



The Trumpet

November 2017—February 2018

Issue 38



From the Editor's Desk

We very proudly present the 38th edition of our newsletter, The Trumpet.

As always, we welcome this edition with another set of wonderful artistic expositions and renditions from our dear students. The magazine is a testament to their creative blossoming and this entire edition is replete with great offering of their talents. We sincerely thank all the contributors for the successful compilation.

Other than these, the magazine also covers the events that took place in the school. The school organized an extravagant Annual Day, an adrenaline-filled Sports Day, and a beautiful Christmas Carnival among the plethora of events that kept our students busy throughout these months. Special accolades to all the participants for a wonderful rendition of the Hindi play, 'Chanakya' and the English play, 'The Sound of Mutiny.' The plays were very well appreciated by our audience and exhibited great development of our students.

All in all, The Trumpet is a apotheosis of the efforts of our entire Genesis Family and we firmly believe that you would enjoy reading this edition as much as we have enjoyed compiling it.

Happy Reading.

Pooja Chopla

Staff Editor



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Editorial Board Club



Editorial Board Club

Students meet every Tuesday during the SUPW lessons to discuss, write, create, plan and compile the Genesis Newsletter

FROM TOP OF THE WORLD

Mount Everest, the tallest mountain in the world, can be a goal, an adventure, a fascination or an intimidation for some, but for Arunima Sinha, Mount Everest was a symbol of self-confidence which she had to conquer.

Arunima Sinha has been an aspiring sports-person from her childhood. She was a national level volleyball player who simultaneously worked at paramilitary forces to earn an adequate amount of money.

Her life took a drastic turn when she boarded the Padmavati Express in Lucknow. She was pushed out of a moving carriage by a mob of robbers who were trying to steal her gold chain. Arunima, an experienced sportsperson, tried to resist and fight back, but she was eventually overpowered by the looters. The burglars pushed her out of the train and Arunima, helpless, lay there until a train parallel to the one that she had boarded ran over her legs and crushed them.

By the time she had been hospitalised, her condition had deteriorated and the doctors were compelled to amputate her left leg. Although, the major harm had been to her left leg, her right leg didn't fare very well either and a rod had to be inserted into it from her knee to ankle.

Arunima was bedridden in the All India Institute

of Medical Sciences for four months. In these months, she read an article about Mount Everest, the highest peak in the world, and decided to climb it, against the alternative of a job that she was offered at the Indian Railways.

She had her heart set on conquering the peak and her "inner sense of handicap or disability faded away. Now, it was a matter of time to show the outer world what I was made up of." Her determination was so strong that she started walking after a few days of her treatment, wherein, most physically injured people take months to get back onto their feet.

As soon as she was discharged, she went to meet Bachendri Pal, the first Indian woman to ever reach the summit. Pal was the only person who actually considered the possibility of Arunima, with her limb impairment, of accomplishing this impossible feat.

Arunima didn't rest and joined the Nehru Institute of Mountaineering for training where she underwent a course of 18 months and climbed smaller peaks such as Island Peak to prepare herself for the ultimate challenge. Her trek started on 1 April and her goal was accomplished on 21 May, 2013. Here is her response to her journey:

"When I entered the death zone - 3500 feet from the top of Mount Everest- the most



FROM TOP OF THE WORLD (contd...)



difficult terrain started. I saw dead bodies of mountaineers scattered all around. A Bangladeshi mountaineer whom I had met not so long before, took his last breath in front of my eyes. I was frightened, but, I kept on moving anyhow. You see, our bodies behave according to our thought process. I told myself that neither can I go back from here nor can I die before reaching the summit. Seeing me struggling immensely with the artificial leg, my Sherpa kept on advising me to return. But, I did not heed

to his advice. I told him that I just can't die before conquering this mountain. Thereafter, he started motivating me for the rest of the expedition."

Her oxygen supply ran out as she reached the summit but her confidence didn't shake since she had already done the impossible. She raised the Indian flag and placed pictures of Swami Vivekananda, her idol, next to it. And finally, she took a few pictures and videos of herself as proof that she had achieved her dreams if she couldn't return home alive. In retrospect, she reflected by saying, "I was re-born at the summit of Mount Everest. In all, after climbing all these mountains, I have learnt the true meaning of resilience, confidence and leadership and above all, humility". And here's the rest of the way-back journey in her own words:

"Just after a few steps on the way back, my oxygen supply finished. But, you know, fortune favours the brave. When I fell down suffocating for oxygen, I came across an extra cylinder of oxygen from nowhere. My Sherpa immediately latched it onto me and finally, we returned to the base."

Arunima is set on climbing the major peaks of all the seven continents and has already climbed 6 of them; Mount Everest in Asia (May 2013), Mount Kilimanjaro in Africa (May 2014), Mount Elbrus in Europe (July 2014), Mount Kosciuszko in Australia (April 2015), Mount Aconcagua in South America (Dec 2015) and Mount Carstensz (July 2016). Her dynamic self also established the Shahid Chandrashekar Azad Viklang Khel Academy to empower and motivate differently abled children. She truly is one of the most inspirational and motivational figures in the world.

Shubhangi Asthana

8D

IF I WERE THE LAST PERSON ON EARTH...

I am the last person on Earth. Everything around me is totally destroyed; trees, buildings, roads, bridges and everything else. There is no sign of life in my society. The busy parks and markets in my sector, which were deafening in retrospect, are now completely deserted.

Its nigh time and not a single light is lit and not a single person is asleep because everyone is dead. This is all because of the war that destroyed the whole world.

As I walk outside my society, I can see many cadavers on the street and sidewalks. Some of the corpses are strangers, whereas some are familiar. When I spot all the familiar faces within the sea of dead bodies, all the memories of my family and friends come back.

I revisit the old days when I used to celebrate Diwali with my family and Holi with my friends, when my classmates and I would raise our hands to answer a question and when my family and I would go out to watch a movie.

All these memories make me feel like an emotional, derelict. The realisation that I won't have more happy memories to create, hits me. Now, even my sad collection of memories aren't as sad as they were before, because I always knew then that I had someone to rely on. Now, I am all alone, frightened and desperate for help. My mind is clouded and all I can think of is my family.

After I wake up from my reverie, I go for a walk to distract myself and I secretly hope to bump into someone whom I can befriend. As I stroll around, I spot my favourite store where there are many assortments of candies and sweets. I enter the shop and taste a chocolate to lighten myself. The chocolate helps my mood and I feel calm and relaxed.

Next, I go over to a Mercedes and drive it all the way to the mall. At first I'm confused by the absence of any traffic, then I realise that I am all alone. I get out of the car when I reach the mall. It is surprisingly unharmed. The mall is totally quiet and not a single shopkeeper or customer is to be seen. I again feel lonely. I remember when I used to come here with my family to a heavily crowded mall. Its not the same now. Even the extravagant items on display can't seem to cheer me up. Then, I see a watch. I remember my father saying that he loved it and that he wanted to buy it.

I immediately regret not buying him the watch for his birthday. I realise that the mall was upsetting me so I rush out of there with tears falling out of my eyes.

I set foot on the pavement where the ice cream man used to sell my favourite ice cream.

Now only his cart is there. I take out my favourite ice cream bar and drop off a few bucks as respect.

Then, I sit down and gaze up into the sky, wishing that I was not the last person on Earth.

Shubhangi Asthana

8 D

TRAVEL WRITING

Often, the impression of a place varies in different times of the year. As the planet revolves around the sun, sometimes keeping its distance closer or farther, seasons rotate like circles. If I would have to recommend a place where the distinct characteristics of each season are visible, and at the same time leaves unforgettable impressions in the memory, equally beautiful in any time of the year, I would say-South Korea.



Located neither towards north, nor towards south, South Korea is a small country situated in a temperate climate zone at medium latitude. As a result, it has four distinct seasons. In general, spring is from March to May, summer from June to August, autumn from September to November, and winter from December to February. The weather in spring and autumn is clear and dry due to the influence of anticyclones, summer is hot and humid due to Korea's location on the North Pacific Edge and in winter, continental high pressure brings cold, dry weather. And for these reasons, South Korea has developed a unique style of housing culture. If you visit Korea, I would recommend you to visit to the traditional Korean-style house which has unique design to keep it cool in summers and cold in winters.



It is not just the season which makes South Korea a special place to visit. With rough sea in the south and imposing mountains in north, there is a harmony in nature of Korea. If you visit Korea in autumn, forest mountains are the places you must visit. In autumn, the trees dress in colorful shades of red, orange and yellow and starts shedding their leaves. With the sweet smell of soil and forest woods, the sound of the soft rustling of the leaves beneath your feet will refresh you. And of course, the beautiful scenery will unfold before your eyes.

If not in autumn, spring is also a good time to visit Korea. Besides colorful flowers that starts to bloom, the cherry blossom festival which is held in every spring is the most beautiful festival in Korea. The festival is held in several cities, where there are enough cherry blossom trees to present the grandeur of cherry blossom flowers flattering in the wind. You would see many people enjoying picnic with their family. The street foods are another thing which you can enjoy; people set up temporary shops near the place, usually selling sweets and snacks. Though people usually visit the festival in day time, the festival possesses different charm in night. With the

cool breeze of night, the flattering flowers with the background of dark sky provides another attraction.

Summers of Korea are not preferable because of its hot and humid weather. However, to enjoy the culture of Korea, it is the most suitable season. The powerful sun shines high up the sky during the day but since Korea only reaches a maximum temperature of 30 degrees Celsius in summer, it provides good environment to visit famous tourist attractions.

South Korea, yet a small country, possesses beauty in its culture and seasons. The places and festivals mentioned in this writing are only a small part of the whole and similarly, the impressions you get while reading wouldn't be able to be compared with the real impression you get after seeing the actual place. With this, I would like to end this writing hoping that it provided you with the idea about what kind of country South Korea is, and moreover, I hope that it could give you the motivation to visit the country.



Seawon—8D





POETRY

Piano

When I close my eyes,
And swing my fingers onto the keys
The beautiful melody reins me in.
When I hear the sound of music,
It just fills my heart with love and care.
And shuts down my exhausting life,
Full of tension for school and my studies.
At times,
I do get lost.

Gauri Agarwal

8 D



Why

Why is it so?
Why do seasons come and go?
Why do we meet when we have to separate?
Why?
Why is there a start and then a stop?
Why do we love and then start to hate?
The sun rises and then sets; why?
We live and then die; why?
There is laughter and then a sudden cry; why?
Can anyone tell me why?
'Why' in English
'क्यों' in Hindi
'Pourquoi' in French
'Por que' in Spanish
'Warum' in German
In every language there is a 'Why'.

Vaidahi Sharma

8-D

MY EXPERIENCE

It had all started three years back, when my mom saw this advertisement in the newspaper. I was thrilled with joy when I soon got the news of joining a ballet school. Since childhood I have been very fond of dancing. I have made many friends and always keep learning new techniques through watching videos or pushing myself not to quit.

Ballet is a European and Russian dance form, which is famous and is practiced worldwide. When I got my ballet shoes together with my dress, I felt very proud of my decision and myself. To see me come up on the stage and dance as freely as a bird, my family feels very glad. For me, ballet is precious, fascinating, pleasant and amusing.

I keep encouraging myself to do more and more. Currently, I am in the Intermediate batch. It has lovely people who always support each other. I am very pleased and feel heartened to know that I am working for IFBC.

Now I have got my point shoes, and they work great for me. I feel delighted to know that I have the courage to go up on the stage and present something that make me feel as if I am some kind of a fairy. Everybody feels really proud and bringing a smile onto their faces is what satisfies me.

Almost in every class, I collect inspiration from other people. It's been an amazing experience for me; full of challenges and I hope that later I am able to face more challenges. I don't really know why but for some reason I never feel like missing my classes. I would never quit until and unless I am not able to do it.

Gauri Agarwal

8-D

What Is Love?

This mysterious life,
Is a very confusing long drive,
You won't be able to survive
Until the love will arrive
Love, is the happiness in the sad times,
Love is having the assurance of a partner while
committing crimes,
When you've forgotten to live
Love is the best thing anyone could ever give
Love is laughing with your best friend
Love is shopping with your sister on the week-
end
Love is crying on your mother's lap
Or teaching her how to use an app.
You need this assurance and happiness
Or this life, will only give you tons of stress
Appreciate the love you get.
It's a privilege, because many people haven't,
yet.

Saniya KInjal

8C



BOOKS ARE OUR BEST FRIENDS



Books are always with us. We can refer to them and clarify our doubt or remind ourselves of some point when we can't recollect or learn a fact which we have not looked into so far. Books may be inflated to buy. But good books are worth more than the money

spent on them. They give something more than money can give. When we are wandering and have to spend time on the ride, it is good to read books. When we are at home and have nothing very important or urgent to do, it is better to read books. The time is well paid for and we gain interesting things.

We need to put books to decent use. We need to shape them well. We need to read the right kind of books at the right time. Often some people with stressed and tempestuous minds try to read great and sacred epics like Ramayana or some Sthotras of Gods to keep their minds engaged and to regain peace of mind.

Good use of books means getting the apt knowledge; be it technical, language skills, or general knowledge or just pleasure related stuff. We shine with a bright face and have more confidence in ourselves when we use books correctly. It is also very important to note down important points, thoughts, doubts or footnotes in a good note book when we read the book.

BOOKS ARE OUR BEST FRIENDS

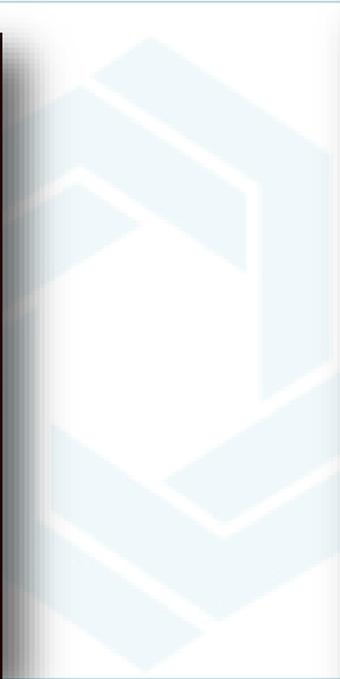
We should use books carefully without damaging them. We should keep them safe from a wet environment and keep them away from dirt. We should not make a lot of drawings or scribble funny and crazy remarks on the books, mocking anybody or any concept. One good advantage of using books is that we can select what we want, we can read what we want and whenever we want.

In the modern era, books are also changing their appearances from being printed books to becoming ebooks on Internet. It depends on whether we are comfortable reading a hard copy in our hands or a soft-copy on the computer. Finally, I will say that, we have evolved to this age is much because of the great laws, concepts, sciences, thoughts, inventions, discoveries and their efforts that were documented by our descendants in the form of books. Books have accelerated the progress of our civilization.





ANNUAL DAY 2017





ANNUAL DAY 2017



GENESIS GLOBAL SCHOOL



GENESIS GLOBAL SCHOOL



MUN 2017





SPORTS DAY 2017



GENESIS GLOBAL SCHOOL



GENESIS GLOBAL SCHOOL



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BLUE

The roar of a blue car,
The fresh smell of rain,
Everything's blue, don't you agree?
The pure blue sky,
A salty ocean,
A colour of Genesis Global School.
True blue scholars of Genesis too!

A trickling tear,
The siren of a police car,
Fuming gas,
The minty taste of mint and juicy blueberry,
Showering rain,
The lead of a blue crayon,
Everything's blue, don't you agree?

A blue jacket,
A blue chair
The back of a computer,
Blue is your veins,
Blue is a drop of water,
Spot on your nose,
A blue pencil case with a blue sharpener inside,
A colourful display, there's bound to be blue.

Siddhant Shah

7 D

A DAY IN THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM

Descriptive Writing

“Come on, let's go to the museum!” shouted Harry.

“Yes we've got a holiday today!” Replied Pat.

So it was decided. 5 friends going to the Natural History Museum 10 blocks away from our homes in Manhattan.

Getting there was as simple as taking a deep yellow, old Ford Crown Victoria. Zooming through the tall buildings looming upon us every time we accelerated felt scary, as if they might topple down any moment. Manhattan was looking beautiful in the beaming sunlight.

Sooner than we expected, we arrived at the gates of the museum. It was enormous. Carvings of stone flanked the doors, a long and tall staircase was the means to get to those doors, and there were glass panes above those doors. In big, bold letters were the words ‘Natural History Museum’; each letter about two times the size of me.

I was awe-struck when I entered through the doors. A peach, marble floor was what we stepped on. A huge dinosaur skeleton towered upon us earthlings, like a king in its palace. Under the skeleton were people taking pictures with their king. A gigantic group of tourists, travel groups and just normal people were queuing up behind the busy ticket counters eagerly waiting for their tickets. The walls were covered with paintings and artefacts and next to these, a colour combination of tiles. After waiting for a long time behind the lines, we finally got the tickets.

“Welcome to the Natural History Museum!” said the girl behind the counter.

First stop: The land animal exhibition. Entering the room labelled ‘Animals’, it looked amazing. It was designed in an oval shape. Some animal sculptures were hanging from the walls and in the middle was a colour-rich tree. On the sides of the oval were sculptures of animals and with surroundings they are normally found in, all covered by a super clean glass case. In a plaque in front of the glass supported by a pillar was information about the exhibit.

Many other exhibits ran with the same theme, showing mystical animals and plants that I hadn't even heard about until I read their description. Finally, after a few hours of exploring every corner of the museum, there was one exhibit left: the artefacts.

These certainly didn't run with the same theme. There were walkways which were made by glass blocks on the sides full of artefacts. The walls were wooden with glass cases on them with things like roman clothes, Mayan clothes and Persian carpets. Inside the glass blocks were artefacts like silver spoons from the Tudor times, Viking helmets and other artefacts from their respective timelines. Walk 5 steps and you'll enter a different timeline. At the end of the room, in all its glory, hung a timeline of the history of the world, right from the Big Bang. It was enormous but all of us happily read it all.

“Attention everyone, the museum will close in 20 minutes, please find your way towards the exits. Thank you for coming.”, yelled the tannoy.

“We've been here so long?” Questioned Jerry.

“I guess.” I replied.

And so, all 5 of us made our way to the exit on our right, stepping into the beautiful night of Manhattan.

BLOOD AND GOLD

Arthur unsheathed his dagger. The gleaming blue steel and the jaguar headed pommel in gold made the victim shiver. He stabbed the victim in the neck with fire in his eyes until the fire in the woman got obscured. The blood spread like wildfire on the floors and smeared over the dagger. Arthur bent down and wiped the dagger off of the Queen Mother's sun kissed robe. He exited the humongous chambers, while the two loyal guards shut the heavy metal doors behind him. The stone walls of the castle shrieked as the metal jostled back into place. Arthur walked with his hands behind his back and a smugness on his pretty face. "Our dear mother has been found dead in her chambers", said Arthur to King Roger with a sullen voice.

The King was silent, but his face wailed out his pain. The white of his eyes was shrouded by curtains of red vessels. The chubby cheeks he had grew numb with freckles of warm tears.

"Send out all the guards, I want every person who entered the castle walls in the past few hours in front of me!", the King cleared his throat.

At the moment, his brother stepped up to the altar. The golden throne glimmered with the sunshine that pierced from the glass ceiling above, and Arthur's eyes sparkled with desire.

"Brother, I have a present for you.", Arthur said with condolence. He fished out a red-velvet cloth and from it, a gold goblet with a fox intricately carved on it. "This is what mother left on her table before she..., I want you to have it."

King Roger accepted the goblet and buried it inside the pockets of his silken robe. The King looked at each of the men before him while he sat impatiently on his golden throne, listening to each man and woman's case. After the folks went out the Grand Hall's doors, the King called in his advisors.

"Who do you think is the murderer? It could be one of the guards or the maids...", Roger said and Arthur cut him off, "What we do know is that you need to sit down." If it had been someone else, except for his brother, the King would have had him beheaded.

Arthur handed his brother the same golden goblet he gave him as a gift two days ago, filled with fresh wine. The King guzzled down the wine and instantly dropped to the stairs that lead up to the altar. His golden crown clanked against the stone floor of the altar.

"You poisoned me!", he cried with a deadly grimace as he looked up to Arthur from the dust of the earth.

For a moment, the Grand Hall felt silent, and then burst with the laughter of the advisors and councilmen of the King. Roger's eyes exploded with a river of blood flowing out. And in that while of happiness, an image flashed through King Arthur's mind.

"I want a goblet forged out of this dagger's handle", he remembered saying to the royal goldsmith. There was a certain smugness on his facade and the fire in his eyes cooled down as the Roger's blood spread to the King's feet. *Blood for my bloods*, he thought.

Prerak Arora

10 II



PARADISE ON EARTH

The enormous lamp in the sky began losing its oil and its blaze turned a deep orange. While the inferno stretched out into the sky in lighter shades and engulfed the pale white clouds. The birds chirped away into the ocean where the fire met the water. The peaceful ocean called out my name through the air that slapped the water and turned it into waves. Towards the east, humongous boulders battled the waves as the twilight came closer.

The sea breeze made the palm trees on the coast rustle and dance to the music of the translucent sea.

The small boat I sat in moved with the current and as the water slipped away from beneath, the tall trees became petty spots in the face of the island. The wind cooled my skin and gave me goose bumps. Now, I could see the giant sentinel volcano that overlooked the island, its thick smoke mingling with the fog and hovering around like the trail of a dragon's smoke.

The musty smell of wet wood assailed my nostrils. My hands gripped on tight to the boat even though adrenaline and lack of food had madame vulnerable, but I felt confident as I was far away from the shadows of the trees hemmed in to form a tunnel of doom.

The silver of the winking stars slid down onto the ocean. The blue dolphins accompanied me on my journey as they splashed the water out into iridescent bubbles. I had never noticed the hidden beauty of the island until then. Earlier, it was hell but when I looked at it through a lens of joy, its splendour startled me. A Paradise on Earth, I thought.

The cold tears that dropped onto my chapped cheeks gave me a chill and my eyes swelled up. The sun dipped down into the opaline ocean that glimmered with the sun like it was flickering like a flame before it extinguished. And as each white crest on the shore churned the soft, silver sand, I stole one last glance at this majestic beauty and my eyes drift away awaiting the first kiss of a new day.

Prerak Arora

10 II



Illustration: Vaidehi Sharma