mitty', it is about a journalist, Walter, who leads a mundane life, devoid of any adventure or spirit, caught up in a space of dreams and thoughts. In the movie, he is inspired by a photojournalist friend of his to de-regiment his life and make it more interesting and lively, a goal Walter comes to achieve.

I see that Walter in myself, satisfied in my own little bubble, refusing to move out and experience adventure. My inspiration to embark on the Yatra, like Walter's friend, was Ms. Krishnan and my friends, who persuaded me to go at the eleventh hour, three days before the Yatra.

Before the Yatra, my mind was a melting pot of numerous emotions, fear, anxiety, curiosity and excitement. Through the course of the Yatra, my perceptions began to change and my mind began opening up. The Yatra was not only an amazing experience of adventure and learning, but it helped break down the mental silos, to sit in the lap of nature and absorb its greatness, challenging myself throughout, from living in tents, to uncomfortable washrooms, to high risk treks. Sessions with Mr. Jha, talking to locals across the great countryside, long but fun car journeys, that is what makes the Yatra what it is. The Yatra did not only help me see, hear and feel but also to discover, the world around me and within myself.

-Aditya Kapur, 11



ACCURSED URBAN EDUCATION

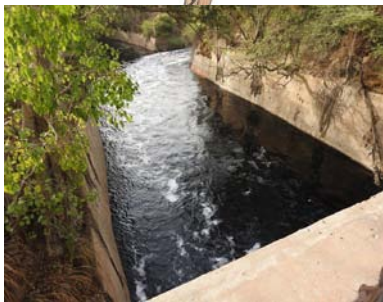
Yamuna; the pristine holy river, is in its purest form at Yamunotri. The water is so clean that you would not think twice before drinking from the stream. The aquamarine brooks gush across the rocks, flowing mellifluously carving new paths.

जैसे ही यह नदी पहाड़ों से नीचे उतरती है, एक धीमा बदलाव दिखाई देता है। शुरुआत में नदी का रंग गहरा होता है तथा धारा प्रवाह कम होता है। जैसे- जैसे नदी पर लगी बांधे बढ़ती हैं, भारी मात्रा में जल शहरों के प्रयोग के लिए दुसरे मार्ग पर लिया जाता है, और इस दौरान यमुना केवल एक नहर बन जाती है।

Standing at the Wazirabad Drain in Delhi and looking at the river below me, made my heart break. The water was ink black, so frothy and the pungent methane could be smelt even from 15 feet above. This was just one of the 22 drains entering our river in Delhi.

यमुना का ७०-८० प्रतिशत प्रदूषण, केवल दिल्ली से ही आता है। और मैं, इस शहर की नागरिक होने के आधार पर, इस प्रदूषण के लिए जिम्मेदार हूँ। हर बार जब मैं अपने शौचालय का प्रयोग करती हूँ, १४ लीटर प्रदूषित जल यमुना में छोड़ दिया जाता है।

We claim that people in big cities are more educated, that they are more advanced, but what kind of education teaches us to disregard our rivers, neglect the environment and recklessly pollute it?



गाँववाले, जिनको हम पिछड़ा और अनपढ़ बोलते हैं, वही तो नदी के रक्षक हैं। नदी उनकी जीवन रेखा है। उनके लिए वह भगवन सामान है और वह उसको स्वच्छ रखना अपना कर्तव्य मानते हैं।

It is time for people like us to think beyond our own selves and our personal needs. We have all the resources we need, we are privileged in this society, and we are the youth, the voice of the future. Then why can't we make this change?

-Ananya Jain & Zoya Hassan, 11

हम हैं वही, हम हैं नए

सूरत वही, चेहरे नए,
जुबां है वही, लब्ज़ नए
हम हैं वही, हम हैं नए ।

हँसते रहो साथी मेरे
झुकना नहीं रुकना नहीं
तुमसे है दिन तुमसे है बात
कोशिश करो, जीतेंगे हम ।



टोकर लगी हमको मगर
चलते रहे साथ सफर
राहें मिली मंजिल नहीं
फिर भी चले हम बेफिकर ।

हम हैं वही, हम हैं नए ।

-श्रीमान विमलेन्दु झा



I'M GOING TO DIE!

The sixty four students from the batch of 2018, all geared up, appeared to be ready for the hostile conditions that the camp had to offer. Let me emphasize on a crucial part of the previous sentence; 'appeared to be.'

Every batch that has been on this Yatra thus far, has had batch songs, batch slogans, or uniting symbols such. The batch of 2018 had its own favorite phrase! 'I'M GOING TO DIE' - whether it was a first glimpse at a bathroom, or the trek to the Yamunotri, our fear of death never failed to be expressed.

As we as a batch learnt to unite and lent hands to those calling out and announcing their 'last living day', coaxed fellow roommates to use the forever repulsive bathrooms, and picked up those that slipped and fell (maybe even tore their pants) but got out alive.

If there was to be one and only one achievement after the Yamuna Yatra for this batch, it would be that all sixty four came back alive. Here's a shout out to everyone that was sure they were going to die: you're alive, and back in one piece. Good job to the batch that came home still breathing! You aren't dead!

-Ishita Malhotra, 11

KOHLIFIED



A competitive team game played on an open-air field with balls, bats and wickets. Is that really what cricket is? Well, I'd like to tell you that you have completely missed the wicket. It may seem easy to throw a ball, but what if you are aiming at 3 small wickets and have to throw with extreme accuracy while maintaining high speed? Yeah, not as easy as it seems is it? Cricket has a much deeper meaning than just hitting balls with sticks. It is about teamwork, trust and courage. It is also about bringing people, and sometimes even entire countries, together.



Take the India vs Australia T-20 match for example. As the nation watched with bated breaths, often letting out "WHOOOP'S" of ecstasy and "BOOO'S" of disappointment, is when the true solidarity shined through. As we watched the god Virat Kohli himself, we showed Australia what being an Indian cricketer truly means. With the heavy impact of the ball hitting his bat time and time again, it seemed that Virat was aiming to shake the ground of heaven itself. Dhoni showed what true partnership really means with his heavy support and good decision making while playing with Virat. Up until the very last ball the entire country was sitting or standing with their eyes glued with anticipation to the screens in front of them. It's likely that the cheers of happy Indians could be heard in Australia itself when India finally "KOHLIFIED" for the semi-finals!

-Armaan Kumar, 10

A TRIP TO JHANJHROLA VILLAGE

Everyone had different expectations from the village we were going to for a sociological survey. Some expected it to be a quintessential village, while others had a more modernised outlook. After a long journey, we reached the much awaited destination- Jhanjhrola Village. Our first stop was the village government school, where we divided ourselves into groups and had personalised interactions with the children. This exercise proved to be extremely insightful as these students gave us raw and honest answers, without having to worry about being politically correct. After having a fruitful conversation with them, we sat down to have a communal lunch. While they savoured our lunch, we ate the midday meal they received in their school. This was truly an amazing experience as this exchange provide our differences the platform to disappear. After bonding over good food and great conversation, it was time to say goodbye.



Further on, we all moved towards a more formal discussion with the village panchayat, where we actually understood the deep rooted problems of the village. We discovered Jhanjhrola lacked essentials like a post office, a dispensary and public transport. But to make matters worse, this village was also not connected to any other village by road. Even the fund given by the government for restructuring was nominal, making it hard for the panchayat to bring about a concrete change.

Towards the end of our visit, we were given the opportunity to visit the residents of the quaint village. After being assigned a home, the common thread of all our conversations was about the marriage rituals, festivals and the gender divide, if there existed any. We discovered that Jhanjhrola was a rather liberal village and tried it's best to prevent social evil. We also questioned them about the dominant caste, the main occupations present in the village, medical facilities and influence of urban culture on village life. A surprising revelation was when we discovered the villagers' unhappiness with the local Panchayat.

The sweet culmination to our eventful trip was when the thirty-six of us squeezed into a tractor for a ride around the village. No matter how many times we fell over each other, we emerged with flushed cheeks and windswept hair, which definitely made for the highlight of our day. Overall, this trip was an amalgamation of insightful experiences, memorable moments, and one which taught us what true struggle, humility and solidarity is, opening a third eye within us all.

-Ujjwala Singh, 12

My Toy Room: I have a toy room, near my bedroom. My toy room has one yellow wall and different shades of Aqua on the left. It has a dark blue sofa with different coloured cushions. In front of the sofa, I have my desk. My desk is attached to the wall so when I need it, I pull it out and when I don't need it I push it back in. My desk is white in colour and its handle is like a rainbow. On top of it is my book shelf. It is white and so curvy that I think it is a book maze. I have two shelves just above that. I keep my stationery and toys, I do not use very much. Just ahead of that I have two windows from which I can see the main door. I have two lights on top of the desks. They give a pink light effect and with a remote you can change it to whatever effect you want. I can play there whenever I want to. I like spending time in my toy room. *Ishrat Singh Jhingan IV - B.*

My Bedroom: I have a bedroom which has a huge bed in the middle of it. The bed is high so, when I stand on top of my bed I can touch the fan. My study table is attached to my bed and it has two cupboards on it. There is also a black book rack that contains many lovely books that I like to read. I have a really-really nice thing in my room. It is my cupboard and it has many things such as my games, shoes, board games and my personal belonging like clothes, bags, suitcases, shoes, costumes, hair supplies, swimming wear, blankets and many other things. On the top shelf of my cupboard I have board games, a mini piano and a huge box of mixed Lego. That is what my lovely room has inside it. *Mannat Sikka IV - B*

A Park: A park is where you'll have peace. Looking up at the clouds, listening to the grass, talking to your friends and family. Observing that the children are having fun, grown ups listening to them and watching over them. Some people are jogging and some are walking. Some children are cycling or building sand castles in the sand pit, playing on the seesaw, swings and slides. Some people are pushing the wheelchair for their elders. Others are plucking mangoes, apples and oranges. While others still are reading books, Then there are some just sitting and enjoying the weather. Then you see the guard sleeping on his chair rather than doing his responsibility. Some people are scared of dogs and cats and stay away from them. I look up and see that the birds are all going back to their home. I like going to the park. *Aadya Chopra IV - B*

Our Visit to Surjivan Farm: I went to Surjivan farm. We ate food and were laughing on the bus. I was looking out of the window and saw the Air Force Station. I was very excited because Mrs. Bhatia told all of us that we were going for a tractor ride. When we reached there we went to the playground and played on the see-saw. We then ate yummy pakoras. Next we went for a tractor ride. We saw tall wheat growing. After the tractor ride we went to roll roti. I really enjoyed it. We then went to see farm animals like roosters, rabbits and cows. I also learnt about solar panels and different kinds of plants. I then ate lunch of roti, dal, aloo and paneer. I also ate yummy gulab jamuns. After lunch Mr. Pandey told us a story about Surjivan Farm. Then we got back on the bus and came back to school. My favourite part of visiting Surjivan Farm was the tractor ride. *Shiv Sharma II - A*

Spring

Spring ,my favourite season
You have disappeared for a reason
This year the flowers hardly bloomed
I fear our future is doomed
My friends and I used to play in the park,
Where I would swing and my dog would
run and bark
But now no point going to the park in the
evening
As even the birds have no song to sing
I miss the cool winds and the nippy breeze
But nowadays there are no new leaves
on trees
From cold winter it's straight to the
burning sun
March is no more the month of fun
This is all because of global warming
Which has come to give us all a warning
The fast melting glaciers in the mountain
range
Has lead to the Climate Change.

Ameera Chawla V- A

Nature

Nature, trees are everywhere,
And they are also something
for which we should care
No chopping them down, no
plucking their leaves
Just watching them grow and
dance in the breeze.
And the flowers of course, just
let them be where they are
Admire their beauty from
near and afar
So next time you see nature
just say 'hi'
No plucking chopping or mak-
ing them cry. *Sana Mehra V - C*

मेरा नाम तानिया है। मैं तीन 'स' में पढ़ती हूँ। मैं वसंत वैली स्कूल में पढ़ती हूँ। मुझे हिन्दी पढ़ना अच्छा लगता है। मुझे हरी सब्जियाँ खाना पसंद है। मैं अच्छी चित्रकार हूँ। मुझे खेल में बॉस्केट बॉल पसंद है। मेरे परिवार में चार लोग हैं। मुझे फल में सेब और आम पसंद है। मुझे अपने दोस्तों के साथ खेलना अच्छा लगता है। *तानिया सरदार तीन - सी*

Acrostic Poem

Hear the people playing
dhol
Ouch ! I got hit by a balloon
Life is all about colours
I look forward to inviting
friends over
Holika was burnt on Holi
Arrival of spring this festival
marks
I like to spray colours from
my pichkari

Prithvi Sharma II - A





सिलेटी हवा बही जा रही थी
सफेद चेहरे और भी रंगीन हो चले,
काली धरती पर बेजान पत्ते गिरे
इस बेरंग भूमि पर सब थे ढले।

अपनी चमकीली गाड़ी में
एक रंगों का जादूगर था घूम रहा,
इस फीकी धरती को देख
वह उदास हो गया।

उसने अपनी रंगों
की थैली निकाली,
उछलते - कूदते रंगों की पोटली
बेरंग धरती पर खाली कर डाली।

रंगों का विस्तार अंबर पर फैल गया
दमकता पीला, सूरज से जा मिला,
घना हरा, पत्तों के अंदर तक सीपा
गुलाबी, नन्ही कलियों में खिला।
गुस्सा सा है भूरा
लाल बेहद इतरा रहा है,
नारंगी को बात सुनाकर
काला कहाँ भागा जा रहा है।

सुनहरा इठलाते हुए
सब चमकाता जा रहा है,
गहरा गेरुआ जमीन
में डुबकियाँ लगा रहा है।

सफेद ने सब रंगों को
प्यार से पुचकारा,
कूद-कूदकर, फुदक-फुदककर
सब ने दिया सहारा,

इतने में बना इंद्रधनुष
एक खूबसूरत नजारा,
इसी तरह जन्मा है
यह रंगों का संसार हमारा।

-कात्यायनी झा, 7-स

PLAYLIST

1. The Buzz- Hermitude ft. Mataya & Young Tapz
2. Don't- Bryson Tiller
3. Exchange- Bryson Tiller
4. City of the Rose- TYuS (Wheathin Remix)
5. On A Wave- Drake ft. Tinashe
6. Low Life- The Weeknd ft. Future
7. Indian Summer- Jai Wolf
8. Jaguar- What So Not
9. Falling- Opia (Wheathin Redo)
10. Panda- Desiigner



-Priyanshi Kumar, 12

INTREPIDUS

Paris. Nigeria. Brussels. Pathankot. Lahore. Separated by thousands of kilometers, yet united in grief; over lost lives, broken hearts and blackened skies. Rampant terror attacks in the past year and a half have rocked the world, making us all yearn for peace. But the most terrifying feeling, that supercedes all else, is- Am I next? Repeated attacks that have left no continent untouched, leave us haunted with a loss of security.

Early January 2015, newspaper headlines flashed Je Suis Charlie and horrifying images from the massacre in Nigeria by the Boko Haram. While our hearts grieved and reached out to all those victimised in these attacks, the terror still seemed distant. Gradually, however, it hit home as the Pathankot air base underwent a four day long seige and the capital city was put on red alert as news of terrorists infiltrating the city spread. Each and every one of us thought twice before visiting a mall, stepping out into a crowded market or even walking down the street. And as I was stopped by my parents from going out during this time, I asked myself, "How is it fair, for anybody to live in constant fear of being killed?" It's not. All of us in the world today are united by this pervading sense of terror. Our fate has been left to the whims of certain extremist groups, be it the ISIS, Taliban, Al Qaeda or Jaish-e-Mohammad. They claim to be fighting for a "greater cause" and against those who do not believe in their God. They say they are fighting a war, but which religion or whose God tells us to wage war against humanity?

Nobody ever wins in a war. There is no victory when people die, mothers are left childless, daughters are left waiting for fathers who will never return home, wives are widowed and siblings torn apart. Children, who rightfully belong inside a classroom, are orphaned or worse, have life cut short even before it begins. If religion has ever taught us anything, it's to spread compassion, love and peace, not hate, misery and war. I know nothing can change mindsets of these extremists but all I can hope for is to one day step out into the world knowing that I am safe.



-Kamya Yadav, 12

EDITORIAL BOARD

Anoushka Clays, Arusha Nirvan, Darinee Chandhok, Tanvi Bahl, Aishwarya Arya, Sanah Kapur, Aryan Sadh, Saahil Kumar, Rabiya Gupta, Aditi Singh, Arushi Bhutani, Ishita Malhotra, Zoya Hassan, Aditya Kapur, Asees Kaur, Jay Jaganaath, Ananya Jain, Kamya Yadav, Nikita Dhawan, Riya Kothari
Editor- Sarina Mittal

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