

THE PULSE

"After every Rain comes a Rainbow"



MONTHLY RECAP

- 13th-14th July : Inter-House Yoga Championship (VI to XI)
- 14th July : La Franco-fete (VI to VIII)
- 15th July : Inter-House Elocution (VI to VIII)
- 19th-21st July : Inter-House Soccer Tournament (IV to V)
- 20th July : Katha Vachan Pratiyogita (I to III)
- 20th July : Social Science Day – Panorama (VI to VIII)
- 22nd July : Inter-House Story Telling (IV and V)
- 26th-27th July : Art Workshop (IX to XII)
- 29th July : Mathletics (IV and V)

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FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK..



The month of July makes its mark on the world in the form of gentle winds and light showers. Thirty one days that constitute the calm before the storm. I think the onset of monsoon is the most beautiful time of year. In fact, as I write this editorial I notice how the chirping of the birds on campus, despite being more muffled than usual, stands out from the distant, routine sounds of youthful chatter. I hear the rise and crash of ripples from the Song river but having been at this school for almost five years- I know to anticipate their getting louder and harsher. Being located in a nook in the forest means our surroundings are always abundant in greenery but the rains encourage the peacocks' age old tradition of honking and dancing to the pitter-patter of the raindrops. It makes me wonder if the overbearing, retaliating domination of nature over the world during the monsoon is what gives the season its charm. As human beings have evolved, we seem to get exceedingly entitled. We carry ourselves like daughters of the Caesars and sons of Hercules, completely disregarding that at the end of the day, we actually live at the mercy of the forces of nature. It isn't unknown that we all have an innate sense of superiority to the organisms that surround us. Monsoon feels like nature's call to human beings; it cries for us to slow down as it battles all odds in this fast-paced world of man's creation.

On the 28th of July, 2022 the Global Footprint Network marked Earth Overshoot Day- a devastating milestone most people are not even aware of. It marks the day that humanity has made complete use of all biological resources that earth regenerates during the entire year. In other words, the use of any resources after this day directly implies an unsustainable manner of life. Every year, we observe Earth Overshoot Day earlier than the last. This is with the exception of 2020 which makes me question why it takes a global pandemic for human beings to respect the very means of their existence. Looking at it from an economic standpoint, we as human beings have structured economies that lay their very foundations on resources and their relative scarcity to human wants. This is to say that economies are heavily dependent on the planet's natural capital and drawing on it beyond its regenerative capacity results in the depletion of capital stock and highly unfeasible ecological scarcity.

This overuse of resources is resultant of ever increasing population density, non-sustainable industrial processes, large scale deforestation, etc. We, as a community must take effective measures to combat global warming and reduce our growing carbon footprint notwithstanding how accustomed we have grown to our current lifestyles. The OASIS has always been exceedingly environmentally conscious and has taught us as students that it is usually the smallest changes that are the most beneficial in the long run so long as they are sustainable. Every one of us is capable of making a difference, be it in the form of saving energy or reducing household consumption. At school, we do our part by sourcing our electricity from mainly solar power as opposed to unsustainable, conventional sources. Furthermore, students and teachers alike engage in organic farming, waste management and tree plantation drives- the most recent one being the 'Save Soil Tree Plantation Drive' organized by The Waste Warriors.

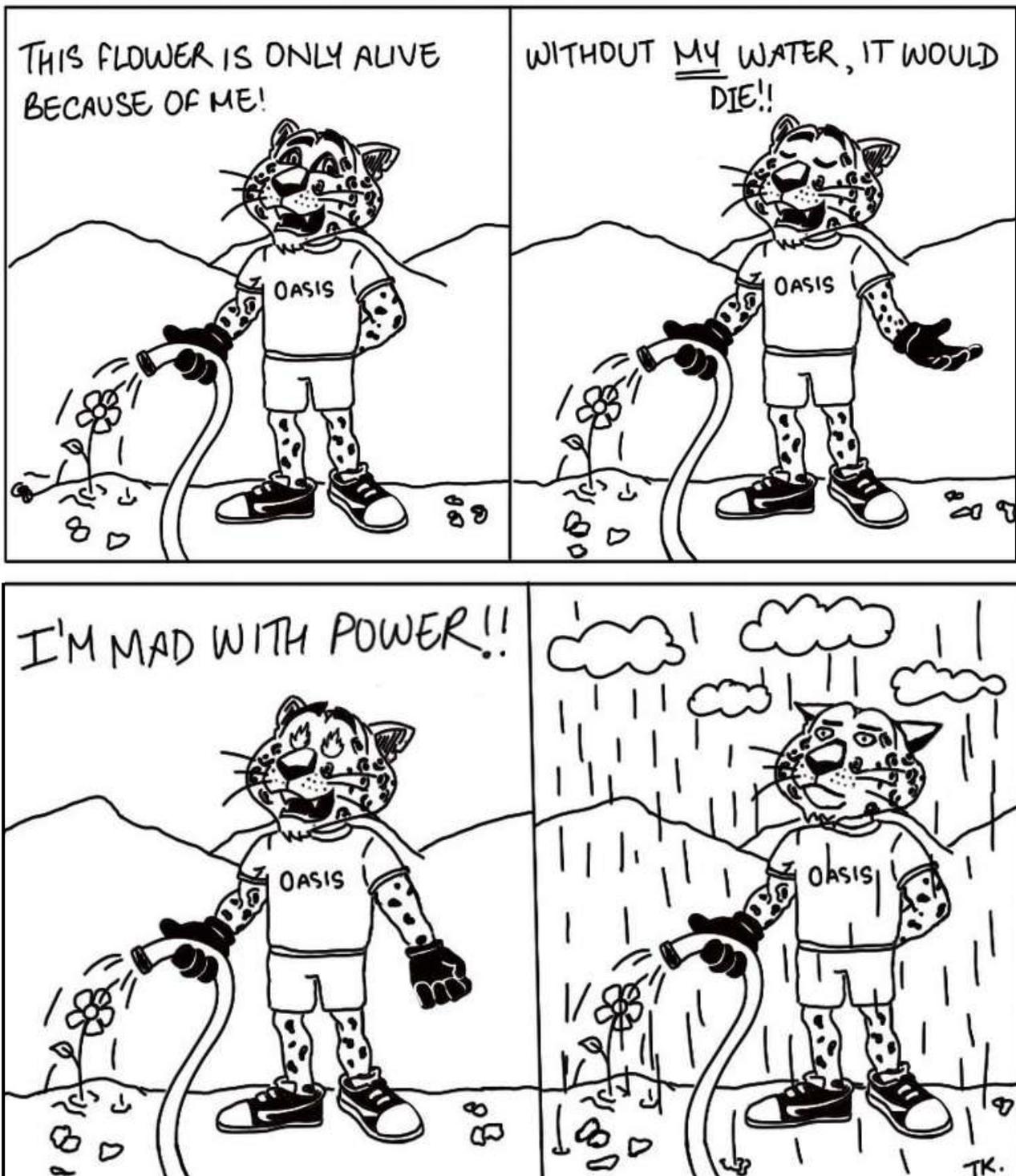


In conclusion, the Earth has shown us repeatedly that we cannot continue to live like this and I think it is high time we heed these warnings and act on them with a sense of urgency. Earth Overshoot Day is usually at the beginning of monsoon. So, while I find beauty in the gray, overcast skies, the constant fall of showers and the tumultuously growing shrubbery, it is the way we treat them that makes this time of year sorrowful for me.

- Tarana Kapur (XI-A)
Executive Editor

INTRODUCING..

LEO THE LEOPARD! Leo is the official school mascot and represents everything we as Integrators stand for. As designed by Tarana Kapur (XI), Leo will be a staple in every issue of the newsletter comic strip as he portrays the various seasons of life the integrators themselves go through in a humorous and amusing manner. Welcome Leo!



KALEIDOSCOPE

Ekya

THE BLESSINGS WE WISH AWAY

Why is it that when people pray,
They always wish the rain away,
Alas, why should she come again another day,
When we curse at, slander and treat her this way?

These little crystal drops, born in the ocean,
Fall from the heavens, attempting to condemn the notion,
That they're piercing shards of glass, vainly deserving
remotion,
Don't you see the way they gently settle our brewing
commotion?

When I see rain, I see the memories I let it hold,
From a simpler time, when I wasn't as old,
And had radiant eyes that glistened and glowed,
While I let those showers hug me till I was consoled.



I think of my friends; I haven't seen them in years,
I yearn the times we spent in mirth and tears,
Coupled with the rains that watched us fight our fears,
And fell like motherly kisses on our foreheads and ears.

The rains remain constant when all life does is change,
It's the means of our existence and asks for nothing in
exchange,
Which is why I find it so exceedingly strange,
That you speak of it so full of hate and rage.

Now, when I see people pray,
I hope they aren't wishing the rain away,
For if she listened and never came again another day,
We'd regret cursing at, slandering, and treating her this
way.

- *Tarana Kapur (XI-A)*

ROSES ARE RED, VIOLETS ARE DEAD

Roses are red, and violets have been shred;
Wishing the black and white could be unsaid
Clouds cursing in their pristine way,
Reminding me to wish you for your fifteenth birthday
The clouds hide the sun- it never stops shining,
The rose vine ascends towards the silver lining
The violets- still enduring the heartless hail,
Their agony makes them fragile and frail
First - lightning, then thunder;
Rain, then flowers filled with undying wonder.

Roses are red, and violets have bled;
Lots between the lines was left unread,
This season- a polaroid bringing back memories,
Its pleasing aura and hankering treasures,
The toad uttering its delight to the lazy cuckoo
I reminisce about dancing in the rain with you,
Listening to our playlist- we didn't make it through the season,
I hold on to the keepsakes for a reason
The petrichor- tip-toeing into my room,
The rose still growing despite the gloom

Roses are red, and violets are dead;
Dreaming of the past- unharmed by dread,
Watching the glistening hill lit up yet alone,
I walk on the wet grass that is well overgrown
The chirping of the insects is the soundtrack,
To this gentle breeze and the monsoon flashback
Four phone calls and four days of downpour,
In this rain-blessed town I'm writing our folklore,
My monsoon love calls out for evermore rain,
The violets have perished, but the roses remain.

- *Yashasvi Kandwal (XB)*



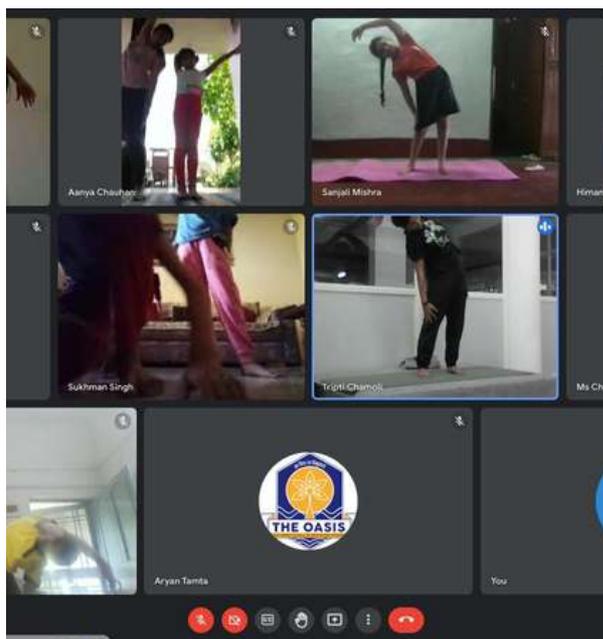
INTERNATIONAL YOGA DAY

The OASIS celebrated the 8th International Day of Yoga on 21st June, 2022. Ever since 2015, Yoga Day has gained recognition as an international event with the support of various Government led schemes and programmes.

This year, the theme of Yoga Day was ‘Yoga for Humanity’, showcasing Yoga as a powerful tool for all individuals, communities and countries with its endless benefits.

Yoga targets all the systems of our body and mind, making the body strong and flexible through the yogic asanas. It improves our health and renews our mind with confidence and positivity. To promote the practice of Yoga, the school invited parents and students to the school’s ‘Yoga Sthal’, Ms. Tripti Chamoli, the school’s Yoga Instructor demonstrated several yogic asanas. The event was set up in hybrid mode to promote maximum participation; the School Director and the Head Junior School graced the event.

Asanas are yogic postures and exercises that improve the respiratory and other metabolic channels, many of which were showcased.



The event began with a yogic prayer chanted by the instructor followed by hosts who spoke about the benefits of each and every asana before its demonstration. Asanas like Sukshma vyayam (Warm up exercise), Marjari Asana (Cat Stretch), Shashank Asana (Rabbit Pose) and Adhomukha Svanasana (Dog Stretch) improve body posture and muscular strength whereas some of them aid digestion and mental health. Other asanas like Urdhva Prasarita Padasana (Upward Extended Feet Pose), Setu Bandha Sarvangasana (Bridge pose) tone body muscles, promote blood circulation, stimulate the parasympathetic nervous system, and also improve immune function.

‘Pranayama’ is the yogic practice of focusing on breath. Yogic breathing is associated with ‘prana’ meaning the breath of life, thus, Pranayama is a means to elevate the ‘Prana Shakti’ or life energies. Pranayama is considered as an asana which slows down the unregulated movements of inhalation and exhalation by means of extension and expansion of breath, therefore, it was performed after all the asanas. The event concluded with the relaxation pose called ‘Savasana’ and ended with a refreshing feeling among the participants.

-Shivi Juyal (XI-A)



ILLUSIONS

I woke up with a start around 4 pm. Or at least, that's what I thought the time was. The window of my room was open so I could see the surroundings outside. The sky was not dark yet. I felt as puzzled as someone who had just woken up from a coma. I rubbed my eyes and got off my bed to check the time. To my surprise, it was two in the morning. I remembered having fallen asleep in the afternoon. However, I believe I was so exhausted that a mere two hour nap turned into twelve hours of unconsciousness.

What fascinated me the most was the fact that I still couldn't figure out why the sky seemed that way. To get a clearer idea, I walked out of my room and went to sit on the balcony. The cool fresh air filled my lungs as the wind ruffled up my hair. Not a sound could be heard. The world was too busy causing anarchy in the land of dreams. This was the only time when earth got to relax without having to deal with the tantrums of humans. The one who could relate the most to the earth's current feelings was me. I felt special having received the opportunity to escape reality even if it was just for a few moments. But what was the reality? I couldn't remember anything of the past few hours, days, months or even years. Something strange was at play here but I couldn't seem to find the motivation to solve this mystery. It felt nice - not remembering anything.

I set foot in the garden as the cool wind continued to dishevel the greenery around me. I closed my eyes to let this feeling of tranquility sink in. A feeling of dampness suddenly ran through my body. I felt a drop of water fall on my cheek.



I opened my eyes as another drop fell right into my eye. It was drizzling. Instead of feeling any irritation or panic, I was transported to a different world altogether. However, it wasn't unfamiliar, but rather well-known. The person who tripped me over early in the morning and didn't even apologize, the person who didn't bother thanking me for helping him with his assignment, the person who undermined my strength as an art student, the person who made fun of my taste in music - I remembered them all. But, to my surprise, I couldn't recall any emotions attached to these events. Instead, I felt glad that it was over and that I could move on.

-Enaya Tariq (X-A)

भारत एवं टीकाकरण

जनसंख्या के सन्दर्भ में भारत विश्व का दूसरा सबसे बड़ा देश है तथा विभिन्न भौगोलिक स्थितियों के कारण पूरे देश में एक साथ कोविड महामारी से बचाव हेतु टीकाकरण एक असंभव सा प्रतीत होता कार्य था। कोविड-१९ महामारी के आरंभ में पूरे विश्व की निगाहें एशियाई देशों विशेषकर भारत पर थी कि भारत जैसी बड़ी जनसंख्या वाला देश एवं विभिन्न मान्यताओं व भौगोलिक क्षेत्रों के कारण क्या इस महामारी के प्रसार को रोक भी पायेगा या नहीं।

भारत के वैज्ञानिकों व शोधकर्ताओं ने अपनी क्षमताओं का बेहतर प्रयोग करते हुए कम से कम समय में दवाई का आविष्कार किया तथा इसके औद्योगिक स्तर पर निर्माण कार्य प्रारंभ करके पूरे विश्व को चौंका दिया तथा टीकाकरण हेतु इसको देशवासियों व अन्य जरूरतमंद देशों को भी भेजने के प्रबन्ध किए। शुरुआत में राजनीति के कारण कुछ समुदाय विशेष द्वारा इसका विरोध भी हुआ लेकिन सुदृढ़ नेतृत्व व सरकारी स्तर पर इसके प्रचार-प्रसार से इस बाधा से भी पार पा लिया गया। टीकाकरण हेतु सबसे पहले ६० वर्ष के व्यक्तियों को चुना गया व बाद में अलग-अलग आयु वर्ग के लोगो का टीकाकरण किया गया। टीकाकरण हेतु व रजिस्ट्रेशन व सर्टीफिकेट को सही तरह से संकलित करने हेतु देश के तकनीशियनों ने कोविड ऐप का सॉफ्टवेयर तैयार करके एवं इसके सफल क्रियान्वन को लागू करके पूरी दुनिया को अचंभित कर दिया। कई अन्य देशों ने इस ऐप को अपने देशों में भी इस्तेमाल के लिए प्रार्थना की। जब दुनिया कोविड-१९ के प्रकोप से कराह रही थी तब भारत इसकी रोकथाम के लिए स्वदेशी वैक्सीन विकसित कर रहा था। स्वार्थ से ऊपर परमार्थ केवल अपने लिए नहीं, संपूर्ण विश्व-सकल मानवता के लिए था और यह भली प्रकार से फलीभूत भी हुआ। यही वह समय था जब विश्व ने स्वास्थ्य के क्षेत्र में भारत के विराट स्वावलंबन का अनुभव किया व मुक्त कंठ से इसकी सराहना की।

विश्व स्वास्थ्य संगठन के मानक के अनुसार १००० की आबादी पर एक डॉक्टर को होना चाहिए, भारत में यह अनुपात ८३ प्रतिशत की आबादी पर एक डॉक्टर की है। वर्ष १९५० में शिशु मृत्यु दर प्रति १००० पर १४५ थी, जो अब ३० रह गई है। पहले देश को टीके के लिए दूसरे देशों पर निर्भर होना पड़ता था लेकिन देश टीकाकरण हेतु स्वावलंबन की ओर बढ़ रहा है। पहले १९७७ में चेचक की बीमारी समाप्त हो गई एवं अब देश पोलियो मुक्त भी हो चुका है।

आज भारत में कोविड-१९ टीकाकरण की संख्या लगभग २०० करोड़ तक पहुँच गई है जिसमें प्रथम द्वितीय व बूस्टर डोज के ऑकड़े सम्मिलित हैं। इसको और गति देने के लिए भारत सरकार ने आज़ादी को ७५ वर्ष के कार्यक्रम 'अमृत महोत्सव' के साथ जोड़कर अगले ७५ दिनों तक बूस्टर डोज (जिसको सतर्कता डोज भी कहते हैं) का मुफ्त टीकाकरण अभियान चलाया है।

भारत को टीकाकरण व अन्य स्वास्थ्य सम्बन्धी अभियान को पूर्ण करने में भारतीय सरकार, भारतीय वैज्ञानिक व दवा निर्माताओं का विशेष प्रयास सराहनीय है, तथा सभी देशवासियों को इस पर गर्व होना चाहिए तथा इन सभी संगठनों की कोटि-कोटि प्रशंसा करनी चाहिए।



सापेक्ष राज त्रेहन

कक्षा- ९ 'अ'

BOOK REVIEW

HARRY POTTER AND THE PRISONER OF AZKABAN

“ Being different isn’t a bad thing. It means you’re brave enough to be yourself.”

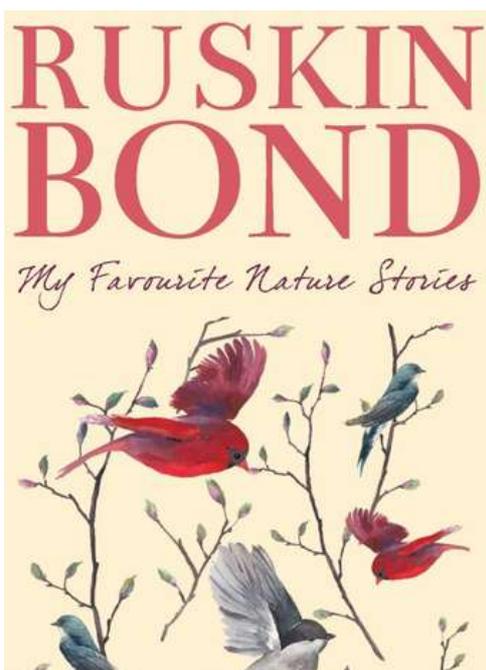
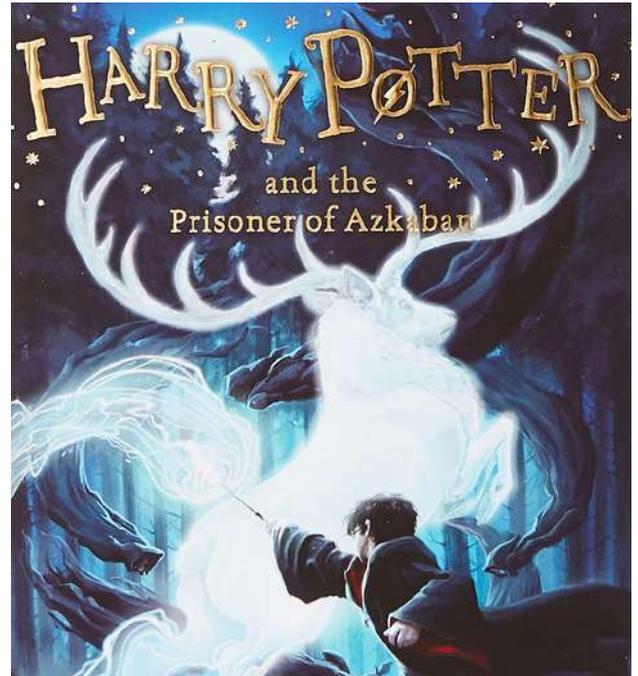
~Luna Lovegood

We have all read or watched Harry Potter at least once. It is a magical novel written by J.K. Rowling. So much so that it makes you feel like you’re part of it.

I love this book of the series more than the others because unlike them, it is more of a dark story. It ends with a shocking and emotional revelation of the truth. There are many parts which are funny too; the time-turner was a really fantastic secret of Hermione’s. I wish, I had a time turner too!

My favorite character in this book is Sirius Black. At first, we all were made to believe that he was the evil antagonist but at the end, we found out that he was not at all evil and cared about Harry a lot. He was a soft hearted person who was Harry’s Godfather!

- Deepjyoti Negi (X- B)



MY FAVORITE NATURE STORIES

In this charming collection, Ruskin Bond talks about his various encounters with the natural world. From the chorus of cicadas to the song of the whistling thrush, from his love for seashells to his favourite place on Earth, Bond details why he has such an overwhelming love for nature. This book is for all who cherish the green world, just as Bond does.

This book is not just a book of short stories by Ruskin Bond, but these stories are more of a feeling. Whilst reading it, you’ll get lost in the mountains, surrounded by the huge Chinar trees of the Himalayan ranges, where the rivers flow silently, where the monkeys swing through the trees. All those who haven’t, will find an immediate connection, a peaceful notion of being within nature. I recommend this book to all!

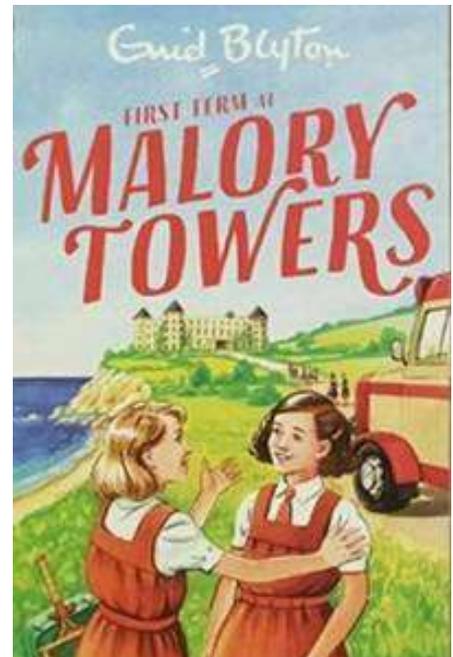
- Deepjyoti Negi (X-B)

FIRST TERM AT MALORY TOWERS BY ENID BLYTON

Darell and Sally become friends when Darell shares her own experiences of being a big sister. Gwendoline becomes increasingly jealous of Darell's growing popularity and decides to ruin her reputation, destroying Mary-Lou's favourite pen and smearing ink on Darell's shoes to frame her. Only Sally and Mary-Lou stand by Darell. Term ends with Darell turning down Alicia's friendship to be with Sally and Mary-Lou. Darell leaves with Sally, promising she'll be back at Malory Towers next term.

My favourite character in this book was Darell's best friend Sally who is portrayed as an amazing person being mysterious and polite at the same time. Despite favouring Sally all the characters felt real because of their unique characteristics. My favourite part is when Mary-Lou proves everyone wrong about Darell. I think it is a thrilling book with lots of mysteries, friendships and plot twists. It was indeed a page turner!

- *Deepjyoti Negi (X-B)*



SUHELDEV: THE KING WHO SAVED INDIA BY AMISH TRIPATHI

Turkish invader Mahmud of Ghazni with his brutal barbarians have been plundering our rich Indian temples, trying to shake the nation's faith. His army is advancing towards Northern India - killing, looting, torturing and harassing several innocent civilians. All those who stood against his troop have been killed with deceit. The invader knows no rules, all he knows is a land which he wants to conquer, India.

The Turks have destroyed one of the holiest temple known to the Indian subcontinent- Lord Shiva's Somnath Temple.

This is the need of the hour. Mother India is pleading for help. In the most desperate time, a young warrior is determined to defend his motherland, This is the story of a forgotten Indian hero from an unforgettable battle.

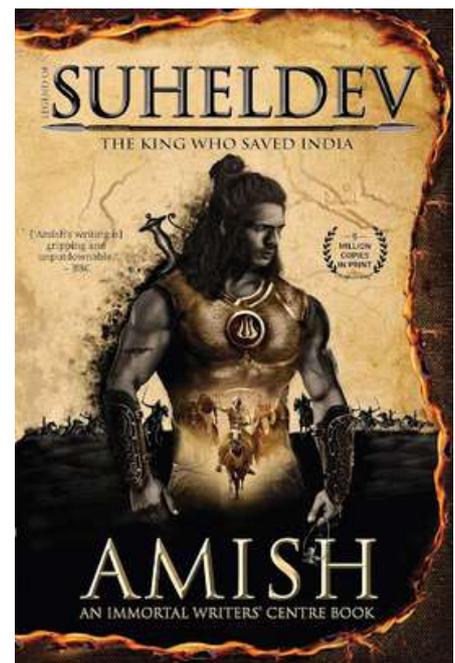
This is the story of a fierce rebel, a young charismatic leader, a courageous patriot. This is the story of the saviour of Maa Bharati.

He is the king of Shrivasti, Suheldev.

The Indian troops and the Turkish hordes get face-to-face in the battle Bahaich. But what happens next? Will they be able to save their motherland?

This book is a blend of epic adventure, read a story that imbibes courage, heroism and nationalism within you. This book unravels an untold hero of the rarely spoken Battle of Bahaich.

- *Shivi Juyal (XI)*



INHALE POSSIBILITY, EXHALE CREATIVITY

On the 30th of July, 2022, a few students from Classes VII-XII represented The OASIS at the Zonal ASISC Literary Events held at St. George's, Mussoorie. Students participated in the debate, declamation, creative writing and painting events under different categories and received myriads of praises. Let's rewind to the day, beginning with our tedious yet gleeful bus journey.

"Perhaps what I should do is really try and pay attention to the arguments that have been advanced by the Opposition today..... hold on. I forgot the lines,"

"It's alright, don't stress out. You are doing great," I assured.

"Okay, it's your turn now," called our teacher.

"All the best."

As she left with her prepared speech to practice with our English teacher, I gazed at the scenic view and the blue hills, which glistened in the July drizzle. In the entire bus, nothing but the murmuring of my fellow mates was heard, who spoke their prepared pieces aloud to invisible audiences. "I would be speaking against the proposed topic..", "democracy!", "I'm so excited", and such voices flooded the bus.

We reached St. George's in no time and glanced at the never-ending campus after stepping down the nauseating bus. Inhaling the competitive air, we walked to the auditorium, where the event was happening. There was chaos, which soon settled as the event in-charge called out the schools for registrations. The various events commenced at separate venues, meanwhile it poured outside. Our orators expressed their ideas with eloquent expressions, examples, reasons, and relevant quotations from great persons, which surely chilled the spines of their worthy opponents. The writers and artists poured their creativity and artistry onto their papers. Since the writing and painting events had concluded prior to the speaking events, we roamed around the campus along with the escorts and cheered for our fellow participants as well, which echoed throughout the auditorium. The participants didn't allow the event to get monotonous, which had begun from 9 a.m. and continued till 4 p.m., with the lunch hour in between. After the event and pouring finally ceased, we clicked a group photograph, relished the heavenly view, and returned with various episodes and morals as our souvenirs. Thanks to the escort teachers and their countless motivations, our school gave an excellent performance.



-Yashasvi Kandwal (X-B)

UDAAN-IDEAS THAT FLY

Satva

THE MONSOON TREND

Children in their raincoats
Umbrellas in their hand,
Playing with their paper boats
Frogs singing in the swamp.

Earthworms wriggling in the soil
You can see how much they toil.
Children playing in the puddle
As they run around in a chaotic muddle .

People are watching the rainbow
It is no less than a television show.
This is the monsoon season my friend,
Let us go and embrace the trend.

-Arpit Pant (VIII-B)



RAIN IN THE VALLEY

The clouds are hiding the moon,
In the month of June,
The monsoon really did come soon,
In my beloved Dehradun.

Lightning storms are blazing high,
Droplets are drizzling,
Umbrellas are hardly dry,
The rainbow glimmering,
And at night the stars are shimmering,
In June began the monsoon,
In my beloved Dehradun.

Standing in the balcony,
Sipping a cup of hot coffee,
While viewing the scenic sky,
And mystic mountains with their peaks so high,
Reminds me how lucky I am,
To be living in my beloved Dehradun.

-Ayushi Chauhan (VIII-A)



NIGHTMARE

“It’s raining!”

The same dream again. I looked at my clock- it was 3:30 a.m. It was usual for me to wake up around this time. After *the incident* I couldn’t sleep for nights on end but gradually, it got better and I was able to get a few hours of rest every night. It didn’t last long, nevertheless the nightmare would not stop haunting me. Every night I would have the same nightmare, from the dream all I could remember was a girl exclaiming that it’s raining followed by a loud THUD. That was it. When I told my friends about this, they would just tell me to go to a Psychiatrist but I told them that I would be fine. It was only a dream after all.

This nightmare reminded me of my younger sister, Mary. She was thirteen years old and was about to turn fourteen soon. She was really excited for her birthday but she couldn’t even celebrate it. Even though we were orphans, I tried my best to give her the things I could, so that she didn’t feel the absence of our parents. Our parents had died in a car accident on a really stormy day. When this incident happened, I was just nineteen and Mary was six. Mary was heart-broken for days after she heard this news. I was shattered and miserable. I had to get hold of myself because I had to look after my sister. To run our house, I started working and tried my best to give time to my sister.

Seven years had passed by, and everything was going great until it was Mary’s fourteenth birthday. It was raining very heavily that day, but to celebrate her birthday, I took her to her favourite restaurant. After her birthday celebration, we came out and she said, “It’s raining”. She wanted to eat an ice-cream so I went to get one for her. After buying it, as I was returning, I saw that Mary was about to get hit by a truck.

Before I could rush towards her, the truck hit the girl. My world turned upside down, I thought that I lost my last precious one but as I went closer I saw it was not Mary but someone else. I shouted out her name and found her sitting and talking to a stray pup.

That’s it! I saw the girl who was hit by a truck (in my dream). I woke up as I felt someone was waking me up. I opened my eyes and I saw Mary. I realised that the nightmare which had caused the problem had unraveled it too.

-Mouli Panwar (VIII-B)



MARVELLOUS CLOUDBURST

Rain clouds up high
Lightning in the sky
Frightening the passers by
Children just can't say goodbye.
Puddles filled with paper boats
Children out with their raincoats.
Rain being the day's host
Clouds are so pretty that we make the most of it.
A marvellous cloudburst
A blessing or a curse.
Thunder and lightning first
O mighty storm, you watch us disperse.

-Ayushi Tripathi (VIII-B)



THE TEARY CLOUDS



The clouds are crying their heads out
But I am left wondering why.
A spark of lightning shows their anger
And strong winds blow as they sigh.
Rain can also be mischievous
I cannot fathom the reason why.
You get ready for a picnic
And they decide to cry.
At times clouds are sad
Sometimes they seem low,
But at the end their happiness they show
By spreading out their rainbow.

-Ojas Panwar (VIII-B)

ENGLISH ELOCUTION AT THE OASIS JULY 15, 2022

Speech is power, speech is to persuade, to invigorate, and to imagine. The Inter-House English Elocution Competition held at The OASIS on the 15th of July was a remarkable and impressive event which showcased all different and unique speeches presented by participants from classes VI to VIII.

The topics for each class were:-

Class VI- There are no days better than school days.

Class VII- The only thing you need to wear well is confidence.

Class VIII- The youth of today are the leaders of tomorrow.

The event commenced with class VI. There were four participants from each house, who were Sparsh Pant, Ayanna Malik, Harshada Singh and Aarav Bist. All participants had very expressive, colourful and meaningful speeches. Participants shared amazing incidents that they had experienced in their school life. Students waxed eloquently how school held vital importance in one's life, some even shared important skills of life, they acquired at school. From class VII's category, the four students who participated were Yashasva Raj Pandey, Aadyansh Roy, Yashvi Aggarwal and Sajag Gupta. All speeches from this category were very empowering, all participants had shared the importance of confidence and how we must all gain self-confidence to become successful. From class VIII, Tara Kumar, Sukanya Khanduri, Sia Khandelwal, and Gauri Singh participated. Their speeches expressed the significance of nurturing the youth of today for tomorrow, new ideas by our nation's young population, and the diversity needed in world leaders.

The judges, Mrs. Natascha Nandi Bathla, Mrs. Akanksha Vasudev, and Mrs. Sangeeta Verma shared their thoughts on the participants' impressive skills and even shared some tips and recommendations for everyone to be good public speakers. After the Judges, the School Director and Head of School, Mr. Sanjiv Bathla also encouraged and appreciated the participants. All the judges and Sanjiv sir praised the participants for their spectacular efforts, with that the event came to an end!

Results of the event:

Class VI

First Position: Ayanna Malik- Daivik House

Second Position: Harshada Singh- Mahit House

Third Position: Sparsh Pant-Vinaya House

Class VII

First Position: Yashvi Aggarwal- Daivik House

Second Position: Sajag Gupta- Vinaya House

Third Position: Yashasva Raj Pandey- Prasatti House

Class VIII

First Position: Sukanya Khanduri- Daivik House

Second Position: Tara Kumar- Mahit House

Third Position: Gauri Singh- Prasatti House



-Shubhangi Bhandari (VIII-B)

PRIME-O-GRAM

Ankuram

RAIN

The rain came trickling down,
As I jumped in a puddle up and down,
My nose started running,
While I began wheezing,
My mother gave me hot tea to sip,
While I ate a cookie-
It was chocolate chip
Rainy days are the ones where I feel truly free,
In this big city.

-Drishiti Ganeriwala (V)



बरसात

बरसात है आई
देखो-देखो बरसात है आई,
अपने साथ बिजली भी लाई।
बादल गरजे, काली घटा है छाई,
बहुत दिनों में, मेंढक की टर-टर दी सुनाई।
सबने रंग-बिरंगी छतरियाँ लहराई,
मैंने भी कागज की नाव बनाई,
देखो-देखो बरसात है आई।

वीर सन्धु
कक्षा-३(कैना)

बारिश

बारिश का मौसम आया,
रिम-झिम, रिम-झिम वर्षा लाया।
नदियों का जल ऊपर आया,
हरियाली देख मन मुस्काया।
रंग-बिरंगी फूलों पर, तितलियाँ गाती,
हर तरफ हरी-हरी घास लहराती।
देख सबको मुझे बहुत आनंद आया,
मैं भी छाता खोल घूम आया।

किमाया हुरला
कक्षा-३(कैना)

● BLOOMS OF THE MONTH ●

The Magic of Madhumalti



Botanical name: Combretum Indicum

Common Name: Rangoon Creeper, Chinese Honeysuckle, Red Jasmine

Flowering seasons: March to June & August to October.

Origin: India, Southeast Asia and Tropical Africa

Madhumalti is a hedge creeper usually known for its mesmerizing fragrance and eye pleasing blooms. They can be seen widely growing as ornamental plants in the school campus and remain green throughout the year. Flowers of Madhumalti are initially white in color and open during dusk. Their bright colours attract hawk moths with long tongues for pollination. With passage of time, the flowers turn pink and ultimately red, attracting day flying bees and birds. The matured flowers change from a horizontal orientation to a drooping pose. This is

also the reason why the bushes of Madhumalti have clusters of blooms ranging from pearly white to the flowers with pinkish red tint. Madhumalti is believed to have many medicinal properties. It can be used to treat Diarrhea, Kidney inflammation, Dysuria and skin ailments.

So, the next time you spot this flower-studded shrub, remember to experience its mesmerizing fragrance and beautiful colours.

-Shivi Juyal (XI-A)



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