

the Oracle

AUGUST-SEPT 2014

YADAVINDRA PUBLIC SCHOOL

ISSUE 3



TANYA AHUTA IK'N

EDITORIAL

Nature and the outdoors have a special place in the hearts of all Yadavindrians. Trekking is probably the most exciting part of our school year due to this love for outdoors. It's when we forge close bonds with friends and frame unforgettable memories: fighting over who gets to bathe first (or really not at all since it's a rare opportunity to exercise the liberty of not bathing), the late night snacks, the constantly wet shoes, and the sessions of horror stories where we put up a show of our pretentious bravery. The treks of 2014 have had their share of fun and adventure, some of which we hope to capture in this edition of the newsletter.

Back from the serenity of the hills, August made us feel like we'd plunged headfirst into a carnival. The activities and opportunities were endless: Inter-House Plays, Inter-House sports, IPSC tournaments, MUNs, Independence Day celebrations, and many inter-school activities were some of the highlights (and excellent excuses to get out of attending classes, if that's your style).

A new format was introduced this year for the Inter-House Plays with students doing everything from script writing to directing. The students appreciated this new-found freedom and used it enthusiastically ("Finally, we get to do something on our own!") We interpreted and presented plays on topics like betrayal, attitudes and superstitions in unconventional and innovative ways.

The term has started on a high note with a lot of fervour and energy; we brace ourselves in anticipation of many more promising opportunities.

-Beeban Rai (Editor-in-Chief)



In Inter-House Events:

Tagore House won the GK Quiz for Classes VI & VII, which was held on August 6, 2014.

Ranjit House carried away the first prize in the Poetry Writing and Recitation Competition for Classes X, XI & XII. The individual positions were: Raiza Chaudhary (RH), First; Prabhkaran (RH), Second, and Simrat Kaur (NH), Third.

Ranjit House also won the Science Quiz for Classes VI & VII, held on August 20, 2014



INSIDE YPS

YPS mourns the loss of its ex-student Aditya Singla (ICSE batch of 2012), who passed away in a road accident in July 2014.

The Bournvita Quiz Contest was held at the Park Hotel, Chandigarh on May 5, 2014. Tanay Gopal and Jaskaran Singh, were the City Finalists and participated in the Semi-Final held at the Zonal Level.

The Frank Anthony Debate was held on July 11, 2014, at the British Co-Ed School, Patiala, where Himmat Tiwana (XII-E) was declared the Best Speaker.

Upamanyu Yaddanapuddi (IX-S) and Aditya Jain (IX-S) secured the 1st position at the J.K. Kate Memorial Knowledge Conclave, held from Aug 10th to the 12th of August at The Punjab Public School, Nabha.

In Landmark 2014, held at Genesis Global School- Noida from July 31 to August 1. We came first in the Rangoli and Western Choir and secured the second position in the Indian Folk Dance.

Beeban Rai and Himmat Tiwana were adjudged the best delegates at the Harvard Model United Nations 2014 held in Hyderabad from the 13th to the 16th of August.

Yps welcomes exchange students, Sarah Mikesell from USA,



HOSTING: NORWAY, U.S.A AND GERMANY

NORWAY: SERINE ENSTAD

A new country, a new town; my new house and my new family...

What started almost 10 months ago as a little curiosity and a small joke, has today changed my everyday life completely. This trip had felt so far away for such a long time, that it only felt real when I sat down on the train to Chandigarh. The trip felt too long, and I could not decide if I was nervous or excited. But when I saw my new sister waiting for me at the train station, all I could feel was happy.

The traffic here could have sent me into a culture-shock at first, but now I think I am getting used to it, though the first day here was frightening. Many things here are so different—the food is so spicy, the weather is really hot, just the fact that houses have air conditioning is different. We do not need that, we need heaters in our houses.

I don't know how I would have handled everything if it was not for the help of my new family. They have made me realise that many things are still similar, at least in the

people. We all laugh at jokes, love chocolate and care about each other. Starting school here was so frightening at first, everything was different—the kids, the language, the teachers, the uniforms and the subjects. I think I spent the whole first day just looking down, afraid that I would do something

wrong. The second day was better, and now I feel like I am making friends. All in all it is a great experience and I am looking forward to learning more things.

-Serine Enstad (Exchange student from Norway)



USA:

SARAH MIKESELL



GERMANY:

SOPHIA DIETRICH





TREKKING

HATU PEAK: BOYS



The birds, trees, sun, water, air, mountains, animals, and the land are all beautiful things. All of that packed into one word is Nature and our school gives us a wonderful opportunity to interact with it. I mean trekking, the most talked about activity in the school.

The day for departure finally arrived. It was the 25th of May, and there was an air of excitement around the 7th Class boys. All of us got into the bus hastily, and were ready for the fantastic journey to Hatu.

We reached Hatu late in the evening. It

was very cold and rain was lashing the ground. Luckily there was a bonfire inside a cemented, tent-like structure. But there would have been mayhem if the teachers were not there because everyone was trying to get the most of the scanty heat from the fire. We had dinner in the same place and then went to our cottages or tents to literally 'chill out'.

The boys were divided into the groups Alpha and Beta. Alpha went to collect some firewood, while Beta took a stroll on the Burma Bridge (not as easy as it sounds

here). After that we had lunch. During lunch a child was caught eating a packet of chips in his cottage and thanks to him all of our packets of survival were confiscated.

The next day we had a hailstorm that converted our 'chilling out' to 'freezing out'. Alpha and Beta both did 'sequence climbing'. In that activity 10 to 15 children were tied together by a rope and had to hike up the mountains. It was very tiring and squeezed out our energy like a boa strangles its prey. But it also exposed the whimsical scenery of the mountains to our eyes.

The next day was full of events. Alpha walked on the Burma Bridge, did shooting and zip-lining. Beta also did some zip-lining. It also went to a nearby reservoir to collect water and the water from that reservoir was believed to be the freshest water on earth. Then, by some miracle the teachers took pity on us and our stash of goodies was returned. Happiness all around! The next day was the day of reckoning. Everyone had to go home, meet their parents and explain away the hoarse voices, unopened tubes of toothpaste and the wet clothes. Ah, good things always have to end, nothing is ever built to last. So make the most out of your life and live every moment with happiness.

-Tanveer Mangat, VII - N





TREKKING

BEAS KUND: BOYS

On an ordinary May night, the bus carrying about 33 students left YPS for what was going to be the best trek ever.

It was going to be an overnight journey, which was the most interesting thing about the trek. Everyone on the bus remained asleep till we almost reached the destination.

The first thing I noticed when I opened my eyes was the freshness of the mountain air. Everyone seemed to be in a jolly mood here. The driver parked the bus right next to the mall road and our journey begun from there.

We found a hotel named "Sugandha" which seemed like paradise compared to living in the wild. The hotel even had a TV. At night, as I was about to go to sleep, I saw someone's face at the window. When I looked again, it wasn't there. I must've been hallucinating, I thought. So I tucked myself into bed and slept like a baby.

The next morning, I woke up dreading the 4 hour and 11 km long trek coming up. But it turned out to be quite smooth. We set up our tents at Dhundi. It was a beautiful place with snow as white as Snow White herself. The whole day was spent playing cards and depleting our supplies of tuck. Everyone was waiting for the premiere trek to Beas Kund, scheduled for the next day.

The next day I experienced a trek that was a 'must-have' experience. Singha sir announced that it was going to be an op-



ditional trek. It was even longer than the Manali-Dhundi trek, so I was doubtful whether I could make it till the end. But I wanted to do it- so I set off. The climb was brutal. But the scenery up there was awesome. We didn't actually go to the Beas Kund, though. We ended up about a kilometer short of it. The trek down the icy slopes was not a trek at all. It was more of a kindergarten slide down the treacherous slopes.

To be honest, the next two days were pretty close to normal. We went for walks, gathered wood for a bonfire and other camping stuff.

But our last day in Manali was awesome as it was spent in Hotel Sugandha. We watched the IPL match between KKR and

KXIP. Even when even KXIP lost, it did not put off our mood - tells you how really good we were really feeling.

The Manali to Chandigarh trip was identical to its Chandigarh - Manali counterpart. When the bus reached YPS, a loud roar by the students was enough to tell the waiting parents that it had been one hell of an awesome trip!

-Arpit Adlakha, IX-N



From the top: Class IX boys, on the way to Beas Kund Glacier; Beauty on the way



INTERHOUSE PLAYS

At YPS, children excel both in Academics as well as in non-scholastic activities. Keeping with this truth an Inter-House Play Competition was held on August 8, 2014. The Inter House Plays had a slight twist this year. All houses were given different themes and got just 4 days to write the script and conceptualise the whole play.

The show began with a patriotic performance by Tagore house conveying the message that India is not made up of Hindus, Muslims, Sikhs or Christians, but of only true Indians. Next we had an enthralling performance by Patiala house on the theme 'Betrayal' wherein the best betrayer would be the next ruler of hell. An exquisite display of comedy and sorrow followed with Nalagarh house depicting how people are trapped in the web of 'superstitions' which has inactivated their capacity to think practically. Ranjit House put up an engrossing play on the theme of 'Parenting' showing the consequences of both 'good' as well as 'bad' parenting, and how negligence towards children can ruin them. Last but not the least we had Aitchison

house presenting their play on the theme 'Attitude is everything' depicting the different forms of attitude and how it can make or break our lives.

Indeed these inspired minds deserve kudos for their work and creativity.

The results are as follows:

HOUSE POSITIONS:

- I. Aitchison House and Nalagarh House
- II. Ranjit House
- III. Patiala House
- IV. Tagore House

BEST ACTORS: Atharv (AH), Arpan Brar (RH) and Himmat Singh Tiwana (NH)



LEH — CONQUERED!

The holidays began and the roads to heaven—to Leh and Ladakh opened up and all us adventure lovers packed our bags and started forward, a prayer on our lips and a song in our hearts. The Leh trip, from 15th to 27th of June, was organized as a photography expedition through the most breathtaking landscape. We travelled all the way to Leh (3500 m) via Manali and Sarchu (4,290 m)—a distance of 773 kms.

We stayed in Ladakh for a week, and travelled to places such as Pangong Tso (4350 m)—a lake that in certain lights shows up almost 20 different colours; Nubra Valley (3048 m); and the Alchi Monastery (3100m)—one of the oldest monasteries in Ladakh. The experience was enriching as the play of light on the barren hills threw up amazing colours and the shadows made for the most striking

Top to bottom: Cycling at high altitude; Rough terrain, smooth operators; Fun at Pangong Tso.

pictures. What was amazing was the mix of spirituality and modernity we encountered as the people threw open their homes and hearts to welcome us.

There was so much to see and so many things to think and wonder about—how the lake looked like it was in the middle of a desert, how all the monks carried an iPhone 5, and how breathtakingly beautiful God had made the earth. It is definitely a must visit once-in-a-lifetime place.

-Huijin Jang



IN VERSE—THE INTER-HOUSE POETRY WRITING COMPETITION

It was the first, ever poetry writing competition in YPS. Participants were given a picture and were asked to come up with a minimum of 20 lines in just 20 minutes. The efforts were commendable and the results, along with the pictures, are reproduced below. (AH, NH, TH, PH, RH)

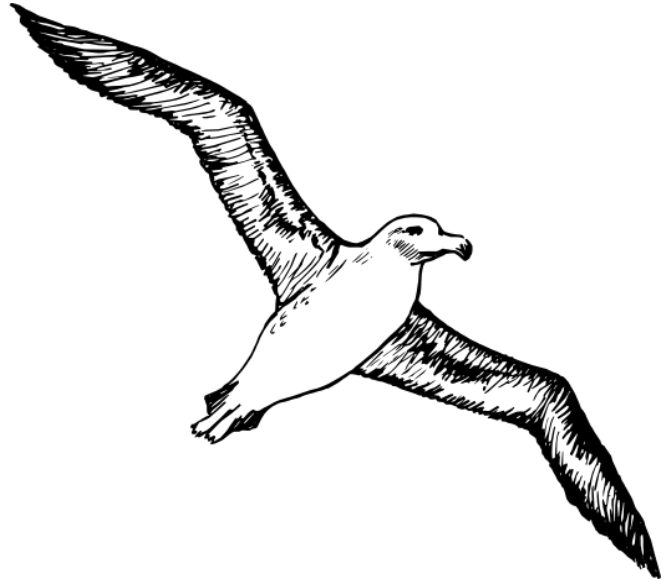
On This Path



-Ravneet Kaur, Lovneet Bhatt and Sahil Ahuja

Spring was his tale,
 With the blossoms of life.
 Glee was in the air,
 His first cry-a symphony.
 Hot summer and the heart of ambition,
 Laughter of new found freedom.
 Liberty becomes bittersweet,
 With too many responsibilities.
 And then strikes the damp coldness,
 Dark shadows lingering behind misty corners.
 Alone he walks, all alone.
 Trudging towards the Doorway to Death.
 Without light or shade,
 Colours cannot be discerned.
 Season's change, we grow.
 On this path, the path to eternity.
 Never disrupt this law of Nature,
 For it was not in our hands, it never will be.
 This is how our stars decree,
 O foolish human, free your soul!

To Be Able To Fly



-Jasamrit Singh, Roohanjot Singh and Gurleen Kaur

*How lucky is it to be able to fly!
 Like a bird in the sky,
 Having no fear and shy,
 Making the world your own
 Where no one is alone.
 Oh How lucky is it to be able to fly!
 Flying to a new place everyday,
 Seeking adventure and enjoying the rain.
 If only everyone could get that freedom!
 Every day it feels so right
 against God's might
 Between the darkness comes the light
 Oh How lucky is it to be able to fly!
 We'll be free one day
 And everybody would say
 How lucky is it to make your own way.
 To be given freedom is the best thing in the world.
 Oh how I wish I was able to fly!*



A LIFE LIKE FLOWERS



-Sanya Arora, Kunwar Shehbaaz and Jaskirat

*A barren land once,
Now planted with seedlings,
Beginning to discover life after the seed is sown,
The first leaf emerges,
Like a child in a world unknown.*

*As golden rays shine above,
The leaf now turns into a bud;
A child, once unknown, gains knowledge,
Like the bud from the sun above,
Entering the world like a free dove.*

*The buds bloom into flowers,
With the help of water showers;
So does a child grow into a man,
With the belief that he can!
But soon its glory ends, colours starting to fade,
As man too fades, he starts enjoying the successes he made;
Soon the grass below, would have no shade,
As man and flower both, under the ground, be laid;
And thus reborn to amuse,
as the circle of life continues...*

HOW BEAUTIFUL WAS LIFE



-Bhaskar Datta, Pavit Singh and Deepshikha Anand

*How beautiful was life then,
When the weather was always spring,
With pink flushed faces we ran around,
Everything seemed funny like a clown.
Clueless we watched,
Without a frown.*

*Seeing the cows grazing among themselves,
Childhood was spent in carelessness.*

*How beautiful was life then,
Drunk in love we spent our days.
High on leisure,
Full of pleasure.*

*We crossed roads without a scare.
But now time has taken its toll,
Winter arrives as spring goes.
Life is harsh, we know it all.*

*Yet we fall,
For we have responsibilities to cross.
How beautiful was life then,*

*When we were young and wild and free
How I wish those days would come back
Just like spring after a cold winter.
And I say it with a sigh now...
How beautiful was life then.*



Poetry



Seeing the cows grazing among themselves,
 Childhood was spent in carelessness.
 But now time has taken its toll,
 Winter arrives as spring goes.
 Life is harsh, we know it all.
 Yet we fall, For we have responsibilities to cross.
 How beautiful was life then,
 When we were young and wild and free.
 How I wish those days would come back Just like spring after a
 cold winter.
 And I say it with a sigh now...
 How beautiful was life then.

He came swooping in, casting forth a strange tune
 The rats succumbed like flies to a rotten prune.
 The Flakoontops stood watching, their mouths open
 The rats were gone which had left their things broken. The strange
 man led the rats out of town
 Strange was his melody, he was dressed like a clown.
 The Flakoontops were happy, as happy as could be,
 After months of pain and torture they were finally free.
 The royal family threw a party and the people danced at a trot,
 After all, the Flakoontops were a merry lot!

THE FLANKOONTOP RATS



WRITER'S PEN

I had just woken up...

I had just woken up to a splitting headache. I was in a blue room with white sheets. I couldn't think clearly; my mind formed one foggy thought—"something is not quite right!" I tried to get up but failed miserably because of one of two reasons—I was strapped in, and I was as weak as a burnt twig; one touch and I would break.

I don't know how long I was blacked out after hitting my head on a rod in an attempt to escape. I was frightened. I didn't know where I was or why I was strapped in. It wasn't as if I was a lunatic, was it? Why was my mind filled with never-ending fog? What in the world was happening to me?

"Please be calm, please be calm...remain seated, remain seated", a mechanical voice blared out over the speakers, interrupting my thoughts.

Right at that moment a man in a spotlessly white coat—with some sort of syringe in his hand, being trailed by two women in equally spotless and eye-hurting white button-down dresses and white caps with red plus signs on them—burst through the doors. The trio were like plucked chicken—gawking and squawking at me. The man explained that he was a person called a doctor, and the women were called nurses.. He finally explained what he was there for—"A woman named Amanda Prior performed an experiment that went hopelessly wrong, released some gases that could turn people into time bombs. A person, after inhaling the gas, had 42 hours to live and then would explode and blow up his surroundings. A human grenade you could say. Most people blacked out 24 hours before they exploded so the government has sent for all unconscious people to be collected and for a cure to be found." I sat there thinking for 15 minutes straight, trying to remember.



-Jaisween Kaur, Komal Singh and Jasleen Kaur

In the far away land of Flakoontop,
 With beautiful lanes and bountiful crops,
 Like a plague in order to cast a gloom,
 Invaded the rats and, thus, began the doom. Here and there ran
 the mice,
 Cheese, cakes, grain—they didn't leave a slice. Curtains, clothes,
 they nibbled it all,
 The royalty too had nothing to wear to the ball.
 They tried to get rid of them day and night,
 But it seemed as if the rats were ahead in this fight. They laid many
 traps but all was in vain,
 It was a feeling like being in a drought, just waiting for rain. Then
 came a stranger wearing strange clothes, The rats swarmed to the
 stranger in rows,

Nothing came to me. Just as I was about to tell the doctor that I was clueless, I remembered. I had been cycling carelessly and a car had hit me.

I explained this to the doctor in detail. He talked to the nurses in a whisper and then looked towards me and said, "I'm sorry".

He pulled a plug and the last thing I saw before I blacked out again was his sorry looking face...

-Kudrat Bains, VII-O

The Last Sunshine

*Everyone is born blank in mind
Nor he's cruel neither he's is kind
Slowly he learns about the world,
Everyone teaches him many a mile
But still he is innocent & fragile
His tiny feet can't walk a mile
And when he turns into a young lad
The thoughts which come in mind of his are
So very wicked and very bad
He thinks of stealing shouting and
He becomes free of each relations band
The when he retires from his young life
He enters the world of children and a wife
He's become witty more than before
He is now capable of scoring more
He becomes a lot more wise
The tall, lean, lanky shrinks in size
He misses and cries about all the fun
That had been done by him when he was
young
And then lying on the bed he calls the God
Take me away I am nothing but a rotten pod
I was a little wicked brat
A little this and little that
He shouts aloud it is the time
When I am going to see the last sun shine
With this he collapses on the bed
To rest for ever his weary head
He's gone forever never to return
He'll never tell the lesson he is learned.*

-Agamnoor Dhillon, VII-O

The Elf that became a Giant

"Baaaad Neews Foor everyone", stammered Soflin, as he had been running for a lot of distance continuously, C what happened? Was there an accident in our colony? Tell me, asked Woflin, terrified. He was also surprised as Soflin always told false news but today, he didn't seem to be telling any. 'Robin, our friend has become a giant', explained Soflin. Don't joke about such a serious thing, I didn't like it, Woflin said. 'But it's not a lie, adult elf's promise'.

Then, we should find a way to turn back our friend into an elf again. Then both of them started enquiring about the remedies. Some elderly elf told them that a witch who lived in nearby mountain had cast a spell on him and the spell could only be broken by spraying a glass of rose water, mixed with honey on Robin. They soon found that and sprayed it on Robin. He became an elf again and to thank his friends, he gave a party to them.

-Sauhaard Batra, VII-N

My First Letter Ever

Dear Komal Ma'am,

My name is Haniya. I know you will be surprised to receive a letter from me. Ma'am, through this letter I want to thank you for bringing me this wonderful experience of trekking into my life. I have been to Himachal Pradesh many times but this time it was the best journey ever as I was with my friends and teachers.

This trekking taught me to be more confident and independent. I loved every bit of it. I was with Harsimrat Ma'am, Raman Ma'am and Rana Ma'am. They were so sweet to us that we children did not miss our parents at all.

Over all my experience was wonderful and thank you again, my teachers and everybody associated in this. This is going to be the most unforgettable memory in my life.

With love,

Haniya, IV-S

Life isn't only to Eat

We as Indians, especially us Punjabis have a tendency to live life to its fullest. We are jolly, we are loud and showy and we definitely love to eat. WE certainly 'live to eat' and a personal experience which me, four of my friends and Sangeeta ma'am encountered just made it more evident that we do. The irony lies in the fact that we, the Punjabis (even though three of us were south Indians) who are stereotyped to be as such were left gaping with horror with our encounter with a 'loud Indian Baarat'. After a nice good four days in Indore, we boarded the train to Chandigarh complete with

a humungous trophy to carry. A loud family with a number of kids took their seats past us. And that just happened to aggravate the anger and frustration of carrying a five-kilo trophy just to share a noisy bogey with a wedding party. The compartment or wait the entire bogey was hijacked. We had no way out but to endure the journey with boisterous peacocks. Peacocks I would say because they still continued with their kind of folly even if someone three compartments away complained about the racket they made.

The group was the first of their kind that I'd seen. They talked about everything under the sun, they played cards and placed bets on the bed sheet on which their arrangement was put up on, their kids kept on poking us and said mean things (but we can excuse them, they're kids right?). But most of all they didn't stop eating. They had taken over the pantry which had prevented me from buying some mango juice. But it's not about the juice; it's about the fact that there were *samosas*, *kachoris*, big *thalis*, and tea in their little small glasses, milkshakes and whatnot which was brought to serve them. They wouldn't have finished with one delicacy when the other came. But that didn't keep them from stopping to eat. The central Indian spirit was consuming all that we into the eternal all-consuming fire.

It is to be seen that we did not feel a bit hungry on seeing them in fact, watching them had made the six of us to lose our appetite. But it's something important to be pondered upon- Why do we Indians eat like it's the end of the world, like it's been 16 months since we last did as if we were famished all our lives till now? There is so much to life than eating. But I'm not going start off telling you how vegetables and healthy foods are good for you. The point trying to be made here is that we don't need to devour our revitalizing provisions in one whole gulp. There's an entire lifetime for you to eat whatever you want. And a craving should not be able to overrule the other desires of mind. Yes, filling yourself in proteins and carbohydrates is important but the control is what makes the personality. I'd like to remind those of you who have surprisingly reached the end of this that it isn't about how much you eat; it's about what you eat. And the proper saying goes as follows- 'Eating is for life, but life isn't for eating'

-Sajneet Mangat, IX E



TREKKING JUNIOR

News from Junior School

- The girls of Classes IV and V were given a talk on adolescence by our in-house counselor, Ms Megha.
- Inter-Section Hindi Poetry Recitation for classes III, IV and V was held on 15th May, 14. The winning Classes were- **III-S, IV-S, V-E and V-S**
- Shemrock Public School Mohali organized an Inter-School Declamation Contest on May 18 where over 40 contestants participated from 20 schools. Ebrahim Hassan Sofi (V-N) and Eliza Sharma (V-S) represented our school and Ebrahim made us proud by winning the gold medal.
- Thematic Assembly based on the theme "Save Planet Earth" was put up by the children of Class I.
- Classes IV and V had their Project Display on the topic "Pollution". The students of Class V made different models to show the causes whereas Class IV enacted the different solutions to pollution in the form of skits, dance and a song.
- Junior School left for treks on the 25th of May for Wahnaghat, Himri and Kufri and returned on the 27th of May after having an overall wonderful experience.
- A team of 30 students along with Mrs S. Devgan, Mrs Anjali Arora and Mrs Harsimrat Chahal went to the Genesis Global School, Noida, to participate in 'Landmark Extravaganza' which included a series of competitions. Teams from 10 local and 8 outstation schools gave tough competition. Jivitesh Singh Batth (V-O), Piyush Dhayani (V-O) and Vikrant Roy (V-O) were declared first in Spin a Yarn. Ebrahim Hassan Sofi (V-N) was the runner-up in the Declamation Contest. The Skit team com-

- prised of Ebrahim Hassan Sofi. Ziti, Jivitesh Batth, Kudrat Brar, Piyush Dhayani and Kritika Dudpuri.
- A special assembly was held to celebrate Independence Day. The Indian Music Choir of Class IV presented a patriotic song and students of Class II gave a dance performance which was thoroughly enjoyed by one and all. Janmashmi was also celebrated by paying obeisance to Lord Krishna's "Jhalki" set up in the corridor.
- Punjabi Poetry Recitation for Classes IV and V was held on 7th of August, 2014. The individual positions were-
I Baltej Singh (IV-T) (RH)
II Kritika Dudpuri (V-O) (TH)
III Ishaan Rawat (IV-S) (AH)
- The occasion of Ganesh Chaturthi was marked with a foot tapping dance performance by the girls of Dance Hobby.
- The Basketball League Matches will begin from 2nd September, 14 for Classes IV and V who have been practicing with full zeal.

Crossing, Burma Bridge. At first, all the activities looked dangerous but with the help of the instructors we were able to do them. The bush craft activity was new and after doing that everyone's feet got thorns pricked but we enjoyed it. We had bonfire and dance in the evening, had soup and dinner. Next morning we went to a reserve forest, it was really adventurous. After having lunch we boarded the bus for Chandigarh. At 6:15 A.M., we reached school where our parents were waiting for us. It was a memorable experience.

-Yatharth, Ripudaman, Akshat (V-O)

Stay at Wahnaghat

We started on the 25th of May 2014 for Wahnaghat. We boarded our buses at 9.00am and reached Wahnaghat in about five hours. As our camp site was in the valley, we had to go downhill to reach the cottages. Our cottages were big and spacious. On that day we went for an evening walk in the valley. After the evening walk we came back and had our dinner in the mess and went to sleep at 11.00pm. The next morning we got up at 6.00am. We got ready and went for a morning walk and after that we had our breakfast. Later in the day, we did two activities -Valley crossing and Rappelling. They were very adventurous. After the activities were over, we went back to our cottages and had dinner. We slept at 10.30 pm. Next day was our last day over there but we enjoyed it a lot. We went for a morning walk, came back and had breakfast. Our last activity there was Burma Bridge. It was very nice. After that, we packed our belongings and said goodbye to the beautiful place. It had started to become cloudy. We were ready to leave in a while. On our way back to school, we stopped over at McDonalds where we ate burgers, refreshed ourselves and started off. In about an hour's time we reached school where our parents were anxiously waiting. It was the most enjoyable trip ever.

-Shivika, Vibhnoor, Gurnoor (V-S)

1ST TREKS

The Kufri Experience

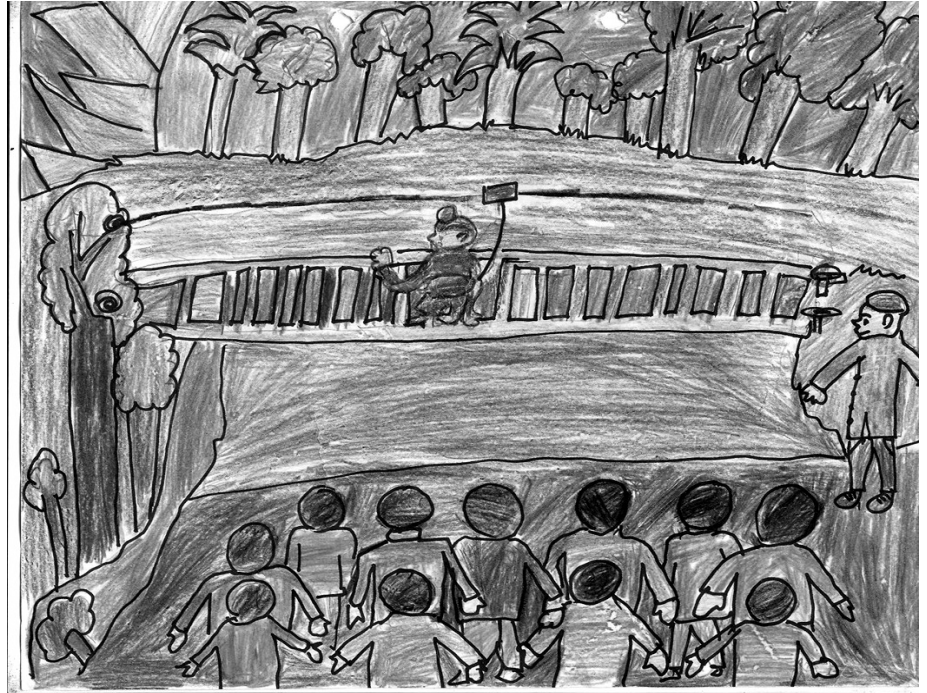
On a pleasant Sunday morning, we started our journey from school for kufri. In the bus we sang songs and had yummy snacks which we had got with us. It was a long journey but enjoyable. When we reached our camp site it started to rain, we were allotted our tents and we adjusted our baggage there. After having lunch we rested for some time and then played the ring game.

Next morning we were up at 5:30, got ready and went for the morning walk. During the day we did various activities like Valley



Singing our hearts out

Artwork by Harsimarjot, V-T



- 1) Jubilant students at the Landmark Extravaganza, Genesis School, Noida;
- 2) Will I? Won't I? Can I? ... I did it!;
- 3)...A moment to pose...
- 4) On Top of the World



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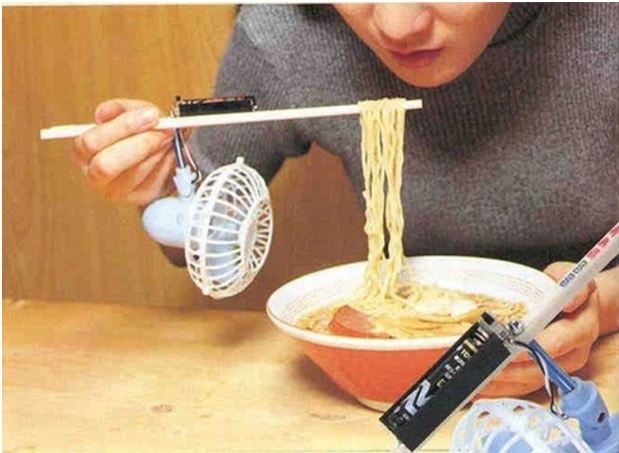
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The logo for Quirky Inventions features the word "Quirky" in a white, handwritten-style font on a blue rectangular background. Below this, the word "INVENTIONS" is written in a white, bold, sans-serif font on a black rectangular background.



Such a wonderful invention. For those of you who hate to wait while your noodles cool a bit.



Need we say anything??



Do you find it difficult to put eye-drops in your own eyes? No more with these handy specs



For babies, mop the floor while you roll around



Now you can apply butter to every corner



TEEN DYSTOPIAS

From Divergent to the Hunger Games

Dystopia: A place or time in which people's lives are devalued or dehumanized.

With the upcoming film version of *Divergent*, and hot on the heels of the success of *The Hunger Games* books and films, here's a list of some other notable teen books about creepy futures... and the teens who strive to survive in them.

- *The 5th Wave* by Rick Yancey, 2013
- *The 100* by Cass Morgan, 2013
- *Cinder* by Marissa Meyer, 2012
- *Countdown* by Michelle Rowen, 2013
- *Divergent* by Veronica Roth, 2011
- *Grasshopper Jungle* by Andrew Smith, 2014
- *Half Lives* by Sara Grant, 2013

HORROR FICTION FOR TEENS

Make it Halloween all year-round with these teen horror books.

- *Another Little Piece* by Kate Karyus Quinn, 2013
- *Asylum* by Madeleine Roux, 2013
- *Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea* by April Genevieve Tucholke, 2013

TEEN BOOKS WITH ALIENS

Out of this world:

In these books, aliens are everywhere – invading our planet, disguising themselves as humans. Some of the books show aliens as dangerous threats, while in others, they serve as metaphors for the differences between humans.

- *The 5th Wave* by Rick Yancey, 2013
- *Alienated* by Melissa Landers, 2013
- *CinderCinder*, by Marissa Meyer, 2012

ZOMBIE BOOKS FOR TEENS

These recent teen books show all sides of a zombie apocalypse. Some are about zombie hunters, while others are from the point of view of the zombies themselves. Most of these books are the first in series, so if you like what you read, there's more braaaaaains where they came from. You may also want to check out our trapped! booklist, about books where teens are trapped, sometimes with zombies outside.

- *Alice in ZombieLand* by Gena Showalter, 2012
- *Ashes* by Ilsa J. Bick, 2011
- *Contaminated* by Em Garner, 2013
- *Dearly, Departed* by Lia Habel, 2011
- *Eat Brains Love* by Jeff Hart, 2013





After a refreshing summer break our children were back with renewed energy to the vibrantly painted classrooms. Swimming classes have started once again to beat the searing temperatures. The Kindergarten students welcomed the monsoons by making paper boats out of newspaper and sailing these in water-logged patches.

In July, the Nursery students indulged in fun activities depicting the concept of empty/ full and heavy/ light. These enlightened them about simple and basic, yet important concepts.

To satisfy the children's inquisitive nature and teach them sequencing of numbers, the Lower Kindergarten conducted a treasure hunt. An activity related to the alphabet 'V' was con-

ducted by demonstrating an active volcano in the sand-pit. The children were spell-bound by the lava flowing out of the volcano.

Upper Kindergarten children indulged in trying out their culinary skills by making a popular snack—Bhel Puri. It was unmatched fun for them to mix all the ingredients and savour it.

Field trips are always an adventurous activity for the students; hence the visit to the international doll museum was one such exhilarating experience. They were amazed to see an interesting collection of dolls from across the world.

Rakhshabandhan was celebrated with vigor and joy, the children made colorful rakhies which were tied on

their wrists by the teachers. The importance of the festival was impressed upon them.

There is never a dull moment in the Kindergarten. The air is full of patriotic songs and music as we carry out a month of Independence Day celebrations.

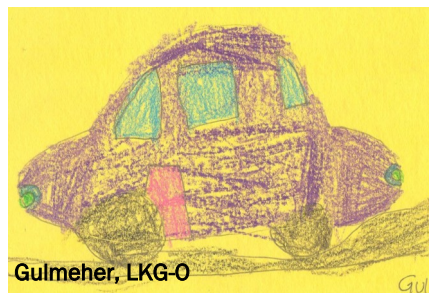
The morning Assembly in Kindergarten is becoming a time to showcase talent. A patriotic song was sung by Adab Soni from UKG-O while Rayyan Shah Mohammad of LKG-E narrated a story, and Prabhgun Kaur of LKG-N recited a prayer, all of which won many a heart.



Ayaan Srivastava, LKG-E



Rehmat UKG-N



Gulmeher, LKG-O



Divjot, LKG-E



Rehmat UKG-N



Diya, UKG-O



Anahat, UKG-N