

# SCRIBBLE

Issue 7 | 2022

## The Festive Issue

Bringing you all the events of the past few months, Diwali, Dusshera, Art Fests, Annual Day and everything in between



# CONTENTS

3

## Editors' Note

Pages you'll obviously skip. No worries. We do it too. But in case you're interested, it's just the editors talking about...stuff? We guess, you could call it? Anyway, we convinced them to put up decent pictures this time anyway.

5

## Wassup English

Okay, we were asked to put absolutely no jokes here so... this section contains everything and we mean everything that has been going on with the English Department or in the English lessons of Senior School

11

11

## Pens and Shuttters

Well, there are people talking about death and more death and abduction and there was a sprinkle of despair...we think. So,.. enjoy!



# CONTENTS

# 21.

## Scoop Whoop

Our hard-working journalists (and sometimes other team members) went on a rampage to collect the freshest, juiciest piece of news about various events at Genesis for you!

# 33.

## Awards & Laurels

We dedicate this section to the achievers at Genesis! We are so proud of you sweetheart. Honestly? We'd go up to you and shake your hand if it weren't for our anxiety issues.

## The Team!

- Shaurya Ahuja
- Kashvi Tanwar
- Anushka Gandhi
- Pranav Gupta
- Pratyush Gupta
- Maahir Mittal

# Editors' Note



**Aditi Ghosh**  
Senior Editor

Hey fam! how you doing? Good? Awesome, so proud of you. Bad? So sad, truly. You know, you might wanna do this little trick where you send us an article at [scribbleggs@gmail.com](mailto:scribbleggs@gmail.com) that contains your pent up frustration about any social issue. Does wonders, honestly, that trick.

Anyway, let's put the unexpected promo to a side and let me talk. Or rather write. So you could read. The point is, this is our seventh issue. And we couldn't be more proud of our little baby. Seven quarters old already! Woohoo!

This issue is about yada yada yada doo. Obviously, I'm not gonna waste the limited words I have been given into telling you that. But, I will use my words to thank Archana ma'am . Her assistance and support has been incredibly valuable. Next up on the thanking list, we have Anwita! If she doesn't do what she does, I'd have lost my sh-shaboom a long time ago. And then there's the team. The emo kids of the family. They wake up late and don't brush their teeth but that's okay, we love them. Lastly, Geetanjali ma'am. Why? Because, she's awesome! And if you disagree, WHAT'S YOUR NAME??? I just wanna talk, I swear.

Honestly at this point I have lost count of what issue this is, but welcome to the editor's note which you will probably once again never read. My name is Anwita Kumar, and I am the junior editor of the beloved newsletter of our school – "Scribble". I have been the junior editor for almost a year now I think, and it has been an absolute roller-coaster ride. But I do have to say that over the past few months, even though we (Aditi – Senior Editor/ dear friend of mine) have had some occasional bumps in the road while creating these issues, whether it be not receiving submissions or not getting some desired cooperation from our team members, I have enjoyed every bit of it (I mean even if not every bit then at least 90%). I won't keep this very long since I doubt anybody will even read it, but I would like to thank our beloved teacher-in-charge Geetanjali ma'am for letting us head this newsletter and put forward out creative ideas no matter how informal they may be. I would also like to thank Aditi without whom I would never have been part of this newsletter so genuinely from the bottom of my heart, thank you



**Anwita Kumar**  
Junior Editor

# More Editors!

This issue is filled with joy and light that has been brought in all of our lives with this festival season that we all hold dear to our hearts. After two years of Covid, we finally had an Annual Day to felicitate talent and exceptional academic achievements. This is hope, motivation and fun all combined. Happy Reading, dear readers!



Ananya Bajaj  
Co Editor



Ivana Sajjanhar, Editorial Assistant

Dear readers,

It is an honour to be working with Scribble. The team is fantastic and they are super fun as well. I'm happy I got such an excellent opportunity to work alongside such amazing people.

Alas, due to exams, the festivals in between, and procrastination it has been hard to meet the deadlines.

There were multiple days when I couldn't even get the opportunity to open my laptop. However, we did get there in the end and it has been such great learning for me.

My favourite event this month would probably be the Annual Day. It was absolutely mesmerizing to have this event after so long.

I hope everyone enjoys this issue. We worked really hard to get out of bed and make it.



Alvina Akhlaq, Editorial Assistant

I became a part of Scribble's editorial team recently and this experience was amazing, even though there was the Annual Day and several more obstacles thanks to Aditi Ghosh who kept it all organized and Geetanjali ma'am for her supervision.

Being closer to this newsletter has not only given me a new experience but has also inspired me a lot. You would be inspired too if you saw the hard work of each student reflected in their articles, proses and paintings.

There have been ups and downs obviously. People don't want to submit. Designs don't work out. Time crunches are perhaps one of our worst enemies. However, all of this has just helped me grow and learn. Dear readers, we really hope you enjoy this issue.





The English  
Department's  
Developments

# WASSUP ENGLISH

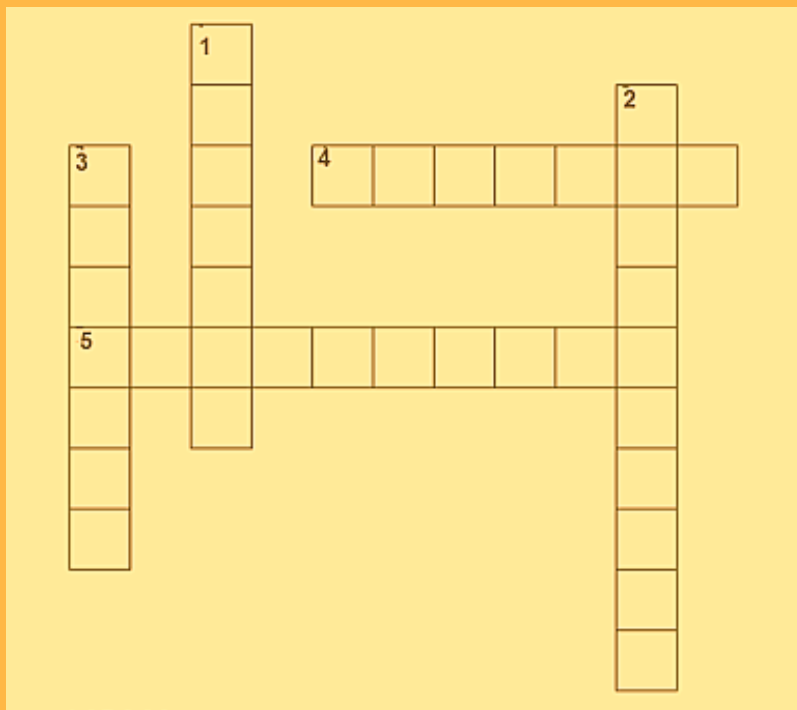
# W.O.W

## -From The English Department

Hey kids!

We hope that with the help of your Class Teachers, you have been keeping track of the wonderful new words added to your repertoire each week by the English Department. Remember, that in April each year, the English Department organizes the Samuel Johnson Day competition – an event which has the power to turn you into a wordsmith! Sponsored by Kahani Publications each year, the winners of the event receive certificates, cash prizes or gift vouchers from Amazon and of course, a book!

Use the clues to fill the crossword using words covered in this quarter. The words were: vamoose, sojourn, impetus, incisive, bathvalanche, protégé, rancour, vivify, daycation, rabble-rouser, eudaemonia, hauteur, and touchstone. So, pencils ready? Get, set, solve!



### Across

1. Sometimes, pain can be the \_\_\_\_\_ to changing your life for the better.
2. Sumati has mastered the art of happiness - her \_\_\_\_\_ is almost contagious.
3. Ashish helped the little boy complete the task without showing any \_\_\_\_\_ or unhealthy competitive spirit.

### Down

4. Jia and John became friends leaving the \_\_\_\_\_ behind
2. Unfortunately, Nanish, the \_\_\_\_\_ of the institution, set the worst example yesterday further adding to the organization's ill repute.

# GRADE 9 ENGLISH ACTIVITY

For Grade IX students, a lesson plan based on the poem "A Legend of Northland" was scheduled. Students presented a lesson on how even the most ruthless greed fails in the end. The pupils' presentation beautifully illustrated the poem's theme. They learned that the All-Powerful God sees us all as being equal. Everyone should be respected and given sensitivity. We ought to be kind to other people. The students gave examples of how people who are compassionate and sympathetic to others are blessed by God and given greater material blessings and comforts in life.

On the contrary, individuals who treat people unfairly and make judgments about them based on their riches and rank, are never rewarded by God.





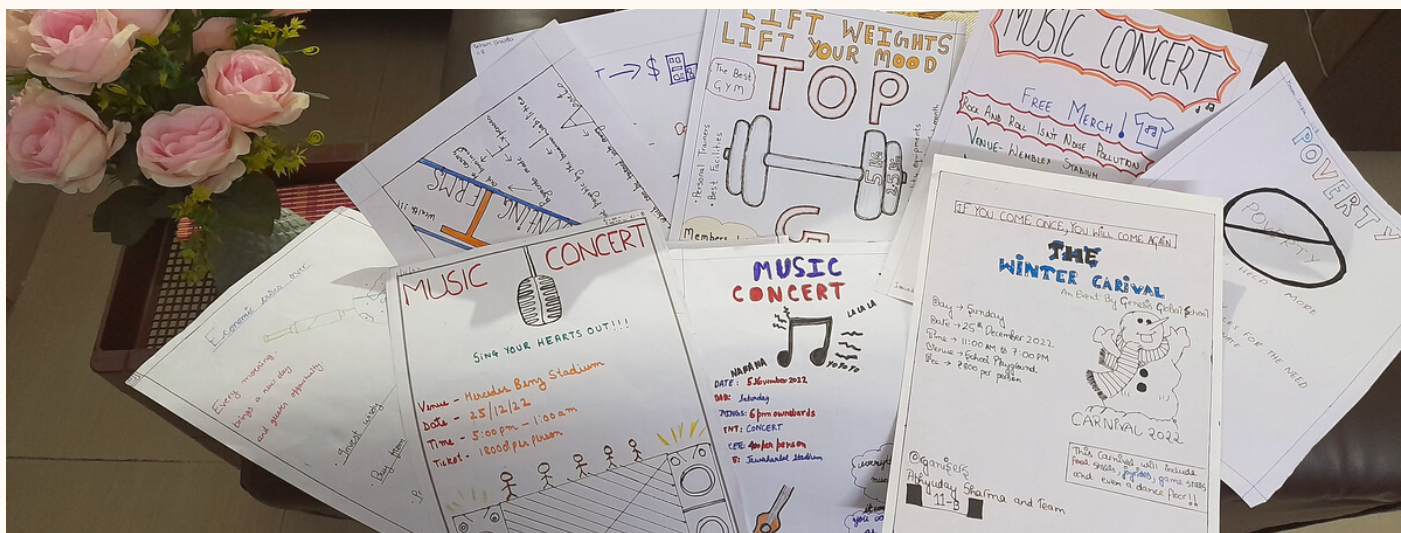
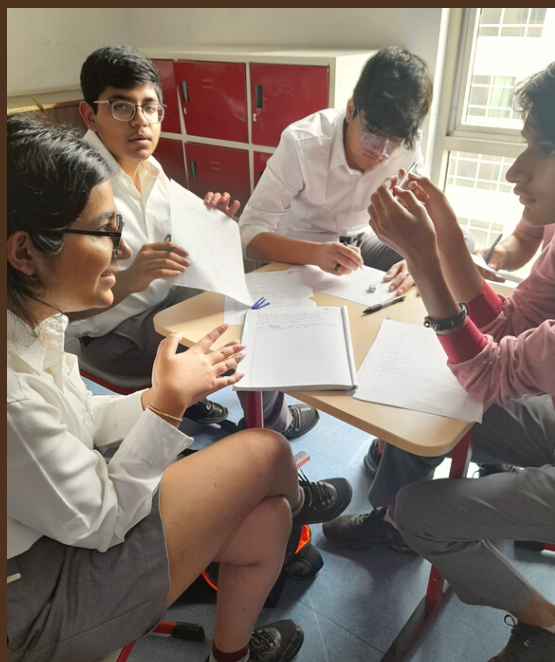
# ROLE PLAY ON THE POEM AMANDA

## Grade X Activity

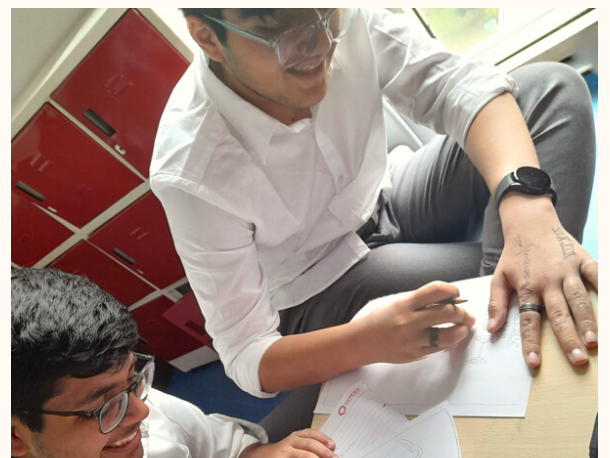
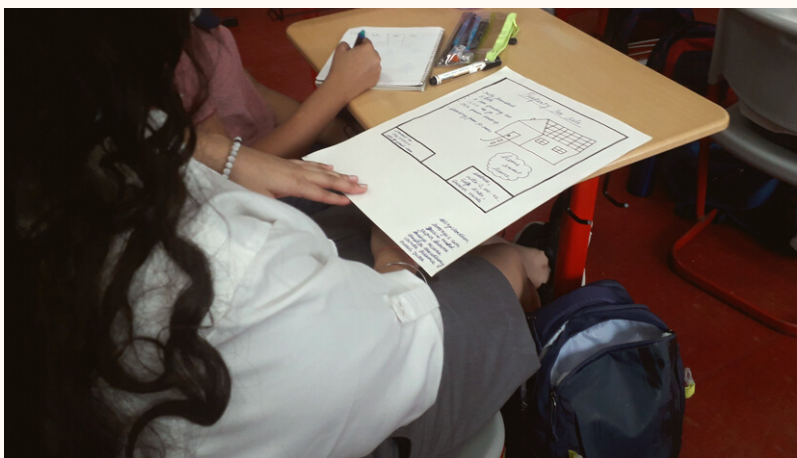
Grade X students, presented a role play based on the poem 'Amanda' with the central theme focussing on Parental Control and Freedom. The figures of Amanda, who represents the longing for freedom, and her mother, who represents instructional control over freedom, highlights the contrasts. These things were portrayed by the students in the class as Amanda and parents. They understood the importance of instilling good manners is a concern for parents and now they take the instructions in a better way. Or so we hope.



# Grade XI Poster and Advertisement-Making Activity









A photograph of a desk with various school supplies. In the foreground, there is a red pen holder filled with pens and pencils. Behind it, several books are visible, including one with 'OIL PASTEL' on the spine and another with 'FRANZ KAFKA' and 'SELECTED WORKS' on the cover. The background is slightly blurred, showing more books and supplies. The image is overlaid with a white border and two colored shapes: a large orange rectangle in the upper right and a yellow rectangle in the lower left.

The Section by  
students for  
students

# PENS AND SHUTTERS

# The Nocturnal Episode

**By Ghhanali Singh**

It was dark. The only light there was, was the sudden flash of lightning. I was ambling across the street with just a blue umbrella, pale with time. Drops of water fell on me and a light drizzle started. I was getting home from the grocery store. I lived in an alienated area, surrounded by trees and often bought supplies from the grocery store.

The drizzle soon turned into a roaring downpour. It was extremely windy. I opened my umbrella which inverted at once, and the metal rod broke. I was now, all alone in the streets armed with only an umbrella which was now a piece of cloth with a few metal rods attached to it. I walked for a while until I had a feeling that someone was following me. My footsteps grew faster and faster as fear grasped me. My breathing grew constricted, and my heart was beating at an inhuman pace.

I finally stopped and a chill ran across my spine. I turned and saw a figure in a cloak. It held a knife in its hand and under the hood was pitch darkness with two glowing, red eyes. I screamed and ran as fast as my feet could take me, the figure right on my heels. I reached home safely, panting and gasping. Or so I thought.

That was seven years ago.

Last week, I was coming from the office late at night. For seven years, I had developed this habit of checking my back twice, maybe even thrice, when out at night. Nevertheless, that night I reached home and at once went to bed. Unpaid overtime could exhaust anyone. Suddenly, I was woken by the thunder. My breathing was shallow, my hand- cold but damp with sweat. My eyes flickered around the room, and I found two, glowing red eyes staring at me.

Two cold hands grabbed my ankles, and I was at once pulled out of bed, carried out of my house. I screamed, fought as that monster tore through the brambles of a forest I hadn't even known existed behind my house. Branches cut my cheek and everything... became black.

# Deals Wit

## Part VI

---

BY: ANONYMOUS

I pranced out on the cobble path breathing in the petrichor air. Cold wind whipped my face and I shivered involuntarily but still, there was a smile on my face. I glanced back. The house we had just exited was a Victorian villa. It was old, broken. All the windows on the second floor were broken and crumbling. The overgrown garden was creeping onto the house. I felt sorry for the house but not enough to disperse my smile into a frown again.

I felt sudden big drops on my skin. I looked up, facing the sky and heard the clouds grumble slightly. The sky darkened and I knew that we were awaiting another downpour.

I felt raindrops on me that I never saw falling. I felt the pressure of each raindrop on my skin... but they weren't wet. I felt the rain, I really did, but was it raining at all?

I heard a loud creak and saw Black opening the rusty gates to the street. I hadn't even noticed him passing me. He looked back at me, "Can you feel the rain?" He asked me with a smile.

I walked towards the gate, "Somewhat." I answered. Black didn't need an explanation. His nod told me that he knew what I meant.

"Why don't I feel wet?" I asked him as I walked out onto the street waiting for him to get out himself and lock the gate.

"Because it's subjective," He said, closing the gate. Black turned towards me and gave me a smile, "Everything here is." I didn't know what that meant. I gazed as Black ambled down the street. His cloak was now his coat. I daresay that he wouldn't be dying of cold.

The wind around me blew harshly and the raindrops hit my skin faster, even though there was no water whatsoever. I took one look at the house and ran after Black.

"You said you'd tell me a story," I reminded Black as I caught up to him.

Black turned his head and shot me a smile, "I did, yes."

"Are you going to tell me, then?"

He remained quiet as we strolled down the pavement. He wasn't backing out on his deal, that I could tell. He was taking a moment to formulate. The way you do when you have to explain to a child why the sky is blue.

"Life doesn't go on after death." He started suddenly. "Death, as you believe is final."

I nodded, understanding what he is saying.



# h Death

Black looked at me, pursed his lips and added, “The thing is that once you die, we take your soul and put it down into the Fields of the Dead. A graveyard for the soul.”

“Poetic and sentimental.” I smiled

Black chuckled, “Right. Indeed, it is.” he continued, “When we place a soul in the Fields of the Dead, that soul sleeps for eternity and beyond. Unless Death itself wants to awaken the soul again.”

“Death, as in like a person?”

“Call it a figure. ‘Person’ sounds like an insult to a celestial being.” Black shrugged

“So, Death is a figure? Like an actual entity?”

He smiled, “Figured you’d be less surprised. But yes, Death is a figure. An individual distinguished and highly respected entity. Death intervenes in our work only and only when the cosmic forces are tipped to unbalance. In other words, if the existence of everything in the universe is threatened, is when Death intervenes. That’s when any cosmic entity intervenes actually.”

The pavement seemed never-ending. Going on and on forever. With houses of all types lining it.

And, all of them were broken beyond repair. I could almost see the families and the grand celebrations that took place in each of them. That half-broken manor where some oddball or the other was held. That roofless small cottage where children had once fawned over the smell of baked bread. The school building with a big hole through the middle still had marks of the last football that was kicked onto it.

I looked away. This felt like something private. Clandestine. Not for the eyes of strangers. And for all I knew, I was a stranger. The cold wind cut my cheeks again.

“A long time ago,” Black resumed after that momentary pause, “we received a soul that wasn’t lifeless. It wasn’t sleeping.” He looked me in the eye, “Death intervened.”

“What happened?” My throat was dry. Was I too a soul, not lifeless enough yet? Will Death intervene here too?

“Immortal soul. Couldn’t die even if it tried to.”

I came to a sudden halt. “Then how was it out into the human world and then back again in your Field of the Dead? Do immortals regularly just exist with humans?”

# Deals with Death

Part VI continued

I was perplexed.

Black, stopped before me, took off his coat and handed it over to me.

“I’m fine, thanks.” I gulped as I recounted the last time I had put on that coat. Well, it was a cloak then but that doesn’t matter. It could still... still do things. Unpleasant things. I’d rather take a few cold winds than another one of those episodes that make me question my own sanity.

“Nian, your bottom lip is shivering, and you’re clutching to whatever fabric that’s on you. I’m surprised, your teeth haven’t started chattering.” He thrust it on my arms.

I reluctantly took the coat and put it on. A second. Maybe two. Perhaps ten passed. Nothing happened. I finally released my breath.

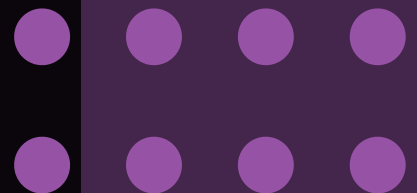
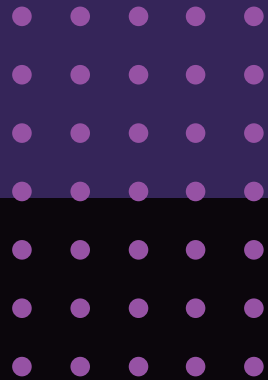
“Even immortals get lost sometimes.” He answered my question curtly. We started walking again. “So, this soul. This soul that was undead, this immortal, somehow came into the realm of Death without realising. You never come into the Realm of Death as a mistake. You are sent or called here.”

There was a sharp intake of air from my side. We took a turn into an alley.

“Death spoke to the soul. Asked it, its purpose. Immortals don’t visit the Realm of Death, so why was it here.”

“What did that soul say?”

“I am indebted to you.” Black glanced at me, his face was wearied with concern. “That was the first time there was a celestial war.”

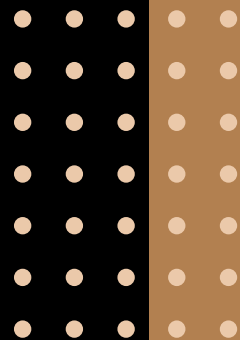




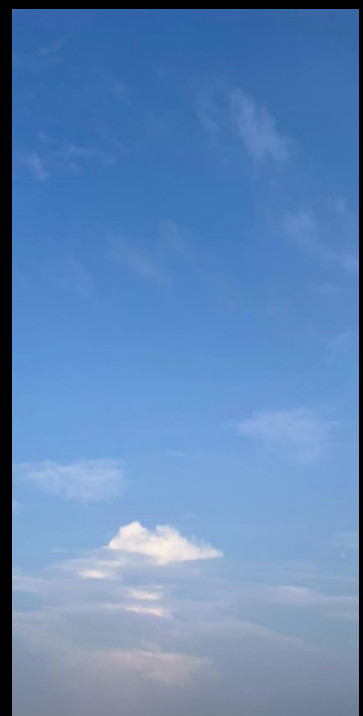
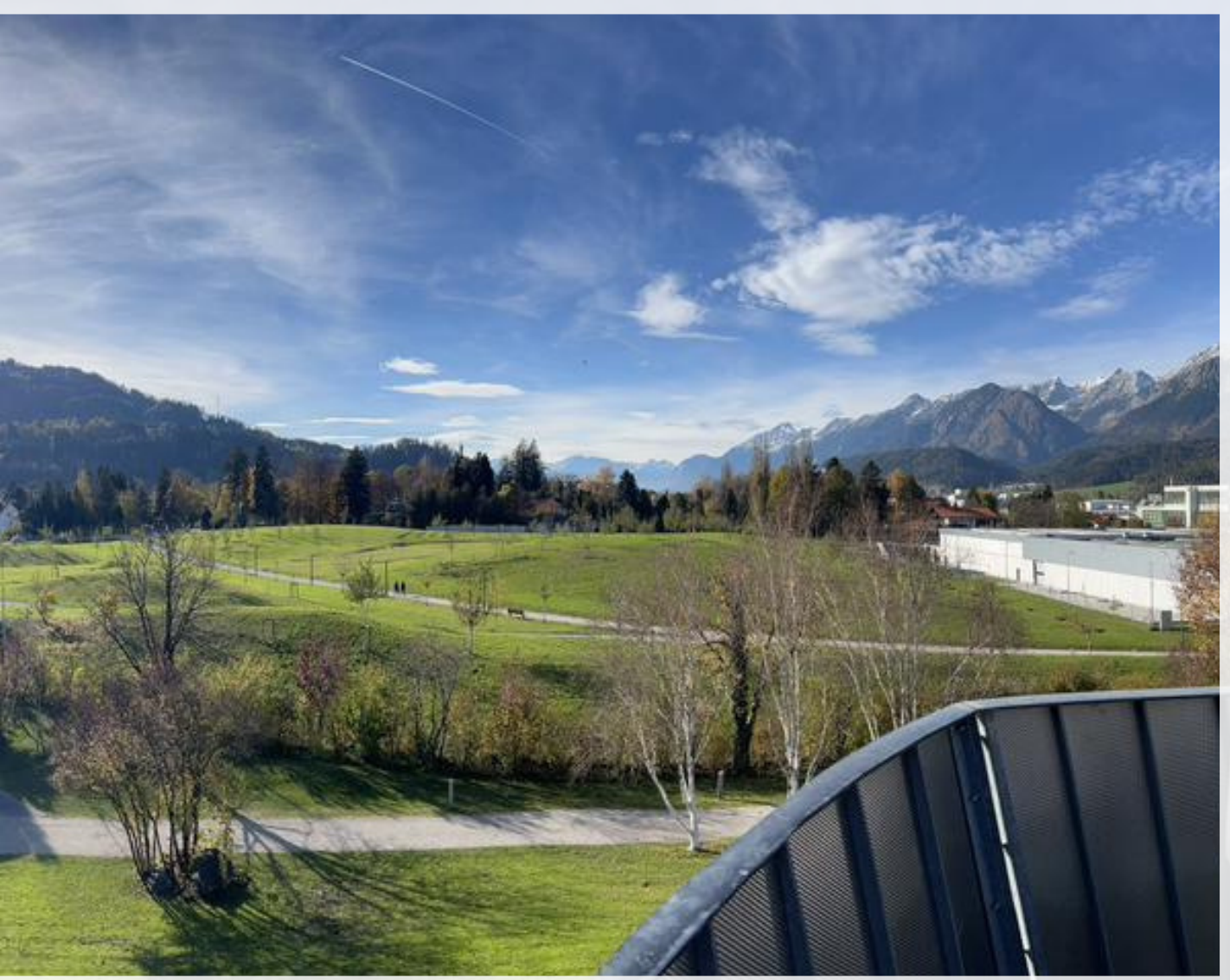
# Photography Section

BY:  
Maahir Mittal

















# My knight in armour

BY: ADITI GHOSH

My knight  
In armour  
Showed up  
When I had lost all hope.

He tried  
His best  
To wake me  
But I was chained to the floor.

I tried  
My best  
To wake up  
But I had lost all hope,

Because my knight  
In armour  
Showed up  
When I wanted to be alone.

I had tried  
My best  
To drain the dragon  
But the dragon drained me before,

Because my knight  
In armour  
Showed up  
When I had lost all hope.







The Journalism  
Section

# SCOOP WHOOOP

# ARTIST CAMP

## About the Camp

From July 19 to 22, Genesis Global School hosted an artist camp. Many talented artists were asked to participate in the festival by the school. One of the mentors, Mr Gopal Namjoshi, is a muralist, artist, and installation designer who creates magnificent sculptures out of leftover scrap metal. Our second visitor was Mr Kanu Patel, a well-known artist from Baroda who is known for using his paintings to explore themes of mysticism and spirituality. Mr Nawal Kishore, was the third mentor who paints stylised angular faces.

His human figures are those of regular men and women who, when touched by love, are changed and enjoy life and its unadulterated beauty. Ms Kanchan Chander was our fourth mentor. Her mostly autobiographical work proves the saying, 'A way to express oneself has always been through the arts.' The fifth mentor was Mr. Tejander Kumar. Someone who captivated the students as well as the world with just his clours and a palette knife.













# Artist Camp

## Continued...

The event's purpose was to provide attendees with a chance to meet the outstanding mentors and artists in attendance.

The attendees had the chance to watch our esteemed visitors that came from all over India, as they demonstrated their techniques by creating paintings, installations, and prints. The students enjoyed speculating about what each artist was doing. All artists displayed breathtaking pieces of art. Perhaps Mr Gopal Namjoshi's cardboard dog sculpture was the most mysterious of all.

Students initially identified the dog as a Komodo dragon, an alligator, and a dragon as the creation took shape. That Mr Tejinder Kanda's wonderful swirl of colours was a composition of a wet day on Delhi street, became evident only when students stood back to study the artwork.

There was also a lino carving workshop organised for the students. They really enjoyed it. They might have craved their fingers, but enjoyed it nonetheless. These mad beautiful designs were also displayed in the Annual Day Art Exhibition. The designs were wonderful. They had to be, since the students almost lost their fingers making them.





# WSDC

## Regional Selections

This fall, the Indian Schools Debating Society held its national selection rounds for the juniors i.e. grades 7, 8 and 9 and the selection rounds for seniors i.e. students of grades 10 and 11.

The debates followed the WDC format which required each speaker from a team of three to speak for at least 5 minutes for the juniors and 6 minutes for the seniors. Our school sent two junior teams and one senior team to the debate. Both the teams had to face four rounds of competition against four different schools. The rounds alternated between those with prepared motions and those with impromptu motions.

The debate was online, over a Zoom Meeting. The Junior Teams attended the meeting online, with each member preparing from the comfort of their home on Saturday, October 1st. Each of the teams comprised three excellent debaters each - Samik Mittal, Dev Vir Singh and Vatsala Yadav were Junior team One and Alvina Akhlaq, Lavishka Singhal and Nora Beniwal formed Junior Team Two. Each Junior Team won one round out of four. It was a tiring yet fruitful day filled with debates, rebuttals and heated discussions - a learning experience to remember.

The Senior Team comprised Samnyu Saran Seth, Suhavni Dudeja, Adwika Malik and Aditi Ghosh. The team attended their competition from the Conference Room at Genesis, joining from their devices for the online debate. Perhaps it was the illicit food ordering or maybe the euphoria of winning three out of four debates that made 15th October such a memorable day.

Both the teams performed wonderfully and proved to be good competition for the 200+ participants present in the competition.



# ANNUAL DAY, 2022



After two whole years of being stuck in lockdown Genesis was finally able to host its tenth Annual Day on 21st October 2022.

Chief Guest renowned Hindustani Vocalist, Mr. Kshitij Mathur, Guest of Honour, actress Ms. Shilpi Marwah, the school's Promoter Ms. Shanamdeep Chaddha, Vice President Mr. Prayed Sharma, the SMT and other guests graced the occasion with their presence.



The Annual Day has always been one of the most anticipated events of the year. Due to holidays, only 8 days were available for practice. Grade X and XII lessons were not disturbed.

All participants, volunteers, teachers, and students worked hard to put up a heart-warming and wonderful show. Only during the last three days, practices went on throughout the day.

On the final day, adrenaline was running high in all and sundry.



Participants rushed to change into their costumes and get their makeup done, while the volunteers got the final props set up and helped with backstage arrangements. They also made sure every parent was comfortable and would not have any trouble while watching the show.

The Principal Ms. Madhur Gupta along with the SMT and guests lit the lamp to mark the beginning of the show. It was succeeded by the Ganesh Vandana, a joint presentation by the Choir and Instrumentalists, which set an auspicious and melodious tone for the day.



The orchestra also performed two foot-tapping numbers - 'Raise me up' - an English song which talks about connecting us to God. and 'Peer Manawa' - a Punjabi folk song which arouses patriotic feelings for our country.





After the performances, the Prize Distribution Ceremony commenced interspersed with the Co Curricular, Sports and Residence reports. Students were felicitated for their achievements during the years 2019-20, 2020-21 and 2021-22 for excellence in various fields. The Chief Guest addressed the gathering and congratulated the scholars, especially appreciating the community outreach initiatives of the school.

An incredible, award-winning folk dance performance followed next. The Gondhal folk dance, which originated in Western Maharashtra, beautifully depicted the Maharashtrian culture. Last but not least, came the play titled “Affaire d’Honneur – A matter of honour”, an adaptation of Leonard Merrick’s short story “The Judgement of Paris”. The plot centred around a matter of honour between two men.

A duel unlike others since it was fought not by swords and guns, but through wit and humour. The exceptional performance raised the spirit of all performers who walked onto the stage during the grand finale, waving goodbye to the crowd.

This event was a great success, admired by all and a testament to motivated pupils and dedicated teachers.







October means festivities, Annual Days and Diwali holidays for everyone. Everyone here in India that is. The Europeans and Americans are famous worldwide for their Halloween celebrations. Famous enough that Google - a multi-billionaire chooses to dedicate a Google Doodle to it each year.

This year, Genesis experienced a sliver of world culture by celebrating Halloween with the whole Genesis Family. On 31st October 2022, the students and teachers dressed in black as witches, warlords, wizards and angry birds amongst the few whites and pinks of the Genesis uniform. Harry Potters without scars and witches without green skin flew about everywhere. It was unnerving to see vampires running around in the sunlight and the dead birthday girl tracing her death with a dead DJ.

The celebrations didn't just stop at school. Hostellers and other residential kids put on their costumes once again in the evening to go trick-or-treating - the most awaited part of the celebration. The evening of 31st October ended in smiles, laughs, and baskets overflowing with treats of all kinds.



# Halloween C

# At Genesis





# celebrations







The Achievers'  
Section

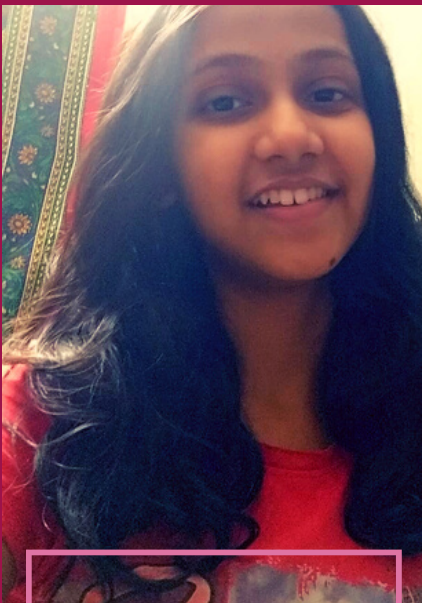
# AWARDS & LAURELS



# World Schools Debating Championship

## Regional Level Selections

Our school recently participated in the WSDC Regional Selections (More on Pg 24). Three teams were sent- Junior Team 1, Junior Team 2 and the Senior Team. Out of the nine participants, three Genesians were chosen as the best speakers of their individual groups and selected for the next rounds. Congratulations to the winners!



VATSALA YADAV

Junior Team 1



ADWITA MALIK

Senior Team



LAVISHKA SINGHAL

Junior Team 2

The prizes for academic brilliance were given in the Prize Distribution Ceremony during the Annual Day, this October. The Prize Distribution went on for [perhaps an hour or so! but then again, the list of achievers at Genesis has always been very high. Congratulations to all.

## TOPPERS GRADE X AND XII



Grade XII TOPPER

**Diya  
Malhotra**

School topper  
2021-2022 with  
98.25% in  
humanities, 100%  
in phycology and  
Poli ,Sci, Eco,  
Science topper  
[97.5%]



Grade XII TOPPER

**Arpit  
Bansal**

Acheived highest  
score in four  
subjects-  
English  
Physics  
Chemistry  
Computer Science



Grade XII TOPPER

**Raghav  
Goyal**

Scored a  
whopping  
98.5% as a  
total and was  
the school  
Commerce  
Topper



# Grade X toppers



Ananya Bajaj

School topper with 97.2%, maths [100], science [99] and social science [98]



Nidhish Tyagi

Artificial intelligence [99] and Spanish topper



Leonora Oinam

English [97] and social science [98] topper



Aditi Ghosh

Secured a bronze award in Queen's Commonwealth Essay Competition.

Suhavni Dudeja

Recently polished her debut novel 'The Older I Get.'

