



The Trumpet

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Issue 30 August 2014



grandiloquence



unbeaten



symphonic

leaders



virtuoso



A TALE OF TWO DEBATES

It began with the second edition of Landmark, when we were warned by a solemn Vivek Pant Sir about the level of this year's edition. We had always known that Landmark would be no pushover. With reputed outstation schools coming in for the event, the English Debate promised to be an enthralling contest.

Like the year before, I was selected for the extempore round, while Rhitik Jassar would be participating in the Turncoat debate. We practiced, yes, and I even managed to survive a last minute scare where a terrible cold threatened to immobilize me for the days of the event. However, when an event is being held in one's own school, a certain callous and arrogant attitude tends to reflect in one's demeanour, as if you are confident of a victory and all laidback in your approach. And so it was with me. I am not proud of the fact. And I realize now, that it is something that I need to work upon.

One day before the event, Pant Sir called me inside his office and said, "You better steal the show tomorrow, boy."

I could merely nod, wondering if I

would be able to do just that, facing seasoned debaters from Scindia and Aitcheson among others.

When the time arrived, my chit yielded the topic "Freedom." And what better way to start a speech on Freedom, than to quote the immortal words of Jawaharlal Nehru at the cusp of 15 August, 1947, when "India awoke to life and Freedom!"

After, Rhitik pulled me aside and said, "I knew you'd pull it off as soon as I heard your beginning." I could only smile. And when he delivered an impactful and emphatic turncoat on the topic "Euthanasia", I realized it was not I but we who had managed to steal the show.

We qualified for the finals, pitted against SMS Jaipur. The motion read, "This House believes that the United Nations is a decorated fiasco." We were against the motion. This motion was particularly special for me, as I have quite a fascination for the UN and its working.

The night, I will say, was well spent. After an evening of brainstorming at Pant Sir's residence, Rhitik, Vatsalya (our third speaker!) and I camped at

Vatsalya's place. I admit that we defied Pant Sir's orders. A lights out mandated at 1 am was stretched to 3:30 am as we worked upon our speeches. In fact, I was so tense when I woke up and saw sunlight streaming in through the windows that I thought we'd missed the finals!

All paranoia aside, when the time came for us to step and oppose the motion, we did that to the best of our abilities. The home crowd was amazing. Our opponents gave us a run for our money, and their lead speaker in particular was graceful and articulate and very cleverly she used words from my own speech to form her rebuttal. For all their fight though, we prevailed. Lifting the final trophy was an excellent experience. And so ended the first part of our story.

Now for Part II.

The next Monday, came the invitation from the Punjab Public School, Nabha, for the JK Kate Memorial Knowledge Conclave. The team remained unchanged. We were on a high, and at that point we thought we could achieve anything under the sun.

That changed with our arrival in Nabha. Sixteen schools, the best



A TALE OF TWO DEBATES

would be an understatement with regards to the emotions that I felt.

The first day couldn't have been worse. We lost the Quiz in the preliminary rounds, despite being confident of a victory. Then, as part of the audience, I gave two answers. But the chocolates promised never arrived. I was dejected. Vatsalya was sad. Rhitik was sick. Satvik (who took part in the poetry writing competition) was also sick. We were at an all time low.

The second day couldn't have been better. Rhitik's turncoat topic was "This House believes God is Dead." We set about researching, and he had his speech ready in half an hour's time. I was anxious for my own event, because the extempore topics here were not words but phrases!

Moments before my event started, Pant Sir came up to me and said, "You better steal the show, boy." Again, I could only nod.

The topic I received was "Objects in the mirror appear closer." And after a mild crisis moments before taking to the stage, I delivered my speech in the context of history and being burdened by the past. Rhitik, who came after me, was at his usual best.

We were happy in the fact that we gave a good performance. We were

prepared for any result. And so, we were elated when we qualified as the top team in the preliminaries. Our semi-final opponents were the hosts themselves, a formidable prospect.

But confident as we were, we developed our speeches, framed our arguments, and took to the stage hungry for victory. The motion read, "This House believes that the world is an "I" generation and not a "We" generation. We opposed it.

The semi-final was a boring debate with an incredible climax. At the conclusion of all the speeches, and as the floor was opened to the House, Ritik and the proposition engaged in a round of one of the most entertaining arguments I've witnessed. It reached a level where we were specifically asked to argue no further.

The audience was incredibly supportive. They even rose to applaud us as we managed to defeat the host school and soar into the finals. It was then that I realized, that all the schools here were defending their legacies. We were building ours. And that made us a lethal force.

Mayo College Girls faced us in the finals. We were to defend the motion, "This House believes that

governments of the world need more wars to make people forget about hunger." No piece of cake.

It was decided that I would do the block and tackle; a new format, intense and challenging, and easily the most fun I've ever had at a debate. Both the teams performed well. The MCG lead speaker won the Best Speaker Award, and deservedly so. Many of us in the hall fell in love with her flow and delivery.

But the winner of the All India English Debate, the trophy that mattered, was won by the school which was always considered the dark horse. And when we lifted that prestigious trophy, a whole host of emotions clashed within me. Apparently, we stole the show again.

It was unfortunate that Satvik missed out on an award in what was an incredibly tough competition. But at that very moment, in the auditorium, he whipped out a pen and paper and built a rhyme on his experiences. It was an amazing read.

Overall, the PPS Nabha trip was one worth cherishing. I can't wait for us to return next year and hopefully, in the words of Pant Sir, *steal the show*.

Aritro Bose, XI



IS EVERY MAN THE SAME ?

Is every man the same?
I ask myself this question
Everytime I come back home
And it's late at night
And the street lights barely illuminate the street
In these streets I begin to lose myself to what I've seen
Hearing a whistle here and there
or being nudged in a crowded bus
Or maybe being inappropriately touched while I make my way
through a crowded market

I was 7 and my uncle had come home for a meal
My mother was out, she had broken her new heels
My father had not come back from work
On my uncles face I could see a sly smirk

He told me to change my clothes
And watched me as I did
Something about his touching me then
Made me feel violated
I was just 7 and I couldn't tell my parents
Because they loved our uncle too much.

So when my 8 year old daughter came crying to me
And told me that uncle was hurting her
That she was in pain
As I saw the tears roll down her face
I asked myself this question,
Is every man the same?

When I became 13
Mom had told me to have a great day at school
I remember I flunked a test
And my teacher told me to stop after school so that he could
give me extra classes
I know what he taught me was not in my syllabus
Because I had never read in my books about his wretched
fingers that were tracing shapes on my body
I cried and he said, "do it for the grade"
And I let him
I did not want my parents to know I failed

My daughter just turned 15
She came home after detention in school
She began crying and said she failed
Then she said but that was not why she was crying
She said her teacher did the same things as her uncle
And that it was her fault,
She let him.

As I wiped her tears and held her shivering body
I asked myself the same question
"Is every man the same?"

I remember that cold winter night
I was coming back from work
No streetlight was working
And I bumped into a man
He pulled me firm against his body
And I saw more men emerge from the street
I shouted and howled in pain and disgust
But no one here could ever hear my cries.
So as every article of my expensive clothing
Was stripped off my body
I could not help but surrender
In hope that after their sick mind was satisfied
They would leave me
And they did
Bare on the cold ground
On the cold winter night

I mustered courage and picked up whatever was left of my
clothes
I could feel the pain inside me
I could see in the dim light
My bruised skin

I walked to a police officer,
Standing 2 streets down
I told him what happened
He slapped me across the face
He said he could not do anything
He said he did not want to do anything
He said it was my fault
I shouldn't have been walking alone
He said I shouldn't have been wearing what I did
He said I should have been more careful
He said this was no time for a girl to be out on the streets

I wept under the star lit skies and breathed out heavily
Gasping
I wanted to breathe
But not with this torment
Waiting
Emotionally hurt

I saw my daughter come home at 3am one night
She was bruised and her clothes were torn
"Don't say anything." I said.
And I held her in my arms like when she was 8 and I was 7
She wept and I wept and we both wondered that night
"Is every man the same?"

Satvik Sethi

XI



MIRROR ON THE WALL, WHO IS THE FAIREST OF THEM ALL ?

Beauty is a phenomenon that hasn't been explained till date. It has dazzled all of us through the course of our existence. From the times of Cleopatra to the time of Princess Diana everyone is just so mystified and obsessed with beauty. This is probably why we have forgotten who we really are!

The market of beauty products has flourished to such an extent that there are beauty products for pets too! It is just unbelievable to see how the industry of beauty products has forward and a step ahead of other leading industries. The progress of this industry wouldn't have been possible without the desire for these beauty merchandises. Everyone in this world wants to either look beautiful or handsome and the reason behind this is that they want to be loved, be accepted in the society and to look more charming than others. Many of us these days get fooled by the advertisement that guarantee us with better look within 24 hours. Shockingly people don't realize that all this is done to delude us.

These fairness and skin lightning creams have become an obsession for all of us. A report in

The Times of India revealed that in 2012, approximately 223 tonnes of whitening cream were used by Indians. Another report stated that Nigerian women use whitening cream more than anyone else. It is estimated that 77% of Nigeria's feminine population use beauty products. Many people admit that they feel pleasant and confident when they apply fairness cream. All these alluring products may make us look beautiful and gorgeous but they may have side effects later on. They can damage the skin and cause cancer too. It is indeed a dangerous fixation!

With all these talk about beauty and fairness, we have forgotten that black is beautiful too. People just tend to ignore black and get irritated when they hear the word! Those who have dark complexion try to get rid of it through plastic surgery or by applying whitening lotions but what is the reason for doing this?

Why can't we remain what we are? Various commercials project that a fairer skin would lead to a better life, but how? Does it give us the opportunity to lead a healthier life? Do we get more

money if we have a fair skin or do we get to meet god if we are white? Most of us would answer that "we would look more beautiful if we have a fairer complexion but everyone must be reminded that real beauty lies in the eyes of the beholder.

Everyone must understand that beauty is just not our facial looks but it is reflected by the soul inside us. Even trying to impress someone with only looks won't work. You have to impress him or her with your thoughts and by your actions, too. It is totally unjustified to call someone ugly. I strongly believe that everyone in this world is beautiful in some way like Mother Teresa, she might have not looked like the exotic model walking down the ramp, but she was much more gorgeous than anyone else, as her dedication and devotion in serving the poor and needy is for to see.

In the end, I would like to say that all these fairness and beauty products may blind us all but it could never extinguish the faith and love of a human heart.

Chris Jordan
X

THE EDITORS' CONFERENCE, SCINDIA SCHOOL



The Third Editors' Conference was held at the Scindia School from 22nd to 24th August 2014. A group of five students accompanied by a teacher attended the conference. A total of ten schools participated in the event. The participants were divided into groups. Each group had two writers, one illustrator, one photographer, one page maker and one teacher. Each group was assigned to make a newsletter on the basis of the information gathered from the places they visited on the first days. These were: railway station, Tansen ka Makbara and Maharaj Baada. Then the newsletters were sent for printing and each team

was given a feedback on its newsletter. There were keynote addresses by renowned and experienced people from the field of journalism. The delegates got a chance to learn from their experiences and ask them questions in the open house session.

The conference gave an opportunity to the delegates to know the challenges and prospects in the field of journalism!

Isha Mandlaus

XI



**A two day Photography Workshop
Was organised by IIP - You School of
Photography at GGS.**



THE SHUTTERBUGS

CELEBRATING 'LIBERTY'

What does 'freedom' mean to me?

Does real freedom even exist?

Torture, unfair trials, human trafficking, genocide. Not to forget women and child violence and abuse.

Violence exists in every corner of the world. The citizens in North Korea are trapped. All radio and television stations, newspaper and magazines are government controlled. The government practices collective punishments for various anti-state offenses. The ongoing conflict between majority Buddhists and minority Muslims in Burma raises brutal violation of human rights including civil, political, economic, social, and cultural rights. Terror, rape, hunger and other forms of abusive behavior. Perhaps, absolute freedom does not seem to exist.

However, individual freedom can shrink and disappear but, it can also grow and expand. Today the world is fighting for freedom. The world has realized the value of human beings and improved the respect for human beings. History shows that human rights have been improving continually. In 539 B.C, the first king of ancient Persia conquered Babylon and freed slaves, declared that all people had the right to choose their religion, and established racial equality. From Babylon, the idea of human rights spread quickly. Documents asserting human rights such as the Magna Carta(1215), the

Petition of Rights(1628), the French Declaration of Rights of Man and of the Citizens(1789) were followed. On October, 24, 1945, in the aftermath of World War II, the United Nations came as an intergovernmental organization with the purpose of saving future generation from the devastation of international conflict. The Universal Declaration of Human Rights was adopted by the UN in 1948 consisting 30 articles which have been elaborated in subsequent international treaties, regional and human rights instrument, national constitution and laws. The efforts to promote human rights seem to be developing. And these endeavours have brought about changes. One, very remarkable change is reflected through vote for Obama, the first African American President. Today, most of countries follow democracy forms, which means all eligible citizens participate equally in the

proposal, development and creation of laws. Every citizen has certain basic rights that the state cannot take away. These rights are guaranteed by international laws. We have the right to believe, to say and to write what we think. Freedom of religion and to worship and practice our faith. We are free to move, to associate with people, to vote, and to protest. Society is even moving further, many nations started respecting third gender by legalizing LGBT, giving them freedom to live life their way. People have moved from one country to another ready to embrace different culture. While people were not allowed to do so freely in the past. Hasn't the world become much better?

I am quite optimistic about future condition of individual freedom. It is not just about the law and its implementation but about the fact that minds of people are becoming more receptive. Freedom does not allow you to do anything and everything. It does not give you everything. But it is the power, the independence and assurance which protects our opinion, values and identity.

Jinhee Park

X



On the occasion of the 68th Indian Independence Day, Mr. Pramod Sharma, Director-Principal, unfurling the glory of the of the Indian Tri-colour.



LANDMARK 2014





A CULTURAL EXTRAVAGANZA



Photographers: L. Adarsh/ Soumya Mahajan



THE CHIEF GUEST - LANDMARK 2014

(Mr Muzaffar Ali is a renowned Indian Film maker with an array of interests from poetry, music, painting, drama, costumes and Sufism. His illustrious career in film making claims of classics like Umrao Jaan and Gaman. He was awarded the Padma Shri in 2005.)

Rohan Sahni (RS) , a scholar of Class XI interviewed Mr. Muzaffar Ali (MA), the honourable Chief Guest, who graced the opening ceremony of the second edition of Landmark.

RS : Sir, this is the first time you have visited our school, what is your first impression of GGS?

MA: I think it's a great school, a great experiment and I think everything that is happening here is out of the box, it's operating on several levels and I think people are thinking, connecting and learning in a very innovative way. People here, are being trained to face life and I think it a brilliant school, which will reach great heights.

RS : Sir, what are your views on Landmark?

MA: I think it's a cracking idea, that students from different school come and give their best shot to win the competition. But, most of all, they go back with an experience! I think of it as meeting of minds and today when the world is becoming smaller, connectivity is getting stronger, school like this, is making the world different because it is not a normal straight jacket school and I think the world is counting on it.

RS: You happen to be the Raja of Kotwara, and I would like to ask how a Raja ended up making films, besides being a great patron of music?

MA : I happen to be born in a particular family, but, I was born with a lot of concerns and a lot of feelings for what was going around me. I think it is very important for children to understand the good and the bad and to ask questions, to find replies within themselves. They must also try to address issues through their own medium and also, to even find discipline to address these issues.

RS : Being a follower of Sufi music, how do you think Sufism can enrich our daily lives?

MA: Our daily life is all about feeling things, it's about being concerned about the other person, not any caste or religion, but as a human being. Sufism takes the person out of the zone and makes a person think of people as people, human beings as human beings

and the only way to do is through the heart Sufism purifies our heart which makes a person feel for other person which in the end gives the picture of the creator. Sufism is very much needed today as everywhere we look, there is intolerance, murder, war which can easily be ended by implanting Sufism in our hearts.

RS: Sir, a message that you will like to give to the scholars of Genesis.



MA: I will simply say that think with your heart because brain can only make you successful, but **heart can make you forgive others.**

LANDMARK was instituted in 2013 with a vision of providing an unparalleled opportunity for the young students to exhibit their talent and creativity.

LANDMARK 2013 was a resounding success!

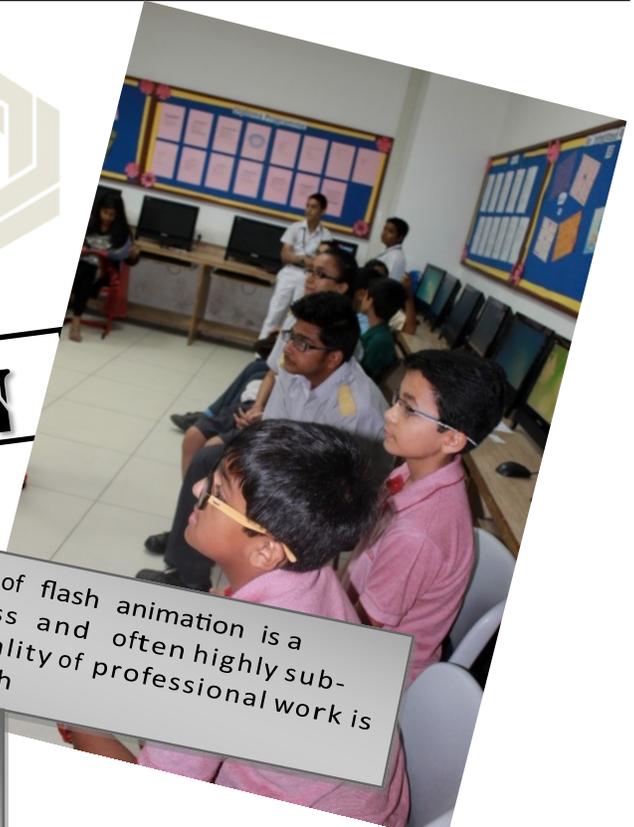
But, LANDMARK 2014 was nothing short of a triumph!

With around 500 students from over 30 schools, across NCR and other parts of India, besides, Aitchison College, Lahore participated in this cultural extravaganza.



LANDMARK TIMES

(Rohan Sahni, a class XI student, took the initiative of launching a newsletter titled 'Landmark Times'. For three consecutive days from 31st July to 2nd August 2014, he would collect news and other details, compile and then get it printed with the support of the IT department and of course, Mr. Vivek Pant, the convener of Landmark 2014. Following are some snapshots from his publication)



FLASH ANIMATION

.....the development of flash animation is a creative process and often highly subjective, although the quality of professional work is always possible to distinguish



the western music competition for students from classes 6-12. The participating schools presented the a beautiful rhapsody of music which was appreciated by the esteemed

WESTERN MUSIC



BEST OUT OF WASTE

The idea behind the 'Best out of Waste' is to reuse and recycle of waste materials in a creative and useful manner.





AN INTANGIBLE WORLD

[Verse 1]

Our culture, Our life
 Our heroes, Their sacrifice
 The language we speak
 The pictures we draw
 The stories we wrote
 The skills that you saw

[Chorus]

From the weavers, The believers
 From the handlooms that cry
 From the bride grooms
 To the artists
 Watching their culture die.
 These are the questions
 Where are the answers
 We are the singers, We are the dancers

[Verse 2]

But now we see, It's all crashing
 The waves are high
 The oceans are lashing
 We forget where we're from
 We forget who we are
 The song, the dance, the story
 We've come too far

From the people of the world
 Come hear our call
 Come on everyone here, Let's give it our all

[Repeat Chorus]

[Guitar Solo]

[End With Chorus]

A week before the summer vacations, I was sitting with Anoushka outside the resource center. Richard Sir found us and told us about this upcoming "All India level music competition". Anoushka and I had both been waiting for a music competition so this made us quite ecstatic. Sir told me that I had to write lyrics on the topic, "Intangible Heritage". I came back home, did my research and penned down lyrics, lyrics for the song in Hindi because Richard sir and I were both under the misconception that it had to be a song in Hindi. I read the rules again and realized that it could be in any language. This time, I was lethargic. I didn't write a new song, until the vacations actually got over. We had to start practicing soon, but the lyrics weren't ready. Took me some more research and time to finally make new lyrics, compose the music, record the song, and send it to Sir for his approval. After some waiting, I finally got his email saying that it was good, and that I have to head it.

We had the western music competition for landmark coming up, so Sir was occupied with that. Meanwhile I kept telling him all that I needed for the song, guitarists, a pianist, violin, flute, singers, drums and Sir kept sending them to me. I started my practices with a small 9-member band, which, later transformed into a 23-member band. We practiced whenever we could. Zero periods, stay backs, at home. The first round of selections were held at Presidium School, Noida on the 1st of August. We tuned our guitars and went into a small room, and performed in front of a few judges, some teachers and some volunteers. After the performance, they all clapped, the judges seemed happy, some even mesmerized by the sound. All in all, we felt like we had a chance to qualify, but we had to wait for 20 days. The results were to be announced on 20th of August.

ITIHAAS ANVESHAN 2014, THE JOURNEY OF SONG OF THE YEAR



Year' award. "Genesis Global School" was announced and we all shouted in a chorus of happiness. We looked at each other, our jaws wide open, smiling, laughing, some, even shedding tears. I looked through my teary eyes at Richard sir, the one teacher, who never stopped at anything and got us here, the one who made me this capable. I saw he too was

20th August, I was walking to class when I was informed, that we had qualified. I jumped with joy and ran down the stairs, trying to dance, and hurry up, at the same time. I ran to the music room and screamed with joy. Richard Sir, my mentor, stood there smiling. Well after that, it was all serious working. After the judges' comments, we tweaked the lyrics a little, and got down to some serious practices.

On 28th August, we went to Sri Sathya Sai auditorium for the All India Finals. Out of 200 participating schools, present here, were the top 20 from all over India. There were some great performances by schools, and we did our best, too. The performance was smooth. The final performance was by India's most coveted band, Indian Ocean. My idols, the guys who transformed the Indian music scene, were playing their popular songs in front of us.

As the prizes were announced, we kept our fingers crossed, first the best lyrics award, then the best research, then the best music, then us, feeling sorry for not receiving any of these. Finally, the 1st prize, the "Itihaas Anveshan 2014, Song of the

wiping away those tears of joy. We hugged, the band members congratulated each other, some commended my effort, but it was really thanks to all of them that we had won. We received our trophy from The Indian Ocean, and some other esteemed judges. We all hugged some more, cried some more, I called my parents and they told me they were proud. It was a great day, a greater journey. I cannot possibly end this article without saying a big thank you to all the band members, all the volunteers, Richard Sir, Principal Sir, for giving us this wonderful opportunity and for putting together a magnificent music department, to Pant Sir, Seema Ma'am, and Ajay Sir, for all the special permissions. A big thanks to our teachers and classmates for all their support.

To be continued, Itihaas Anveshan 2015...

Satvik Sethi
XI

SPORTS UPDATE

Inter School Cambridge Swimming Competition

Six swimmers participated in the Inter School Swimming Competition which was held on 12 & 13th August, 2014 at Cambridge School. They won 7 gold, 2 silver and 3 bronze.

Ridhraj G. Singh of IV and **Raphael** of VI got the Best Swimmer Trophy in under 10 and 12 Category.



Coach – Mr. Manoj Kumar

New Delhi YMCA Inter School Aquatic Championship

Our 13 students participated in the New Delhi YMCA Inter School Aquatic Championship held at Swimming Pool Complex, New Delhi YMCA, Jai Singh Road on 31 July and 1 August. They got **8 Gold, 4 Silver and 4 Bronze**.

Coaches : Mr. Manoj Kumar and Mr. Mithun Patra

NAME	EVENT	POSITION
RIDHRAJ G. SINGH Class IV	50M FREE STYLE 25M BUTTERFLY	GOLD GOLD
RANBIR SINGH Class II	50M BREAST STROKE	SILVER
SHARON SHAJU Class VII	25M BUTTERFLY 50M FREE STYLE 50M BREAST STROKE	BRONZE BRONZE GOLD
KASHVI DUBEY Class VIII	50M BACK STROKE	SILVER
CHRIS JORDAN Class X	100M FREE STYLE 50M BACK STROKE	GOLD BRONZE
RAPHAEL	50M FREESTYLE 25M BUTTERFLY 50M BREAST STROKE	GOLD GOLD GOLD



Ridhraj G. Singh was **DECLARED BEST SWIMMER IN BOYS GROUP V.**



THE WORLD OF SPORTS

Jaypee Inter School Aquatics Championship

Seven students participated in the Jaypee Inter School Aquatics Championship held at Jaypee Atlantis Club, Greater Noida on 23 August 2014. They won 18 medals (12 Gold, 1 Silver and 5 Bronze). Chris Jordan, Raphael and Ridhraj G. Singh were declared the Best Swimmers in Boys U - 16, U - 12 and U - 10 categories.

XV World Masters Swimming Championship

Mr. Rajeev Nagpal, swimming coach participated in the XV World Masters Swimming Championship held at Montreal, Canada from 2nd to 12th August 2014 to He was selected by the Swimming Federation of India.

IFB Boca Juniors Football Camp in Argentina

Inonito Zhimomi of Class XI went for IFB Boca Juniors Football Camp in Argentina from 1st to 12th August, 2014.

7 – A- Side All India Directors Cup. Football Tournament 2014

Genesis Global School defeated Welham Boys School in a tie breaker to lift the title of 7 – A- Side All India Directors Cup Football Tournament 2014 organized by Maa Anand Mayee Memorial School, Raiwala, Dehradun.

Coach: Mr. Sunday Okafor





SPORTS



U.P State Inter School Shooting Championship.

Tarun Sharma of Class XI and Agrim of Class IX represented Genesis Global School in the U.P State Inter School Shooting Championship held at Agra from 21 to 24 August, 2014. Tarun played in the Junior category and Agrim Jain participated in the Sub Junior category. The championship was organised by the District Rifle Association. Agrim Jain scored 351 out of 400 and finished 8th on the final day. Tarun scored 328 out of 400 and secured rank 18. Around 500 students from all over the state participated in the championship.

Coach: Mr. Atul Yadav



U.P State Sub- Junior Championship

Rashi Tyagi of Class IX participated in the U.P State Sub- Junior Championship U-15 at Jhansi from 7 to 10 August, 2014. She lost in semi-final and got the Bronze Medal.

Coach: Mr. Atul Nigam



‘जो हम देखते हैं’

वर्षा ऋतु मुझे बहुत ज़्यादा पसंद है। बरसात के मौसम में ठंडी- ठंडी हवाएँ चलती हैं। बच्चे बाग- बगीचों में खेलते हैं। चारों ओर हरियाली छा जाती है। पेड़-पौधों पर नई- नई कलियाँ खिलने लगती हैं। इन सबको देख कर ऐसा लगता है जैसे बरसात ने इन्हें नहला दिया हो। हमारे गाँव में घर घास-फूस के बने होते हैं। ये घर ज्यादा बरसात होने पर गिर भी जाते हैं। गावों के लोग हिम्मत नहीं हारते हैं वे कठिन मेहनत करके इन घरों को फिर से रहने लायक बना लेते हैं। गाँव लोग खेती तो करते ही हैं साथ-ही-साथ बोझा ढोने वाले तथा दूध देने वाले जानवर भी पालते हैं। हमारे लिए हरी- हरी सब्जियाँ, अन्न, फल आदि गाँव के लोग ही उगाते हैं। गाँव में शहरों की

तरह साफ- सुथरी सड़कें नहीं होती हैं। वहाँ के अधिकाँश रास्ते कच्चे ही होते हैं। इन्हीं कच्चे रास्तों से ये लोग अपने खेतों से अनाज, फल, सब्जियाँ शहरों तक पहुँचाते हैं। पिछले कुछ वर्षों से हमारी सरकारों ने गाँव के विकास के लिए अनेक योजनाएँ चलाई हैं जिनके कारण गाँव में सड़कें बनी हैं। बिजली को पहुँचाया गया है। रेडियो, टेलीविजन, इंटरनेट, टेलीफोन से गावों को जोड़ा जा रहा है। अब गाँव में प्राइमरी स्कूल, हाईस्कूल, कालेज आदि भी खोले जा रहे हैं। अतः कहा जा सकता है कि अब गावों का भी विकास हो रहा है।

अनन्या पालीवाल

7स

प्राचीन भारत में शिक्षा का उद्देश्य विद्यार्थी को बहुमुखी प्रतिभा का धनी बनाना था। उसे भौतिक ज्ञान के साथ - साथ आत्मज्ञानी भी बनाना था। साथ ही उस समय जो शिक्षा दी जाती थी वह व्यक्ति को आत्मनिर्भर, चिन्तक एवं सत्यमार्गी बनाती थी। हमारी शिक्षा पद्धति का उद्देश्य विद्यार्थी को मुक्ति के मार्ग से परिचित करवाना था। वेदों में कहा गया है - “साविद्या या विमुक्तये।” अर्थात् विद्या मुक्ति का द्वार है। हम सभी जानते हैं कि प्राचीन भारत में गुरुकुलों एवं ब्राह्मणों द्वारा खोली गई पाठशालाओं में विद्या दी जाती थी।



‘वर्तमान शिक्षा प्रणाली डिग्रियाँ बाँटने की टकसाल बन गई है’

समय के साथ-साथ शिक्षण पद्धति में भी बदलाव आया लेकिन शिक्षा के उद्देश्य दिशाहीन ही रहे।

अधिकतर शिक्षण संस्थाएँ धन कमाने का केन्द्र बनती जा रही हैं एवं द्वारा छात्रों और अभिभावकों का मानसिक एवं आर्थिक शोषण हो रहा है। शिक्षा का स्तर अब इतना गिर गया है कि गली - मुहल्ले में इंजीनियर, डाक्टर, वकील, एम 0 बी 0ए0 की डिग्रीधारी टहलते मिल जाएँगे। निजी शिक्षण संस्थानों में रेबड़ियों की तरह डिग्रियाँ बाँट रही हैं। जगह - जगह डीम्ड विश्वविद्यालय खुल रहे हैं। शिक्षा आज व्यवसाय का रूप धारण कर चुकी हैं। शिक्षा का लाभ सामान्य जन को नहीं मिल रहा है, कारण शिक्षा महँगी हो गई है। मुझे यह कहने में कोई संकोच नहीं है, कि हमारी शिक्षा व्यवस्था का व्यापारीकरण हो चुका है। शिक्षा सेवा का भाव न रहकर व्यापार का माध्यम बन चुकी है। इस व्यापारीकरण की कोख से ही ट्यूशन व कोचिंग की संस्कृति का जन्म हुआ है। डिग्रियाँ बाँटने वाली इन टकसालों में शिक्षकों तथा अभिभावकों का मनमाने तरीके से शोषण होता है। इन संस्थानों में

अधिकतर शिक्षण संस्थान शिक्षण की गुणवत्ता के पैमाने पर पर खरे नहीं उतरते या फिर उनके पास पर्याप्त मात्रा में उच्चस्तर के संसाधन नहीं होते हैं। प्रबन्धन की अक्षमता और मनमानी के कारण न तो शिक्षा के उद्देश्यों की प्राप्ति हो रही है और न ही गुणवत्ता के पैमाने पर खरे उतर पा रहे हैं। आश्चर्य इस बात का है कि, इतनी विसंगतियों के बावजूद ये शिक्षण संस्थान मुक्त हस्त से धड़ाधड़ डिग्रियाँ बाँट रहे हैं। इन शिक्षण संस्थानों द्वारा शोषण एवं गलत मार्ग दर्शन के कारण लाखों छात्रों का भविष्य अंधकार में डूब रहा है।

आज शिक्षा की सबसे बड़ी चुनौती है शिक्षा का जीवनोन्मुखी न होकर परीक्षोन्मुखी होना। आज शिक्षा बाज़ार के मकड़जाल में फँस चुकी है। आज सभी का सारा ज़ोर परीक्षा में किसी भी तरीके से अधिकाधिक अंक प्राप्त कर डिग्री हासिल करना मात्र रह गया है।

ऐसा प्रतीत होता है जैसे शिक्षा डिग्रियों के लिये है न कि जीवन के लिए। शिक्षक हों या अभिभावक, शिक्षण संस्थाएँ हों या फिर विद्यार्थी सभी का परम लक्ष्य

परीक्षा में बेहतर से बेहतर परिणाम प्राप्त करना या डिग्रियाँ हासिल करना मात्र रह गया है। पूरी शिक्षा परीक्षा केन्द्रित हो चुकी है और नैतिक मूल्यों का अवमूल्यन निरन्तर बढ़ता जा रहा है। शिक्षक शिक्षण इस तरीके से करते हैं जिससे कि बच्चे परीक्षा में अधिकाधिक अंक प्राप्त कर सकें। यही चाह अभिभावकों की भी रहती है। बच्चे तो फिर बच्चे हैं, शिक्षण संस्थाएँ अध्यापकों और अभिभावकों की महत्वाकांक्षाओं के हाथों कैद। डिग्रियों के अलावा किसी अन्य चीज के बारे में सोचना बच्चों के लिए सम्भव ही नहीं, क्योंकि उन्हें वातावरण ही वैसा दिया जा रहा है

अब शिक्षा का अर्थ किताबी ज्ञान और शिक्षण संस्थाओं का मतलब डिग्री प्राप्ति केन्द्र मात्र रह गया है। किताब भी केवल वह जो पाठ्यपुस्तक के रूप में लागू हो। पाठ्यपुस्तक के अलावा अन्य पुस्तक पढ़ना समय की बर्बादी माना जाता है। शिक्षक और छात्र दोनों के लिये पाठ्यपुस्तक ही

‘वर्तमान शिक्षा प्रणाली डिग्रियाँ बाँटने की टकसाल बन गई है’

पाठ्यचर्या हो गयी है। शिक्षक वही पढ़ाते हैं और विद्यार्थी वही पढ़ना चाहते हैं जो परीक्षा की दृष्टि से उपयोगी हो और मात्र डिग्री के लिए की गई यात्रा की लक्ष्य प्राप्ति हो सके।

2013 के आँकड़ों के अनुसार भारत में कुल 570 विश्वविद्यालय हैं जिनमें से 115 प्राइवेट विश्वविद्यालय हैं और मात्र 42 केन्द्रीय विश्वविद्यालय हैं जिन पर विश्वविद्यालय अनुदान आयोग का सीधा हस्तक्षेप रहता है परन्तु वर्तमान में मे 5 मार्च 2012 ‘द हिन्दू’ समाचार पत्र में छपी रिपोर्ट के अनुसार 63% प्रतिशत प्राइवेट विश्वविद्यालय और पत्राचार से शिक्षा दे रहे विश्वविद्यालयों के तरीके कागजी कार्यवाही तक तो सही हैं परन्तु व्यवहार में उचित मानकों की ईमानदारी का अभाव है।

जानकारियों को रटना और परीक्षा में उन्हें हू-ब-हू उतार देना सीखने का पर्याय होता चला गया है, फलस्वरूप शिक्षा जीवन से कट चुकी है। जबकि ज़रूरी यह है कि बच्चे चीजों को समझें। लेकिन अधिकांश शिक्षण संस्थाओं में इस क्षमता को नहीं जाँचा जाता।

कुकुरमुत्ते की तरह जगह-जगह शिक्षा के केन्द्र खुल गए हैं जो पत्राचार के द्वारा सुनियोजित तरीके से बिना कुछ जाँचे परखे अंक-तालिकाओं या डिग्रियों को भरपूर धनराशि में बाँटते चले जा रहे हैं।

बाजार में बिक रही शिक्षा का मूल्यों से कुछ लेना-देना नहीं है। यह विशुद्ध रूप से बाजार के अनुकूल शिक्षा है। इसका उद्देश्य अर्थ मानव तथा व्यवस्था की मशीन में फिट होने वाले पुर्जे तैयार करना है। शिक्षा की दुकानों में वही शिक्षा बेची जा रही है जिसकी कॉरपोरेट जगत को जरूरत है। बाजार को ऐसा मानव संसाधन चाहिये जो उसकी कंपनियों में लगी अत्याधुनिक तकनीक की मशीनों को सही ढंग से परिचालित कर सके। यह ठीक है कि शिक्षा रोजगार का जरिया बने, पर शिक्षा केवल रोजगार के लिये हो यह बात कुछ गले नहीं उतरती।

विश्वगुरु महान भारत की शिक्षण पद्धति का उद्देश्य संज्ञा शून्य हो चुका है। शिक्षा का वास्तविक उद्देश्य तो यही है कि मनुष्य में

मनुष्यता का विकास हो। शिक्षार्थी आत्मनिर्भर बने। उसके चरित्र का निर्माण हो। लेकिन वर्तमान शिक्षण संस्थान एवं इनकी शिक्षण पद्धति आधुनिकता का खोखला दंभ भरते हैं। यही कारण है कि छात्रों का दिन प्रतिदिन नैतिक पतन हो रहा है। डिग्रियों पर अंकित अंकों को देखकर दिमाग चकरा जाता है। ये शिक्षण संस्थान समाज, संस्कृति व मानवता के साथ अपराध कर रहे हैं। जिसका परिणाम वर्तमान पीढ़ी के साथ-साथ आने वाली पीढ़ी को भी भुगतना पड़ेगा।

अतः आवश्यकता इस बात की है कि वस्तुस्थिति को समझ कर समस्त मानवता के कल्याण हेतु सार्थक कदम उठाए जाएँ।

हिन्दी विभाग

'CLIO' CLUB - PARTITION THROUGH THE EYES OF LITERATURE

Separation, partition, those maudlin goodbyes, life has always been unfair for those who have lost their loved ones.

The recent session of Clio shed some light on the impromptu separation between India and Pakistan. The assembled panel discussed the various aspects of the birth of the two nations, including the political scenario and the interest of our leaders at that point of time. We were given two stories namely, *Toba Tek Singh* by Sadat Hasan Manto and *Where is my Mother?* by Krishna Sobati, which we had to analyze before the session began so that we had a fair idea of how this partition scarred the past of our subcontinent forever. Partition, for me, is like a hasty and ugly divorce settlement, where the alimony was given in blood and the cold corpse of those who refused to leave the land on which they were born and brought up. Emphasizing with the charred and traumatized souls of the partition we discussed how the very news of everything being divided; their land, their relationship and their hearts on the basis of their religion, would have been a big conundrum for the inhabitants. The stories about the same helped us to throw some light upon the grey areas of the partition wherein the fanatic people brutally murdered the immigrants just because they belonged to a different sect and had a different set of beliefs. We talked about a fanatic Muslim who murdered an entire Hindu family but saved the life of an orphan Hindu girl who reminded him of his dead sister. He hospitalized her and wanted her to stay with him but as fate had it, the girl hated him because that fanatic Muslim was the one to who had orphaned her.

The three speakers in the gathering leading the discussion were Ms. Nivedita

Bose, Dr. Poonam Singh and Ms. Richa Dhawan. The discussion also brought out the topic of the kind of history which is studied and preached in Pakistan. According to Pakistan's Aga Khan Board, Pakistan was a large empire and ruled a big part of the South Asia for over 800 years. We would reckon this, as the time when Mughal Empire ruled over the 'Land of Hindustan'. However Pakistan adheres to the fact that the nation was established when the reign of Mohammad Bin Qasim occupied Sindh and Multan. In the preceding years the nation spread its influence to the whole of Northern India and Bengal and then under Khaljis, Pakistan moved its boundaries to include a greater part of central India and the Deccan. The Republic of Pakistan claims that after the lapse of a paramount, the British deceitfully partitioned the land of Pakistan into a much smaller country as compared to what it was before the invasion of the East India Company. This



made the committee realize that history can be interpreted in many ways. History is not read, it is perceived by us mortal beings.

In the end the committee had an open house session wherein the scholars

brainstormed and asked many questions to the speakers and the gathering at large. The enthused students sought queries on possibility of re-consolidation of these two great nations. Scholars were astounded when they realized that the common man was never happy which this partition as they had to leave behind everything at such a short notice and not only that, the immigrants had to completely condemn their attachment to the place they had been born and lived. There are still many people who dream of visiting Lahore to claim the house they were born in. There are still some people who miss their best friend who is limited by his own identity of being a Pakistani and thus the two best friends still crave the intimacy they once had as friends. I would like to conclude by acknowledging the fact that we human beings often seek nirvana which would help us escape this mortal cycle so that we can enjoy the spiritual world. However we fail to understand and recall that we are not mortal beings who are struggling to connect to the spiritual world; we are great spirits already, who chose to live a mortal life and a tame boundary cannot stop our spiritual strength from claiming the relationships and land we have owned for eons.

The session was highly benefitted by the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Dar, beloved members of the Genesis family who came and also invited three members of Delhi Public School, Greater Faridabad to join the discussion. Their inputs enriched and explored various facets of the topic.

Aviral Kapoor
XI



CONFESSION

03/03/03

7:45

I reached out and put my alarm clock on snooze.

7:50

Again, on snooze.

7:55

Repeat.

8:00

By now, my patience was wavering.

8:05

That's it, I'd had enough.

8:10

Groaning loudly, I woke up.

And right on cue, I heard the deep rumble of my husband's voice float up and tickle my ears.

"Honey" he called "Wake up. You're going to be late to work. Again"

I grunted in response, clearly annoyed.

I could hear him chuckle as the smell of fresh coffee and chocolate chip pancakes wafted up to the room. He knew just what to do to get me out of bed.

"Ugh. You are completely and utterly evil, Mark" I cried out.

"I know" he replied back. I could practically hear the smile in his voice.

I swung my legs out of the bed and rushed through my morning rituals.

Brushing. Bathing. Dressing. Grooming. Preening.

Sigh.

I galloped down the stairs, purse in hand. Grabbing a slice of toast, I made a beeline to the den where Mark was watching TV. Placing a light peck on his cheek, I whispered "Bye, Sweetie". He smiled and replied, "Bye, Lisa". Nibbling on my toast, I crossed over to the driveway. Driving to my office, a cloud of depression was floating over my head. I chuckled inwardly. Pretty ironic, considering I was a counselor.

5 letter word. Feeling of having done wrong or failed in an obligation. My pencil rasped repeatedly against the New York Daily crossword.

Hmm. What is the word?

I racked my brain internally.

"So, as I was saying"

An obnoxious teenager voice sucked me out of my daytime reverie.

"What is it that you were saying, darling?"

I asked in the sweetest voice I could muster, considering my anxious state of mind.

"I have a confession to make." Her voice suddenly turned timid.

I inched forward in my seat. Finally. Things were about to get interesting. The pale skinned, emerald-eyed, pink-streaked raven-haired, slender beauty in front of me gulped, as she whispered.

"I lost my brother's, who is the only family I have left," her lower lip quivered. "I lost his money through my gambling"

The last part of her sentence came out in a heart-broken sob as her face crumpled in tears.

My anxiety subsided. I got it. I finally got the world. I scribbled hastily on my notepad, clipping the New York Daily crossword.

G-U-I-L-T

My world dimmed as I was transformed back in time.

Somber day. Murky clouds. Sky the color of the sea after a storm. Basically, a very very grey atmosphere. But my mood couldn't contradict the weather more. I was nothing but sunshine and daisies. And nothing could trample over my jovial state. Or so I thought.

I drove my cherry convertible out of my driveway, my thoughts brimming with unicorns and rainbows. I was such a... dolphin back then. And that my friends, is not a compliment. So hopeful. And happy. Not that I'm not happy. Oh dear

god, I'm not a depressed freak. It's just that I am considerably more...cynical these days. And that's putting it in a nice way.

A lot has changed since then, namely my outlook of life. But I'm dealing. After all, you get what you get and you have to deal with it, right? It might seem like I'm being rather skeptical and mysterious here. But I swear, I am not a serial killer.

They say that everything happens for a reason. But I'm not sure this one has a reason. Because I'm sure that if it didn't happen, I wouldn't be here today, spewing pessimistic feelings into my daytime reveries. I would be somewhere else, still the same optimistic ray of sunshine, basking under the glory of her incredible life.

But no. I'm here. A sad and pathetic (and maybe slightly clinically depressed) counselor, who is supposed to be giving advice to people in need instead of day-dreaming. Speaking of which, I need to get back to...what's her name again?

And then they took my brother's money away. He's going to be so disappointed with me. He never really recovered completely after my parents' death. If I tell him this, then it is going to break whatever's left of him. And it's all going to be because of me"

The young troubled train-wreck looked up at me with tear-filled puppy dog eyes. Tears plummeting down her rosy cheeks. Her eyes filled with despair.

Damn. Why did the sentimental bone in my body have to activate right now? Come on.

"Oh, honey" I whispered. I pushed the kleenex tissue box across the table. I needed to make this as less painful as possible. So I was just going to go for it. I had to rip the bandage off in one single go.



“Listen, sweetheart. You made a misake. And you realize it, which is a good thing. But now, you have to do something about it. You can’t be sitting here moping about it. You need to stop being a pushover and do something about this situation, that you’ve gotten yourself into. You need to grow a damn backbone, woman. You made this mess and you have to deal with the consequences. If you don’t tell your brother, you could permanently break him. You don’t want to do that do you? You want to isolate your brother in this cold, cruel world? You need to be there when he breaks down after hearing this news, you need to pick up the pieces and you need to put them back together, because you are the only one who can do it, understand?”

She looked at me stunned at my sudden declaration. I was quite surprised myself, usually I just sit there spouting off typical counselor dialogues like “so how do you feel about that?” or “what do you think you should do?” while those patients poured their hearts out. Weird.

Here we go again. One more patient. Sometimes, I wonder why I even became a shrink? This is complete and utter torture.

This time it was an old man. He looked Mexican. Lots of wrinkle lines and an eternal gloom overcasting his face. I kind of felt a mixture of sympathy and solicitude for him. It was unnerving. I’ve never really related emotionally to a patient like this before.

“Lisa, you need to help me. I don’t know what to do” the old man cried frantically. I sighed and reached across the table to place a soothing hand on his trembling shoulders.

“Sir, you need to relax. We don’t want you to get a panic attack. Deep breaths and calmly tell me what is going on”

“Lisa. I can’t do this anymore. I can’t keep lying.”

“Ok, Mr. Rinardo, you need to calm

down. We cant have you having a heart attack in the middle of my office.” I looked him right in the eye and ordered him. “Tell me what happened”

His whole body shivered with a tremor as he opened his mouth to speak, his words surprisingly steady.

“I stole from him. From him. The only one who has stood by me through everything. I stole from my beloved son.”

It was my own sharp intake of breath that I heard before grey spots blurred my vision. Again.

So there I was. Driving in my car. I was like an eager little first grader. Absolutely embarrassing.

Exhaling loudly, I reached out and turned up the radio. And from a distant hum, it turned into an obnoxious blast. It was unexpectedly comforting. I sighed in pleasure.

Closing my eyes lightly, I sang along to the blaring tunes, in an off pitch voice. I really was a terrible singer. No wonder Mark teased me all the time.

I just rounded the corner, after the traffic light when I started speeding up. It was almost 8:45, I needed to be at work by 9:00. I was going to be late. Very late.

I looked around cautiously to make sure that no one was around, because I started speeding up more. Above speed limit. Not too much. Just barely.

I heard a faint bleep and turned to see the glowing screen of my phone. It was a new text message.

I flipped my blackberry open and typed in the password. An involuntary smile danced across my lips.

It was from Mark. He went to the gym early this morning and didn’t get to wish me luck or say good bye.

“Good Luck Honey. You rock <3” The text message said. All my nervousness subsided at once. A sense of calmness rocked my whole body.

At least that was before I heard a gut-wrenching scream. And my car skidded to

a halt.

9 letter word. A situation of panic; a breakdown of order.

I allowed Mr. Rinardo to calm down before I attacked him with my tough love. It was what he needed. He couldn’t afford to be a coward right now.

He was blowing his nose into one of the tissues. It was fairly disgusting. But I didn’t have time to care right now. I had to get across my opinion to him. I didn’t know why. I just knew I had to do it. It was an instinct. And it was very strong.

C-O-N-F-U-S-I-O-N

I scribbled onto the crossword as I heard Mr. Rinardo throw the tissue into the bin. It was time.

He nodded sternly.

“Listen and don’t interrupt” my grave voice interjected his pity party. He nodded sternly.

“You need to go and confess. Confess to your son and ask for forgiveness. Believe me when I say this, it will be much much worse if he finds out by himself. Your relationship with your son, that special bond that you talk about could be destroyed forever. You need to accept your mistake and deal with the consequences, it’s what a good father would do. Believe in yourself, old man. You are a good man who made a mistake. It doesn’t make you evil by heart. You need to make amends to your son and you need to take charge of this situation, otherwise, trust me, you will regret it for the rest of your life. And even if your son never forgives you, it’ll be worth it. You need to put an end to your guilt trip and lying. Your son will feel betrayed for sure, but in time he will forgive you if he really loves you as much as a son loves his father. Go, old man. Go now, before it’s too late”

And before I finished speaking, Mr. Rinardo stumbled out of my office like a tornado had finally knocked some sense into him. I smiled to myself wryly. A strange feeling blossomed at the pit of my stomach. It was satisfaction.



I was in the middle of the cold turkey sandwich that Mark made for me for lunch when the next patient barged in. I stifled an annoyed groan. It was so frustrating.

“What do you want Anna?” my voice came out sharper than I intended.

“What? No good morning? How do you do? Are you okay?”

I raised one eyebrow at her. She sighed and plopped down on the couch with a thud. She started again. Repeating the same life story.

Wiping the remains of the sandwich on a tissue, I took my notepad and started doodling. I went back to the crossword.

10 letter word. An inner feeling or voice viewed as acting as a guide to the rightness or wrongness of one’s behavior.

Anna’s rant was a distant noise as I racked my brain over this one.

“...I need to confess” I heard Anna speak in an unexpected whisper.

Oh, come on. Not again. Was I some kind of a confessional at a catholic church for these people today? It was driving me insane!

“Go ahead, Anna” I said, tired.

Without further ado nor any kind of build up, she just went for the kill.

“I eloped. With the Jewish guy next door. He got me pregnant. He stole my trust fund and he ditched me. My parents don’t know any of this. I’m pretty much dead. Figuratively, I mean.”

My eyes widened as I welcomed the familiar darkness back into my sight.

Thud. A loud sound emanated from the façade of the car. I held my breath. I was too scared to get out.

It seemed like ages before my hand went on auto mode and pushed open the door. I was positively frantic. I swear, I felt like I was going to have a heart attack. My heart beat viciously against my chest. Like a wild dog locked in a cage. I was starting to feel claustrophobic.

My feet somehow got out of the car, dragging the rest of the body with them. I rushed over to the front of the car.

I let out a pain-laced scream. I just froze. I didn’t know what to do. My whole body started to sweat. Was I supposed to call 911 or what? I didn’t know. I was completely blank. Indescribable emotions swept me off my feet.

It was a woman. In her mid-fifties. Sprawled on the road. Her limbs hanging in sickening angles. It was painful to even watch. Blood oozed from her forehead. Her mane of thick scarlet tendrils of hair covered her face.

I crouched down slowly and gently pushed some of the strands of hair to the side to see who it was. A quirky nose. Wide lips. Creamy skin. Dead blue eyes staring up at the sky.

A heart-breaking sob escaped my lips. I knew her. I knew her too well.

She was a second mother to me. One of the most important people in my life. And Mark’s rock. She was my mother-in-law. She was Mark’s mother. She was one of the only two women in this world who mattered the most to Mark. She gave birth to him. She took the best possible care of him. She did the best she could as a single mom. She loved him more than anything. And she loved me too, like her own daughter. And I loved her more.

But I killed her. I killed her because of my careless driving. I killed her because I was a horrible person. I killed her and now Mark was going to be devastated about it and he was going to hate me for it. No, Mark can’t hate me. He’s my lifeline. I would die without him. He CANNOT hate me.

I stepped back into the car and looked around to see if anybody had watched the scene unfold before their eyes.

“Anna” I said. “I’ve said this time and time again today. And I’m going to say it one last time. You need to tell your parents. Nothing good ever comes by hiding the truth. You may think its just a white lie

and it won’t do any harm. But it will come back to haunt you in more ways than you can imagine. It will torment you and turn you into just the shell of the person you are right now. It will permanently damage you. And nobody will be able to pick up your broken pieces because they will be so far scattered. If not for your parents, do it for yourself. Go tell them. Please”

I drove away from the scene of crime. My crime. Tears plummeting down my cheeks, uncontrollably. I had now broken the law. I had killed someone. I was part of a hit and run. I was going to go to jail, if someone found out. But no one was going to find out, because I am going to pretend that this never happened. I cannot have Mark hate me, not when I need him the most.

I reached my office quickly and rushed to the ladies’ room. I fixed my make up and went to the reception. I told the lady over there to start sending the patients in. I lost myself in the patients for a while.

But not long after, my phone rang. It was Mark. Filled with dread, I answered the phone.

“Lisa” he sobbed. It broke my heart into little pieces. “My mother was killed. She was the victim of a hit and run

“What?” my broken voice whispered, even though I knew exactly what happened.

He bawled harder.

“I’m going to find who did this. And I’m going to get revenge. Don’t worry sweetie, trust me, I’ll be there for you. I love you”

And with that, he hung up the phone.

Seven letter word. Admit or state that one has committed a crime or is at fault in some way.

C-O-N-F-E-S-S

And it was what I needed to do. With that thought lingering on my mind, I grabbed my coat and rushed out, determined to find Mark.

Madhumita Kumar

X



STUDENT COUNCIL - 2014-15



Genesis Global School is a dream come true. A convergence of the mind, body & soul in 21st century, and "Landmark" is a novel way to learn, interact and surge ahead. For me, it has been a learning experience.

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