

THE PULSE

Edition 25



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FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK...

The sound of the birds chirping, flowers blooming, the bright sun shining- Mother nature has definitely got the memo: another Academic Session has begun at The OASIS! The air certainly is stimulating. Excited voices echo through the academic block and the promise of an enthralling year has really brought the campus to life.



After finally getting back to normal school two years later, it seems like not much has changed, but the presence of new faces makes it even better! The fresh air around us has led us to make fresh beginnings, fresh friendships and fresher memories. This month, we saw our school inaugurate two new additions- the new dining hall and the swimming pool. Along with this, our school hosted the second edition of 'Kalataru'- the inter-school visual arts competition and participated in a Chess competition held at Kasiga School. It's safe to say that things are back to normal at The OASIS, and we integrators are thriving again.

Happy Reading!

- Aarini Mehta
Class XII
(Executive Editor)



KALEIDOSCOPE

Ekya

GOD'S GIFT

What are periods? Something we don't talk about? Something high school girls try to find a code word for? A sub-topic to a chapter skipped in many schools? Well, then let me explain it. Periods or menstruation is a fated present from God to every girl that makes her- a lady. It is the reason for the existence of all. Because of periods, we are possible. However, in many inferior places of our very richly cultured country, India, it is not seen as a blessing but a curse or something utterly shameful that should not be talked about! There are still many villages in India where if a girl is having her periods she has to sleep outside the house. They cannot enter sacred places, not meet their fathers, brothers and husbands, and cannot even enter the kitchen! Sanitary products in India cost very high to meet the expenses of Lower-class families and BPL (Below Poverty Line), so girls of these families live on a piece of cloth, which they use and wash daily. This leads to many severe infections and diseases, and the treatments, which cost way more than a pack of 7 sanitary pads, are again, out of reach of our poor sisters because of which they die suffering ailments.

According to the Indian Express, Scotland on 25th November 2020 announced sanitary products free to all women, becoming the first nation in the world to take such a step against 'period poverty'. The initiators of this bill were spreading this campaign over the past 4 years. I must say that by doing this, Scotland has thrived to set up an applauding example for the rest of its fellow nations.

Due to a lack of awareness and poor menstrual hygiene, many ladies and girls in rural India are suffering from issues like reproductive fungal or bacterial infections and urinary tract infections (UTI) which can also be fatal or lead to infertility. As mentioned by our Honourable Prime Minister, more than 5 crore sanitary products have already been provided to women in a short stretch of time. The government is working at its own pace on this issue, but what are we supposed to do? The entire nation is counting on us, the youth for bringing about this change. Firstly, GENDER SENSITIVITY IS A MUST! Periods should never be something that girls feel shy or be ashamed of. We, as a society need to make her comfortable enough so that she can talk about it. Only then we can take uplifting steps towards this motion. Also, everyone must be educated properly about it, making it a COMPULSORY TO KNOW TOPIC. And last, of all, it's my plea to all the amazing girls, ladies-in-making and spirited women reading this, not to waste sanitary pads. We must not forget that at last, the biggest cure for periods is also plastic! The saviour of ours is not the saviour of the environment. So, we must use each one of them wisely, because we are fortunate enough to be provided with it every month!!

My message to all of you is that as the citizens of India, we must make this nation, a country with PERIOD PRIDE and not period poverty.

- Gauri Juyal
Class IX



NEEDED A MOM LIKE YOU

.....*ringing tone*.....

Hey, leave a message* *bleep

..... **Clears throat**

Ma, remember when I was an extrovert;
A cordial, casual, crazy one but not an introvert;
I would return from school, narrating my day,
And cry about what the Trunchbulls would say at play,
You would listen to my gibberish as if I were making sense;
Even when I was wrong, you did stick up for me in my defence,
I was the chirpiest bird in the temporary flock,
The praises of my mischievousness were a shock.
Long evening walks with you to Kalinga Park,
I'd hop around the fountain till the dark,
Drenching myself to my troublesome toes,
I literally danced where it still steadily snows,
Putting all the pillows on my pushbike when I woke;
Towards the kitchen, across the messy floors, I'd stroler
You walked me to my classroom on my first day at school;
You had made me so strong that I remained cool.
Was flipping through the albums and flashbacks,
Thinking about how better it was back then gave me attacks.
You and I were on a swing at the Deer Park, a polaroid told
And the others reminded me of moments that were vaults of gold;
You're holding me too tight that I couldn't breathe,
Sid's too young in them, showing his tiny teeth;
I made friends quite easily before, remember?
I was the friendly merrymaker and not a cold lamenter;
You set your gleaming eyes on me when I stand on a platform,
And applaud the sharpest after I perform.
Not only alphabets, but you also taught me the tactics
Well, here stands a fearless fanatic
Sometimes I wonder if you're a superhero,
Taking care of this freak in incognito,
The smile on your face barely faded
And so did the cries at night, oh! I'm jaded.
When I flew from the nest for the first time,
I decided to go alone on the endless climb.
Remember when I took a knife to a gunfight?
I was numb for two years, which wasn't right,
I regret not coming and crying to you as I did,
I thought turning twelve, that's something I've to forbid.

(P.S: I baked you a cake, it's kept in the oven. And yeah I burned it from the edges; I was jamming to some rock so yeah I lost track. Well, I'm the imperfect daughter of the perfect mom, that's bound to happen)

Voice message sent!

Yes, I lied about having friends so as not to worry
you,
But antagonists existed in my story, along with their
crew
Sorry for not taking up Math,
I got bullied in school, you know that
And when I finally erupted that July, you cried too,
You again had my back and brought me out of the
blue;
Why do I need a friend when I have your permanent
back?
When you're around, there's no way they'll attack;
Seems like the pandemic brought us back together,
Ironic right?
I don't fight inside my brain anymore but sleep
peacefully at night,
Riding shotgun while coming back from school is so
fun,
And making jokes about Godzilla making the
Trunchbulls run
Betrayal hurts but the fact that I ignored you does
more,
Now that I'm again a chirpy extrovert like I was
before,
Anyway, the carnations have grown really well,
Similar to your endless love, and so I've got to tell-
With my declining courage, I finally take a chance to
say,
Thanks for encouraging me to this day.



*-Yashasvi Kandwal
Class X*

MAYA BAGH

It was the winter of the year 2019, I had gone with my friends to visit my uncle's apple orchard in Uttarkashi. The orchard was exquisitely beautiful; therefore, my uncle had named it 'Maya Bagh'-meaning a mystical orchard. The orchard was surrounded by snow-covered mountain ranges and deodar forests on either side. The day we arrived, it snowed very heavily and it was bone-chilling cold. Ram Bahadur, the Nepalese chowkidar lit the bonfire outside our cottage and I got myself busy making cinnamon flavoured coffee for my friends. Ram Bahadur made some toothsome delicious pahadi chicken and we urged him to tell us some spooky ghost stories. Ram Bahadur was anyways very excited, seeing the snowfall, his ambitions were getting higher with every minute as he could already smell the tasty wild boar on his plate. The tradition of the village was that every winter, whenever it snowed the wild boars in the jungle would get stuck in the snow, and it would make hunting very easy for the locals, even possible with their bare hands. Ram Bahadur seemed to be dreaming of the pending thrill of tomorrow, so we had to nudge him back to reality, to serve us food as we were starving. We relished the pahadi chicken, which had a kind of smoky flavour, something we don't usually experience in our city lives. Finally, it was time for us to tuck ourselves. I looked out the window one last time and saw the barren apple trees shining in the moonlight. Maya Bagh was living up to its name and it all looked like a mystical illusion.



I was tired and fell asleep the moment my head touched the pillow. It snowed heavily through the night. When we woke up the next morning, Maya Bagh was covered in a thick blanket of snow. The Sun was peeping through the clouds and the snow glistened as the rays fell on it. As I stood on the balcony, absorbing the exquisite nature, I heard the sound of beating of drums and people shouting. Ram Bahadur came out of his little Hut called 'Chaani', with an axe in his hand. I realized that the villagers were marching out to hunt for the wild boar which was probably stuck in the mountains, awaiting its unfortunate fate. The noise of the drums grew louder and after a while, the clamour ended. A little while later, I saw a horde of villagers approaching the orchard. I was flabbergasted when they came closer. The chowkidar, Ram Bahadur's face was a gory sight out of a horror story. I was informed that the villagers' presumptions were miscalculated. It was a bear and not a boar that was stuck in the snow. He had been fantasizing about a feast and now he had just escaped from being the feast. The Bear had attacked him and he was lucky that he escaped from its clutches. Ram Bahadur was in a bad shape, bleeding profusely. His face had been damaged including his eye. I decided to take him down to the nearest hospital in Dehradun, four hours away. There was 2 feet of snow and carrying him down to the motorable road was a Herculean task. With lots of difficulties we reached Dehradun. Ram Bahadur was saved but unfortunately, he lost an eye. Ironically... a mere difference in the letter 'e' and 'o' had changed the fate of Ram Bahadur.

*-Arshiya Sandlas Chandna
Class IX*

असहजता से सहजता की ओर

वैश्विक महामारी से बहुत कुछ सीखने को मिला, जहाँ अचानक से संसार में सब कुछ रुक जाना (विद्यालय, कॉलेज, दफ्तर, बाज़ार) इससे सभी का जीवन अस्त व्यस्त हो गया। इसका कष्ट इतना बड़ा नहीं था जितनी खुशी लम्बे समय के बाद सभी पाबन्धियों में छूट मिलने की थी। भले ही नियमों में रहना पड़ा लेकिन तब भी प्रसन्न थे। विद्यालय में पढाई से ज्यादा दोस्तों से मिलने की खुशी, अपने अध्यापक-अध्यापिका से मिलने और उनसे अपने मन की बात बताने की प्रसन्नता, दो साल के बाद विद्यालय जाकर हमने क्या महसूस किया हम शब्दों में बयान नहीं कर सकते। कुछ नियम अभी भी कड़े थे लेकिन फिर भी हमारे चेहरों पर मुस्कुराहट थी।

पढाई समझ में आ रही थी, लेकिन पुस्तकें आपस में बाँट नहीं सकते थे। हमें अपने विद्यालय में अजनबी की तरह रहना पड़ रहा था, लेकिन इतना कुछ होने के बाद भी हम खुश थे कि हम विद्यालय तो जा रहे हैं। हम खुश थे कि हम रोज कुछ नया सीख रहे हैं, डर को हरा कर निडर बन रहे थे। अनुशासन में रहकर जीना सीख रहे थे। विद्यालय में सभी बच्चे अध्यापक - अध्यापिका और बाकी सभी कर्मचारी एक दूसरे को देख कर खुश थे। अब समझ आ रहा था कि इंटरनेट की दुनिया से ज्यादा अच्छी सामाजिक दुनिया व जीवन है। हम अपने आप को हर रोज सुरक्षित रखना चाहते हैं ताकि हम विद्यालय आयें और प्रकृति से कुछ नया सीखें।

विदुषी भट्ट

90 ब



Picture Gallery

May Day 2022- Community Service Brunch (30th April, 2022)





"More shades can be invented than the ones already present.

Just think outside the crayon box!"

- Yashasvi Kandwal

Class X



THE OASIS

Virasat 2022

Art Students' visit to Virasat Cultural Festival





"Earth without art
is just 'eh'."

-Demetri Martin



THE OASIS

A glimpse into "Pandora Of Picassos"...

An Exhibition by the Class X Art Students



Aarav Malhotra



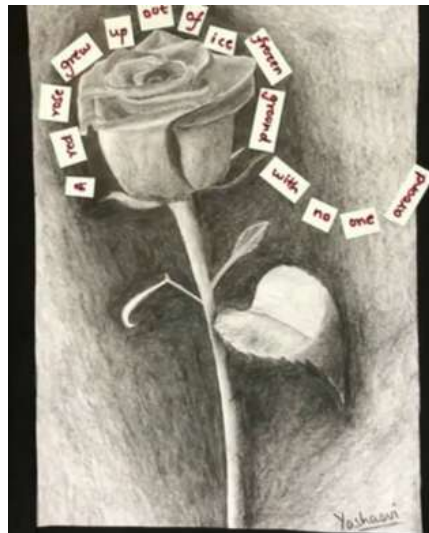
Dhriti Malhotra



Vidushi Bhatt



Enaya Tariq



Yashasvi Kandwal



Vanshika Rawat



Kabir Kriplani



“So many books, so little time.”
-Frank Zappa



THE OASIS

WORLD BOOK DAY- AUTHOR INTERACTION

On the occasion of World Book Day, on 23rd of April, 2022, a webinar was organized by The OASIS book club in association with Harper Collins. The guest speaker was the renowned author and philanthropist Mrs Sudha Murthy, who is also the chairperson of the Infosys foundation. Talking to Tina Narang from Harper Collins, Mrs Murthy said that though she had written many books for children it was the character of Gopi from her book ‘Gopi Diaries’ that made her really famous. She said that she has never considered Gopi as a dog but rather like a human being. She writes Gopi's Diaries by getting into Gopi's mind and deciphering what he's thinking. That is how the Diaries carry on and she is happy that children like her character Gopi.



She promised the children that she would introduce them to Gopi the next time as currently she was in Paris attending a book fair. Mrs Murthy told the children to inculcate the habit of reading as books had always been her best friend and companion. Her favourite reads during her childhood were Mahabharata, Ramayana, Chandamaama, and Arabian Nights. She said that her favourite character was Krishna from Mahabharata. This was in reply to a question posed by Aryaman Shilswal of Class VI A from The OASIS. Piu Rautela Das and Shehaan Kaul Sharma both from Class VI A were enthralled to put their questions to the author. Mrs Murthy also narrated how her mother initially encouraged her to write twenty five lines a day and how it turned into a habit eventually making her a writer. A lot of schools participated in the interactive question-answer session with Mrs Murthy. Children enthusiastically asked questions to which Mrs Murthy patiently replied.

I on behalf of the students of The OASIS would like to thank the organizing committee for hosting this webinar as it was truly inspirational and motivational.



Arshiya Sandlas Chandna
Class IX

UDAAN-IDEAS THAT FLY

Satva

THE GREAT SPELLATHON

The Inter-House Spellathon was held on April 22, 2022, to see which house had what it takes to become the next spelling-bee champion. The participants were Puranjay Singh Rana from class 7 and Tarushi Dhiman from class 6 representing Mahit House, Aditya Singh from class 7 and Abhay Raturi from class 6 representing Daivik House, Bhoomi Vatsalya from class 7 and Vihaan Dora from class 6 representing Prasatti House, and last but not the least Sujaan Gupta from class 7 and Amartya Gupta from class 6 representing Vinaya House. The rules were simple. Every participant got 20 seconds for each spelling that carried 10 marks. By the end of the first round, the house with the least marks was eliminated. The topic for class 6 was countries of the world and their physical features and that for class 7 was, Civilisations- Chinese, Mesopotamian, River, Egyptian and Vedic. Everyone got on with a great start.



Sadly, Prasatti house got eliminated after the first round but what a round they played! In the Rapid fire round, all houses tried their best. However, Mahit house won the competition with a whopping 230 points, followed by Vinaya with 190 points and Daivik with 180 points. All said and done, every house participated and gave their best shot at it. After all, the efforts of all the students bore fruits as they had been preparing hard during the Sports and Prep time. At the end of the day that is all that matters.

*- Saadhana Kunjupidukkal
Class VII*

THE DARK

8,9,10,11, and now it's 12,
Didn't know when the time went.
Shut the laptop and on to the road,
And that sudden bark of the strange dog.

That strange shadow behind,
Chased me all the time.
I stopped then and there,
It was a shot in the dark for me.

I got curious to find,
What was behind me,
For such a long time.
I looked behind and saw.



It was just a nightmare,
Because of the movie I saw.
I stopped watching the horrors,
From 31st of October.

*-Manvi Rawat
Class VII*

THE BIRD OF PARADISE

The bird of paradise
As we threw airplanes gliding in the wind,
The teacher came in with a grin.
The song of “Good morning Siiiiiiii.”
Was heard through all the clutter.

Flapping of pages to page 35
Was causing my ears to crash-drive.
The monotonous lecture for almost an hour,
Was starting to devour.

Everyone stared at the board,
With zombie vibes.
Not a single movement,
The air so still,
Was not normal in class T1-T5.

At this rate of constant lecture an no understanding,
We asked for a savior.
To save us from the awful temperature.

From geography to maths to English to science.
I think the students were ready to form an alliance.
For their freedom that they needed years ago,
All we could do was listen to the empty echo.

Hoping that the bell would ring,
But what is worse we started writing.
Pages to pages and more pages with some more,
It was constant war,
Between our hands and the pen.

When on a sudden we saw a bird jump to life,
Our eyes opened wide,
With glitter so bright.

To hear it was a glory
After all the ruling and being knights.
That is when the bell rang and all thought
Maybe this was the saviour for whom we fought.

As it flew in the sky
We bid goodbye,
And saluted to the bird of paradise.

-Saadhana Kunjupidukkal

Class VII



LIFE OF A BIRD

My father is handsome, mother is dull,
and I'm in the small shell.
I may take 10 days or more,
to hatch from my little home.

My father lives dangerously,
To protect me from my enemy.
My mother feeds me,
until the feathers are on me.

I play with fire to fly,
but everything isn't a piece of cake for me.
I fall 5 or 6 times,
but at last, I fly.

My mother still feeds me,
as I'm quite a baby.
But now I am independent,
to fly in the sky.

*-Manvi Rawat
Class VII*

MY FIRST GOLF TOURNAMENT

On a beautiful sunny morning, I excitedly got ready to participate in the first-ever golf tournament held at Pacific Golf Estate. Playing golf had become my favorite game during the lockdown. Even though I had started to train with my coach for over six months, participating in a tournament for the first time made me very nervous. As I stepped onto the golf course, I was happy and excited to see my fellow golfers. The head coach announced the start of the game. On the very first hole, the ball landed on the green. I was quite amazed at my shot. I immediately realized how the potential energy of a stationary ball changed into kinetic energy, and the correct angle and the posture of my body, helped me hit this perfect shot. Thanks to my wonderful science and math teachers, I was able to act with precision and display my potential. I hit my second shot and then the third and so on and so forth, I even surprised myself to earn "Hole in one." My eighth golf hole was a penalty though, because I had hit the ball in the pit, it was too far from the goal because I didn't use the right force.



At this moment I stayed put and didn't lose my calm. I had this last hit left. I slowly put the ball towards the hole, I transferred exactly the right amount of energy to the ball which is precisely what I was taught in my science lessons. The larger the force on the object the bigger the impact and the faster and further will the ball go, and the lesser the force, smaller the distance the ball will travel. I hit the ball with the club and it went straight into the hole. The match finally ended after a long day on the golf course. I was happy to have lunch with my golfer friends. For the very first time, I had lunch at a restaurant without my parents accompanying me. I was so excited. The lunch was delicious. It was relaxing and I forgot all about how long and tiring the day had been. My parents were happy to receive me on the golf course at the end of the day. My friends showed their trophies of the 2nd and the 3rd win to my parents. They congratulated them. Even though my mom and dad thought I hadn't won a trophy, they still encouraged me and congratulated me on my participation. My coach came from behind me and it was then that he slipped the trophy into my hand and I handed it over to my mother. She couldn't believe that I had won the first prize, I had not told them earlier, because I wanted to see their reaction. My parents were so happy and proud of me. Oh! What a day, probably the best Sunday ever!

*-Tejasveer S Janeja
Class VII*

WORLD BOOK DAY – INTERACTING WITH SUDHA MURTHY

I was in my class when it started. Ma'am had called me, Sheehan and Aryaman outside the class. And ma'am told me that I had been selected! I was over the moon when I heard that. On 23rd April, we joined the meet. When it was about to be my turn, I had cold feet! I was too excited to say anything, but luckily I remembered what question I had to ask.

“Where do you get ideas for your books?”

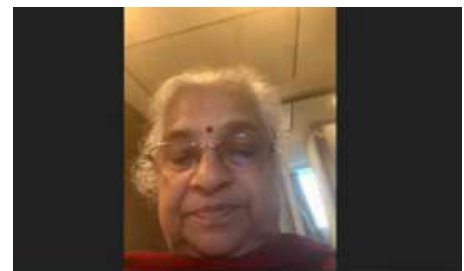
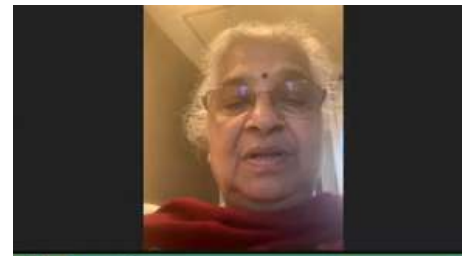
“Through experience...”

I couldn't say the fancy words like the other students did, such as 'I feel honoured'. I LOVED meeting Sudha Murthy ma'am. Overall my experience was great! I honestly have so many other questions I would like to ask her. I feel so grateful that I got the opportunity to ask Sudha Murthy ma'am a question.

Thank you ma'am, and the school for giving me this fantastic opportunity!

Thank you!

*-Piu Rautela Das
Class VI*



INTER-SCHOOL CHESS COMPETITION

Under 14 - Ishan Shankar Dabral
(The OASIS) bagged the Second
position!

Under 12 - Aryaman Shilswal
(The OASIS) in 5th position!



PRIME-O-GRAM

नृत्यनाटिका

Ankuram

“नृत्य एक कविता है जिसमें प्रत्येक कदम एक शब्द है।”

क्या खूब विचार है। और जब यही नृत्य नाटक के साथ किया जाता है तब वह नाटक मानो एक संगीत बन जाता है जिसकी मधुरता मन मोह लेती है और जिसका अर्थ जीवन का लक्ष्य बन जाता है। कई लोगों के लिए, नृत्य केवल एक कला है। वास्तव में, नृत्य एक कला ही नहीं, एक खेल, अपने आप को व्यक्त करने का एक तरीका, व्यायाम करने का एक तरीका आदि है। आदिकाल से ही मनुष्य ने अपनी अभिव्यक्ति के लिए विभिन्न प्रकार के नृत्यों का प्रयोग किया है।

हमारे विद्यालय में 29 अप्रैल, 2022 को 'अंतरराष्ट्रीय नृत्य दिवस' के उपलक्ष्य में एक नृत्य नाटिका का आयोजन हुआ जिसमें रामायण की कथा को नृत्य के माध्यम से दर्शाया गया। दो वर्ष के लॉकडाउन व ऑनलाइन कक्षाओं के पश्चात, यह हमारे विद्यालय का पहला ऑफलाइन नाटक था। कक्षा - 3, 4 व 5 के बच्चों ने अपनी प्रतिभा से सब दर्शकों का हृदय जीत लिया। कार्यक्रम का शुभारंभ कमाएरा रावत व उन्नति कुकरेती के संचालन से हुआ। जिसके बाद एक लघु नृत्य के साथ नाटक का प्रारंभ हुआ। इस नाटक में दर्शाया गया कि कैसे मंथरा के कटु वचन व कैकई के हठ से पूरी रामायण की रचना हुई। इस नाटक में श्री राम के विवाह से लेकर रावण के वध तक सब कुछ था। पूरे नाटक का मुख्य आकर्षण हनुमान जी को हवा में उड़ता हुआ दिखाने का प्रयास था। इन छोटे-छोटे कलाकारों के मुख पर ना डर था ना ही घबराहट, बस थी तो एक बड़ी सी मुस्कराहट और नृत्य करने का उत्साह। सभी दर्शकों ने इस कार्यक्रम का पूर्ण रूप से आनंद लिया।

प्राचीन काल से ही, कोई भी उत्सव बिना उत्साह या नियंत्रित नृत्य के पूरा नहीं होता। दुनिया भर में हर संस्कृति का नृत्य का अपना रूप होता है, और इन नृत्य रूपों को न केवल उस सांस्कृतिक समूह के लोगों द्वारा, बल्कि दुनिया भर के अन्य लोगों द्वारा भी उत्साहपूर्वक अपनाया जाता है।

हमें आशा है कि आगे भी ऐसे कार्यक्रम का आनंद उठाने का अवसर मिलेगा।

प्रत्येक नृत्य एक घटना और अभिव्यक्ति प्रस्तुत करता है।

“नृत्य कभी नहीं मरेगा क्योंकि यह सभी के लिए कुछ अलग व्यक्त करता है।”

-Jigyasa Kukreti
Class IX



THE ART GALA

I liked the Art Gala because all of us had to make a drawing using shapes. I drew a house and a rainy scene. I used crayons to colour my drawing. I had lots of fun. I wish we have another art gala soon

*- Mohd. Ibrahim Siddiqui
Class I-Acacia*



*Mohd. Ibrahim Siddiqui
Class I- Acacia*



MY FIRST DAY IN SCHOOL

I liked my first day in school. I made many friends. I had lots of fun. I liked my classroom a lot. I love The OASIS very much.

*-Rabani Oberai
Class I-Aster*



KALATARU: INTER-SCHOOL VISUAL ARTS COMPETITION RESULTS



Deepsimar Kaur
Srajan (Middle Category)
Third Position



Aarini Mehta
Chitrakari (Senior Category)
First Position



Aaditri Panwar
Aalok Vidhan (Junior Category)
Third Position

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Ayushi Tripathi
Chitrakari (Middle Category)
Third Position



Kamaira Rawat
Srajan (Junior Category)
First Position



Charvi Kunal
Aarekha (Junior Category)
First Position



Atharv Patil
Aarekha (Senior Category)
Third Position



Atharv Singh Rajput
Chitrakari (Junior Category)
Third Position