



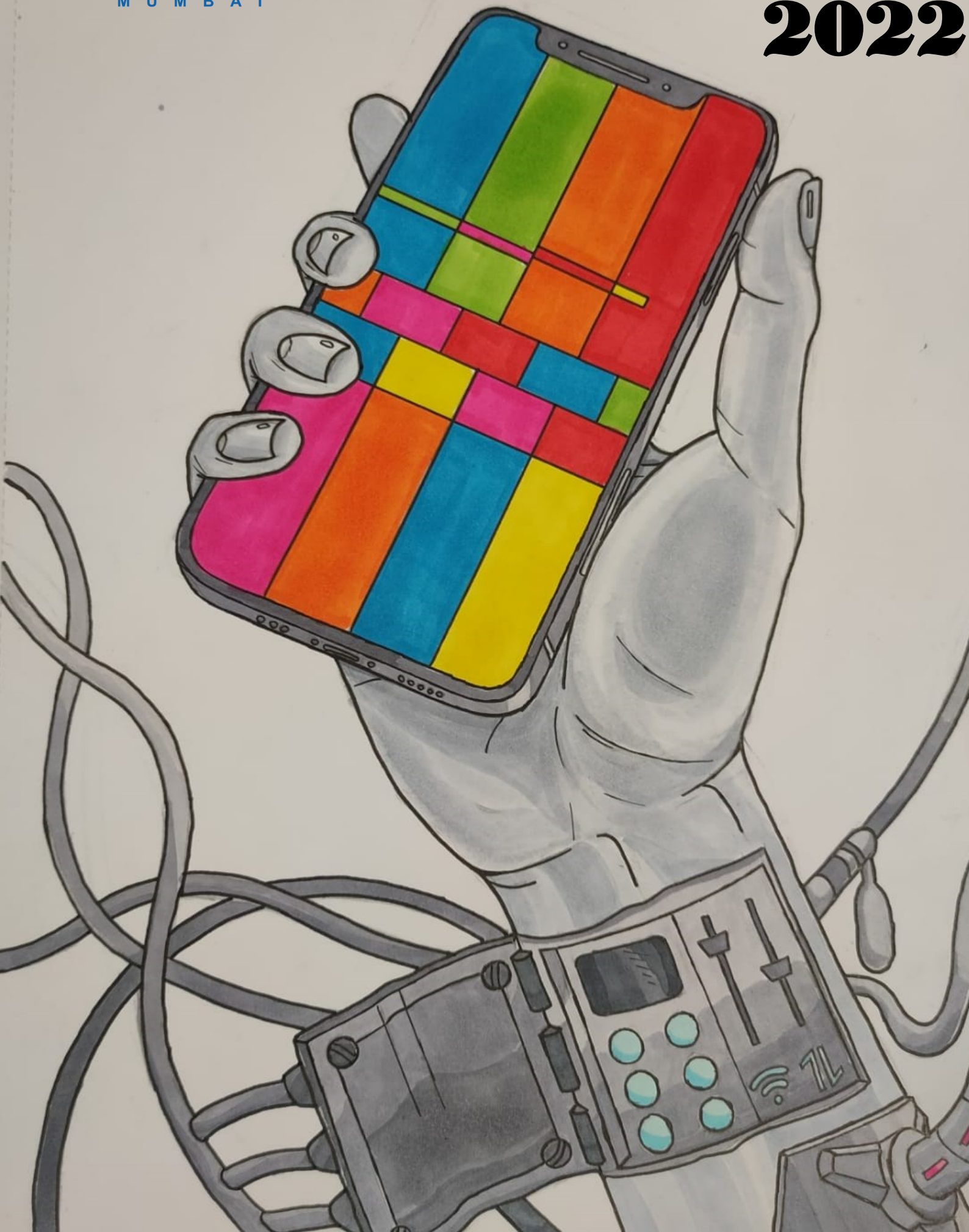
PODAR
Nurturing The Future. Since 1927.

PODAR INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL (IB & Cambridge International)

M U M B A I

LUMINOUS

2022



From the Director's Desk:

Podar International School's aim is to provide conditions conducive for the growth of our students, to nurture them and help them metamorphosize into the people we know they can become- pre-eminent citizens of the world. Our goal is to create independent capable individuals who have the ability to remain grounded and focused while letting their imagination soar - unfettered.

At Podar International School, we expose our students to various perspectives and global situations, in order to broaden their horizons and think out of the box. We want each and every one of our students to reach their potential and achieve personal mastery. We do this by providing an encouraging, stimulating and engaging learning environment, aided by the tactful guidance of our dedicated group of educators. We never let our students' creativity stagnate.

While focusing on helping them gain academic knowledge we also provide platforms for our students to showcase and advance their unique talents. We help our students develop holistically by instilling in them the life skills of communication, collaboration, inquiry and reflection.

The Luminous magazine is an excellent example of an initiative that incorporates almost everything the IBDP programme expects from its students and what it wants its students to develop throughout the course, completely in sync with the International Baccalaureate's philosophy. Not only the diligent Luminous team members but also students who are gifted writers and creative artists, who have contributed to the newsletter, have displayed such mastery of the attributes of the IB learner profile. With Innovation and Transformation everywhere in the current challenging times, this magazine gave the students an opportunity to express their own uniqueness while inspiring others. This theme urges the students to use their imagination and aims to display their rich creativity, skill, inventiveness and originality.

The Luminous Magazine has provided an avenue for our brilliant students to showcase their extraordinary literary talents while making us teachers beam with pride. This being the 5th Edition is an attribute to the determination and never-ending creativity of the students. It demonstrates effective team work and the excellence of the students of Podar. I extend my appreciation to the Luminous Team, as it is their vision and herculean effort that has made this endeavour possible.

Dr. Mrs. Vandana Lulla

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Editors' Note:

Dear Reader,

It is with great pleasure that we present to you the 5th edition of our school's magazine, 'Luminous 2022'. This initiative was taken up by the students of IBDP-1 and has only been possible due to the cooperation, dedication, and excellence of the students.

Palmer Luckey once said, "Why shouldn't people be able to teleport wherever they want?" The Luminous Edition 2022, with its theme of Virtuality, challenges this very question by allowing the students to teleport their thoughts and talents onto the pages of our prestigious magazine. To meet the broad requirements of this theme, the students actively displayed their creativity, capability, and competency through their artistic creations.

The essence of the magazine was perfectly captured by the diverse submissions made by the students, ranging from grades 6th to 11th, on the topics related to Language and Literature, Science, Technology, Social Cause, Current Affairs, Cuisine and Culture, Art and Photography, Health, as well as Multilingual Entries.

We dedicate the success and production of this magazine to our encouraging and inspirational leadership team led by our beloved Director Principal, Dr. Ms. Vandana Lulla, who never fails to nurture the creativity of her students. We extend our gratefulness to our IBDP coordinator, Ms. Hema Rajan, and ,Executive coordinator, Ms. Prema Mathew for their helpful insights at every step of the way.

With immense appreciation for not only the students who shared their innovative ideas with us and our revered readers but also the visionary art team with their 'luminous'-ity without whom this magazine would have been incomplete. Hope you, readers, enjoy reading our cherished magazine as much as we did while creating the same.

Happy Reading!

With gratitude and warm wishes,
Editorial Team 2021-22

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Science

Technology

Social Cause

Current Affairs

Cuisine and Culture

Art and Photography

Health

Multilingual Entries



Language

&

Literature

Sanyu Pipalia [6A]

A Homo Neuron in the 17th Century

It was the year 3002. Max was a Homo Neuron, an advanced species after the Homo Sapiens. He lived in a sparsely populated place. It was lonely usually, and all Max had to play with was his cantankerous sister, with whom he would quarrel quite a bit! He lived on the outskirts of a small city on Mars.

One day, his class teacher at school, Miss Jones, had taken a day off. Instead, it was her hologram that was teaching the kids. She sat in a rigidly formal pose, her eyes stern and her lips in a tight smile.

She taught some geohistory of the 17th century, some science and math on multiverse transformations, some digiarts and some practical stuff like how to repair your damaged nerve cells on your own etc. Max was quite a nerd and loved to read, so he knew most of these subjects anyways. He didn't find school particularly useful.

After Miss Jones' image faded away, he leapt on the teleporter, touched the screen on his virtual watch, and it immediately teleported him back home. The teleporter would scan his brain to see where he wanted to go.

He found himself sitting on his bed back at home. Being tired and bored, he dozed off to sleep. When he woke up, he realized that his parents were out for some work and his sister was not around. He strolled into his dad's room and saw the time travel machine that his dad was experimenting with! His dad was an inventor, and loved tinkering and building new devices, though most of the time his dad's inventions did not work!

He knew he wasn't supposed to use it, but just randomly he spun some numbers in the time machine in the the area where he was supposed to enter the date. It seemed to display the year AD 1621. Super interesting,
he thought, since he had heard his teacher saying that this had been the reign of the notorious King Henry Williams, the terrible!

All of a sudden, his sister, who had crept into the room behind his back, shouted from behind to surprise him. And he pushed the start button of the time travel machine by mistake!

It started spinning, and Max felt a bit dizzy. He couldn't believe he was thrown back in time, and was extremely angry with his sister for playing this prank on him!

Now, he found himself in front of an enormous palace, surrounded by vast areas of villages. Using the mind-printer that he always carried in his bag, he made some 17th century styled clothes that fitted him and started moving around.

He started realizing why Henry Williams was known as the terrible king! He would torture his subjects for no reason at all, and throw them to the dungeons. If he did not like any of his slaves, he would give them the death penalty or feed them to the lions.

When Max spoke to a few people in the kingdom, he realized that King Henry's brutal nature was caused due to a childhood fight with his (King Henry's) brother. This had made both brothers bitter and resentful. Since that day, both had become sworn enemies and this had caused Henry to take out his anger on his kingdom.

Max suddenly remembered that he was carrying his anti-Memorall device with him, which could make a person forget specific incidents from their past. It was a gun shaped device, where you could set a date and point and shoot it towards a person. And this target would then forget about all incidents on and around that date. He decided to transport himself into King Henry's chamber and administer the King with this device to make him forget that painful childhood incident.

So, he transported himself into the palace gates and sneaked into the main hall of the palace walls. From the side, he targeted his anti-Memorall device at King Henry and set the date to King Henry's childhood year when that incident had taken place. He then took aim and pulled the trigger. He managed to hit the King, who immediately turned towards Max when the beam hit him.

Before Max knew, several palace guards started rushing towards him from all sides! He fumbled and with sweaty hands was trying to find his transporter, but was unable to locate it in his bag. While still searching, one huge palace guard caught him and hit him hard. Max started getting dizzy and thought that this was the end!

Slowly, he woke up, and saw his mom and dad in front of him! His dad had managed to reverse the time machine and get Max back. Max was extremely thankful and tightly hugged his parents!

But he was still very upset with his sister, and decided he would not talk with her at all for sending him to the 17th century.

Next day, at school, while Miss Jones continued her geohistorical lessons, Max realized something unbelievable! In the 17th century, King Henry had started his rule with terror and cruelty, but in the later half of his rule, he had been gentle and kind! And Max could not believe that he had managed to make history!

That day, he decided to walk home instead of using his teleporter. And he realized how forgetting a few negative incidents can make a person happy and at ease with themselves and in their relationships.

And when he reached home, he first went and met his sister, and apologized for being angry at her. And from that day onwards, they would both have tons of fun, and loads of laughter together with their parents.

Tête-à-Tête with Aliens

It was a quiet Moonlight night. I was walking along the street, curiously looking at the time on my watch. My watch was blue coloured and had a long dial so that I could see the time easily. I had heard of aliens. There was also mention of aliens visiting the Earth at midnight. All of a sudden, aha, the time on my watch started flashing 12:00. I jumped out of my skin when this strange thing happened. I could feel the sweat trickling down my back. I had read that if I move the dials of the watch in the anti-clockwise direction, I would be able to see the past. I shifted the clock dials to 11:48 which was very hard to do.

Swoosh, I saw an asteroid coming towards Earth at a lightning speed. The asteroid was as big as Mount Everest and it was gray - coloured. I was scared, but it was a fuss over nothing. I saw it resting on Earth in a tilted direction far away from me. It directly transformed itself to a big, black house which was really weird.

Four strange people came out of the house. They looked bizarre and expressions on their face were like a cat in a strange garret. They had three eyes, green coloured skin, short legs and hands. I suddenly realized that they were aliens. They were doing something to the house. It looked like they were renovating the house. Adventure excites me so I found a big, tall tree with a thick trunk near the house, and hid behind it to observe them. Surprisingly, I heard the tree speaking to me! I was astonished and asked the tree, "Can you speak, Mr. Tree?"

It replied, "Yes"

I was amazed and asked for some information about the strangers.

The tree grinned, "Hey, those strange people are aliens. They are very powerful and can speak in any language. They have come on Earth to discover it and want to make humans their friends. They live on asteroids and when they land on an unknown planet, they change their asteroid homes to haunted houses."

I asked him if I could meet the aliens and become their friends. The tree warned me to be careful as they were strong and could pack a punch. I went near the haunted house and they spotted me, "Who are you and why have you come here?"

“I want to be your friend.” I replied swiftly.

All the aliens were full of the joys of spring as they got a new friend. They led me inside the house. The haunted house was pretty creepy. It had ghosts hanging upside down from the ceiling and bats flying around but I wasn't scared. An alien offered me some snacks. They devoured bones and meat for snacks but it was unwelcoming so I refused to eat it. Then they suggested we play. They had very weird - shaped toys but the toys were interesting so we played for an hour, with bells on.

While playing, I asked them their names.
I am Jolo, they are Momo, Holo and Golo”

Jolo was tall and used to respect anyone he met. He was a wise alien and had a charismatic personality. He was the cream of the crop.

Momo on the other hand was very mischievous and liked distracting others. He liked making friends but didn't have many.

Holo was a dwarf and was very wise. He was different from others as had only 2 eyes. Golo was as tall as Jolo but looked arrogant. He didn't like making friends and was scared of humans.

They looked very puzzled when they saw some buffaloes running near the house. Jolo questioned me, “What are these strange creatures roaming around our house?” “We also want to know a few facts about Earth.”

I thought I could answer some of their questions as I had learnt a lot about Earth in school as part of the “Sharing the Planet” theme. I replied, “Those are animals. There are different animals found all over Earth. Some of them are - Flamingoes, Buffaloes, Giraffes, Lions, Tigers, Cows etc.”

They were very interested and wanted to know more.

Holo enquired, “Is there cement all around Earth as roads and playgrounds?” “No, there is soil covering the Earth.” I responded.

“Are there different types of soil?”

“Yes, there are three different types of soil. These are Loamy Soil, Sandy Soil, and Clayey Soil.” “What are these pointed.....?”, Before Golo could complete his question Momo started acting as if he had got hurt, “AAAAAAAHHH!”

“Stop acting, Momo”, Holo looked at him menacingly.

“Where was I? Yes! What are these pointed things near the house?”, Golo continued. “Oh, these pointed things are called mountains. Mountains can be of different heights and the tallest mountain in the world is Mount Everest. It is very difficult to climb mountains but there are other pointed things like mountains found on Earth. Those are called hills and we can climb them easily”, I stated.

I explained to them a lot about mother Earth. All of a sudden, Jolo screamed “Night is about to get over, we should rush back, else we might land into trouble!” They instructed me to leave. The house changed itself to an asteroid and flew high in the sky like a rocket. I happily went home and told the incident to my parents. They were astonished and expressions on their faces were of stunned disbelief. I knew that they would not believe me so I didn’t try to convince them. I went straight to my room to sleep and started dreaming of those aliens whom I had met.

Sahana Malik [6B]

BELIEVE!

You need determination from heart to soul and soon
you will reach your goal!

Believe in yourself no matter what happens as you are
your captain

Just believe in what you are doing because what you
are doing needs pursuing

Whether your goal is far or near never stop believing in
yourself despite your fear,

All you need is a growth mindset today and then there
is no one in your way

You got this, you can do it, never ever quit!

OUR GIFT!

You have your own light within you. You might not be
able to see it, but it will definitely come through.

Just keep trying and before you know it you will be fly-
ing.

The uniqueness in you never fades and you should
never try to hide behind the shades.

The sky you need may be out of reach, but you should
try, try till you succeed.

MAKE THE WORLD A BETTER PLACE

Climate change is a great hard challenge, don't let the world die, we are making this happen.

Increase of global warming day by day, listen to what we say.

Plastics and plastics are littering the world, as well as fossil fuels are getting burnt.

Rising sea levels in the arctic, while there is no water in the desertic!

Trees get cut every single day, should we stop using papers today?

Population growth is the main factor of climate change, so don't let the world over-populate.

Melting glaciers, a problem for polar bears, will they migrate or share.

Help! Help! Help! Shouts our Mother earth.

Save! Save! Save! For our childrens' future.

Make the world a better play for you and for me and for the entire universe

Jack, the boy who loved television

There was a boy whose name was Jack,
He had a father called Mac.
But Jack didn't love him, not at all,
Instead he loved a monster tall.
The monster loved to spoil all children,
It was called the television.
Jack watched it all day, all night,
He never let it out of sight.
His father begged, ordered and talked,
But adamant Jack never stopped.
Then one day Jack began to shrink,
His eyesight blackened, he couldn't think.
Poor Jack died in the end,
And that is how the story ends.
So don't watch too much TV mate,
Unless you want to meet Jack's fate.

Riyan Sawdekar [7E]

I like to connect with people in the virtual
world

I feel free like a bird
Some people may find it absurd
But I'll Keep it unheard

You know you can create your own avatar
And Communicate with people really far
That's how I expand my Imagination
Maybe it's a thing with our generation

From the south pole to the moon
I have seen everything too soon
I keep myself in Isolation
My virtual world is my innovation

Snorkelling Experience

It was a cool breezy morning, all set to go to Sri Lanka on a summer vacation. I was all excited while boarding the flight which would take us 2 hours to reach Colombo. We reached at 11 am, the weather was cool and had just begun to drizzle. The car was waiting with a guide to take us to the hotel. It was a spectacular place, full of greenery. After we checked in to the hotel, had a quick wash and proceeded to see an elephant orphanage. I had heard of Children orphanage, but this was something unique and different. The place is called Pinnawala Elephant Orphanage.

It is an orphanage, nursery and captive breeding ground for wild Asian elephants located at Pinnawala village. There are about 93 elephants and they are taken care of by mahouts. They are trained to obey the mahouts, The daily routine is a drill of walking in a straight line from the orphanage to the river where they are given bath daily. It was a different experience to see the orphanage which was so well kept and the people were very kind to the elephants.

We had a good thrilling experience at the orphanage.

At dawn the next morning , we set off to a place called the Pigeon Islands. A short distance from Trinco Blu by Cinnamon is another little haven with clear turquoise waters – The Pigeon Island. Breeze through an early morning boat trip, and reach before the sun gets too harsh. The weather too changes suddenly and it's raining, making the travel from the shore to the island difficult as the ocean gets choppy and rough. This place is famous for Snorkelling. Corals in beautiful colours, luminescent fish and turtles swimming around you will make you wonder about nature's spellbinding creativity. There are guides who take you underwater to enjoy the breathtaking beautiful view of sea life . Initially I was too scared even though I had worn the set to dive underwater. But after a few repeated attempts , I finally managed to gain courage and dive down. Oh my !!! What a view, beautiful blue water, orange fishes, tubelight fish, baby sharks and turtles swimming around me.

I thoroughly enjoyed being underwater. We took a break and dived in again. By this time , I was confident and having fun swimming underwater with all the sea animals. We took a tour around the islands which were full of coral reefs of different shapes and sizes. I was very keen to get back home to some of the reefs, but we were warned by the guide that it is an offense and crime to take the reefs from there, penalty could be fine or even imprisonment.

We had to cut short our stay at the islands as it got very dark and was going to rain. We quickly got on to the boat to get back to the shore. Meanwhile it started to rain and the sea went very rough and waves hit hard onto our boat.

Finally we reached the shore safely. This was the best experience I had , a memory to last me for very long. I will definitely want to come back to this place once more and enjoy the sea world.

Child labour is illegal,
Do you know why it is critical?
Small hands are made to play,
not to work hard every day.
They are allowed to go to school,
not jump in puddles and pools.
As a result they get sick,
and some don't get proper medical treat.
Some are rich, some are poor,
some face risks, some get opportunities.
But all have a right, so they can be bright.
Some sit on the roads and behave lame,
some sit at home and play a video game.
"Please give me money", some say,
some shout some beg every day.
Sometimes my mind asks me that why we all
are not the same?
Children are gods stupendous creation,
not made for destruction...

The Division

Two worlds, black and white
Rival twins, yet they persist
Unity stands close

The Limits

With a finite sight
With the infinite new minds
Still, gateways are closed

The Happiness

Ground paused into zero
Metal scratching through the nights
Time to go skating

The Future

A fine addition
In a land of beginnings
It still perseveres

Pahal Shah [9A]



As time passes by I look up at the sky In search for some answers
When it all suddenly became surreal the well-lit church caught my eye
Overlooking the 100 year old oak tree the sun glistened through my
glass windows Birds soaring through the sky the timing fit perfect
that's when it hit me the answers were there all along

Ignorance and negligence

Ok, let's get things back on track. Every day, I hope to be given due respect and sympathy about being a companion who will never leave your side and mind, (or at least keep lingering in it), and yet I see you everyday brushing your teeth, with your haywire hair dangling line wines on your forehead, just for you to push buttons and show an uninterested face amongst the remaining people in your class.

Though I am your laptop, your ONLY way to escape from seeing the same people in your house over and over again, you should applaud, praise, and sing songs of my gratefulness! However, all you ever say about me to all your friends who, once again, you can only see BECAUSE OF ME, "Guys, I am so tired of seeing you all through my laptop! I wish I could stop being dependent on my laptop just to speak to you all! I am SICK AND TIRED of my laptop!!".

Alright you there! In case you haven't realised by now, I am the one who is able to store all your files! I am the person who connects you to the people of the world! I am the one who has given you the right and authority of being called a person from the 21st century! I can go on and on but no one will even realise that I am weeping, especially due to the fact that water will ruin my electrical circuits, just causing more damage to me, thus I try not to show my tears.

Even when it comes to emotions! No where can I express my thoughts and will. When I am happy and well-functioning, humans take advantage of this and that is when their love and affection for me starts to show. Uff! My keys have gotten so tired of getting clicked again and again and again, that sometimes I just want to shut off for the day. And when I get hot, humans stop using me thinking I have gone bad, and crib with their parents to buy them a new laptop to replace ME...I feel bad that they think of me as a mere object which has no value in life other than the times when they need me. I hope that changes soon, for I know the exact purpose for what I have been made...

Time

The cobwebs of time and the ones spun by the teeming spiders have imprisoned me in what I once proudly called my own abode. The creaking sound of the mahogany shelf that once served as a safe refuge is slowly falling prey to the storms of time too. Its humped back is like a ticking time bomb which will announce its demise any moment taking along with it, my companions and me towards the natural call of gravity. The room is rank with fungus and disuse while the once shining glass panes are now covered with pigeon excretion and encrusted with years of dead unidentifiable insects that seem to have been fossilised on their glass grave. Ants and flies have disintegrated into small heaps of iridescent dust that form a thick layer on the edges of the chipping window sill.

Time and again, my thoughts travel back to when I was quite popular...when I was constantly exhausted by being captured into multiple hands. I recall my fascinating adventures in the opulent classrooms where I relished in boasting my entrance to the earnest faces glaring down at me, while they flipped through my withered pages in search of knowledge. It was really the best time of my life. As time flew by, I gradually grew fond of hearing those familiar footsteps rushing towards me.

My face beamed with satisfaction as students were dictated to take my fellow dictionaries and I on yet another trip. Furthermore, I fondly reminisce about my long conversations with my family. We basked in delight at our important role in the esteemed school. Of course, not everything was perfect back then – there was never a pinch of fathom between me and my greatest nemesis, Big Bully, who was the biggest, thickest, oldest dictionary that stood between the freshly painted walls. Our arguments were the highlight of every night. Big bully took the thrill in bragging about his powerful position at the dimly lit library. Meanwhile, my aggressive temper pushed me to retaliate by screeching out words which were plausibly a sin to say out loud. And so went on our battle, back and forth. Alas, never would I have imagined that I would deeply miss these shenanigans...

The best of times slowly turned into the worst of times. A decade later, as a new species mightily announced its grand arrival, it felt like things had turned upside down. I absolutely did not get the obsession behind computers. Us dictionaries had provided profound wisdom to our beloved readers for centuries, only for computers to grasp the world in the palm of its hand within a second. It was outrageous, it was unbelievable.

The computers were seated in the laps of luxury while me, my family, my friends and even Big Bully were swallowed into depression. Not a hint of empathy flashed by as people merely deserted us, leaving us isolated into the hollow pitches of dark barriers. Our once prized pages were now destroyed into creases while our backbones, the walls, started crumbling down, bit by bit. Our reputation was tearing apart, and no one seemed to care. Students nonchalantly dismissed us for the 'fancy' computers. If not all, the teachers' stern commands were no longer directed towards us. The footsteps, which had been melody to my ears, seldom approached me. It felt like someone had punched me in the gut. My shoulders tipped with fatigue as I was forced to stand on the hard, patchy shelves... Here I was, suffering in misery, while the ferocious beeping of computers enveloped the room.

Fast forwarding to now, where a dull and dusty atmosphere besieges my sooty setback of a home, the once blossoming and bright smile no longer rests on my face. My brittle yellowed brown edge pages are slowly disintegrating. The corollary of the heinous digital revolution has been a heartache to watch...my colleagues have all kicked the bucket...I could only pray for them a safe journey up above. Tears fiercely roll down my eyes as I witness this terrifying nightmare take place.

I'm frustrated, I'm shaken, I'm weak with disbelief. And no one, not a single soul, is here for me. I'm desperate to fight back, I want this type of world to end. But nothing is working. No one listens to me. It's agitating, it's gruelling, it's horrible. I am a skeleton, a carcass, a worthless object that is no longer of any use. Recently, I overheard a cheeky lad mention that I will be burnt...just like my late family and friends. My thoughts are clouded with gloom and anxiety...with bated breath, I am waiting for that dreadful moment when I shall turn to ashes lighting a bonfire and illuminating the world for one last time like I had done in my prime days by spreading the light of knowledge.

THE SMELL OF CHRISTMAS

I love the smell of Christmas
on those frigid, shivery winter nights
the crimson glow in the fireplace
red brick walls plastered with lights

The aroma of Christmas treats
cinnamon cookies straight from the oven
a sprinkle of ginger and honey
cranberry pie baked with love for
children
whiffs of evergreen leaves
gliding down towards us from those cone
shaped trees which are woven with the first
scent of delight jingle bells, candy canes and
a star shining so bright
scarlet sparks of hope
soaring from the sky like rain
on crystal white layers of snow
in which footsteps have carved a trail

shopping downtown at the mall
there's a photo session with Santa Claus
fairies are dancing to Christmas carols
flushed little elves juggle colourful balls

pure bliss is the ambience today
timber and bright red holly deck the halls everyone's
stoked to dig in to some strawberry
pudding alongside sips of cider
and to shed tears to the greatest Christmas
movie of all
warm mittens on tiny little hands
claw their way through presents and
stockings mistletoe hangs from the door-
way
sending electric signals as fast as a speed-
ing train that it's arrived, this season is
here
the one of magic, love and with a promise
of forever

Real Bravery in unprecedented times of Covid-19

“Khushi, you're a coward,” Chahat said. “No, I'm not,” Khushi murmured, her eyes welling up with tears. 'Look, I can climb this wall, but you're not even trying,' Chahat replied. Showing off, Khushi responded, does not mean bravery. I can climb any wall, but what's the point if it's for no reason? My parents instilled in me the value of being focused and not flaunting myself. Khushi began walking home after saying this. Chahat and her pals began to tease Khushi. Khushi, on the other hand, was unperturbed. She was well aware that flaunting one's bravery does not constitute true bravery.

Soon they arrived at a house that was on fire, with a little kid pleading for help. No one seemed to be willing to help. Khushi looked at Chahat, whose face was white with fear. Khushi realised she needed to act quickly to save the boy. She instantly jumped and climbed the wall which was considerably higher than the one which Chahat had climbed previously. She extended her hand to the child and instructed him to grasp it tightly. He was, however, terrified. Khushi told him that she was his friend and he should not fear anything. The boy put his hand forward and so Khushi held him and brought him down.

Soon the fire brigade also came and they doused the fire and everyone praised Khushi. You are indeed The bravest girl in the class”. Said Chahat. The boy introduced himself as Neptuno and explained that his parents had gone somewhere so he had no place to live. Khushi was perplexed, but she took him home.

As she reached home, her parents were surprised to find the boy but as Khushi insisted, decided to keep Neptuno at home. Her father called the local police and informed them and said that in case Neptuno parents come, please inform them and Neptuno whereabouts.

Neptuno was very quiet and watching all this. He was thinking that whatever his parents had told him was not true. Planet Earth had very nice and helpful people. Actually Neptuno had come from Neptune and he was a robot. His mission was to destroy planet earth by spreading CoronaVirus.

Khushi’s mother, who was at home, made a special cake for Neptuno and Khushi. He really liked it and wanted to thank her but kept quiet. As night went by Neptuno could not sleep and soon he heard voices, his parents had come and told him why he had not done anything by spreading viruses when his two other friends had done the job. Neptuno said that all his gadgets to spread corona were destroyed in fire.

Now he only had one gadget left which was called 'Covid 19'. He said he could not use these people as they seemed like angels, who had saved his life. Listening to all this Neptunos parents also realized their mistake and gave him a special soap gun which could combat Covid 19.

Neptuno left a special soap gun with Khushi's parents and left for his home planet. Khushi said goodbye to him with a heavy heart. Khushi's parents used the Soap gun to finish all the Corona virus from which fortunately had not spread beyond their town. Khushi was very happy and now had a friend even on planet Neptune.

In presence of

This town has never been so quiet. Even on the most gloomy days, you'd hear the laughter of the children floating through the air, you'd hear the chatter of the shop vendors and the rustling of the apple trees, the air filled with the sweetest scent. Today however, I don't hear a single child, not even the subdued chirping of the birds. The sky above me was dark and there was a slight chill in the air, which wasn't unusual wherever I went, but the stillness of it all shocked me. My senses were sharpened as I walked down the road, the sound of my shoes hitting the asphalt ringing out into the quiet. My ears strained to hear a familiar sound, but failed, where were these people? Where were the women talking and laughing outside the supermarket I just passed by ? The single father roasting nuts and crispy meat to fend off the cold and to warm our insides ? Where had the world disappeared ?

I entered the little playground behind the school and explored the empty space, the still swings, the untouched sand in the sandpit, a lone water bottle sitting in the middle of it, a children's cartoon character staring up at me. My heart, if such a thing exists, felt heavy as I exited the playground and walked into the street to do what I came to do.

I wished I had time, I wished I could see the people that I cherished so much, I wish I knew what had happened. Legends say that death doesn't feel anything, that death comes and goes as silent as the night without any remorse but did anybody ever care to ask death whether it was true? If death had no remorse, then why would it free the soul of the suffering woman, who couldn't treat herself? Why would it heal the troubled souls in old bodies and allow them to leave ? Death has remorse, death can be kind.

The old house looked the same as it always had. The same Banyan tree cast a shade over the roof, it's great roots spread out under my feet. The door had been left open, and a tabby cat sat on the patio, his tail swishing back and forth as he watched me enter. There was no life outside of the house, on the road, a road where you'd hear laughter and music throughout the day and smell home cooked meals and watermelon in the summer. It was all empty. It was only when I was about to enter the house that I saw them. About 5 or 6 people sat huddled at the base of the banyan tree, all of them seemed to be holding hands, someone was crying. "Will she be okay ?" A child whispered, I knew who he was talking about, of course I did. "Yes, yes of course she will, don't worry" an adult from the side reassured, taking his hands into hers.

They can't see me, nor can they hear me, but if they could, they'd hear me scoff. It always amuses me how easily adults can lie. I walk into the house, and stare into its turning corners. The house had always been big, almost maze-like, which is why upon walking into it, a few wrong turns led me into an unknown room. The room was empty except for an old piano and four pillows overlooking another part of the garden. On the piano sat an old lady, her long silver hair, twisted into a bun. She played the piano into the empty room, the violent notes never leaving the four walls. I stood there for a while staring at the back of her head, occasionally watching her worn out fingers as they danced about the keyboard. I left the room minutes later, *Danse Macabre by Camille Saint-Saëns spilling briefly into the hallway. The dance of the dead was an eerie composition to play on such a day.*

It was at the end of the house that I found her. Sophie Winters was 8, laying on the floor and at the brink of death, all it would take for her to leave her body and come away with me, is just one touch, but unlike every other time I've carried new souls, I don't immediately go to her. A little boy around the age of 6 knelt by her bedside and held her hand. He looked just like her, same brown hair and kind face.

“Is it true that nobody is safe in the presence of death? Our parents were talking about it, Sophie” he whispered into her ear “ don’t be in the presence of death just yet Sophie, we’ve got so much to do ! We have to finish the movie and make 1000 paper cranes, we’ve only reached 100 yet...” the child was crying now, but quickly left the room when it got too much. I stared after him and wondered. I walked up to the sick child and sat beside her, staring into her pale face. “It’s time to go Sophie, it’s time to leave these friends and this town and your little brother, you know that right ?” I asked her, not a single movement came back as an answer. I’m careful not to touch her as I bring my face near hers, I hope I don’t regret this. “It’s time to go, but I’m not going to take you, build your 1000 paper cranes and watch all the movies you want. We’ll meet again” I stare at her face one last time before getting up and leaving the house. I’ll let the adult’s lie come true.

As I walk up the asphalt path, signs of life come back into the town, the shutters are opening, the birds are chirping and an old radio is playing somewhere. Death doesn’t always have to be bad, death can be kind. The sun comes out from behind the clouds as I leave the town, I wonder if they’ll ever hear from me again.

Addicted

I stand alone, staring down a facade
of peace and positivity, locked behind a wall of
glass, pathways to the soul, smiling outside, hid-
ing true intentions,

Adroitly masked by resolute walls.

small box, full of lies and spite,
Hiding another me, idealised among pixels, I
Feel like Coraline in the Other World,
Greeted by smiles of plastic, reeking of faux
kindness.

Sitting in my room, i scroll through
Endless photos, trying to find the line
Between usage and addiction, all the while
Slowly fading away.

Wasted potential, almost unrecognisable
Become a monster, in search for
Endorphins, and false validation,
From sources unknown.

Other me, why do you smile like so,
Full of life and joy that isn't real,
But a show for those who wish to see
Into a sea of binary code, that doesn't even mat-
ter,

To those in the real world.

Pulling myself down,
Over flaws that can't be changed,
Egged on by pretenders who claim they're
friends.

No lanterns for us in the abyss
Of Addiction, only the
Fleeting glimpses of light, swallowed again by the
dark.

What mistakes did we make, for us to succumb,
To technology's false praises, a sickening malaise

That plagues our souls,
Running rampant all through the world.

Likes and comments are like
Beautiful sustenance for this ravenous being,
That threatens to consume everything.
Broken bonds, lost souls, let it in and I lost control,

Beautiful soul tarnished by sins unsurmountable,

Courting technology, pointless virtuality.
I wonder which doctor discovered Twitter,
Probably a witch-doctor mixing potions that
Enthrall all, algorithmically.

Feel it encroaching deep inside,

I don't know if I can hold

On any longer, before

The Beldam grasps,

Silken strings that twist emotions,

Pain to pleasure,

Sorrow to joy.

Looking forward, but stuck in the past, I feel remorse,

Forced to live an endless loop,

Of Addiction, and slavery,

To the will of the screen.

OMAHA BEACH

June 8, 1944, Omaha beach, an eight-kilometer-long white sanded beach which hosted perfect blue water surrounded by a breathtaking cliff, indeed a picture-perfect location, was situated in the now German controlled land of Normandy, France. Once full of life was now a lifeless barren gray land. 12 nations meanwhile planned the biggest amphibious assault in history and on the 6th of June 1944, rattled the ground by storming into Omaha beach, better known as “Bloody Omaha”, Over 43000 troops and 1000 war planes and ships paraded through the beach, defender by 10000 German troops and 200 of their biggest artillery. The gray sand turned red with blood as air smelt of gunpowder. On the 9th of June, the black sky with war planes overhead and bodies of American, British, Canadian and free France troops levelled the ground, the mountains caught fire with the Royal air force pounding the mountains with bombs, a fire-work spectacle like no other. Firing never stopped, suddenly, the ground rumbled as missiles roared in the distance, a sight no soldier wants to see as they hopelessly watch the inevitable approach them. The mountain now gushed with waterfalls of blood as neither side gave up. Coated in a cover of Bullet shells.

Many bleeding out, many were shocked, wanting to go back home, some killed themselves, but even as the mortars roared and fired, no one surrendered the days never went quiet as marshals kept howling war cries to keep up the moral. At night, when the tide rose, bodies rose with the water, much like a demon rising at the will of night. as the tide pulled out, bodies were mercilessly pulled away, at the will of the seas into a unknown oblivion. Next day, the beach smelled of rotten bodies, the only ones running around were wet, blood drenched, red color medics as they tried their best to save the warriors, the last glimmer of hope for many, an angel In the devil's nest. The impending sight of blood impaled fear amongst even the toughest. Even as bullets buzzed past their ears, as mortar shells landed feet away, as sand filled up in their eye, as they drench in their brothers blood, they never, gave up Days and nights went by with the unrelenting fire, the bodies now lay ashore along with the living as bullet shells toppled over each soldiers shoulders, drilling in- to the mountain face of the mountain, starting mountain fires that charing any German soldier that was mercilessly swallowed by the flame, as the fight raged on ,many on the mountain lost their footing and slipped down, smashing their bodies against the rocks, or against the allied forces guns.

They rag dolled down, sometimes on fire, their screams being heard all along the dead, red beach shore. Then in the distance, a sudden sound, it made the ground rattle, the water vibrate, the sound of motors as 200 royal air force planes descended from the thick layer of black cloud, like a roaring lion through the dark field of battle, As they ripped through the clouds, there was a sudden calm, the battle field was silent, as the Germans saw what was going to seal their fate, as they saw the roaring courage of a wounded lion, the soldiers pushed on with confidence, like a group of hyenas making a huge push. In the end the allied forces took the won, but at a heavy price, 10000 brave hearts lost their lives in battle, the black skies, red water, fire and smoked mountains, and gold bullet casing covering, the once beautiful place became a place of horror, the mountains lost, the beach stained, the atmosphere ruptured and all citizens of the colony white in fear. As the dawn shined over, a pulse of serenity struck the battle field, a soldier, lay down by a beached boat, pulled out a half burnt picture of his daughter, as he smiled to her, he teared up, He teared up and scream about how he wants to see her, play and lay down in the soft green grass, The picture, that also had a bullet hole,

Was a sight that no one could look away from ,as the soldier put down the picture, he looked down to his wound, blood gushing out of shoulder, both his legs covered in glass and shrapnel as with every movement they pierced into his bone , his vision getting blurred, he knew this was it, that if the tide doesn't swallow him, he will return to his daughters, wrapped in a flag. There are no winners in war, no sacrifice too great, it's not a matter of who is right, it's about who is left

THE IRRESISTIBLE TOME & THE CURSE

I lie on a cosy bed, nestled by pillows. The coverlet tangled in my feet, warming my chilly toes. I snuggle closer into my fortress of pillows and heave a relaxed sigh, picking up my book from the bedside table and burrowing my nose in the book.

The sunlight filters in through the window screens, painting the extravagant tiles gold. I sit up and gaze through the window, not quite believing the scene spreading before me. The rolling green hills, shining emerald beneath the mid morn sun. The sky is a canvas of a subtle blue with thick brushstrokes of clouds cradling the dazzling sun.

I stride towards the window and inhale the refreshingly ever-present scent of pine and brine. The melody of birds and cicadas hangs heavily in the air, like an orchestra.

I hear a sharp rap on the door and a girl barges into the room without waiting for a signal. *Drusilla. My best friend. She is a lovely girl with a bronze sheen to her skin. Her heavy mahogany hair cascades down her shoulders, reaching her waist. She promptly collapses on a sumptuous armchair near the fireplace rug, extending her arms towards the blazing fire.*

Her set of shoulders, the slight upward tilt of her lips, her fingers fidgeting with her skirts. "What's wrong, Dru?" I ask, concern barely hidden in my voice. "I miss Mom and Dad so much, it's almost like a physical hurt. Mom had promised me she will always remain by my side" she manages out. Her voice cracked at the last bit.

I push from the bed and close the space between me and Dru. I hug her fiercely. She startles but hugs me back just as fervently. I can feel her wet cheeks against my neck. Her shaking fingers smooth down my hair.

I begin to reassure her that I will always be with her. No matter what I will never leave her side. But I cannot get the words out. How can I be so sure? I just tighten my grip around her neck and inhale the rose-water scent of her locks. Afraid of not knowing what lies ahead of us.

The air shimmers with summer sun, sparkling as if sprayed by glitter. The sunlight grazes my skin, a scalding but gentle caress. The sky is a clear blue. I inhale the salty mist. There is blue for as far as I can see. The cerulean sky bows gracefully to lower to the teal ocean, as if submitting itself to the ocean's serene majesty.

The calm water surface is occasionally broken by a school of dolphins or something enormous that breaks a shudder down my spine. Gazing over the ocean, I feel ease and peace warring with fear and anxiety. *What enormous creatures live there, ready to gulp you in a single swallow? The sea always makes me jittery. Its vastness makes me feel like a blade of grass in a rainforest.*

I turn away and face the open meadow. The relief is so instant that my heart constricts and I have to swallow to ground myself. I remember playing here with my cousins and friends. And Dru and Cole. My heart warms at their thought. I recall all my memories of them. Reading together in the town library, sneaking cookies from the kitchen at midnight, dancing in the rain and arguing at family dinners. The image of his crooked glasses and her muddy skirts makes my lips stretch into a blooming smile.

I see a shift in shadows under the willow trees. I suspect it to be Dru and Cole, hiding there to give me a jump-scare. I smirk at not being a victim and creep towards the tree. A figure slips from the shadows and heads towards me.

I freeze in my tracks. I eye the figure suspiciously. It is tall and lean, a dark cloak thrown over its shoulders. It slides gracefully across grassy expanse barely leaving a footprint.

Definitely not Dru or Cole.

It approaches me and says “Cecily?” *Her voice is smooth, like water trickling down rocks in a stream. Familiar. “How do you know my name?” surprised to hear the steadiness in my voice. Definitely not reflecting my inner maelstrom of confusion.*

“I am Jocelyn, Drusilla’s mother.” I suck in a breath and bring my hands to cover my mouth. Now I place her smooth voice. The voice that read me bedtime stories, that taught me about science and mythology. *That’s not possible. They died. I saw them die. An unbidden voice whispered, We never found their bodies. I always dismissed Dru’s claims of her parents being alive as self-assurance. I never believed her. Oh Dru.*

“We need your help. We need to break the curse.”

My phone buzzed and I broke from my reveries. Ugh. Random notifications. I forgot to silence the phone. I think back to the book. So *Dru’s parents were never dead. And Cecily will be the one to break the curse. I’ll continue it later. I already know this is going to be another fabulous book*

E x t e n s i o n ? ? ? ?

I barely recognise myself in the morning
I have no memory of who you were
Are you just an extension of your old self ?
You don't seem like *you*
Somethings changed
And I can't really say
But the way you talk to me
The way you sit and stare
Its like your whole world shifted
And somehow i'm still there
Am I an extension of *you* ?
Is that why I barely recognise myself in the
morning
I can't remember even if I seem to try
What did the world feel like
Without you here by my side ?
Did time move as slowly
Was the sky less blue
Were the clouds just as big
Were you still the old *you* ?
I don't seem to like it here
But I can't be sure
Because I barely recognise myself in the
morning
The memories of who I used to be fade some
more

Am I an extension of my old self ?
And if I am
Then why can't remember what it felt like to
be the old me
How can I be nostalgic about something I
barely remember
I seem to ask myself this question 12 times
a day
I haven't gotten an answer as yet
I barely recognise myself in the morning
I have no memory of who you were
We all just seem to be extensions of our old
selves
We move on and on
Forgetting what came before us
How we got here
Just aimlessly moving along
Honestly it doesn't make sense
But we're here now
and
I've started to recognise myself in the morn-
ing
It feels nice to be back
<3

Small pleasures of life

Life, more often than not, has a way of getting me down. So whenever I find the walls closing in on me, or feel like the world is too big and I'm too small, I indulge in the small pleasures of life to make up for my heart breaking and my stomach aching. I write down my thoughts in a journal that's small enough to fit in my hand, and I turn my music up to hundred, and dance to no song in particular in my room. I cook for my brother, and I sing into the spoon covered with soup. I make a cup of coffee that's sweeter than candy and I drink it while re-reading my favorite book. I butter a piece of bread I made and toast it until it's a little burnt on the sides and load it with enough jam to give someone diabetes. I take a needle and thread and fix my dad's old shirt's button, and stitch a flower into his collar. I put on an outrageous outfit that my friends love and walk around with them for hours, talking about everything and nothing. I learn to leave that heart break behind, piece by piece. I paint the panels on my bed like they're an artist's canvas and tell my mom to join me. We both giggle like little children when the red flecks of paint fall on the pillow. I yell out of my balcony to my childhood friend who lives across the building, and she yells back in response. Something gets lost in the wind, but the bits that reach me are satisfactory enough.

My stomach ache reduces every time I have tea that my dad made, which has too much ginger and not enough sugar, but there's something magical in it that compels me to drink it. I watch the sunrise and take my cycle out for a spin, and I feel the cold wind undo my ponytail as I race against it. I tell my friends I love you as a goodnight text, and I feel warm all over when they reply with

“Nerd! I love you too, tho.”

I've learned to heal, so many times over. I've learned to look at every aspect of life and enjoy it while I can, even when the world throws its worst at me. I've learned to love and to not hold myself back and to cry when I need to and to laugh when I want to. I've learned to love life over and over again, and I'm always willing to learn again.

Forget-Me-Not

The wave crashed onto the rocks, meticulously yet delicately. The hymns of the receding tides as it flooded through the pores of the coral reef below. The low hum of the wind, as it flew throughout the sky, as if Lord Vishnu himself was riding his chariot within.

Upon the lone cliff, where the beating waves crashed, the hard sandstone bore a patchwork of greens and yellow. Short bristles of the velvet grass adorned the cliff with its flora and fauna. Yet the edge lay barren and empty. Except for a small little sapling of a flower whose petals never wilted – simply grew as time passed on.

As the clouds grew around the warm, mellow sun, the sea's restlessness emerged. Like a kid in a candy store, the waves thrashed the rocks with such vigor that the rocks were mere seconds away from withering from existence. The wind howled, the seas roared, yet the lonesome flower withstood all that came its way, as if protected by a halo of benevolence. No matter what – a storm, a landslide, a drought or a flood, the flower stood pridefully at the edge of the cliff; its petals to the world and beyond.

A whimper through the wind is heard, quiet and faint. The world turns a deaf ear to it, while the flower beckons the voice to its roots. Like echolocation, the flower hums in return a tune only audible to the lost voice in the wind. A code no one can ever break, for no other key will fit the rusty old lock.

The storm keeps raging on. The flower kept humming. The voice kept looking.

And as suddenly the storm took hold, so did it recede. A single sunlight, spotlighted onto the little flower.

Its rich blue color compliments the golden tips of the cliffside. Right above the lone-some flower stood a translucent silhouette. The voice had found the song. The figure, though faceless, pondered around the bloom with curious nature.

‘Who are you?’, the figure spoke aloud, unsuspecting of any onlookers, for there were none in this world ruled by nature.

*‘Humans call me **Myosotis**, but the gods named me **Forget-me-Not**’, replied the flower, as nature calmed itself from the intoxicated sugar rush of before.*

‘Why did you call me...why here, why right now.’

‘Come on down closer, listen to my song. Of a place yonder at a time we simply ponder.’

A gust of wind blew across the cliff as the silhouette crouched below to the call. Their expression softened, if there were one to begin with. The little bud illuminated the figure, its scent surrounded the world. Time was moving behind; scenes shifted to before; life grew and fell and grew.

The background is a vibrant, abstract composition of various colors including orange, blue, purple, green, yellow, and red, with some darker, textured areas. The colors are blended and layered, creating a sense of depth and movement. The word "SCIENCE" is centered in the lower half of the image, written in a white, serif, all-caps font. The overall effect is one of scientific wonder and artistic expression.

SCIENCE

Reality is an illusion

"Reality is merely an illusion, albeit a very persistent one."

- **Albert Einstein**

This article is based upon the 3-decade long research done by Cognitive scientist Donald Hoffman. As generations come by, opinions change, perceptions change. People change as they grow up, that's no old news, really. What we don't realize is all the sights, sounds, textures and tastes we perceive as the accurate representation of the world could actually be the complete opposite, all the sights, sounds, textures and tastes we know are what our brain believes they are. When facing color blindness, specially-abled people even animals we miss a point the point that we all have a different point of views in the smallest of differences between colors or tastes. The world that we seem to perceive is a mere illusion created by our brain. The true reality of the world might be always beyond our reach, but it's for sure our 5 senses give us a good introduction of what it's really like. Many disagree with this thought process but let's get into the science part of illusions, there is actually no color but instead The wide range of electromagnetic waves reflected from an object; only a limited range that is captured by the photoelectric cells in our eyes.

We call it visible range. When these photons hit our retina, they are converted to electric signals and sent to the visual cortex at the back of our brain. It then projects on another line that assigns certain wavelengths as colors and we perceive our world as colorful. There are many other radiations like radio waves, alpha waves, gamma waves etc. that our eyes can't detect and for us they don't exist, yet some of these still do exist for bats and other animals. Illusions are what our brain deceives us into perceiving and these very illusions make up our daily life or realities!

Could we become real, live X-men?

Genetic engineering, especially on humans to create ‘designer babies’ is a loaded field of study. It, at its core, uses a phenomenal enzyme called Cas-9 to essentially cut, copy and paste strands of DNA into other strands; a collage of sorts, packed with genetic information. This along with CRISPR technology gave rise to the cheapest, most accurate and simplest way of gene editing known till date.

CRISPR, or Clustered Regularly Interspaced Short Palindromic Repeats, has been in development since 2016. The scale at which it has advanced within its years is tremendous, with a success rate of over 99.9%. It sounds close to advertisements on sanitizer bottles promising to kill 99.9% of germs! Something that has both the precision of a surgeon and the ability to literally eradicate most auto-immune disorders very effectively just by changing a line of genetic code is full of unrivaled potential. Not only is it incredibly accurate, it reduces the time frame of experiments from what was years to weeks. Genetic engineering before CRISPR was extremely difficult: years of testing, animal organ harvesting, money loss and general complexity.

CRISPR has the capability to change humanity’s traits and features right from birth, which is why people have given genetically modified humans the moniker of ‘designer babies’.

There is a lot of hesitance to give the go-ahead and put CRISPR into practice, with people fearing that “defective” and “imperfect” people will be shunned from society in the process, not to mention the technology might only be available to the rich, furthering the social divide between income groups. However, it is important to realise that the more the technology progresses, the more unethical it gets to not use it for strictly medical purposes.

If we take an example of medical defects within infants, such as Down Syndrome, it is noted that over 92% of recorded pregnancies with a Down Syndrome diagnosis in the UK were *terminated*. *Prejudice against birth defects has already existed, and it is crucial to understand that the existence or use of genetic engineering technology isn't going to create a more rigid set of human ideals, but it might make the idea more prominent. Using CRISPR is in fact, saving lives, because if genetically adjusted babies were to be made, they would most likely be physically healthy and able to live longer, or be more fulfilled in their lives.*

Looking ahead to the future, CRISPR revolutionizes what space travel could be like for humans. Human biology could be changed to be able to survive on different planets, adapt to different professions easily and make simply existing much more beneficial for us and the planet we live on.

Not only that, but we could harvest genes from animals with desirable traits and apply it to our species, *without any side effects. Think about carefully borrowing a gene from a cuttlefish and suddenly being able to camouflage with your surroundings- the possibilities are vast. It sounds like it might end how Andrew Garfield's The Amazing Spider-Man did, but superpowered lizards are not the end goal for humanity. In fact, most cancers could even be reduced to something you need to just get vaccinated for. Perhaps racist behavior could be culled, since genetic engineering ourselves would reduce the biodiversity we'd possess and no longer have race-specific features.*

It's important to address that there are in fact disadvantages and risks to using genetic engineering. However minute the error rate of CRISPR might be, there is still a chance of seriously damaging someone's body. It could be used for abusive purposes. Lastly, there is always the probability that a disease we were functionally immune to could mutate, and with our reduced biodiversity, wipe out millions of people. Even so, the profit of using genetic engineering on humans outweighs actual disadvantages by far, seeing as the downsides are mostly risks that can be regulated within reason.

It is absolutely necessary to create regulations and heavily discuss strategies and plans for the inevitable use of CRISPR.

People, once they hit a certain age could be allowed to modify themselves as they wish, like a legal age to get a tattoo- both are bodily modifications. It is a very personal choice for parents to want to alter their children, but it would also be unethical for the child without their consent, therefore, parents could only be allowed to adjust susceptibility to disease and increase life expectancy. Once the first amended baby is delivered, a door of possibilities opens up for all of us.

The spaghettification of science?

Science has revolutionised the world in an innumerable amount of aspects, be it wireless headphones to GPS systems. Everything that we fancy is available at a whim. With one click of a button, items get delivered to our homes, and that's all through a single mobile device. If you could tell your ancestors centuries back that by tapping a slab of metal in all the right places will bring tasty food- that's the kind of information that would make a Victorian child faint.

Our scientific knowledge today broadens, branches out- like a black hole stretching out various fields into information-loaded noodles. By the day, a huge amount of people across the globe dedicate their lives and careers towards making these advancements. It is because of our commitment to science, in all its vast fields, that we were able to reach the moon, that we were able to access VR (virtual reality), and were able to combat climate change's growing ascent with innovative solutions like hydroelectric and nuclear power. Of course, we have to talk about our scientific progress with the Covid 19 vaccine that we developed in a record-breaking time, protecting millions.

Science united all of humanity for one single goal: to eradicate the virus, and brings us together in so many different ways. Think about it- we used science to develop communication. Communication bands us all together in one way or another, whether it's calling your mom to teach you how to make spaghetti or checking in with friends online. Some bond over enjoying the same kind of physics research paper. Some make friends just by learning how to apply scientific concepts and helping others with it. We all consume science day in, day out, in thousands of ways. Paying our respects to the knowledge that we gained due to the pandemic as well as due to the extensive research and analysis that we could do of the composition of the virus through beautifully crafted, visionary tools all goes towards science. Had we not been at the stage we were at here and now, the pandemic may have lasted much longer than intended and we wouldn't be given the luxury of not having to worry about this invisible enemy every step we took in the healthcare field.

Still within healthcare, robotic body parts which aid amputees or who suffer from limb damage exist- to give them a second chance at living a 'normal' life with these prosthetic limbs, helping them carry out all the tasks that able-bodied folks can, even furthering the acceptance of such people by normalising their existence.

On a fruitier note, we've been able to completely recellularise (replace all the cells) within living organisms such as fruit. Yes, they technically did end up doing surgery on a grape- converting it to a grape with animal tissue within. It may not sound very impressive at first, but to look ahead and think of the way cells can be shaped to grow and replace vital organs could eradicate the need for people to donate their own kidneys to save lives.

Not only growing your own organs like some kind of Edgar Allan Poe-esque macabre botanical experiment, but we can now 3D print them! Scientists have been experimenting with artificially creating mammalian arteries with truly promising results for those who suffer from heart disease- instead of using grafts, bypasses or even blowing up your arteries with a balloon: they can now simply just be replaced. Think of it as changing the tires on your precious car instead of sewing up the holes on them repeatedly until they give way. It's possible to go on about the achievements just in human healthcare for pages, but it couldn't do justice to the majesty of what science can do for us and what we've achieved so far. To conclude earnestly, science is something phenomenal that can go miles for us as long as we work with it. Even if it involves fruit made out of meat.

Jiya Kher (IBDP-1)

Thomas Edison, Albert Einstein, Charles Darwin: some of the most popular names in the science community, and guess what? They're all men.

Marie Curie, Rosalind Franklin, Janaki Ammal, Vera Rubin: less popular names but still much better known within the science community.

Women have been snubbed of so much recognition within the scientific world, with work often stolen by male colleagues, work not credited and more. But... imagine being a lesbian woman in the field of science. Discrimination is indisputable.

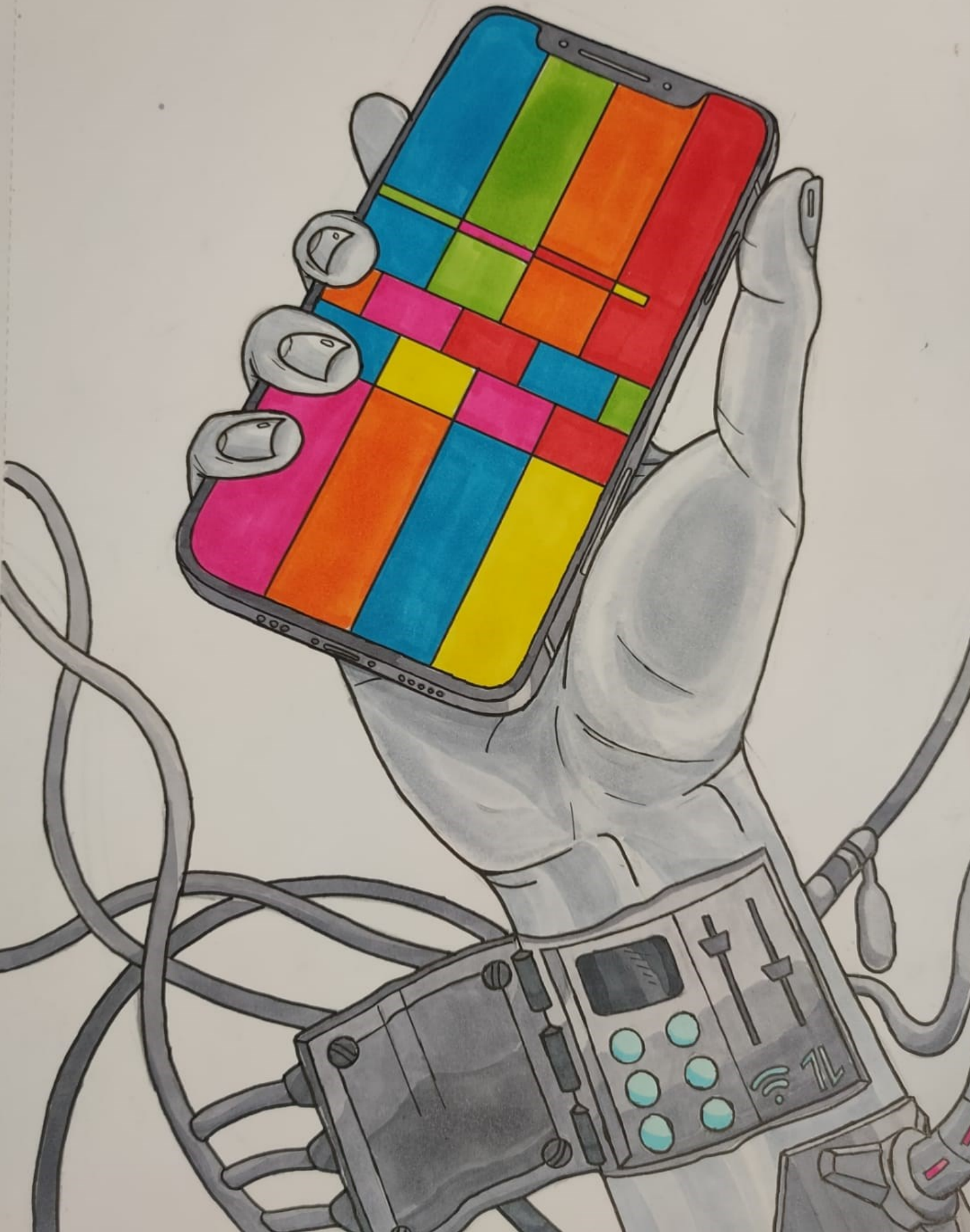
Sally Ride, the first American woman in space was a lesbian woman. Not many knew of this in her lifetime, and it was only public knowledge after her death in 2012. While Sally was indescribably a great physicist and astronaut, she is today the cause of multiple policy changes at NASA. It is believed that she was unable to ever talk about her sexuality due to homophobic policies at NASA, stating homosexuality as disqualifying, but post her death, NASA has changed their policies to include and protect LGBTQ+ people.

The third woman in space, Sally Ride has always been a role model for young girls interested in STEM, and has made her mark in the scientific community for all her brave contributions in the years before.

While men have often been widely recognised in the scientific community, living as an openly trans-man was definitely not easy. Ben Barres, leading neurobiologist, mentor, advocate and professor lived his later years as an openly transgender scientist at Stanford University. Barres studied glia, a type of brain cell that makes up 90% of the brain, and left a rather powerful mark in the field of research. A beloved professor and mentor to students at Stanford University, Ben Barres fought for equality. He stood up to healthcare discrimination for transgender people and even advocated for the rights of women and stood up against male privilege. Thanks to Barres, today, we know that glial cells help neurons form synaptic connections in the brain; a rather surprising discovery by him. Ben Barres has been a groundbreaking researcher and has helped advance biomedical research surrounding the brain to a large extent.

These are just 2 examples of scientists who dared to dream and lived their truth, whether public or private. The science community today has people from all spectrums: gay, non-binary, bisexual, transgender, intersex and more. It is the need of the hour to end discrimination in science, because like everything else, *Science truly is a spectrum.*

TECHNOLOGY



Aarav Shah [8D]

I made a program using Python language by using repl.it.com to wish Happy Diwali. Due to the pandemic, we cannot meet our near and dear ones, so we can wish Diwali online by using this program.

```
HI! What is your name? : Aarav
```

```
HAPPY DIWALI Aarav
```

```
*****
```

```
Let's celebrate the festival in the true sense by spreading joy and light up the world of others in this pandemic. Have a happy, safe and blessed Diwali! May you get prosperity and fortune on this auspicious and pious occasion of Diwali. Wishing the goodness of this festive season dwells within you and stays throughout the year!
```

```
*****
```

```
MADE BY AARAV SHAH-8D
```

```
> |
```

```
1  TGREEN = '\033[32m' #TEXT COLOUR GREEN
2  TRED = '\033[31m' #TEXT COLOUR RED
3  TORANGE = '\033[33m' #TEXT COLOUR YELLOW
4  TCYAN = '\033[36m' #TEXT COLOUR ORANGE
5
6  name = input("HI! What is your name? : ")
7
8  print(TCYAN + "HAPPY DIWALI " + name)
9
10 print(TORANGE + "\n*****")
11
12 print( TRED + "\nLet's celebrate the festival in the true sense by
    spreading joy and light up the world of others in this pandemic. Have a
    happy, safe and blessed Diwali! May you get prosperity and fortune on this
    auspicious and pious occasion of Diwali. Wishing the goodness of this
    festive season dwells within you and stays throughout the year!")
13
14 print(TORANGE + "\n*****")
15
16 print(TGREEN + "\n MADE BY AARAV SHAH-8D")
17
```


Technology

We have all experienced it , doing online class and the teacher asks you a question , “ Maam my mic isn’t working “ most people are scared , I’ve done it once myself.

This is a classic example of taking advantage of Technology according to your convenience , and let's face it everyone has been told this ,“ taking the easy way out is never a good option “ but according to you it's still a way out and even better if the way out is easy.

All I’m saying is that when it comes to technology there are 2 types of people , ones that hide behind the screen and ones that use the screen to help express themselves . I believe in being the second type of person , because a screen can do a lot but that's not your personality , that’s the personality that the internet creates for you according to the trending tab . Because of the screen people have missed countless memories , I implore you to count how many memories you missed yourself. In most cases technology is the villain , when your parents try to protect you from the world technology exposes you to it, I understand it causes confusion and that creates doubt , which in turn kills your self esteem. For this new year I have a challenge

If you attend online class for any reason like you are shy or scared of what your classmates will think of you , I implore you to switch your camera on in every class and actively participate , it will help you understand that not everyone is perfect and open up some more , most importantly the same technology that allows you to get to class , will be the same technology that you can use to express yourself , it's the same technology that helps you get over your anxiety and just , be you!

What Is the Impact of Virtual Reality on Education?

The concept of virtual reality (VR) was originally introduced in the 1936 science fiction short novel "Pygmalion's Spectacles." This was a groundbreaking notion at the time, but it was merely a dream, much like stepping on the moon. However, much as Neil Armstrong became the first person to set foot on the moon, virtual reality (VR) has progressed from a concept on paper to a technology used in classrooms by more than 6 million pupils, according to CNN.

The Educational Path to Virtual Reality

How did cutting-edge technology become so broadly available? According to Wired, it all started with the Oculus Rift, a 2013 headgear attached to a display that enveloped the user in a 3D world. Since its inception, virtual reality has altered not just how we experience video games, but also how we see the whole digital realm, including the usage of virtual reality in education.

Since 2013, virtual reality has undergone a massive technical revolution. As headgear became smaller, more transportable, and more powerful, the technology became far more accessible. Furthermore, 5G phones have enabled access to the virtual environment from everywhere.

Because of this improved accessibility, virtual reality (VR) is now a viable choice for schools. 360-degree cameras and innovative programmes like Google Expeditions have taken VR into the classroom, allowing teachers and students to approach education in ways never previously possible. According to the media website Built In, the usage of virtual reality in classrooms is expected to skyrocket over the next six years.

Traditional vs. Virtual Reality Education

The method children learn hasn't changed much over history. The conventional approach to education has long been fact retention teaching. The traditional classroom experience consists of studying for examinations, sitting for lectures, and attempting to picture history through a textbook.

However, with the development of VR, students may now experience their education in more immersive and engaging ways. Virtual reality can transfer students from their seats to the Roman ruins, enabling them to combine volatile chemicals and see the response without being physically hurt, and allow them to not only see but also interact with virtual environments.

As a result, the teacher's job has moved from material delivery to facilitation of learning.

According to Adobe, "teachers will be focused on establishing circumstances for exploration rather than offering ready-made information."

Adobe also claims that virtual reality will improve pupils in six ways:

- 1.Improved feeling of place: Students may learn about a subject by seeing it firsthand.
- 2.Scalable learning experiences: Educators may develop virtual laboratories to save expenses and expand accessibility.
- 3.Learning by doing: Instead of merely reading, students may learn by completing projects.
- 4.Emotional response: Educators create memorable experiences for pupils in order to boost retention.
- 5.Tilt Brush technology, for example, expands pupils' opportunities to be creative.
- 6.Visual learning: Educators may help visual learners understand educational information better.

VR in the Classroom

Virtual reality offers a wide range of uses in education that help both instructors and students.

Lesson Preparation and New Teacher Training

Teachers are frequently forced into classroom settings immediately after completing their undergraduate degrees. When it comes to putting their expertise to use, students still have a lot of real-world learning to complete.

VR provides a means for instructors to increase their education before they enter the classroom. According to DistrictAdministration.com, instructors may rehearse classes in a mixed-reality scenario using technologies such as TeachLiVe. During the session, student avatars reply as if they were in a classroom, giving teachers the opportunity to practise their abilities. This also helps present instructors by allowing them to rehearse challenging lessons and assess their pupils' potential learning.

According to Ed Tech, Crosswater Digital Media has even developed a technology that puts educators into conflict scenarios. This enables them to learn how to deal with a tough student or scenario before they face real-life consequences.

Classroom Session Digitization

By capturing and reproducing genuine classroom sessions, VR can also assist students and teachers learn classroom insights. According to the software startup vSpatial, instructors have already begun to generate thorough recordings of courses using 360-degree cameras. If a student misses a lesson, they may utilise VR recordings to digitally transport themselves into their classroom, observe their friends, and study as if they were there.

Teachers can benefit equally from virtual classroom sessions. Teachers can acquire significant insights into their students' learning styles as well as their own teaching method by recording and modifying classroom sessions.

Greater Learning Possibilities

VR also increases the possibility of student field trips and laboratory activities. Previously, educational trips were restricted by expense, distance, and accessibility; now, virtual reality removes these constraints and opens up a world of possibilities.

Google Expeditions built virtual reality environments for pupils to experience, such as swimming with whales and exploring Mars.

Students can even board genuine school buses that have been converted into virtual reality environments by replacing windows with 4K monitors.

Science laboratories are also being digitised, which reduces expenses while offering over 100 different experiments and increasing accessible to low-income populations, according to AR Post.

Lead Education's Future

Teacher education is changing as virtual reality becomes more relevant, accessible, and effective in classroom settings. LSU Online's Master of Education in Educational Leadership and Master of Arts in Education with an emphasis in educational technology prepare future leaders to use cutting-edge technology in education, such as virtual reality. Both master's programmes prepare teachers to develop their careers in education and alter classrooms via the use of technology

More Than Just a Time-teller: Why Smartwatches are THE Coolest Technology

The watch was a simple accessory: singular purpose, stylish design and lightweight. Until the introduction of smart watches, there wasn't really much more to the technology side of the watch. Or for that matter, any side of the watch. Skeletonized watches or even solar powered ones were about as far as it got. Smart watches revolutionized two aspects of something as mundane and unnoticed as a watch: consumer health and technology. Now, something that is easily accessible can almost simulate the experience of visiting a medical professional: checking your pulse rate, your blood oxygen saturation, even the time you sleep for—not to mention some watches even have an inbuilt search engine that allows you to answer your most pressing medical issues within seconds. Headspace meditation is also an option, allowing for therapeutic visuals to calm you down. To have something resting on your arm with the brainpower of a trained doctor of many fields is astonishing, to say the least.

Smart watches also improve your quality of life and push you to take care of your health, blessing you with 'walking goals' and other milestones of physical movement to achieve during a day, giving people the motivation to take that step and reach their goals.

They can hold impressive microprocessors and store multiple gigabytes worth of data, truly allowing them to be considered full fledged computers! They have been engineered to be scratch, shatter and even waterproof, with fascinating research being done on how to even further the progress of the smart watch.

Many other factors have also been taken into consideration in addition to health and technology, such as durability, style and even consumer comfort, with only select high quality materials being used to create the bands of the watch. All in all, the watch is a tiny but powerful example of how subtle changes of technology in our everyday lives can completely change our health. This has the power to incentivize us to do better and strive to be healthy.

The OG 19th-and-20th-Century Girlbosses who Shaped The Tech World

While most of us know that Thomas Alva Edison pilfered ideas from Nikola Tesla, and that Charles Babbage created the first computer, did you know that Augusta Ada Lovelace was the creator of the binary digits—the stuff that is now the backbone of every computer system—only because her mother didn't want her to become a poet like her father? Did you know that the technology which created WiFi was pioneered by Austrian-American actress Hedy Lamarr?

Gender ain't a binary, but the mathematics of computers are

Lady Augusta Ada King, the countess of Lovelace, was born to poet and writer George Gordon Byron (a leading figure of the romantic movement) as his only legitimate child with Lady Byron, (with the rest of his children being born out of wedlock with other women) on December 10, 1815. The couple split after one month of Ada's birth, and four months later he wrote a poem about how he wanted to see her.

He died in Greece when she was eight years old.

Her mother, a mathematician herself, encouraged Ada to pursue her passion in logic and mathematics to prevent her from falling into her father's perceived insanity. While she was often sick, she was still

very regular with her studies, leading her to meet people like Andrew Crosse, Micheal Faraday and Charles Dickens to name a few.

When she turned 18 in 1833, she met Charles Babbage, starting a close working relationship with him that lasted several years.

In the years 1842-3, she translated mathematician Luigi Menabrea's articles on Babbage's notes on the Analytical Engine. Along with this, she explained his complicated analytical system ideas and the article was well received.

She calculated the sequence of the Bernoulli Number sequence via the analytical engine, making her **the first computer programmer in the world**, as she published the world's first ever computer algorithm.

W for Wonderful Woman Who got us WiFi

Hedy Lamarr was born on November 9, 1914 as Hedwig Eva Keisler in Vienna, Austria. She inherited her fascination for machines and devices from her father, who told her about the inner workings of machines like the printing press. At five years of age, she could take apart a music box to see how it worked.

At age 16, she was discovered by director Max Reinhardt, who introduced her to the big screen, where she started acting in various films.

She only got recognition in 1932, for acting in a controversial film, “Ecstasy”.

In 1933, she married Austrian arms-dealer Fritz Mandl, who was one of her many fans. She soon however ran away from him to London in 1937, when she realized he would dominate her and the marriage without giving her a say in any matters. During this time, she learnt about arms and ammunition from all the times she had to smile and nod for his friends, many of whom were associated with the Nazi party.

In London, she was introduced to Louis B. Meyer, the head of MGM, and that was when she started her career as a Hollywood actress. During this time, she met pilot and businessman Howard Hughes.

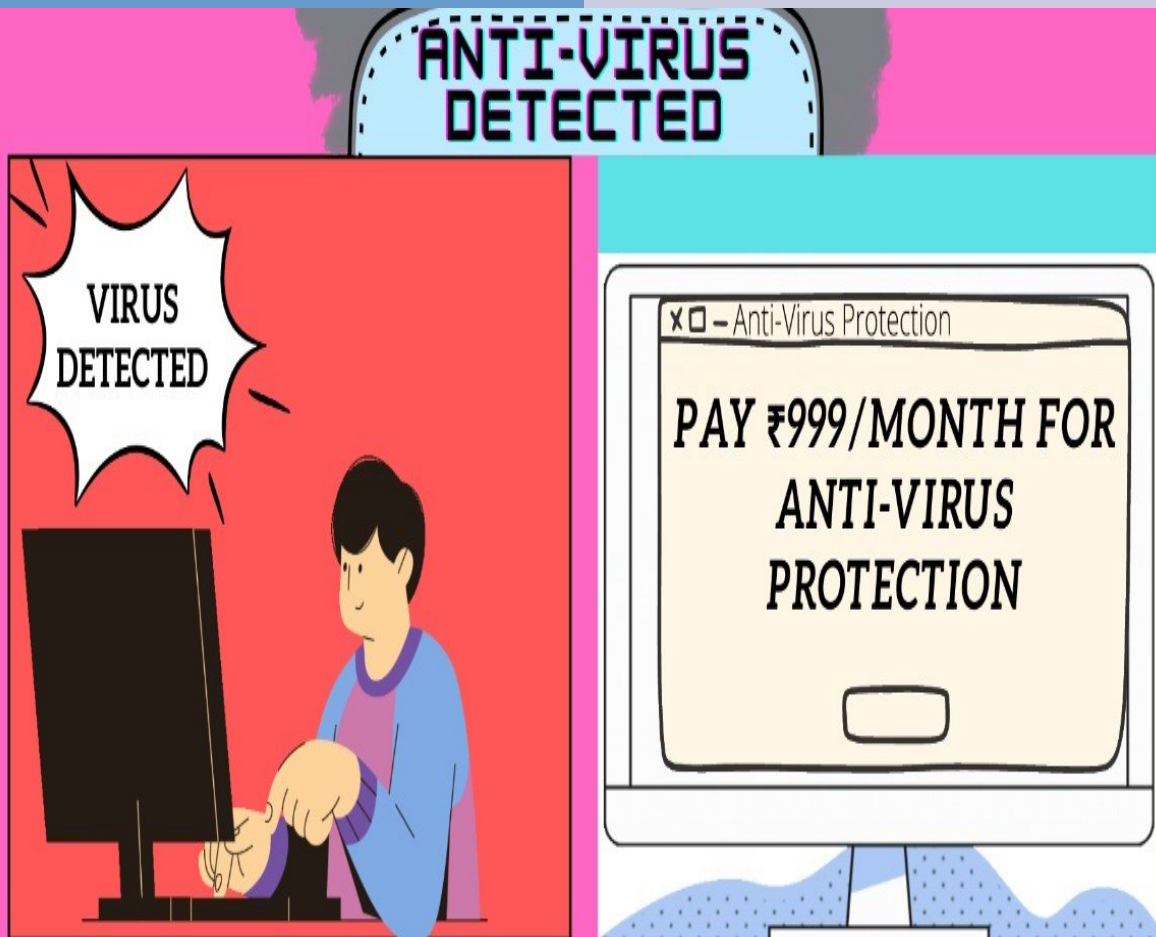
While she dated him for a while, the biggest impact he had on her was reintroducing her to the world of science. She had seen the jets being sold to the US Military, and decided to design faster jets. She created a design that used the streamlined shape from birds and the fins of fish combined with the wings of birds.

In 1940, she met George Antheil, with whom she went on to create a method of “radio hopping” for the soldiers to communicate with. While it received a patent from the US, the army decided against using it in 1942.

However, only in her later years did Hedy Lamarr get recognition for her creation. She became the first woman to receive the Invention Convention's Bulbie Gnass Spirit of Achievement Award. She, along with Antheil, received a pioneer award from the Electronic Frontier foundation in 1997.

While she died in 2014, she was added to the scientists' hall of fame for her radio-hopping technology, and is now known to the world as the mother of WiFi.

Both of them are the backbone of technology, and without them, I wouldn't be able to type out this entire article, and you wouldn't be able to read it on your own computers. So let's hear it for the women who changed the world with their inventions!



How has technology affected the life of teenagers

In the high paced modern world social media and other forms of technology are a norm of life which if not used can mark an individual as an outcast. The world has changed and social media has changed a lot of lifestyles, count is a curse or boon it has both ends of the spectrum with it. The positive of social media is that it has enabled millions of people to connect with each other, and it has given a platform for individuals to showcase their talent of art work which can be in any shape or form, many have consumed knowledge through social media too. However social media also has a huge dark spot which has caused many people to victims of cyberbullying and other form of harassment, people have now became addicted to the use of social media where upwards of several hours are spent on social media which has reduced there overall real life socialization and has made them comfortable with staying inside the house all day long rather than spending time with family or friends, this lack of socialization has given many people social anxiety, depression and anger issues which are some serious mental health issues. The sudden rise in the popularity has showcased many different cases in which people have transformed their life into a healthy and positive life by consuming and presenting positive information, on the contrary many people have ruined their social, academic life making them

Shubham Shetty (IBDP-1)

lack behind on the wonders of life. When it comes to my personal view on the same, it totally comes down on how a individual chooses to use the tool, the people who used it for their own benefit with proper understanding have gained immense, whereas the one who uses it without any sense of consent and second thought have lost out with many.

Miron Mistry (IBDP-1)

A phenomenon that took the world by storm, a game recognised worldwide.

Not many can boast of having broken the 2.5 billion downloads barrier and having 27 million daily active users. This game has perhaps been the first introduction of gaming to multiple generations. This game is none-other than the endless-runner genre's most popular, Subway Surfers.

Released on 23 May 2012, Subway Surfers soon celebrates 10 years. The concept of it surrounds their default character Jake as he graffiti's a train and is chased by an Inspector and his dog. As Jake, the player has to jump, dodge and slide under objects to avoid getting caught. The simple concept is made more interesting with power-ups and coins that the player can collect to play as different characters or to upgrade their power-ups.

The popularity of Subway Surfers can be attributed to its release aligning itself to the dawn of smartphones being more accessible for the rest of the world. To be a well polished game that ran well and gained quick popularity in such a time resulted in many remembering it fondly and associating it with their reminisced about childhood. Such emotional connects held by millions across the world,

plus the developer's dedication to be aim for constant improvements creates something so much more than a game by maintaining true to its ideology, yet never ageing.

The background is a collage of torn paper in shades of pink, green, and orange. Several solid-colored circles in matching tones are scattered across the composition, some overlapping the torn paper edges.

SOCIAL CAUSES

Participated in Swachh Bharat Mission Campaign



Street play-Creating awareness on preventing child drug abuse and child marriage.



Action Against Hunger- Run for Hunger.



Yash Vadhar (IBDP-1)



Humongous concrete jungles such as the financial capital of India, Mumbai and the capital of India, Delhi overshadow miniscule villages such as the one shown in the above photographs that are only to be found in the back of the beyond deep in these Brobdingnagian metropolises, where, as unfortunate as it may be are drenched and enveloped in utter poverty, where there is no sign of modern infrastructure and doesn't give off an aura of the 21st century rather reminds us of India back in the 20th century, yet worse due to people not having and not being able to afford the basic necessities of life: Food, Shelter, Water, Clothing. People although happy with what is on their plate, unlike people in cities that are to wimp if aren't handed with the latest iPhones or aren't taken out for regular trips to the cinema and 5-star restaurants, as they say that "There is always something to learn from everyone", this is something the people in cities need to learn from these people.



The boons of nature are on a slow decline due to our own misdoings. Climate change has been rampant and the white, scintillating snow over time will decay due to the temperature and may cease to exist altogether but at this very moment we can work towards a glistening future. A future similar to the photograph.

Same sex marriage: Should it be legalized?

Many of us would hotly deny that our beliefs and thoughts should definitely not exist at the cost of the basic human rights of other people like us. However, even in this day and age these same mentalities violate Article 23 of the International Covenant on Civil and Political Rights, also known as the right for people to marry whoever they want, or to put it simply, the beliefs of many people around the world prevent the rights to marry for same-sex couples.

People claim that sometimes children need both parental figures, which means that the male and female parties have to be involved in it. However, this argument can easily be invalidated by the fact that single parents, who raise their child without the other parental figure, are also very much legal. If you have to illegalize one, the other should also be illegal.

There is also an additional claim that children from adoptive parents may question their birth parents. While this is true, the common belief that the children have to be raised by their “real” family is completely false. People can call anybody family if they want. And as the saying goes, “Blood of the covenant is thicker than the water of the womb”.

Utso Chaudhuri (IBDP-1)

People argue against this, saying that evidence that same-sex parents can raise a child is inadequate. This somehow implies that same sex marriage is perfectly legal and that these couples aren't jumping the gun to have children, which is absolute hogwash because how would same sex couples be able to raise children if they aren't married?

There are also various parties who say that children raised by same-sex parents experience gender and sexuality disorders which while isn't entirely true, is to be honest quite desperate. This particular argument claims that children exploring their gender and sexuality more freely with same-sex parents as compared to heterosexual parents and is calling this a bad thing. Is being closeted and having to constantly worry about disapproval based on something you can't even control a better option than being supported? Does this feel logical?

"Same sex marriage would destroy the procreative purpose of marriage," people say, as if the world isn't overpopulated already. There are millions of children who need homes and parents, and isn't it completely unethical to deny them that basic necessity? Is the government going to deny parents and children loving families because of their sex? Is this what the 21st Century Development means?

If same sex marriage also diminishes the expectation of parental commitment by claiming that men are more likely to leave their pregnant girlfriends, then maybe the problem isn't with the homosexual people.

People also say that heterosexual marriage helps in women domesticating men, which is quite absurd. Are men really so incapable of taking care of themselves after they leave their homes that they need to marry another woman to mother them and keep them in check? Even this doesn't lie with homosexual people; clearly there is another party at fault here.

In conclusion, same sex marriage should obviously be legalized because it is a human right. Most of the arguments people use against it are based on personal opinions and prejudice and therefore completely invalid, ruling out any possible reason not to make it legal.

Not a war against reality, but a war for equality:

The recent creation of a much more inclusive gender neutral birth certificate policy issued by New York City has captured concerns about the growing range of these gender identities, boiling it down to the fact that it is detaching the idea of a person's assigned biological sex from what they identify as. This, in fact, is what allows people to be more secure in their bodies, in a society where gender roles are ever present. Now, there are a wide variety of nonconforming gender identities, from demigender to genderfluid. To disregard these completely, the genders that people feel most comfortable expressing themselves with, and to claim that they are against reality is to contribute to discrimination that these people face on a nearly day-to-day basis.

Individuals who identify as non-binary help challenge the idea that there are only two genders. People have to face violence, hate crimes and harassment against them simply for existing the way they choose to be, and deal with stigma from a biological standpoint, as well as their own personal feelings and the gender dysphoria that comes with not feeling safe enough to be yourself. What some protesters have identified correctly is that gender identity is *not equal to biological sex*.

Gender is mostly a social construct that designates roles for the two genders in the binary. However, it is a well-known fact that there are not only two biological sexes, and therefore there cannot be only two gender identities, much less have those identities rely on biologically assigned statements. To not only place emphasis on the existence of the gender binary but to outright say that gender identities conceal the objective biological reality of sex is sorely misjudged.

Even worse, Peter Sprigg, a prominent member as the senior fellow for policy studies at Family Research Council states that the existence of intersex people does not justify the need for a gender-neutral outlook on legal documents like birth certificates, which provides harsh criticism against not one, but two large groups of the LGBTQ+ community. People possess different kinds of chromosomes and therefore have different biological sexes, the six most common types being: X, XX, XXY, XY, XYY and XXXY. To further this point, you cannot rely on reproductive organs to determine sex, and it is horrifyingly reductive to base an individual's role in a society on what's between their legs. *It is possible that brain chemistry, the body and the reproductive system have different biological sexes. The repeated way that people deny their existence and assert that a gender-neutral birth certificate does not reflect correctly what people are is more than genuinely disrespectful towards those gender non-conforming individuals.*

The only reason that any sort of importance should be given to reproductive organs is when medical treatment specific to some biological sexes is necessary, since biological sex affects response to treatment and the progression of diseases, leading to different outcomes in health. This is why many may use the terms “AFAB” and “AMAB”, respectively “assigned female at birth” and “assigned male at birth” during medical procedures to allow the doctors providing them treatment to prescribe accurately while still respecting their gender identities.

Those against gender nonconforming people even goes as far to call the concept of these birth certificates absurd. In reality, including a gender that is not exclusive to the two most common genders is a huge step towards the acceptance of non-binary people. Declaring that it is waging a war against reality is heavily exaggerated- the closest thing to war would be people grumbling over adding new pronouns to their vocabulary. In addition to that, no evidence exists where it says that this could even potentially negatively affect a society, much less start a war. It has been scientifically proven that generally allowing individuals to express themselves freely reduces suicide rates, reduces stigma, and fully lets people achieve their own potentials while being comfortable in their bodies. The most inconvenience

a cisgender individual could face is tripping up with someone's pronouns, which are still grammatically correct and can do no harm as long as they are not disrespectful towards pagan religions.

There is no enemy. There is no oppression. There is virtually nothing but the mere acknowledgement that many types of humans exist and everyone has to do their best to respect their needs and basic human rights.

In conclusion of the more than contentious viewpoint, the fact that New York City and other places such as Oregon, California and Washington as passing bills to be more inclusive for gender non-conforming individuals is nothing if not an indicator of a glowing future of gender equality, not just between men and women but all individuals with their unique and diverse identities.

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Anisha Bhatia (IBDP-1)

The sun is a man, but the moon is a woman. The sun is a man because it's blazing, constantly shining, a source of life - a breadwinner, a star, a sole entity. But... the moon? The moon is reliant, dependent, silent and shy. Quiet and hidden in the darkness, she is merely proof that the sun exists.

The sun is a man, on the forefront of glory, don't get me wrong, he faces challenges and judgement but life treats him much better. The sun has never had to worry about being shamed, demeaned or told that he is less than he is, that he should hide behind the shadow of a title or be silent and submissive. The sun received glory, you see? He can be whoever he wants to, he can get paid equally. He's not a part of some 'diversity quota'. He is known to be sustenance and life, for without him we are nothing.

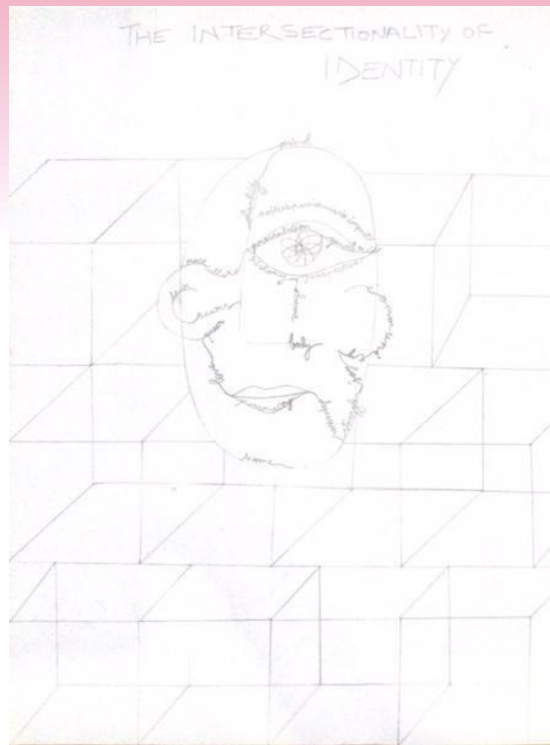
The moon is a woman though. She's pretty, perfect for pictures or night gazing, approachable, reached and no longer intriguing. She's never thought of as a star on her own, for she borrows the light of the sun to shine. She moves and wanders, never the same: sometimes raging red and others, calm as you've ever known. Her image is the product of generations of patriarchy, you see.

The moon saw stories of others extinguishing, being left behind or disappearing and she feels like her worth is only in her appearance. At least that's what society has made her feel. The moon is treated like

she is secondary, like her primary focus is her appearance, that a so-called 'life-skill' is more important than the actual person. The moon has often been a part of stories, of men howling at her, of her disappearing for a couple of nights each year. The stories are endless, she never gets a chance to speak. Oh dear, being the moon appears to mean that everybody but you can decide who it is that you are.

The sun is a man is a *metaphor, a metaphor because as much as we don't want to admit it; as a society, men hold so much more importance. The bias starts when we are all but children and doesn't really ever end. Have you ever questioned why there is so much power over a surname? Have you ever questioned why people assume that it's women who do the chores? Have you ever questioned why even though more girls as compared to boys choose STEM subjects in school, 20 years down the line, statistics show that it is only men who dominate the field?*

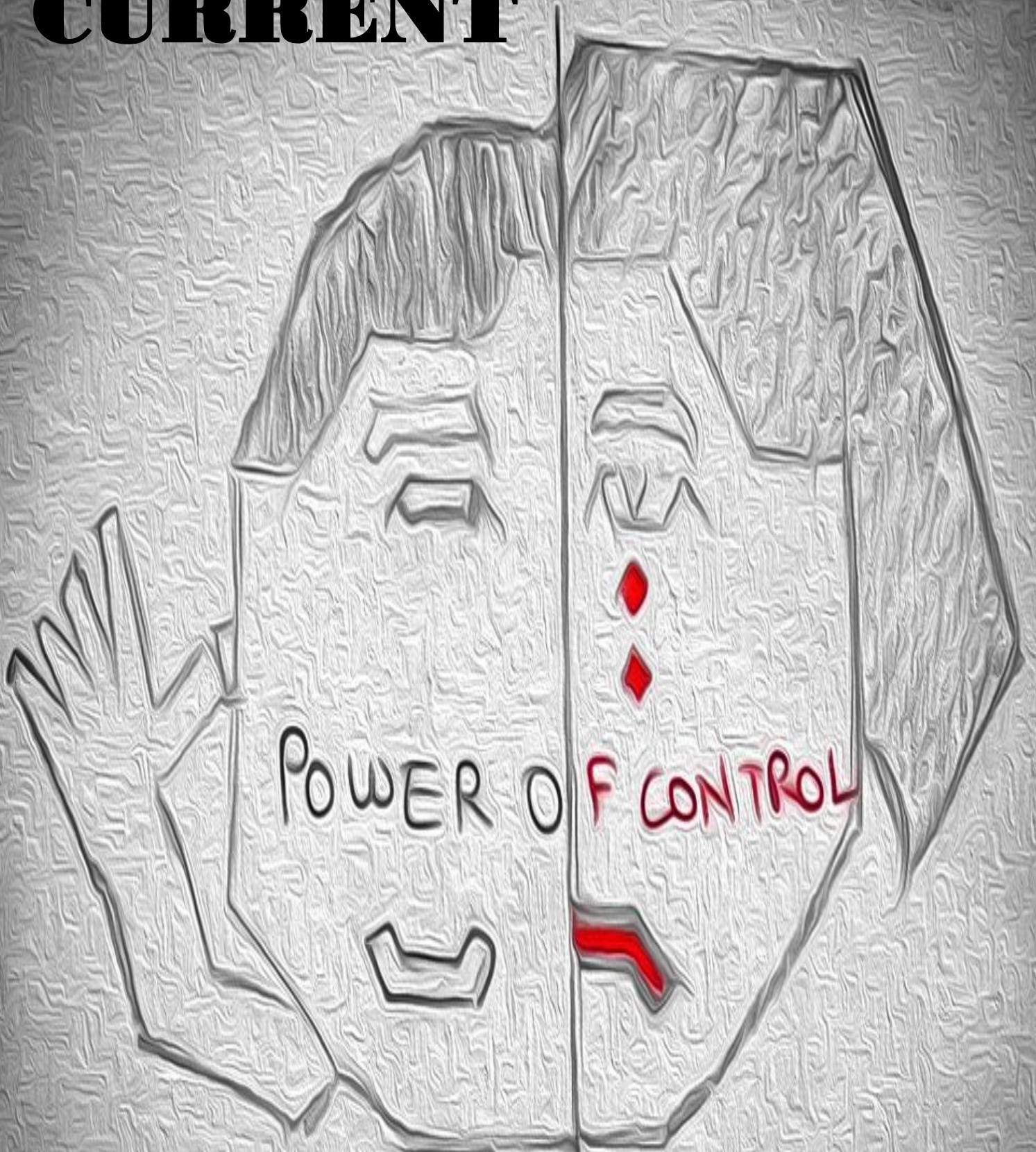
You see, in this world, the sun is a man and the moon is a woman, but I'll tell you what: you can be the amalgamation of both, because that will always be the most powerful.



A face surrounded by straight-edged, sharp cubes. The face is made up of curved lines instead, and the words: mind, fear, scars, disability, queer, depression, struggle, joys, love, community, race, culture, history, perspective, dreams, gender, presentation, personality, hobbies, passion, work, impact, home, body. The order of the words is perceptive. The eye's iris has overlapping ovals, to once again symbolise intersectionality.

A quick doodle I made because I got inspired to put forth the concept of intersectional identity and experience through a visual piece. This piece conveys how complex people are and how people cannot be fit into society's boxes

CURRENT



AFFAIRS

North Korea's Laughing Ban:

North Korea. A country located in the north half of the Korean Peninsula in North-East Asia and is infamously known as the home of Modern Dictatorship. Ever since its independence in 1948 led by Kim-IL-sung, the North Korean leader and his family descendants have ruled North Korea as a Totalitarian Dictatorship. North Korea has had 3 leaders until now. The founder; Kim Il Sung, then his son; Kim Jong-il and now his son; the infamous and cruel Kim Jong-Un. While the Kim dynasty has enjoyed nothing but luxury, North Korean citizens have been forced to live in an open, green prison. Extreme rules have been forced on their living and their freedom has been compromised. No North Korean can't think freely, live, or enjoy life as a whole freely. North Koreans can't have opinions against their leaders, can't follow a religion of their choice, have a job of their choice, elect a leader of their choice and now can't laugh for 11 days. You read it right! They can't laugh for the next 11 days and if found laughing would be executed.

Why so? Well, starting from this week, North Korea mourned their second leader Kim-IL-sung's 10th death anniversary. And as it's been a decade since his father's demise, Kim Jong-un has decided that his country won't laugh for the next 11 days starting from the 17th of December. This clearly shows the misery North Koreans are forced to live in. Other rules alongside the laugh rule are that they can celebrate birthday parties, have music or dances, mourn other people's death or even do something which gives them pleasure or leisure.

These living standards in North Korea and this insane laughing rule is an example of how we should appreciate our freedom. And we shall pray for all North Koreans unfortunate enough to live or to be born in the country of North Korea and shall hope that their misery ends soon.



hands. they're everywhere, still hovering and each touch is like a humiliating burn and i want it off, *off* me. (what do you want from me?) the need to shout wells up inside me once more but my tongue seems to rest uselessly in my mouth and aching all the while; i swat weakly to no avail. my voice translates fear and *horrible*, intrusive pain but it can't hold up much longer.

i can only bear it while i wait for this wave of violating pain to ebb and prepare for the next. their grip tightens sporadically. *is this what i deserve?* ~~i want to go home please let me go home i'm only nineteen~~

they laugh. it rings in my ears. they degrade, and there are insults when they kick at me and bend me backwards. (there's splintering and there's nothing more i want than to just wake up from it and pretend it was a dream why won't it *go away*) i want to scream when i hear a crack. normally, i should be at the market or helping my mother with getting food for the cows. abnormally, i am *here*. i don't think it's sunk in for me yet, but it seems to hurt more now.

when i choke on his hands, the air smells like crackling ash and i wonder if i will die peacefully. ~~the answer is no you get your ligaments ripped and spine curved till it snaps and will still be blamed~~

i lie here in wait. the grass flips in the wind and flicks morning dew onto my wounds. maybe nature is trying to help me undo the effects (i lie lie *lie* in hopes of keeping myself alive long enough) and wash it away. as i sprawl my limbs, i think this might be a good resting place.

"media wale to chale jayenge, hum hi aap ke saath khade hain." ~~there's blood on your hands there's blood staining this country it's on us all~~
it's your fault.

Boris Johnson coming to India - Ulterior Motives?

During his two-day visit to India, UK prime minister Boris Johnson's first stop will be Ahmedabad in order to meet the dairy representatives in Gujarat. The next day, he will be meeting PM Modi in New Delhi for the bilateral summit.

Sealing the proposed free trade agreement (FTA) with India will be Johnson's primary aim. What has led to this is the ban on sale of Indian dairy products in the UK and EU(European Union). Regulators in these countries say that dairy products from India fail to meet the European food safety standards. Another point to note is that producers in the Britain and European countries only sell cow milk while dairy exporters in India sell buffalo milk, which is also exported to the US and Canada.

In January, this year, the issue was discussed with Trade Secretary Anne-Marie Trevelyan and negotiations were formally launched.

Sources said that New Delhi has asked London to negotiate the dairy aspects at a later stage of the trade negotiations. This would be extremely beneficial as the countries could analyze the positive outcomes and avoid upsetting its citizens. Furthermore, the UK sources said that they will initially be focusing on exporting higher-value dairy

products with specialized items targeting the growing Indian middle class. Not to mention, just days before Johnson's visit, Prime Minister Narendra Modi inaugurated a new dairy plant in Gujarat's Banaskantha district. "India produces milk worth Rs 8.5 lakh crore per year and is the world topper in milk production," Modi said at the time.

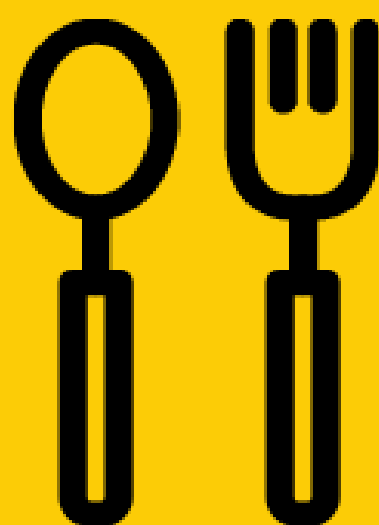
Johnson's itinerary is no secret for Gujarat. Since the British and European dairy products have been wanting a greater market access Gujarat's remunerative dairy industry has been protesting against it. As a matter of fact, Amul is one of the largest dairy companies in the world. For the year 2020-21 Amul recorded its highest ever sales at Rs 39,248 crore. Therefore, if the British markets gain access to Indian markets, Amul's profits will fall. This would be a disadvantage not only for its employees but also for the entire economy as Amul is one of India's main companies.

According to Arpita Mukherjee, professor at the Indian Council for Research on International Economic Relations, the UK is facing a huge amount of protests from Indian producers over the import of dairy products from Britain. She mentioned, "UK companies want India to reduce tariffs on dairy products, which is currently 100-150 per cent and are asking if some of their products can enter in the high-end specialized market. Discussions may focus on this aspect."

This would cause a great inflow of money due to higher exports for the UK.

To conclude, Johnson requires access to the Indian market and needs this free trade agreement to be in action. Will Boris achieve his target or will the Indian dairy producers keep fighting? To find out, keep up with the news.

CUISINE AND CULTURE





He made a video on Multilingual day and as he is a Gujrati, He made a famous dish- Dhokla.

The Real dishes of India!

India is similar to a sponge as it takes and adopts common fruits and vegetables from foreign countries and turns them into delicious dishes that have now become an integral part of Indian culture.

Spain has given a lot of its fruits and vegetables to India. Can you guess what one of them is? It is included in sandwiches as well as Sambhaar (not Sambar as pronounced in some hotels!). It is everyone's favourite(not mine) tomato.

This vegetable was introduced by Spanish voyagers in the 14 century. Before the Tomato, the souring agent used was either tamarind or raw mango powder(amchur). I

I guess that is also a reason why the Indian Holi is inspired by the La Tomatina festival in Spain (or vice-versa, I am not really sure. Most likely, vice-versa)

Portugal has also given us a lot of things. One is a popular snack and the other is an important ingredient. The vegetable is both in Mutter Paneer and Sambar. If you haven't guessed yet it is the Chilli. It came from Portuguese ships.

The spicing agent was Black pepper, which caused the British to conquer India (but that is another story).

The famous snack is what we call Pakoda. This battered vegetable dish was introduced again by Portuguese sailors. When Portuguese people went on to Japan the Japanese wouldn't admit it but the tempura is a fancy way of making pakora.

Another snack is the samosa. Arabian sailors called it samusak and it was a fried pastry filled with dry fruits. The Portuguese gave us the hot peanut oil to fry it in and the chillis. The quiet cook at the local "mithaiwala" turned it into the delicious samosa we know today.

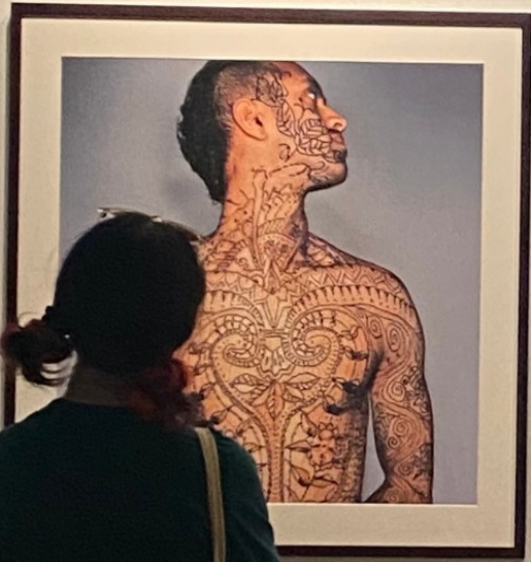
Last but not least, is customisation and innovation and the creation of famous fusion food. Indo-Chinese food is a very popular fusion. No one has ever made Chicken Manchurian or Hakka noodles in China, but was innovated in India

Another fusion food is a Dosa. A Dosa is a large crepe/pancake made from frying and spreading rice flour, It is filled with everything from spiced potatoes (masala) to pizza sauce and cheese. Things such as paneer slices on pizza will make Italian chefs wonder, so we can claim that paneer pizza is Indian and part of innovation.

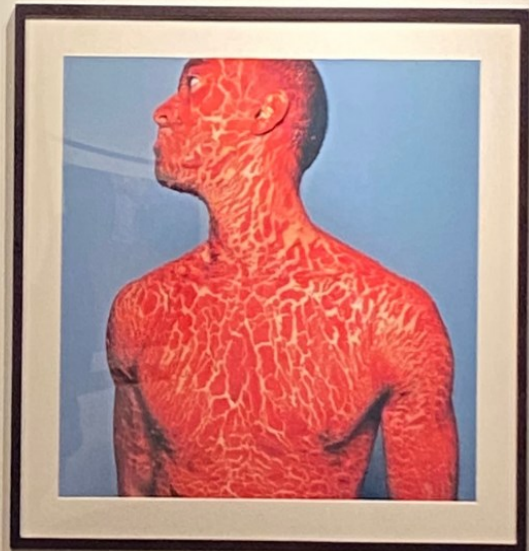
To end off on a sweet note neither, gulab jamun or gulkhand is Indian.

Being a foodie, I don't care about the origin!

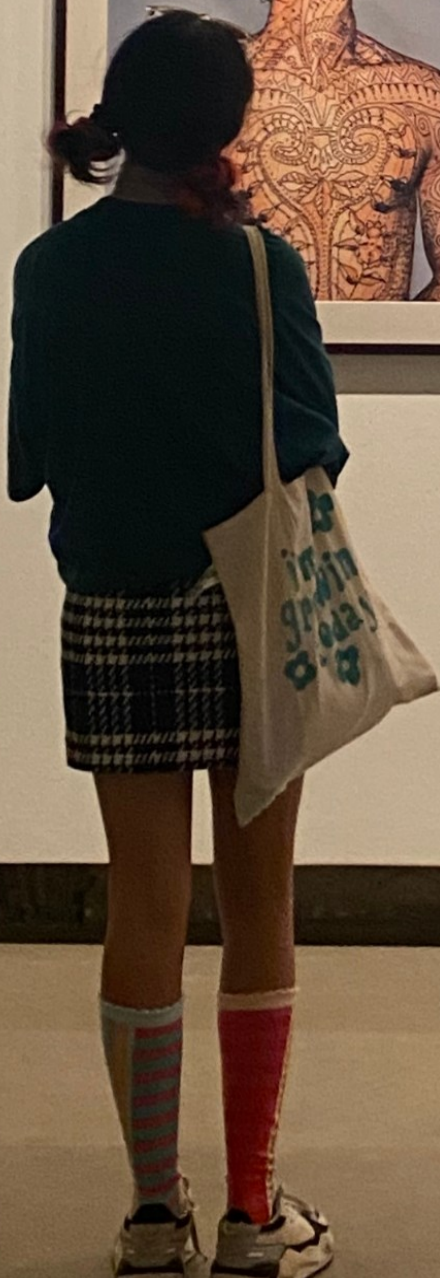
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&



photography

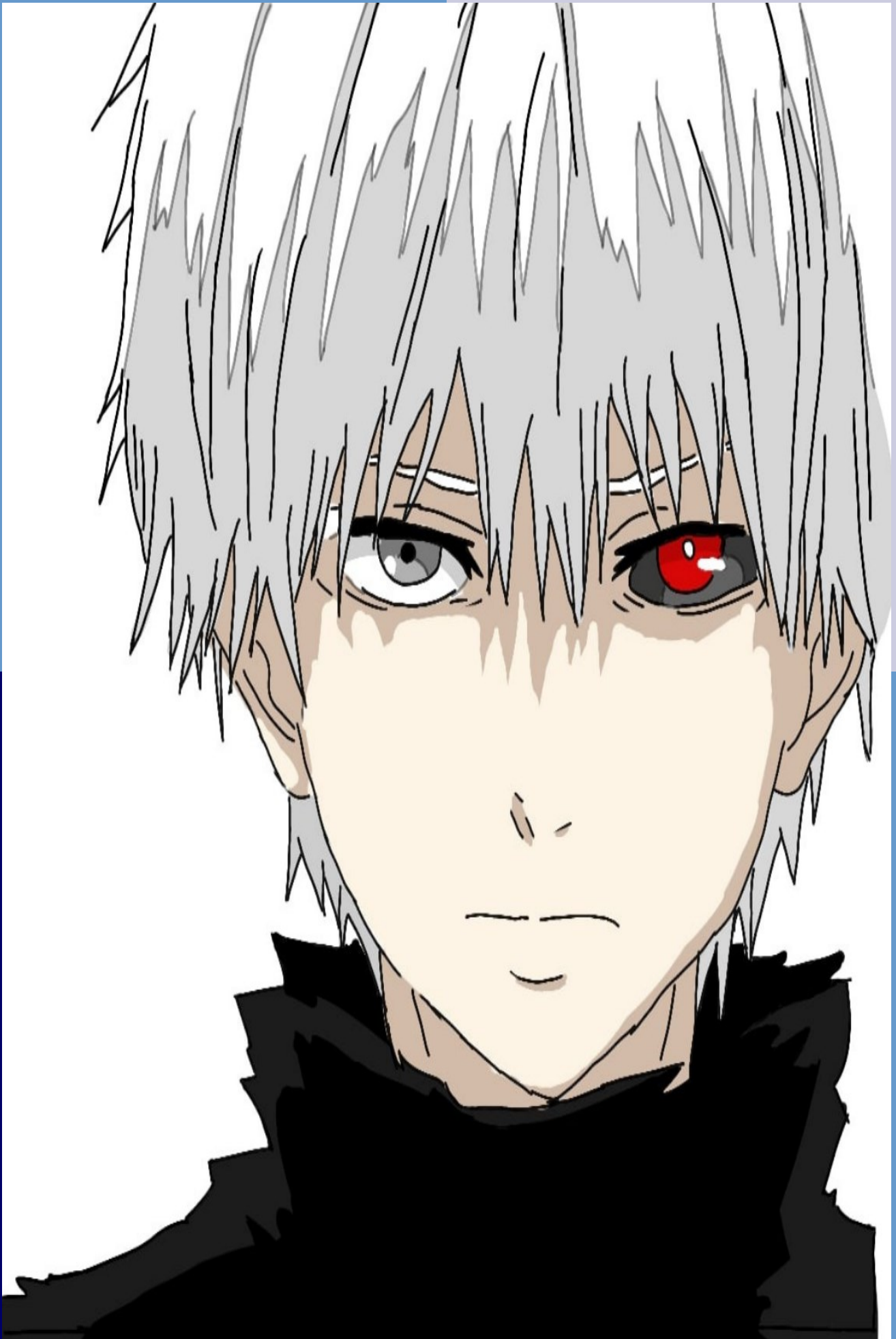




Aanya Babbar [6A]



Aanya Babbar [6A]



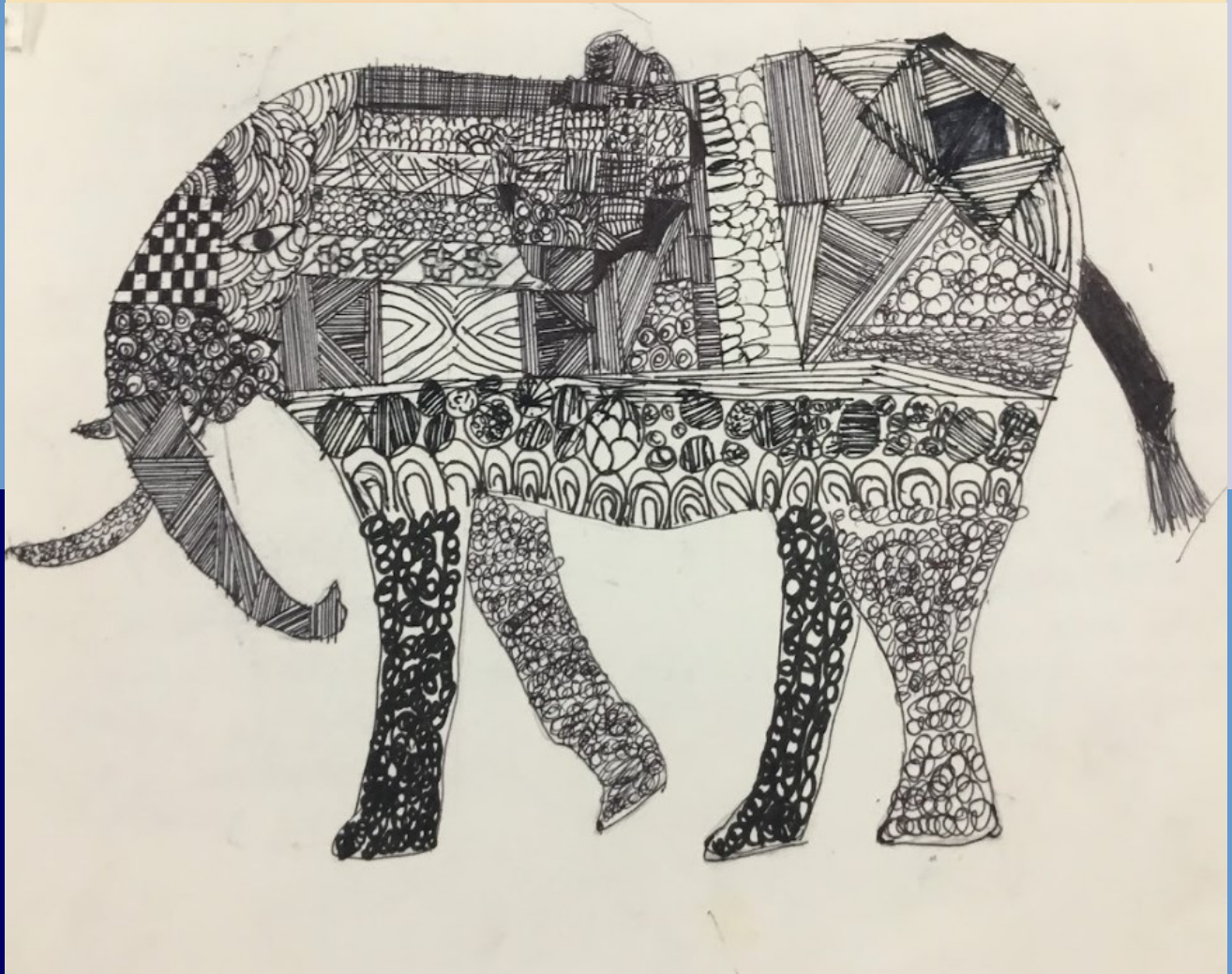






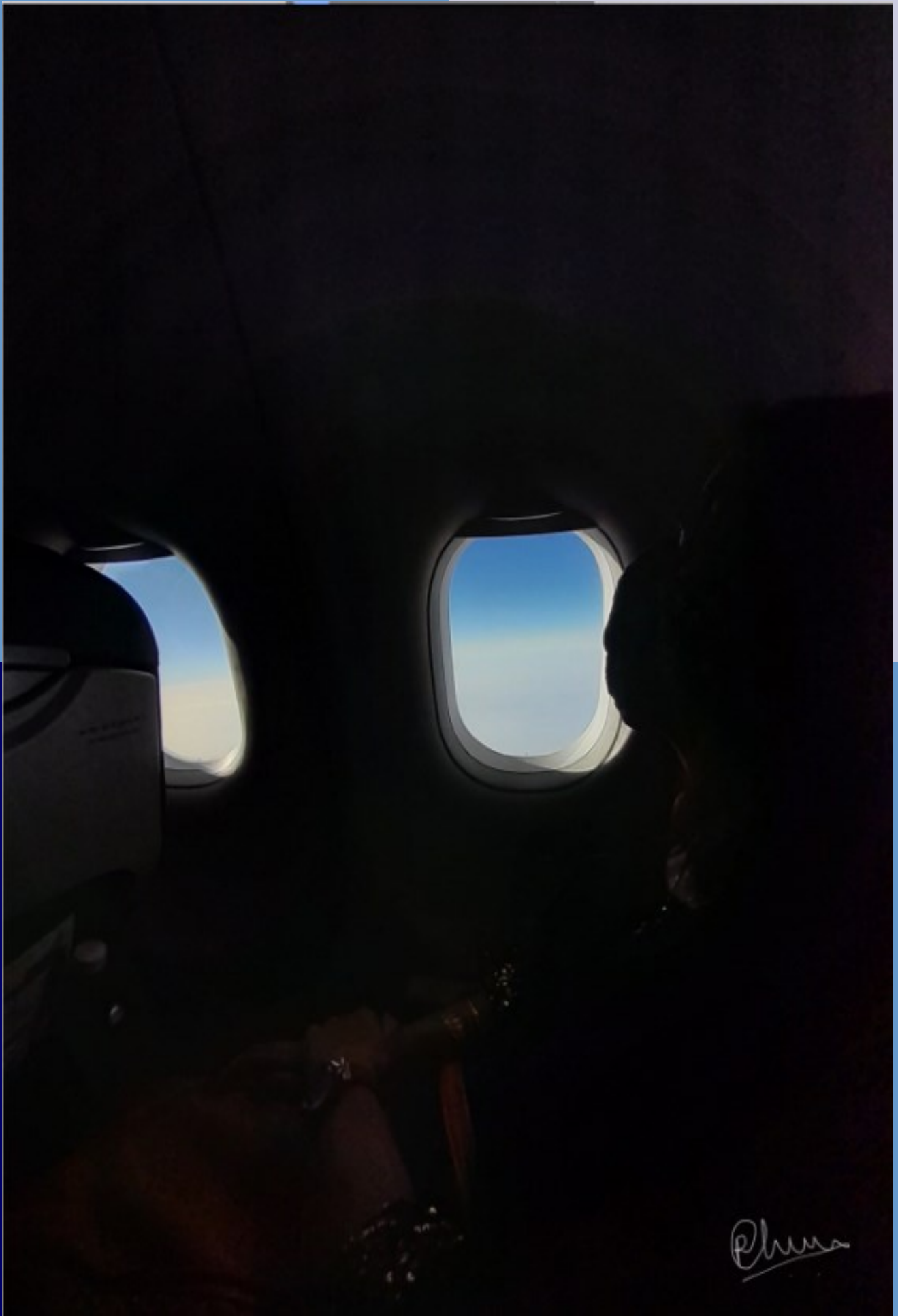


Tanvi Mani
6D

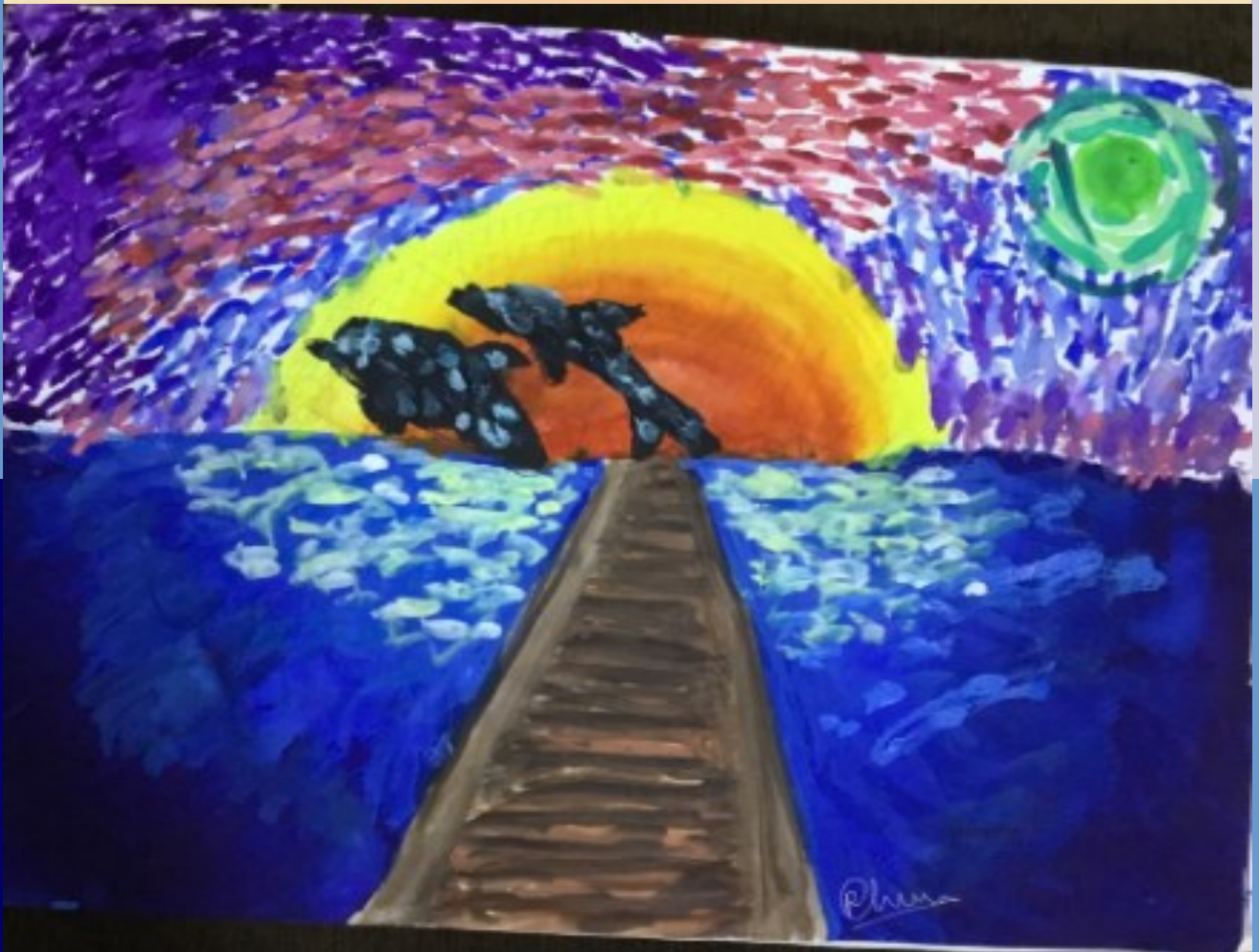


Atharva Suvarna [6E]

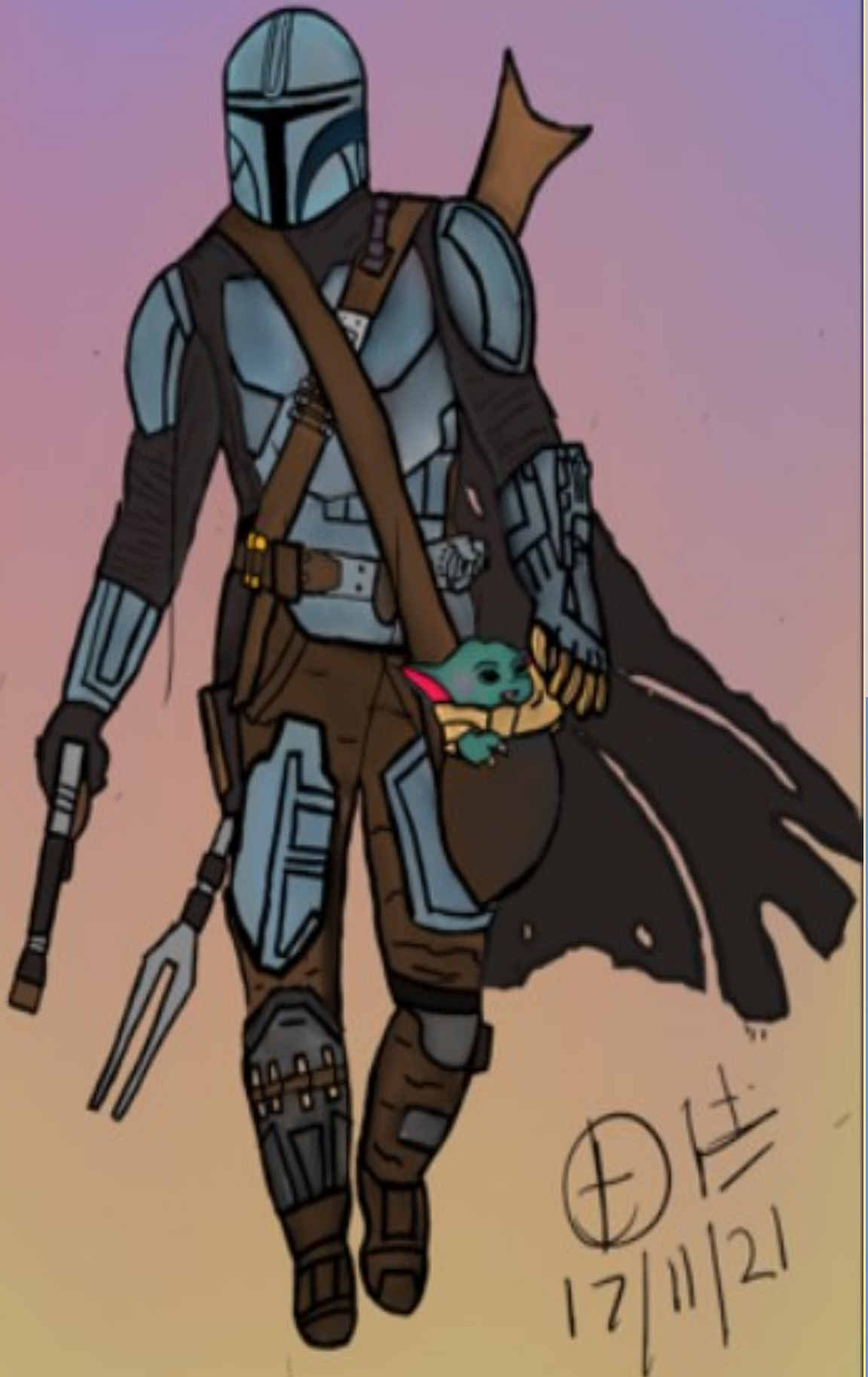












Aarav Bhatia [7B]

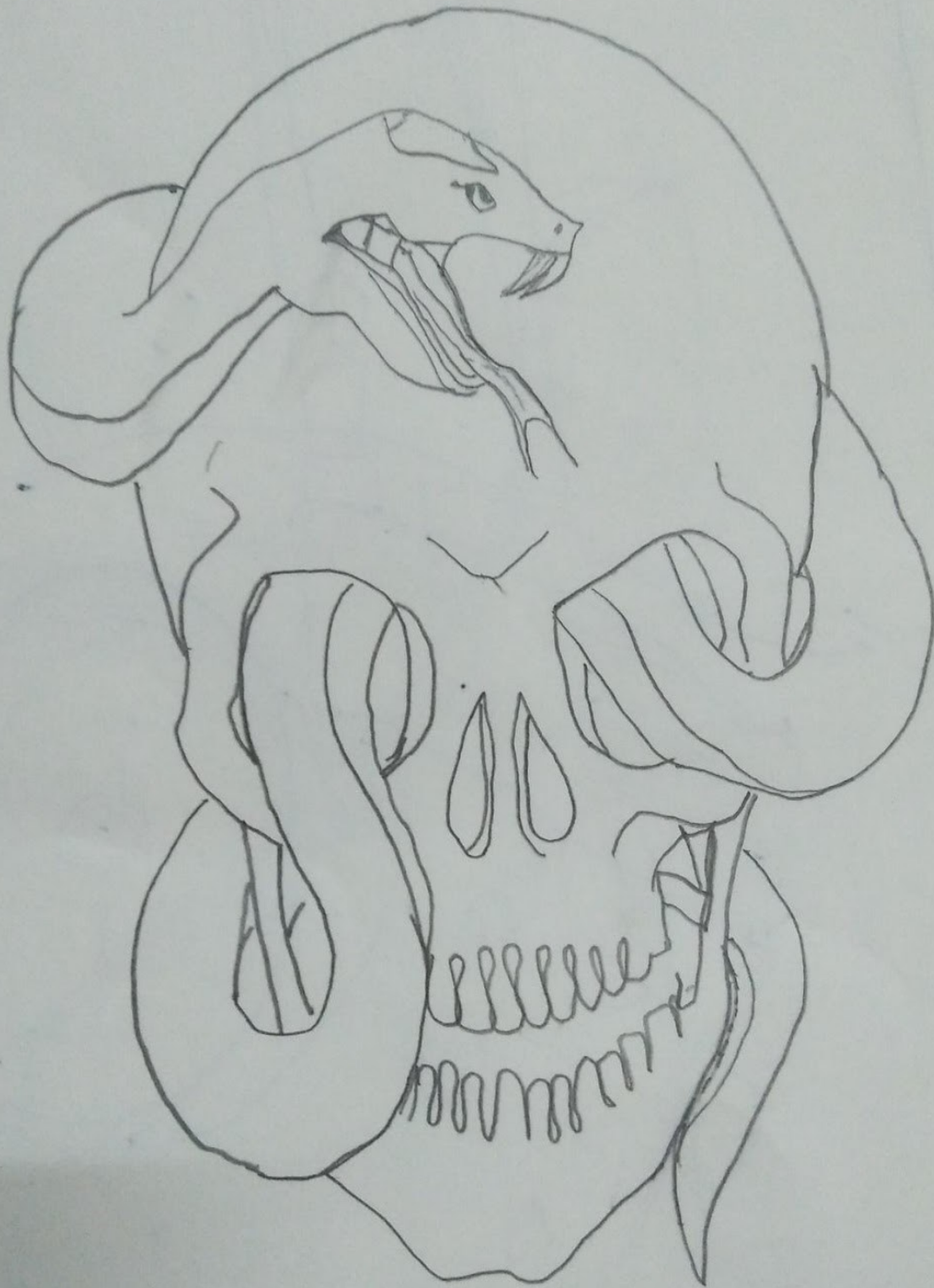


Pranaya Ahuja [7B]

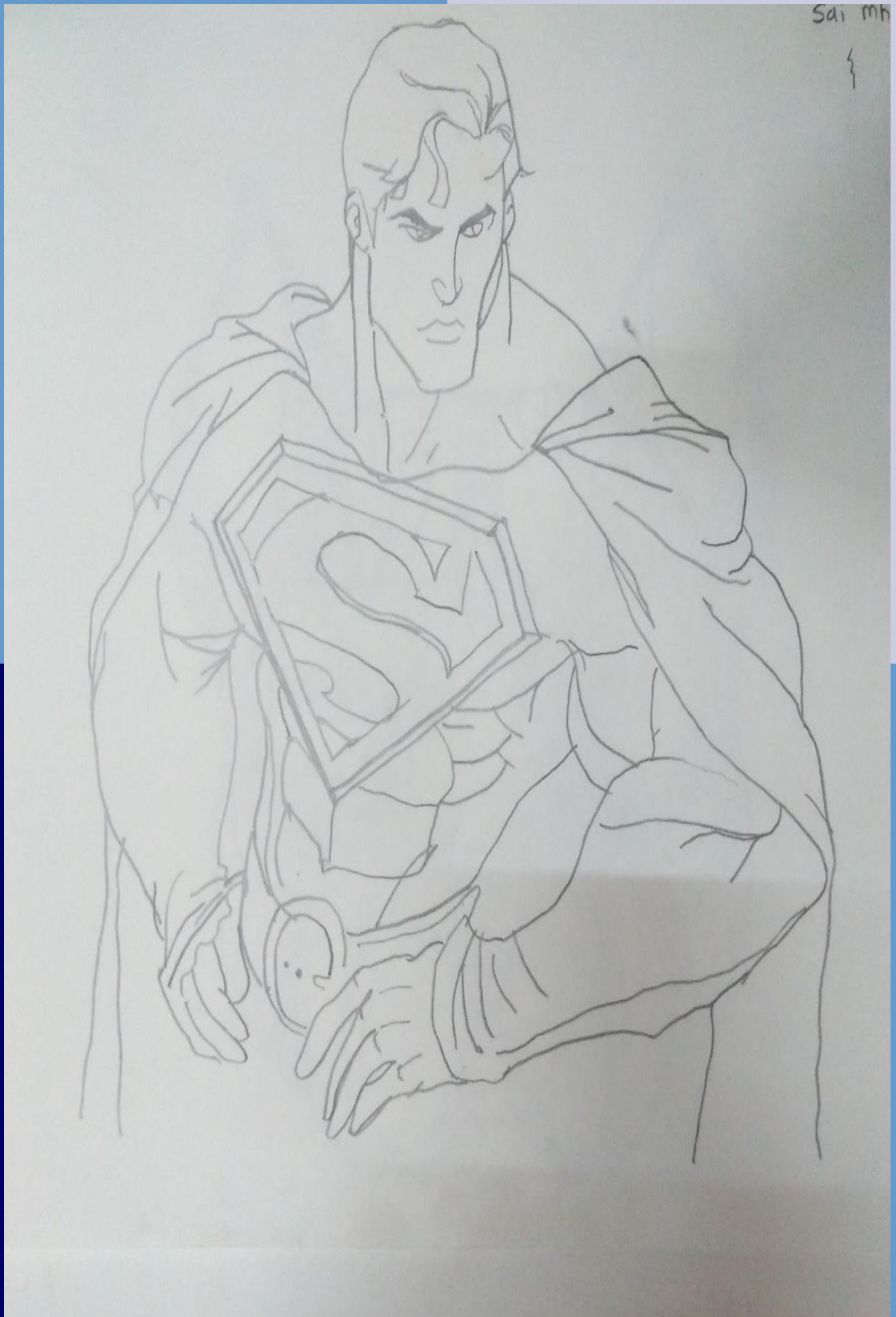


Pranaya Ahuja [7B]





Sai Mhaske [7B]

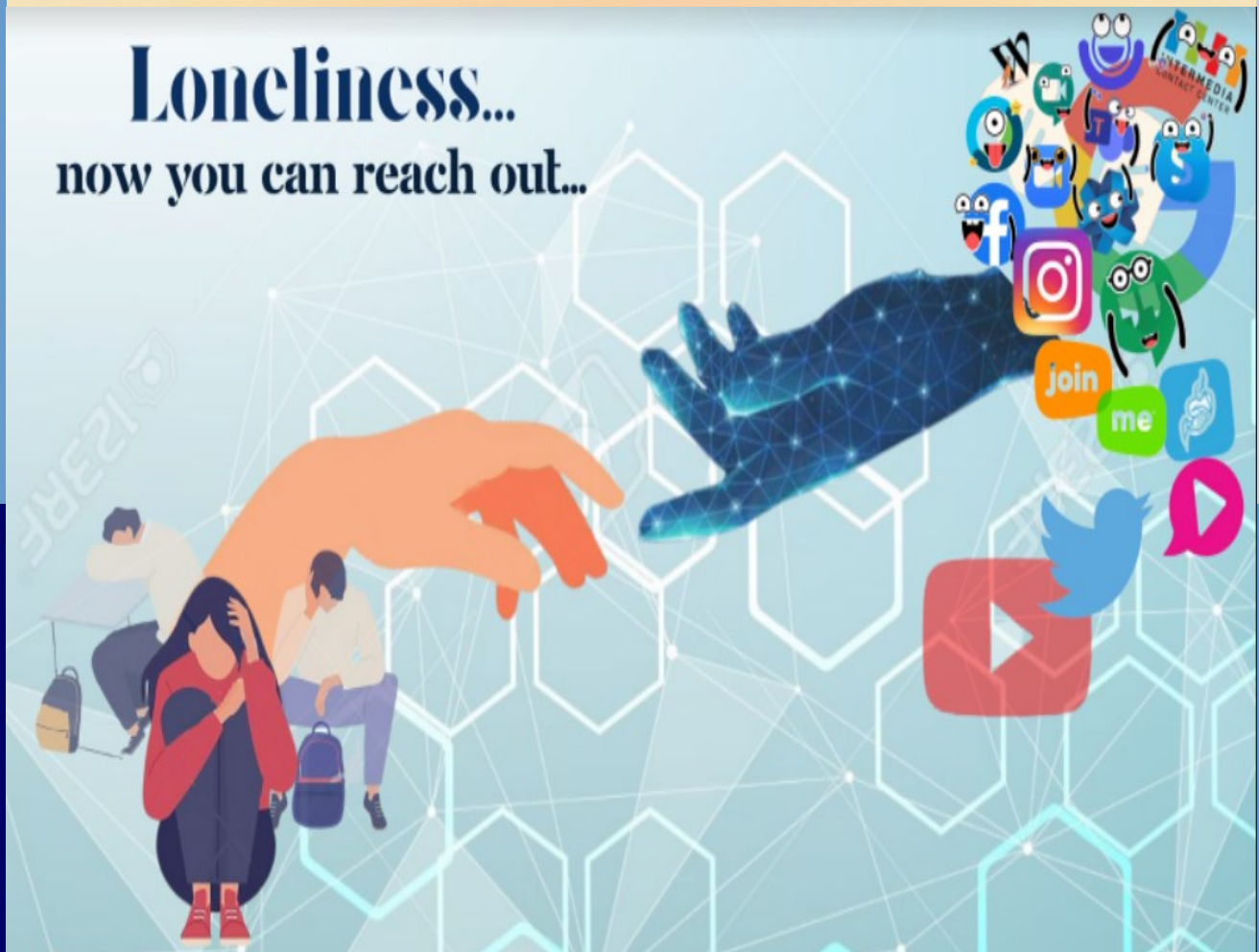


Sai Mhaske [7B]











Shailaja Venkataraman [8A]



Meher Bhuta [8C]





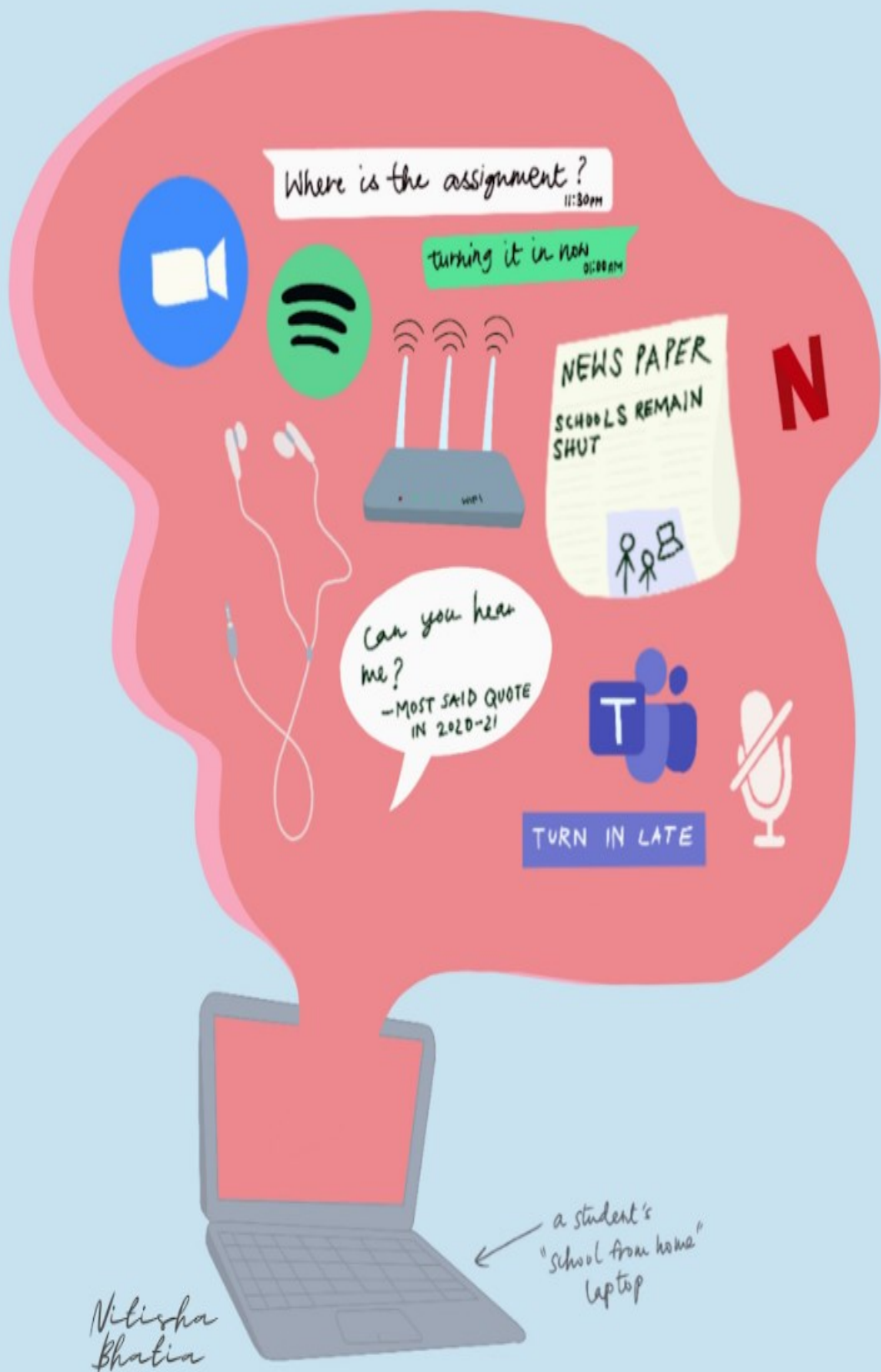
Offline School vs. Online School

2019...



One Year Later....





Prisha Ghuste [9E]

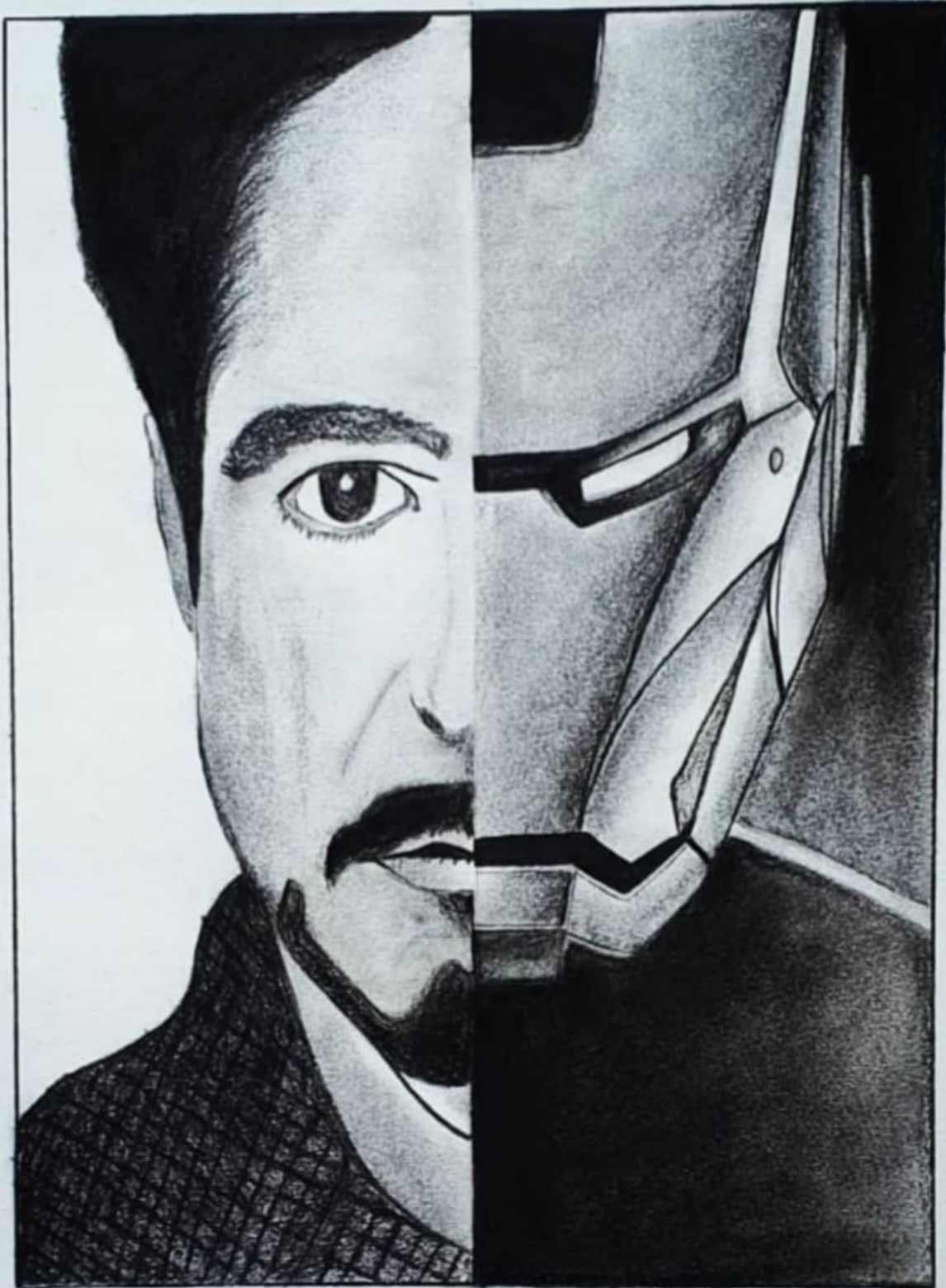


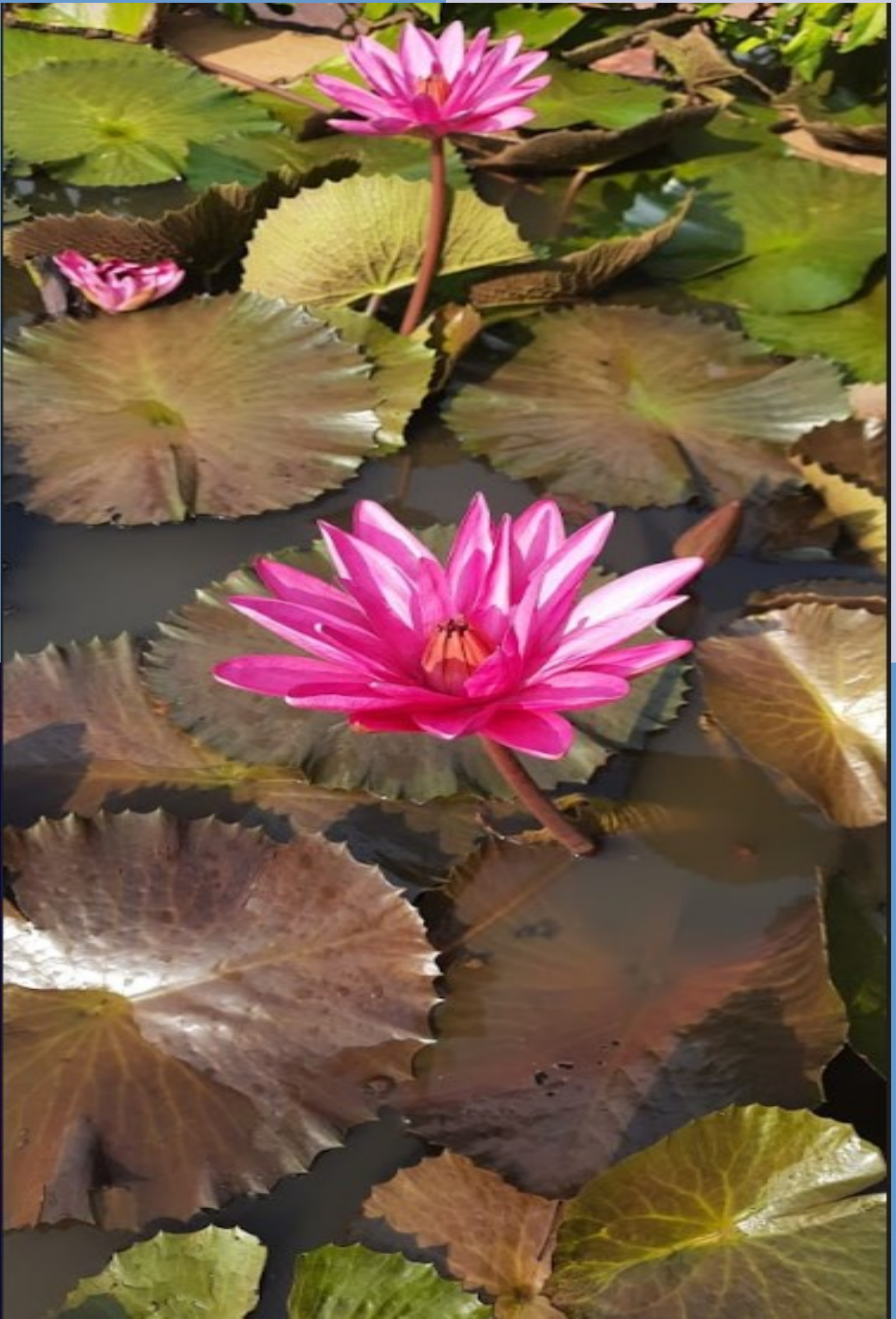
Tia RaoRane [ASci-1]



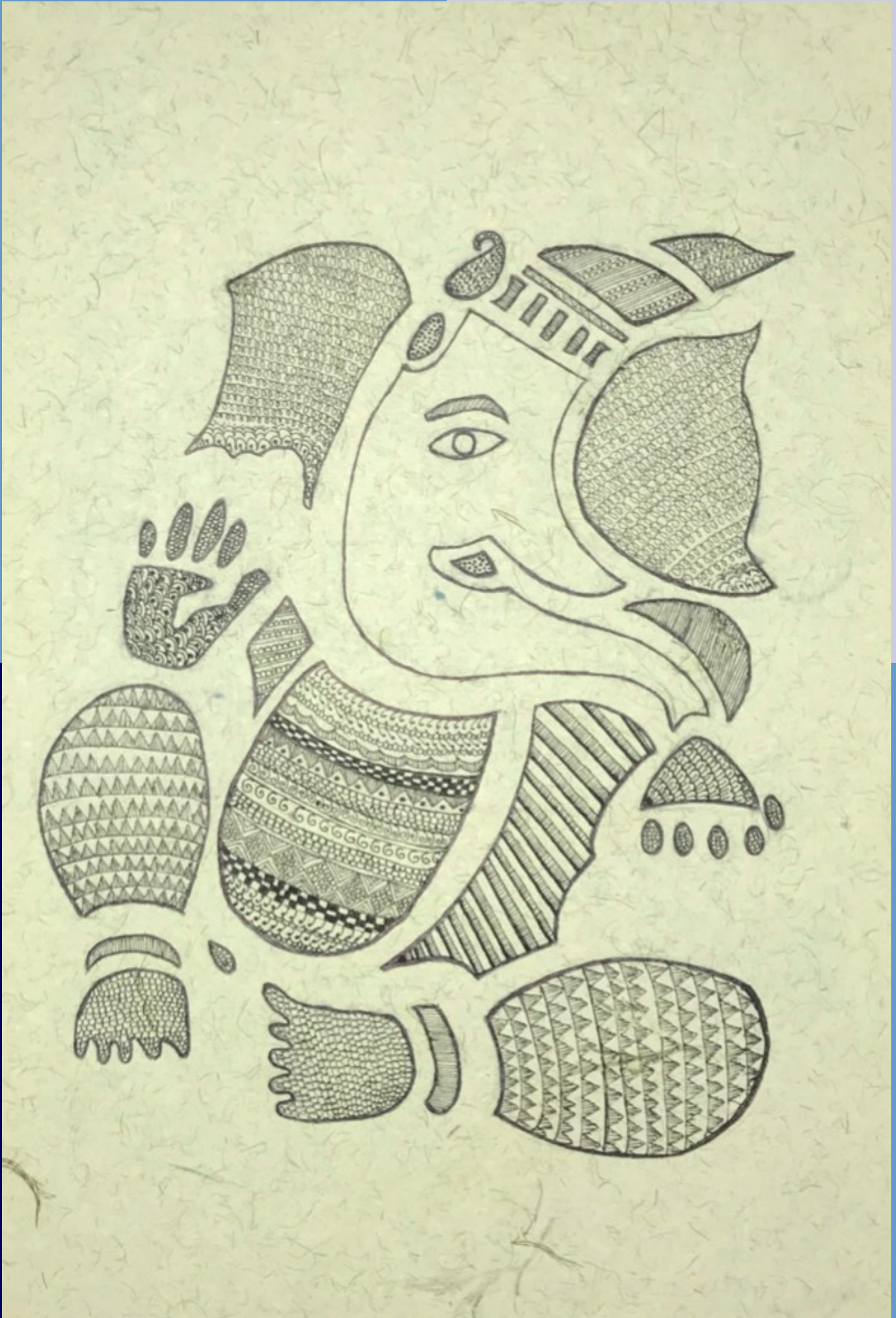


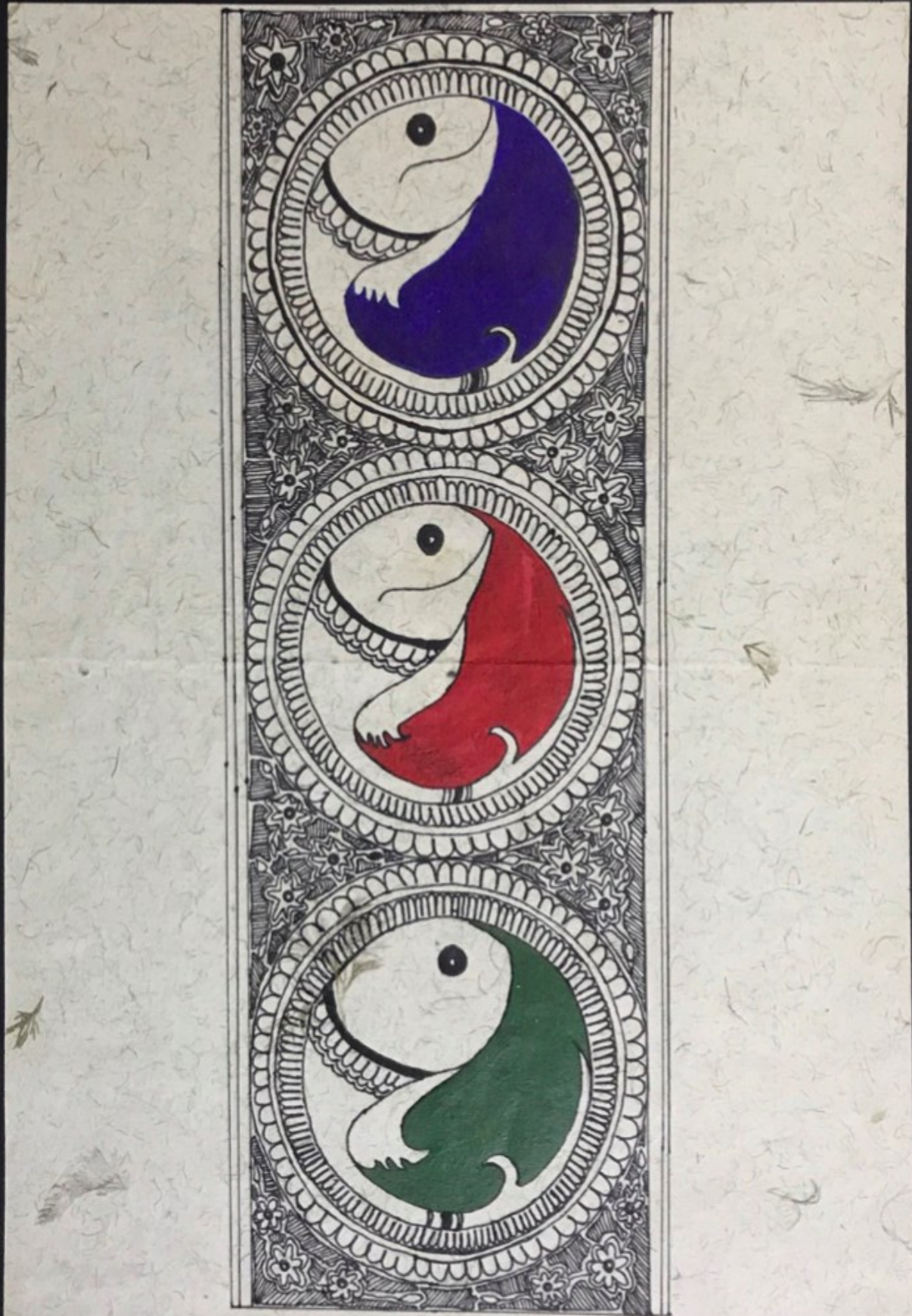




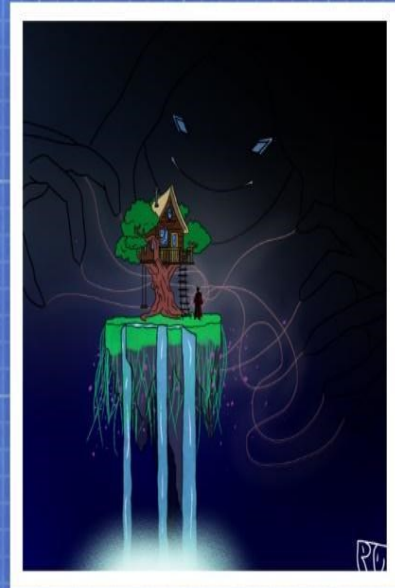
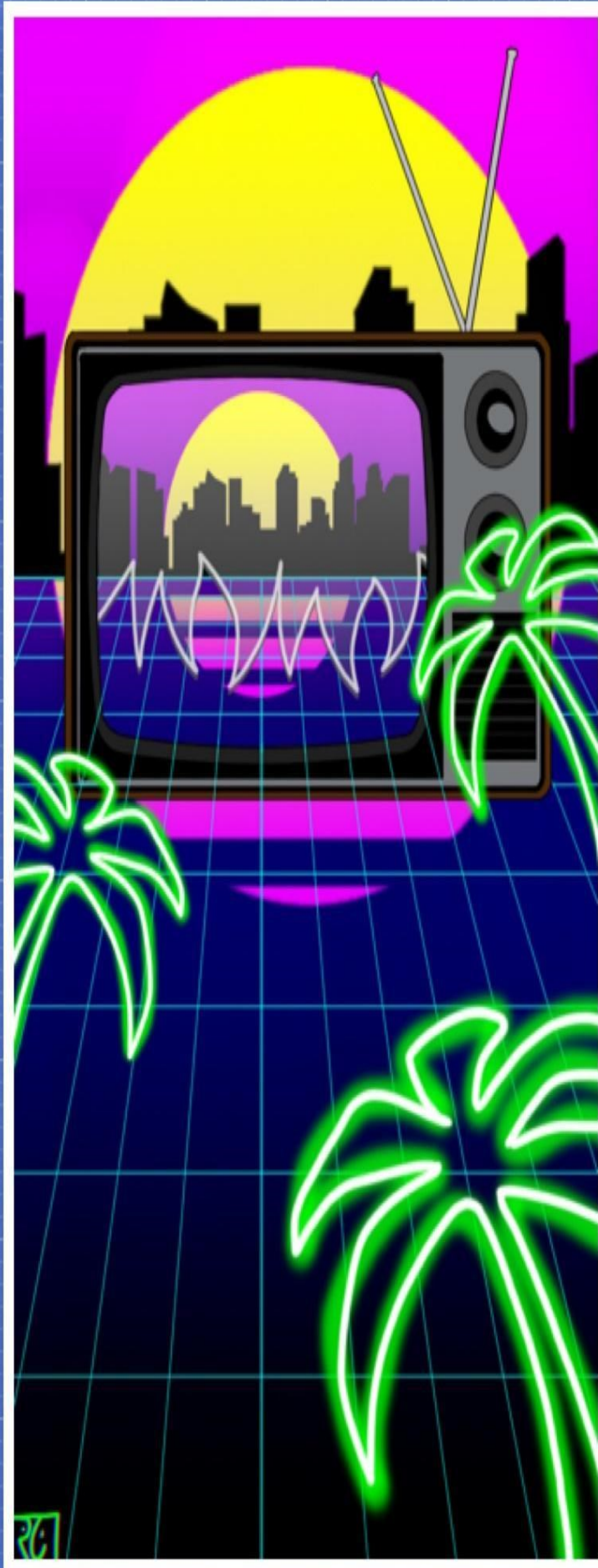








Roopkotha Chakrabarti [DP1]



HEALTH



Nyssa Ruparelia [7E]

During this pandemic health and hygiene has become very important to maintain, honestly I'll tell you something during this pandemic I've become very hygienic like I mean VERY hygienic I don't touch anything without cleaning it I may sound like Monica honestly speaking I am Monica now.

This is what I do, I get a tissue or a wet wipe just to use the remote, to open the door, to flush, to drink water I swear this is me now, if you open my bag you'll see a pouch which contains wet wipes, tissues, a hair brush, 2 sanitizers, a perfume, sanitary pads, tampons.

•

Even menstrual has changed me, for those of you who don't know what menstrual, PMS, chums, periods are they are basically a week where we girls, women bleed for our egg to develop for us and our vagina to get ready to give birth and honestly in India well not only Indian many other cities, countries etc. even women and men are grossed and they tend to find menstrual "IMPURE", I understand we all have pretty much been told by our mom, grandma and our relatives not to talk about menstrual because it's "IMPURE" but it's not normalise us talking about Menstrual, us asking guys to get us pads, tampons etc.

As it's NATURAL you get me it's NATURAL and you need to get used to it, due to that you are able to get a family.. so normalise us having menstrual, and stop giving us pads covered with paper it's NORMAL.

Well health has a A lot of impact on us, our diet, environment, physical health, mental health, hygiene has a lot to do with us, During this pandemic teens are getting depression, anxiety, stress and insecure about ourselves, and I relate to it I am at a very bad mental health stage but yes I try to make myself feel better.

Mental health is the most important thing at this point, it matters a lot, it affects how you react, talk, behave. A bad mental health can represent you as a dull, depressed, feeling-less, sad where as a good mental health can represent you as a health, happy, joyful.

Ways to help you with a bad mental health-

- Try doing something you like to do
-
- Hang around with people who make you feel you
-
- Focus on your goals
-
- Be you

- - Focus on yourself
- - Cut out the toxic people, things that let you down
- - And smileeeee

Musings on Health

Health, the word itself has multiple different interpretations and connotations. Some take the word positively and as a source of motivation, whereas others take it in a negative light and get reminded of bitter times or news. However, the word itself brings to mind, for the most part, different types of health. Be it mental health or physical health, we all need that word in our lives to function at our highest capacity.

Maintaining or bettering one's health is a tedious but achievable task. If we were to refer to physical health, there are a myriad of possibilities and some are definitely more helpful and achievable than others. One could do the simple task of walking, and if they truly enjoy running around and breaking a sweat, many sports and gym exercises help give their health a push in the right direction. Not really into movement? Fret not, because the extremely affluent diet culture is here to save you. A simple cut down in excessive sugar and other processed foods in themselves can help motivate your body to recuperate at a faster pace. And with how popular diet culture truly is, there are plenty of diet friendly food alternatives for people not interested in just eating salads. But here's where my (and I'm sure your) favourite

way of improving health comes: sleep. Sleep is one of the best ways for the body to heal and for one's health to improve by miles, so make sure to get those 8 hours of beauty rest.

Now if we were to talk about maintaining and bettering mental health, that's where the path turns a bit rocky. Everyone's different and everyone deals with situations in a different manner. But always make sure to take breaks whenever you need: whether it be from studies, from activities or anything in general. Try and make time for your hobbies and interests, it is your life after all. Talk to someone you trust when things get overwhelming and if need be, go to a professional. Whatever makes you feel better in the end. As long as you remember that there's always someone there for you and that you're not alone, everything will be fine. The tough times will pass.

Health has and will always be an integral part of our lives, so remember to take care of your body, be it physically or mentally. We may all face those moments where we neglected our health for little things like exams. So the next time you feel like you're neglecting your health, remind yourself of how hard your body works for you to function, how intricately designed it is, how every part of it has a great role and give your body the break and care that it deserves.

I hope you're ok: A Brief Message to Activists

Dear Activists,

I hope you're ok. I'll try to keep this brief, as promised, but I tend to overwrite, so pardon me for my lack of conciseness. I just want to tell you that you are amazing. That you are beautiful and kind and even though I may not know you, I am grateful for your existence. I am grateful that you are out there, making a difference. I am grateful for how you are using your unconditional love for something to bring about positive change.

Are you remembering to love yourself too? When was the last time you did something for yourself? And just for yourself? I hope that when you're experiencing anxiety or depression or climate anxiety or grief or anger or the guilt of not doing enough, you spend time with someone you trust. I hope you talk about your feelings with your community. I hope you have a community that loves and supports you. I hope you know that whatever you're doing—no matter how small or seemingly insignificant—is more than enough. You are enough.

The fight that you are fighting for our earth, for our society, for matters that no one else seems to care about, is important. But you are important too. I hope you know that.

I hope you know that you, as a human being, are giving us hope. I hope that you remember that water only flows from a full tank (please ignore my terrible analogies, but you get the point.) I hope that you're taking the time to have fun, and nourish your body and mind, to be happy just for the sake of being happy. I hope you know that you are strong and that it is okay, and important, to take breaks. I hope that you celebrate the little victories, the little joys. They are worth celebrating. You are worth celebrating.

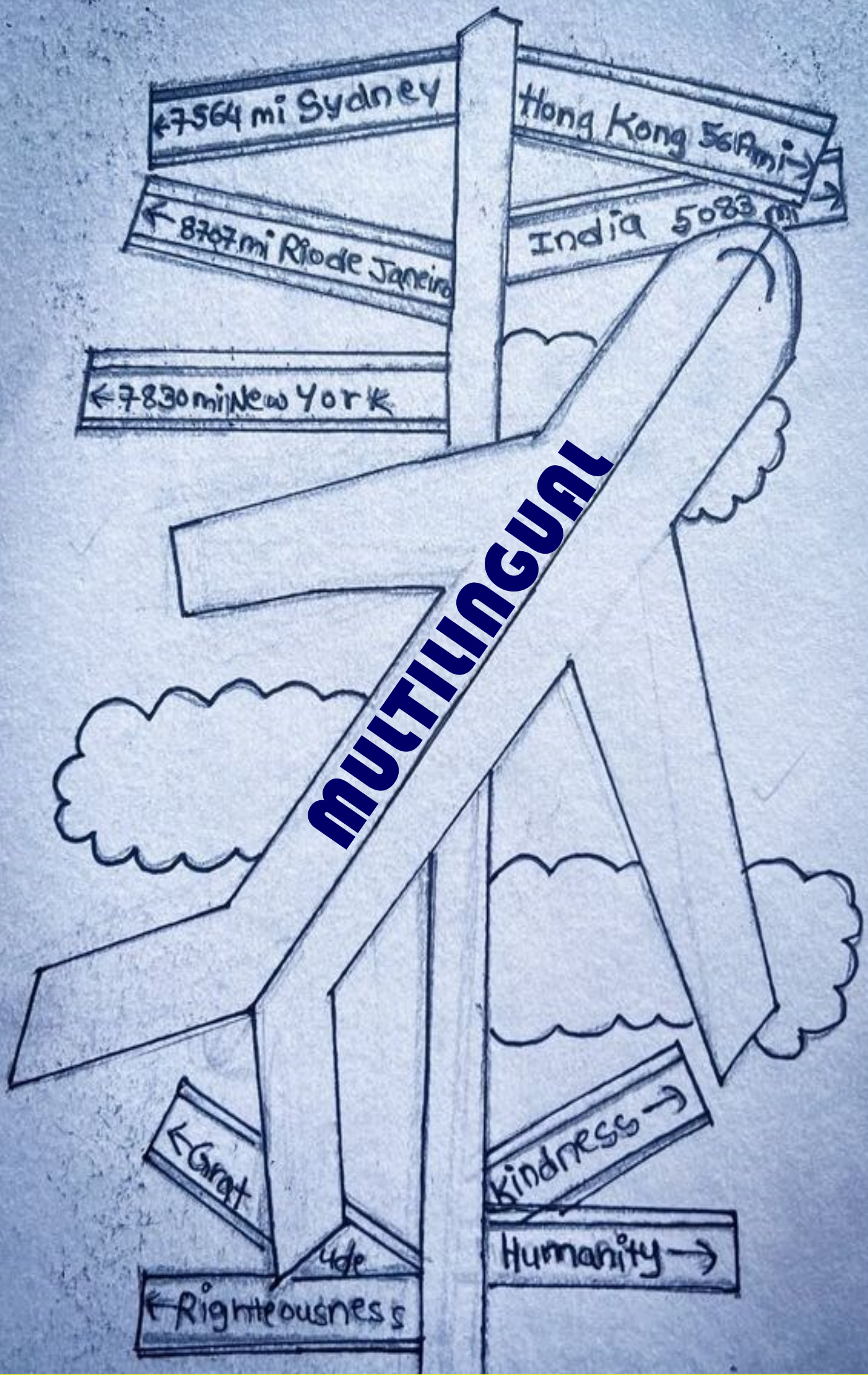
I hope you know that you, you as a person are important and loved and your work is important, yes. But you are important too.

I hope you know that your mental and physical well-being is important.

Please, take care.

Just a human being,

Ananya.



Honnêteté et Intégrité Académique

« L'Honnêteté Académique » est un terme que nous avons tous entendu de nos parents et enseignants. C'est une pratique très importante pour être un bon et responsable être humain. À cette époque, quand tout est en ligne, de l'école aux achats, l'honnêteté académique joue un rôle important. En plus nous ne pouvons pas avoir nos parents et enseignants tout le temps autour de nous regarder et nous guider. Nous devons pratiquer l'honnêteté comme des citoyens numériques responsables de ce monde virtuel d'apprentissage. Laissons-nous comprendre quelle est l'intégrité.

Intégrité

Elle signifie faire la correcte chose même quand personnes ne nous surveillent pas.

Un exemple d'Intégrité est de trouver l'argent sur le sol du supermarché, mais au lieu de le garder avec nous, il faut le donner au vendeur. La personne qui l'a perdu pourrait venir le chercher plus tard.

Intégrité Académique

Elle signifie agir avec honnêteté, vérité, justice et respect au travail académique. Elle inclut faire notre propre travail et juste faire allusion au travail des autres. Elle ne signifie pas copier le travail des autres.

Malhonnêteté Académique

Le contraire de l'Intégrité Académique est Malhonnêteté Académique. Elle signifie participer à la Malhonnêteté Académiques actions et elle peut inclure tricheuse, plagiat ou autres formes de la Malhonnêteté Académique.

Des exemples de la Malhonnêteté Académique sont :

- Copier les réponses à l'épreuve, au questionneur ou autres devoirs de quelqu'un.
- Faire le travail de quelqu'un pour eux.
- Donner à quelqu'un les réponses de l'épreuve ou questionner ou prenez les réponses d'ils en avance.
- Payer quelqu'un faire notre travail pour nous.

Plagiat

C'est copier le travail des autres et montrer ce comme notre propre travail original.

Exemple :

Un étudiant a un examen prévu pour un jour. Il cherche et trouve des épreuves en ligne avec réponses et il les imprime. L'épreuve était disponible pour vendre, mais il un mal employé ce pour son propre but.

Plagiat inclure :

- Copier et coller d'Internet et réarranger les mots et phrases.
- Utiliser information sans faire allusion.
- Payer autres faire notre travail.
- Réutiliser un travail.

Information que nous utilisons de n'importe quel source doit toujours être fait allusion à notre travail. Même si c'est une idée d'un ami, une phrase d'Internet ou une strophe de notre chanson favorite.

Dans certaines cultures, copier les mots d'un auteur est accepté et même considéré un éloge à l'auteur.

Aux États-Unis, nous montrons respect pour le travail d'autres personnes par toujours faire allusion à l'auteur du travail. Ne pas le faire est considéré tricher, voler, et c'est une très grave infraction. Si nous sommes pris, nous pouvons échouer les devoirs, le cours, ou même être suspendu ou expulsé de l'Université.

Travail de Groupe

Avec un travail de groupe, chaque personne doit soumettre son propre travail original, même si la réponse est la même.

Faire :

- Vous devez aider les autres à trouver la réponse ou renseignements ensemble.

Ne fais pas :

- Copier de chaque autre.
- Soumettre le même travail

Conclusion

1. Comprendre les règlements sur tricher, plagiat et autres formes de Malhonnêteté Académique
2. Apprendre comment faire allusion au travail d'autres correctement
3. Comprendre les règlements à chaque course

Nos enseignants peuvent avoir différents règlements, mais ces règlements vont faire écrire à la cours programme et si nous avons des doutes, nous pouvons toujours demander.

Nous avons choix :

- Utiliser ressource de campus
- Diriger notre temps judicieusement
- Parler à nos enseignants
- Apprendre et respecter les règlements

Agir honnêtement à notre travail académique va nous préparer pour la réussite à notre personnel et professionnel futur et quand nous recevons notre diplôme nous serons sûrs que les habiletés et la connaissance que nous gagnons vraiment appartenir à nous.

Où que vie prenons-nous, les personnes nous coopérons avec vouloir respecter honnêtement que nous avons pratiqué à notre vie académique.

Tandis que je vieillis, je réalise qu'il y a beaucoup à la vie.

Et il me fait peur, de penser à tout ce qui va arriver à l'avenir.

Chaque jour et chaque nuit, je dois tout affronter.

Je ne peux pas m'échapper de ce labyrinthe de confusion et de fausseté.

Je souhaite que je pouvais apporter tout le temps que j'avais.

Je souhaite qu'avec chacun de mes souffles, je l'ai utilisé.

Tout je sais maintenant, je souhaite j'ai su plus avant.

Mais ce sont juste des souhaits, rien d'autre.

Je ne peux pas vouloir quelque chose de se passe,

Comme je ne peux pas vouloir une nuit des nuages de changer en ensoleillement.

C'est une chose étrange, la vie.

Ça sent comme la vie est un une ellipse sans fin

Plus et plus inexprimée, et surtout incompris.



2021

CUISINE FRANÇAISE

LES ENTREES

la Soupe	€ 2,70
la baguette	€ 1,80
les wedges	€ 2,10
les frites	€ 2

PLAT PRINCIPAL

le pain indien	€ 1,10
le riz	€ 1,10
les lentilles	€ 1,50
les pâtes	€ 2,30
la pizza	€ 3,10
les légumes marinés	€ 1
l'omelette	€ 2,40

LES DESSERT

Café liégeois	€ 2,60
Clafoutis	€ 2,20
Mille-feuilles	€ 2,70
la crème glacée	€ 3,10

LES BOISSONS

Un milkshake à la fraise	€ 1,70
le café	€ 1,10
le chocolat chaud	€ 1,10
le jus d'orange	€ 1

FOR EDUCATIONAL USE

Source - Word Reference app and Metro reference textbook pg 74

यह समय भी संभल जाएगा

जीवन की तेज़ रफ़्तार में रुकावट का एक मोहरा ही तो है,
परिश्रम और एकता से यह भी उखड़ जाएगा,
नदी के तेज़ बहाव के बीच आनेवाला एक पत्थर ही तो है,
यह समय भी संभल जाएगा ।

सूरज की बढ़ती रोशनी को रोकने वाला एक छोटा सा पर्वत ही तो है,
चैर्य और धीरज से यह संकट भी टल जाएगा,
नदी के तेज़ बहाव के बीच आनेवाला एक पत्थर ही तो है,
यह समय भी संभल जाएगा ।

पत्तियों को हिलाने वाला पवन का एक झोका ही तो है,
तटस्थ खड़े रहने से यह भी कुछ नहीं कर पाएगा,
नदी के तेज़ बहाव के बीच आनेवाला एक पत्थर ही तो है,
यह समय भी संभल जाएगा ।

विशाल समुद्र के बीचोबीच आनेवाला एक तूफान ही तो है,
डटकर सामना करने से यह भी पार हो जाएगा,
नदी के तेज़ बहाव के बीच आनेवाला एक पत्थर ही तो है,
यह समय भी संभल जाएगा ।

- जयथ पौराणा

गुलाम हिंदुस्तान

जिंदगी और मौत में कहीं अंतर नहीं दिखाते थे कि कहीं वे बगावत करना न सीख लें,
गुलाम बनाकर अपना देश कहते थे कि कहीं वे अपने वतन पर मरना न सीख लें ।

मेरा कहा कि कहीं वे हमारा न सीख लें,
हिन्दू और मुस्लिमों में आग भड़काई कि कहीं वे भाईचारा न सीख लें ।

सपने इतने दिखाए कि कहीं वे सपनों और असलियत में भेदभाव न सीख लें,
सभी तेज़ जुबानों को बंद कर दिया कि कहीं वे युधिष्ठिर का दाँव न सीख लें ।

भूत में रहकर भविष्य दिखाया कि कहीं वे वर्तमान न सीख लें,
उनके गौरव को पैरों तले दबा दिया कि कहीं वे आत्मसम्मान न सीख लें ।

ग्रामों का क्रहर बरसाते थे कि कहीं वे ग्रामों को पीना न सीख लें,
आज़ादी की कड़ियों में जकड़ के रखते थे कि कहीं वे स्वतंत्रता से जीना न सीख लें ।

- जयथ पौराणा

Les microscopes électroniques ont le puits, la portée, pour "zoomer" jusqu'à présent sur les objets que leurs machinations internes peuvent être vues avec des détails incroyables, car ils utilisent un flux d'électrons qui grossissent beaucoup mieux qu'un simple microscope composé qui effectue la même chose et repose sur une source lumineuse car elle n'est pas limitée par la longueur d'onde d'une onde lumineuse. Ces microscopes électroniques sont ensuite divisés en microscopes électroniques légers (LEM), microscopes électroniques à balayage (SEM) et microscopes électroniques à transmission (TEM), dans l'ordre respectif de puissance de grossissement. Il est presque impossible de croire que l'appareil avec le grossissement maximal le plus élevé, TEM, a la capacité d'agrandir quelque chose de cinquante millions de fois. Aucun exploit de la nature ne pourrait même se rapprocher du talent pur que ce monstre d'ingénierie d'une machine a atteint.

Regarder des micro-organismes et des tranches de feuilles donne l'impression qu'ils commettent un acte sacrilège - jouer à Dieu en regardant la vie plus petite continuer, en l'observant de près ou même en la manipulant. Mais la sensation est incomparable. Cela pousse à réfléchir à l'avancement humain, à tel point que nous sommes capables de voir les parois de nos artères dans les moindres détails, de les analyser : elles font à peine quelques millimètres d'épaisseur.

Avoir le privilège d'étudier la vie qui nous entoure sous une forme microscopique, de rassembler tous les brins d'information et de les reconstituer pour notre avenir. Qu'est-ce qui nous a donné un tel pouvoir ? Est-ce mal de demander d'avancer davantage ? Serons-nous capables de voir les fondements mêmes d'un atome, des orbitales et de tout ?

Il est difficile de ne pas rêver d'un avenir où les quarks et les électrons eux-mêmes sont visibles par notre propre conception, et où les recherches de l'humanité, petites mais en constante progression, et certainement pas insignifiantes, ne faiblissent jamais. Ceci n'est que le début.

Une nouvelle vie en IBDP 1

J'ai commencé IBDP il y a 2 semaines et cela a été un peu difficile. Amusant, mais difficile. Cela a également été différent de ce que j'ai fait auparavant. Dans IBDP, je dois changer de classe pour mes matières et avoir des camarades de classe différents dans chaque matière. J'ai de nouveaux sujets qui me passionnent et je suis toujours intéressé par ce qui est enseigné. J'ai l'occasion de visiter des laboratoires et de faire des expériences en biologie et j'ai réalisé des PPT et des vidéos pour la psychologie et l'histoire. Ce fut une bonne expérience. Mais, j'ai beaucoup de devoirs. J'étudie normalement 2-3 heures par jour après l'école à l'IBDP et je trouve cela un peu ennuyeux. Cependant, les missions sont intéressantes. Je viens de commencer IBDP 1 et je suis ravi de continuer.

Faire la cyclisme pour le climat

Pour moi, mon vélo est mon meilleur ami. Non seulement peux-je l'utiliser pour voyager avec liberté, mais aussi, c'est très bon pour mon santé. En plus, plus importantement, ce ne cause pas les émissions de gaz carbonique, alors cette mode est utile pour réduire l'effet de serre. C'est mon niveau personnel pour créer moins d'impact négatif sur l'environnement. Avant cette réalisation, je prenais un pousse-pousse pour faire les petits trajets, pourtant, maintenant, j'essaie de marcher ou d'aller à vélo souvent.

À mon avis, je dois faire quelque chose qui est possible pour contribuer à sauvegarder nos futurs comme les habitants de notre planète. Je t'encourage essayer cette nouvelle activité, je promets que tu t'amuseras, comme comment faire la cyclisme me donne la joie de faire quelque chose bonne.

SPECIAL THANKS

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