

Issue 10 | January 2024

CONT ENTS

Editors' note

Look, if you're a dedicated reader you wouldn't skip this page. But incase you do decide to do the unmentionable and skip this page, we will judge you. Just so you know.

Left Unpublished

So back when the senior and junior editor were in 10th and in denial, a few seniors were supposed to take over Scribble and get the 8th issue published [It isn't as scary as it sounds, dont worry]. Unfortunately that didn't happen and we were left with an editor who didn't get to publish her editor's note. Can't let that happen.

Wassup English

An english newsletter without any english department update?
Pfft... could you imagine such a thing? Well your smart-ass sitting on the other end must've said yes- but that's beside the point. This section is basically us, giving you an update on what everyone's favourite teachers (the english teachers obviously) have been doing across classes.

Ink Blots & Imagination

This section is just gore and grime and maybe a little sunshine, who knows? Read all submissions from our readers and content writers, with topics ranging from fear to... a different kind of fear Also, it has poems so... you might wanna check those out.

Scoop Whoop

Allow us to tell you all about the recent developments that have taken place in Genesis, incase you missed out on them. And if you didn't miss out on them, try finding yourself in the pictures.

19

Awards and Laurels

This section is all 'applause' and 'kudos' to the students who either participated in any competition or brought back home any laurels after emerging victorious in their gladiator fight! Okay, maybe we exaggerated a little bit but you get the gist.

Fun Fizzies

Now that you, our dearest readers, have read the entire newsletter enjoy the crossword we prepared for you- this time- based on song lyrics. Also we might or might not have prepared a little something for the graduating batch.



We get it. Exams are here, you're stressed, probably depressed, high on caffeine and what not! So, enjoy the cute doggo pics

EDITORIAL TEAM

DESIGNERS

- Aishani Ghosh
- Navya Aggarwal
- Amaira Varshney

CONTENT DIRECTORS

- Suhavni Dudeja (Chief Content Director)
- Pranav Gupta

JOURNALIST

• Dev Vir Singh

CONTENT WRITERS

- Ghhanali Singh
- Zyan Haider Jafri

CARTOONIST AND PHOTOGRAPHER

• Shreeya Alung

Editors' Note

Aditi Ghosh, Senior Editor

isten you have two people who are gonna be serious okay? Leave me and Ivana out of this. Anyways, less words- more gratitude. Thank you so much Roopa ma'am

for the pictures, Ivana, Alvina, and Anwita- You guys drive me crazy, but I love you. Dear readers and dearest seniors, all the best for 2024. Hopefully it is a kinder year for all (32)

Anwita Kumar, Junior Editor

s the year draws to a close, we pause in gratitude for the milestones achieved and the growth we've witnessed in our newsletter. Each edition has been a canvas where progress unfolded, ideas flourished, and stories found their voice. But amidst these accomplishments, it's the incredible team behind the scenes that deserves our deepest appreciation. Their dedication, creativity, and tireless efforts have been the heartbeat of this publication. Together, we navigated challenges, celebrated victories, and forged ahead with a shared passion for our mission.

As we express thanks for the year's successes, it's crucial to acknowledge the

invaluable contributions of every team member, which brings me to the fact how I would like to specially thank my dear friend, the Senior Editor- Aditi Ghoshwithout whom I am sure this newsletter would have died after its first edition itself. Not only her but I would also like to thank our dear Editorial Assistants- Alvina Akhlaq and Ivana Sajjanhar who have helped make this year's editions successful and I am sure they will continue to do so in the future. Let's carry this spirit of gratitude into the

Let's carry this spirit of gratitude into the coming year, fortifying our bond as a team, and continuing to create content that inspires, informs, and connects with our audience.

Ivana Sajjanhar, Editorial Assistant

ear readers, [mildly funny sentence about the role of seniors / the senior-junior relationship] [but now we must 'bid them farewell'] [we have lots of memories and we'll hold on to them] [this issue is dedicated to those memories and to reliving the fun moments] [love etc goodbye]

Alvina Akhlaq, Editorial Assistant

reetings dear readers,

As we dive into another incredible year (even though I still can't believe its 2024), the Scribble team presents you the 10th issue with a mix of thought-provoking articles, beautiful poems, entertaining jokes and inspiring laurels. My journey with Scribble has been great, as each time I get an opportunity to evolve and learn. The team has worked behind the scenes, during the winter break to present you with this issue, so we really hope you like it! Happy Reading!

Left Unpublished

The tenth issue of Scribble celebrates and honours our former co-editor who was an integral part of the team and was with Scribble ever since the very first chapter. The entire team of Scribble thanks this parting editor.



ear readers,
This issue as always brings bittersweet
memories and feelings into place as we bid
farewell to our cherished seniors - us the
batch of 2024. It comes as a mix of nostalgia
and excitement as we on one hand embark on
a new journey and on the other leave behind
the place many of us called 'home'.

Genesis has served as an arena of self-development, learning (both cognitive and behavioural), discipline, and most importantly friendships that will last you a lifetime. The teachers and other staff provide the students with maximum support and help them instill self-trust, self-love, and an undying desire to improve.

For me, Genesis has served as the stepping stone in life where each interaction, each friendship, each laugh, each smile, each person, and each failure taught me something new. Throughout my 7 year journey at the school, having tried a variety of co-curricula we are exposed to at an international scale, perseverance, and hard work have always seemed to help.

To my fellow batchmates, I wish you all the very best in life and hope we all embark on this new phase of our lives as a journey to be cherished.

Make each day memorable and live each moment to the fullest.

Do what you love, follow your passion not other's dreams.

Having worked with Scribble, I've always admired the potential each Genesian has and we bid farewell to this long yet seemingly short journey I would like to express my gratitude to the newsletter for having me and the teachers for helping shape me as a better version of me.

-Ananya Bajaj

Grade 9

A Story writing activity was done by spinning the wheel. Students were divided into teams to help them learn the valuable skills of collaboration. Each team was randomly given-

- A plot
- A setting
- And characters!

Students were given a chance to spin the virtual wheel and get their elements that they had to incorporate in their story. The high school storytellers were then challenged to use their creativity to utilize the oddball of story elements to spin a tale! Fostering teamwork and imagination, the activity showcased linguistic flair and problem-solving skills. The grand finale featured group story showcases with enactment and peer reviews, emphasizing camaraderie and constructive feedback. Beyond storytelling, this innovative activity encouraged critical thinking and adaptability as well.





Grade 10

Poster making activity done on the topic Women Empowerment.

Grade 11

An activity on job application and bio data was done where students had to peice together the parts of a job application letter. Students are to appear for an interactive interview session based on their application in Jan as assessment.

Grade 10 & 12

Winter camp was conducted with a focus on key concepts. Rigorous practice of different kinds of questions on board patterns was done to help the students in their preparation process.

I LAUGH

BY: Adwita Malik

I laugh when inside I cry,
Minute by minute, my hopes they die,
I have crushed my spirit,
And now I live with spite,
I laugh, I laugh,
No escape in sight.

I laugh when 'weirdos' walk into the room,
Because in them I see similarities too,
I buried my soul,
I stabbed it dead,
My dignity, my honour, all of it I shed,
Alas! I laugh, I laugh,
It's the truth I dread.

Darkness

The darkness in my room...
Is louder than my voice alone
And I'm silent as always

No words no thoughts

Just deep silence

Whilst my brain fogs

A recurrent thought fades away

The intermittent feeling of disgust, envy, despondency crawls through me

Will I soar or fall to the bottom of the ocean unknown cemented in the sediments?

The familiar numbness haunts me
With sharp pain in my body
As I clatter through the broken mirror of hope and love
Looking at my face flushed with tears

I ask again
Am I worthy?

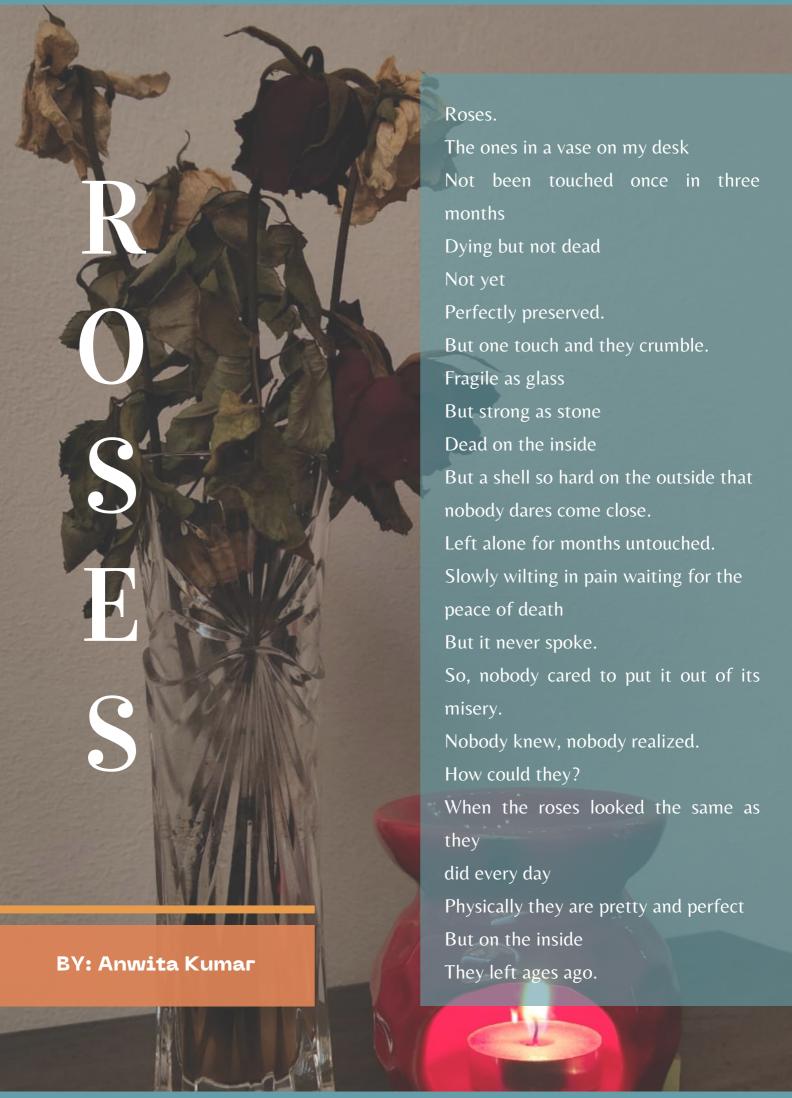
Thoughts return with me in white
Happiness of my soul with glitter in my eyes
The only spark that could save me each day as I stumble
down into darkness
Here its thoughts return to me.

BY: Ananya Bajaj



By: Tanya Rebbeca

I'm at the edge of the void. I know it. The darkness of the void threatened to swallow me whole, almost inviting me in. Then, just as I'm about to fall in, I feel a small breeze, drawing my attention from the void, if only for a moment, to the beautiful fields behind me. But, just as quickly as it comes, it's gone, yet the darkness doesn't seem so bad anymore. Then it grows darker. It grows darker and darker until I'm back where I started. The cycle repeats. It happens again and again, to the point that I know what's coming. Yet, I can't help but long for the wind. I wait at the edge in hopes of the wind coming again. In the hopes of it lasting longer. Long enough to guide me back to the fields. Away from the void. But I know it won't happen. It never will. I will never know the beauty of the fields again. I will never smile at the feeling of the wind on my face. All I can do is stand at the edge, waiting. Hoping. In vain.



Does Age Matter? From Legislative Restraints to Dinner Tables: By: Aditi Ghosh

hen we try looking at the question of whether age matters or not, after a moment of wayward confusion, a very distinct answer floats into the minds of all of us. When I asked this question to my friends and teachers, their answers varied from a very firm stance on their selfdefined 'spectrum' to a very variable and fickle one. The only fact that does not change when presented hypothetical is that when we talk about the importance and necessity of age, we understand that this topic is indeed quite wide-ranging and applies in a lot of aspects.

Age is, as people say, just a number. A number denoting the number of years a person has been alive. The number of earth orbits one has completed. The number of years one has spent living. No matter what you call it, it is still the same: a number denoting the amount of time you have spent alive. Although with mere wording

this whole concept of age seems grand and purposeful, if we take a step back and look through a stranger's point of view, we'll see that age is a relatively unimportant matter. However, we, as a civilization, perhaps think otherwise.

Age matters in almost all cases related to judicial and legislative matters. Every law book in every nation takes age very seriously. There is an age limit for consent. An age for driving. An age for drinking. An age for woting. An age for marrying. An age for going to prison. There is an age for even being considered a legal citizen and an age for renouncing one's legal citizenship. So, the answer from a legal perspective is yes, age matters. Of course, if it had not, the results might have been quite gruesome.

If the concept of age had not existed, we would have had twelve-year-olds sentenced to prison longer than they would have been alive— all because of a useless

attorney. Child marriage would have been termed just marriage. Something such as pedophilia would not exist. However, all this could happen only if we consider a hypothetical world where all concepts of age and maturity have been suspended.

his is to say, a newly born is held up to the same standards as a fully mature adult human. However, if the concept of maturity still existed and we still decidedly grouped people based on whether they were pubescent, pre-pubescent, or fully adult, then perhaps the world would remain the same. Almost the same—one can only hope.

There would still be some debate and discussion on specific ages, like- When can one start to vote and when can one be legally independent? Is it when we reach a certain level of sexual maturity? Is it when we reach a level of emotional maturity? How will we judge those parameters? If people reach maturity at different levels, will they be given these specific rights and liberties at different ages? All these questions leave us more, if not equally, perplexed than the question that forms the thesis of this essay: Does age matter?

In the critically acclaimed Lois Lowry-authored book 'The Giver,' age is an important factor in society. Lowry imagines a dystopian society where each age holds a significant position in society. In a complete community involving society, 1-year-old kids are given their names and assigned a housing unit; 8-year-old kids are given their bicycles; and 12-year-old kids are assigned their respective jobs. In J.K. Rowling's Harry Potter, every child having or showing magical abilities but born to non-magical parents gets to know about the existence of the wizarding world only when they turn eleven to receive their acceptance letter. People say fiction is a reflection of society, and in this case, the reflection makes it crystal clear: age matters.

Age matters for the courts. It matters a lot if the truth is told. Age, in legal cases, is not just a number but rather an important parameter used to determine the degree of punishments, the severity and intention of actions, and many other trivial yet impactful things. Contracts signed by a minor are non-binding. Minors are sent to juvenile centers and other detention facilities instead of prisons.

The reason age is used in courts is to see whether the assailant, the victim, the petitioners, or the respondents are or were mature enough to understand their actions or those of those around them. An child 11-year-old with exposure to the world around them and high emotional and physical maturity is not on the same level as 16-year-old who is mostly alienated from society and has, as Hermione Granger once said, and I now quote, the emotional range of a teaspoon.

Although my criticism can be easily dismissed, we must remember that each fault that we find only helps us refine our system.

Moreover, another aspect we must look at is that the age of the majority in nations varies from country to country. The age of majority is a specific age individual must be legally able to do activities like consume certain alcohol, drive, consent to sex, etc. Angola and the Philippines have the lowest age of majority, i.e., just 12 years of age. Whereas other countries have set it to eighteen, twenty-one. This even "created" range pushes us into a bigger rabbit hole, begging

further answers and asking more questions. Does age really matter all that much? If it matters so much, why isn't this notion universal? Why are people divided on which age can be considered the age of majority?

The existence of age creates another issue: the issue of ageism and age discrimination. This, like the rest of the concepts related to age, is just as paradoxical because, on one end, old people get discriminated against because they are deemed fit to be participating in the workforce, and yet young people are told that they are too hot-headed and that their opinions are too loud.

Although people would tell a seventy-year-old not to touch a basketball, they would, in the same heartbeat, let you know how they think that the older you get, the wiser you get. Similarly, several hypocrites would also tell you how the youth "will change tomorrow" and how young people these days don't have any shame. This dichotomy was first noted in a pamphlet by Youth Liberation of Ann Arbor, an anti-ageist and youth liberation organization based in Michigan. Ageist ideas are so common that they are less likely to be corrected or spotted, and so many children grow up believing in ageist ideas. This means that ageism finally ends up being a self-fulfilling prophecy for several people.

Age does not matter to the school shooters running rabid across the United States. They will shoot a freshman and an elementary school kid indiscriminately. Age does not matter in the pride or women marches people go to; they get ignored by politicians regardless. Age does not matter when it comes to death; everybody dies in some way or another. And age may be just a number, but it sure does serve as a weapon against many. The moment I thought I was old enough to share my opinion on the workings of the world at the dinner table, I was told by my father to shut up and eat my food, and of course, the staple was "You're too young to know what you're talking about."

It is not surprising to know that everyone has gone through this treatment at least once, whether they are seventeen now or seventy-seven now. And it does not matter if I am a 15-year-old talking about LGBTQ+ rights or if, in another fifteen years' time, I am a grown woman talking about having an abortion or going childless. The thing is, I will always be too young, or I will be told and forced to believe that I am too young. Too immature. Too reckless. To my father and to countless other fathers who invalidate the opinions of their children, age does not matter. They will always see you as a child and will always deem you unfit to make decisions about yourself and even about the world order.

What is ironic is that if you ask me at dinner whether age matters, I will refute it vehemently. However, technically, me and my father might end up on the same side of the chessboard. I am the bishop, and he is the rook. Our paths and our moves are different. I want age to not matter. I want to be held in the same regard as my father when we talk about politics. When I say something, I want the world to listen and think about it rather than just pensively dismiss it. When do I say age does not matter to me? What I mean is that rather than looking at a particular statement I present as an opinion of a 15-year-old, why not look at it just as an opinion? After all, paying respect has no age limit, right?

BY: Ghhanali Singh (Content Writer)

Farewells Goodbyes

Isn't it strange how people come into our lives, strengthen bonds with us and when the time comes, they leave? Poof! One moment they're here and the next they're gone. The hardest part of making relationships and bonds with people is saying goodbye. Whether that person is leaving your organisation or breathing their last breaths, saying goodbye is always tough. Yet, these goodbyes are the part of a relationship that makes it all worth it. Whether you're parting with someone for a fleeting time or forever, saying a mindful goodbye gives you the time to acknowledge your value in each other's lives.

A bond is only strong if you're sad when it's time to bid adieu. If you don't mind when a person leaves and have absolutely no care for them, your relationship is definitely almost non-existent. However, if a person dear to your heart, whether your parents, teacher, or a close friend, is leaving, you will feel sorrowful.

Even if you are letting somebody go after a fight, there will always be a small tugging part inside you, feeling sad. This is the pain of saying goodbye. How much it hurts or might hurt is what determines the strength of your relationship with somebody. Sayonara or farewell is a must but a tough part of our lives. When people leave our lives, there are small reminders of them ever being there.



They might be family portraits, marks, paintings, books, pens, or other items that belong to them. These small objects have great worth as they serve as reminders or memories of the person who has left us.

It is important to remember that every new beginning comes from another's end. We should remember them and smile, for it's better to forget than to remember and cry. It's as simple as that. Or maybe it's too complicated. People come and people go. Farewells and goodbyes should be made worthwhile, as they ensure a fond memory in our hearts. When a dear colleague is leaving, you should remember that you can always connect with them sometime later. Yes, it's indeed harder to accept it when somebody leaves your life forever.

The ones that leave because of a freak accident are the hardest to say goodbye to. "Why them? Why me? Why should I lose somebody because of just a mistake?" But again, it was supposed to happen. How would you know when an accident might happen and whose life it might take?

That's the way of the world. Of course, best care should be taken to avoid accidents, but even if one does occur, and somebody dear's life is lost, you must cry and let your emotions out. But you must also accept that they are gone and say goodbye If somebody has suffered long because of a disease or has just caught it and is in immense pain, you could try treatment. If it works, well and good, but if it doesn't, would it be ideal to let them suffer and be in pain because you don't want to let go? As I mentioned, letting go is hard, but you've got to accept it.

Of course, farewell doesn't always mean that people are leaving you forever. It might be a friend saying goodbye after school or your parents saying goodbye as they leave for a business trip. Whatever it is, remember that it is these farewells, Sayonaras, Auf wiedersehens, Adieus, Au revoirs (and the list goes on...), that make life worth living. These are the parts that might seem negative and depressing and for some people, suicidal, but they build you up into a stronger person who knows how to deal with things.



Once you've taught yourself how to say goodbye, you can help others who might be having trouble doing so. Just remember the importance of the simple word 'goodbye' and how much it can teach you.

Monsters Under My Bed

BY: Zyan Haider Jafri



Every moment that my mother and I spent at Mrs. Johnson's house was the same; we played board games, and computer games and consumed a ton of delicious food. I valued my stay there, and I always looked forward to doing this again

However, my mother leaves after tucking me into bed. One such night. The sound of shaking windowpanes woke me up. Terrified, I looked around and noticed that the lightbulb was blinking rapidly and making strange electric noises. Despite my fears, I ignored it and went back to

The next day, I woke up with a burst of energy! Mrs. Johnson was taking us to her farm! It was so cool! We saw so many animals, my favourite was the zebra, the chickens looked so cute, and I even held one in my arms! We reached home extremely late, but I enjoyed it. The same night, a sound of shadows

woke me up at 3 am, the bed started to shake, and I was horrified! I quickly hugged my teddy bear toy beside me, and I waited for the monster to leap out from under the bed! Words could not describe how frightened I was.

When the bed started shaking too much, I had enough of it, Was this a joke all along? Is someone trying to prank me?I thought. I finally built up the courage to look under the bed And I screamed! My mom rushed to my room and so did Mrs. Johnson, I told them "There is a monster under this bed, this house is haunted!" My mom said, It is 3am in the night and woke up for you us NONSENSE? She tells Mrs. Johnson to go back to bed and she takes me to her room, and that's why that night I slept with her.

This incident haunts me to this day. Since that time, I have always been afraid to visit Mrs. Johnson and so I never did.

This was the story of the monster under the bed.

Fallen Little Kid

BY: Aditi Ghosh

Fallen little kid,
She's only 13
The bike tires just spin.
But the knee skinned and paining.

Fallen little kid,
He's only 12 now,
Voice hoarse and lashes wet
He buries himself in a
warehouse.

But fallen little kids,
They grow up oh-so-fast
Dried eyes, thirst for acceptance,
How long will it last?

Fallen little kid,
She's 17 now today
Thrusted into the labouring world
"Be hopeful!" They say.

Fallen little kid,
He's turning 18
Fingers inked; but his views?
All left on seen?

Christmas Celebrations

A Memorable Christmas Extravaganza At Genesis Global School

he air was filled with excitement and nervousness as it was our last exam. Students impatiently waited for the clock to hit 10:05 during the exam so the Christmas party could start. Finally, all students, teachers, and staff gathered at Genesis Global School to celebrate the much-anticipated Christmas party. The school's halls echoed with giggles and laughter.

The classrooms were transformed into winter wonderlands with glittering snowflakes, twinkling lights, and vibrant ornaments.

The creativity of both students and teachers was on full display as handmade crafts showcased the artistic skills of all students as well as the teachers. All students watched the famously entertaining Christmas movie 'Home Alone.' There was a carol competition where all enjoyed listening to carols in various languages like French, Spanish, and German. Students of grade 6 made the show even more vibrant with their dance performances. Next came a role play where the Santa from 2050 ran through the crowd.

He explained the consequences of global

warming has had on himself and his reindeer. Santa also told the students about how the snow at the North Pole had melted and Frosty the Snowman was no longer there.

After the role-play, there was an activity where each student was handed a slip. On that slip, the students had to write one promise they wanted to make to Santa to help him. After the activity, students all went to their classes, and everyone shared the food they had gotten from home with each other, giving the day a true festive look with the value of togetherness.

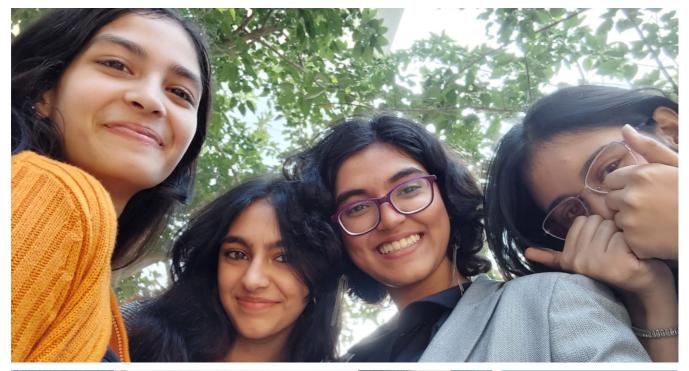
The lunch on the day was relished by all- vanilla ice cream with brownies, noodles, and rajma chawal, which all students enjoyed and relished. Lastly, the most-awaited part of this Christmas party came: the dance party, where all students danced their guts out and displayed their favourite dance steps on the dance floor.

As the Christmas party came to an end, the halls echoed with the sounds of laughter, the warmth of shared memories, and the spirit of togetherness.

The Winter Days of the Control of th

On the 22nd of December, our school's student council successfully organized the annual Winter Ball, with the theme- "Dripping in Luxury". This event was held for grades 9th to 12th and MYP4 to DP2. According to the theme the students were required to wear classy formals such as tuxedos and formal dresses. Moreover, there were multiple activities held within the event like music and dance performances where students prepared and showcased their talents on stage. Along with this, there was a crowning for the winter ball king and queen that took place. These positions were decided completely through student votes and were a fun addition to the event.

There was also a DJ organized which certainly made the afternoon a memorable one as students danced away into the festive mood. The students seemed to enjoy themselves tremendously, but at the same time, some constructive feedback was also shared. "It was such an amazing experience but maybe next time we can have it more authentically," says Meghna Mittal of grade 11. Such feedback was greatly appreciated by the organizing committee as they plan to make this an ongoing tradition in our school and would always like the winter ball held in the future to be bigger and better than the ones held in the past.





It truly felt like the season of festivites as all senior school students came gilded with glamour as they dressed for the occaison of the Winter Ball

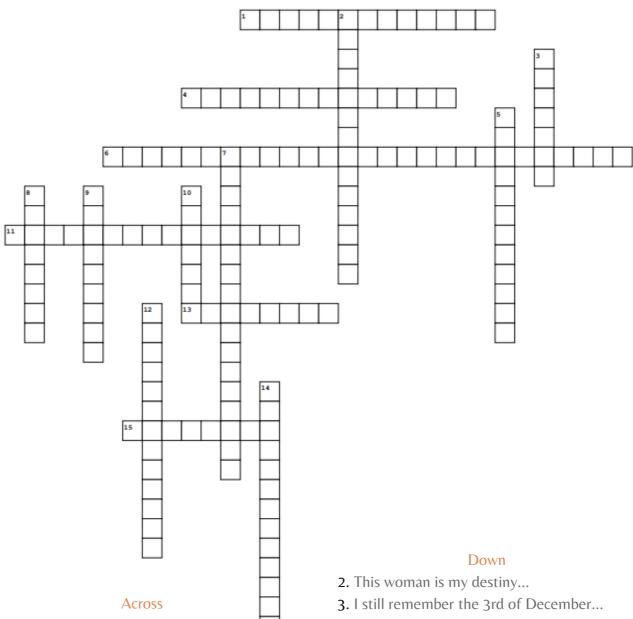


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Crossword

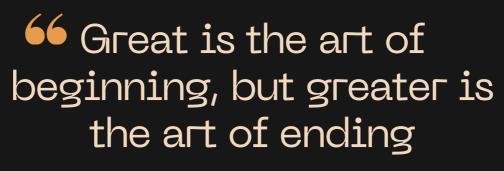


- **1.** I can see the end as it begins. my one condition is...
- 4. I will never fall in love again until...
- **6.** Oh, I've been shaking; I love it when you go crazy...
- **11.** But today I drove through the suburbs crying cause you weren't around...
- **13.** I've been hearing symphonies; Before all I heard was silence...
- 15. Its me, hi, I'm the problem its me.

- 5. Going out tonight changes into something red...
- **7.** Think I'll miss you forever like the stars miss the sun in the morning time...
- **8.** You drew stars around my scars, and now...
- 9. Why don't you just meet me in the middle?
- **10.** In this world it's just us; You know it's not the same...
- **12.** Hope is a 4-letter word.
- 14. I want to feel all that love and emotion.







Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Send us your submissions atscribbeggs@gmail.com

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