

# Vasant Valley TODAY

## Independence : Reignited

The nation suffered a terrible loss late July. One of the leading innovators and pioneers of our time, APJ Abdul Kalam's sudden death sent ripple waves across the nation. A scientist turned reluctant politician, he brought fame and glory to India. Highly accomplished in both his careers, his vision for the country matched that of Jawaharlal Nehru's. At his Independence Day speech as President in 2004 he said, "We remember them (freedom fighters) with reverence and gratitude for liberating us from centuries of foreign rule. Their saga of sacrifice has led to the realisation of the singular and noble vision of heralding an independent nation."

For four years APJ Abdul Kalam spoke with an impassioned tongue, his speeches the epitome of eloquence each morning of August 15th. Each painted an extravagant and meticulous painted image of an India he wished for all Indians to experience. Each depicted a vision he wished to share with all those who were listening. They were speeches meant to inspire, to drive and to uplift.

**"I climbed and climbed**

**Where is the peak, my Lord?**

**I ploughed and ploughed,**

**Where is the knowledge treasure, my Lord?**

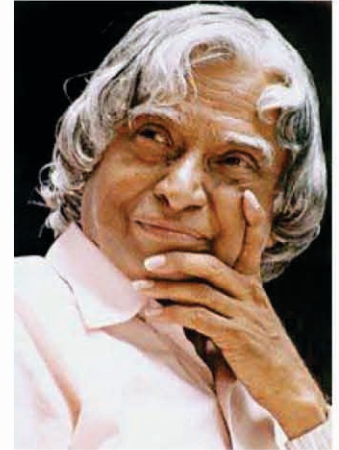
**I sailed and sailed,**

**Where is the island of peace, my Lord?**

**Almighty, bless my nation**

**With vision and sweat resulting into happiness**

**- Dr A.P.J Abdul Kalam**



Every year, around the time of Independence, we feel a sudden burst of patriotism. Popular songs of national importance ring through the busy hallways, filling us with a love for our nation. So while our attention still lasts, let us focus on a question that desperately needs to be asked-

**Are we really independent?** Free from the shackles of British Raj, the answer should be yes. However, it is never that simple. The heavy chains of corruption, poverty and grave injustices continue to hold us back. Numerous lives have been lost for the freedom of a nation whose reigns now seem to be with power-hungry politicians. The rich continue to get richer, while the poor continue to toil mercilessly in the lowest rungs of society. Independence is a word freely flung, a blast from the past. When will the vision Abdul Kalam, Nehru or Shastri be truly realised?

As students, we crave for freedom and independence from our parents and dream of a future tucked away in a foreign world, leaving all traces of worry behind. After all, it's not my problem, it's theirs. What happened to Kalam's ideals of reverence and gratitude? Is the decision to leave behind a legacy that slowly continues to be tarnished really that easy? The truth of the matter is that it is each individual's problem. The blame game is easy to play. In fact, it is a game that has been playing out since Independence was achieved sixty-eight years ago.

Recently, an article published in the Hindustan Times highlighted how Time Magazine gave Nelson Mandela, Aang Saan Su Kyi and scores of other influential foreign leaders the moniker of the "Children of Gandhi". While it is a well-deserved title, it is also one I feel applies to each individual in the nation. **We, too, are the children of Gandhi.** It is only that in the midst of deceit, deception and a never-ending blame game that we seem to have lost this identity.

So let us take this time to once again regain what has been lost. The answers are right here and all we have to do is look. We have to make it **our** problem.

**Sarina Mittal, 11**

### SCHOOL WATCH

#### Inter House Psychology Quiz

1st

Red House

Agrima Rai, Samarth Malhotra, Anirudha Jafa and Manya Tandon

2nd

Yellow House

Priyanka Sharma, Lovina Vasudeva, Niara Sareen and Sukhmani Singh



#### 12th Inter School Social Science Quiz

35 schools participated, 16 teams

#### Hindi Kavita Lekhan Pratiyogita for Class 10

1st - Namit Makhija

2nd - Asees Kaur

3rd - Avrokin Raj and Ananya Dalmia

#### Class 5 Bas Ek Minute

1st

Ruhan Chopra and Krishna Dev Agarwal

qualified for the semi finals and four teams qualified for the final round.

The Quiz host was Rohan Arora - Vasant Valley alumnus from the batch of 2005.

1st

Delhi Public School, R. K. Puram

2nd

Convent of Jesus and Mary

**Congratulations!**



## iLED Programme at the University of Notre Dame

The International Leadership, Enrichment and Development Programme (iLED) at the University of Notre Dame was a two week summer course for international students from over ten different countries. The University has catholic roots and an extremely unique philosophy. With a very small student body of approximately 12,000 students, the university only believes in admitting those who show a desire to give back to the society. And for obvious reasons, alumni of the University of Notre Dame have achieved great heights.

The course curriculum spanned across subjects that included business, architecture, science and economics as well as a week and a half long leadership course. The main components of the entire programme were the leadership seminars that culminated into presentations by various groups. The project entitled us assume roles of famous personalities in the world to give a commencement speech to the graduating class of 2015 of the university.

Apart from the academics, we had the opportunity to visit the city of Chicago for a day. The architectural river cruise, deep-dish pizza, view from the 103rd floor of the

Willis Tower and the Shedd Aquarium made every moment memorable. We also had the chance to go shopping on two different occasions along with various activities on campus that turned forty two strangers from different corners of the world into a family. Being in a foreign university for the first time and living the life of an average college student, changed my perspective about a lot of things and made me understand the need for us students to realise the importance of taking responsibility, for our own lives.

Needless to say, these two weeks not only taught me a lot, but also gave me a brilliant exposure to college and campus life, cultures across the globe and made me meet people with whom I'll now share lifelong friendships.

*Kamya Yadav, 11*



## HOW TO BE HAPPY

One day, you're standing in your kitchen and making coffee. You open the refrigerator and take out a bowl of fruit. The counter is full of post-its, recipes, receipts, and vegetable peels. In your mind, you make a mental list of the things you have to do today. Doctor's appointments and errands and cleaning. Oh, and the dog needs a new coat and leash. Preferably



a red one. You fit in a visit to the bookstore and a movie in there, to make yourself happy. The quaint old bookstore that always orders the books you need, and somehow always smells like violets and cinnamon tea. In the distance, you can hear

a song playing. Somehow, that song really speaks to you. Gradually, the doctor's appointments and errands and visits all clear out of your mind, and all you can think of is that song. What is this song? Where did you hear it last? Why does it mean so much? The lyrics blur in your mind, and the syllables start sounding like stories. And suddenly, you're back in 7th grade, your feet in the water, at your best friend's pool party. You're thinking of yesterday's homework and today's birthday cake.

Slowly, your feet dry up. The birthday cake gets over. Your coffee is ready, and your bowl of fruit is waiting for you on the kitchen counter. You get up, drink the coffee, and head out to the bookstore- to make yourself happy.

*Noor Dhingra, 12*

## A Game of Cowards

32 warriors upon the playing field alight  
On simple squares in hues of black and white  
And fires unquenched that lie in their throats  
Of screaming anguished unnecessary woes  
Step forward in assassins creed  
In silence they slay, fulfill eternal greed  
Howling wind that cuts through the thick air  
Bloody lust upon counter face both dark and fair  
On first slaughter raise a vengeful battle cry  
Two, four, six, eight steps you might die  
Falling upon where the elegant blackbird has forged her nest  
Fussing with the thin white twigs, contrast at its best  
And then final battle ends with blood splattered upon a once beautiful dell  
Remains of fallen warriors are scattered, and only a cowardly king is left.

*Zoya Hassan, 10*

## Vasant Valley Bookmarked

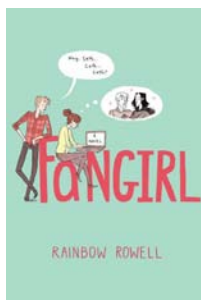
Vasant Valley Bookmarked, a blog by the library council is an initiative taken to help inculcate an interest towards reading and discussing what it is about reading that we enjoy so much.

The blog will include book reviews, comic strips, book trailers, reading lists and challenges as well as different quotes every week to help reluctant and avid readers come together and try and influence each other's interests, passions, reading styles and tastes.

With each student being urged to contribute to the blog, we hope to be able to create a platform where everyone's thoughts, feelings and viewpoints can be exhibited. The following is a list of suggested books, that we feel students can discuss and review-

### For Class 8

Switches Series- Amanda Hocking  
The Selection Series- Keira Cass  
The Infernal Devices- Cassandra Clare  
Where Rainbows End- Cecelia Ahern  
All American Girl- Meg Cabot  
Fangirl- Rainbow Rowell



Mohan  
Wings- Aprilynne Pike  
Eleanor and Park- Rainbow Rowell  
Avalon High- Meg Cabot

### For Class 6

Dork Diaries- Rachel Renee Russel  
Heroes of Olympus- Rick Riordan  
Beacon Street Girls- Annie Bryant  
Alex Rider Series- Anthony Horowitz



Nancy Drew- Carolyn Keene  
*-Manya Tandan, 12 and Harnoor Singh, 8*



## Deprived But Alive- Guided Creative Writing

It was late at night. The stars twinkled and the night sky was clear and emitted a darkness that was only subsided by the moon beam that lit up my face. I sat in the meadows, my head buried into the book of poems by Bill Clinton. My earnest desire to become a poet got me to read his infamous poem, 'Introduction to Poetry'. I tried to derive a specific meaning; a message that the poem would give that would enhance my writing skills. As I read the poem, I figured that the 'message' that this poem was giving me was to stop doing exactly that. It said that I must learn how to enjoy a simplistic poem without reaching into to depths of it, searching for a meaning that did not even exist.

I had always dreamt about becoming a poet. But with a poor family background, I couldn't get myself to do something so risky, so low paid. I decided to build an institution that ran the world. And so, I did. I was high on money, no doubt. But as they say, 'All the riches in the world can't buy you happiness.' It wasn't my social life that had beset me with gloom. It was the limited time I had in my hands. I took a red marker and crossed yet another day out of my calendar. There were just about a few more months till January, 2016. No matter how brave I pretended to be, it truthfully ripped me apart to hold up that marker and cross out a date each day I had lung cancer. The doctors told me it was incurable and I barely had any time on my hands. I was to die, somewhere in the middle of 2016. I marked January as my death month. It could be February or March too, but I didn't want to raise my hopes. I looked over to my left and gave a light pat to the cloth bag lying next to me. It was my best companion at the time. It practically contained my life. My oxygen tank. I looked up at the stars and a smile tugged at my lips thinking about how, soon, I would be one of them.

I read over the lines of the poem 'Introduction to Poetry', yet again. I took in its contents, intently staring at the words with awe. I decided to write a poem of my own. But as I was about to pick up my pen, my butler ushered me inside with a stern tone. I didn't protest either, as I knew that it was time for me to rest. A week later, I sat in the same spot in my meadows around the same time too. I knew that my poem did not have to be 'meaningful' or 'deep' to be read worldwide after all. I knew that it just had to be written straight out of my heart. But no idea seemed to strike me that night – it was like all my thoughts were betraying me. By the time I realized that it was not my thoughts but my breaths that I was deprived of, I was surrounded by darkness. I opened my eyes and squinted due to the bright lights around me. I was in the hospital. After about a week of staying there, I was discharged. My thoughts were bitter as I realized how much time I had lost already. 20th December, 2015, I began – 'I look up to see the twinkling of the stars, I feel like I'm up, above them. I'm deprived, But alive...'. My poem made little sense but it was straight from the heart. My poem released on the 6th of January, 2016. Yes, the 'death month' had arrived. 9th of February my poem had become famous worldwide.

20th of February, I was hospitalized. I knew my end was here. But I was extremely content. I soon got engulfed into the loving arms of darkness. But there were no regrets. My oxygen tank was left alone, my best companion inside the cloth bag that had lived with me since the past three years of my tragedy. The only thing that I had missed was crossing the last day off off my beautiful calendar. I loved this. I was finally going to be a part of the stars I had always admired – no regrets.

Agrima Rai, Winner, 11

### To Salaam Baalak, With Love

*It's their trademark, the bright impish smile.* The smile that says, "You cannot break my spirit". Life may have served them the rawest deal. They have nothing that you and I possess, not a family to claim them, no teacher to mentor them, no space to call home, no security from the slithering's of crime and drugs. No hot healthy meals, no one to bandage the oozing wound. Living on and of the streets, they are India's tomorrow, fighting a moment-to-moment struggle to survive. And these children survive with a smile, a resilient spirit!

In 1988, Mira Nair's film Salaam Bombay rendered a raw depiction of the vulnerabilities of living on the streets. It struck a chord in the hearts of many compassionate citizens. This small group lost no time to create a space in the form of a Trust where young street children could feel secure and regain a sense of hope. Salaam Baalak literally means Salute the Children and is complete tandem with the spirit of the Trust. I was jolted out of my reverie with a knock on a car window. A small child around my age was asking for money. I had just left school and had a half eaten snack sent by my mother. We both looked at each other, and the light changed. I have never felt worse in my life. "It could have been me", was the voice in my head that refused to go away. Many of us live in this city with unseeing eyes, taking this human degradation as a fact of life. Some of chose not to leave that kid behind; we chose to do something about it.

My idea to hold a musical Fundraiser may have remained a dream but for the enthusiastic support. Musicians, Singers and school friends all pooled their talents and "To Salaam Baalak, With Love", was planned. We are trying not only to make people aware of the exemplary work being done by the Trust but also aid and assist their effort in our way. Students from Vasant Valley, Modern and The Shri Ram School came together to make a difference. The concert was a full house and went off really well. If we can save even one child from the streets we will have begun a change. This is just the beginning; there is more to be done.

Shiv Seth, 12

### कहने से करने भला

अगर आपके पास है कोई कला  
तो कहने से है करना भला,  
कहना है आसान, जो कुछ कर दिखाए  
वही है जो सफलता पाये ।

अपनी कला दुनिया को दिखाओ  
उसी से अपनी  
पहचान बनाओ,  
अगर मन में है  
कुछ करने की चाह  
अपनी कला प्रदर्शित  
करो और लोग  
कहेंगे वाह ।



कला होकर भी न  
दिखाना है बेवकूफी का  
काम  
इससे नहीं मिलेगा  
आपको कोई नाम,  
नाम है अगर बनाना  
तो अपनी कला  
दिखाओ  
जीवन में बहुत सारी  
सफलता पाओ ।



अगर तुम्हारे अंदर है कोई कला  
उसके प्रदर्शन में ही है भला,  
कहने से है करना भला  
यही है मेरी सलाह ।

- नमित मखीजा, 10





**Healthy Living**

Welcome to the World Of Food  
 Where no vegetable or fruit is really rude  
 We shouldn't eat much of carbohydrates  
 There should be more proteins on our plates  
 You should not eat fats so much  
 And there are some candies, which you shouldn't touch  
 Deficiency of Vitamin A leads to night blindness  
 Vitamin A is not rude but full of kindness  
 Vitamin K helps clot our blood  
 Or out it flows like a flood  
 You are about to exit the World Of Food  
 So I hope you are in a good mood!

**Ruhan Kumar IV - C**

Healthy food, healthy food  
 You're very-very-very good.  
 Carbohydrates are rich in  
 Bread, potato and beans.  
 Proteins make you very tall  
 Don't drink milk and you will be small.  
 Vitamins are good for health  
 Such as lemon, grape and oranges.  
 Junk food you are very bad  
 When ever I eat you, you make me sad.  
 A balanced diet I tell you today  
 Eat vitamins, minerals and fat.

Eat healthy food  
 To be fit in your life. **Shubhkarman Singh Sandhu IV - C**  
**The Clever Monkey**


**Poetry Writing on Panchtantra**

Once there lived an agile and smart monkey,  
 On a rose apple tree, wasn't he so lucky?  
 He made friends with a crocodile who was silly,  
 So, no doubt he was so very brave and friendly.  
 He shared the juicy rose apples with him everyday,  
 He was thoughtful and generous in every way.  
 But the crocodile did not prove to be a true friend,  
 And brought him an invitation that his wife had sent.  
 Reaching the middle of the river, his plan he told,  
 But the monkey was too clever and very bold.  
 He said his heart is on the rose apple tree,  
 The crocodile took him back, so he could not flee.  
 The monkeys quick wit saved his life,  
 And he fooled the mean crocodile and his wife.

**The Tiger Class III - B**

I see a tiger in the jungle  
 It roars very loudly at night  
 I see a tiger in the jungle  
 Its teeth are sharp and white  
 I see a tiger in the jungle  
 It loves to prey at night

**Samaira Bhalla II - B**

पेड़ है अड़े  
 दिनभर हो खड़े  
 अच्छे है अड़े।  
 धरती  
 प्यारी धरती  
 है अड़ी और अच्छी  
 मेरी धरती।  
 हाइकु कविता  
  
 अकूल  
 अकूल है अच्छा  
 पढाई भी करते हैं  
 खेलते खुश।

I see a tiger in the jungle  
 Which roars really hard  
 I see a tiger in the jungle  
 It runs really fast  
 I see a tiger in the jungle  
 It hunts at night  
 I see a tiger in the jungle  
 With orange and black stripes. **Ishan Puri II - B**

**Monsoon Misery**

Monsoon brings so much trouble,  
 Under the umbrella we cuddle!  
 On slippery roads, we fall and tumble,  
 Cars on the road stall and stumble.  
 Roads and houses submerged due to water logging,  
 Diseases and mosquitoes spreading due to drains clogging,  
 Clothes drenched with sweat as humidity is increasing.  
 No school, parks or play dates makes life so boring!  
 Electricity gone, long power cuts increase our misery,  
 No traffic lights causing jams adding to our difficulty!  
 Crops destroyed and farmers toiling are teary.  
 Stuck at home, watching rain from the window is dreary.  
 Spirits dampened, the sea raging,  
 Ships sinking, fishermen and sailors seething!  
 Families back home, praying and worrying!  
 Doctors in hospital treating dengue are scurrying,  
 Life is 'blue' in the monsoon season,  
 Sky and sea are grey for a reason!  
 People coughing and wheezing everywhere,  
 Such is the plight of all in despair! **Gurmay Malvai V - C**  
 Pitter Patter Pitter Patter  
 With the rain comes incessant clatter  
 Stuck inside all day  
 I can't go out and play  
 The morning newspaper talks about a flood  
 I look outside and all I see is mud  
 I read about people whose homes have been lost  
 And realize that monsoons come at a great cost  
 Monsoon rain sometimes makes the trees fall  
 I can no longer go out and play in the field with a ball  
 Puddles on the road, make walking such a chore  
 I wish it wouldn't rain anymore  
 Colds, coughs, dengue and mosquitoes galore  
 Traffic jams are such a bore  
 Creepy crawlies coming out of every drain  
 The monsoon season is such a pain! **Nayra Kohli V - B**  
 Summer is long and intense  
 Land parched dry,  
 Everyone waits for rains  
 Looking up at bare sky.  
 Monsoon comes knocking  
 Lovely wind blows,  
 Rains are very welcome,  
 But heavy showers bring woes.  
 Trees start falling  
 lightning strikes,  
 Power breaks down  
 So do bikes.  
 Can't play outdoors  
 Shoes get wet,  
 Air is so humid  
 Bodies full of sweat.  
 Breeze soft and cool  
 I love, croaking of toads  
 But not the traffic jams  
 and potholes on roads  
**Shaivya Gupta V - A**

अपतंत्रता दिवस



कितारें  
 अच्छी कितारें  
 कितना मजा आता  
 ज्ञान बढ़ाती।  
 कक्षा पाँच द्वारा प्रयास

पंद्रह अगस्त भारत का अक्षय जश्न है  
 दिन  
 भारत देश नहीं होता इसके दिन  
 उमर दिन भारत अंग्रेजों से हुआ आजाद  
 चलो खतात हूँ क्या हुआ उसके बाद।  
 कुछ अहादुर लोगों ने आजाद हमें  
 किया।  
 अपनी जान पर खेल कर हमें भारत  
 दिया।  
 महात्मा गाँधी थे उनमें एक  
 उनकी हर सोच भी थी बहुत नेक।  
 इस दिन अक्ष पतंग उड़ते  
 हमारे कांति कारियों की याद में गाने  
 खजाते।  
 लोग मजे से मिठाई खाते  
 जो भी मिलता अक्षपत्रा दिवस खोलते  
 जाते।  
**आर्थिक खोजल 5 थी**

## ITS OXFORD DEBATABLE

The Oxford Union has hosted a plethora of classic debates from time immemorial but in the recent past, two motions that came under fire, both during the debate and after, were characterised by Mehdi Hassan's and Shashi Tharoor's speeches. While Mehdi Hassan propagated his ideas on how Islam is an intrinsically peaceful religion, Shashi Tharoor vilified any opposition that claimed that Britain didn't owe India reparations for colonialism.

While on the onset these two voracious speeches may seem like distinct, unrelated analyses regarding a religion and a political domination of the past, what strikes any viewer is the fact that these landmark speeches bear resemblance at their cores.

Very simplistically put, both speakers advocate their own beliefs, which is evident in the way that they put their thoughts across the podium. Both also extrapolated the often unsaid and overshadowed perceptions of their causes. While Mehdi Hassan reacted with fervour to anyone who tried to condemn Islam as a 'war like religion,' Shashi Tharoor took on anyone who postulated that Britain's policies and administration through the two centuries of colonialism did not warrant reparations due to India.

Moreover, what struck me as a striking similarity was the way in which both put their views across.

Neither veteran speakers veiled their own sentiments regarding the motions under fire, considering how sensitive both themes were. It brought a sense of realism that would have, in my opinion been lost if people who were not directly affected by colonialism or generalised stereotypes had conducted these debates. A personalised sense of identity was brought to the forefront as these two 'ambassadors' of their popularly supported beliefs argued their stands. A realm of pure unbridled passion was created through the course of these debates, an essential element that is often lost in stating statistical proof or quotations of the bygone.

Finally, apart from these stark thematic receptions that reverberated through the sphere of global debating platforms, the fact that both speakers had me convinced of their stances, along with every member of the Oxford Union house that viewed this debate, stands as their culminating similarity.

- Serena Nanda, 12



## स्वतंत्रता दिवस

१५ अगस्त १९४७ सन्  
स्वतन्त्र देश में थे अब हम  
अंग्रेजों के राज से मुक्त  
अहिंसा से सबको करा दिया चुप।

स्वतंत्रता मिली अभिव्यक्ति की  
सालों तक न थी जो कभी  
मन की बात खुलकर बोली  
देश की जनता हँसी और खेली

हिन्दू मुस्लिम सिख, इसाई  
सारे थे भाई भाई  
किसी पर अत्याचार नहीं  
धर्म की स्वाधीनता  
समान सभी

तिरंगा चारों ओर लहरा  
गांधी जी का सपना किया पूरा  
उन्मुक्त वासी, नाचे गाए  
आजादी का अवसर मनाए

आज करो सब नए वादे  
देश को ले जाओ आगे  
बैठी पढ़ाओ, एक पौधा लगाओ  
इस स्वतंत्रता दिवस अपना कर्तव्य  
निभाओ

अनन्या जैन १०

## Out On The Verge

HCAPYLS seems a bunch of scrambled letters as innocuous as letters often are. But when they spell out Hwa Chong (one of Singapore's leading schools) Asia Pacific (a region that transcends conventional boundaries to ALSO include France, the UK and South Africa) Young Leaders Summit (a phrase that causes you to continuously doubt your potential!) one can be rather jittery, to put it lightly. It turns out that I had no reason to be nervous at all. In the 12 days I spent in Singapore I made friends whose homes spanned across countries and continents and made memories to last a lifetime. We were intellectuals together, discussing topics as far apart as humanitarian aid and cyber security. We were sportsmen and women rowing kayaks, dragon



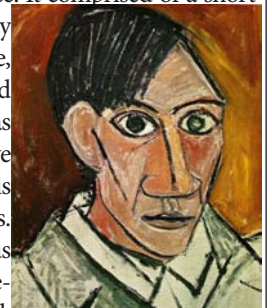
boats and canoes. We were teenagers together, burdened by SAT exams and the complexities of new friend circles. In a matter of days, lines of race and ethnicity, and accent and language were transcended by the compelling power that is friendship.

It's funny to think that some essay writing and an ounce of luck took me a long way - across the Indian Ocean in fact, into the company of some of the most beautiful people I have ever met. I find myself an eternally grateful beneficiary of that universal force or factor of chance that made possible the magic that was the HCAPYLS 2015. And as for my worry, that the seas would stand in between our intercontinental friendships - there's nothing that a little Snapchat cannot fix!

- Avanti Divan, 12

## Picasso

For every art lover, there was a workshop organized by an alumni student Sakshi Mahajan who was the head girl of Vasant Valley School in 2007. This was a creative and interesting workshop on Picasso and his life that caught the attention of every student present in the audience. It comprised of a short documentary about Picasso's life, which highlighted his eccentricity, as well as an interactive session about his many artworks. The artist's various phases- Blue Period, Rose Period, African-influenced Period, Analytic cubism and Crystal Period were seen and vividly explained through a power point presentation. One thing that mesmerized everyone was knowing the fact that the total number of artworks that he had produced had been estimated at 50,000 comprising of 1,885 paintings, 1,228 sculptures, 2,880 ceramics and roughly 12,000 drawings.



We learnt about his art styles and the various influences in his life making him an art genius and an inspiration for us.

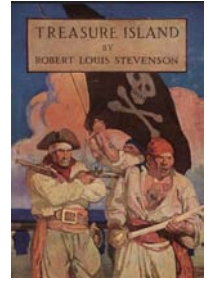
- Arushi Bhutani



## Treasure Island- Book Review

Treasure Island, by Robert Louis Stevenson is a book I would highly recommend. It tells us about unity. The way doctor, Jim and some others were together though several crew members betrayed them. Even though they were few, they were able to find the treasure. This is an example of victory of good over bad. It tells us how bad schisms are as they cause a lot of trouble to whoever was involved in it. It talks about betrayal and its repercussions. My favourite character in the novel was Jim who was a small boy working at an inn, owned by his father. Before dying, a Captain called Jim and told him to open his wooden box. The Captain was staying at the inn for a month and everyone had noticed this box. Jim opened it and found a treasure map. He took it responsibly to his mother who was weeping as his ill father died. Jim's mother had to take care of the inn so she told him to go to father's doctor. He did so and then doctor helped him in the quest to the TREASURE ISLAND. The character I disliked was Long John. He was one of the crew members. He betrayed everyone as he wanted all the treasure for himself. Several people joined him and he would kill the ones who didn't. The treasure map was with doctor and when they all got on shore Long John and his group tried to kill him and Jim, to get the map. He was a cheat. The time Ben Gunn tells Jim and the doctor about his survival, definitely proves to be the most interesting part. Furthermore, I feel the ending of this book is perfect. Everything settles down and they even find the treasure. Even Long John learns his lesson and all of them, even, Ben Gunn go back home on the ship. Read the book to find out details, and enjoy it just as much as I did.

-Katyayani Jha, 6



## Independence in Entertainment

It has been 69 years since India attained freedom from the British colonial rule. The struggle for independence produced innumerable heroes. There are countless stories of courage and sacrifice some which are well known and many which are obscure.

Our cinema, songs and television have beautifully recounted many of these these tales. Here's a list of a few such renderings that never fail to evoke a sense of patriotism.

**5 Bollywood films** that explored the battles, the struggles and the series of events that surrounded India's freedom movement.

- 1) Mangal Pandey: The Rising
- 2) The legend of Bhagat singh
- 3) Lagaan
- 4) Kranti (1981)
- 5) Anandmath

**5 Powerful Songs** that can make the heart heavy or fill you with pride.



1) माँ तुझे सलाम  
यहाँ-वहाँ सारा जहाँ देख लिया है  
कहीं भी तेरे जैसा कोई नहीं है

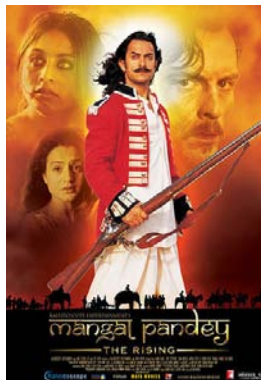
- 2) जहाँ डाल-डाल पर सोने की चिड़ियां करती है बसेरा  
वो भारत देश है मेरा
- 3) कर चले हम फ़िदा तन साथियों  
अब तुम्हारे हवाले वतन साथियों.

4) हर करम अपना करेंगे ऐ वतन तेरे लिए

5) ए मेरे प्यारे वतन, ऐ मेरे बिछड़े चमन, तुझपे दिल कुर्बान  
तू ही मेरी आरजू, तू ही मेरी आबरू, तू ही मेरी जान

**5 Television Serials** that give an insight to the struggle for independence

- 1) Swaraj
- 2) 1857-kranti
- 3) Yug
- 4) Bharat ek khoj
- 5) Samvidhaan: The Making of the Constitution of India



- Rabiya Gupta, 9

## Words Are Everywhere

On Monday, the 10th of August, students of classes 6, 7 and 8 attended interactive workshops, each of which had a different theme. The first was centred around fairy-tales, the second around comic-books and graphic novels, and the third around newspapers.

"We revisited fairy-tales and added a twist to each of them."

- Tarika Lowe, 6

"The room was busy with all young authors writing their own Desk versions of the very classy and elegant, fancy fairytales."

- Ayzra Dang, 6

"Words are everywhere". This line has a huge impact on everyone. We went through what comic-book writers go through, and learnt so much about comics. It was not only entertaining but also made us think."

- Sidhant Gandhi, 6

"We all had a good time at the workshop and learned a lot of new things about graphic novels and how to write them."

- Jai Kapoor, 7

"We learnt about the history of the newspaper, and its various parts and features. We picked biased and unbiased articles, and also learnt about the 'Opinion' or 'Editorial' page."

- Sehej Kaur, 8



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