

Issue 3 | 2021

Scribble

The English Newsletter



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Editor's note

MEET THE TEAM

Mohana Krishna, Columnist

Ananya Bajaj, Content Director

Nandini Gupta, Content Director

Garv Sharma, Publicity Manager

Shriya Agarwal, Designer

Arushi Kumar, Designer

Senior Editor: Dear readers,

“It’s not about ideas, but about making ideas happen”, and thanks to you, we made the third edition of Scribble happen, even if virtually. Needless to say the pleasure was all ours. The response this time has been equally overwhelming. As we mark India’s 75th Independence Day, we also feel the need to be free- from staying confined in our homes for more than a year and enjoy the school life with our friends and teachers -Freedom on the school campus -sounds strangely dichotomous but so true ! We shall overcome one day . We went through it and will go through it if some more time is needed for us to be back with each other. We are in this together.Happy reading!!

Junior Editor: Each page of this summer issue contains hours of hard work and dedication; tons of scribbles (pun intended) and fun. This issue we've got everything and I mean everything! We've got poems on murders and nostalgia, prose that motivate and terrify, artworks that make you say 'ooh' and 'aaah', and achievements by our students that make your genesian heart swell with pride. Happy Flipping!



WASSUP ENGLISH?

WOW

Competition

By: The English Department



The Department of English, CBSE successfully conducted the Samuel Johnson Day Competition on 15th of April 2021 based on the words shared during the last session under the Word of the Week programme (W.O.W). All the students from VIIth – IXth were given the opportunity to participate. They attempted puzzles, anagrams, cloze exercises and worksheets based on spellings, synonyms, antonyms and sentences based on the words learnt.

The top scorer of each class and section competed in the third and the final round wherein a Verbal Spellathon, Sentences and Twisted Written Quiz decided the winners. The first position was bagged by Tanishq Bansal of IX B. in second place, Tanya Rebecca of VIII B and in third, Navya Aggarwal of VII B made their peers proud. They were awarded exciting prizes for the win!

We hope the WOW initiative and this competition have strengthened the vocabulary repertoire of the students.



Submissions
FROM STUDENTS



BY: RIYA BANSAL



BY: Vrishank Sinha

THE FLIGHT OF TIME

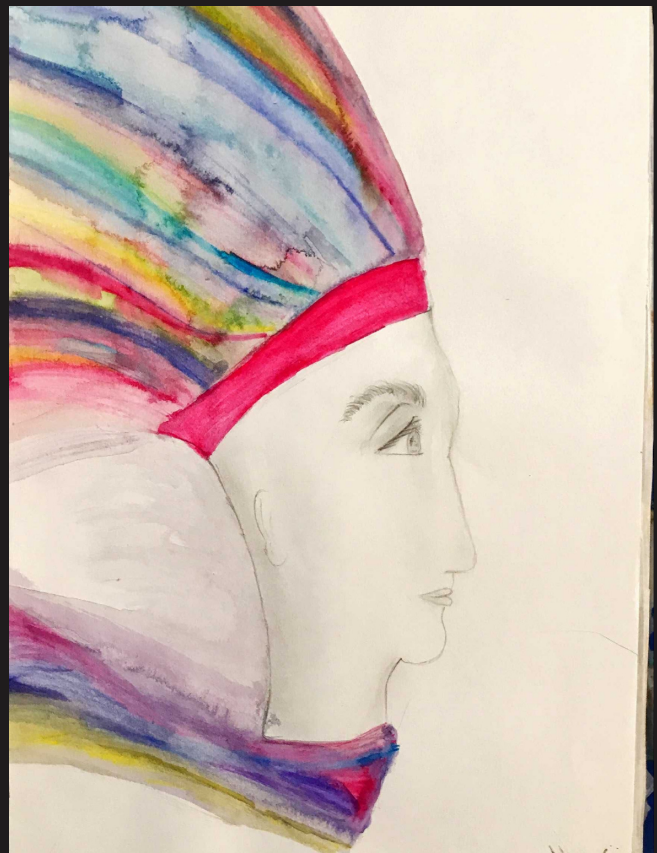
BY: VRISHANK SINHA

A year gone by made me
perceive every minute of
every day,
There is something new in
my way.
I have a lot of good
memories and I don't want
to forget them,
In the times of misery.

A year gone by, I got
my wings it's time to fly up
in the sky,
It is now the time to show
the world what I possess in
my evocation.
Which made me feel happy
and gratify.

A year gone by didn't even
notice,
Leave all the bad memories
behind.
Don't live in the past
because it's history,
Just be prepared for the
future because it's a
mystery.

A year gone by like day and
night,
I didn't know that time
could even fly.
It was gone before we could
even realize,
It made me acquire that we
have so much to learn from
life.



MY IDEAL WORLD

POEM AND ART
BY: ALVINA
AKHLAQ

There was a lady up high
there,
She said to
me, "Come my dear".
She cast a spell as I
came near,
I was in my idol world and
no more there.

I could see small
plants that grew into trees,
See blooming flowers and
feel the breeze!
I could see the leaves that
are green,
I could feel blue water in
the stream.

I could see the fresh fruits
on the tree.
I could see all animals who
walked free.
I could hear the chirping
all around,
Only happiness was to be
found.

Then, suddenly, came a
spark of light,
I was back in the real world
and the lady, no more in
sight!
There were
everywhere dried
leaves, lying,
And due to
plastic little innocent
animals dying.

I wish I could go back
there,
Because our Earth is
getting unfair.
But believe it or
not, there was a lady up
high there,
She said to me, "Come my
dear.

ARTWORKS BY: RIYA BANSAL



SHARP SILENCE

TANYA REBECCA, 8B

A silent night at home, alone,
Not a sound or a word, all
things were still.

I thought all was well and safe,
Until a scream filled the empty
space.

With my peace of mind now
long gone,
I stepped outside into the
storm.

Looking out into the harsh,
bleak rain,
I saw a man in black who stood
over a dame.

As he saw me in the mist,
He raised his gun and said,
“You’d be missed.”

As darkness took hold of me, I
thought,
‘What monster can make a life
so short?’

He walked away as I fell,
Knowing he will rot in the pits of
hell.

A human has no right to take a
life,
No right to kill with a gun or a
knife.





MEMORIES

BY: AMAIRA VARSHNEY

**I remember walking down
the hall
I remember hearing the
Teacher's call,
"Students, break is over.
Come back to class!"
I remember seeing all the
kids go running back...**



I remember the playground where we used
to play

Those were the memories of the good old
days.

I remember the food served to eat
Noodles, brownies, bread and meat.

I loved to sit and talk to my friends

I remember I finished my food at the end.

I remember when we used to run in PE

Getting all tired and sweaty.

Hallways and grounds became our home

All the classrooms we call our own!

I remember we took school for granted and
fun

But now we remember all the amazing
things we've done!

Because of this virus things are not the
same

But we're hoping to come back, learn and
play some games!

We have lovely memories, and hope to
come back soon

With our heavy backpacks walking back up
and down the hallway

The Mask Man

Aditi Ghosh

I walked down the gloomy alley. The rain had been threatening to pour all day but neither a drop nor a ray reached the ground. My khaki kameez was mud stained in several places but that was alright. Once I had won the bet from Ridul, and met the mask man, Ridul would give me 15 coins and I could provide that as a compensation to my mother for the ruined shirt.

I found the rusty gate. There was a window just beside the door, I peeped through it and saw thousands of faces littered on the floor. Each of them wearing an expression of agony and shock. I heard voices, "I don't see anything scary about your masks, uncle."

There was a loud laugh, "That's because you haven't tried taking it off yet, child."

There was some noise, and someone moved around. A second later there was a piercing scream and my eyes were wide, my tongue dry and my heart in my throat. The scream ended as abruptly as it had started. The iron gate on my right creaked and a man with a scar looked out and gave me a smile. I tried hard to ignore the dripping of blood from the knife he was hiding.

THE TRUE IDEA OF FEMINISM

By: Mohana Krishna

Feminism isn't about making women strong, women are already strong. It's about changing the way the world perceives this strength"

When we hear the word "Feminist," most people think of a bunch of angry women who believe that they are better than men. By definition, the word "feminism" is about all genders having equal rights and opportunities. It's about respecting diverse women's experiences and identities and striving to empower all women to realise their full rights.

Feminists are not just women who stand outside buildings demanding things. In reality, they have revolutionized today's society and have improved the lives of many.

But today, feminism has lost its true meaning. Today, feminists believe that men are less superior and that women could live on the Earth without them, but that is not what true feminism is.



True feminism allows women to be equal to men. It also liberates men by breaking down the standards which society has put in place for them as well. Men are taught in this society to be macho, emotionless leaders, and to never show weakness. These socially constructed rules cause men to be socially confined. Feminism says that it's okay for men to show weakness, be followers, and to show their emotions. Both men and women should feel free to be sensitive and should feel free to be strong.

Although the basis of feminism is still the same, it has become a more aggressive movement. Instead of bringing men and women together as a united front, it has created an even bigger gap throughout the world.

So, what is Feminism, you ask me. It's a belief, that men and women should get the same social, personal, political and economic rights and opportunities. A belief.

But it's people like us who can make it a reality.





No Diet Day

By- Alvina Akhlaq

Did you know today is 'No Diet Day'?

Every year it is celebrated on 6th of May.

For most of the people their bodies they hate,

But for today just forget what's your weight.

Accept your body the way it is,

This day you better not miss.

Love yourself to the fullest!

That is when you become the coolest!

Eat healthy and maintain your health.

Especially in Covid days, remember it's your wealth.

In 1992, first celebrated was this day,

In UK and till date, it has held its sway.

It reminds us to love our body,

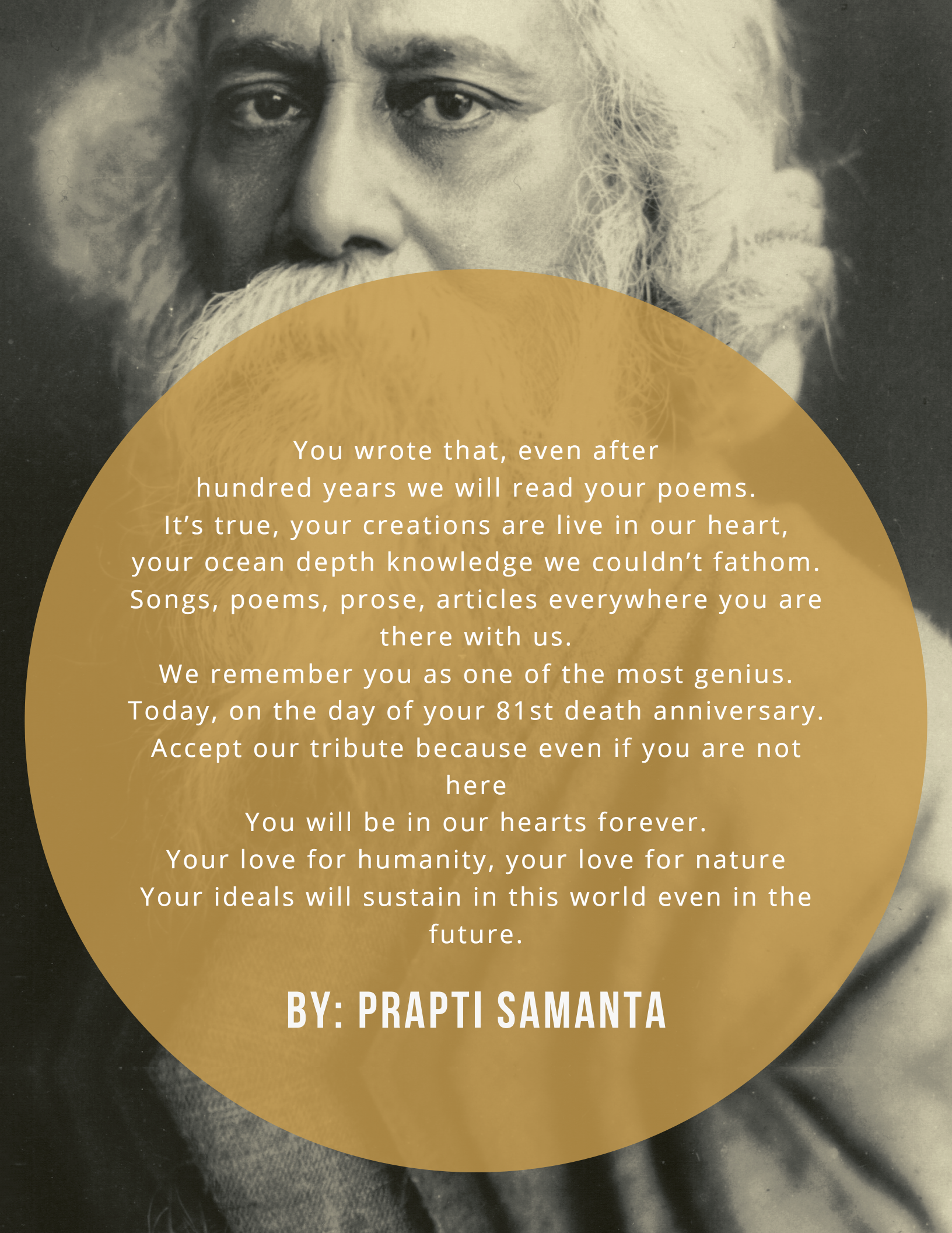
No matter if it's thick, thin or stocky.

Tell yourself you are the best the way you are,

You are nothing less than a resplendent star.

Now you know today is 'No Diet Day',

I am beautiful as I am, let me hear you say.



You wrote that, even after
hundred years we will read your poems.
It's true, your creations are live in our heart,
your ocean depth knowledge we couldn't fathom.
Songs, poems, prose, articles everywhere you are
there with us.

We remember you as one of the most genius.
Today, on the day of your 81st death anniversary.
Accept our tribute because even if you are not
here

You will be in our hearts forever.
Your love for humanity, your love for nature
Your ideals will sustain in this world even in the
future.

BY: PRAPTI SAMANTA



ART BY: Kritika Prakash



You Are...

Prakriti Sharma

You are not your difficult days,
You are not your past mistakes, You are not what you failed at.
You are not what others say behind your back
You are more than the opinion of others,
You are stronger than

you think you are.
You have come this far, and are no longer where you were.
Life is hard, and has always been,
But you are trying your best,
And that's what matters the most.

Deals with Death

BY: ANONYMOUS

I rolled over to the other side of my bed, falling on my back, facing the ceiling and letting out a small groan. My mouth was dry, my eyes were sore, and every inch of my body hurt as if it had been stretched and wearied down past its breaking point. My only solace lied in the heavy rain, falling outside. The skies were grey, and the soft pitter-patter of the raindrops felt like symphonies of an unknown land.

The analog clock on my barren wall

white walls, had stopped working. Its needles were fixed on the number twelve however I knew the time of this moment better than any soul- alive or dead. I closed my eyes and released a breath I never knew I was holding. It was the thirteenth hour; the clock hadn't stopped working; it had simply struck the thirteenth hour.

There was a soft knock on the window of my room. I gave a slight nod, my eyes fixed on the ceiling. I heard a small *swoosh*, of the

window as someone stepped into my room through the window. I turned my head to face the grim reaper. A small tear escaped through between my eyelids. "What do you want?" I croaked hoarsely. His black cloak covered most of his body, even his face was concealed beneath his hood. The only parts that met the eye were his hands, his bony white hands, holding a walking stick.

He took off his cloak and tossed it at the foot of my bed. I could see him now clearly, his face was paler than the moon, and so was his hair. His black glasses made quite a contrast to his face but went well with the black suit, shirt and tie he was wearing. He looked at me sympathetically, came forward and sat at the foot of my bed and placed his cold hand on my knee. I should've winced, kicked him off or at least should've jerked his hand away from my body, but I didn't. I instead let his hand stay where it was, those white fingers reassured me; the cold palm soothed my pain, if only by a bit. "Who was it that traded you to me?" he asked softly, his voice was velvety and smooth and complied me to answer.

"Are you Death?" I inquired slowly, instead of answering his question.

"I'll tell you everything child, if you tell me everything," He answered with a slight chuckle.

"Don't you know?" My voice cracked and more tears threatened to fall "A deal with the devil never ends."

Then, before he could answer, I started narrating, "My whole family traded me, it was all because of the scars.

Because they thought that I wanted Death, that I wanted to go. My father seemed so happy, even amused, frankly. He told me I was getting what I wanted, and they were getting what they deserved."

The man sighed and caressed my leg, his soft touches soothing my nerves more than ever. He gave me a small soft smile and took my hand in his, pressing my palm to his lips before putting it back down on the mattress. "My name is Chevon Black. I am one of the Grim Reapers. Consider me an employee to Death."

He smiled down kindly at me and continued, "My job today is to tell you a story."

He tucked in a strand of my dark hair and tilted my chin ever so slightly and wiped away my tear.



Awards AND LAURELS



RADHYA AGGARWAL

She is not only the CBSE Class 12th AISSCE School Topper for the batch of 2020-21 but is also the stream topper for grade 12th. Radhya scored a whopping 98.75% in Science

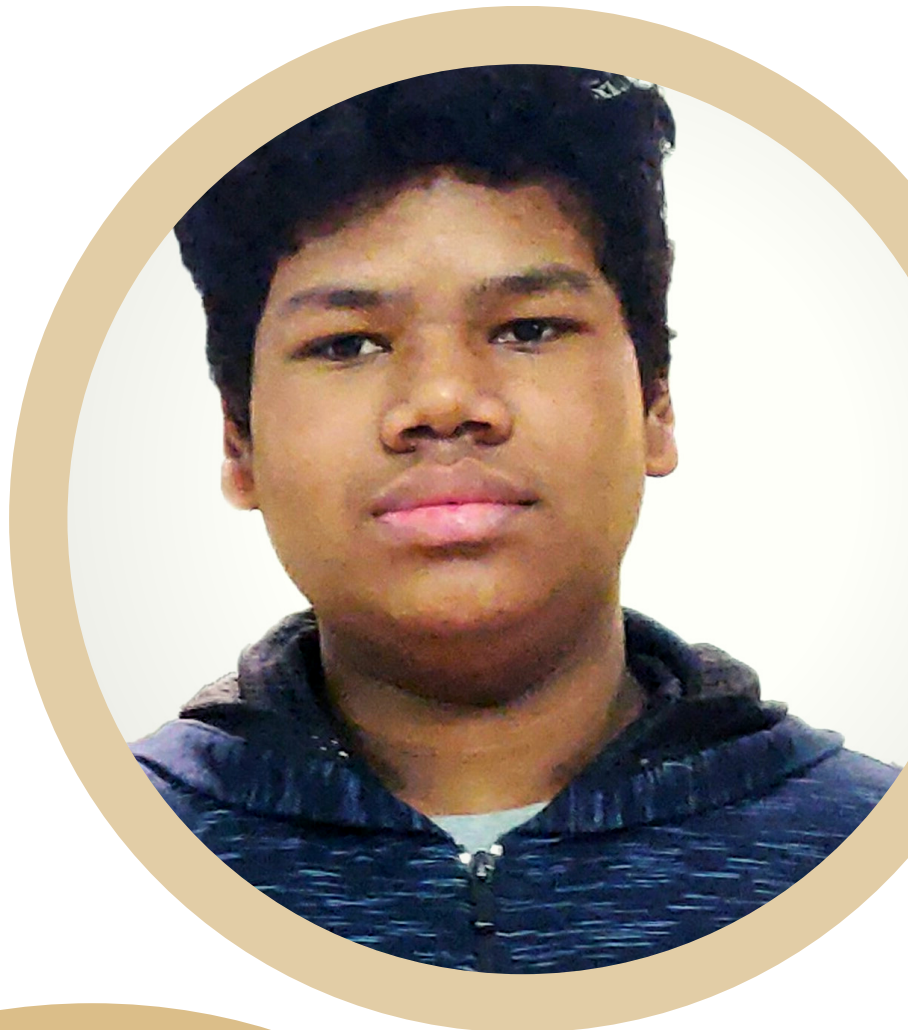


Tanishq Bansal

Participated in the Genesis Intra-Class Chess Tournament, held on August 29, 2020. The student scored 4 points out of a maximum of 7, in the grade 6-9 category

Bhuvan Goyal

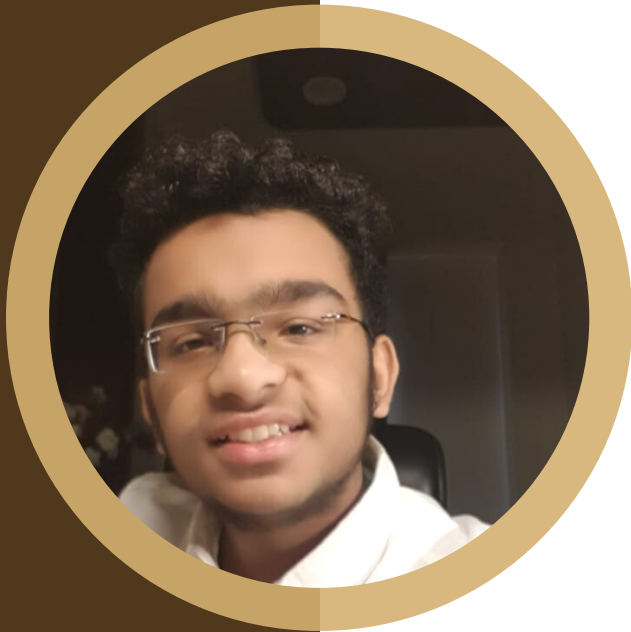
Participated in a Round Square sample Storytelling competition. He was also a part of an inter-house Debate Competition. Debate Competition.





Group Task By...

The Round Square Online Leadership Challenge began on 4th June and ended on 26th June 2020. **Aditi Ghosh, Raghav Gupta and Tanishq Bansal** were the participants from our school. The students were supposed to carry out research and assess the qualities of leadership for any one of the leaders in history.





ABHIRAJ SINGH

Won in the ISA Circuit Junior Open, Chennai held from 13-15 Feb 2020. He has also beaten current India No - 1 in under 13 years category in a friendly match held at ATS Village, Noida. And he graduated to the under-15 age category.

Group Task By...

Grade 11 students **Arpita Rathi** and **Shaurya Ahuja** bagged the 3rd prize in the activity PAIK- Cyber Themed Writing Installation, at the IPSC IT Fest 2021 - “White Noise 2K21” organized by B. K. Birla Centre for Education, Pune. One student was required to combine a selection of random objects to create a thematic art piece based on the topic shared. The other team member was to write a five-line piece on the artwork.



Alvina Akhlaq

Was awarded a certificate in the Karate Belt Test for passing with good marks and getting her white belt increased to orange.



Garima Sahni

She was crowned as the Kids brand ambassador for the year 2021 for the brand associated with the magazine Charismatic Icons. Garima was also featured in one of the magazine's pages, for her felicitation ceremony.

Toppers



TEJAS IRENGBAM
Humanities Topper
scored 98%



PRIYANSH SAXENA
Commerce Topper
scored 97.25%



MOHANA KRISHNA
Class 10th School
Topper, scored
97.6%



GAURESH MAHESHWARY
Scored a perfect score of
100/100 in English, Class
10



CITATIONS

- Pinterest
- Nesmith library
- Photography life
- Shutterstock
- Canva Library

HEADING

SUBHEADING

#8F5C3D

#AB7B45

#50381D

#A97A45

#D4B070

#C69B4D

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