

# THE LAMB

Volume 5 | 2016 - 2017



# GOOD SHEPHERD INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL

## VISION STATEMENT

Good Shepherd International School, in its pursuit of a holistic education, envisages inspiring and fostering a community of caring, progressive, lifelong learners to embrace and celebrate all Creation.

## MISSION STATEMENT AND DESCRIPTORS

Good Shepherd International School endeavours to prepare each student for academic, social and personal success by creating a community of empowered and diverse learners striving to be globally-minded citizens in an atmosphere of mutual respect, understanding and trust.

### GSIS is an International School by:

- maintaining a global perspective in an Asian context wherein it is situated
- embracing a diversity of cultures represented by its staff and students
- being sensitive and accepting of all cultures
- upholding a secular perspective within the School community
- offering national and international curriculums

### Academic Success at GSIS is:

- acquisition of academic skills
- training to apply knowledge to real-life situations
- provision of qualified staff to ensure quality education
- being in a residential set-up that facilitates holistic academic growth and development
- benchmarked results and learning outcomes on global standards
- entry into leading colleges / universities in the country and worldwide

### Social Success at GSIS is:

- development of a strong identity and self worth; ability to relate, connect and communicate effectively with others
- cultural sensitivity and acceptance
- valuing justice and fairness in social living
- being service-oriented unconditionally
- having an acceptable level of decorum

### Personal Success at GSIS is:

- being a lifelong learner equipped with a keen spirit of inquiry
- developing a value-based and ethical outlook on life
- imbibing cognitive and behavioral skills to take on the world
- acquiring a sense of purpose and being goal-oriented
- possessing a sense of equanimity and ability to balance reason and emotion
- having acceptable standards of deportment
- having a spiritual-rootedness within a secular context

### Community Life at GSIS means:

- staff and students living in a multi-cultural ambience / context
- having a sense of being in a 'family'
- developing a sense of belonging and togetherness in all we do
- allowing for personal space within a structured environment
- experiencing the joy / art of living – joie de vivre

### Empowered Learners at GSIS:

- take responsibility and are accountable for their learning
- value and enjoy the process of learning as much as the outcome
- share and transmit knowledge
- develop initiative and leadership skills

### Diverse Learners at GSIS:

- acquire holistic learning and development through a wide variety of academic / extra-curricular activities
- have varied curricular options to choose from, catering to their diverse needs and backgrounds
- are recognized and accepted for their multiple ability levels and learning styles
- learn from each other in the diverse community they live in, learn and work in

### Globally-minded Citizens at GSIS:

- value the human spirit beyond the constraints of cultural boundaries
- develop awareness and sensitivity to global issues encompassing all aspects of life
- understand the impact of their thoughts and actions on the world at large
- think globally and act locally

### Mutual Respect at GSIS means:

- upholding the sanctity of teacher-student roles
- appreciating and accepting individuality and diversity
- safeguarding and promoting the values and ethos of the institution
- preserving and maintaining the environment we live and work in

### Understanding and Trust at GSIS means:

- Truth / Trust / Triumph (our school motto)
- caring for individual needs even as we live in the community
- belief in the goodness of the individual and the human race
- developing empathy and rapport amongst members of the community
- being active listeners and critical thinkers before being judgemental

## OBJECTIVES

- 1. VALUE EDUCATION :**  
To create a climate that encourages freedom of thought while inculcating the savor of self-discipline, punctuality, fair play and industry.
- 2. HOME AWAY FROM HOME :**  
To actualize a 'home away from home' atmosphere where a right proportion of care and control is administered catering to the emotional and intellectual needs of a child.
- 3. ACADEMIC EXCELLENCE :**  
To nurture heuristic, lifelong learners and who excel in conventional academic demands; explore and discover the interconnectivity of disciplines and grow into active generators of knowledge.
- 4. CO-CURRICULAR ACTIVITIES :**  
To ensure that ALL students gain experience, and appreciate ALL the creative and performing arts thereby promoting the acquisition of team spirit and development of individual skills needed for a holistic growth .
- 5. TEACHING STRATEGY :**  
To practise tailored teaching strategies incorporating the latest technology to facilitate the diverse learning styles and intelligence quotients of the student.
- 6. COMMUNITY SERVICE :**  
To disseminate awareness of environmental concerns and humanitarian issues and kindle a sense of responsibility towards the amelioration of the needy by working with charitable organizations.
- 7. TECHNOLOGY :**  
To allow opportunities for a guided, constructive and age-appropriate use of technology and other resources within and throughout the academic programme.
- 8. INDIVIDUAL ATTENTION:**  
To discover the latent potential in each child through individual attention and providing them with opportunities to hone their full potential.
- 9. COUNSELLING :**  
To monitor a complementary growth of social, cognitive and spiritual facets of a child and aid in making life fulfilling career choices.
- 10. MULTICULTURAL :**  
To foster respect for and tolerance of other cultures and creeds by creating a multicultural and secular ambience.
- 11. TO GROW FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH :**  
To conduct periodic review of all programmes and procedures to ensure consistency and continuous improvement in line with the ideals espoused in the Mission Statement and the Motto of the school.

## INTERNATIONALISM

GSIS fosters an ethically and culturally diverse learning environment wherein students transcend barriers through communication and mutual understanding which inspires them not only to become courageous leaders but also responsible citizens in the service of local and global communities.

## A Prayer

Heavenly Father, we thank you for all your mercies that you shower along our paths. Though we are so unworthy, yet you have always been our help and refuge. Guide us as we walk along this perilous world, give us strength when we falter, shine your light upon us when our paths are shrouded in darkness and most of all love and forgive us when we go wrong.

You are the source of all wisdom, light in us that torch of wisdom within us so that we learn more and more. Teach us to be in the paths of truth and peace and spread around those same seeds so that this world, you made, may be a better place to live in. Make and mould us the way you want us to be and may your will be fulfilled in us always.

Bless us so that we grow from strength to strength by taking knowledge from our school and bless our school in making it prosperous in shedding the light of knowledge. Bless all the teachers so that they love and mould as you do unto us and bless our parents in every endeavour they undertake.

This we ask for thy love's sake.

Amen.

## Editorial Board

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*Ms Ela Singh*

*Ms Manisha Mann*

*Master Bhavesh Joshi*



# **THE LAMB**

**[2016 – 2017]**

## **Good Shepherd International School**

Good Shepherd Knowledge Village,  
Palada P.O., Ootacamund – 643 004,  
Tamil Nadu, India

Phone : 91 - 423 - 2550371 (30 lines)

Fax : 91 - 423 - 2550386

E-mail : [info@gsis.ac.in](mailto:info@gsis.ac.in)

Web : <http://www.gsis.ac.in>

# THE LAMB 2017

## Editors' Letter...

*"THE LAMB": The Editors' Tribute to the Students of GSIS.*

*The purpose of "THE LAMB" is to provide a platform for young thinkers to express their thoughts uninhibited and as a form of self-expression.*

*In the words of **Owen Feltham**, "Of all trees, I observe God hath chosen the vine, a low plant that creeps upon the helpful wall; of all beasts, the **soft and patient lamb**; of all fowls, the mild and guileless dove. Christ is the rose of the field, and the lily of the valley. When God appeared to Moses, it was not in the lofty cedar nor the sturdy oak nor the spreading palm; but in a bush, a humble, slender, abject shrub; as if He would, by these elections, check the conceited arrogance of man."*

*The aim of this publication is to honour the inspirations and aspirations of our students, who are being guided to communicate with clarity of purpose with all the possibilities that life has to offer, to make us respond to the fire within and remain true to themselves. With any creative writing activity comes the opportunity for self-expression. Some children have fecund imagination whereas others struggle to express themselves, 'THE LAMB' provides an opportunity for children to adopt a safe and comfortable form of self-expression, which is not reined with format or structural limitation.*

*Our budding writers have been encouraged to write so that each paragraph exhibits its own integration of content and structure. Penning their thoughts down in the form of an article, a poem or an editorial can be self-rewarding for our fledglings.*

*"THE LAMB" is an amalgamation of the avant-garde thought process of the young minds, who are the beacon of the future generation. The compilation of these write-ups is a glimpse into the intriguing world of thoughts and dissolutions regarding pertinent issues which concern the youth of today. Students imbibe on-campus ethos and translate some of them in the form of creative writing. 'THE LAMB' is a step towards creating an opinionated yet flexible mindset among our learners.*

*"Imagination is the beginning of creation. You imagine what you desire, you will what you imagine, and at last, you create what you will." - George Bernard Shaw*

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# A Thanksgiving Prayer!



**Ms Santiya William**

Let me just start by saying that 'air is not free.' Will you believe it or not? All my life, I thought air was free until I bought a packet of chips. If someone calls you short, just tell them that you are more down to the earth than others. If someone calls you ugly, have a good comeback and say, 'Excuse me, I'm not your mirror.'

We all would have surely come across smart cars, smart TVs, smartphones etc. I always wondered when will we come across smart people in life. During a test, people look up for concentration, down in desperation, and right and left for information.

So in that case, don't worry if you forget what's taught in the class. Just tell your teacher that your brain is a Bermuda triangle - when information goes into it, it will never be found. People always say everything happens for a reason, so when someone punches you on your face, just remember that there is a reason.

This one is for people who love to eat. The positive note is that, the more you weigh, the harder you are to kidnap. Stay safe. Keep eating.

Now let's take a deep breath and talk about school and life. In school, you are taught a lesson and then given a test. In life, you are given a test that teaches you a lesson. So that is the reason why many people go left when nothing goes right.

The best part of life is, there is a second chance called tomorrow. This is just a reminder for all of you. If Plan A fails, there are always 25 other letters left. Mistakes are the only proof that you are trying. So friends, don't forget to make mistakes. Now let me thank the people who helped me in my life.

Thanks to those who hated me, you made me stronger.

Thanks to those who loved me, you made my heart go fonder.

Thanks to those who entered into my life, you made me who I am today.

Thanks to those who left me, you showed me nothing lasts forever.

Thanks to those who stayed, you showed me true friendship.

Thanks to those who listened to me, you made me feel like I was worth it.

**- Ms Santiya William, FM - 2E**

## Ideas!



**Master Harshul Amin**

When we think of an idea, the first image that displays itself in the human brain is creative, something which does not follow the previous norms, but new ones that provides a wider perspective. This is precisely, the topic I have chosen - IDEAS!

Ideas usually serve a purpose that will never occur to a plagiarist. To think of ideas, the person needs to have an open mind and a thirst for innovation, and above all a talent of creativity.

The usefulness and the potential for using the idea depends on the angle with which we look at it. Therefore, we must keep our minds open, so we can use every part of it. Ideas are generated whenever mankind is not satisfied and wants something new.

Today where mankind's reached is only because of those great philosophers, scientists who never gave upon their ideas and put those ideas to practice.

For example, the Wright brothers, Orville and Wilbur Wright. They opposed the idea that we could not fly and started making the first aeroplane. They were mocked and laughed at by the society, but at the end they were victorious and left a mark in history as the first men to fly.

Even in the darkest of times, an ideas as small as a flicker of light gives hope and ways to the human race to continue its evolution and survival. We must never stop innovating. We, humans, should not lose a precious quality for which they are known - creativity. Be the thinkers of today and have the advantages of tomorrow.

- Master Harshul Amin, FM 1D

## Revolution – Our Present and Future with Technology

Our world is not as simple as we thought it to be or how it would turn out to be. Charles Darwin’s book, “The Origin of Species”, is famous for its proposition on Darwin’s Theory of Evolution, which in its own context applies only to living organisms; but in our present and our future, the reality we know is slowly changing, slowly evolving in all its unique perspectives. We must brace ourselves, or revolution in its tidal form will destroy us. This article mentions some of the many changes that have already started affecting us in many aspects.

- Technological Unemployment

Technological Unemployment is the loss of jobs caused by technological change which consists of the development of robots with artificial intelligence and other technologies which are typically favoured over human labour. It poses an imminent threat to the jobs of many people who reside in primary, secondary and tertiary job sectors. This has grown to a major extent since the first industrial revolution, where weavers were replaced with spinning looms.

- Dependency

The more advanced our society becomes technologically, the more people begin to depend on computers and other forms of technology, for everyday existence. This means that when a machine breaks down or crashes, we act almost disabled until the problem is resolved. This kind of dependency on technology puts people at a distinct disadvantage because they become less self-reliant.

- Helping Seniors



Master Yashvardhan  
Saraff

We should not leave our elderly stuck in the past, but use technology to make them a blast from the past. As we all know grandparents often feel neglected and for that reason many of us have taken up the task to teach them about e-mail and video chat. We tech-savvy grandchildren must help them! Many Nursing Homes and old age living communities have already recognized the recreational and exercise benefits that Nintendo’s Wii Sports games offer for elderly adults, even the Xbox Kinect and PlayStation Move. These offer fun and light physical activity from the comfort of their living room. People with mental ailments can play games to help them heal. I play a free mobile game called ‘Sea Hero Quest’ which uses player’s reflexes and memory to conduct research on Dementia. Play this game and fight Dementia with the flick of your thumb. If anyone reading this article beats my high score, he or she has contributed a lot to Dementia research.

We must always stay abreast with all new technological developments or we will drown in the ocean we know as the past. I wish all who are reading this a better future with tech and to all obsessed with tech, it is time to shape up or ship out. To end with, I’d say, ‘The future belongs to those who befriend technology.’

- Master Yashvardhan Saraff, FM-1D

# Dreams



Master Randev Ranjit

If you don't have a dream you will get nowhere. Dreams are necessary. Without dreams, there will be no ambition to chase. There will be no goal to reach. We will all be nothing without dreams. Not having dreams is like chasing a traceless murder. It is like following an invisible shadow. It is a dreadful goose chase. We must know what we want to do and follow that ambition. We can't achieve anything in life without goals, and for these goals, we need to dream.

Most people have dreams, big ones or small ones. The most successful people had dreams and that is what has made them what they are today. Dreaming is essential for a human being. Without dreams, you will lose interest in life and finally hate the life you live. You will be bored and tired of the same monotonous routines of your daily life and will not even find interest in the most exciting things. Only with dreams, will you find a purpose in your life.

You will start working hard towards the dream and will never lose interest in life. You will never tire and be always motivated. This is the best way to become successful.

But with dreams, comes great responsibility. It is just not enough to dream and forget about that dream. Many people dream, but only some wake up and work for it. It is essential to work hard for your dreams. Without this hard work, a dream will only remain a desire in the subconscious mind and will never be achieved.

We must go that extra mile to reach our goals. Failures may come, but an attitude to keep moving on and trying to improve always help achieve dreams. Dreams are the fuel that keep energizing you to go further. Even if there are many obstacles in life, you tend to keep moving further and trying to be better than who you are. Constant and never ending improvement is very vital to progressing in life. It enhances your personality and also whatever you want to progress in. It helps you to learn from your mistakes. Steady progression will help in slowly achieving a big goal.

- Master Randev Ranjit, FM-1B

# Contribute to the World



Ms Arya Gopikrishnan

The air we breathe, the water we drink makes up our body. The same way, the energy of the universe we live in makes up our soul. Together, it forms life.

According to the dictionary, the condition of being alive is life. But to me, a journey of ups and downs is life. A journey that allows you to discover what you haven't and a journey that teaches you a major lesson. Life has so many distractions that you forget to reach your main goal. It is like a video game. Every action, every word, every thought counts and it shows what type of life you will lead. You must be the hero of your story. You must be the protagonist in your life. Don't be spoon-fed because then you won't be able to face such a rapidly changing world on your own.

Of course, life comprises discipline, obedience and concern for others. Listen to your adults. Be open to advice, as adults are grown up trees, they know what's ahead of us, since we are just saplings.

Imagine, after your death, when someone reads your biography, shouldn't it be interesting for the reader? So for that, we must make a significant change in the world before we leave because God won't even send an S.M.S. saying that he is going to take us away.

Contribute to the world rather than just using up its resources. So make that significant change as soon as possible before your life has no purpose. Live a meaningful life in order to keep your biography interesting.

- Ms Arya Gopikrishnan, 8A

## The Emerald



**A Naresh**

His pipe was extinguished again and now that his mind was completely aware of the silence, he began to wonder about why he had taken up the task of finding the golden emerald. He was not a hero or a man whom ladies loved to look at. He was just a regular meek-faced teenager, but he needed it to save his mother from death and to save his small little heart from breaking in two.

The journey had been a little rough. With the scarcity of money he had to beg, but that was a small price to pay for his mother. Roger hadn't had any clue about where to find the emerald, but he knew that it was located in Guangzho, China. Roger wasn't very rich or educated. He used to steal buns from a bakery for his mother, but whenever he came back, he could not give it to her, partly because she did not want it, but mostly because there was always General Charlie Brown rushing at him with a whip, ready to hit him. Roger hated his father.

There was no other emotion to feel, just hatred and guess what! He was the root cause of it. He was holding Suzy Ann, Roger's mother or as General Charlie would like to call it, the mother of an insolent, spoiled brat, as hostage. Why was he doing this, Roger had no idea.

The isolated alley, that he had been in, had suddenly gotten crowded with obtrusive monks. "What's all the fuss?", Roger asked in an annoyed manner. "Come see, come see, golden crystal of emperor", a monk replied in a crazed manner. A golden crystal and a golden emerald, both were two different things, but it wouldn't hurt to take a peek at what they were saying. He followed the monks out of the alley into an open platform and there it was, kept in a glass case, the golden emerald. His pipe was extinguished again and now his mind was completely aware of the silence. It was an exact match to the photo Charlie had given him. It would be hard to take it from amidst the crowd, but he would try. He went close to the case and pretended to admire. But it wasn't that hard, it was an unpolished emerald, shimmering in the sunlight, of course it wasn't hard to admire it. All it needed was a controlled swipe of a hand. He steadied his breathing and reached out. The deed was done.

"Good to see that you kept your end of the deal, I keep my words. Here is your mother." Suzy Ann walked out in chains; she wore rags and her eyes were dull and sunken. "What did you do to her?" asked Roger, in a voice that only a motherless child would know. "Nothing much, just might have starved her for a few days", replied Charlie, with a triumphant smile etched on his face. "May I know why you took an extra two days to find my emerald?", asked Charlie. "I wanted to admire the country", replied Roger with a heavy heart and a hollow voice. "Very well, you may go now", replied Charlie in a monotonous tone.

Roger walked away, with dread on his face, but triumph in his heart because Charlie always overlooked the smallest things that mattered, like the fact that Roger had been born with the skill of making exact copies of gems and emeralds. Roger, the boy who had suffered so much on Charlie's account, didn't have a trace of a frown on his face. Instead, he had a triumphant smile, feeling the thousands and thousands of dollars in his pocket, a smile that knew the outrage of Charlie after discovering that he didn't have the emerald and a smile that knew that his mother and he didn't have to suffer anymore.

- Master A Naresh, FM-2F

## Illusions

Ruth Cartar was at home, all alone. Suddenly a call came and struck her ears. It was midnight, stormy and dull. A request from her friend during the phone call was not so easy and there were long pauses in the conversation.

Cartar drove her red Lamborghini car towards the forest where they had a research on insects present in the rainforest. A yellow light shone and blinded her eyes. It was nothing she had expected.

Back at Cartar's residence was an assassin, exploring the house for a living being. He went through the corridors, but Cartar wasn't there, so he went to Cartar's lab to check out her latest research.



**Ms Lalrempuii Hmar**

Cartar hopped out to make her visions clear. A dark human figure rose from the light. She rubbed her eyes but what she saw was clear, crystal clear. The shadow waved a hand and the figure could be identified; it was Michel. Michel organized researches and discovered unbelievable things throughout his stay in the lab. Cartar walked briskly towards him and shook his hand. "What I had discovered is good news, but truly you wouldn't believe how dangerous it is for the citizens. I'm speaking globally, Ms Cartar." Cartar was speechless. She asked him finally what he was talking about. "The yellow bright light was just the introduction of my illusion, Ms Cartar." Cartar asked again, "What! An illusion?" Indeed it was an illusion, but unpredictable without knowledge.

The assassin went to his master for his reward. Nevertheless, the master's first question was, "Did you kill her?" The assassin was struck with a deafening silence. He was punished for not getting his job done and rewarded for the half mission he accomplished.

Cartar and Michel went inside the lab to check out what the investigation was all about. It was nothing but optical, light illusions which can travel at the speed of light but with the potential to explode when struck with diamonds.

"How did you find this out? I thought you came here for the ecosystem?" said Cartar.

After several questions, Cartar realised that it was a special light, made from old, very old though, special hybrid trees. The only thing Cartar was thinking is how would they protect it for it does not have any steel or a metallic alloy when scanned in computers.

The master laid the box carefully and unlatched it. An unexpected turquoise smoke came out and filled the air. The next day he was found dead, his body frosted.

Cartar's product was finally over after hours, and it was a vacuum - unlike any ordinary vacuum, but one which could emit light and did emit the light which was shone inside the vacuum.

The lab's chopper activated its propellers and flew towards south, where there were no days, only night and carefully sank the vacuum down to the deep, cold sea.

**- Ms Lalrempuii Hmar, FM-2F**

## Death Sentence

"Oh, what a wonderful world..." Words slurred out of my mouth like butter. It was such a great day. Mr Duncan, my boss, had complimented me on my efforts in work! Usually, no matter how hard you tried, Mr Duncan would just grunt and send you off. But, not today! I just offered the biggest contract to our company! He couldn't possibly send me away with a grunt! I tossed vegetables in a pan and danced across the kitchen. I used cucumbers as my microphone and sang like nobody was watching.

Just when a Bruno Mars song was being played, the Earth shook. The Earth wasn't actually shaking. Someone was just banging the front door so hard, I thought my ear drums would pop out and start skipping on the kitchen counters.

"It's the police! It's the police! Open up!"

"The what?!" I yelled.

"THE POLICE!" they shouted even louder. My eyes turned to the size of potatoes. What does the police want? I carefully walked towards the door and opened it. Before I could take a fresh breath or air or a blink of an eye, two strong pairs of hands took me by the arm.

"What nonsense is this?" I exclaimed. I jostled and tussled, but got nowhere.

"I have rights you know! It's America! A free country!" I protested as much as I could, but it seemed that I was no match for them. The two men snickered and threw me into a police car.



**Ms Isha Chirag Gandhi**

We started to speed away. The man driving the vehicle was tall and muscular. He had a tanned face and wore a tattoo of a snake around his neck. It looked as if the snake would choke him. I wished it did choke him... the other man was shorter and looked like a bear almost. Both kept looking back at me as if I had committed some kind of crime. Why am I here anyways?

“Excuse me gentlemen, could you tell me why I am here in the first place?” At the sound of this, both the men started to laugh hysterically. The man driving the car laughed so hard that he almost bumped into the vehicle next to his.

“Careful, Park!” The other man exclaimed. He continued to laugh bitterly. What weird people? I sat quietly for another five minutes, when I realized something. I’m not wearing handcuffs! What foolish people! I checked if the door was open. It sure was! I don’t exactly know what came over me, but I

am pretty sure my laugh was like of a witch. Hearing this the men froze wide-eyed.

“Good-bye, idiots!” I said maliciously. With that, I opened the door of the car and jumped out. I landed on my knees. When I got up, I started to run as fast as I could in the opposite direction. Glancing down, I see that my knees have become so bloody. Blood was flowing all over my legs.

“Get her! Get her!” one policeman yelled. That didn’t stop me from moving on. First, they bombard my house and threw me into the car. Second, they are taking me to a police station where I know there is a great possibility of me being jailed. Third, no one will tell me what I did! The third being the most frustrating of all. How can such a good day suddenly turn bad?

Boom! Bam! Boom! Gunshots... I freeze. I hear footsteps behind me, but they stopped about twenty feet away from me.

“Come back with us and we won’t harm you. Move one step forward, we will fire...” one policeman said. I thought about the consequences. If I go back with them, it is certain I will be jailed... even though I have done nothing. If I run, they will fire. But may be, just may be, I can outrun them. At the end, I decided to run. My feet moved as fast as lightning. The gunshots made me tremble, but I propelled myself forward. Suddenly I fell forward. My leg throbbed and there were tears in my eyes. Blood gushed out and I was unable to stand up. The two men rushed towards me.

“Why do women never get it?” they both snickered. They hauled me up on their shoulders and dragged me to the car. This time the shorter man put handcuffs on me. Finally got brains? The other one made sure the car is locked. For the rest of the ride, I kept my mouth shut and didn’t even flinch. My leg was hurting like crazy.

After about fifteen minutes we reached the police station. The station looked extremely cool old. The paint cracked on the walls. It had a sort of dingy smell. Files were strewn about everywhere. I must’ve looked really bad because the whole station fell quiet when they saw me. I was covered with torn clothes and blood. Many started to point and whisper at me. I glared at them all.

Out of nowhere, a girl took me by the elbow and led me to a room.

“Take a shower,” she told me.

“What? No!” She glared at me and insisted. I did as I was told. I came out faster than a jet. The woman bandaged all of my wounds and put me in an orange jumpsuit. She pushed me down the halls and into a cell, with another girl my age. The woman locked the cell and went away.

I turned around. She looked fairly pretty. Blue eyes, blonde hair... the usual. She seemed pretty nice.

“What’s your name?”, she asked.

“Dana Santiago,” I answered. Her face went pale. Her eyes didn’t seem so blue anymore.

“What?”, I asked perplexed. She hands me a newspaper. The front headlines read: ‘Dana Santiago: Killer of Mr Duncan.’ It was as if an apple had gone down my throat. I didn’t even do this. I skimmed through the article and found out I was sentenced to death...

**- Ms Isha Chirag Gandhi, FM-3E**

# How to Peel an Orange?



*Ms Shikha Kurian*

You know that feeling you have when you see a new student in the classroom, like she's come from a whole new realm. But that's not what happened when Orange Hunt entered my class. I was just the typical high school boy with spiked up hair and Nike High Tops to respect modern day fashion. It was the usual, monotonous history class in which all the words of Mr Watus disintegrated in the air as though it had been sucked through a vacuum. Just as he was about to rub the board, there was a soft knocking on the door. He rushed to the door and gave a bright smile. All eyes were on the door to see why he was suddenly smiling. Then out from the door she entered, her hair was uneven and rebellious strands of her hot red hair stuck out. Her skin was like pink snow and her eyes were green like the emeralds my mom wore.

She wore a valiant smile as she entered. Her attire was undoubtedly the definitions of strange. She

wore a yellow striped T-Shirt with a leather jacket and blue jeans with red boots. But her hands were covered in bracelets of all shapes and colours.

"Everybody, this is our new student, would you mind saying your name, child. After one whole semester, this was the first time I heard Mr Watus clearly. She smiled and said, "My name is Orange Hunt from Australia" Orange? Who would name their child after a fruit? Now don't tell me that her sister's name is Apple or Banana. The whole class laughed but she still had that smile glued on her face. "Well, Orange, you can sit over there beside Raidon." Well, that was me. She walked to the back and slumped on the seat. She did not make any eye contact and she took out a black book and started to scribble on it. Her short hair bounced everywhere as she increased her speed of uncontrollable scribbling. Her green eyes dilated as the sun rays washed over them. I was expecting to commence a conversation but I let her be in her own world. During lunch, she ate an apple and drank peach juice and continued scribbling throughout. During Biology and Chemistry classes, she was sent out for detention twice on her first day for not paying attention. But I seriously feel there is some sort of disorder in her. When class got over she went out of class and started walking home. Since I felt bad not speaking to her, I followed her. She seemed least bothered by the fact I was right behind her with a fountain of unspoken words at the tip of my tongue.

Her head was down and her hair rose like fire. "So, how's the school?" As always, no answer. I gave it another shot. "What do you scribble?" Silence. I got so frustrated and turned her body forcibly. Her face portrayed horror. She was listening to music, that I did not know. Her eyes stared at mine and changed its colour, it was hypnotizing. "Oh, I'm sorry I just wanted to say hi." She gave that smile and removed her earphones and sat on the grass and patted on the grassy ground as an invitation for me to sit. I was surprised but still I sat on the wet grass. She then pushed one earphone into my ear and instantly my ears were filled with the sound of piano keys. "Greig Konsert on E Minor", she said. I looked at her in awe. She looked like a girl who listens to metal rock or pop rather than classic piano. She closed her eyes and then opened them again. "Hi", she finally said it. Over the next couple of weeks, Orange and I became very close. She spoke about art, music and places. Her words painted the air like colour. She would still scribble a lot but I would not ask. She hated gym class and it was no use teaching her baseball, she would just get hit by the ball. As weeks turned into months, our friendship grew like the grape vines near our school. She and I would always listen to music and walk home. She was like sunshine on a rainy day. Her topics changed like her eyes would ripple into a fusion of mixed colours. But there was one thing strange about her, she ate like a bird. The maximum I've seen her eat this month was half a bowl of Caesar salad. But she looked healthy. Before the winter break, we were assigned to do a group project on Saint Nicholas. Orange and I paired up and met at her place every day to work on our project. We sat in the garden and drank orange juice (ironically) while we bashed in the afternoon sun. Her house was surrounded by orange trees and the air was infused with the orange scent. Then the question popped up, "Why did they name you Orange?" Her eyes pierced through mine like daggers. "You see, I come from a tribe in Brazil, kind of like the Aztec Warriors and we believe that the orange is the most powerful fruit and it protects us. So when we die, we grow back as orange trees and protect our tribe." Interesting story. So there was more to her name than a fruit. Once winter started, New York was mashed in snow. I went to Arizona to be with my Grandma for Christmas. Two weeks had passed and Orange did not call or text me. Frustration bubbled up in my mind and on Christmas I barely touched my plum pie. On the 29th, I get a call from New York telling that Orange is in the hospital and that I needed to be there. I left everything and took the next train to New York. My heart and mind pulsed together in fear as I rushed to the hospital room. There she was, her hair was all gone and the colour vanished from her body, she smiled as she saw me.

Orange had leukemia. Her body both physically and mentally was fighting an internal wall in which she is a one girl army. The cancer spread like wildfire. I could see her body fade day by day. Our friendship also was soon going to end. Her last days were spent in pain, happiness and listening to the piano. No matter how much the pain increased, her smile never faltered.

Her family was rejecting the bitter truth that their only daughter was about to go away. At 2 O'clock in the morning, on January 16th, she went away peacefully as the angels took her away into the light. Orange spent the previous day talking about her ambitions in life to be an artist. Her funeral was hard to bear, the pain suffocated me, but that's the thing about life; you never know the importance of something until it is gone.

After the funeral, her mom gave me that black book in which Orange used to scribble. I sat on the grass and opened it. The book was filled with sketches of many things, the sun, river, dragons and even me. Her drawings were so deep and meaningful. I shoved the book into my backpack and went home.

I planted an orange seed in the garden in remembrance of Orange.

She's not dead, you can still see her living on the tree, her voice is the sun, her eyes are the leaves, her skin is the bark and her smile is like wind, you can't see it but you can feel it.

- Ms Shikha Kurian, FM-3B

## The Strange Dream



*Ms Nandini Kohli*

Right in my own backyard, I stood in awe! His presence was warming me, his hands clutched into mine... It may seem weird but there I was, standing. It was the first time that he had spoken to me or rather touched me. It's amazing how love can treat you! Get you what you want and make your smile brighter than the most vibrant fireworks.

A few hours ago, my besties Leah and Cianna came over, stating they had planned a potluck party. Apparently I was supposed to barbeque chicken and get drinks. I guessed that it would be really informal... but it wasn't. Because he came too! With his cool spike hair, nerdy glasses, crystal clear eyes and his smile which lit that spark in my fast pumping heart. How could they do this to me! They knew how shy I was when he was around. Still! "Look who's here Elise! Someone's got some pop to go without barbeque party", gagged Leah into my ear.

I can't call it blushing... but yes, my face was red! As if an engine was puffing into a small room beamed with awesomeness. "Hey, Umm, you wanna just go to the backyard and I'll join you guys?" I said it, as boldly as my voice could reach out. And... he left my sight with that smile. I literally ran into my room because I was looking pathetic in a torn, faded mickey shirt, shorts that were almost boxers and my hair in one of the messiest nests that I've seen. He's so cute that I cannot be cute in front of him. Like never! I ran into my room to find something amazing even though there wasn't anything so amazing. I wore an orange shirt, black jeans and put my most favourite pale grey bow on my head which looked like sort of a puff but my hair is so curly that you can barely make out.

I felt my pulse rising as my feet were taking me to the backyard. The grass was worn but the pale coloured sky just took all the attention. It was the perfect place for me to get to know him. I wasn't even shy anymore! In minutes, we were alone. Only with each other. Looking into his sky blue eyes while the sky filled with a million stars was as if God had sent a million angels to make me feel at the top of the world. Then his voice rang into my ears like the most melodious music I've ever heard. "Do you have a boyfriend?", he asked. "No", I said plainly. He went straight to it without even thinking. No one's even asked me a question of this sort before.



Then I felt his hand sliding into mine. His smooth skin with so many lines of good fortune. His uncut nails that clenched my fingers. Then he stretched... looked at me... smiled... shook his hair... AND! I felt his warm lips almost feel mine when my eyes opened to reality. The million stars became glow-in-the dark stars which were not glowing any more as the slanting rays of sunlight lit my room for my vision through the slits of the long, draped, red curtain.

I got up from the couch. I guess I must have slept all night on the soft cushions of the comfy couch that practically had EVERYTHING! My phone, junk, coke, popcorn greased with butter and, of course, the control to the idiot box! The next moment my doorbell rang. It was a note left on the rough fur of the doormat. "See you today too... Love me!", with a heart that only Harry drew. The next minute I found myself welcoming Leah and Cianna as they told me that I was supposed to house a barbeque. My heart almost skipped a beat. First the dream of my crush and all that but then, it actually happening!

This was weird. To my surprise too... I was wearing a faded grey mickey top with boxers as I was in the dream. That freaked me out even more. Then the worst of all... Harry walks in with pop to go with the chicken and I blushed like there's an empty room. Blank space. No furniture, no light, just Me and Him.

- Ms Nandini Kohli, FM-4C

## The Strange Dream



**Master Akshat Mishra**

It was a regular evening. I came home from school, had snacks in the den, watched TV and then joined my Mom and Dad for dinner. The dinner was just the same Spaghetti with meat balls. After dinner, I went back to the room and read a book. It was one of my favourite books. It's called Percy Jackson. I had developed an unusual fondness towards the book. I love the demigods fighting monsters and the Greek mythology. I read it until I could read no more. Soon, my eyelids grew heavy and I drifted off into a deep slumber. My mom came up and switched off the lights.

I woke up because of the sound of the window. It was 12:00 in the morning and my window was open. The wind was blowing fast, making the curtains swirl. I couldn't remember leaving it open. I got up to close it. As I was going to close it, I stopped as I noticed something on the floor. Dirt mark, made by shoes. That startled me because the shoe marks were much bigger than that of anybody in my house. Scared, I went to switch on the lights but, to my horror, it won't switch on. I was

scared, with goose bumps all over my body.

I was going to shout for help when a voice ringed in my head. It was a woman, with a very elegant voice. It was as if the words had been practised for centuries. She said, "I am not going to harm you. I need your help. My enemy has trapped me and imprisoned me. Only you, my brave hero, can free me from this place. I have very less time. My gift to you for this is the important thing you will be needing and use the coin well." The last statement startled me but the voice returned. "The footmarks are not mine but of the monster lurking in your room to kill you." I turned and saw that she was right. There was a pair of big eyes looking at me across the room. As it stepped into the moonlight from the place, I could make out the silhouette of a man. Well, half man. Below the waist, he was a human but above the waist was the upper part of bull. He shook his head in annoyance and I could realize that getting spotted by me was not in its plan.

With stiffness, I backed up against the wall. The monster advanced, with its claws ready to tear me apart. But, as soon as he took another step, I felt my pocket grow heavy. I emptied my pocket and hey presto! It was a coin. A gold coin with a crowned man on its face. The other side of the coin had a lightning bolt symbol on it. I started fiddling with the coin, desperately trying to search for something to make the monster go. Well, having the coin had some effect on the monster, because as soon as it got his eyes on it, he started backing away. Seeing the monster backing away, I showed it more. Then I don't know why, I flipped it and as it came down, it turned into a sword. A golden sword with a very sharp edge. The monster looked a bit uncertain now. The monster then started grunting and pounced on me.

I woke up with a start. I was drenched in sweat. Whew! What a dream? It was 7:00 in morning. I was getting up when I noticed something. There were dirt marks on the floor. I was shocked. That was when I also realized that I was clutching something in my hand. A golden coin. There was also a bag with things like a shield, a bow and quiver of arrows, just as the voice had said. I realized that my adventure had just begun.

- Master Akshat Mishra, XA

## Oracle



**Master Shivam Garg**

It all started when I was loitering around in the alfresco of the cold winds and admiring the aesthetic beauty of the nature. While sitting on a bench, the noise of the drums broke the stillness of the alluring beauty of nature, high above the mountains.

Suddenly, an amiable friend of mine came and accosted me, “Would you like to form a band?” There was silence for a few seconds. Then I replied, “What sort of and why?” He just replied, “Just like that. People perform on special events, so I thought, we could do that too!” Well, I was not taken aback at first because I knew this friend of mine always had crazy ideas, but later I discovered, that this thought of his forming a band was ablazing in his mind. After thinking about it for a day or two, I approached him and said, “Let’s set up and get the people required for the instruments.” He had a big smile on his face and got to work immediately. We shared our thoughts together and had a common liking in music. So I thought we could give it a try.

Next morning, my friend, Shaurya, brought two people and they were standing next to each other. I did not know them much, but later in about two seconds, I found out that their names were Sarvesh and Vanshraj.

Later that evening, as far as I remember, on the 29th of August 2012, we were in the office of the Music Director, Mr Sudeep Jacob. We asked him whether we could form our band and present a show in the upcoming event, The Founder’s Day.

It was quite abrupt for him to see some new faces asking him something but he gave us a go. The people of other classes eavesdropped on us and started laughing. They came and told us just one thing, “You and a band, forget it!” They mocked us for about half an hour.

One problem gone. Another problem took its place. We didn’t have any instruments to play. We just had a flat keyboard, an antediluvian one, and nothing else, no drums, not even a simple acoustic guitar. We went on to take a guitar first, but the teacher didn’t allow us and underestimated us that we were too young to handle it. We literally begged him and then he agreed to give it for fifteen minutes.

Those fifteen minutes were precious and we all had glitter in our eyes. Sudeep Sir just tested and auditioned all of us, one by one, and he was quite happy. Sarvesh went on with singing, Shaurya on the guitar, Vanshraj used his pencil stick to play on the wall as to sound for drums and I was on the keyboard. He alluded his bunch of students (rock stars) to many other teachers.

Soon, we started playing a lot of songs for events which we were called on and soon became the most talented musicians by the name ‘Oracle’. We set a motivational slogan for ourselves - “That the Best is Yet to Come.”

It did not happen all of a sudden. We practiced every night and whatever free time that we had. We even managed to set up these rehearsals in the school auditorium even during our class time because we wanted to show the people that we were determined in our passions.

The news went viral and apoplectic. The people knew us and wondered every time what we were about to do. Every performance we did were hits. People tried to abuse and degrade us, undeterred we continued our work. After months of rehearsals and repeated success, we finally performed on Founder’s Day and got a standing ovation from the audience seated in the auditorium. That was how it all started and the end would never come. This was the ‘All-Star’, this was the ‘Oracle’.

- Master Shivam Garg, ISC-2A

# Autobiography of a Hamburger



**Ms Rijul Narwal**

You want to know about me? Well, my delicate life is considered to be extremely short, but adventurous. They say that my average lifespan is from about 15 minutes to approximately half an hour. However, these few minutes of my life are told to be planned in great minds. For example, my elder brother, Big Mac, he seems to be the most amazing invention in my home town.

Talking of my home town, called McDonalds, where I am being cloned continuously, I heard that my neighbouring city, KFC, has newly launched my younger sister, the veg zinger. She is only 6,810,732 clones old, whereas I am 9,854,218 clones old. Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, I think she would be older than me very soon: after all, she is born in a better place. Maybe if I was born there, then I could have had, hopefully, a greater probability of a longer cloned – lifespan!

...but I can argue that the human beings who make me (and then later eat me) spend a humongous deal of green-coloured papers on my posters. Those posters, actually, make me feel like a superstar. I remember my 84,703rd clone was left in a dark room with numerous red chairs, and all he could see was moving-pictures of human beings on an enormous screen where other human beings applauded and commented, “That is my favourite superstar!” or “I love the way that superstar dances.”

At first my clone number 84,703 could not understand and eventually got confused when he was gobbled up by this person who had bright-blue coloured braces. However, later, I could comprehend these dark-room-situations where superstars can be seen.

All these are just the settings. My real journey begins when those sharp white things rip a piece of me and I feel liberated! Every part of me sings melodies as the sticky fluid wraps me into a toy for the giant chewing-gum-coloured muscle and with a silent gulp my roller-coaster takes a kick-start.

The 50 cm drop comes first where a few peristaltic massage waves are sent in order to welcome me and guide me to my station. My station has many holes which provide me with a varied ranges of coloured liquids to take a shower with and I become a shattered rainbow because my body parts start to drift apart. This not only paces up my journey, but it also forces me onto these jelly-like bumps. They are million in number... therefore, they have more than a billion tickling tactics that they shoot at me.

I laugh hard for about 2 hours until I realise that the intensity of the tickles commences to fade away. Suddenly, I find myself to be a wiggling worm, my squashy tunnel meets a dead end and my body disappears amongst all the other matter that lays in store there.

Another of my cloned life reaches an end this way: from the glamorous-silver-town-street, namely cash counter, to the thrilling roller-coaster trip and finally, to the horrifying and mystical rectum end where all the sensation is lost...

...only to know that 17 more clones of mine have been manufactured in this time and every single time a clone of mine is exchanged for green-coloured papers, the story changes, the setting changes, but the end remains the same: disappearing into another unknown world which, furthermore, holds infinite stories for us.

**- Ms Rijul Narwal, IB-2A**

# Laughter: The Best Medicine!

1. Question: What does a photographer say to a mouse?  
Answer: Cheese!!
2. Question: What does a traffic policeman like in his bread?  
Answer: Traffic jam!
3. Question: What did a boy call a lady standing beneath him?  
Answer: Mrs Understanding
4. Question: What is an astronaut's favourite food?  
Answer: A Mars bar!
5. Question: What do you call a bully listening to music?  
Answer: Anything. He can't hear you.
6. Question: What did the boy get for knocking the door?  
Answer: The No-bell prize!
7. Question: Where does a dog find its lost tail?  
Answer: At the retail store!
8. Question: What do you call a sleeping bull?  
Answer: A bulldozer!
9. Question: Where do fish keep their money?  
Answer: In the riverbank!
10. Question: Which witch loves to go on a beach?  
Answer: A sandwich!
11. Question: How does a boy go to High School?  
Answer: By climbing a ladder!
12. Question: What do you call an eagle with cold?  
Answer: ill- eagle!



**Master Shreyaan Jain**

- Master Shreyaan Jain, FM-1C

## Students' belief in the magic and spirit of Christmas



**Christmas Nativity Play in progress**

Christmas is now celebrated by people around the world, whether they are Christians or not. It is a time when family and friends come together and remember the good things they have. People, and especially children, also like Christmas as it is a time when you give and receive presents!

Students of GSIS celebrated Christmas, marking the birth of Jesus Christ, with spiritual fervour and jollity. It was an early Christmas celebrated on Saturday, 3 December 2016, nonetheless there was lots of enthusiasm. The school organised a cultural programme. The programme featured several events that included the choir singing Christmas carols and enacting a Nativity play. The students and staff came together to celebrate the festival and created an evening of music and drama. The teachers presented *The Nativity Play*, which was intermittent with carols from the Big Band, the Chamber Choir, Strings and the Brass that lent the music to the fervour of the celebration.

It was a Christmas with a twist! The Nativity play was not just the traditional story of Mary, Joseph and the newborn babe, but it included the adventures of Matthew and Santa, who went around distributing gifts to the audience, flying high on '*Chitty Chitty Bang Bang*', from one of the world's favourite old musicals with its music, a mixture of madness, intrigue and exuberance, being played as background music. We also had Mrs. Claus visit us this year. The three Kings followed a star that moved across the hall. The Palada Campus auditorium was a melting pot of talent, that evening. The medleys by the students accompanied by the stage performance sent across a strong Christmas message of 'Love for Humanity.'

The auditorium was colourfully decorated for the occasion and the school wore a celebratory air.



*Christmas Nativity Play in progress*



*Students playing musical instruments during the Christmas Day celebrations*



*Students singing christmas songs*



# Hindi Divas: Let Us Join Together and Celebrate



*Lighting a ceremonial lamp on the occasion of Hindi Divas celebration*

**Hindi Divas** is celebrated annually on 14th of September all over India to give importance to the Hindi language. It is celebrated to promote and spread the importance of Hindi language amongst people. It is a patriotic reminder to us celebrated with variety of activities like feasts, competitions, events, including other services.

Hindi as a language is used to bond and communicate with the majority of people in India. It was on the 14th of September 1949 that Hindi was adopted as the official language of the Republic of India by the Constituent Assembly of our country. Students learning Hindi in the school got together in the auditorium two days earlier on 12 September 2016 and celebrated **Hindi Divas**.

Hindi is one of the official languages of the Union of India and is the fourth-most spoken first language in the world, after Standard Mandarin Chinese, Spanish and English. Schools, colleges and various organisations celebrate on 14th of September to pay tribute to the Hindi language, raise awareness on Hindi and promote the usage of Hindi language in India. The Hindi Department of GSIS organized various events and activities like dances, recitation of Hindi poems, songs, small events and competitions to celebrate the occasion and raise its importance.

A special assembly was organized to mark this day. As part of observing 'Hindi Diwas' to show their appreciation towards the national language, the assembly was started with a speech which highlighted the importance of Hindi in the country. The children depicted the culture which gives youth the inspiration of how one needs to lead their lives. They recited many poems in Hindi and spoke on the importance of the language in the contemporary society.

The Chief Guest for the occasion, **Brigadier Suresh Kumar, VSM (Retd)**, lighted the lamp which symbolizes knowledge and inaugurated the programme. **Ms Aastha Dinesh Dulhani** of FM 3B delivered a speech on the importance of Hindi highlighting how Hindi language is a symbol of Indian unity. Our junior students then entertained the audience with a dance performance. Poems in the realm of comedic criticism were recited during a gathering of young poets. Manjiri Heda of FM 3A, Akshat Agarwal of 10A, Nandini Kohli of FM 4C, Yash Sharma of 10A, Aansh Rajesh Bindal of 10A, Prakash Singh of 10A, Akshat Dalmia of 10B



*Mr Vijaya Kumar, a Hindi language teacher, reciting a poem*



*Students singing Hindi songs*



*Students reciting Hindi poems*



*Girls presenting Indian folk dance*



and K Sai Vinay Kumar of 10A were the poets on the stage. Mr Sumanto Dutta also recited a poem in Hindi. Mr K Vijay Kumar presented a soulful rendition. The Chief Guest, **Brigadier Suresh Kumar**, also spoke on the occasion. The programme came to an end with the playing of the national anthem.

It was a fun-filled day of entertainment including dance performances, singing, poetry and music, honouring the Hindi language. This was an effort initiated by the Hindi Department to support and promote Hindi language. Hindi language is a descendent of Sanskrit and is the first language of around 430 million people around the world.



# Celebrating Science: An Annual Tradition



**Students watching the Domino Show: A show to delight all ages**

The school celebrates the National Science Day (28th February) each year with a Science Exhibition. It was a grand event that spotlighted the discovery of the Raman Effect, by the renowned Indian physicist, Sir Chandrashekhara Venkata Raman. The day calls for celebration and is an opportune moment to get the young minds involved in scientific experimentation and present working models and personal projects, driven by investigation.

The students of Middle School (Grade 7 and 8) came together for this year's exhibition titled 'Allotropes'. Allotropes refer to each of two or more different physical forms in which an element can exist. The student took this spirit of multidimensionality to all their exhibits. The exhibition had a wondrous start with a domino spectacle, with over a thousand domino tiles, representative of the message that one's actions locally, can and do have a domino effect, globally. The young science students showcased their projects which ranged from hands on experiments to electronic gadgets like drones and holograms. The students also displayed chemicals with queer properties and biology models that complemented the other displays well. The many exhibits helped, all involved and visiting, get a sense of the plethora of topics that come under the purview of science; from tapping of various form of alternate sources of energy like solar energy, agriculture, technology, biodiversity, conservation of environment, flying of drones, electrolysis, crystal growth, to use of chemistry in day-to-day life.

'Allotropes', a daylong affair, did not only hone the scientific skills of the learners, but also developed their creative skills, employed in an aesthetically pleasing manner. The unconventional projects and novel ways of looking at scientific principles were much admired by the teacher-guides and the spectators. The exhibition was part of the school's efforts to nurture and develop a scientific attitude amongst all its students.

The exhibition made a deserving comeback during the CIS visit of **Mr Peter Gittins** and **Mr Alan Scott** to the school on 4th and 5th April 2017. It was also open to parents and guardians who took great pride in their wards' projects and displays. With an endeavor to promote scientific attitude amongst budding young students, this exhibition was one of its kind. The exhibition remains a proud annual tradition of the school, driven to open new horizons for its learners about science, technology and engineering. Parents, guardians and other guests were very impressed by the presentations and congratulated the participants.



*The CIS Visiting Team comprising Mr Peter Gittins and Mr Alan Scott visiting a stall put up by the Project Team*



*Display of models*



*Students showcase their projects*



*Students showcasing their scientific knowledge and innovative skills*



*Display of students' work at the Science Exhibition*

## Journey of Life

Welcome to the journey of life  
It is hard, but worth the strife.  
A combination of laughter and tears  
A battle with unknown fears.

A cruise of which you are captain  
Of failed endeavours filled with pain;  
And jubilation resulting from the flame,  
A beautiful expedition!

While some to the blaze succumb,  
Some rise above all odds.  
Ultimately, you decide what you become,  
You give birth to your thoughts.

A story filled with choices  
Within your head a myriad voices.  
A game that you control  
But do not always the victory behold.

A novel that you author  
Where you decide  
What does, you bother  
Woven together with love unfathomable  
Embroidered with lessons infallible.

Dyed with people  
Whom you let matter.  
A journey  
Where every instance marks its territory  
In the lane of Memory.



**Ms Tushara Samarajyam**

**Ms Tushara Samarajyam, IB-2A**

## Stop Deforestation!

Deforestation, deforestation everywhere;  
Stop it, Stop it! Don't just stare!

Trees, trees in our polluted world:  
If you cut them, you'll see chaos unfurled.

Save green, save green in all you do.  
If you can't, there'll be no dew.

Look after it, Look after it like your delicate face.  
Then the earth will be a much better place.

Stop deforestation, stop deforestation on dear earth  
Let's then enjoy new life and new birth.



**Ms S D Nakhshathra**

**- Ms S D Nakhshathra, 6C**

# A Lifetime...

Here I am  
Almost at the pinnacle  
It's just a wink away  
Just a step more.

On the last leg  
A lifetime...

They say it's a cruise  
That the path will lead you  
But on this slope  
I'm crashing down.

On the last leg  
A lifetime...

I'm tired now.  
I've done all that I could.  
If it's not enough,  
It's not enough.

On the last leg  
A lifetime...

Sometimes I wonder,  
Is there a point?  
Is that a place?  
Or am I astray?

On the last leg  
A lifetime...

I wish I could sleep,  
Forget everything in sweeter dreams.  
Relive these moments,  
Relive this life.

On the last leg  
A lifetime...

What would I not give to go back a few years  
To remake certain choices?  
But that's just a child's fantasy  
Delusion and romantic fallacy.

On the last leg  
A lifetime...

Maybe this is the price of dreams,  
The price of audacity,  
The desire to not compromise  
The yearning to not fall in line.

On the last leg  
A lifetime...



*Master Bhavesh Joshi*

How do you reach an oasis without feeling thirsty?  
How do you swim without drowning?  
How do you fly without trying?  
How do you create without destroying?

On the last leg  
A lifetime...

Maybe I should've listened,  
Maybe I should've fallen in line,  
Maybe I would've been better that way,  
But I didn't do that.

I chose to dream,  
I chose to fight,  
I chose to stand up for what I thought was right.

And now here I am.  
I can't give up now.  
So, I'll just have to go ahead with it.  
I know this won't be the end,  
Just a new beginning.

And yet I'm on the last leg  
Spending a lifetime...

- Master Bhavesh Joshi, IB-2C

## Playing Puppet

She was the master of her own mind,  
And soon she started to master mine.

She had learned  
How to pull the string,  
Sometimes it hurt,  
But for her, Anything.

I jumped, I danced, I giggled outside.  
It really didn't matter, for I was dead inside,  
Just a mere puppet, after done, kept aside.

I waited for her, with all I had.  
She was already gone in someone else's bag.  
It was a guy, tall and light.  
I ponder  
Just maybe, he was quite bright.

There it was  
How could she not see  
The replica  
Of strings she had tied behind me!  
There it was  
Behind that elegant step,  
Fear,  
That everything would break.  
Elegance was consistent



**Master Arnob Saha**

Constantly on her toes  
Beneath  
The sting that he might let go.  
She jumped, she danced, she giggled outside.  
Did it matter? Was she even alive inside.  
Just a Puppet? Left aside?

- Master Arnob Saha, FM-4B

## Forty Minutes

One second and I knew it was my last,  
The last breath I will ever take.  
In a flash, my life would become past.  
I fought for forty minutes  
With death and the society  
Till I turned into a spirit.  
You killed me!  
Murdered me!

If only you wouldn't just stand there quietly  
And for once not acted selfishly  
I would have lived.  
And wouldn't of my life be deprived  
Oh you cunning species !  
You call yourself Humans and lack humanity!  
What a parody!  
You must be thinking what amphigory!

What you fail to realize  
Is that a single action could have saved a life.  
People were made to love and things were made to use.  
But we often confuse  
And use people and love things tangible.  
Peace in this world is possible  
The day this changes  
The day we make friends not because of benefits.

- Ms Tushara Samarajyam, IB-2A

## The Dictator

Dear Friends,  
This zone for a long time I have held.  
I'm sorry it is time for me to bid farewell,  
This news, to you I had to tell.  
My time is short,  
My last words I will say on this spot.  
I have tried my best,  
But some people care lest.



*Ms Abigail Maria Hurst*

And... The Dictator was stopped,  
For by someone he was shot.  
His shooter, he turned to gaze,  
And saw a surprising face.

It was his lifelong companion,  
Who was the cause of his dying.  
His most trusted friend,  
Who looked up to him while facing lives bends.

But all the dictator's enemies were killed,  
And now he realized he was to be killed.  
His ego took over his dying heart  
He shot back the traitor to make it an equal start.

He was dying by the second,  
But refused to take any medication.  
He, the killer of hundred men,  
Knew he had to face the Devil's care.

- Ms Abigail Maria Hurst, 8B

## Time Capsule

It was dark and cold,  
Many stories about the mountains were told,  
I had to go and explore,  
Before I ended up in a bore.

So I slipped out,  
Thinking about home throughout,  
The hills of Thai were a mile away,  
And may be, that's where I was going to stay.

I groped my way through the trees,  
Enjoying the mountain's cool breeze,  
Just then, a blaze of light struck,  
On that day, I had luck,  
Because a meteor shower,  
Is a symbol of God's power.  
I gazed and gazed at the sky,  
Wondering about the cosmos so high,  
Such a lovely sight in the midnight's gloom  
And I thought, all was it in my room.

What's better? A world of stars  
That adds beauty to the Earth,  
Or a world of cars,  
That pollutes the Earth.

I was disturbed by a loud thunder,  
Which forced me out from my gaze and wonder,  
And I found that I was misplaced  
From the hills of Thai.

I rushed back home, as usual,  
All the cars mimicked a hypnotic tone,  
And the calendar read 2025,  
So long I have been in the hills of Thai.



*Ms Arya Gopikrishnan*

Everything, now made sense,  
I wasn't misplaced,  
Over the ten years,  
Everything around me had changed,  
The grass grew, the vines tangled,  
But my gaze for the sky,  
Still remained.

- Ms Arya Gopikrishnan, 8A

## Journey to Heaven

A wealthy man on Earth,  
Waited for death since birth,  
Because his mother told him a story,  
Of how life in Heaven was glory.

He grew up tall and strong,  
And knew what was right and wrong,  
But he still hated the world,  
For the wish to Heaven swirled.

He then came across his life partner,  
Who was a successful movie director,  
He began his own business,  
Which always caused him sadness,  
Because the more he was earning,  
The sadder he was turning.

He enjoyed the worldly leisure,  
And gained a modicum of pleasure,  
Because he thought Heaven was his only joy,  
Which restricted him to enjoy.

Alas! The day arrived!  
He laid on his sick bed,  
And in no time, he was dead.  
He travelled to Heaven on a horse,  
Happy to reach, of course.

He entered a golden palace,  
Where God granted solace,  
He approached God,  
And God asked the man,  
"Hmmmmm.... So, How was Heaven?"

- Ms Arya Gopikrishnan, 8A

## It's Called Life

Life is people with a million faces,  
7 billion people with 14 billion faces,  
Life is all about use and throw,  
Life is a double face show,  
When you do good, in return you get the bad,  
And there is no point feeling sad.



Then one person comes and makes you believe that they won't leave,  
But once they're gone you're like a torn autumn leaf;  
Everything was a joke till the time I understood what life was,  
A double faced show.  
From what I know people will come and go.

- Master Devrath Pawan Choudhary, FM-3E

## Inside the Office

Inside the office I knew how it felt,  
The tragic situation was going to be dealt,  
Tears began to roll down my eyes,  
I shouldn't have behaved slyly,  
How could I even fall into this trap,  
I was told to speak the truth.  
Else they said, "you'll pack your bag,  
Next in line is your best friend whom we have to catch."  
My heart beat faster  
They said, "we'll send a mail because of your behavior  
Which has miserably failed",  
"It's not a big deal,"  
I heard from behind,  
It was my heart which I now had to find.



**Master Devrath Pawan  
Choudhary**

- Master Devrath Pawan Choudhary, FM-3E

## Interesting Animal Facts

- Skin of Polar Bear is black in colour. The fur is transparent and has no pigment or color. It appears white because it reflects light.
- Both humans and giraffes possess the same number of vertebrae (seven) in their neck.
- Arctic fox has white fur during winter. But in summer, their fur turns dark and blend in with the environment.
- An *octopus* has three hearts and blue blood.
- During their first year, Oysters spawn as males. Over the next two or three years, they spawn as females by releasing eggs.
- Sea otters hold hands when they sleep to keep from drifting apart.
- Pearl is made in Oysters.
- Sea horse is a kind of fish.

# Kaleidoscope of Colours

Our young artists know how to play with colours. They use their brushes to create unique masterpieces. Some of them will amaze you by their depth, luscious colours and meaningful sceneries.

The Departments of Visual Arts, Art & Craft at GSIS offer instruction in drawing, painting (oil colour painting, watercolour painting, acrylic painting, collage painting, pottery painting, glass painting, mural painting, clothes painting & designs), sculpture, ceramics, origami and more. Art classes are a productive use of our students' time when staying indoors. It gives them the gift of exercising their creative talents. It is an attempt to nurture the fun ideas and creative spirit of our students. At the IB Design Technology laboratory, it is now possible to create 3D designs and models. You can find few arts and crafts activities and ideas of our students here. A few selected drawings, paintings and designs by our students are showcased below:



**Topic: Freedom from Racial Discrimination**  
**Ms Yashvi Navneetbhai Vadalia, FM-4D**



**Topic: Space Travel**  
**Ms Anushkaa Mishrra, ISC-IIA**



**Topic: Friendship**  
**Ms Sirapatsorn Khajornsakchi, FM-3D**



**Topic: Freedom from Racial Discrimination**  
**Ms G Swathi, FM-4A**



**Topic: Educate your Girl Child, Save the Girl Child**  
**Ms Mihika Agarwal, XB**



Topic: Social Inequality

Master Manav Poddar, FM-4E



Topic: Life in a coastal area

Ms Criss Binoi, ISC-IIA



Topic: World Friendship Day

Ms Khushi Bhavin Parikh, FM-4B



Topic: Year 2050

Ms Rhea Jain, FM-4B



Topic: World Space Day

Ms Ashi Avaniish Mehta, XA



Topic: International Friendship Day  
Ms Rachel Nangrime N Sangma, FM-4A



Topic: Sports for peace

Ms Anavi Shrishrimal, FM-4D



Topic: Children on a tree

Ms Ardra Ravindran, FM-4A



Topic: Landscape

Ms Sakshi Kamalia, ISC-1B



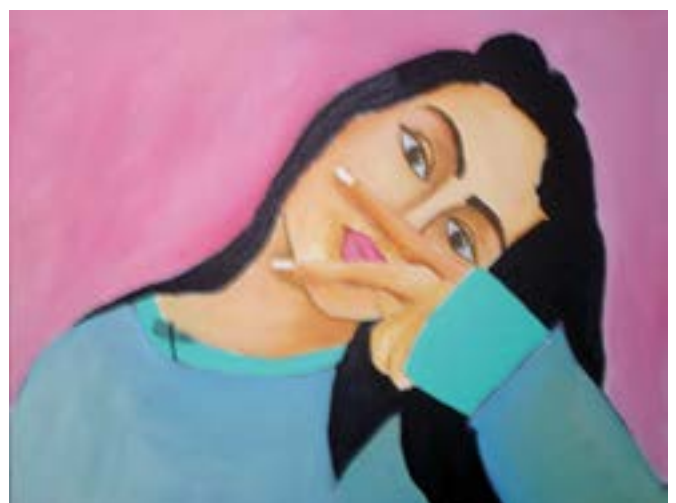
Topic: Dancing ladies

Ms Yashitha Madanapalli, FM-2A



Topic: Tiger cubs

Ms R Sahithya, IXA



Topic: Lady

Ms Shrabanti Pooja Barman, FM-3D



Topic: Lady

Ms Citra Thulaseedharan Pillai, FM-4C



Topic: Mother and daughter

Ms Shafiya Mariyam Ismayil, FM-2C



Topic: Father and child

Ms Santiya Jeneet William, FM-2E



Topic: Arabian lady

Ms Preita Nadarajah, FM-1D



*Topic: Dancing woman*

*Ms R Sahithya, IXA*



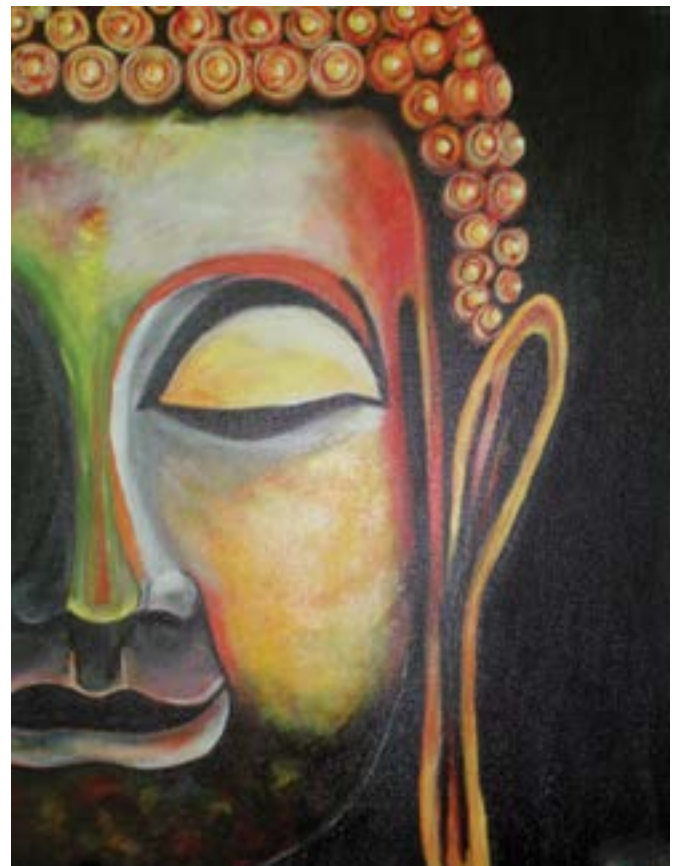
*Topic: Trees*

*Ms M K Sowparaniha, IXB*



*Topic: Lady with cat*

*Ms Venya Gavarasana, FM-3C*



*Topic: Buddha*

*Ms Aakriti Kedia, IXB*



*Topic: Young lady*

*Ms Mansi Akash Agarwal, FM-3E*



*Topic: Creeper plant*

*Ms S Brindhaa, XB*



*Topic: Buddha*

*Ms Jasleen Kaur Gandhi, ISC-1B*



*Topic: Plant*

*Ms Mihika Agarwal, XB*



**Topic: Still life**

**Ms Nishtha Goel, XB**



**Topic: Lady in the garden**

**Ms Jasleen Kaur Gandhi, ISC-1B**



**Topic: Girls**

**Ms Sakshi Kamalia, ISC-1B**



**Topic: Plant**

**Ms Shreya Harshita Terli, XA**



**Topic : Village life**

**Ms Yashitha Madanapalli, FM-2A**



**Topic : Young Girl**

**Ms Dodla Kunjala, FM-2B**



# Inter House Classical & Folk Dance Competition 2016

## High School & Higher Secondary School

The **Inter House Classical & Folk Dance Competition** for girls of High School and Higher Secondary School was held in the Palada Campus auditorium of GSIS on Monday, 28 November 2016. The results in the various categories are mentioned below:

### Grade 9 : Classical Group Dance

Names of students	House	Position
Gayatri Dinesan	Autumn	I
Jahanvi Agrawal		
Aastha Dinesh Dulhani		
Manjiri Heda	Winter	II
Lalitha Nimmagadda		
M K Sowparaniha		
Jennifer Jaison	Summer	III
Alice Deswal		
Abinaashree Kanagaachalam		



*Autumn House team*



*Winter House team*



*Summer House team*

## Grade 11 : Classical Group Dance

Names of students	House	Position
Amisha Agrawal	Autumn	I
Nidhi Murali		
Jasleen Kaur Gandhi	Winter	II
Shiksha Singhania		
Ghanta Hari Chandana	Summer	III
Chanamolu Krithi Ridhi		



*Autumn House team*



*Winter House team*



*Summer House team*

**Grades 9 & 11 combined: Folk Dance**

House	Position
Winter House Team	I
Autumn House Team	II
Spring House Team	III
Summer House Team	III



*Winter House team*



*Winter House team*



*Autumn House team*



*Spring House Team*



*Summer House Team*

Well done!

# Inter House Symphony Competition 2017

**Annual Inter House Symphony Competition** was held at GSIS on 05 April 2017. The competition was organized in three categories – Wind Band, Strings Band & Rock Band musical presentations. The results are as follows:

## **Wind Band musical presentations:**

**First place : Winter & Spring**



*Wind Band of Winter House*



*Wind Band of Spring House*

The Wind Band uses wind instruments such as trumpets, trombones, euphoniums, flutes, clarinets and saxophones. The player blows into the instrument and melodious music is produced by the vibration of air. It also uses the full range of percussion instruments including xylophone and glockenspiel. The Winter House Wind Band played the theme music of the fantasy TV series *Game of Thrones* composed by Ramin Djawadi. The Spring House played the theme music of *The Rains of Castamere* composed by Ramin Djawadi.

## **Strings Band musical presentations:**

**First place : Spring & Autumn**



*Strings Band of Spring House*



*Strings Band of Autumn House*

The String Bands comprised bowed instruments such as the violin and plucked string instruments such as the guitar. Percussion instruments also played a prominent role, including the xylophone. The stringed instruments produce sound by vibrations created by the strings of the instrument in the surrounding air. Spring House presented the music of *Boulevard Of Broken Dreams*, a song by Green Day. Autumn House presented the music of *Alone*, a song by Alan Walker.

**Rock Band musical presentations:**

**First place : Autumn House**

**Second place : Winter House**



*Rock Band of Autumn House*



*Rock Band of Winter House*

In the Rock Band category, keyboard, bass, electric guitars and drum kit were played together with a singer singing a selected song. Autumn House presented an excellent performance of the rock song, *From the Inside*, by *Linkin Park*, an American rock band from Agoura Hills, California, whilst Winter House performed *Crazy Train* of British vocalist *Ozzy Osbourne*.

**Overall Winner : Autumn House**

**Congratulations to the winners!**

## Annual Inter House Cross-Country Championship 2017 Abhilash Patnaik Memorial Rolling Trophy



*Spring, Autumn & Winter Houses: Winners of the Cross-Country Trophy*

The **Annual Inter House Cross-country** race was held at GSIS on Monday, 01 May 2017. The race was organized in several categories for boys and girls. The results are as follows:

**Grade 7 Inter Boys:**

Individual Champion : **Akash Chandran** (Spring House)  
Team Championship : **Spring House**

**Inter Boys:**

Individual Champion : **Yatharth Agrawal** (Autumn House)  
Team Championship : **Autumn House**

**Senior Boys:**

Individual Champion : **C Sandeep Sudharshan** (Summer House)  
Team Championship : **Autumn House**

**Super Senior Boys:**

Individual Champion : **Udhayan Rajoo** (Spring House)  
Team Championship : **Spring House**

**Inter Girls:**

Individual Champion : **Aswathi Ravishankar** (Autumn House)  
Team Championship : **Summer House**

**Senior Girls:**

Individual Champion : **Surangkana Srihantamit** (Winter House)  
Team Championship : **Winter House**

**Super Senior Girls:**

Individual Champion : **Anushka Sarawgi** (Spring House)  
Team Championship : **Winter House**

**Cross-country Trophy** : **Spring, Autumn & Winter Houses**



*Akash Chandran*



*Yatharth Agrawal*



*C Sandeep Sudharshan*



*Udhayan Rajoo*



*Aswathi Ravishankar*



*Surangkana Srihantamit*



*Anushka Sarawgi*

**Congratulations to the winners!**

## Special Awards & Prizes (2016 – 2017)



*Best All-rounder [Boys]: Eshwar Vankadari*



*Best All-rounder [Girls]: Anushree Saikia*





*Best in Sports [Boys] : M Satheesh Raja*



*Best in Sports [Girls] : Ginaishwarya Anne Jacob*



*Best Prefect [Boys] : Havish Yarlagadda*



*Best Prefect [Girls] : Mariam Sam Kunniparampil*



*Best Dancer : Mootha Vaishnavi Dhriti*



*Best in Academics [Grade XII, ISC - Science] : Shivam Garg*



*Best in Academics [Grade XII, ISC - Commerce] : Mohak Gupta*



*Best in Academics [Grade XII, IB - Science]: Roshan Kurumoorthy Ravishankar*



*Best in Academics [Grade XII, IB - Commerce] : Bhavika Mukesh Agarwal*



*Best Musician : Viveka Shanmugasundaram*



*Best Singer : Sarvesh M Raul*



*Best Cadet : Anupam Manoj*

# GOOD SHEPHERD FINISHING SCHOOL

Good Shepherd Knowledge Village, Palada P.O.,  
Ootacamund - 643 004, Tamil Nadu

Phone : 91-423-2550555, 2550450 Mob : 75985 50371  
Visit us @ [www.gsfs.ac.in](http://www.gsfs.ac.in), Mail us @ [infoadm@gsis.ac.in](mailto:infoadm@gsis.ac.in)

**Give us a girl and take back a lady!**



## The Certifications

- Business English Certificate - BEC (Cambridge University)
- DELF A 1 - French (Government of France)
- Diploma in Fashion Design (National Institute of Fashion Technology)
- Trinity Guildhall Examination in Music (Theory), Trinity College, London, UK
- The International Award for Young People
- Rotaract Membership



## REGISTRATIONS ARE OPEN

2017 - 2018

9 Months : 29 July, 2017 to 28 April, 2018

3 Months : Session 1 : 17 July, 2017 to 17 October, 2017  
Session 2 : 17 January, 2018 to 17 April, 2018

6 Weeks : 19 April, 2018 to 30 May, 2018

## THE CURRICULUM

- Protocol & Social Graces
- Public Speaking
- Creative Writing
- Business English
- French
- CAD
- Fashion Design
- Food & Beverage Production and Service
- Housekeeping
- Beauty Therapy
- Fitness Training
- Yoga
- Dietetics and Nutrition
- Health & Hygiene
- Career Guidance Sessions
- Art & Craft
- Flower arrangement
- Music: Keyboard, Guitar, Violin, Piano, Vocal
- Ballroom Dance Sessions
- Event Management
- Styling Workshop & Photoshoot
- Events - Fashion Show, Cultural Programmes, Bridal Makeup Competitions
- Mountaineering
- Games: Golf, Squash, Shuttle Badminton, Lawn Tennis, Billiards
- Swimming, Horse Riding
- Social Activities

**It's a Different  
School of Thought**



## **GOOD SHEPHERD INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL**

(ACCREDITED TO THE COUNCIL OF INTERNATIONAL SCHOOLS)

Good Shepherd Knowledge Village,

M. Palada P.O., Ootacamund - 643 004, Tamilnadu, India

Phone : +91 423 2550371 / 2550901 | Fax : +91 423 2550386

E-mail : [info@gsis.ac.in](mailto:info@gsis.ac.in) | Web : [www.gsis.ac.in](http://www.gsis.ac.in)

GSIS is a Fully Residential, Co-educational School at Ooty, with Academic Curricula of ICSE/ISC/IGCSE/IB and with Co-curricular activities like Mountaineering, Rifle Shooting, Horse Riding, Swimming (Heated Pool), Golf (9-hole golf course), Lawn Tennis, Squash, Basketball, Volleyball, Football, Cricket and Hockey, etc. Student - Teacher ratio 4:1.

A well-equipped Hospital with two Resident Doctors. Integrated Farm with Poultry, Dairy and Vegetable cultivation. In-house Laundry facilities.

- Separate kitchens & dining halls for Vegetarian / Jain food and Non-Vegetarian with Gujarati, Chinese, Continental and Thai cuisines.
- We have no franchisees / branches anywhere

