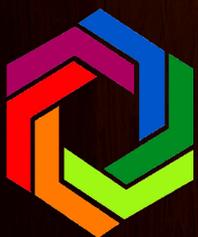


The  
Office  
House



# EDITORIAL

Hello everyone!

This would be my first time writing an editorial in our bi-annual magazine or any magazine for that matter and, to be honest, I am not quite sure if it would be as eye catching as my predecessor's was. But it is a great opportunity as I have been handed over the reins and I know the expectations will be high. And by the time you flip the last page of this magazine I am sure your expectations will be fulfilled.

The months that have just passed have been full of activities be it academics or sports. I am proud to say that our school did really well during the recent extravaganza known to our young family as 'Landmark' and based on what we have witnessed, its surely going to be more successful in the coming years.

Reading the articles was a pleasure. I would like to thank Mr. Vivek Pant, the founder of this magazine which so beautifully connects the whole of the residential family. It was a tough time though, to collect articles, edit them and send drafts for corrections. But the continuous support and reminders given to me by Mr. Dar motivated me to finally finish my first ever Coffee House magazine.

So, I present to you the fifth edition of The Coffee House. Hope you find the joy that we felt while reading it ourselves. Cheers!

**Gumlee Ete**  
**Editor-in-Chief**

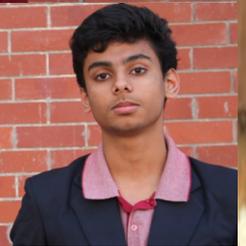
Gumlee Ete.



Jaissal Shagolsem.



Aviral Kapoor.



Nishka Malik.



## Special Thanks To:

Vivek Pant.



A.N.Dar



Ajay Singh.





# carte du jour

|   |           |                                 |           |
|---|-----------|---------------------------------|-----------|
| <b>Expectations</b>                       | <b>4</b>  | <b>Teamwork</b>                 | <b>37</b> |
| <b>मन की बात, मन के द्वार</b>             | <b>7</b>  | <b>Being Fifteen</b>            | <b>39</b> |
| <b>Thank You Sir Alex!</b>                | <b>10</b> | <b>Nolly "Nigeria"</b>          | <b>40</b> |
| <b>Pain</b>                               | <b>13</b> | <b>Rules</b>                    | <b>41</b> |
| <b>Trouble</b>                            | <b>14</b> | <b>What if?</b>                 | <b>42</b> |
| <b>The Solemn Infirmity</b>               | <b>17</b> | <b>Why I Became a Teacher</b>   | <b>43</b> |
| <b>Communalism</b>                        | <b>19</b> | <b>Letter to Mother Earth</b>   | <b>45</b> |
| <b>Time has wings, it flew by</b>         | <b>23</b> | <b>Movie within a movie</b>     | <b>47</b> |
| <b>Time</b>                               | <b>24</b> | <b>Mahakumbh</b>                | <b>50</b> |
| <b>How I settled</b>                      | <b>26</b> | <b>THE CULTURE:</b>             |           |
| <b>Culture and traditions in a School</b> | <b>28</b> | <b>Hardwell</b>                 | <b>54</b> |
| <b>The Untamed</b>                        | <b>29</b> | <b>SIRS' Cricket Tournament</b> | <b>55</b> |
| <b>Natura Artis Magistra</b>              | <b>30</b> | <b>Ricardo Kaka'</b>            | <b>57</b> |
| <b>Through The Lens</b>                   | <b>32</b> | <b>Virat Kohli</b>              | <b>59</b> |

# Expectations

*A.N.Dar*

## Message From Our Mentor

“In all affairs it's a healthy thing now and then to hang a question mark on the things you have long taken for granted.”

“What do you expect from your students?” As a student, I dared not put such a question to my teachers or even to my parents. Yet, Vatsalya asked me to write an article on it. I am amused that Vatsalya, only in class X, seems to believe that teachers can have expectations from their students just as parents have expectations from their children.

Let us first understand today's reality and not allow me to glorify my past both as a student and teacher. I have now been a teacher for a little over five decades while my father had taught in schools for over six decades. Both as a student and teacher, I lived in a world different from Vatsalya's.

There was then no technology either at homes or in schools, and no spread of information. Surely, there was news and stories: And whatever was there, it travelled slowly and in a limited area. News travelled fast by word of mouth! Age and traditions were thus easily respected, trusted and followed. Everyone believed in physical labour and diligence. Today, technology has overwhelmed us and we are swamped by spread and speed of information. As a result, 'expectations' from both ends (Teachers and students) have undergone a great change .

In earlier days, continuity and stability of culture was natural. Now that has changed: Ever growing technology has challenged values and relationships. Changes in every area are rapid: Even before you have adapted yourself to some new technology or system, something new overtakes us. Thus, beliefs and relationships in every sphere are under great stress. Questions keep cropping up, new theories and practices keep evolving and basic problems remain unanswered. We have become a complex society. The young can question and doubt the old, but the old dare not correct the young who are getting swept by their peer group or short lived glamour or transitory superficial good or attraction for the material possessions. According to the young, everything that they do is right and whatever their elders say is wrong!

Definition of 'trust' and 'loyalty' are changing fast and with it the 'expectations' are getting warped. Old cannot be trusted and the young cannot be doubted!

We need to understand 'expectations' whether in domestic or personal life or professional world. Relationship between a teacher and the taught was sacred in my time. Influenced by the western thought, today we speak of teaching as a 'service' and teachers as 'service provider'. However, for me, teaching is a calling as it always was and thus sacred.

I am dreading the time when teaching will cease to be a human endeavor and conducted by IT tools – or even by robots. For me teaching-learning is a very human endeavor: By the human, for the human and of the human. Thus my expectations from my students, too, are human. They cannot always be measured! Can my joy at seeing a student excel himself be measured?

During this journey of mine as a teacher, I have seen the terminology change from 'teacher' to 'educator' to 'facilitator' and even to 'mentor'. However, I prefer to look at myself only as a 'nurturer'. Thus I believe: "A society grows great when old men plant trees whose shade they know they shall never sit in."

For me: "Growing older is mandatory, growing up is optional." That is, I expect my students to grow up.

"A certain man planted a rose and watered it faithfully and before it blossomed, he examined it.

"He saw the bud that would soon blossom, but noticed thorns upon the stem and he thought, 'How can any beautiful flower come from a plant burdened with so many sharp thorns?' Saddened by this thought, he neglected to water the rose, and just before it was ready to bloom... it died."

Without saying much, we must accept that even today there is a relationship between students and teachers. Is this relationship because teachers are paid a salary by their schools? Does a doctor then treat us only because he is paid a fee by the patient? I pray to God daily "O God, give me a sound body with which to withstand the rigours of a most arduous profession – Teaching."

To begin with, let my students believe that I have expectations from them as my sacred duty and that, as their right, they have faith in me as a man and a teacher. A father might envy when his son surpasses him but a teacher will always admire his students for going beyond him.

“If you think your teacher is tough, wait till you get a boss!” This faith will surely lead the student to perform miracles. Didn’t Eklavya perform miracles through such faith in his guru Dronacharya by merely keeping his guru’s idol before him to go through his practices even when disowned by his guru! This practice because of his devotion to his task is what made Eklavya excel himself and surpass Arjun, the chief disciple of Dronacharya. I do expect my students to be devoted to their work. This devotion helps them to prioritise: “Television and video games are not real life. In real life, people actually have to leave the coffee shop and go to jobs.” How can anyone grow up without this devotion – or passion – that helps one to reach one’s target? I want my students to understand that “Success is not long jump or high jump: It’s a marathon of steps.” My students must prepare themselves to take these steps not as slaves to me but ungrudgingly and with unmixed joy. With such an attitude, they will reach their target and derive a sense of fulfillment.

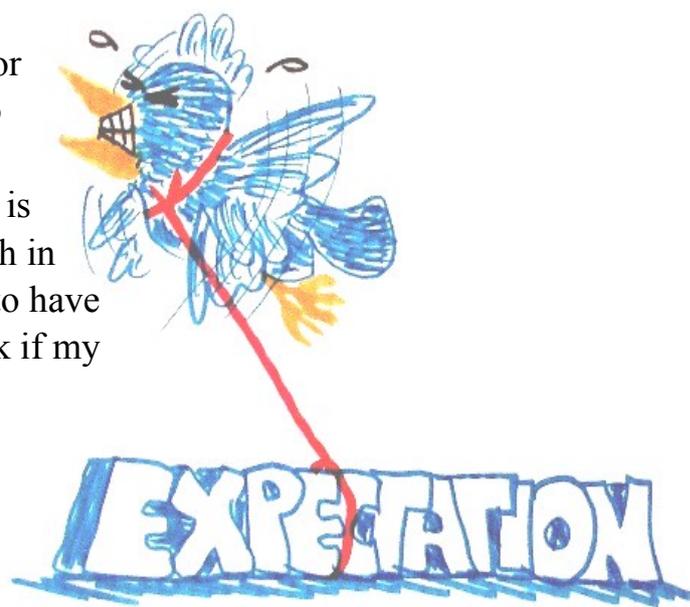
Passions can be fulfilled only if you have dreams. I had dreams of being a schoolmaster as early as class VII so that I would make students believe in themselves and fulfill their potential. We all have some potential but we need to have a will to reach out and tap this potential not out of any fear or greed of reward but for sheer self-respect and self-belief and the reality is: “Life is not divided into semesters. You don't get summers off and very few employers are interested in helping you ‘find yourself’. You have to do that on your own time.” You cannot evolve if you are not enjoying the struggle to grow. Even a butterfly struggles to come out of its cocoon.

That struggle strengthens its wings. “Life is not fair – get used to it! if you mess up, it's not your parents' (or teachers’) fault; so, don't whine about your mistakes: Learn from them.” Founders of a school can give you infrastructure and the principal can give you a faculty or staff, but a student has to exercise his faculty of mind or his limbs to make his mark for “Life is not just about getting; it’s about giving.” A school does not make you but actually a student makes a school. The real brand of a school is what its students are. Students become what they become if they have expectations from themselves and understand the expectations of their teachers from them.

These expectations alone create opportunities for students to exploit and “to grow up”. For this to happen, we must have shared beliefs between the teacher and the taught: What in other words is called mutual faith. I have always had great faith in my students – and my colleagues: I want them to have faith in themselves. I have never paused to think if my students or my colleagues have faith in me.

Yes, many of my students and colleagues have fulfilled my expectations of them, thus vindicated my trust in them.

What more can a schoolmaster wish for That he basked in the reflected glory of his students?



Are your current expectations holding you back?

# मन की बात, मन के द्वार

Ajay Singh

Interview: Dean of Residence

(हमारे मन में बहुत से सवाल होते हैं।उन सवालों का जवाब तलाश करते हुए हम जीवन के अनेक मोड़ों से गुज़रते हैं। ऐसे ही एक मोड़ पर हमें मिले मनोविज्ञान के अध्यापक श्री अजय कुमार सिंह जी, उन्होंने 'भाषा व उसके महत्व' पर प्रणीत आनंद कौर व आकांक्षा श्रीवास्तव के सवालों के बेवाकी से जवाब दिए। इस वार्तालाप से श्री अजय जी के विचारों को निकट से समझने का अवसर मिला। (प्रणीत आनंद, आकांक्षा = प्र.आ. ,अजय कुमार सिंह(अ.सिं)

प्र. आ- आजकल लोगों का रुझान हिन्दी बोलने की तरफ न होकर अंग्रेज़ी की तरफ अधिक है?

अ. सिं -सबसे पहला और महत्त्वपूर्ण कारण है कि हमारे समाज पर पाश्चात्य संस्कृति का प्रभाव पड़ा है। आधुनिकीकरण के नाम पर हम पाश्चात्य संस्कृति की ओर बढ़ रहे हैं। वर्तमान परिवेश में अंग्रेज़ी भाषा को विकसित समाज की भाषा कहा जाता है।यह पहला कारण है। दूसरा कारण है ,कि हिन्दी भाषा से ज़्यादा अंग्रेज़ी भाषा सरल है।

प्र. आ- महोदय ,आप अपने विद्यार्थी जीवन के हिन्दी अध्यापक के बारे में कुछ बताएँ ।

अ. सिं - विद्यार्थी जीवन में मुझे दो हिन्दी अध्यापिकाओं ने पढ़ाया था,एक थीं श्रीमती रस्तोगी और दूसरी श्रीमती शर्मा।दोनों क्रमशः व्याकरण और साहित्य पढ़ाती थीं।

उनका पढ़ाने का अंदाज़ बहुत अच्छा था।विषय पर उनकी अच्छी पकड़ थी।मुझे उनसे बहुत कुछ सीखने को मिला।मैं उनका बहुत सम्मान करता हूँ ।

**प्र. आ-** आपने हिन्दी साहित्य के किस लेखक अथवा कवि को सबसे अधिक पढ़ा है?

**अ. सिं** -अगर देखा जाए तो मुझे हिन्दी सहित्य में प्रेमचंद का उपन्यास 'गोदान' बहुत अच्छा लगा।उसने वैचारिक रूप से प्रभावित किया है। मुझे अब तक याद है, हिन्दी अध्यापिका ने श्री रामधारी सिंह 'दिनकर' की कविताएँ पढ़ाई थीं।मुझे आज भी उनकी कविताएँ याद हैं।मैं उन कविताओं को अपने बच्चों को भी सुनाता हूँ । ये कविताएँ मेरे मन को छू गई हैं।

**प्र. आ-** मान लीजिए, आप हिन्दी अध्यापक होते तो आपके व्यक्तित्व में क्या परिवर्तन आते?

**अ. सिं-** मेरा व्यक्तित्व अवश्य परिवर्तित होता।विचारों का स्वरूप कुछ और होता। हिन्दी साहित्य का अलग नज़रिया होता है,क्योंकि साहित्य हमारी जड़ों से जुड़ा होता है।मनोविज्ञान मेरा विषय है। हमारा देश अब नये विचारों से जुड़ रहा है।

**प्र. आ-** महोदय, हमारे लेखक ऐसा क्या लिखें ,जिससे लोगों की साहित्य पढ़ने में रुचि हो?

**अ. सिं** - हमारे साहित्यकार दो तरीकों से लिखें ,एक तो ऐतिहासिक अस्तित्व को ध्यान में रख कर और दूसरे अपने मन को टटोल कर।दूरदर्शन पर दिखाए जाने वाले सीरियाल पर पूरा परिवार चर्चा करता है। अतः समाज की घटनाओं पर हमारे लेखकों का ध्यान जाना चाहिये।साहित्य में देश की आत्मा होती है,इसलिए साहित्य को आत्मा से अलग नहीं किया जा सकता है।

**प्र. आ** -एक मनोविज्ञान का अध्यापक साहित्य रचना को किस दृष्टि से देखता है?

**अ. सिं** -बहुत महत्वपूर्ण,साहित्य किसी भी भाषा में लिखा जाए उसके केन्द्र में मानवीय संवेदनाएँ ही होती हैं। अतः उसके साथ दो चीजें जुड़ जाती हैं कि वह क्या व्यक्त करता है और उसकी अनुभूति क्या है। अगर अनुभूति और अभिव्यक्ति को मिला दिया जाए तो ,उच्चकोटि के उपन्यास की रचना की जा सकती है।



**COFFEE BRAIN**

**प्र. आ** -आजकल साहित्यक आयोजन विवाद का विषय बनते जा रहे हैं,इसका क्या कारण हो सकता है?

**अ. सिं** -देखिये , साहित्य को विवाद का विषय बनाया जा रहा है,जितना बड़ा विवाद उतनी ज़्यादा रचना की बिक्री। फ़िल्मों को भी अनावश्यक रूप विवादित बना दिया जाता है,जैसे 'विश्वरूपम' अनुचित रूप से विवादित बना दी गई ।उसमें विवाद जैसा कुछ भी नहीं था। साहित्यकार मानव और मानवीय सरोकारों को अपनी रचनाओं में संज़ीदगी के साथ प्रस्तुत करता है।

**प्र. आ** - महोदय, एक आखिरी प्रश्न,आप हम छात्रों के लिये क्या संदेश देना चाहेंगे?

**अ. सिं** -संसार में अनेक भाषाएँ बोली जाती हैं। हमें अपनी भाषा से प्रेम होना चाहिये साथ ही अंग्रेज़ी का ज्ञान भी होना चाहिये। आज के अर्थ जगत में हम वैश्विक नागरिक हैं।केवल देश के ही नहीं ,इसलिये हमें अंग्रेज़ी भाषा और दूसरी भाषाओं को भी सीखना चाहिए।देश के एकमात्र प्रधानमंत्री श्री अटलबिहारी वाजपेयी ही ऐसे थे जिन्होंने विश्वपटल पर राष्ट्रभाषा में अपना भाषण दिया था। अब तो ऐसी अनेक मशीनें भी हैं, जो अनेक भाषाओं का अनुवाद आसानी से कर देती हैं। अंत में कहा जा सकता है कि,भाषा जीवन शैली है, विचारों का जीवन है।

धन्यवाद



# THANK YOU SIR ALEX!

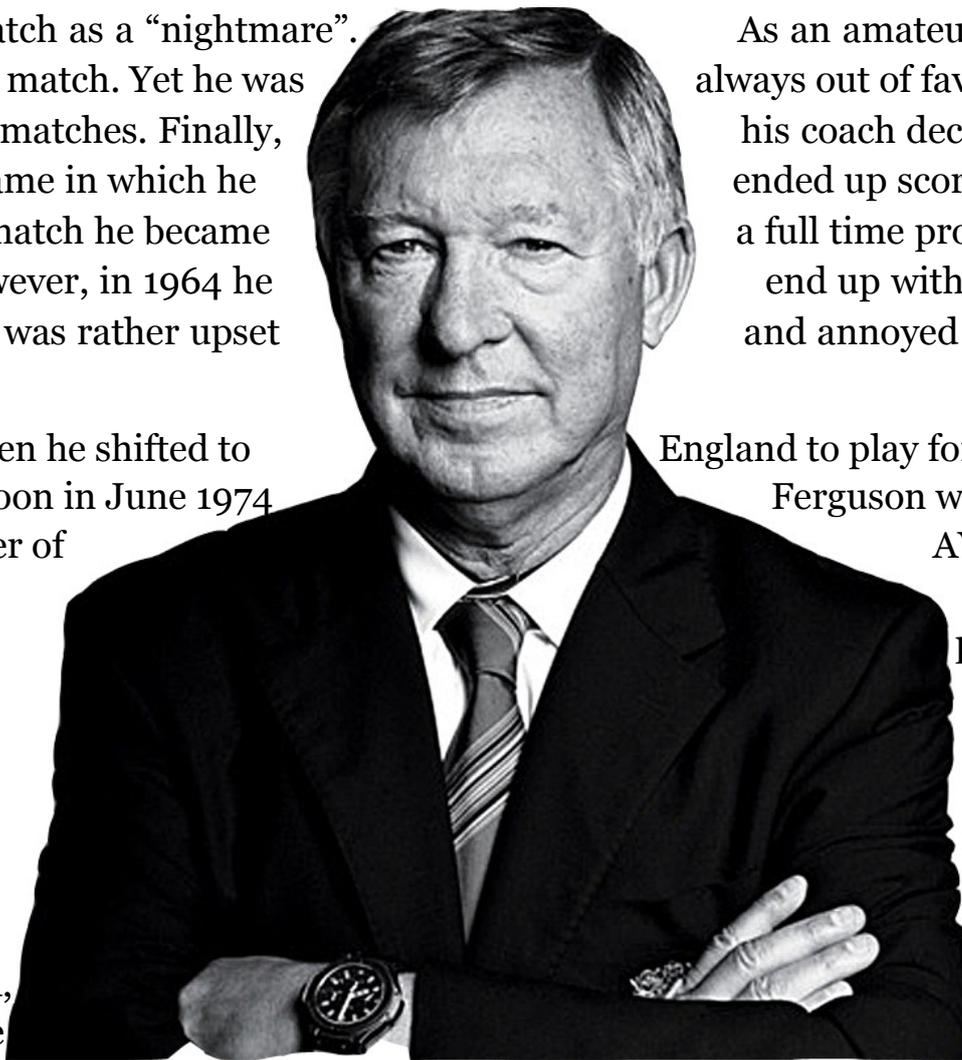
---

*Aditya Chaudhary*

Sir Alex, a legend born on 31 December 1941 is a former Scottish football manager who also went on to manage Manchester United and made that team rise. He spent half of his life working for the team. He joined United in 1986 and left it in 2013 as one of the most respected and admired persons in the history of football. He began his playing career as an amateur. He started playing as a striker and he described his first match as a “nightmare”.

goals in 31 match. Yet he was for several matches. Finally, play in a game in which he After this match he became baller. However, in 1964 he mance. He was rather upset mance.

In 1974 when he shifted to and very soon in June 1974 the manager of the next 3 became so in October, invited to St. Mirren. was the St. Mirren till 1978. this period, remarkable



mation of the team. On 6 November 1986, Sir Alex was appointed as the manager of Manchester United. In the beginning, he was worried about the players because they were involved into drugs, but he managed to increase the players’ discipline. His first game with United was at ‘Underdogs’ on November 8 which ended in a defeat. However, he managed to win the second match. Although United improved greatly in 1990-91, they were still inconsistent and finished sixth.

As an amateur he scored 20 always out of favor, and sat out his coach decided to let him ended up scoring a hat trick. a full time professional foot- end up with a poor perform- and annoyed by this perform-

England to play for AYR United Ferguson was appointed AYR United. In months he popular that he was manage Ferguson manager of from 1974 During he showed a transfor-

After a slow start in 1992-93 season, it moreover looked that United would miss out on the League title but somehow after the purchase of three new players, the future of United seemed bright. A wait of 26 years came to an end when United won the first League title; United had finished the League with a great margin of around 10 points, which was a quite an achievement. In 1993, Sir Alex was voted The Manager of the Year by the League Managers' Association. The year 1993 to 1995 was a double win and a loss. In this season, the team had more success, but they missed the third League title which would've been more commendable. In the season 1995 to 1998 Ferguson was heavily criticized as the players were allowed to leave and no replacements were bought. Ferguson had no other choice but to get the junior team to play. On the day of the match, Alan criticized their performance ending his analysis with the words "You can't win anything with kids". United won the next five



matches and were boosted by the return of Cantona. United was on top of the League table with an imposing gap of 12 points. Sir Alex made them train from early mornings to late nights. From 1998 to 1999 won four trophies.

A crowd of 500,000 people turned out on the streets of Manchester to greet the players who paraded through the city in an open-top bus. The year 1999-2002 was a title hat trick: the team won every league title in this season. Sir Alex decided to retire as the Reds ended up showing a poor performance, He was requested by the whole staff of Manchester United to stay on, and seeing the performance in February, he decided to stay.

The period from 2002-2005 was full of legends: Rio Ferdinand, Cristiano Ronaldo, Wayne Rooney, and Gabriel Heinze. There was a sudden change in the whole team. Many players left, but many new players joined. This was the rebuilding time for Sir Alex. The performance was really poor as they had so many new players, and Ferguson needed time to help to settle them, as Rio Ferdinand was banned from playing football for 8 months because he had failed in the drug tests. There was a huge signing in January. Nemanja Vidic, a Serbian defender and Patrice Evra were signed. Winning the League cup was a consolation of prize for lack of success elsewhere. Ferguson had celebrated his 20th anniversary of his appointment as the manager of Manchester United on 6 November 2006. They won the FA Premier League finals.

After winning the league, Ferguson stated his intention to leave United within the next three years. Chief Executive David Gill of United moved quickly to calm the speculation about Ferguson's pending retirement. The season 2008-2009 was a spectacular year. There were another two league titles and league cups. Ferguson had now won 11 league titles at Manchester. After winning another league title, Ferguson declared that he would stay as long as his health permitted him and he would be glad to win the league title once more. On August 8 2010, Ferguson added another FA Community Shield to his honors list as United defeated Chelsea 3-1 in the final in Wembley. On 19 December, Ferguson became Manchester United's longest serving manager in their history. He ended the season by winning his 12th and United's 19th league title, thus overtaking Liverpool's record of 18. On September 2, 2012, Ferguson made his 1000th league game with United against Southampton. Two weeks later, he won his 100th game in the Champions League with a 1-0 win. On May 8 2013, Ferguson announced that he was to retire as a manager at the end of football season, but would remain at the club as a director. His honors at Manchester United for the team are:

Premier League (13): 1992-93, 1993-94, 1995-96, 1996-97, 1998-99, 1999-2000, 2000-01, 2002-03, 2006-07, 2007-08, 2008-09, 2010-11, 2012-13.

FA Cup (5): 1989-90, 1993-94, 1995, 96, 1998-99, 2003-04.

League Cup (4): 1991-92, 2005-06, 2008-09, 2009-10.

FA Charity/Community Shield (10): 1990(shared), 1993, 1994, 1996, 1997, 2003, 2007, 2008, 2010, 2011.

UEFA Champions League (2): 1998-99, 2007-08.

UEFA Cup Winners' Cup (1): 1990-91.

UEFA Super Cup (1): 1991

Intercontinental Cup (1): 1999

FIFA Club World Cup (1): 2008

**Thank You Sir Alex, you'll be missed !**

# Pain

---

*Aviral Kapoor*

Scene : God and Satan are having a conference on introducing new human qualities with some high ranked angels and nymphs.

God: Gentle deities, I would like to propose a new unpleasant feeling in the human life known as pain! It will have various synonyms such as hardships, discomfort, etc. It will have various forms as mental, physical and emotional and it will cause discomfort which will depend on the level of success a human wants to achieve.

Satan: That's diabolic! It ought to be an attribute of the devil!

God: That is right sir but Pain will act as a catalyst for those who will outlive it and the transformation it will bring in a human's life will be Godly!

No pain, no gain is not just a flamboyant saying! It rather withholds a great and deep meaning. It is said that pain is not valued in this society anymore! We have condemned it as a negative word which is usually found hanging outside the gymnasiums. However, the one who has experienced pain is the one who has tasted the mortal life at its best.

It is our human nature to fear pain and hardships. Thinking of bad times make our spine shiver but what we fail to understand is that the darkest time is just before the dawn. A man who is reluctant to feel pain will never rise. One of the best thing about pain is that it is never permanent. It's erratic! It has a specific working mechanism. At first it hurts us but eventually it changes us. It may last for a minute, or for an hour, for a day or maybe for an entire year but eventually it will subside and something else will take its place. At the end of your hardships, you will emerge as a shade superior than your previous self. You will transform into a better person. You can't quit because you feel a little pain. You have to accept it and grow over it. If you quit however your pain(s) will last forever. It is said that the more you sweat in peace, the less you bleed in war. Likewise it will be the pain you felt before that will become your strength when your are dealing with the gravest problem of your life.

It is really essential to understand that pain is equally divided in this universe. Pedantic people crib about it whereas victors take it as an opportunity to learn and succeed in their life. Pain is beautiful, as it is said that 'Pain doesn't kill you..instead it makes you stronger!'

# Trouble

*Achal Mishra*

It was the spring of 2003. I was eight. Seemingly young to understand what had happened, but old enough to be affected by its ramifications.

“*Beta nahi* – not today,” Mamaji said when I told him that Aayan would be going to our house with us that day. School had just got over and my maternal uncle – Mamaji – had come to pick me up.

“But Mamaji, he has already told his father that he will be coming with me today.”

Taking hold of my hand, he pulled me to a side and said in a rather lowered voice: “You don’t understand: There is trouble today.” There was an underlying tension in his voice. “He can come tomorrow, or day after, or any other day.” He then turned to Aayan who was quietly observing everything. “What do you say Aayan? We can go tomorrow. Isn’t it?”

Aayan could only nod vaguely. I knew how sorely he wanted to come with me. But shy as he was, he wouldn’t utter a word.

“Mamaji, please!” I blurted. “And anyway, if he doesn’t go with us, he will be left here in the school, for his father won’t be coming to pick him up.”

Mamaji had to give in. “All right, *chalo*,” he said, kicking up the stands of his bike.

If you look up ‘trouble’ in a dictionary, you will be presented with two definitions: first being ‘difficulty or problems’ and second being ‘public unrest or disorder’. There seems to be little or no correlation between the two. However, after years of struggle with silence I came to realize that there does exist some sort of connection – in my very own situation, the latter had led to the first. Back then, what ‘trouble’ was, I wouldn’t know. Not when Mamaji or Papa spoke of it. Not even when it came knocking on our doors. Not until years afterwards, when I grew old enough to read newspapers and understand what they said on news channels. Riot. It was a Hindu-Muslim riot. In the wake of the Godhra massacre and the Gujarat riots, a sizeable number of riots happened across India: the slightest of disputes would end up in mass killing and arson. And our Darbhanga, but a small city in north Bihar, was not spared.

Several years later, attending a party in Delhi, I happened to meet by chance a gentleman of around my age from Darbhanga. Over pints of beer, we started off on a journey of garrulous reminiscence about our past memories of the city.

Into the talk, I asked him if he remembered the riot of 2003. “Eh?” He looked puzzled. “Yes, the terrible riot of 2003,” I said. He allowed himself to think for a while and then, as though with complete surety, said, “No, there did not happen any riot in 2003. Not as far as I can remember.” But then, how could he remember? The trouble had come to me, not him.

An unusual silence had sat over the city that day. The shops were shut and the roads deserted. Even the station-road that would otherwise be bustling with vendors and passers-by was desolate. “Where is the trouble?” I asked Mamaji, pressed between Aayan and him on the bike. He didn’t reply. Not even when I asked him why he was reluctant on taking Aayan home. My father answered this latter question when we reached home. “He is a Muslim!” “So what, Papa?” “There is trouble out on the streets – a *daᅅgā*,” he said, his voice a meld of anger and fear. “And if they come to know that there is a Muslim boy in our house...” Mamaji cut him short: they had already come to know. Whisper had gone around the neighborhood; someone had seen Aayan and it had come to their knowledge that he was a *musalmaan* – a Muslim. Mamaji rushed to shut the main and the back door. Aayan and I were made to sit in the master bedroom with my mother.

Not more than fifteen minutes must have passed when we heard voices: a dozen or more angry voices shouting in random succession. They grew louder and louder until they were right outside our house. There was something about those voices that created fear in me. Was this the trouble everyone was talking about? There was banging on the doors now. A tremor of dread went through me. “*Yahan koi nahi hai* – there is nobody here. Go away!” I heard my father saying. But the banging wouldn’t stop. Suddenly, there was a loud thud and the voices became louder and clearer: the back door was broken and in came the mob, armed with knives, stones and sticks. Mamaji’s efforts to stop them were but futile, for they were large in number. Shoving aside Papa and Mamaji, they headed for the master bedroom.

What could we have done in that moment? We couldn’t run nor fight back; so, eyes shut, we sat there clutching each other tightly. I felt a hand reaching in, taking hold of Aayan. When I opened my eyes, I saw him being pulled away, his face frozen with fear. There were more than half-dozen men crowding the room. One of them hit Aayan with a rod on his back and he collapsed on the floor. I stretched out a hand to pull him, but my hand couldn’t reach him. They dragged him out of the room and out of the house. I do not know what they did with him, for my mother kept holding me in her arms, not letting me go. Minutes later, when the noise outside had died, I went running to the window: Aayan was lying on the ground, his throat slit open.

It is this horrid image that comes to me every time I think of that atrocious day. Even when I try to recall the happy Aayan I used to play with everyday, all I see is a pale, lifeless body lying awkwardly on the ground, blood spewing out its throat.

Aayan was dead. But to me ‘dead’ was just a word then, associated only with movies and books. I stood there at the window, feeling nothing. No shock. No grief. I did not understand that I would never see him again.

It is said that around fifteen people were killed and over half-a-hundred were injured. I never came to know the cause of the riot: I did not talk about it with any of my family members thereafter; and others wouldn’t remember it, for to them it was just one of the local riots that happen all the time. Was it politically engineered? Or was it just a seemingly random act of violence sparked off by a local communal dispute? I wouldn’t know.

In the weeks that followed Aayan’s death, I was unable to find a place for myself in the world around me. At home, I would lie on my bed for hours, my head shoved under the pillow. I wouldn’t talk to anybody at school: Aayan had been my only friend. I tried hard to forget everything, but there remained inside me a vague knot of guilt. I held myself responsible for Aayan’s death, for bringing him home that day, in spite of Mamaji’s continued disapproval. “Don’t take the blame!” people would often tell me. But I knew I was to live with it for years afterwards. Trouble had come to me finally.



# The Solemn Infirmary

---

*Isha Mandlaus X*

Dave Brown was a perfect man, successful and rich. He was wedded to a gorgeous young lady, Kate Smith and they had an eight year old daughter who he loved unconditionally. Emily Brown, being the only child, was pampered a lot by her parents. She had the colour of emerald to her eyes, her chocolate brown hair waved gently down to her shoulders as she demanded a big house for her 16<sup>th</sup> birthday. Her very own house! He always managed to give his daughter everything, no matter what she demanded. All the birthday presents and toys she ever desired were brought to her. Dave had enough money to fulfil most of his family's dreams. Soon after she turned thirteen, they found out that she was suffering from leukaemia. When she turned fourteen, she lost her ability to walk; she had become weak and her face pale. The doctors had said she had time only till her sixteenth birthday. She could see her father so tensed and upset as he hugged her tightly.

He built a beautiful house for his beloved daughter. The house was built on fifteen acres of land. The entrance was a stony path looking above an iron gate. It was made of thick, black stone, which was covered with silvery dew. The old, tarnished porch was made of darkly painted wood, and an ancient rocking chair was displayed by the doorway. Her room had white walls with pink curtains covering the huge bay windows. The floor was covered with the softest carpet, so plush that one could sleep on it. In the middle of the room, dead centre lay her canopy bed. The house was still under construction, and Dave wanted to complete it for his little princess. When she finally turned fifteen she was put into the constant care of medical experts and gradually, due to chemotherapy, she lost her beautiful hair. Her appetite had disappeared so she was on drips. The doctor said to Dave, "I don't think she will make it to her 18<sup>th</sup> birthday". He stopped and hesitated to look at Dave, who looked heartbroken. He then continued, "I don't think she will make it to her sixteenth either".

Emily saw the ghostly and shocked expression on her father's face after hearing the horrifying news. He stood there motionless, completely shattered. Her emerald eyes glistened in the light sunlight, as she saw her father break down and sob heavily beside her. He could barely get the words out, "Don't worry princess, you'll be fine. Daddy's here and he won't let anything happen to you." She could see the fear in his eyes and she gave him a weak hug.

Living with leukaemia and the pain she suffered each day was too much for her to bear. Dave had taken her to the best hospitals for treatment where the best facilities and medicine were available, but everything was fruitless. For her, living had become a painful journey and it was time for her to accept reality. She knew there was no way her father could do anything to save her. Money had initially fulfilled all her dreams and desires but she knew this time she had to lose this battle. She didn't want her parents to worry about her. She hated it when her mother cried. She knew she could not keep fighting. Her mind, heart, and body all kept telling her to let go, and she knew what she had to do.



During the last days of her life she realized that all the birthday gifts and toys she had ever demanded did not matter at this point. All she wanted was her daddy close to her, loving her and spending quality time with her. The realization struck pretty late but, in that moment, she understood that the happiness all those gifts and toys gave her could not be compared to the happiness she felt when she lay in her father's arms, so close that she could hear his heart beating fast. He showed her the pictures of the house he had built for her. She couldn't believe it, as tears rolled down her cheeks the warmth she felt, she closed her eyes and realised that money could never have given her that. She knew this was traumatic and heart breaking, but she knew this was it. It was time to let go. Her voice was almost a whisper as she said, "I love you daddy."

# Communalism: Sectarianism. Bigotry. Violence.

---

*Rhitik Jassar*

The word communal comes from commune, meaning a group of people living together of the same ethnic background and sharing possessions and responsibilities. But the change, in a perspective and meaning of the word came in from the Paris commune 1871, a socialist government responsible for ‘the bloody week’ which went down in history as a big blot on the so called liberators of Europe’s reputation.

Interestingly, in the Indian sub-continent, communalism has taken a whole new shape, it means allegiance to one's own ethnic group rather than to the wider society, and is synonymous with communal violence which has caused long suffering, countless deaths, and till date, plagues this country.

The seed of hatred and enmity was sown by the British policy of divide and rule. Their aim was to create distrust, a lack of faith which would in turn strengthen their own authority and power; it also prevented any unified protest against them. The goal was to strengthen the Imperial Raj, create communal tension and Muslim separatism.

Blinded by clerics, fundamentalists, and extremists, ignorantly India kept on moving in a direction of fanaticism. Famous leaders like Lala Lajpat Rai, Bipin chandra Pal have been called communalists when they have made use of Hindu sentiments for their nationalist agendas.

Jinnah, the Moslem league supremo said, “India has never been a true nation. It only looks that way on the map. The cows I want to eat, the Hindu stops me from killing. Every time a Hindu shakes hands with me he has to wash his hands.” He told Mountbatten, India and Pakistan would be like a court case he’d handled between two brothers embittered by the shares assigned them under their father’s will. Yet, two years after the court had adjudicated their dispute, they were the greatest friends.

## **AFTER PARTITION**

The partition of British India in August 1947 not only created two new independent nations, India and Pakistan, but also resulted in one of the greatest forced migrations in human history. At least 12.5 million frightened people, displaced from their ancestral homes, fled across newly delineated borders depending on their faiths. Hindus and Sikhs exited from lands drawn as “Muslim” Pakistan into the “new” India, while Muslims departed Hindu-dominated India into the new state called

Pakistan (West and East). It meant that the two communalist camps, Hindu and Muslim, found two different 'national' homes.

Amidst all the rubble and tension, women become the scapegoats, women of all ages and social classes were victimized, tortured and raped - some even were stripped naked and paraded down streets to intensify their trauma and humiliation. In many even more tragic cases, fathers, fearing that their daughters would soon be raped (and converted to another faith), pressurized and coerced the girls to commit suicide lest such an event "taint" their family's "honor" and standing in the community - or they killed their female relatives themselves.<sup>2</sup>

To put it in a nutshell, while many celebrated the Independence from the British Raj: Noakhali, Calcutta, Amritsar, Lahore had been left for the terrorist mobs. Law and order had broken down and a communal massacre was on, a 'bloody' spectacle which would set the tone for communalism in the 21<sup>st</sup> century India.

## **THE CURRENT SITUATION**

The elected representatives of the world's largest democracy are busy with their mudslinging blame-game as they prepare for 2014 general elections even though communal violence has risen to such a level that India finds itself in a quandary, a dilemma.

Modern India: 1984, all India Anti-Sikh state sponsored riots, official estimate: 8000 dead. Hundreds and thousands left their homes and property. Forget about aid and safeguards promised to minorities, the only consolation and justification offered by the newly sworn-in Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi was, "when a big tree falls, the earth shakes". Mobs carried iron rods, knives, clubs, and even kerosene. The mobs swarmed into Sikh neighbourhoods, killing any Sikh men or women they could find. Their shops and houses were ransacked and burned. Men were burnt alive; the police gave full assistance to these goons who did their duty, by ruthlessly slaughtering their countrymen.

The much debated 2002 Gujarat riots, where the right wing fascist Narendra Modi was in-charge, who just looked the other way, condoning the violence. Official estimate: 1000 dead, while some sources claim more than 2000 lives were lost. Some independent scholars claim, the well-orchestrated, and premeditated communal riot had met the 'legal definition of genocide'

One person to speak out was Harsh Mander, then an IAS officer, who wrote in Outlook (March 19, 2002) soon after the killings:

*“I force myself to write a small fraction of all that I heard and saw, because it is important that we all know or maybe also because I need to share my own burdens.”*

*“What can you say about a woman eight months pregnant who begged to be spared? Her assailants instead slit open her stomach, pulled out her fetus and slaughtered it before her eyes. What can you say about a family of nineteen being killed by flooding their house with water and then electrocuting them with high-tension electricity?”*

*“What can you say? A small boy of six in Juhapara camp described how his mother and six brothers and sisters were battered to death before his eyes. He survived only because he fell unconscious, and was taken for dead.”*

*And then they say can't you forget Gujarat and move on? No we can't! Well, can we at least start seeing Muslims and other minorities as Indians first, and then perhaps give it a thought, to not vote for a regime which seeks Hindu hegemony. It was never about being a Sikh, Christian, Hindu or a Muslim, first, it was always about being a secular and honest Indian, if you still think we need a fascist regime, then I believe we need some serious self-introspection.*

*We are oblivious to the NaMO-nia Narendra Modi will bring. Two decades back he was an ordinary RSS pracharak, he was a nobody. In the veneer of a Gujarat Development Model is a communal plan of creating a Hindu vote bank. Mr. Modi, yes, he is 'the man' who let loose the goons of the Sangh Parivar on a population unarmed and innocent, their only crime was that they were Muslims. Let's call it the Gujarat's very own and special holocaust, engineered by 'the chosen one', the one who is now being touted as the messiah.*

## **THE CONCLUSION**

This in turn, strengthens my belief that in 'modern India', the right-wing is primarily guilty for communalism. While some may interpret this as a biased opinion, but it is no secret, that the top-brass of RSS, Shiv Sena, and even BJP often publicly expressed their Hindutva agenda. Have you forgotten about Advani ji's Rath Yatra, Babri Masjid? Oh! let us not even go there.

I do not speak pro-Congress, Congress was responsible for the one of a kind all India riots. In their stint, UPA-II has been accused of corruption, lack of regard on matters of national security and foreign affairs. Sure, we need a change of power. But BJP is not the alternative.

I speak pro-humanity. I don't say vote for Congress, I don't say vote for BJP, or for other political organizations. If you ask me, I'd say utilize your right to reject candidate or make sure someone who is worthy of power, makes it up there, with the



criminals, the fascists who rule our country, who control our actions, make our policies: The so called altruistic, civilized and humane politicians.

You ask me who is worthy of power, well, that is a story for another article!

# Time has wings, it flew by

*Achal Mishra*

I stand before the mirror:  
Considerably tall, thin as a rake,  
Seemingly mature,  
Content, let us say, for my own sake.  
Time has wings, it flew by.  
"Mummy, where did you keep my tie?"  
"On the sofa, there!  
Ah, you look just like your father!  
But, uh, look at your hair!"  
"Arrey, mummy, do not bother."  
"Everyone's waiting, chalo." I step into the hall  
Filled with people,  
I recognize few but (have to) smile at all.  
Together they say:  
"Happy birthday!"  
"Thank you. Thank you."  
Then the cake and the singing, nothing new!  
Then comes a rather tough task,  
To answer the questions they ask:  
"How are you?" "Where have you been?"  
"How old are you now?" "Seventeen?"  
Yes, I am seventeen. So I nod.  
Seventeen! Oh my - oh my god!  
"Where did the time go?" I cry.  
Time has wings, it flew by.

# Time

---

*Shinjini Mathur*

**N**ever squander time for that is the stuff life is made of; use each moment to be the best of our ability as there is not a limitless supply of time.

Each morning we are handed 24 golden hours, a priceless treasure at our disposal to be used as per our discretion. We all are given exactly the same number of hours per day, that were given to achievers like Albert Einstein, Thomas Edison, Mother Teresa, Michael Angelo, Thomas Jefferson and Louis Pasteur.

Time is the raw material of life and we are given only one life span on earth to do our best. The capital called time is the only thing we can't afford to lose as we can never get back the time that has passed. No matter what we do, we can't create it. Scientists cannot invent new minutes, super rich cannot buy more hours and Agathon has gone further and quoted: "This only is denied even to God; the power to undo past".

In today's world, when life is crammed with activities, almost everyone is incredibly busy; and there simply isn't enough time to accomplish all that needs to be done; people have started believing that there are not enough hours in a day.

It has been quoted by a famous Scottish author: "lost wealth may be replaced by hard work, lost knowledge by study, lost health by temperance or medicine; but lost time is gone forever".

Yet it is a sad fact that many people go through life without ever giving a thought to what they actually do with the time at their disposal and take for granted this irreplaceable and necessary resource.



‘Time is Life’ and ‘Time Management’ is the science and art of building a better life. It is about practicing techniques and strategies to improve productivity, enhance self development and develop skill and the ability that includes goal setting, planning, prioritizing, decision making, delegating, schedule directing and controlling.



We all know that no matter what we do, we cannot create any more time, but what we can do, however, is, make changes in how we spend our time.

Time management is about making choices to take control of our time rather than have it control us. In order to do this, we need clarity about where we are headed....our goals, our future and our ideal life. Once it is decided what is important, the rest is pretty easy.

# How I Settled

*Neevati Uppal*

**M**y mother decided to put me in a residential school due to uncertainties in our life. My mother's project moved from Singapore to India and we were relocating back to India, after two and a half years in Singapore. It was a tough choice between a residential school out of Delhi or in Delhi. Finally, we decided on Genesis Global School as the Principal and mentors were ex-teachers from Mayo who were well known to my aunt. My cousin had been a Mayoite under their guidance and supervision of these Mayoite mentors.

I joined GGS on September 9, 2011 and was very excited at my prospect of becoming a hosteller, or Scholar in Residence (SIRS) as they call us here. Little did I know what I was getting into! The first night seemed all right: I felt like I was staying at a friend's place. But the very next morning when I couldn't see any members of my family, reality hit me.

I started crying, but had to hide my tears and carry out the morning activities, but nothing seemed right. Every step and every voice reminded me of my home. Every minute seemed like an hour and every hour seemed like a day. Time never seemed to move forward. During the day, as I was occupied with classes and extra activities, I was fine, but evenings were really hard for me: I was alone, and I had no friends. I went from mentor to mentor seeking solace and asking for permission to call home – Mr. Pant, the Dean Academics, Mr. Dar, the Chief Mentor, Neeti Ma'am, the Head of the Junior School and Mohini Ma'am, my Class Teacher, very kind of these mentors they allowed me to call. But, then I became more home sick.

According to them, not calling home would help me adjust faster. Being a 5 – Day Resident, I waited eagerly for Friday when my parents would come and take me back home for the week end. I made up my mind that I would never return: I even told my House Mother that I was not going to return. Friday to Sunday was a breeze, partying, meeting old friends and catching up with relatives.

I started Monday morning by crying and pleading if I could miss school, but my mother, a brave lady, explained to me the benefits of the hostel life. With a heavy heart, I went to school, only to meet the strict disciplinarian, AD (Mr. Dar) at the door. With unshed tears, I tried to walk past him to go to my class. I don't know what he saw in me but he asked me to visit his office. When I did so, he told me that he has chosen me to play the central role in the play in the forthcoming Founder's Day on October 22.

I was thrilled at this sudden recognition of my talent by a totally new man!

Wow! Not calling home, not calling up parents and bratty sister. I still survived and felt that the mentors who did not allowed me to call home that night, were right. I still missed my family and now learned and realized the value of things that they had explained to me. I am now beginning to like the life of SIR at GGS. Just look at the title 'SIR' for us here! The life here provides immense opportunities for overall development and growth that truly makes me a holistic person. I enjoy being in the school and getting good guidance by the mentors: Thank you Mr. Pant, Mr. Dar, Mr. and Mrs. Bhatt, Mrs. Banerjee and all our coaches and the Cafeteria staff led by Mr. Sajal.



# Culture and Traditions in a School

*Rhitik Jassar*

I believe that it is very important to build a culture and set traditions in a school. They are something that last forever: The buildings do not last forever, the students do not last forever nor do the teachers last forever. But the culture and the traditions do last forever.

Culture is basically a unique and original way of doing 'normal things'. For example the 'prep time' is referred to as 'toye time' (inherited from Winchester) in the Doon School. The furniture in these rooms is just called 'toye'. They call their exams as 'Trials', the 'Morning Milk Time' as 'Chota Hazari' and Adventure Camps as Mid Terms. They have their jargon and their beliefs which is a part of their culture.

Similarly, we Genesians along with our mentors are slowly developing a different way of doing things, something which we as generations of Genesians could later relate to.

Now the million dollar question arises: How do we build a culture? The answer is very simple. We must develop a belief from which should evolve our approach: Out of the box thinking are the ways of building a culture and 'operating' at the very basic level is the way to go about it.

We have already taken the first step by dividing the 'houses' formed by clubbing the day scholars and boarders and have named them different from personalities or rivers or mountains or birds as in many schools. We have named them as values that are integral to evolution of mankind: Valour, Peace, Justice, Faith.

The second step would be to have an original and a different name for the Residence (Res) i.e. Boarding house / Hostel on the Campus, the cricket / football ground, the morning games time, prep time. Buzz, TCH, The Trumpet have already become a part of our culture.

In any school traditions and culture are the things which matter. Rules and systems have their value but traditions and culture matter more. You can break rules and modify the systems but traditions and culture are all pervasive.

Genesians should enjoy writing, editing, singing, dancing, studying, just like in the residence. My roommates enjoy a nocturnal in-room football match!

We should believe in what we do, and learn to enjoy what we do.

# The Untamed

---

*Ruchi Bhasin*

As he looked into the mirror, he was utterly amazed and afraid to find a completely different person smiling back at him. Horrified as he was, he felt that he had seen this creature somewhere. He recognized the hideous smirk. It had suspicious dark eyes with wriggly worms popping out. Blood continuously oozed out of the creature's body from everywhere. Vague memories of his recent past flashed back into his mind. He realized he had an encounter with that beast about two days back. Enthralled by the fancy tales of the supernatural realm, he had been investigating about the same, back in his hometown. He remembered the village where this beast had first taken control of his body. He was getting in sync with his memories. Eventually, he accepted the fact that he was a threat to the society.

Days passed and he could feel the beast inside him was getting stronger. The beast was taking over his body. He could no longer control his actions. By day, he was a normal clerk in a government office, and by night, he was a blood hungry monster savaging upon innocent blood. Very soon, he quit his job. He tied himself up in chains at nights when he felt he'd become uncontrollable. However, that never worked for him. Instead, he found his limbs swollen up by the morning. The monster inside him would be smirking at him, devouring his pain. Only he could see what the monster was doing to his body. Day by day, the demon sucked out every bit of humanity from his soul.

Almost after a fortnight, since the beast had captivated his body, he had woken up only to realize he was in a mixed of chaos so horrible that words could hardly explain. Dead bodies torn up and strangled lay around him. He clutched on to a little girl's throat, ready to attack. The horror in her eyes was inexplicable. But regardless, the beast still went forward for the brutal kill. He felt emotionally shattered as the girl's blood dripped down his chin. He couldn't take it anymore. The beast had to stop and he was the only one who could stop him.

He knew if he lived, the world would suffer.

# Natura Artis Magistra

---

*Aviral Kapoor*

**A** human being is a part of the whole called universe, a part limited in time and space. He experiences himself, his thoughts and feeling as something separated from the rest, a kind of optical delusion of his consciousness. This delusion is a kind of prison for us, restricting us to our personal desires and to affection for a few persons nearest to us. Our task must be to free ourselves from this prison by widening our circle of compassion to embrace all living creatures and the whole of nature in its beauty.’

This Article is about the mother of all being, Nature. Saying that her love is so unbiased and pure is not just a cliché but also a philosophy in itself for she is the sole guardian of the great Zeus and at the same time the mother of the immoral Satan. She is the bearer of all existences and her lap is where we cherish our lives upon.

Living our lives in a rat race has made us so oblivious and inconsiderate of this pure and unconditional love that behind the curtain of development we humans are brutally killing our very own mother. We somehow have disconnected ourselves from our very own guardian and have shattered our spiritual bonding with her. This article will talk about the ways through which we can regain that connection, that spiritual bonding with nature and the ways through which we can bring peace and balance to this entire world.

‘Natura Artis Magistra’ is Latin for ‘Nature is the teacher of all art’. Nature even teaches us the way and art of living and edifies our knowledge of life. It is said that those who want to sing will always get a song, similarly those who want to learn how to live will always find a way to do it. And who else can be a better teacher than a mother herself.

Fire was one of the man’s first inventions. It not only gave us light and heat but also taught us various lessons of life. Fire is the element of power. It is the element of desire and will. It teaches us that like a small spark can burn down an entire forest or can shift the paradigm of an entire species; similarly our every action should have the energy and drive to achieve what we want.

Earth is the element of substance. It teaches us how to be diverse and strong. For centuries people have been using rock to make their arsenal, to protect themselves. They also used cave as their home and still require earth to build their fancy apartments. Earth teaches us to be persistent and enduring, to fight for what we deserve and that we should never give up.

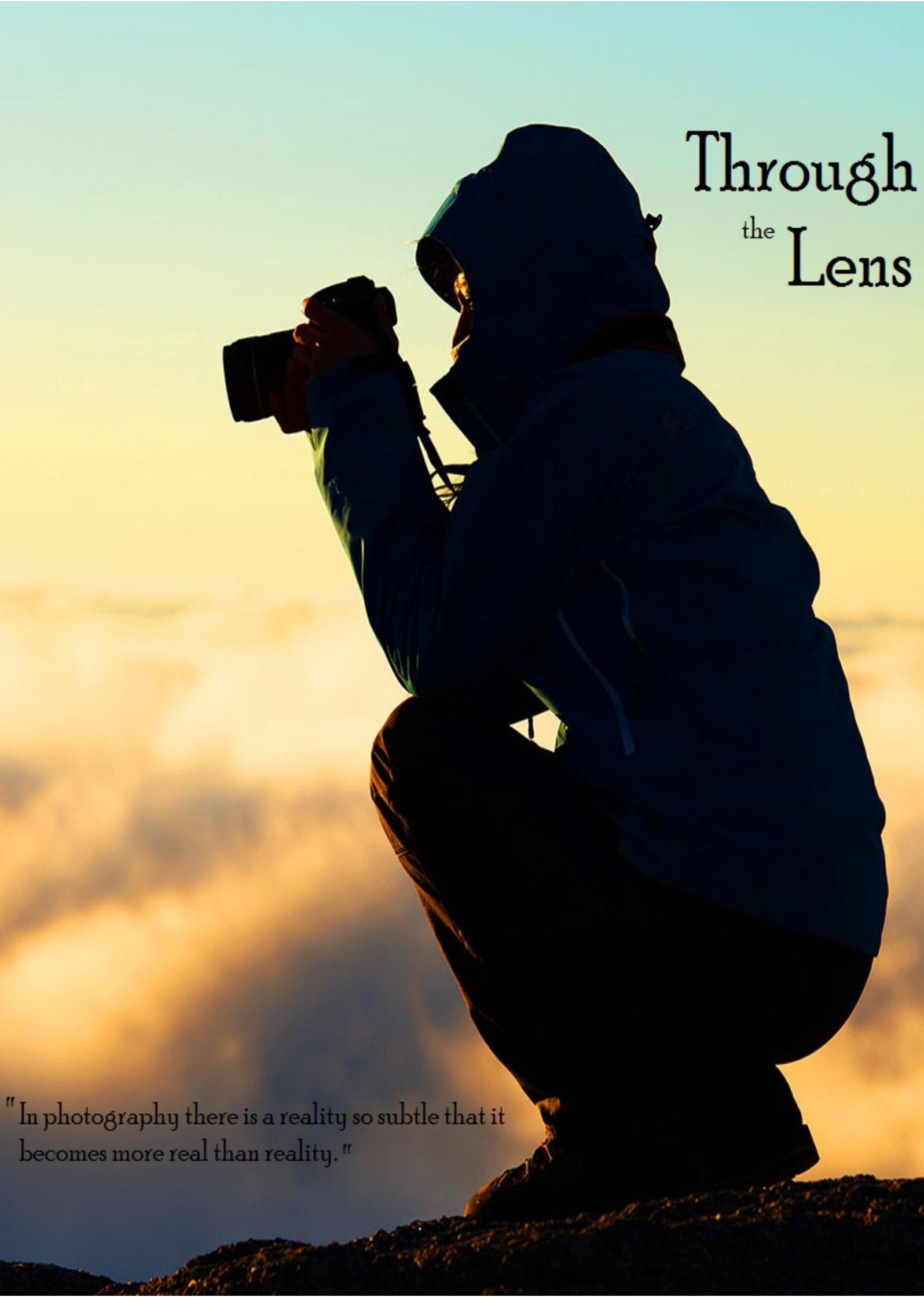
Air is the element of freedom. It teaches us how to detach ourselves from worldly concerns, and find peace and freedom. It teaches us to live our lives in a healthy way. It teaches us to move on with our lives and how to attain the perfect balance between being useful to the society and at the same time teaches us to be carefree.

Water is the element of change. It teaches us adaptation. It teaches us the sense of community and love that will hold the world together through anything. Being flexible like water will reduce half of the worldly issues. Like water can take the shape of any vessel, we humans should also be prone to adaptation and should play many roles in our life. Water possesses a great role in sustaining life. Yet it is so calm and peace loving.

All these elements, the nature, retain great qualities, qualities that are hard to find in any human being these days. It is important to draw wisdom from different places. If we take it from only one place it becomes rigid and stale. Understanding others, the other elements, the 'Nature', helps us to become whole and attain the perfect balance in life.



**“Nature holds the key to our aesthetic, intellectual, cognitive and even spiritual satisfaction.”**



# Through the Lens

"In photography there is a reality so subtle that it becomes more real than reality."

Gumlee Ete



Divam Vishal



Adarsh Larenjam



Divam Vishal



Achal Mishra



Achal Mishra



Divam Vishal

Divam Vishal



Achal Mishra



# Teamwork

---

*Aviral Kapoor*

**W**orking in a team is an art in itself. Those who understand and master this art are often found to be successful because in a team different people come together and work as a single unit. To understand teamwork better I would like to share a story which my dad used to read me when I was a little kid. I'm sure you must have read different versions of this story on the internet but this one with which I grew up.

We all are aware of the old well known story about a rabbit and a turtle race where the slow but steady turtle wins while the fast but lazy rabbit loses. Since then we have made a belief that a determined but slow student can excel in anything and everything. Let's try and modify this old story and stretch its dimensions according to the modern and fast paced world.

Scorching summer afternoon, the rabbit is sad and humiliated. He just cannot believe how lazy he is. There is vengeance in his eyes. He goes to the tower of the Toy Town and announces for a re-race. Once again the Toy Town comes together and acts as the spectator for the event. This time the rabbit knows what he needs to do. Run fast and run far. Mr. Elephant Hofstadter pulls the trigger and \*bang\* the race begins. The rabbit runs as fast as he can and wins the race. There is a new philosophy in the Toy Town. Instead of slow and steady winning the race, now it's fast, determined and steady who will win the race. The rabbit is the new hero in the town. Mr. Turtle Cooper becomes lonely once again. He just cannot take it anymore and decides to go to the rabbit.

*'Mr. Rabbit Koothrappali, your victory is just an advantage of your inherited strength and not to forget also that the score is 1-1. I call for a final race but this time I will decide the route.'*

Rabbit knows that he can't refuse and agrees to race but for the last time. Streets of the Toy Town are flooded with the news of Turtle challenging Mr. Rabbit again! The Toy Town again gathers up and is very enthusiastic for the race as this race is not only between Mr. Rabbit and Mr. Turtle but also between two contradictory philosophies. Mr. Tiger Wolowitz explains the route to the audience.

*'Ok guys, these chaps need to run along crossing republic of Toy Town and then swim across the Toy Town's stream. The one who will cross the finishing line first will be declared the final winner'*

Rabbit was flabbergasted! How on earth is a rabbit supposed to swim? He decided to run as fast as he can and then somehow try to cross the stream! The trigger is pulled and the race begins. Rabbit runs as fast as he can but the turtle in order to run fast trips and fall. Rabbit goes to him and carries him on the back till the stream comes. Now it's time for the turtle to return the favor. He carries the rabbit on his back and makes him cross the stream. They both cross the finish line together, holding hands and smiling, stunning each and every citizen of the Toy Town. A new viewpoint is created in the minds of the people of Toy Town. They now are the worshippers of the philosophy that teamwork, pace, determination and steadiness are the key towards a successful and happy life.

Utilizing the strength of the different members of a team, one can achieve more than anyone can ever imagine. A team which is made up of different members should act as a single unit, which is destined to be one and possess one aim. There is nothing more important than a team. It feels good if you have a strong back that is always there for you and encourages us whenever we have to deal with a difficult situation. The greatest advantage of a team is that one never suffers alone. Talent wins game, but teamwork and intelligence wins championships.

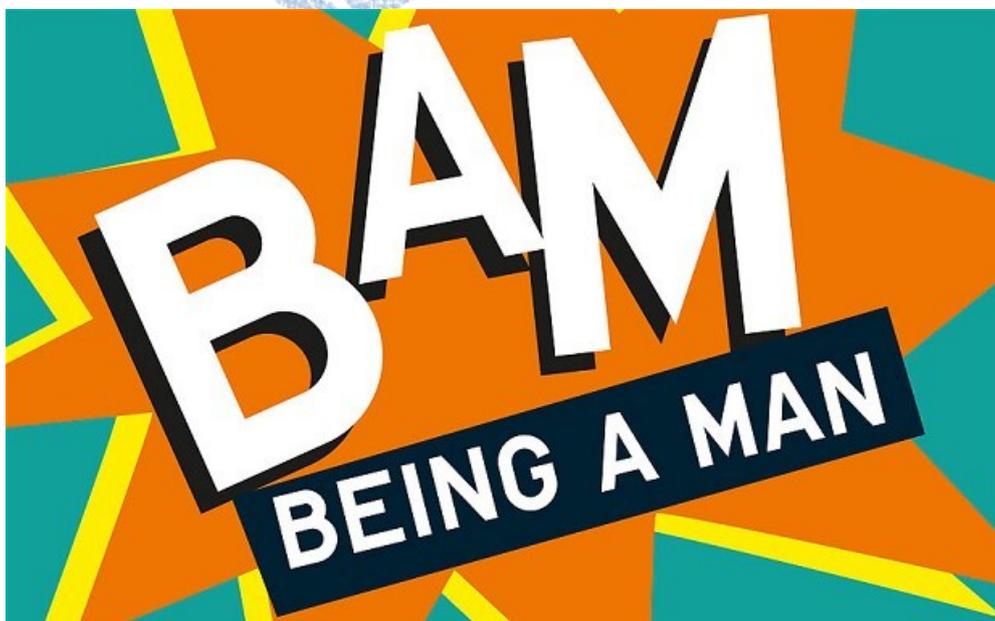


# Being Fifteen

*Aditya Chaudhary*

**E**very moment, every day, every year is full of adventure, and moments from which we learn, gain knowledge and experience. I have fifteen years of experience. For fifteen years, my heart has been beating and my mind has been open, seeking and absorbing new ideas. Admittedly, there is much to learn. No matter how many lives a human being lives, it is not possible for any human to learn enough, even with his powerful brains. But, please do understand, I am fifteen. I have my own sense of responsibility: I have learnt to care about others, and be independent as well. I have been taught well and I am capable of making my own decisions. I don't want anyone to force me into doing things that I don't want to do, by making me feel that I am supposed to do them.

Each human being is unique: That is how a fifteen year old sees the world. All adults are different, though they, too, were fifteen once. No, I don't want to be a doctor or a lawyer. I only want to be a world renowned football player. Yes, I know what I'm getting into, and yes, I know how difficult it is. But that's what I want to do and I know that as a fifteen year old lad, I am very much capable of taking decisions.



# Nolly “Nigeria”

*Simran Tolani*

**N**igeria’s multiple ethnic groups shape the Nigerian culture. The country has over 50 languages and over 250 dialects and ethnic groups.

The Eolo people are predominant in the region between Yourba and Igbo. The Yourba have a balance of members that are adherent to both Islam and Christianity. Indigenous religious practices remain important in all of Nigeria’s ethnic groups, these beliefs are often blended with Christian beliefs.

Nigerian Pidgin is also a common lingua franca. Roughly a third of Nigeria’s population speak Pidgin English which is simplified from the language, for instance “How you dey?” would be substituted for “How are you?” The Nigerian movie industry has been an active part since the 1990’s, sometimes called Nollywood. There are so many famous actors in Nollywood such as:

- John Okafor– who is very a famous comedian.
- Osita Itheme– popularly known as Paw Paw. He got a lifetime achievement award.
- Ramsey Nouah– who is known as ‘The lover boy’

There are a lot of movies that have been a hit in Nollywood. Some of them are *Tango With Me* (2010), *Missing Angel* (2004), *Baby Police* (2003)

Soccer is extremely popular throughout the country and especially among the youth. They are supporters of English football clubs namely, Manchester United, Chelsea, Arsenal and Liverpool. The Nigerian football team nicknamed the “super eagles”, is the national team of Nigeria and is controlled by the NFF.

Nigerian food embellishes a rich blend of traditionally African carbohydrates such as yam and cassava. Some more examples of their traditional dishes are, pounded yam, fufu with soups like okra and egusi. Bush meat, fermented palm products are used to make traditional liquor, palm wine as is fermented cassava.



# Rules

*Keshav Priye Dhall*



Rules, rules, rules  
Are they all to be followed.  
I scratch my head  
I put pressure on my thoughts  
Because even Gandhi went to jail  
And Lincoln broke the law  
They thought Columbus was crazy  
Because he said the land was round.  
But even rapists harm women  
Even murderers do kill  
And even  
Gaddafi made rules.  
What to follow  
What not to  
Rules confuse me  
What to do?

# What If?

---

*Aviral Kapoor*

What if a country had no boundaries  
And the humans felt no pain?  
What if the world only possessed  
Humans who were really humane?

What if one didn't need to be colossal  
In order to be great  
And we humans had nothing to hate?

What if we ate a lot of food  
And didn't even turn fat?  
What if the money grew on trees  
And we had nothing to worry about?

What if we lived long, happy and prosperous  
And our trust was bigger than our doubt?  
What if everyone was friends with everyone  
And no one was left out?

What if kindness was ubiquitous  
And the love for humans didn't elude?  
What if there were no maudlin good-byes  
And in one's loss everyone had to contribute?

What if we were vigilant enough  
And respected nature's fury?  
For, if we did, we wouldn't have devastated the nature's goodwill  
And our loss in the raging floods would have been nil!

Flabbergasted by this thought, I still sit and mourn  
The loss of innocent lives,  
Cursing the industrialization which mercilessly killed many  
And left the rest in despair!

What if we could have heard the agitation of nature  
And would have stopped cutting it down?  
For, if everything above was true,  
We would have been living  
A perfect life .

# Why I Became A Teacher

---

**Richard Brown**  
**(Western Music Teacher)**

I feel honoured to be associated with such an esteemed and experienced faculty who make everyday a day of learning and I thank God and each one of you for making the past 3 years in GGS an absolute thrill.

I joined GGS in April of 2010 and from day one I never felt as though I was joining an institution, I knew I was adopted into a new family.

The teachers past and present have always been kind enough to share their insight and their vast knowledge on how a teacher should be, considering I had no formal experience in being a school teacher.

I still remember my first day in school. I was given the responsibility to train the class 8 students for an assembly in which they were supposed to sing the song "We are the world".

The assembly was a success and at once I knew that I had found my calling. Today I reflect on the years gone by and I often ask myself, "Why teaching?" I realize a teacher has the direct opportunity to make a difference, to change the future. I do my best to show each and every student here that the goals they set for themselves are within their reach.

As a teacher, I will have the privilege of shaping future citizens and making them productive members of society.

For all of these reasons, I ask myself, what better job could there be. My answer is none other, because teaching is more than a job.

It is an important contribution I can make to better our society, and I am excited that every day I have the opportunity to do so. The chance to inspire another human being is not an opportunity it's a challenge.

I believe in not only imparting knowledge itself but other things such as character, morals etc which may prove to be more valuable than knowledge itself.

This is the reason I have become a teacher.... I want to inspire the children who will represent the future of our great nation.

Everyone has progressed to where they are in life because they had a teacher who influenced them. A teacher is defined as someone who gives instruction and communicates skills.

You, children are our future and I believe as a teacher I can help you prepare for the future, to help you be successful in the working world.

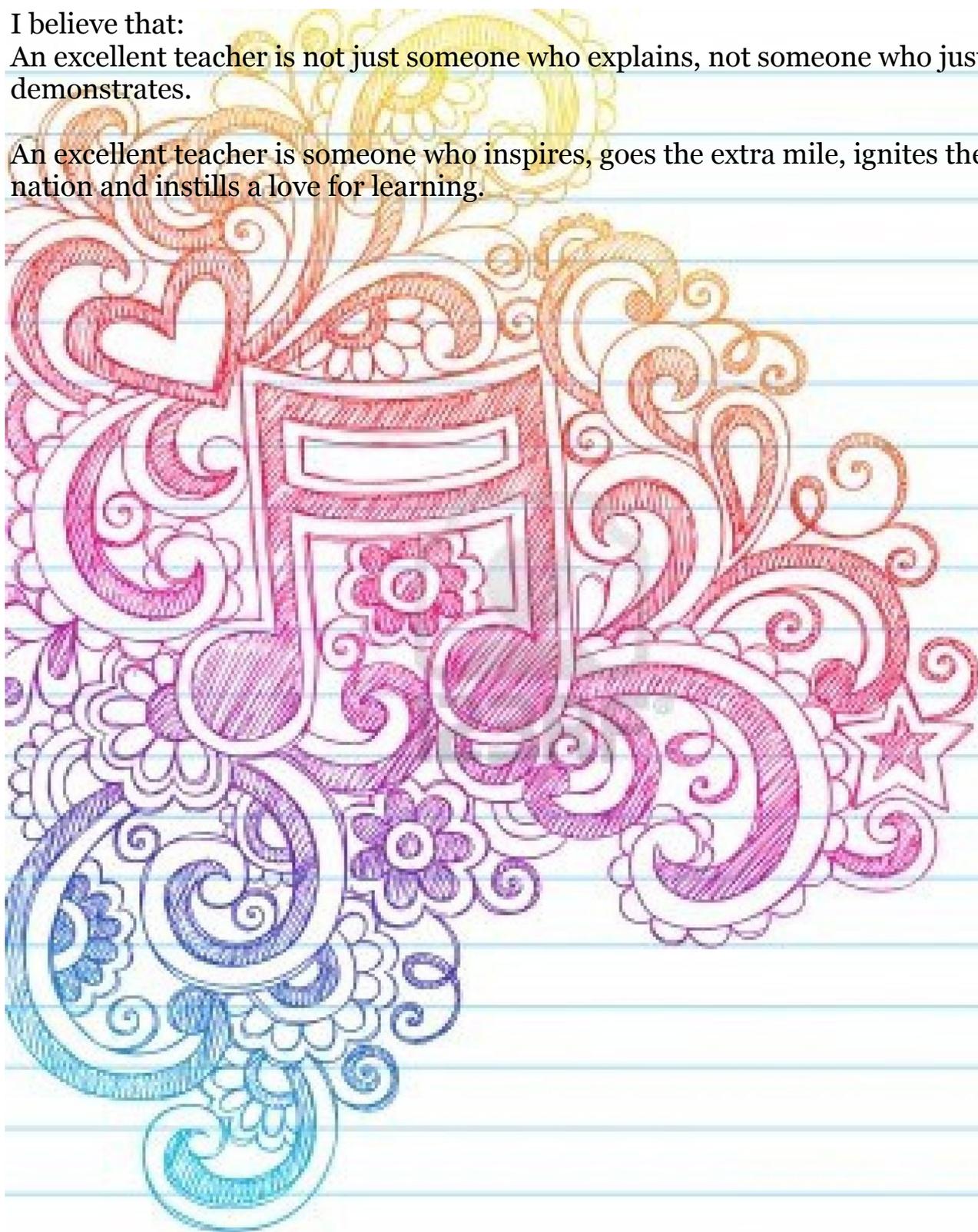
The job of a teacher means different things to different people. For some, a teacher is simply a person who informs students about "necessary information" like math formulas, historical facts, or literary works.

Yet for others, and I believe this for myself that teachers are meant for much more than that. They give their students not only their knowledge, but also their passion. They make their students feel good about themselves and they help the youth realize and fulfil their dreams.

I believe that:

An excellent teacher is not just someone who explains, not someone who just demonstrates.

An excellent teacher is someone who inspires, goes the extra mile, ignites the imagination and instills a love for learning.



# Letter to Mother Earth

*Riya Shrestha*

**D**ear Mum,

I hope you find this letter in the best of your health and spirit. I am addressing this letter to you as I have been noticing the way mankind has treated you. I have perceived the fact that your juveniles have betrayed you and backfired on you. Your tots have broken your well-built trust and you continue to abide in a pool of sorrow and misery.

You were once the land of unlimited resources but now, the ones who live on you have turned you into nothing but an old garbage bag, and have taken you for granted. Your cries can be heard yet no one is bothered to help you. Mankind has wounded you so much that now you swim in a puddle of your precious tears and blood.

Your priceless resources have been clutched away from you by those stone hearted mortals. These ruthless humans are like vultures, feeding on natural resources like hungry scavengers. Why don't they understand that we need to use your resources judiciously? Their unlimited desires have caused you so much agony. Oh! My warm-hearted mother, these malicious souls have tortured and tormented you. You were once a planet full of life, but now you are lifeless.

These depraved people have gobbled up most of your resources, that now even the renewable resources have started exhausting.

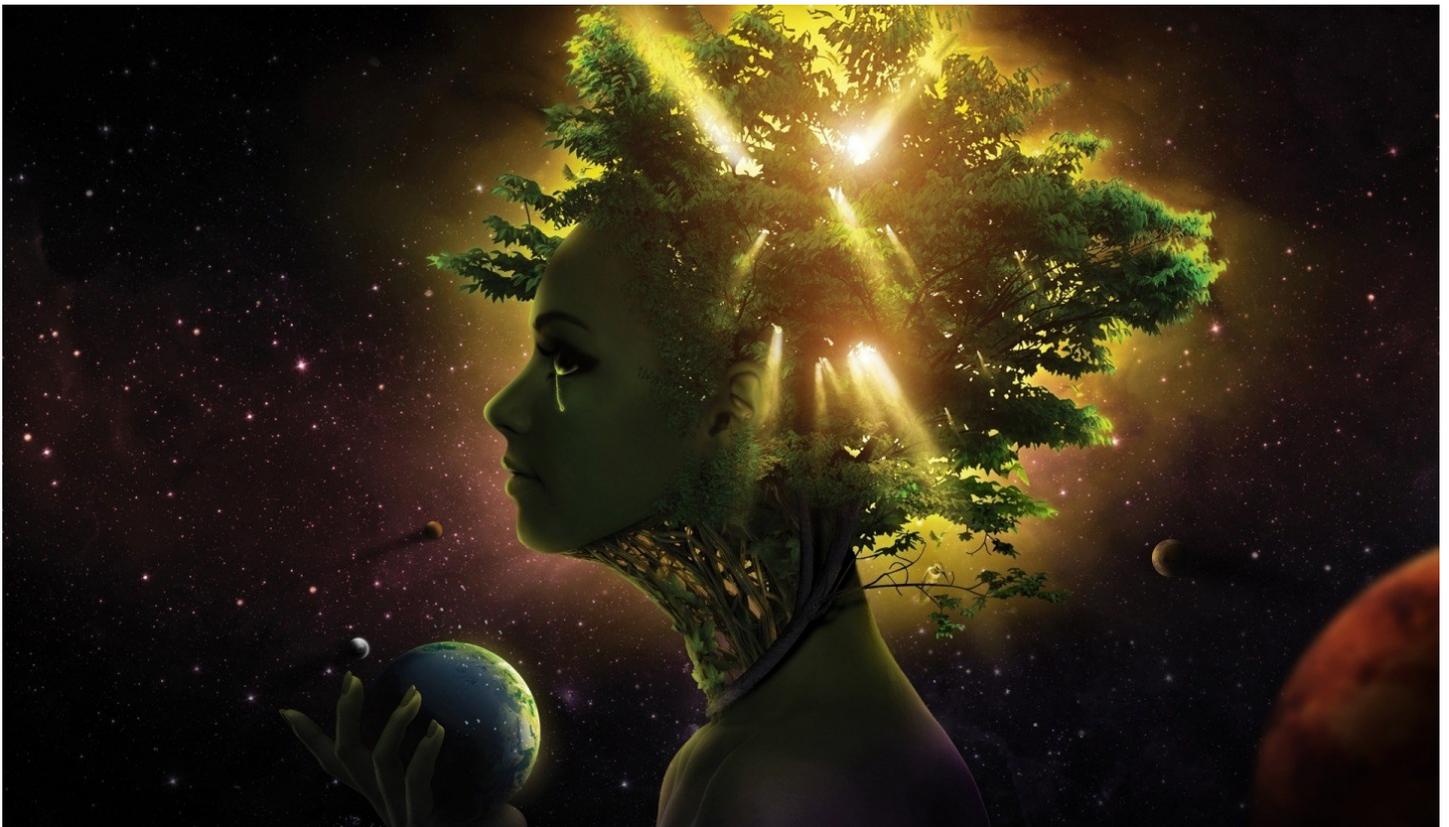
Even though this destruction appears to be irrevocable, all is not yet lost. Together if mortals change they can bring out a significant change that will not only preserve your valuable resources but also give a chance to flourish.

Mum! You have had enough of this torture. You took out your anger through floods, volcanos, earthquakes and hurricanes, but that is not correct. If you destroy mankind, then what would be the difference between you and the rest of them? You both would be the same and it would lead to devastating destruction. It is my duty to save you, as I am a part of you.

We should look for mass durable, versatile and high quantity and energy efficient materials rather than using disposable items. We must pledge that we would decrease our consumption and not harm you. We should emphasize the need to re-use, recycle and reduce.

Yours truly

Riya



# Movie within a Movie

---

*Jasmin Arethna*  
*(Parent)*

FJ and I were newly married. And in his bid to cover up for the slow-boring city of Chandigarh for his fast-paced Bombay wife, he decided to take me for a movie. (I did not realise at that time (20 years ago) what a great thoughtful act it was on his behalf).

He seemed more excited about the movie than me. Maybe it was one of his first few visits to the cinema. Proudly he told me that 'Dhillon' was the biggest cinema hall in Asia with a seating capacity of 600. On hearing this info I went into a tizzy. But I had no inkling of the tizzing sights that lay ahead.

We reached the cinema hall. It was a Full House. A sea of crowd, comprising movie buffs, vendors, touts, cows and dogs, waited at the gate. I behaved brave and unfazed as though I had seen it all in Bombay.

As the previous show came close to an end, the crowd thickened outside the entrance gate that remained shut and locked by a thin seasoned gate-man, who kept pacifying our wait, saying "buss ji, panj minut hor".

The wait and impatience of the crowd gave way to pushing. With the weight of the 600 odd eager public on the iron-gate, it almost started caving in. The gate man sat on his stool picking his teeth, nonchalant and deaf to the vocal flow of Punjabi frustration by those waiting on the other side of the gate.

Finally, somehow, defying all laws of physics, the gate did manage to open and a tsunami of people rushed into the cinema hall. I flowed in with the tide. I must admit my amazement that all were so agile, nimble and quick that there were no casualties.

The cinema hall was dimly lit. By this time I had lost my group and I just stood there at the entrance of the auditorium, wide eyed, watching others. Later I learnt that there is no number system on the seat or tickets and the seating works purely on "First come, first seated," basis. So in the dim lights, people rushed and pushed through the aisles and jumped over the seats to sit with their friends.

"Aey! Happy, tu kithe hai?"

"Oye! Sweety, mere kol aaja; ithe soni seeetta hai!"

"Oye! Puppi, teri toh, salle.....\*\*\* ..... ooray, aah".

Somehow, FJ found me and we managed to get two seats together. (quite an accomplishment).

The lights dimmed. The movie started but the audience remained unsettled. The noise and commotion continued as I could see the silhouettes of people, reuniting with their groups, (which meant visual disruption along with adjustment of the neighbouring seats, leading to higher noise decibel and an occasional flow of vocal Punjabi irritation if some neighbours did not comply to the 'adjustment' demands.)

The usher started his personalised service of seat to seat ticket checking.

The doors to the cinema hall remained open to facilitate the late entries and the rays of the setting sun hit straight on to the screen making it a visually impaired film.

On my left were two thin bhaiyas (I presume from U.P. or Bihar), both squeezed into one seat (because one seat cushion was missing). They held tight a small suitcase between them. FJ said that seats were stolen from the one in the hall depending on their comfort level. The uncomfortable ones remained. Just imagine, for every ticket worth Rs.7, one seat-cushion free!

Absolutely worth it!

The suitcase made FJ ill at ease and he asked them the contents in the case. They didn't understand us and we didn't understand them. They continued sitting, together with their suitcase squeezed in. Every five minutes FJ kept checking on the suitcase.

The usher continued with his personalised, seat wise, ticket checking duty. Hunting & adjustments of lost friends continued through the movie.

Tickets seemed to have been sold twice the amount of seats. But we Indians are so adjusting that the extra ones were accommodated in the aisles, and for some VIP's, chairs were got from the manager's office and accommodated in the aisle space at the back.

INTERVAL TIME.....I dared not move....not even to go to the loo.

At the cafeteria, food lovers seemed engrossed in samosa, sandwich & koffi. (After all, snacks were the most important part of the movie.)

Soon..... it was movie time again. But the audience took its own time to burp and settle into the seats.

Something fluttered at my feet. "Mice," FJ said, "and be ready for the cat to follow suit".

Then, around the time of the climax, you went through an anti-climax. Suddenly the 'Soft Drink Recovery Guys' entered for retrieval of the empty glass bottles. They passed through every row, bending low, touching the floor, shifting and scanning through your legs in the dark to retrieve their bottles.

The movie ended.

I protested. "I hardly got a chance to see the movie."

FJ....."But you got to see a lot more of other things."

As we were excited, we passed by the dam (the gate) that blocked the human sea outside before the next show, almost caving in.

I heard the gate man murmur, "Buss, panj minut hor!"



# MahaKumbh

## Flash flood of Mankind

**Sanjay Saini**

**Father of Vatsalya Saini (Class X)**

***(We had heard that Mr Sanjay Saini( Husband of Mrs Neeti Bhall Saini also the Head of the Junior School) had attended the last Kumbh in Allahabad so the SIRS wanted him to share his experience with them. He very kindly obliged us with an illustrated talk in the Library. This article by him is an outcome of the same. Incidentally, he also helps us with our camps.)***

It was a lazy winter Sunday morning and I was still sipping my bed tea when I got a call from my friend Shahid Hashmi, a professional photographer living in Abu Dhabi ( UAE). Initially surprised at his suggestion, I could not take much time in agreeing to join him in shooting the upcoming Maha Kumbh Mela in Allahabad in 2013 with my camera. Despite being a veteran of attending three Kumbh Melas, 1986, 1998 & 2010 at Haridwar, I still had no clue what we would be heading for at Maha Kumbh this time. Just to let you know that there is a difference in Kumbh Mela and Maha Kumbh Mela. Kumbh Mela happens every 12 years at the same location while a Maha Kumbh happens only once in 144 years at the same location. The third variant which is Ardh Kumbh will happen after six years of every Kumbh Mela at each location. There are many beliefs around its significance.

As per the mythological belief that makes so many people to congregate at one place, the main account written in Bhagvat Puran describes that the *Devas* had lost their strength by the curse of “*Durvasa Muni*”, and to regain it, they approached *Lord Brahma* and *Lord Shiva*. They directed all the demigods to Lord Vishnu and after praying to Lord Vishnu, he instructed them to churn the ocean of milk called *Ksheera Sagar* (primordial ocean of milk) to receive “*Amrit*” (the nectar of immortality). This required them to make a temporary agreement with their arch enemies, the “*Asuras*” (The Demons), to work together with a promise of sharing the wealth equally thereafter. However, when the *Kumbha* (An Urn) containing the “*amrita*” appeared, a fight ensued. For twelve days and twelve nights (equivalent to twelve human years) the *Devas* and *Asuras* fought in the sky for the pot of *amrita*. It is believed that during the battle, Lord Vishnu (incarnated as Mohini-Mūrti) flew away with the *Kumbha* of elixir spilling drops of *amrita* at four places: Allahabad (Prayag), Haridwar, Ujjain and Nasik. Since then all these places became holy for all Hindus and they started congregating at these places to take a holy dip in rivers to wash off their sins.

The other reason is the very fact which determines the dates for the Kumbh Mela astronomically according to the positions of the sun, moon, and Jupiter. The Maha Kumbh Mela at Allahabad takes place during the Hindu month of Magh. *Agh* means sin, and *Magh* eliminates sin, so this month is particularly auspicious for getting rid of sin and obtaining salvation. *Purnima* (full moon) is considered to be a significant time for performing religious rituals. However, it's bathing on *Mauni Amavasya* (the new moon day when both the sun and moon are in Capricorn) that has the highest spiritual merit. It's possible that they had no other way to educate people to make a good use of this position of stars creating a medicinal effect for human bodies and they decided to connect it with religion as that would bring people to those places for sure.

Unfamiliar with the fact that 2013 will be the 144<sup>th</sup> year and a Maha Kumbh at Allahabad, we started preparing and within two days we became double with two more friends Rohit and Hemant also deciding to join us when I shared my plans with them. And there we were all preparing our cameras, other equipment and making bookings and fixing up various options of visiting the main *ghats* on the main *snan* date. Excitement was growing by the day. We had no clue of what we were heading for and what was waiting to hit us or even when we would arrive in Allahabad. We left by an early morning flight to Varanasi and took a taxi from there to Allahabad with quite a bumpy ride on a national highway which at places, even by the relatively developed Indian standards, was a replica of some connecting road for a village. We took a stop for tea and ended up consuming about 20 *samosas* (although a bit small in size) amongst four of us on this road-side tea shop. We got the first feel of what was waiting for us when we were stopped at the entry of the city and were asked to walk to our camp which was about six kms further. After struggling to find our way, it took us about three hours to reach our camp. Excited we were and looking forward to the spectacle of the Kumbh. We were told by our host that this Kumbh is actually a Maha Kumbh and therefore the congregation would, for sure, be the largest ever on this planet. It turned out to be true as the things unfolded over the next 36 hours. It was an experience of a life time which probably people will not see for many years to come.

First task was to get our press passes from the Main Mela authorities, which meant a walk of only about 12 kms to and fro and obviously a bit of familiarization with the mela area as well. Shahid and I took this walk as an opportunity to prepare for the shoot next day and by the time we came back to the camp, it was already 10.00 pm. Not to forget that we had left straight after we arrived in our camp at 3.00 pm, we were hungry and tired, so we decided to grab a quick bite and hit the bed for couple of hours before it was time to leave again for the main *ghats*. *Lagna* – the main auspicious time for *the main snan* – The holy Bath – was supposed to start at 4.30 am so we had to leave by 2.00am to reach the right spot in order to get good shots.

Loaded with all our equipment weighing about 12 – 15 kgs in our backpack, we were off again. As soon as we hit the banks of the River Ganges on the Mela ground, the stream of people (it was by no means a line or a crowd) hit us. I am calling it a stream as we just could not walk at our will in that stream. The flow was so strong that we were pushed to the sides whichever side all the other wanted to go. The only thing this flow of people can be matched with (at a very micro level although) is the flow which happens at the entry and exit of a local Mumbai train or a Delhi Metro in rush hours. After going through similar situations at three spots, we managed to cross the pontoon bridge on the Ganges to reach close to the *Sangam Ghat* which is the center of the whole activity called Maha Kumbh.

During my various adventures and photography trysts, I had seen a lot of situations which were either unfamiliar or completely alien especially in high mountains and forests, (including couple of near death situations during a fall on mountain slope while climbing and a crash on a Quad bike during a test run for the Indian Army) but this time what I saw, can only be equated to a charge of Red Ants towards their prey! Nothing can stop them and nothing can beat them once they have identified their prey and decided to go for it. The only difference here was that all these Red Ants (all around me) were charging to get their sins washed instead of getting a prey and in the process making us also part of their family.

Being press photographers, we managed to get into a lane which was kept empty for special movements of Naga Sadhus and security forces. All of a sudden I heard Shahid shouting at a security guy, requesting him to remove a barricade so that people could move in to our lane as he saw an old woman getting crushed under the flow of the stream which became a raging river with a flash flood, only that in this case flash flood was of people and not of water. It took us one more hour to move about 50 mtrs to reach our final destination of Sangam Ghat which was already full of people, full of photographers from all over the world. What followed for the next six hours made me believe, it cannot be any reason other than religion that can create such madness in mankind. We saw thousands of people losing all their belongings including clothes that they kept aside to take a holy dip. We saw people getting crushed under the feet of others going to wash their sins. We heard kids crying to find their parents on the public address systems. We heard ladies requesting their husbands to bring some clothes for them as they could not get back to their clothes that they took off to take the holy dip. We Saw photographers jumping into water with their camera to take pictures of Naga Sadhus, and, above all this, we saw the amazing capabilities of the Indian government administration and forces to manage something which has never happened before on this planet.

I overheard a few photographers from Europe, mentioning about the total number of people in their respective countries being less than what was there in Allahabad on that day. Almost 30 million people congregated. It is so hard to imagine what that sight would be until one sees it physically. Such was the intensity of crowd movement that out of four of us only Hemant and Rohit managed to stay together till the end. Shahid and I were within a radius of about 100 mts from each other still we could not connect and walked back to our camp alone. By the time I reached our camp, it was around 2.00 in the afternoon and I was counting on my achievements of coming back in one piece with my camera on the shoulder and all my equipment on my back intact. Although I was worried about others also making it back to the camp, I heard them discussing about my wellbeing as I entered the tent. After all we were all in the same boat which got overturned in the flash floods of humans gone mad in the quest of washing their sins. I can't even imagine what would have happened to the River Ganges as almost half of these people must have relieved themselves on the banks of the river only.

Lying down in my bed after the heavenly lunch of cold *rabari* left over *tandoori rotis* with something tasting like a vegetable, I was wondering what was it that we had experienced over the last 36 hours? Religion or a Mad display of human faith.



# THE CULTURE

# Hardwell: Lover of All Things Music Has

*Jaissal Shagolsem*



**R**obbert van de Corput, more famously known by his stage name DJ Hardwell or Hardwell worldwide, is the new face, name, and brand of EDM (Electronic Dance Music). Hardwell is a dutch progressive, electro house DJ and a music producer, and is currently the world's #1 DJ.

Like his great mentor and the legend of EDM- Tiësto, Hardwell hails from Breda, Netherlands. He started playing the piano at the age of four. But it was when he was thirteen years old and after watching parties on TV, he was inspired to start DJing. A year later, at the age of fourteen, Hardwell began DJing at clubs in the Netherlands.

Music maturity came swiftly for Hardwell. Having first established his name at the age of fourteen, Hardwell has since then reached heights and has conquered the world of dance music.

He first gained recognition in 2009 with his bootleg of "Give me love vs Be". He has then produced many hit EDM singles such as "Spaceman". Hardwell has collaborations with various artists, including his great mentor Tiësto and goes on tours with them. In 2010, Hardwell launched his own record label, 'Revealed Recordings'. In 2011, he launched his very own radio show and podcast, 'Hardwell On Air', which is broadcasted on more than 35 international stations!

At the age of 25, Hardwell capped off his 10 year journey as a DJ when he was crowned World's #1 DJ in the 2013 DJ Mag Top 100 DJs poll, securing his position as the newest superstar DJ and becoming the youngest ever #1 DJ of the world.

The rise of Robert van de Corput as a young boy from Breda to Hardwell, an international superstar, is an inspiring tale. From just a dream of becoming the '#1 DJ in the World' to realizing that dream, he surely is a great soul.

Hardwell- the name.. the face.. the brand.. is a force that will drive EDM for years to come...

# SIRS' Cricket Tournament

---

*Divam Vishal*

**I**t came to as a big surprise to all of us when the Dean of Residence Mr. Ajay Singh called us for a meeting in the common room on 27<sup>th</sup> July and told us that there was going to be a cricket tournament for SIRS (Scholars in Residence) I was surprised because most of the scholars in residence (SIRS) played other sports too. So it would be nice to see every one playing cricket for a change.

I was excited about it because the rules were different from regular cricket. There were only six members in each team. The boundary was not even 30 yards. A bowler could bowl only 1 over and it was a six-over match. I felt puzzled. Six players in a team, six overs, and one could bowl only 1 over? “Everyone has to bowl,” said Ajay Sir. Then came the most interesting part of the new rules. In six overs one was required to play 2 overs on leg side, 2 overs on off side and the other 2 overs were free to be hit anywhere.

After Ajay Sir had told us the rules, Inonito took the lead. All the boys in the common room were buzzing with excitement He controlled them and made the teams. Six teams were made and names were given to them. The names of the team were: Dabang, Rowdies, Avengers, Desi Boys, Gangnam and the Body Guards. All the teams were well balanced as well as their names were interesting. We all went to our beds after the meeting.

I had a great sleep and woke up early. We all got ready and went to the football ground. A big shock arrived when some players told us that there was going to be a girl in every team. OMG!!! Girl in every team!

It was time to begin the tournament.

The first match was between the Desi Boys and the Rowdies. It was a close match but at the end the Rowdies took the match. Well, I was in Dabang. We opened our account in Dabang style. We played our first match against Gangnam which consisted of all the Thai and Korean boys. We won it easily. We got them all out for 11 runs and I took a hat-trick and also hit the winning runs. Gumlee played really well throughout the tournament and he hit most sixes. Most entertaining players were Gumlee of class 11 and Shaurya of class 9.

I would also like to say that all the girls who participated did a fantastic job. Their participation in the game was amazing especially that of Naina of class 9 and Simran of class 11. They took keen interest in the game and played really well.

The Bodyguards finally took home the winners seat by defeating Dabang in a tightly contested match.

This cricket tournament was fabulous and we should have more tournaments and leagues like this.

#### Teams

| Name | Dabang      | Desi Boys   | Body Guards | Alingers | Rowdies | Gangnam    |
|------|-------------|-------------|-------------|----------|---------|------------|
| 1.   | Navendu (C) | Inonito (C) | Shaurya (C) | Ali (C)  | Ray (C) | Jaimin (C) |
| 2.   | Divam       | Atul        | Ahmed       | Rahul    | Dravit  | Booke      |
| 3.   | Gumlee      | Hrishikesh  | Varun       | Amogh    | Lakshay | Nin        |
| 4.   | Mohit       | Pathrapong  | Siddarth    | Milan    | Dhruv   | Goto       |
| 5.   | Hrishikesh  | Sahil       | Pranit      | Yuvraj   | Sonu    | John       |
| 6.   | Naina       | Azarel      | Aryan       | Aryaman  | Rinkesh | Andy       |
| 7.   | Simran      | Onshi       | Vanshika    | Raymon   | Riyanea | Simridhi   |



# Ricardo Kaká – The Brazilian Prodigy

*Gumlee Ete*

**R**icardo Izecson dos Santos Leite, known as Kaká or Ricardo Kakà by beloved, is a Brazilian football sensation who currently plays for Italian Serie A club Milan and the Brazilian national team. Kaká started his footballing career at the age of eight, when he began playing for a local club. At the time, he also played tennis, and it was not until he moved on to São Paulo FC and signed his first professional contract with the club at the age of 15 that he chose to focus on football and since then he never looked back. His love and dedication for the sport brought him to where he is now in the world of football.

In 2003 he joined Milan for a fee of €8.5 million. While at Milan, Kaká won the Ballon d'Or (Award for the best player for performances in the previous year) and FIFA World Player of the Year awards in 2007. These were the best years of the Brazilian prodigy. After his success with Milan, Kaká joined Real Madrid for a transfer fee of €65 million. At the time, this was the second highest transfer fee (in euros) ever, behind only the €75 million fee for Zinedine Zidane.

Kaká became engrossed in religion at the age of 12: *"I learnt that it is faith that decides whether something will happen or not."* He removed his jersey to reveal an *"I Belong to Jesus"* t-shirt and openly engaged in prayer moments after the final whistle of Brazil's 2002 World Cup, and Milan's 2004 Scudetto and 2007 Champions League triumphs. He also had the same phrase, along with *"God Is Faithful,"* stitched onto the tongues of his boots. During the post match celebration following Brazil's 4–1 win over Argentina in the 2005 FIFA Confederations Cup final, he and several of his teammates wore t-shirts that read *"Jesus Loves You"* in various languages. While receiving the FIFA World Footballer of the year in 2007 he said when he was young he just wanted to be a professional player for São Paulo and play one game for the Brazil national team but that *"God gave him more than he ever asked for"*.

Though sharing a common goal, Kaká is not currently a formal member of the organization *Atletas de Cristo* ("Athletes of Christ"). In goal celebrations he usually points to the sky as a gesture of thanks to God. Kaká's favourite music is gospel, and his favourite book is the Bible.

In addition to his contributions on the pitch, Kaká is known for his humanitarian work. In 2004, he became the youngest ambassador of the UN World Food Programme.

Injury crisis has made him lose his form and the ability to move quickly as before. But still the spirit in him still indicates that he has a lot more to give to the world of football. All we can do now is to sit and watch his mesmerizing movements on the pitch.



# Virat Kohli: The Rising Star

---

*Divam Vishal*

Virat Kohli is an Indian international cricketer. He was born on 5<sup>th</sup> November 1988 in Delhi. Virat is an attacking player with a cool head and has already earned reputation as a talented cricketer. He always likes to bat at his favorite no.3. He has an urge to convert fifties into big scores.

Earlier he played for West Delhi Academy and he also captained the victorious Indian team at the 2008 U/19 Cricket World Cup held in Malaysia. Now he also plays for Royal Challengers Bangalore in IPL.

A big turning point in his career came at the 'Emerging Player Tournament' in 2009 where he helped India to lift the trophy and was the leading run-scorer. He scored 398 runs with two centuries and two fifties

In June 2010 he was named as the vice captain for the Tri-series against Sri Lanka and Zimbabwe. He was the leading run scorer in 2010. He was also named as the vice captain for the ODI team in March for Asia cup 2012. He scored 183 off 148 balls against Pakistan in the fifth match of Asian Cup.

He became the third Indian player after Sachin Tendulkar and Suresh Raina to score 2 centuries before turning 22. He is the fastest Indian cricketer to score 1000 and 3000 runs and also to score 10 centuries in ODIs. He also scored most ODI runs in 2010, 2011 and 2012. He also has a record of hitting the most centuries by an Indian Cricketer in 2010 and 2011 and most centuries in 2012.

His role model is Herschelle Gibbs of South Africa. Lawn Tennis is the next thing which fascinates him a lot. He is a huge fan of Leander Paes and Roger Federer.

He achieved his career-best second spot in latest ICC player ranking for ODI batsmen. On 15 September 2012 he was named ODI Cricketer of the year at the ICC annual award function in Colombo, Sri Lanka.

Genesis Global School  
A-12, Sector-132, Expressway  
Noida - 201301