

ISSUE 9 | NOV 2023

# Scribble

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Page 03

## EDITORS' NOTE

Read it this time, read it!

Mostly because we got teary-eyed while writing it, and also because our Senior editor literally haggled with us to get the done (Insert sad emoji face here). Another good reason to read it is that we are literally fangirling over Geetanjali ma'am in this section.

Page 05

## A TOAST TO THE TEACHER WE LOVED THE MOST

Literal. Tear. Jerker.

You can seriously feel the tears on our keyboard as you read our farewell notes to one of the most brilliant teachers we've ever had.

Page 09

## WASSUP ENGLISH

Read about the English Department's recent adventures! They've scaled mountains, traveled to Northlands, fought off pirates and dragons, baked bread (Yes, dear readers! A task thought impossible till now), and have even won a hard-fought war against pneumonia! Or at least they did so with the power of literature.

Page 11

## SUBMISSIONS

Everything that your peers wrote! Stories about death, poems about candies, and proses about poems, etc.

Flip through this section filled with fun and everything coming from our (handful) readers and (numerous) admirers ;)

Page 23

## SCOOP WHOOP

Know about EVERYTHING going on in the school. From a non-serious fire drill to well-wishing Italian friends- if you haven't been around Genesis for a while, this is your section to devour (metaphorically of course).

Our journalist went scavenging in the wilds so you can get the freshest, the juciest, the tenderest piece of news! Nom-nom.

Page 29

## AWARDS AND LAURELS

Whether you are a disappointed parent or a bit-too-enthusiastic student, scour this section to learn about the various achievements of our mighty Genesians.

This section is one where you read on to learn about their victories and learnings, and you purposefully wish in your heart of hearts that your face was up there.

Page 31

## FUN FIZZIES

Crosswords- You go up and down, not sideways as you are not a Bishop.

Comics- Side to side, not up and down, and then up and down to the right.

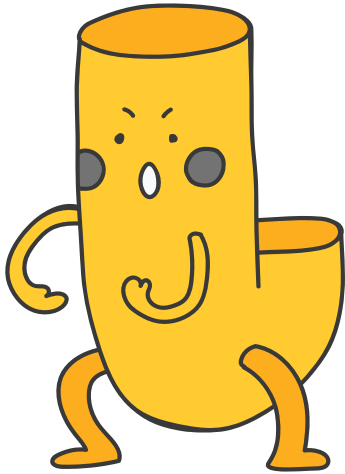
And the Editorial Team giving each other- and us, a giant headache.



## TRADITIONAL RANDOM PICTURE OF DOGGOS



# Editors' Note



**Aditi Ghosh**

**SENIOR EDITOR**

What's up tomatoes? How we doing?

You might be wondering why I'd call you, dearest reader, a tomato. It's the side effect of recovering from the loss of a beloved teacher. Another side-effect is probably spending an hour and a half wondering what the correct pronunciation of potato is. Did I figure it out? Nah. Am I going to figure it out? I'd love to but I'm not a quest-bound -dragon-tickling-sorceress so I don't think I could.

Therefore, allow me to be defeated by a root vegetable and move on to acknowledgments. Firstly, I'd like to thank Roopa ma'am for texting me back at 9:07 pm and helping us out with odd requests here and there. I'd also like to thank my lovely lovely team. They helped me dream with my eyes wide open and I never thought that a bunch of emo-kids could ever have that power.

I would also take immense pleasure in appreciating Ivana, Alvina, and Anwita, not just for that brilliant assonance but also for answering 1 a.m. texts and entertaining every one of my crazy ideas with compassion and maybe the slightest bit of concern.

Lastly, I would like to say thank you to Geetanjali, ma'am. As unfortunate as it is, dear readers, Geetanjali ma'am has left Genesis and therefore Scribble. However, that does not mean in any way that her journey with us has ended. Geetanjali ma'am, if you are reading this, we'd like you to know that we are still going to text you at 2 a.m. and make you concerned about our circadian rhythm. We're still going to still send you voice notes with bad grammar and wrong pronunciation and we are going to still, keep loving you.

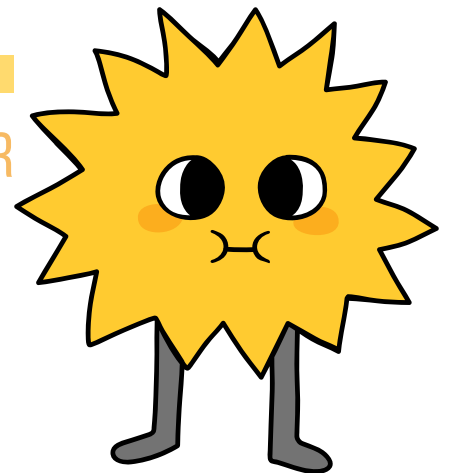
**Anwita Kumar**

**JUNIOR EDITOR**

As the pen touches the paper for this heartfelt note, I find myself enveloped in gratitude for the unwavering support and guidance that has shaped my journey. To my beloved teacher - Geetanjali ma'am, your wisdom ignited my curiosity, and your patience nurtured my growth. Your lessons transcended the boundaries of textbooks, fostering a passion for learning that continues to illuminate my path.

To my dear friend and senior editor-Aditi, your unwavering

encouragement has been my cornerstone through triumphs and trials. Each word of motivation, every shared moment, has been a testament to the power of genuine camaraderie. Together, you've been the anchors in my life's tempest, grounding me in times of uncertainty and celebrating alongside me in moments of triumph. Your belief in me has been a beacon, guiding me forward. With heartfelt gratitude, I pen this note as a tribute to you Geetanjali ma'am, your invaluable presence in my life. Your influence has sculpted the person I am today, and I carry your teachings and support as treasured gems, forever etched in my heart. Thank you for being the pillars of strength and inspiration, forever cherished and deeply appreciated.





# More Editors!



ivana Sajjanhar

EDITORIAL ASSISTANT

Dear Readers,

First off, don't worry, I will not refer to you as the fruit which is a tomato. Why, yes the senior editor did not get defeated by a root vegetable but in fact a fruit. Moving on, I would like to thank Aditi Didi for being awesome and not getting angry at me when I asked her to check if my 'okay' was in the right tone while replying at 1 am for work, Anwita Didi for being such a supportive mentor and of course, Alvina for always having my back. I would also like to thank the entire Scribble team for being so active and amazing in general. This goes without saying but thank you Geetanjali ma'am for all that you have done for us. I don't think I can ever express the depth of my gratitude in words. Finally, thank you to you, dear reader. For putting up with our crazy ideas, and sarcastic editor's notes, and for giving us a chance to share our love and hard work in the form of Scribble.

Happy reading!

Ivana

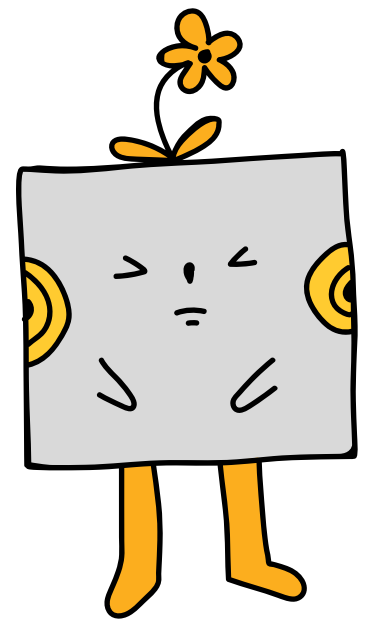
Editorial Assistant

Alvina Akhlaq

EDITORIAL ASSISTANT

Dear readers,

Welcome to the 9th edition of Scribble. This time we present to you engaging articles, emotional goodbyes, captivating puzzles, and inspiring laurels. Once again, Scribble has been a fantastic journey, which allowed me to learn so much. The entire team has worked really hard on this newsletter and we really hope you like it! Oh and obviously- We miss you Geetanjali ma'am.



## MEET THE TEAM!

### DESIGNERS

- Aishani Ghosh
- Navya Aggarwal
- Amaira Varshney

### CONTENT DIRECTORS

- Suhavni Dudeja (Chief Content Director)
- Pranav Gupta

### JOURNALIST

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### CONTENT WRITERS

- Ghannali Singh
- Zyan Haider Jafri

### CARTOONIST AND PHOTOGRAPHER

- Shreeya Alung





A toast to

the teacher

we loved the

most

# Geetanjali ma'am

## OUR GUIDING LIGHT

As all good things must end, so did Scribble's and Genesis' journey with Geetanjali ma'am. We would be lying if we said we imagined this day coming (not even from miles away).

Therefore, in honor of the teacher we all loved, admired, and troubled so much, we have prepared a small 'Wall Of Appreciation' for her. Does it truly in essence, capture the effect she has had on us? Absolutely not! But it does allow us, the members of Scribble to pour out our love for the most wonderful teacher ever in some form of catharsis.



Kashvi Tanwar

Missing you ma'am  2:20 pm



A Anwita Kumar 7d

Geetabjali ma'am has been someone who has supported me through a lot of crazy decisions, she is also someone who has given me a lot of opportunities and helped me believe in my own capabilities. I truly believe I would not be the person I am today without her constant support. Words cannot express how saddened I was to hear you were retiring. You have been an inspiration to all of us and we have always looked up to you. We wish you the best of luck in all your future endeavors.



Anonymous 13d

Thank you ma'am


Dear Geetanjali Ma'am,  
I honestly don't believe that my words or as a matter of fact, even actions are enough to express how much of an impact you have made on me. However, that would go directly against all you have taught me, wouldn't it? The power of words, the beauty of the English language, and how to express myself. You opened me up to an entirely new world: of people, of articulation, and of self-worth. Under your guidance, I found friends, people I respect and things I am good at. Without that, I would honestly be lost and I would have nothing in this world. I found the art of writing, which is a joy in life I could never replace. So, I suppose what I am trying to say is; thank you for making me a nerd. I will look upon our fond memories of Doon, disturbing you during classes and the vast experience I gained. I owe it all to you, ma'am. Thank you for making me into the person I am, and being there for me. If even a small percentage of my gratitude and love for you was conveyed through this, then this note would have reached its aim.

Yours truly,  
Ivana



Anonymous 14d

I love you so so much ma'am. I will really miss you during this annual day and you are one of the best teachers I have ever met. I hope you are doing well. I will really miss the times I spent with you so much, especially your substitutions. I hope you will do well in life and I would be able to meet you some day again. I wish you well in life And all the Health And Happiness

-  Shreeya Alung

Anonymous 11d

Farewell Geetanjali ma'am

Geetanjali ma'am was a guiding light for all of us and helped us a lot in every way. I think we all are going to miss her a lot. You were like a friend to us. I will always remember you to ask me to tuck in my shirt. You are one of the best teachers I've ever had and I will really miss you.  
Dev



# Dear Geetanjali ma'am

**BY- ALVINA AKHLAQ**

I am writing this at 8:11, maybe an hour or two before the deadline. I didn't want to accept the fact that you were leaving Genesis, I told myself every day that you were absent, and kept avoiding writing you a farewell note because I felt that if I wrote it, it truly would be a 'FAREWELL'. That means no more coming to you during juice break or asking for help and cracking terrible jokes.

I still remember my first conversation with you, it was via email, I sent you a poem that I wrote. The one out of many times you've helped me. Since 6th grade, that is for the past 4 years, you have encouraged my love for poetry and have given me honest feedback. I want to say thank you, even though it is not enough to express my gratitude. Your guidance helped me find my love for debating. Even though you are leaving, let's not forget the Shaun the Sheep GIFs.

I loved sending them to you, even though you were always replying with exasperation in the voice notes. As hard as it is to say goodbye, I am glad that I got to make such great memories with you that I can cherish forever. For instance, that moment with the OC of Doon School when you accidentally sent our research on the common group, or when we revealed secrets during the journey to Doon, or maybe when you encouraged me through every step during my trip to Doha.

I am grateful to have you in my life ma'am. They say that "Life will always have ups and downs", but ma'am leaving might just make all the downs a little harder, and the ups a little less joyous.

I will miss you. I hope that you attain a lot of success and happiness in the future because you deserve every ounce of it. The first time I met you in person, I was wearing a mask so you couldn't recognize me. Fast forward to today, it feels weird going to school or debate club knowing you won't be there waiting. What I fear is that you will forget me. Please ma'am, remember me because I will never forget you and maybe I will be able to prove that to you if we meet again. God be with you,





Was sup  
English?



C.B.S.E.

# English Department Update

CURTSY OF  
THE ENGLISH DEPT.



In an ever-evolving landscape of language, literature, and education, the English Department has been quite prominent. After the half-yearly exams, the English department has been primarily focusing on completing the syllabus over various grades.

Grade 9 has completed the chapter 'Reach for the Top' which shares a message of motivation and dedication. The unit consists of two biographical pieces that consistently talk about reaching the top in their sense. Furthermore, 'The Last Leaf' by O Henry and 'Legend of Northland' were also completed. Students were also taught about the values of compassion and persistence through these chapters.

'The Necklace', which is a story of honesty, has been completed by Grade -10. A satirical play about books and future technology called 'The Book That Saved the Earth' was also introduced in classes.

The Poem - The Tale of Custard the Dragon has also been completed.

Grade -11 completed two poems this month – 'Father to Son' and 'Childhood'. The poems talk about a severed bond between a father and a son, and about the joys and experiences that one leaves behind in their childhood.

The chapter Indigo was covered in Grade 12, which is a discussion about the indigo plantation and Champaran movement. Students discussed Gandhiji's role and ideologies. Furthermore, the board grade has been busy with completing chapters 'The Interview' and 'The Enemy' in preparation for their upcoming pre-boards. The former chapter talks about how the personal lives of people get impacted by the media and interviews- a contemporary topic of discussion; Whilst the latter talks about what are the moral duties and obligations of a doctor.

In the end, it's the collective efforts of the students as well as their English teachers that can bring about the change we seek, reminding us that even in the face of challenges, we have the power to shape a brighter future.





# Submissions



BY: SUHAVNI DUDEJA

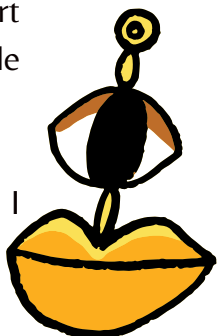
## Mr. Ear

Hello, world!

I am Mr Ear. I'm the most tortured part of the body. It's time I speak up for myself. To begin with, whenever someone disobeyed the teacher, they twisted me and screamed right into me even though I had no role to play in it. When a person's eyesight is weak, the eyes are supposed to be held responsible. But guess what? When the person has to wear spectacles, they rest on me. How unfair! Furthermore, I have to bear listening to loud music every time family or friends gather or even when no one's around.

I'm a part of the human body, just like the nose and the mouth. You need to take care of me too. The least you can do is rinse me once a day and clean out the dirt in me caused by the pollution and the harmful shampoos that drop on me while you're bathing.

It's enough now. I suffer every day without getting credit for what I do. Although I don't speak, that doesn't mean I fancy being left unheard.







# Candy Land



I woke up to find myself in candy land,  
It was a colourful place with minty sand.  
Filled with peppermint trees,  
Adorned with chocolates and cherries.

Jelly clouds and birds filled the sky,  
I stood up to see a chocolate river rushing by.  
With little fish made of crystal fruits,  
With big, beautiful eyes, oh so cute!

I heard a squeaking sound,  
and turned around,  
To find a cotton candy Bunny,  
who introduced herself as Honey.

We hopped and danced around Candy land  
And I wished this adventure would never end.  
Honey took me a bit home,  
Festooned with talking gummy gnomes.

I had to restrain myself from eating them up,  
But I didn't miss the hot chocolate cup!  
I even saw some chocolate hens,  
I had a wonderful time with my little friends.

Suddenly, I heard my mother screaming,  
"Wake up, sleepyhead, stop dreaming!"  
I opened my eyes and scratched my head,  
To find my mother standing beside my bed.  
I soon realized it was all a dream,  
The peppermint, candy, and chocolate stream.  
I already missed my trip so grand,  
But I knew that someday I would visit Candy Land!

BY: GHANALI SINGHAL



# From Haiku to you

BY: ZYAN HAIDER JAFRI

Hello there, have you ever heard about haiku poems? If not, you are missing out, look at this beautiful but short haiku poem about spring!

**I SAW TWO SEAGULLS  
AND A RED BIRD IN A TREE  
WAITING THERE FOR SPRING**

Well, now that you have seen a haiku poem, Let me take you on an adventure & talk about haiku poems.

Do you know how to make a haiku poem? Let me show you!

## A HAIKU CHECKLIST-

- ☒ FIVE syllables in the first line
- ☒ SEVEN syllables in the second line
- ☒ FIVE syllables in the third line

Yep, that's about it, with all of these three things, you already have a haiku poem.

All right, Let me tell you what a haiku poem is,

A haiku poem is a Japanese English literature, it is an unrhymed poetic form consisting of 17 syllables arranged in three lines of 5, 7, and 5 syllables

respectively. The haiku first emerged in Japanese literature during the 17th century, as a terse reaction to elaborate poetic traditions, though it did not become known by the name haiku until the 19th century.

Originally, the haiku form was restricted in subject matter to an objective description of nature suggestive of one of the seasons, evoking a definite, emotional response.

The form gained distinction early in Tokugawa form gained distinction early in the period (1603–1867) when the great master Basho elevated the hokku to a highly refined and conscious art.

He began writing what was considered this “new style” of poetry in the 1670s, while he was in Edo (now Tokyo). Among his earliest haiku is -

**ON A WITHERED BRANCH  
A CROW HAS ALIGHTED;  
NIGHTFALL IN AUTUMN.**

All right, I think that's enough about haiku poems for today, I hope you liked this small article on haiku poems. Bye!

# DEALS WITH DEATH

## (Finale)

BY:- ANONYMOUS

Black guided me inside, closed the door, and hung his coat. I didn't take off anything.

I stared into the empty gallery. I had just insulted Death in front of Death himself. Death, who dressed up in white button-ups, lived in a house that opened up in an alley and baked muffins.

I followed Black as he led the way around the house. "Do I call him Mr. Death?" I asked out of nervousness. Black shot me a glance, put his hand on my back and whispered "He's the good guy," before we entered the living room. He was there, putting down the tea. And he did have muffins.

He looked up and saw us both on the threshold, "Ah! you're here." He adjusted his vest, smiled, and continued, "I almost thought you forgot how to find your way in here, Chevon. You haven't been in my house for a long time."

Black chuckled and shook hands with the celestial being.

"And you," He looked at me, "You, young lady must be Nian."

"I am sir," I replied in the most polite voice I have ever used.

"Please don't call me sir," He gave me a curt smile. Before I could stop myself I snarked out, "Would you prefer Your Darkness then?" My eyes widened when I realised what I had done. Before I could even open my mouth to apologise He laughed. Genuinely.

I counted my days, thanked whatever other celestial entity was looking over me and sank on the old couch, filled with relief, right next to Black. "May I?" I asked, leaning towards the biscuits and muffins.

"Please, do help yourselves."

I bit into the brown muffin and relished the flavour. Sweets were rarely something you'd find in our house. I had to stop myself from wolfing down the soft, buttery cake. My last meal seemed ages ago. It probably was too. Time, among other things, works differently here as

Black had subtly reminded me. "Sir," Black opened the conversation as he took his tea. "You wanted to see us?" Death didn't answer. Or was it Mr. Death? I still didn't know how to refer to him in the third person.

He continued pouring us tea. Kept on adding sugar and cream and adjusting the tea cups with a placid look on his face.

I swallowed. For some reason, my throat ran dry. Why was he avoiding such a simple question? And why was he messing so much with the cups and the sugar? He looked up and met my eyes almost instantly, "Perfectionist's pique you see."

Shivers went down my spine, my cheeks lost their colour and I almost dropped the muffin. Could he read-

"Yes," he looked up at me smiling.







"The Crows taught me ago. Did you know that Chevron is the Reaper of the 9th hour?" He divereted.

"Each Reaper protects one of the hours of the mortal realm," Black clarified. "We have 12 Protectors for 12 hours." Death handed me my tea and I took it hesitantly.

Black on the other hand was eager for his teacup. "Thank you, Mr. Death."

"Now," he folded his legs, "Tell us about yourself." The question caught me off guard. I choked on my tea, "About me?" I asked

incredulously, "You must know everything about me! You're a celestial deity! You can read minds."

Death smiled, "I do know everything about you." He sipped his tea again, "In fact, so does he," He said pointing at Black, "But," his eyes fluttered back to me, "We knew everything about you up until the time you were alive in the mortal realm." Black leaned forward to explain better, "We can always track whatever flows within the law of nature. Somebody going against it- somebody

like you is not dead at all but yet not quite alive." I swallowed hard and went for another bite of my muffin. I thought about where I could start from. The beginning sounded like a good idea. But what was the beginning? "Tell me about..." Death pondered for a moment, "Your death." There was an unmistakable glint in his eyes, "How did it feel?" That was easy. "I felt as if the air was sucked out of me," I told both the men in the room. "I felt cold for so long and then every part of me started to hurt."

Black lowered his eyes at the mention of this. Perhaps he was thinking of the time when I had let him know that I inflicted pain on myself because I tried escaping from my room of confinement.

"My father told me that he had made a good trade with Death for me. He said-" I sucked in air, "Hell is where you belong." Black moved closer to me and stroked my hair consolingly. My eyes were dry but I would've cried if I could've. Death, however, did not show pity. He was interested, but not sympathetic.

"I don't make trades," He said with the same glint in his eyes, "I never trade. All I do is 'take'." I was quiet. I didn't know what to say. What was there to be said? After everything that had happened was I what my father told me I was? A mistake? The rain outside came to a standstill. The air stopped moving. Everything was way too quiet. "Your father didn't trade you." Death spoke defiantly. I didn't see his gaze. "He returned you." My head whipped up so fast, I could've broken my neck.

"Sorry?" I was exasperated. Death relaxed in his chair, leaning back. His lips were in a playful twist. "Finish your muffin, Nian Freda. There's work that needs to be done. We have been waiting for you." I was anxious and yet excited. And I could feel Black growing restless behind me. But Death was simply amused. His lips were curled up in a smile that suggested he had not only gotten what he had asked for but more. "Welcome back, Grim Reaper, Protector of the 13th Hour."

-fin-



# The Little Princess

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT



BY: GHANNALI SINGH  
(CONTENT WRITER)

‘A Little Princess’ by Frances Hodgson Burnett is an extremely captivating fictional novel following the life of a young girl of 7, Sara Crewe. She is an interesting protagonist for the story with a unique character and is the ‘princess’ of the title. A complete optimist, young Sara finds good in the worst things and believes in miracles. Sara is the daughter of Ralph Crewe, an Indian army captain. Her mother, who was a Frenchwoman, died upon her birth, and thus, they had been quite fond of each other.

Sara had been brought up rich in India in a rich bungalow, and growing up, she had become quite used to seeing many servants who made salaams to her and called her ‘Missee Sahib’. Her father, Ralph, was extremely fond of her queer, old-fashioned ways. However, the two had to say goodbye, as Sara was to be sent away to London. Her father buys her a doll named Emily, whom Sara treats as if she were a real person. At the seminary, Sara is given great luxury. She is a sweet, well-behaved, and empathetic girl. However, she’s short-tempered and haughty at times. The mistress of the seminary, Miss. Minchin has made Sara her show pupil, much to the jealousy of her earlier star, Lavinia. Miss Minchin holds a grudge against Sara because of her cleverness and way of staying calm when talked to. The scullery maid, Becky, grows fond of Sara because of the way she tells stories.

She moves her arms and talks as if she were a part of the beautiful story. Sara makes friends with a chubby and slow girl named Ermengarde and a spoilt young child who cries often named Lottie. Soon, Sara’s birthday arrives. Celebrations are held with great pomp and splendor. However, the tables are suddenly turned when Sara hears that she will never see her beloved father again.

She is left poor because her father died in ruin. Soon, a princess becomes a pauper, and dancing lessons and luxury are swapped for a room in the attic.

‘A Little Princess’ is a fantastic read, as we learn a lot from Sara’s life. It is written beautifully and teaches us the importance of continuing to hope, even in the most challenging times. It also highlights the importance of imagination and stories and how they play an important part in one’s life.

lllll



# i Failed Again

BY: ADWITA MALIK

I lost this time too,  
Yet they tell me I am talented,  
and they tell me I am trustworthy.

With that hunger behind my eyes,  
And my inferiority caged in,  
I am at war with myself,  
Most certain I won't win.

I have felt crippled before,  
Damaged beyond repair,  
Yet this is how I have continued,  
Dancing in that rhythm of step and snare.

I have tread on uncertain paths,  
dwelled on fragile dreams,  
Cried on lonely islands,  
Just hoping for that friend in need.

So I ask myself,  
Why don't I see what they see?  
Do I know myself too well?  
Why do I sense this gaping hole within me?  
Why must I only have sad stories to tell?


Do I care too much?  
And cry too little?  
Do I flinch at Hope's touch?  
And my problems, I belittle?

Clinging to hope,  
My soul beacon,  
I cautiously tread forward,  
I tell myself I shall become better,  
And I promise myself every night,  
Say I shall become wiser,  
Put up a better fight.

Yet every time I lose,  
I emerge weaker than before,  
Because now I have more lies to feed  
And more pretence adorning.

So I crawl on, I trudge on,  
Because I am too tired to walk,  
Too brisk to disengage,  
And faster do I stop.

Alas! I choose my suffering,  
Oh! I build my cage,  
And script my destructive ploys,  
To inhale that fiery rage.



It is hard to admit, but now  
I am glad you know  
-And I no longer  
keep it locked up in the dark unknown -  
that I cry alone at night,  
Away from prying eyes,  
I am not that talented young mind,  
Won't you cast the illusion aside?





# Children's Literature

BY: GHANALI SINGH (CONTENT WRITER)



## FOSTERING YOUNG MINDS

A child's development depends significantly on reading books since it stimulates their creativity and challenges them to think imaginatively. This enhances a variety of essential abilities and skills, like creativity and analysis. Written works like stories and poetry are included in children's literature to occupy a young reader. Children's literature focuses on a child's imagination and chooses topics from their surroundings that are engagingly presented to them. Children's books frequently feature fictional characters because they help readers learn about new cultures, pique their interest, generate original thoughts, and foster creativity. Reading well-written books gives a child the ability to write and expands their vocabulary. Every narrative or poem has fictional characters as a major component. These can include a purple alien with one eye, a young witch, or an average boy. Children can learn how diverse people's lives are and how people respond to various situations by reading about the experiences and scenarios the character frequently finds themselves in.

There are many famous authors of children's literature.

These include Roald Dahl, whom we all know for classics such as Matilda and Charlie and the Chocolate Factory. Both are fictional, however; each teaches a different lesson indirectly and at the end of the book.

We all know J.K. Rowling's Harry Potter, which opens children to a world of wizardry and teaches them to be generous at the same time.



Another famous author is Sudha Murthy, who does not usually include candy factories, magical little girls, witches, and wizards. Instead, she tells interesting stories that highlight the lives of people in India, even though mythical characters are included in some of them.

We cannot forget about the brave Alice, a character by Lewis Carroll, and the smart Secret Seven by Enid Blyton. R.L. Stevenson, Mark Twain, Dr. Seuss, C.S. Lewis, Eric Carle, and E.B. White—the list of amazing authors never ends!



When at a young age, children's literature books are filled with colors and pictures, which make reading more interesting as they make the visualization of a scene easier. Once a child can visualize scenes and characters easily, the words in the book increase. This improves the vocabulary and visualization abilities of children. Some books make a child laugh, some tug at the heartstrings when a real-world problem is explained, and some inspire them to be kind and generous. All of this adds up to a child's personality.



Children's literature not only includes stories but also poems. Short rhymes could be about any experience or lesson. An example is 'From a Railway Carriage' by R.L. Stevenson, which beautifully describes the view from a train as it runs through the countryside.



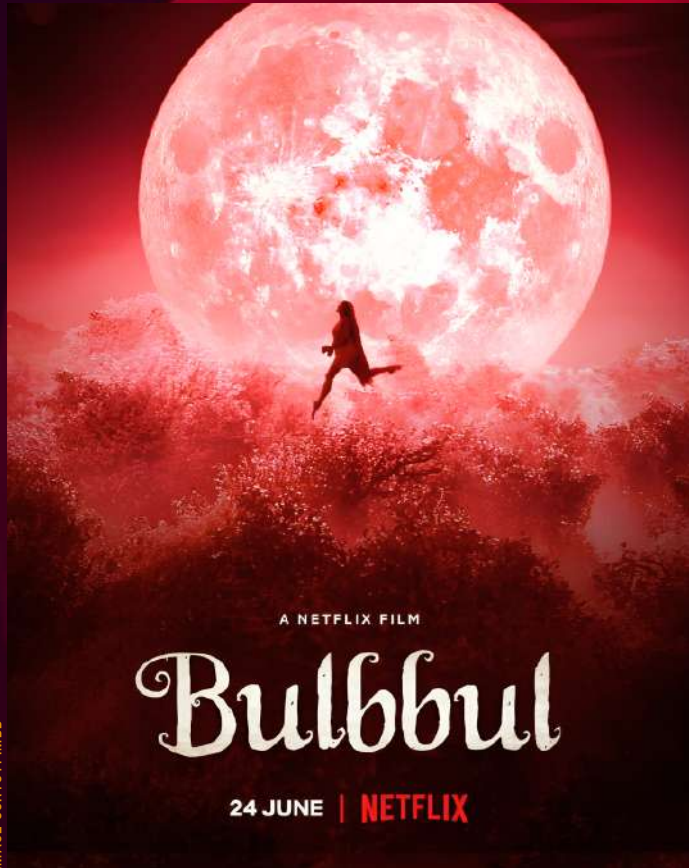
Children's literature is quite an interesting part of literature and an essential part of a child's development as it can be used to teach students how to read and write and foster their personal and social skills. Students can learn about global values and introduce creative solutions because of their critical thinking, enhanced by children's literature.





# Bulbbul

MOVIE REVIEW BY: ADITI GHOSH



The movie *Bulbbul* by Anvita Dutta is a cinematographic masterpiece. Although the story's visuals are awesome, its loose storyline falls apart and lets the reveal at the end be... not-so-anti-climatic. However, Dipti Trinitri's performance in the film allows the audience to fully grasp *Bulbbul*'s growth. *Bulbbul* grows from a carefree child to a restrictive and shy young woman and finally to the self-assured and confident Thakurni of the house. The story starts with *Bulbbul* being married off to a forty-five-year-old man at the age of ten, these scenes allow the audience to remind themselves of the dark realities of child brides. Anvita Dutta doesn't shy away from portraying the horrors a woman faces- rape, mutilation, violence, underestimation, and being subjected to men's ownership. The visuals of the film are mind-blowing.

The color red has been utilized to its full potential- not just as a symbol of love but also as a color of rage, danger, open wounds, and the menstrual blood that transforms a girl into a woman much like how the red moon awakens the werewolf within. The costumes of the film clearly show the era that the movie is set in eighteenth-century India under Colonial rule. I'm still sold over *Bulbbul*'s pink Saari that she dons as the Thakur of the house. It is a stark contrast to the white saari that she wears at the start of the film when she is still under her (much older) husband's thumb.



Satya, *Bulbbul*'s brother-in-law, whom she once loved, wears white from the start of the movie until the end. When he comes back from London he wears a red coat and a white shirt. The white symbolizes the hint of innocence that he still has left, and the red symbolizes how he is tied to *Bulbbul* through and through. Love and Danger. Overall the movie is quite the show and a good piece of feminist entertainment that glorifies women, not by glossing over the dark sides of violence against women and their vulnerability but rather by highlighting it. Although the plot is interesting and engaging, the reveal of the movie is predictable. Despite this, the lighting, visuals, and mic-drop dialogues are enough to keep anyone hooked. Whether man or ghost. Rating: 9/10



# Matilda

**AUTHOR:**  
**ROALD**  
**DAHL**

**BY: ZYAN HAIDER JAFRI (CONTENT WRITER)**

This book is about the young girl Matilda who is a voracious reader and is deeply passionate about books. However, her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wormwood, are portrayed as unsupportive and neglectful, which causes Matilda to feel traumatised and frustrated in her desire to read and learn.

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Usually, we children have the dotted parent, but Matilda's parents were on the opposite line and looked upon Matilda like nothing but a scab. Matilda's brother

Michael was none other than an ordinary boy, but Matilda, her abilities will make you amazed. By the age of one and a half, she spoke fluent English and could pronounce the hardest of words, but instead of applauding and cheering her on, Matilda's parents called her a chatterbox!

Despite challenges, she finds clever ways to overcome obstacles, and her teacher Ms Honey helps her throughout!

Her determination and intelligence are potent examples for young readers like me, inspiring us to pursue our dreams even in the most adverse situations.

On a scale of 1-10, I will rate this book 9.5/10.

Young readers like me will adore this book, I'm sure of it.



A B C

# Scoop Whoop



# Ciao at Genesis

BY: GHHANALI SINGH (CONTENT WRITER)



On November 3, 2023, Genesis Global School launched its Italian Exchange Program. Excitement was in the air during the Exchange Students' Welcoming Assembly, which was held in the CPA (Centre of Performing Arts). Staying true to our roots and traditions, Genesis greeted the Exchange students with the traditional welcome "Tilak".

This was followed by a stunning Ganesh Vandana dance performed by one of our genesians which opened the event. The mesmerizing dance was followed up by the school choir singing the patriotic song "Satrangi Rangoon Sa," which was earlier performed by the school's music team during the most recent IPSC music program. It was enhanced by Indian instruments and showcased India's cultural richness.

The School's Head Girl, Adwita Malik, welcomed the Italian Students and talked about the importance of cultural programs in modern times. Then there was a lively song performance by the exchange students themselves. It was quite enjoyable and added to the bright atmosphere of the ceremony.

The ceremony also consisted of an energetic Garba performance and a lively Bihu dance showcasing the rich culture of India. Soon afterward, the IB school choir sang a captivating rendition of Katy Perry's "Roar" with exquisite rhythm. The Italian exchange students concluded the event with another delightful and fun song.

Events like these emphasize how crucial it is to live as a community, accept diversity, and take pleasure in its traditions. We are proud to be able to welcome our Italian friends.







# Unveiling the Safety Dynamics of a Recent Fire Drill

**BY: DEV VIR SINGH (JOURNALIST)**

In the recent fire drill conducted at Genesis Global School on 22nd November, 2023 the task of being safe and prepared was brought to the forefront as students, teachers, and staff seamlessly executed evacuation procedures. Prior to the drill an announcement was made saying that the drill will be executed in 15 minutes.

As soon as the fire alarm rang through the hallways, students and teachers swiftly moved into action. After exiting the class, students were supposed to walk briskly in a queue. The guards were standing at their designated places on the fire exit and students had to follow the sound of their whistles for the evacuation cues.

Once outside, students had to assemble at their nearest assembly point.

From where they were all later transferred to the football field where attendance was quickly taken to account for every student and staff member.

This step is crucial in real emergencies to ensure that no one is left behind and that everyone is safely accounted for. The recent fire drill demonstrated the importance of preparation, coordination, and communication in ensuring the safety of students and staff during emergencies.

When we do these drills, we're not just following rules, we're also making sure everyone knows what to do in case of an emergency. It's like we're building a habit of being ready, not just in school but everywhere. The things we learned from this drill will help make our school a safer and stronger place to learn.







# Trick or Treat Halloween at Genesis

BY: DEV VIR SINGH (JOURNALIST)



The Festival of Halloween was celebrated in the school on 31st October with the theme Y2K (refers to the year 2000 with the fashion of the late 90s to early 00s pop culture). Halloween is an annual celebration of all things spooky and fear-inducing. Halloween has its roots in the ancient Celtic festival of Samhain. It was believed that on this day, the souls of the dead returned to their homes. That is the reason people get dressed in costumes and light bonfires to ward off spirits.

In school, all of us were waiting with bated breath for the Principal's approval, which finally came just one day before Halloween. The students put on their thinking caps for the innovative costumes to be worn the next day.



On "The" day, giggles and laughter filled the air, as little ghouls, ghosts, and superheroes gathered to celebrate the spookiest festival of the year—Halloween. The atmosphere buzzed with excitement as children arrived in an array of creative and spooky costumes. From classic witches and zombies to modern-day superheroes and princesses.

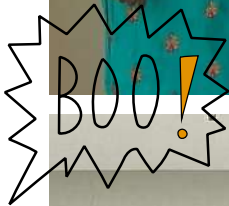
The diversity of costumes showcased the creativity and imagination of the young minds at Genesis. The school's dedicated teachers and staff also joined in the fun, donning costumes that ranged from funny to downright frightening, adding to the festive spirit of the day. Grade 9 tried to scare their teacher with an artificial lizard. The school created a selfie point on the 2nd floor which had symbols of Halloween celebrations like large jack-o-lanterns, bats, etc.





Children and teachers clicked pictures in front of the board and posted them on social media. We also shared spooky stories and then chose which story was the scariest. The Halloween party also served as an opportunity for the school community to come together and foster a sense of belonging among the students. It allowed children to socialize outside the confines of their classroom.

In the end, the Halloween party at Genesis Global School was not just about costumes; it was about creating lasting memories, nurturing friendships, and embracing the spirit of fun and togetherness that defines the essence of Halloween. The event was a resounding success, leaving everyone eagerly anticipating next year's spooky extravaganza, and ensuring that the tradition of Halloween celebrations at Genesis Global School would continue to enchant generations of students to come.



# Laurels







## JUNIOR ENGLISH DEBATING INVITATIONAL COMPETITION (JEDI)

Ivana Sajjanhar, Navya Aggarwal, and Alvina Akhlaq from grade 9 participated in an annual Doon school debating competition JEDI-2023 held on the 16th and 17th of November and were escorted by Ratika ma'am. This competition did not just provide a comprehensive understanding of several motions but also allowed us to make everlasting bonds. Ivana won promising speaker, and Alvina won 2 best speakers and one overall best speaker.

Special thanks to Aditi Ghosh ( Leader of Debate and Public Speaking) and Neha Ma'am for their unwavering support.

A note of gratitude to Geetanjali ma'am who had been the team's former debate mentor.

## QUEEN'S COMMONWEALTH ESSAY COMPETITION

Aditi Ghosh, of Grade 11 participated in the prestigious Queen's Commonwealth Essay Competition for 2023. Aditi got a bronze award for her essay. The competition was organized by the Royal Commonwealth Society and gathered submissions from over 34 thousand students.



## JK KATE MEMORIAL KNOWLEDGE CONCLAVE.

CBSE students Meghna Mittal, Anwita Kumar, and Aditi Ghosh along with IB students, Suryaansh Gupta, Nirvana Malhotra, Sara Dhawan, and Vivaan Mathur went for the JK Kate Memorial knowledge conclave. The competition consisted of many events like debate, wall magazine making, book reviews, movie reviews, etc.

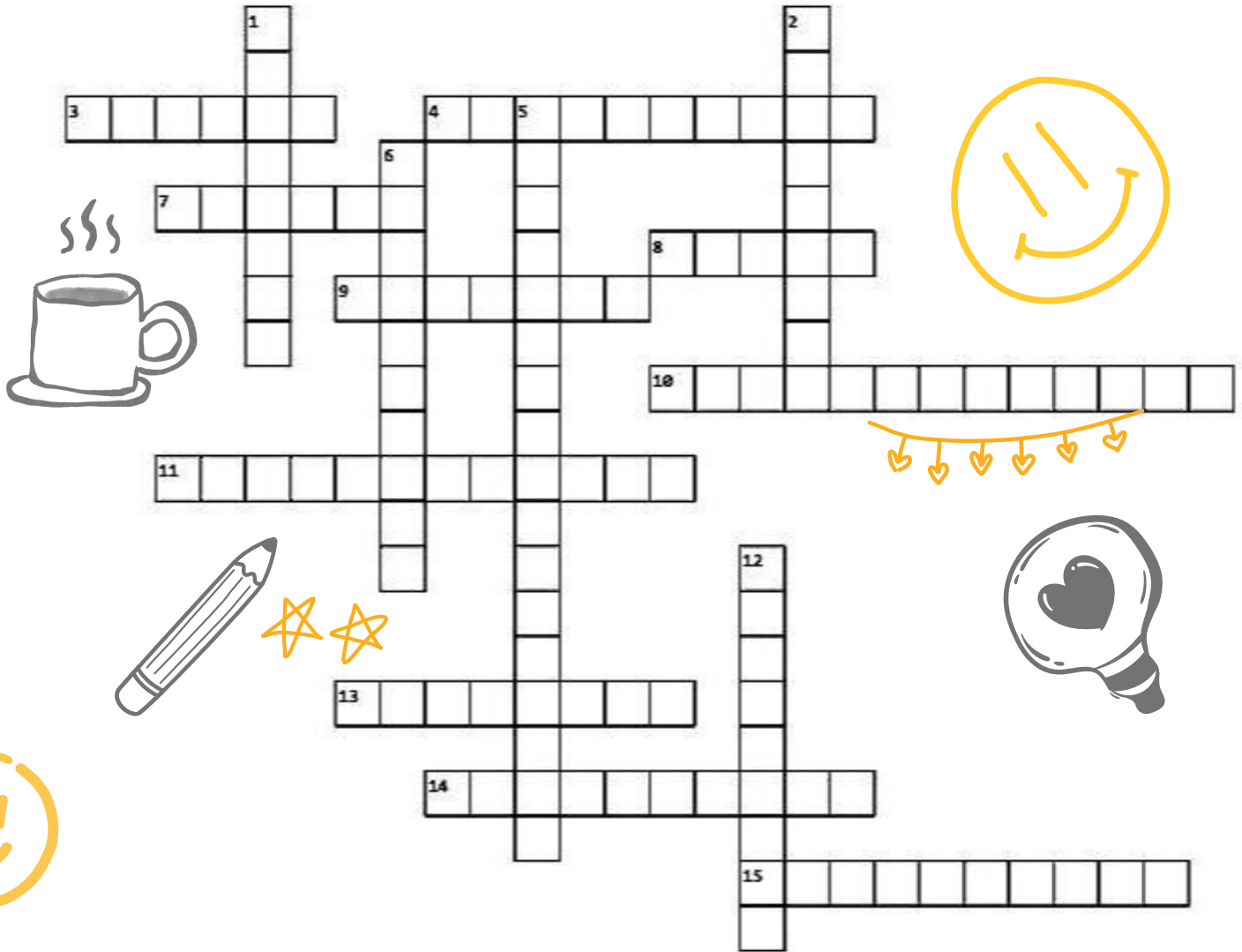


# Fizzies





# W.O.W. CROSSWORD



## CLUES!

### Across

3. A scene of uproar on confusion
4. To be present everywhere or at several places at the same time
7. To leave someone confused
8. Transparently clear and easily understandable
9. Type of travel where a longer holiday will include some time spent working, attending a business

### Down

1. A complicated and muddy situation or piece of land out of which it is difficult to remove oneself
2. Enthusiastic, cheerful and full of energy
5. Any severe or harsh weather condition that makes it unsafe and impractical to travel, commute or work outdoors
6. Sweet sounding or pleasant

eeee



# COMIC STRIP



BY: SHREEYA ALUNG (CARTOONIST)

Xoxo

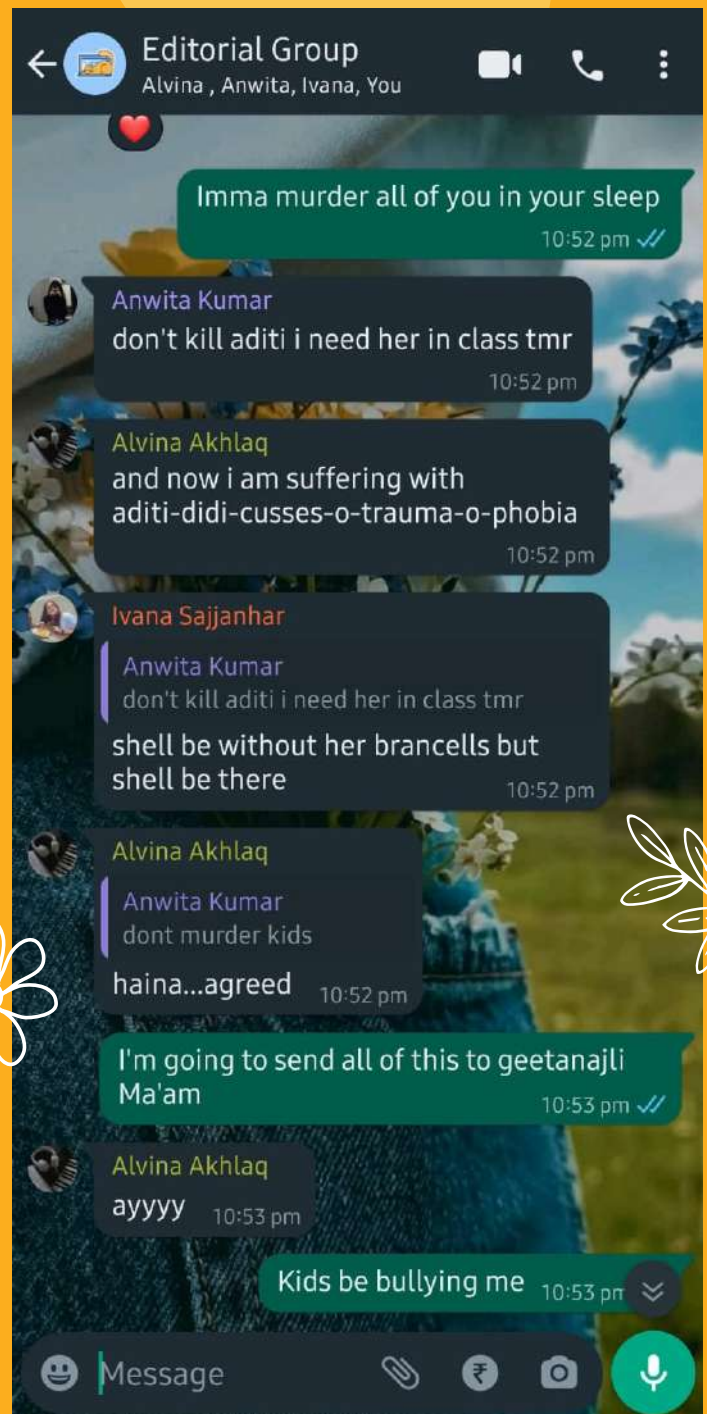
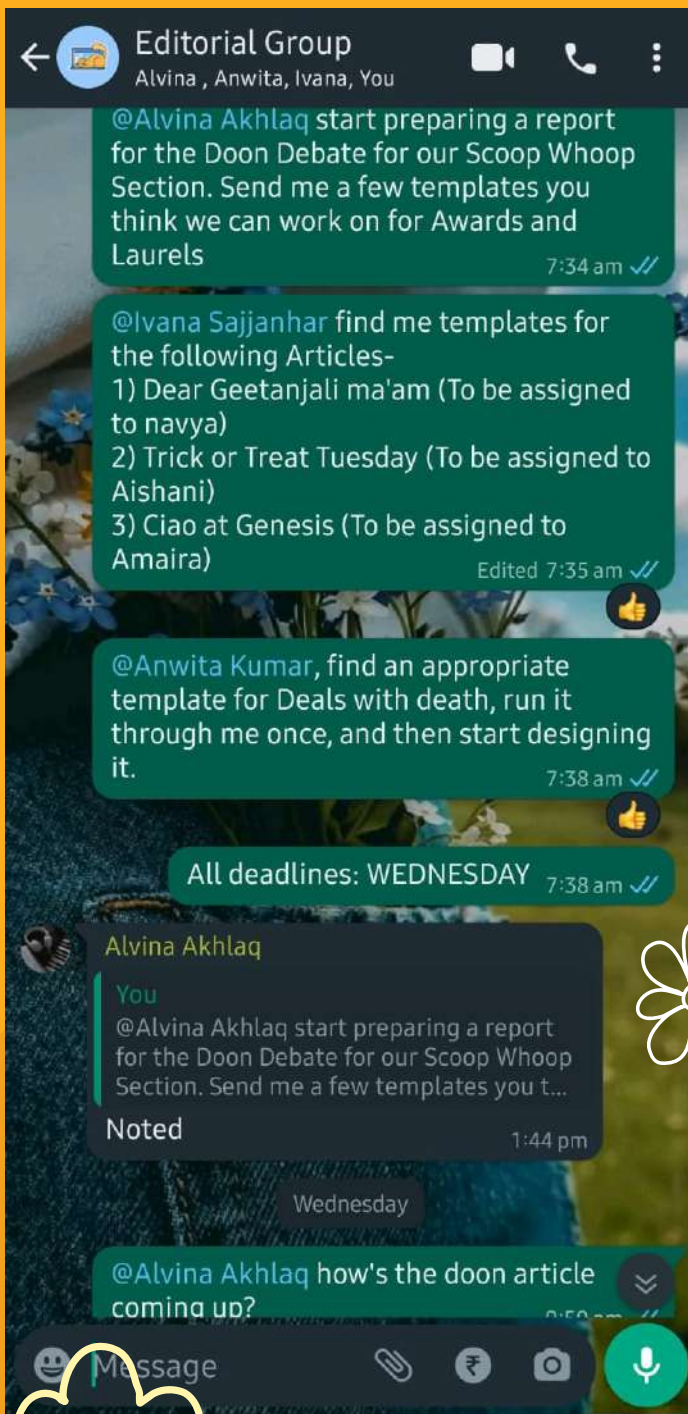


# The two moods of the Senior Editor and her Editorial Team



15TH NOVEMBER 2023

A FEW HOURS LATER





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INTERACTIVE VERSION!

