

13 MAY 2020

VASANT VALLEY TODAY

Excellence In Deed | श्रेष्ठतमाय कर्मणे

Dear Teachers,

The aura of a classroom, the quicksilver comedy, the slouches and occasional snuck-in naps were all missed by the Vasant Valley community as the COVID-19 pandemic forced us to make the unexpected shift from offline to online learning. Hopping onto the Zoom train ever so fast, none of you complained about adapting and familiarising yourself with the new software and its tools. We whined about classes, but you worked so hard even after the lessons were over to put together Google form assignments, plan exam.net reviews, and do online evaluations of our work. All this just so we could maintain a sense of normalcy! We are beyond grateful for everything that you have done. You juggled school with your home life. You carefully planned our lessons, minimized our stress and faced the pressure all by yourself.



This pandemic has left us with many takeaways, the biggest one being a greater appreciation for our teachers. We thank you for the personal effort you put in with each one of us and for the remarkable job you do in making us feel special. Your effort at the frontline has helped maintain sanity in our lives during these trying times. If you start to feel a sense of frustration during classes, though, feel free to press the little 'mute all' button!

Always remember, your footprints have been etched in our hearts. You all make our lives better, and we miss seeing you within those beige and maroon walls. On behalf of all the students of Vasant Valley, I want to tell you that you are forever valued and appreciated. You are a teacher and that is your superpower! You will always be our heroes.

-Advaita Sehgal, 10

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Dear Parents,

History books often bring alive stories of wars fought, epidemics encountered and incidents of ravages of nature. Quarantine is our tryst with history. It has led us to introspect and to wonder whether you all actually receive the quantum of recognition and appreciation you deserve.

SCHOOL WATCH

Poetry Writing Competition

<p>Class 6 1st- Veda Kalra 2nd- Reyansh Poddar 3rd- Aarna Gupta</p>	<p>3rd- Saanya Anand</p>
<p>Class 7 1st- Amaera Kher and Nirvaan Manaktala 2nd- Kaavya Mukherjee Saha 3rd- Tvisha Pundir</p>	<p>Class 10 1st- Ayesha Gupta, Jai Mittal 2nd- Shyla Upadhyay 3rd- Siddhant Nagrath</p>
<p>Class 8 1st- Amaara Dalmia 2nd- Sahima Mittal and Kyra Dhar 3rd- Nikasha Manaktala</p>	<p>Class 11 1st- Kavyini Garodia and Vaanya Vasudeva 3rd- Mokshya Wadhwa, Arav Malhotra</p>
<p>Class 9 1st- Sara Jayakumar 2nd- Dishita Natu, Kabir Datta</p>	<p>Class 12 1st- Sayee Leshya 2nd- Sanaa Sharma and Vaanya Vasudeva 3rd- Mokshya Wadhwa, Arav Malhotra</p>

It is only with your support that we feel encouraged every single day. In the past we may have only remembered to thank you for fancy vacations or material gifts, but today we want to thank you for the many intangible ways in which you stand by us. Your constant trips to 'Kichengarh' and 'Fridge Hills' help keep our hunger satisfied at all hours. You not only manage your virtual office but also prepare delicious gourmet meals for everyone at home. You devise innovative ways to keep us entertained by establishing new traditions like 'Movies with Mom and Dad' and 'Game's Night!' The list is never-ending...



Your hearts and doors are always open to our continuous demands and you graciously let your palette be the tasting board for our latest Instagram inspired recipes. You are always encouraging us to be productive in these times (even if it risks an orderly kitchen and your peace of mind!). You deserve a lot more gratitude than we can show and a lot more hugs than we can give. Today, on the behalf of every child, I want to say a big 'Thank You' for being our pillars of strength. Parents all over the globe, we love you!

-Daksayani Chandra, 10

THE ONLINE ROUND FOR THE INTERHOUSE MARK D' SOUZA WESTERN MUSIC COMPETITION

HOW ARE THE HOUSES PREPARING?

BLUE HOUSE

After many hours of deliberation and brainstorming, we decided that the Blue House song should be split into two parts. The first part has a melancholic tone and symbolises the feeling of suffocation and loneliness in the current world. The second part of the song represents the back to life element of our song wherein things hopefully return to normal, and the world rejoices. It has an upbeat and punchy feel to it. Making this composition with a large group of people has been a challenge, with daily Zoom calls and numerous ideas being shared. However, it's been a great experience and has helped bring forth our inner house spirit. **Let's Go Blue House, Let's Go!**



-Aadi Jain, 12

GREEN HOUSE

The online round of the Inter-House Mark D' Souza Western Music Competition elicited an amazing response from Green House! We started by having a Zoom meeting to interpret the theme 'Back to Life'. After this, we began writing our lyrics. Once we finalised the lyrics, we created the melodies- the instrumentalists figured out the chords, while the singers figured out the pitch and rhythm. All doubts and queries were cleared via regular Zoom meetings. Singers sent recordings via voice memos, the piano was recorded using MIDI, and the drums were recorded on GarageBand. The guitarists had the hardest time recording and they had to cover their amplifiers with a duvet to get the clearest sound! For our music video, we felt that a small drama and dance portion would be the most suitable. Once the music was ready, the dance and drama portions were recorded to make an amazing music video. **Shalalalalalala!**



-Armaan Gandhi, 12

RED HOUSE

We are living in a time where our lives have come to a halt, while the world around us comes back to life. The process of composing this song involved endless Zoom meetings, creative differences and online tutorials. We had to coordinate instruments and vocals using the simple software we had access to. Writing and composing a song is much harder than it looks. The 3-minute song we managed to put together was the product of hours and hours of hardwork. The whole process felt like we were venturing into uncharted territory. However, it's been quite an enriching experience. At the end of the day, we learnt the most important skill of all- teamwork. **Jeetega bhai jeetega!**



-Laila Alva, 12

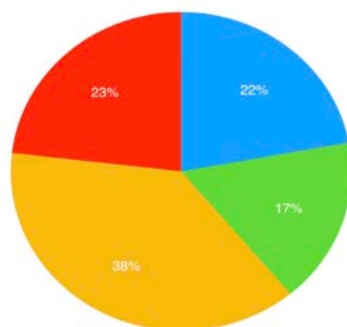
YELLOW HOUSE

The online round of the Inter-House Western Music Competition has been a new and different experience for us all, and Yellow House has risen to the challenge and worked hard to create a great song! The first step was to create a melody, after which we began songwriting. We spent days working on each verse, trying not to make our words sound like a melancholic poem. After innumerable 3-hour Zoom calls and countless sacrifices (like people staying up 30 minutes past their bedtime), we were able to finalise our lyrics. Everyone was extremely efficient- it only took 4 lectures from us for them to send in their recordings! Overall, I'm so proud of all the work we put in, and I know that the finished product will be spectacular! **Yell what?**



-Tia Goculdas, 12

WHICH HOUSE DO YOU THINK WILL WIN?



-Kavyini Garodia, 11

An Ode to the Artistes

The bow trapezes across the strings
As the pianist softly sings.
The tinkling notes steal out to meet
The thick, rich sound of the violin sweet.

The fingers tap the salt and pepper keys,
The soothing melody puts the audience
at ease.

Clear, quiet voices join the lullaby,
Among the audience, no eyes are dry.

A chorus of interwoven tunes and song,
Not a note missed, not a word wrong.
The music stops; the song is done.
The audience claps; the house has won.

-Kaanya Mukherjee Saha, 7

To Mrs. Majumdar

From teaching us how to use a microscope to advising us on how to best make pineapple sandwiches, you never believed in limiting our learning to the NCERT textbook. Your subtle humour brightened up the Biology lab, and your in-depth expertise made every aspect of Biology (even 'morphology of plants!') seem interesting. In the past year, you became so much more than a teacher, you became our friend and made the Biology lab feel like home, a safe place for us to discuss our crazy ideas about the world. Amidst all of our arguments, doubts, laughter, plans of going to Sanjay Van, nature walks and hangman games, we all found a family. As we have our last few lessons with you now, we are filled with sadness at the thought that when we walk into the laboratory that has come to be associated with you all these years, you will not be there. It will always feel incomplete. We will forever miss your constant reminders for updating the Biology board (our most important task!), your subtle way of ignoring our pleas for that extra 1/4th mark and our sprinting up the stairs so that we didn't reach your class even a minute late. We will always cherish the memory of the ten of us huddling around a single textbook every lesson. So, from your budding biologists, thank you for all the memories, thank you for making us fall in love with Biology, and thank you for being our teacher!

-Class 12 Biology students

7 Things You Must Have Heard From Your Parents During Quarantine

“I think we should all do more things together as a family!”

The lockdown has suddenly transformed our parents into leaders of family team-building activities. These include board games, fighting over which show to watch, and sitting together until someone says, ‘I have work to do!’.

“Why don’t you finish the syllabus, beta? You have so much time. Why don’t you also teach yourself the violin? You have so much time.”

Attending school from home has made our parents think we can become the perfect all-rounders we were born to be, now that we have just a little extra time on our hands.

“My friend told me all the good colleges are doing webinars, why aren’t you attending any!?”

According to our parents, quarantine is the perfect time to plan for college. Constantly. We must spend every waking minute finding the secret recipe to get into our dream school, whether it be online courses, social projects or even summer school.

“How can you be tired; you’ve just been sitting in your room!”

Unless we are running at breakneck speeds on the treadmill or exercising for hours on end, we are not allowed to be tired. No amount of work done is sufficient enough for us to relax for a while.

“Tell me, how does this Zoom thing work? And what is this Houseparty?”

Now that the world is running on technology, we have turned into tech support for our parents, explaining to them that shouting at the mic button will not unmute themselves and that everyone in our class can hear them laughing loudly with their friends.

“Come see my friend’s son’s video of him cleaning utensils. Why can’t you help around the house?”

We are all compared to that one golden child who singlehandedly manages to clean his house, spend time with his family, work hard for the needy, and still top his class.

“You have been given this opportunity, make use of it. Don’t just sit around watching Netflix!”

To our parents, this time is of paramount importance, so we must seize the day fully and completely. So what if we’re living in a global crisis?

Jokes apart, we are extremely thankful for all the things are parents are doing for us in this tough time!

-Jai Kapoor and Aryaman Minocha, 12



Illustration by Sara JayKumar, 9

The Crash of the Oil Market

“Too much of anything is the beginning of a mess.” -Dorothy Draper

Oil became the buzzword overnight as oil prices in the US fell below \$0 per barrel for the first time in history, throwing investors around the world completely off guard. The same oil tankers that navigated the seven seas laden with up to two million barrels now stand motionless with crude oil that nobody is willing to buy.

With millions of people working from home, the demand for oil has plunged. However, producers around the world continue to pump oil. This has caused a fire-sale amongst traders who don’t have access to storage. Earlier this year, the Organisation of the Petroleum Exporting Countries decided to slash oil production by 9.7 million barrels per day. However, the deal came too late and couldn’t control the massive oversupply. This record volume of stranded crude cargo illustrates a deepening crisis in the global oil industry. Demand for oil has fallen so severely and at such a rapid pace that there is a space crunch to store the crude oil rendered useless by the pandemic. At least 160 million barrels are now stored at sea.

The falling oil prices will have different effects depending on the country in question. Oil importing countries like India will generally benefit from lower oil prices, but economies like Russia that rely on oil exports could see a significant fall in export revenue. A positive effect could be that lower oil prices will help reduce the cost of living, and all goods will become cheaper due to lower transportation costs. However, a prolonged fall in oil prices will reduce the incentive to move towards using renewable energy. With no end of the pandemic in sight, the recovery of the global oil industry as of now appears to be a pipe dream.

-Anahita Khukreja, 11

कलम की जुबानी, लॉकडाउन की कहानी

कठिनाईयों से भरी हैं आगे की राह।
समस्याएँ है हर मोड़ पर,
मानव की इस डूबती कश्ती को देख,
हैरान है खुदा।



जब नौकरी पर थे,
तब घर की याद सताती थी,
पर जब घर में है रहना,
फिर मन बाहर की ओर,
जाना क्यों चाहता है?

समय भी कितना विचित्र है,
त्योहार अब कैसे मनाएँ?
किन्तु निराश मत हो,
दशहरा व जन्माष्टमी अभी भी बाकी है।

बढ़ते आंकड़े देखने के बावजूद,
एक आशा की किरण दिखती है।
मेरा मन शांत-सा हो जाता है,
रात को चैन की नींद आ जाती है।



अगर मैं आज घर के अंदर हूँ,
तो कल रौनक लौट आएगी।
तो कल दोस्तों से मिल पाऊँगा।
और त्योहार मना पाऊँगा।

-शुभकर्मन सिंह संधू, 9

Hardworking Gardener

Once there was a hardworking gardener. He loved to plant new flowers and dig the field. While digging, he wore a comfortable pair of loose, blue trousers, tucked into big wellington boots. He wore an old, worn-out, yellow overcoat. Sometimes, when it was hot, he



wore a small blue cap. He used a rusty shovel. The gardener was a kind fellow. Every day he let birds and butterflies of all sorts come to his garden. Most of all he loved gardening. He would add fertiliser regularly. Daisies, bougainvilleas, buttercups, he planted them all. He had a gentle, kind and friendly face. He even used a few shiny, moon-like pebbles to make sure his plants didn't grow over each other. At times, he spread a bit of grain around his garden for the birds to eat. I think he is a very hardworking gardener. I especially like him because he cares for plants and animals.

Natasha Singh III - C

आम का पेड़

मैं एक आम का पेड़ हूँ। मुझ पर सफ़ेदा आम उगते हैं। मैं नदी के किनारे रहता हूँ। मेरा जन्म कुछ इस प्रकार हुआ- एक बच्चे ने आम खाकर उसकी गुठली नदी के किनारे फेंक दी। धरती माता ने मुझे अपनी गोद में ले लिया। फिर धरती माता और नदी मौसी ने मिलकर मुझे बड़ा किया। एक दिन मेरी एक टहनियों में गुदगुदी हुई। मैंने देखा कि एक सुन्दर सी चिड़िया मुझ पर अपना घोंसला बना रही है। बस उस दिन से ही मैं अपने ऊपर रहने वाले पशु-पक्षियों का और ध्यान रखने लगा। चिड़ियों को सबसे मजबूत और ऊपर वाली टहनियों पर रहने को कहता हूँ और बंदरों को मीठे-मीठे सफ़ेदा आम खाने देता हूँ। तेज़ धूप में जब लोग थक-हार कर आते हैं, मेरी शीतल छाया में ठंडक पाते हैं। मैं हवा में ऑक्सिजन भी छोड़ता हूँ जो अन्य जीवों द्वारा प्रयोग की जाती है। जब ठंडी-ठंडी हवा चलती है और हल्की-हल्की बारिश होती है, तो मैं खुशी से झूमता हूँ। वहीं जब आकाश पड़ जाता है मैं मायूस व दुखी हो जाता हूँ लेकिन मेरी मौसी मुझे बचा लेती है। आपने तो देखा ही होगा कैसे मेरा दोस्त (संतरे का पेड़) और मैं अपनी टहनियाँ हिला-हिलाकर बातें करते हैं। मैं इतना कुछ देता हूँ लेकिन बदले में केवल आपसे एक ही चीज़ माँगता हूँ कि आप मुझे और मेरे अन्य साथियों को न काटें।

नाम्या मुंजाल ४



Autobiography - Fire Opal

Hello! I'm an Sunset Fire Opal and am also known as the Red Girasol rock. I am an igneous rock. I am a very rare one and am found in Mexico. Today, I will tell you my story. I was born when Volcano Barcena erupted in 1953 and the lava cooled down. I was very excited. I looked around and saw someone next to me. He turned and I saw he was a Mahogany Obsidian. We became friends. Then one day a man came and cut me out. It was very painful for me. My friend said, "Don't worry, always put your best foot forward." I learned that all good things come to an end and that there's no place like home. And just like that a journey of a thousand miles began with a single step. I was taken to a jeweller's shop. They polished me. I cried and cried but they couldn't hear me. Then they put me on display. Many people came and looked at me. They were fascinated. But the price was too much for them to pay. Months passed and I was still in that shop. I felt lonely. Then one day, a lady came and bought me. I was prepared for the worst but hoped for the best. It turned out that the woman had five dogs and she lived with them all alone. She also had all types of gems from Ruby to Diamond, many types of rocks from Obsidian to Lapis Lazuli, and crystals and fossils too. I lived in her house peacefully though sometimes I felt sad remembering my friend. *Anahita Ganeshan V-A*



An Early Morning During Lockdown

I was sleeping peacefully when lightning struck and I woke up with a jolt. I went outside and it was drizzling. I could hear frogs croaking and water dripping from tall blades of grass. I could also hear the wind whispering in my ear. I was caught up in amazement so much that I forgot about the clothes that were hung outside. I could hear many birds chirping, as if a choir was singing. It was very peaceful and there weren't any sounds of screeching tyres and honking cars. After we ate our breakfast, it started raining heavily. A dog came out in front of our house. He had soft silky hair and I named him Scamper. He was a golden coloured Indie breed. The rain started coming in and Scamper got drenched in the rain. While my parents were sitting on chairs and enjoying the weather, Scamper and I jumped in muddy puddles. We were so dirty that it took us an hour to clean up. The Earth was moist and had a refreshing scent. The rain lasted for at least two hours. When the blue sky appeared, we all gave a sigh of relief. We did an experiment on what happens to rainwater in the sun and how much time it takes for the water to evaporate. I played badminton with my father and defeated him twice. I am grateful that I am allowed to cycle in my colony (keeping the social distancing and safety concerns in mind). Although I love spending time with my family, I am eagerly waiting for the lockdown to get over so I can return to school and meet my friends again.

Awany Bansal V-A



K-ochi has the nicest harbour
E-lephants love Kerala the most
R-ow-row win the dazzling races
A-lepy, Alepy show me your boats
L-adies teach me Mohiniattam
A-nd take me to Anjuthenga Fort!

*Illustration and Acrostic poem by
 Kabir Chaudhuri IV-A*

A Race in Lockdown



We have officially survived the lockdown for more than a month. Struggling to find some clarity in our routines and in the country's situation has become a norm these days. However, the emphasis on learning new skills or honing our passions has remained constant throughout the lockdown. 'Productivity' has emerged as the dominant theme of this quarantine period. But is being productive the only way to feel better about ourselves?

From Instagram to Twitter, social media platforms have been swarmed with posts about individuals showing off their daily productiveness. These include posts by celebrities about working out, cooking, drawing, dancing, or simply lying in bed and reading. My family members are in awe of the numerous people posting stories about the productive things they have been doing recently, and are losing self-esteem. This self-esteem can, apparently, only be lifted by joining and competing in this rat race. I frequently wonder whether this productive lifestyle is, in all actuality, a cloak that we wear in an attempt to shield ourselves from the harsh reality of the world. I believe it is a distraction- a temporary escape from the real world by drowning our sorrows in inane things. I urge you to consider this question as you introspect- is posting about short-lived hobbies a way to hide the 'embarrassing' truth of us being okay with doing nothing? If it is, I implore you to stop, take a minute, and ask yourself whether you are truly happy.

J.K Rowling has said that 'productivity is a natural way to respond to difficulty'. Allowing ourselves to acknowledge our feelings and accepting that we have a good reason to feel the way we do is a better route to mental health and happiness than beating ourselves for not being superhuman. Engaging in activities that give us solace, aids the long-term purpose of experiencing intrinsic satisfaction. However, simply putting up an act for the sake of not being left behind in the 'rat race' is the best way to set oneself up for life-long dissatisfaction. It is high time we start to utilize this lockdown and decide what we ultimately want for ourselves.

-Arshya Gaur, 11

THE THREE HORSEMEN

I. THE INTERNET: Kim Jong Un was rumoured to be brain dead last week. The 36-year-old was also reported to be a ruthless dictator by perhaps every credible media source, however, it seems that the internet isn't privy to what a dictator does, for it rejoiced at the announcement that his sister was to be the world's first female dictator, furthering the claim that they don't have the attention span to reach the last word of a phrase. Asked about why he celebrated Kim Yo Jong's accession ostentatiously on Instagram, Matt, 24, said, "Oh, whenever I see anyone celebrating something about a woman, I just tweet out my support. I'm a feminist that way." Perhaps the one good thing to come out of this is the fact that little girls dreaming of inheriting an entire country and violating all civil liberties now have the representation they deserve. You go, girl!



II. WASHINGTON DC: Unnamed sources at the White House say that President Donald Trump has taken it upon himself to embody the Three Witches from Macbeth, the plot of which he read on Wikipedia just yesterday. Said an unnamed White House official, "Well, I think he's been pretty considerate regarding this whole situation- the average person can't find a newt's eye and a dog's tail, but what they can find in this country are bleach and guns. Weapons and chemicals hold our country together. The people can 'double, double toil and trouble' away at home now; we would, however, recommend using clean syringes to inject bleach into the stomach- a completely safe and pragmatic thing to do." Regarding the cure for coronavirus, officials are just relieved President Trump was able to pronounce Hydroxychloroquine on national television. Swami Vivek-kamunda would be proud of his eloquence!

III. NEW DELHI: During a cabinet meeting, the Prime Minister was surrounded by any object he believed made a sound- bells, thalis, and independent journalists. The Zoom calls he's been having with the cabinet have been particularly effective- after hours of deliberation and delegation, they were able to decide on what utensils the people of the country should use to bang their thalis. Next week's meeting will include an hour-long standing ovation for the Prime Minister, commending the praise he received from the WHO for implementing the lockdown, before they get down to discussing testing kits.

-Sanaa Sharma, 12

MICROFICTION

ईद

कक्षा ६: मुबारक

"मुबारक हो! मनाप्य चुप है, बंद है।
पशु पक्षी बाहर है, खुश है।
धरती खिल रही है, मुबारक हो!"

-अरहान पासी

कक्षा ७: ईद का चाँद

"कुभी न सोचा था, कि स्कूल एक दिन ईद का चाँद होगा।"

-निरखान मानकताला

कक्षा ८: नेकी नहीं रहेगी

"यह जितना भी कठिन समय हो, फूल खिलेंगे,
हवा चलेगी, चिड़िया चू चू करेगी, और नेकी
नहीं रहेगी।"

-वानी चोपड़ा

कक्षा ९: इबादत

"हे भगवान! आप हमारे निर्माता और
विध्वंसक हो।

इस मुश्किल समय में, मैं आप पर भरोसा कर
रही हूँ।

यह ही मेरी इबादत है।"

-श्रेयसी जिंदल

कक्षा १०: रहमत

"अल्लाह की रहमत मुझ पर पड़े, मेरे सारे
गुनाहों को दूर करे"

-अर्णव सक्सेना

कक्षा ११: दिल की दुआ

"समुंदर की लहरों से अनोखी, धूप की किरणों
की बोछार से ज्यादा मीठी,
एक दुआ तमन्ना बनकर आयी, पर दिल की
दुनियाँ दिखाकर लौट गयी।"

-माहिका डालमिया

कक्षा १२: इफ्तार का इंतज़ार

"न गले में एक बूँद पानी और न पेट में एक
दाना, इफ्तार पर बिरयानी के लिए अभी से ही
जगह बनाना।"

-श्रीजीत कोले

Welcome the Day

A voice once heard from far away
seems to reach; it found its way,
and as it cries, we understand
the sound of water, wind and land.

Not a single soul around.
The changes do truly astound.
Those who once had no true faith,
they seem to know, it's not too late.

Nature can flourish, birds may sing,
finally free from the human sting.
And as our land begins to heal,
we humans too begin to feel.

Once sullied before, the rivers now
flow.
Once ruined before, the forests now
grow.
Dogs and cats come out to play,
now restored, they've come to stay.

We, humans, learn to empathise,
so, a new life we can synthesise.
We understand what the voice does say:
A new era is coming, welcome the day.

-Kavin Bhatia, 11

इंटरनेट पर सिनेमा का बदलता रूप

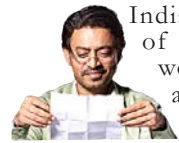
इंटरनेट ने मनोरंजन की दुनिया में एक क्रांति ला दी है। सिनेमा हॉल और दूरदर्शन प्रसारण की सीमा से मुक्त होकर लगता है। मीडिया ने एक नया ही रूप ले लिया है। इसकी मांग को देखते हुए अब अमेज़न और नेटफ्लिक्स जैसी कंपनियाँ दुनिया भर में अपने ऑनलाइन प्रसारण के लिए प्रसिद्ध हो रही हैं। पहले तो ये अलग-अलग कम्पनियों के बनाए गए धारावाहिक और फिल्मों दिखाते थे लेकिन जैसे-जैसे करोड़ों ग्राहकों ने इन्हें सराहा, इन्होंने अपने खुद की फिल्मों और धारावाहिक बनाने शुरू कर दिए। भारत में आज 600 करोड़ इंटरनेट यूजर्स हैं। लेकिन इनमें से ज्यादातर लोग अंग्रेजी नहीं समझते। यही कारण है कि आजकल कई नए सीरियल हिंदी और बाकी भारतीय भाषाओं में बनने लगे हैं। इस लॉकडाउन में लोगों ने दो सिरियल बहुत पसंद किये हैं- 'ताजमहल 1989' और 'पंचायत'।



'ताज महल 1989' के माध्यम से हमारी बीती यादें फिर से ताज़ा हो जाती हैं। इस सीरियल के पात्र हमें 1989 के भारत की कहानी सुनाते हैं। हर एपिसोड हमें इंसानों और रुतने के साथ-साथ भारत के छोटे शहरों की प्रगतिशील सोच के बारे में बताता है। 'पंचायत' एक ऐसा सीरियल है जिसके माध्यम से हमें गाँव की सहज और सरल जीवन शैली की जानकारी मिलती है। शहर में बड़ी नौकरी ना मिलने पर इस सीरियल का नायक एक छोटे से गाँव की पंचायत में सचिव की नौकरी ले लेता है। हर दिन एक नई समस्या और एक नई सोच को दर्शाते हुए, यह सीरियल सभी का मनोरंजन करता है। आज की पीढ़ी के लिए यह सिरियल्स ना सिर्फ मनोरंजन, पर उसके साथ-साथ, कुछ नया सीखने का मौका देते हैं। अपनी इच्छानुसार सबटाइटल्स के साथ ही सही, इन्हें देखना जरूर चाहिए।

-पृथ्वी ओक, १२

A Tribute to Two Bollywood Legends



India has lost two extremely talented actors over the span of two days. Both individuals, who entertained millions worldwide, had been battling cancer. Their death is a huge loss to our nation, Bollywood, their friends, families, and millions of fans.

After being a part of the industry for 32 years, Irrfan Khan left this world at the age of 53. Having acted in over 70 films, he was one of the few Indian actors to have made a name for himself in Hollywood as well. From compelling us to cry our eyes out in 'Tulsi', to making us laugh our heads off in 'Hindi Medium', Irrfan was a true gem of the Indian cinema. With many awards and accolades, including the prestigious Padma Shri, bestowed on him, his success was indeed undeniable. However, it was Irrfan's humble and down to earth personality that charmed the rest of the world and endeared him to the general public. In 2016, he dropped the 'Khan' from his name, claiming he wanted his work, rather than his lineage, to define him.

Bollywood's very own evergreen romantic hero, the 'Original Chocolate Boy', left us at the age of 67 years. One in a million, Rishi Kapoor was a charismatic, jovial man with a great sense of humour. Born to a family that was famous in the film industry, he took it upon himself to carry on its legacy. Rishi Kapoor made his debut at the young age of 20 as the lead role in teen romantic movie 'Bobby' and heralded a series of successful films thereafter.



Both Irrfan Khan and Rishi Kapoor have immortalized themselves through cinema. They will be sorely missed and will continue to live in our memories.

-Vira Chattwal, 10

COVID-19's Greatest Impact

One of the most impacted stakeholders in the Coronavirus situation are celebrities. Our idols have been forced into the mortal realm and it is egregious that they have to suffer like this. I am outraged at our lack of empathy for their horrendous situation. They have been hurt far more than us.



Can you imagine how difficult this situation is for them? From flying high in private jets and traversing the seven seas in luxury yachts, they are now confined to racing their Lamborghinis and Bugattis in the twenty five or so acres of spare land they have around their homes. Don't even get me started on their living conditions! These people are uniquely disadvantaged; their almost-royal pedigree demands that they have a retinue at all times.



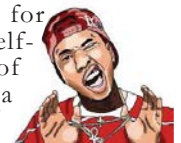
Our Instagram stories can no longer be blessed with detailed daily documentations of their vibrant lives. They can no longer dine in restaurants with bills that turn out to be larger than most people's mortgages. Some of them have had to resort to making paneer curry themselves! We actually have to rely on the news for entertainment now...it's such a pain.



These noble heroes have sacrificed so much. Trapped in their five floor homes and luxury condominiums, they are denied the simple pleasures they are so worthy of. Do you think they can get their crushed jade seaweed wrap in their home gyms? NO! It's only a normal seaweed wrap, and they can't even buy new clothes to compensate for this tragic loss. The fact that they took time out of their busy schedules to create a music video for us is just so heart-warming. We must pay close attention to their wise words, especially because they show us how to survive the quarantine in restrictive mansions, living off only a few millions in the bank.



However, in all seriousness, for every vain celebrity advocating self-isolation while sipping a glass of Cristal in a private pool, there is a celebrity who is grateful about his/her privileges and is trying to help out by making donations. This does bring a smile to our faces.



-Siddhant Nagrath, 10

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