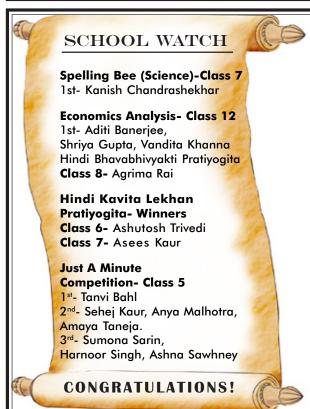
Vasant Valley

May, 2012 T 0 D A Y





Winners 2011- Green House

INDIAN MUSIC COMPETITION 2012

When asked, "What is music?"

"Music is a combination of notes and tunes that sound good together" is the most common answer. To some, music means a language, a part of life, a vital part of themselves.

Music is a profession for some, for some it is a distraction and for others it is religion. Music is respected and even worshipped by the masses.

'Sa, Re, Ga Ma Pa' are the common phrases we all associate with Indian music. *Sangeet*, as it is called, is an amalgamation of vocal, instrumental and dance. Indian music is much more than just Ragas, Taans and Taranas.

It includes Bhajans, fast paced 'Bollywood songs', tranquil Sufi devotion, folk songs, fusion and so many more, along with beautiful classical compositions.

At first when you hear a Raga, stereotypically you find it 'boring' or 'complicated' but when the same compositions are heard with understanding and patience they become interesting, less monotonous and you get an essence of what classical Indian music is.

We are lucky to have been offered such a profusion of kinds of music.

"With the kind of diversity in India, in terms of language, dialects and culture, music is like a unifying bond between the people."

Prevailing all over India, Classical Indian music has been influenced by cultures of invaders like Muslims, Parsis, and Arabs through several eras. Indian music has been gifted to us from our early ancestors, even before the 15th century there were singers like Pundit Haridas and Tansen who have contributed so much to Indian music.

Music is powerful.

There was once a vocalist, whose serenade made it rain. He would often sing 'Raga Meghmalhar' in Akbar's court and soon enough it would be pouring. There are people who still look up this man known as Tansen. Many famous players have popularized instruments like sitar, tabla, harmonium, shehnai and flute. Weekly, there are independent performances in the capital itself, along with festivals for people to watch these prodigies.

Indian music is celebrated in various ways, on festivals, events and concerts. In our school, we host the 'Inter House Indian Music Competition' to appreciate and relish something everyone has in common, something that everyone looks forward to each year. Although a competition, it is carried out in the spirit of music, with everyone listening, enjoying and singing along with the participants. Winning or losing is not what matters here. All these years, everyone who has taken part has gone back with satisfaction.

The hustle-bustle on the day of the 'IMC', the preparation, the anxiety, the excitement, altogether constitutes our annual showcase of talent. Standing on stage, the whole school looking into your eyes is the moment everyone waits for. At that time it is not about getting over with it, it is about enjoying the amazing yet limited time we have on stage. And when it's over, each and every one is rewarded with nods of appreciation.

Whether it's the ribbons and confetti after the last performance, or the green cloves, red hearts, blue stars or yellow shutter shades. Every year, this event ends with a huge round of applause, and echoing sounds of compliments. This is what makes us love music and everything about it.

Ananya Jain 10 C*

A Splash of Colour!

Who is an artist? Just someone who paints canvases and can sketch portraits? Someone who can handle charcoal pencils and watercolours?

An artist is someone, who sees the beauty in everyday life. Who wakes up in the morning, excited to observe life just the way it is, but discover something unique every time. This art camp focused on this. I'm sure, all of us have been to Jim Corbet at least once or twice. But have we noticed the magnificent iridescence of the ripples in the streams? Or the rustic texture of the tree trunks? We used different mediums and photography to bring all of nature's beauty to life with Art. Equipped with the bare essentials of art supplies and a canvas, we left Delhi with only art on our minds. We returned with a new outlook and an outgoing perspective on not just Art. We did all we could, not to get picked for the SAARC Art Nations Camp, but to achieve that great feeling at seeing wonderful work. The more we learnt, the more fun we had exploring new techniques of art and experimenting with colours. It's an experience etched in my mind (With tremendous amounts of charcoal, if I may!)

And, as Oscar Wilde said, "Art is the most intense form of individualism that the world has known"

-Noor Singh, 9





The view from the window

'The River'

Ambition's Debt is Paid

Ambition's debt is paid,
As the last memory,
Of an awake Caesar fades.
Ambition's debt is paid.
By Brutus these words were mouthed.
As the people on the street shouted,
Was this really a valid reason?
Was Caesar truly the root of treason?
Ambition's debt is paid.
Oh, the lies, betrayal and hatred,
Combining to one nasty blow,
"For a country's sake?"
The speaker of these lines nothing but a fake?

The speaker of these lines nothing but a fake? **Arjun Srivastava, 10**



"Friends, Romans, Countrymen ..."

The Way of the World

More, bigger, better, greater, We will have to pay for this greed later. Imagination, innovation, creation, Everything's good, but in moderation.

'Money makes the world go round' Without it, happiness cannot be found. Our only aim is to get to the top, But the higher you climb, the steeper the drop.

Murder is now the most common crime, A bullet is fired, for the greed of a dime. Girls are ill-treated, abused and harassed, Their voices are snatched and their cries, suppressed.

One day, all those prophecies may come true, And there will be no saviour, for me or you; The Earth is a kettle, ready to explode, Its patience and strength are starting to erode...

Stop and think for a moment, while life whizzes by, And if you listen hard enough, you may hear natures cry,

It's a bell, it's a warning, Slow down or you'll start falling Every action has a consequence, you should know, You really do reap just what you've sown.

-Riddhima Wahi, 10

आई पी एलः खिलाड़ियों के लिए अवसर

हर साल भारतीय प्रीमियर लीग के आते ही सब बदल जाते हैं। लोग रात को उठकर मैच देखते हैं। सब अपनी अपनी टीम चुनते हैं शर्त लगाते हैं आदि। इस एक महीने के युद्ध में हर जगह आई पी एल का बुखार शुरू हो जाता है। मगर इस प्रतियोगिता से केवल जनता को ही मनोरंजन नहीं मिलता है पर खिलाड़ियों को क्रिकेट की दिनया में आगे बढ़ने का मौका मिलता है।

कई महान खिलाड़ी हैं। कोई हर दूसरे गेंद पर छक्का मारता है तो कोई हर ओवर में विकट लेता है। आई पी एल एक मंच है जहां से वे उन्नित की सीढ़ी चढ़ सकते हैं। हर साल नए खिलाड़ी आते हैं और आई पी एल में अच्छे प्रदर्शन के कारण वे आगे वढ़ जाते हैं। हमारे सामने ही एक उदाहरण हैं। विराट कोहली पहले जूनियर टीम के लिए खेलते थे। अच्छे खेल के कारण वे पहले आई पी एल में वैंगलीर की टीम के लिए चुने गए और एसे ही भारत की टीम में पहुँच गए। अव वे भारत की टीम के उप कप्तान हैं। अपने परिश्रम व आई पी एल के कारण ही आज इस स्थान तक पहुँचे हैं। नए खिलाड़ियों के साथ साथ क्रिकेट के दिग्गज भी खेलते हैं। नए खिलाड़ियों को उनसे वहुत सीख मिलती है। खिलाड़ियों को आई पी एल में खूव पैसा भी मिलता है।

इस वार आई पी एल में काफी विदेशी नहीं खेल रहे हैं। डेविड वॉर्नर और कई ऑस्ट्रेलियन खिलाडी टेस्ट सीरीज़ के कारण जा रहे हैं। इसलिए भारत ने श्री लंका आदि देशों के खिलाडियों के लिए दरवाजा खोला है। खिलाड़ियों को इसी कारण अच्छे खेल की उम्मीद है। काश कोई नए खिलाडी आगे वढें।



आयुश शर्मा 10

Power of the Pen - Tagore at 150

Rabindranath Tagore wrote in his autobiography, 'I was born in 1861: that is not an important date of history.' But now, 150 years later, the world celebrated the life and times of this creative genius. Tagore at 150 was one such initiative by the Heritage and Education division of INTACH. It was a national level essay writing and painting competition that celebrated the contributions of Tagore. In January, earlier this year I participated in the national essay writing competition and wrote an essay on the travels of Tagore, bringing out an aspect that has rarely been explored in him – that of a wayfarer. My essay was one amongst the Top 5 essays selected at the national level and I was invited by INTACH to visit Shanti Niketan to see the tangible legacy that Tagore had left behind in the form of Shanti Niketan School and Viswa Bharati University.

Firstly, the sheer diversity of our group was astounding! From Chennai to Hazaribagh to Jamnagar to Aizwal, our group represented no less than India itself.

It was heartening to note the way Tagore brought us all together in an atmosphere rich in knowledge and the joy of learning.

Shanti Niketan is a quiet little town about 3 hours by train from Kolkata. At first sight, it almost seems in its own world, cut off with n air of dignified existence, but delve deeper and it boasts of one of the world's most unique education systems. On our first day, we visited the museum on campus, which houses rare furniture and photographs of the Tagore family, and the revered tree [chaatimtala] which had served as an inspiration for Rabindranath Tagore's father- Debendranath. All along the way, one could observe the unique facets of life on campus. For instance, classes were held under the shady groves of the innumerable trees and they ranged from Persian, Arabic, Tabla , Manipuri dance among others. Children sat in

rapt attention in bright yellows and whites, in circles around their teachers. We also passed a group of Korean and French students, all speaking fluent Bengali!

The next day was Rabindranath Tagore's 150th birthday – 8th May. The day started early with the inauguration of an exhibition



on Tagore and the release of a book dedicated to him. We also visited the house where Gandhiji visited Tagore and where Tagore wrote a major portion of his

literary pieces in quiet stupor. We were then felicitated by the Vice Chancellor of Viswa Bharati University, Prof. Sushanta Dattagupta. The evening culminated with a rendition of the play 'Chandalika' and a dinner with the senior staff members of Shanti Niketan School. We also discovered an important link between Shanti Niketan and Vasant Valley School because the wife of Prof. Sushanta Dattagupta was none other than our erstwhile principal: Mrs. Dattagupta! Whether it was the Bengali which had slowly



ingrained itself on my tongue or just the creativity in the air, Shanti Niketan was a world in itself- Tagore's world, his creation, his thoughts. His approach to education was way beyond his time and today's international community must realize the beauty of his ideas- an idea that still carries on, in the living functioning vision of Shanti Niketan today.

-Riddhima Yadav, 12

Top 10 Affordable Places to Eat In Delhi

Delhi is full of places that are a food lover's haven. As per our experieneces, we have compiled a list of the top 10 places to eat at in Delhi. Please do not hold us responsible for any weight gain that might occur.

1. Amici: Love Italian? This is the place to go. Located in Khan Market, this restaurant will never let you down.
2. Chili's: Mouthwatering beef burgers, unbeatable chicken wings and unlimited refills of coke, is the secret to their overnight success. Location: Ambience Mall, Vasant Kunj.

3. Khan Chachas: From a hole in a Khan Market



wall that served many, to a large upscale restaurant that serves even more, this is the place to satisfy your Indian culinary needs.

4. <u>Gulati s:</u> Just the thought of their out of this world butter

chicken, naan and kali dal leaves you with a feeling of complete satisfaction, so just imagine what would happen if you actually went there.

Location: Pandara Road.

5. Big Chill: This one doesn't need any description. Located in the ever so popular Khan Market.

6. <u>Chi:</u> With good food, amazing prices and a casual ambience, this is the place to go and have a good time. Located: Select City Walk.

7.The Kitchen: Good things come in small packages and this is probably the best example of this proverb. With to-die for khao suey that never gets old, The Kitchen will always leave you wanting for more. Location: Khan Market.



8. Diva Café: It has the elegance and sophistication of any Michelen star restaurant, yet it does not need the acquired taste needed for one. It's Italian, and satiates every possible taste bud in your mouth. Location: GK 2

9. Sushiya: It might not have the sophistication of hotels but it's the great Japanese food and prices that really draws you in. Location: DLF Place, Saket.

10. A La Turka: It does not have the usual cuisine that would attract the Delhi crowd but as soon as you bite into their shawarmas you know you'll

be coming back for more.

Location: Select City Walk, Saket

Rhea Khanna, Aakanksha Jadhav, 10



Lost Hope of Spring

Winter came, cold and pale, And with it her sickness, She was frail.

Her skin was ice, her lips were blue Like the frost outside, our heartache grew.

Her eyes were dull, the sky was grey,

They wished for rain, for life they prayed.

And as the winter rains approached

They showered down, and our souls were poached.

Our tears streamed down like the falling rain,

She was in agony, we could see her pain.

Her battle was heard louder than the clouds that rolled,

We felt her soul had been lost or sold.

But as she began to slowly fade

And to her loved ones, farewell she bade,

Gifts of sunshine were brought by spring

Perhaps with it new life it would bring.

Her agony receded; it seemed to be gone,

On hearing this, the sun brighter shone.

The cold was gone, replaced by gentle breeze

Her smiles came with greater ease.

The flowers bloomed so violently

Her breath was steady, finally.

The others, they sighed in unison

But her illness returned, nowhere to run

The trees began to slowly die,

All light disappeared, leaving darkness behind,

Flowers shed their petals, leaving seeds in this place

She left, leaving in our hearts an empty space.

The birds never again did sing

They felt the lost hope of spring.

-Kimberley Sarah Ireland, 10



CONFUSION



It creeps up slowly, It has no shape, From the back of my mind, My forehead it drapes. Edging down my cheek, Past those soft lips, Clamping my throat, It has a deadly grip. Into the heart it sidles, It's inconspicuous at first, Then the pain kick starts, And the heart threatens to burst. It's temptation and longing. It's happiness and a smile It's tears and anxiety, It's emotions that are piled. To figure it out, I try, But it's a big ball of thread, A constricted feeling, now My body feels like lead. Mood swings and anger Occur so ridiculously fast, They render an outsider speechless How I wish to put this in my past. I wonder if it would've been better another way,

If I'd made a different decision,
Would this not be happening?
Would I have handled this with precision?
Situations and parallel worlds
Flood my mind like a waterfall,
Judgements change by the hour,
And I realize this is not me at all.
The person I was,
Became the person I am,
This occurrence of change,
Causes internal bedlam.
I try to calm my furious mind down,

- Aakanksha Jadhav 10

I give up dejectedly with a sigh And I wait expectantly for the time, When I can bid this confusion goodbye.

आज़ादी की कथाः पतंग की कथा

बहुत पुरानी वात हैः मैं, 'चुलबुली मुस्कान' पतंग, पुष्कर के मेले में एक छोटी सी खिलौने की दुकान में गुपचुप गुमसुम सी टंगी थी। वहाँ और भी कई सारी रंगविरंगी ः लाल पीली नीली व हरी पतंगे भी थीं। सारी पतंगे एक एक कर विकती जा रही थीं।और मैं मन ही मन सोच रही थी "आखिर कब कोई मुझे अपना बनाएगा और अपने घर ले जाएगा?" वैसे भी उस अंधेरी दुकान में तो मानो मेरा दम घुटता जा रहा था।

तभी श्यामा नाम की एक नन्ही मुन्नी प्यारी सी बच्ची दुकान पर आई। वह अपने मम्मी पापा से मुझे खरीदने की ज़िद्द करने लगी।और अंत में मुझे खरीदकर अपने साथ घर ले गई। श्यामा हर रोज़ स्कूल से आकर मुझे पार्क ले जाती और मुझे खूव ऊँचा उड़ाती।

पर मैंने सुना है कि अच्छा समय हमेशा के लिए नहीं रहता और इसी प्रकार कुछ दिन खेलने के वाद श्यामा ने मुझे खिलीने की अलमारी में वंद कर दिया।पूरे

10 वर्षों के बाद 15 अगस्त के दिन श्यामा की दोस्त रानी ने जब मुझे देखा तो भावुक होती हुई बोली, "इतनी सुन्दर व रंगरंगीली पतंग मैंने आज तक नहीं देखी। चलो आज हम दोनो मिलकर यह पतंग उड़ाएँ"। यह सुनकर मैं, जो सालों से सोई हुई थी, अचानक से जाग उठी। मैंने सोचा ''अरे वाह। अब तो मैं आज़ादी से खुले नीले गगन में ठंडी हवा के झोकों के साथ झूलूंगी। ना कोई डर, ना कोई फिकर। नीचे लहलहाते हुए हरे भरे खेत, अरे वाह।'' यह तो थी मेरी आज़ादी की कहानी। पर आप अपनी पतंगों को आज़ादी की उड़ान देना ना भिलएगा।

श्रियम डेका, 6



MY STORY

I believe I was born on a cold night



on November 24, 2003 in a hospital called Gauri at 11. 55 pm. I fell down in my balcony in 2005, got hurt at the back of my head and can you imagine, the mark is still there. Guess what? I

loved my playschool, Step by Step which I started in 2006. My first holiday with my parents was also in the same year. In 2007, I came to Vasant Valley and made many new friends. I am sure it is the BEST SCHOOL EVER! Once again in, 2008, I fell down while skating with a skateboard and got 6 stitches! In 2009 I got specs! In the beginning I felt quite weird but than I got used to it. 2010 was the year when I went to watch my first Common Wealth Games in India, 2011 was the first camping trip from school. Now the last but not the least.. 2012 was the year in which I won a BRONZE PIN and I went to see snow for the first time. Let's see what the next few years bring for me.

Anahita Mahajan IV- C

हमारी मॉ गंगा

गंगा गंगोत्री से निकलती है। वह फिर हरिद्वार जाती

है। गंगा भीष्म पितामह की मॉ है।हम गंगा को भागीरथी भी बुलाते हैं। गंगा हमें बहुत सारी चीज़े देती है पर हम गंगा को गंदा करते हैं। हमे गंगा को गंदा नहीं करना चाहिए। जैसे वह हमारा ख्याल रखती



है वैसे हमें भी उसका ख्याल रखना चाहिए।

कबीर रिबैलो चार - स

Imaginary Dinos: Zombiesaurus

My name Zombiesaurus. I live next to the river bank. Ι am carnivore. I have a long neck and sharp spikes. I like walking and stamping my feet on the ground. dislike eating plants. I like to play with my best friend Brachiosaurus and Tricenotops Aurus and Giantsaurus.

Uday A Chopra, III A



Readsaurus

Readsaurus has a big green body. He has orange spikes on his back. He has big funny spectacles. He's the funniest dinosaur you have ever seen. Readsaurus eats plants, trees, herbs, shrubs and flowers. Readsaurus protects himself by hiding in the cave.

Gabia Nayyar II C

FOOD NIGHTS WITH BETTY

Welcome to the famous TV show 'Food Nights With Betty' and I am Betty Carzacia here who will be tellina about you Australia's hottest restaurants and taking you there for an interview with the chefs who make it special. To start with we will be going to 'Italian Town' in Perth where we will be interacting with Chef Antonio Nesta.

We have Chef Antonio here and he will be making chocolate cupcake. As you can see he is starting with the Ganache. He is putting all the ingredients into the saucepan. He is whisking it it's done. He puts it into a bowl and the Ganache is ready. He is adding coffee, sugar, flour, butter etc. to a bowl. Now he is putting it to bake. We will be right back with cupcakesI'm Betty Carzacia. We are back with cu-p- what ,they have not risen. I can't believe it; Chef Antonio didn't add baking soda. Oh! My god, it is a life crisis. But wait, there is a second batch too. And herethey come...perfectly risen chocolate cupcakes and now the chef gives his finishing touch to them with Ganache. How beautiful they look.

See you next Saturday, same place, same time on Food Nights With Betty. and till then eat healthy and live long!

Sumona Sarin V- B

DEBATING UPDATE

The moment we set foot in Bishop Cotton School, it was evident that the place was sprawling with debaters far more seasoned than us. After the first draw of lots, we knew our competitors and our topic. The next day, we debated, and much to our excitement, won. There was however, barely any time to celebrate, as we immediately got caught up with our second topic. In this way, we did two more debates, and managed to qualify for the quarter finals. Though we lost in the quarters, all of us enjoyed Slaters, simply because it gave us a chance to grow as thinkers, individuals, and of course as debaters. The hail storms that repeatedly accosted us, the millions of stairs, and even the mike less podiums, became 'homey' and I'm sure I speak for us all when I say that we miss it.

-Namrata Narula, 11

Editors By Day, Superheroes By Night

2010

Ayesha Malik – Supergirl

Everything about her screamed competence. Super strength was definitely her power; you could throw anything at her and she'd handle it without flinching. More than anything else, she was a great leader and inspired people on the board to WANT to work harder. Most of us still miss her crazy rants about Harry Potter and little lectures on why we needed to make each issue as great as possible.



Mallika Pal – Catwoman

Smart. Confident. Classy. Mallika was the kind of Editor who didn't care so much whether other people approved, but wouldn't publish anything that didn't meet her high standards. If the issue was late, so be it, but it was either her way or the highway. Under her editorship, we learned to be responsible about the quality of our articles and learned to write what people would want to read.

2012

Vandita Khanna – Wonder Woman

Though she hasn't been Editor for long, she's already made her mark on the Newsletter. Each issue published under her editorship looks so appealing that she has the Class 11's plotting different ways to steal her layouts just so we can reuse them next year. When Vandita decides on something, she doesn't twiddle her thumbs about it, she goes out, and makes it happen. She's also generous about incorporating the board's ideas into issues, which needless to say makes us feel important $\ensuremath{\mbox{\ensuremath{\mbox{o}}}}$



Ayesha Malik



Mallika Pal



Vandita Khanna

- Namrata Narula 11

Simple Pleasures

It's not difficult to imagine and measure, Life with its moments and its treasures, As the world around us is full of simple pleasures. A smile on my parents face is what I bring, When I'm on the greens and ready to swing, It's not Tiger Woods but me who's King! As I strike a right tune in the guitar, I know I'm going to be the next rockstar, Are the thoughts in my mind like a fast racing car! Sitting on a lovely Sunday afternoon, Watching my favourite Tom and Jerry cartoon Gladdens my heart as if I've got the moon! Cutting my birthday cake with a ribboned knife, Is enough to bring excitement into my life, My mother always teases me to make a wish for a pretty wife!

Bringing home the prize from an Inter-School debate, Seeing mom happy makes me feel so great, These precious moments are worth the wait!

-Kabir Singh, 6

Influence

Stealing a single glance at your reflection in the mirror, you're dumbfounded. Unable to recognize the person who stares back at you. Unable to fathom that that's who you've really become, wondering when it all changed. What made it change? Or rather who?

They say as you grow older you become wiser. I couldn't disagree more.

When you're a kid, you live life without any inhibitions. You're unique. You're not afraid to be yourself, quite frankly because you could care less about everyone else's opinion. But as you grow older, you become insecure. You'll do anything to fit in- to belong. Influence feeds on your insecurity. It promises you the chance to fit in at the cost of losing who you really are. And before you know it, it consumes you. Soon you become a puppet and somebody else is pulling the strings. You've pushed your personality so far away that you don't even know who you are. That's when influence takes control and you've lost this battle. You've lost yourself.

Despite the many quotes, songs or articles we read about just being ourselves and all those corny lines that tell us we're "perfect" just the way we are, the fact is we're all subject to influence. We all want to be accepted and to fit in, but somehow we feel we can't do that by just being ourselves. But a word to the wise?

"I'd rather be hated for who I am, than loved for who I'm not."- Kurt

-Tarini Sardesai , 10



Editorial Board

Ananya Gupta, Arman Puri, Noor Dhingra, Rishabh Chatterjee, Serena Nanda, Aakanksha Jadhav, Ananya Jain, Indraneel Roy, Tarini Sardesai, Aastha Kamra, Bharat Somanathan, Namrata Narula, Pia Kochar, Sharanya Thakur, Vasudha Dixit, Akhila Khanna, Amira Singh, Ishan Sardesai, Rishabh Prakash

Editor: Vandita Lhanna