



PAPYRUS TIMES

PAPYRUS LIBRARY
&
ACTIVITY CENTRE



It has been a wonderful journey of discoveries, new relationships, exchange of information and interactions since we started Papyrus Library on 25th March 2016. The "Papyrus" idea started off with a small request on a Whatsapp group for a library close by. I voiced my thoughts to my kids Sindhuja and Suraj one lazy afternoon during their holidays and they were very excited. We started with a small collection of about 500 to 600 books that we had. Our Splendorites added to the collections slowly and we have grown to more than 1500 books of children and adult's fiction, cookery, general knowledge books, competitive books, like NSO, IMO, Spellbee etc.

The response egged me to start a platform for all the talent in and around our area to come together as the teacher and the taught. Thus, germinated the idea, of the Papyrus Library and Activity Club. My very good friend Ms. Parmindar Kaur joined me on this wonderful journey and now we are together working harder to bring content providers right to our doorstep along with expanding our facilities in the library slowly.

Most of the children and adults during interactions at the library mentioned that their children write stories and poems. Well..put my thinking cap on again and thought why not start a magazine where all this could be published. Result "Papyrus Times".

I take this opportunity to thank one and all who have encouraged and supported Papyrus, had faith in us and continue to be with us.

Looking forward to more exciting times with our growing Papyrus family..
Lakshmi Suryanarayanan



It is really fabulous to have a library just in your society. In my school library I can't really choose my book in patience and silence. There is a lot of hustle - bustle. Thus I became a member of PAPYRUS. I can proudly tell Papyrus as MY LIBRARY. The Papyrus library takes me through the marvelous and adventurous journey of the book land.

What makes Papyrus more fun is the activities held there and especially our librarian Mrs. Lakshmi who is really open to take our opinions. The meaning of Papyrus is a tall plant so as the plant grows, with the help of Papyrus library our knowledge also grows.

In Papyrus, we are encouraged by the "Star Reader" award in which we get a rolling trophy and a certificate every month. This award is for those who have taken maximum number of books without a single reissue, promptness and variety of reading. We have activities held for adults like cooking, discussions etc.

Papyrus does not only increase our vocabulary it also improves our clarity of speech, reading skills and the most important the choice of reading different categories of books. The latest feather in the cap is the Olympiad books. Earlier we had to buy the books. But now we just have to pay only 20 rupees and we can have it till our exams.

We donate books too. Instead of accumulating huge piles of books, we donate them to Papyrus. It helps to increase the choice of the book availability for all of us. I salute Lakshmi aunty for the hard work she did to make Papyrus successful like labeling all books, arranging events and activities and making certificates.

All thanks to her!



Everyone will agree with me, that our lives revolve around our kids. Whatever we do or think of is always about our kids. I remember when I got married everyone was asking me, when are you giving us a good news. Hey... come on... I am just going to start my marital life, where every step is a challenge and I am just about to learn the basics and everyone is asking for level two..THE KID. I am a kid myself, How can I handle the responsibility of raising, a child so early.

Chalo..in all this trial and run process two years passed and that good news for which everyone was waiting was also due in nine months. At first I could not believe that I am carrying a baby in me, but slowly and steadily it dawned on me that yesIt's true I am going to be a MOTHER. It's a huge responsibility in today's competitive world. But I think being a first time mother is equally good news and a scary one. Suddenly we become so very important on this earth. Everyone starts giving us advices. Sometimes it becomes very irritating that you are going to be a MOTHER and everyone is treating you like a child. Yeh mat karo, yehkhao, heels mat pehno blah..blah.. blah. Since I was pregnant, I was forced to eat for two people. It felt good while eating desserts, because I have a sweet tooth. But eating other food in large quantities was a torture.

Next, my life started revolving around the kid who was about to come. I was eating for him/her, going for regular check-ups, getting injections at various stages. But the worst affected was my wardrobe. Seriously, as I was progressing every month my dresses became tighter and tighter. In the third trimester, there was not a single dress that I could say belonged to me because in front of my new body every single dress was looking so tiny. Thus ended up, getting a maternity wardrobe for myself. I started wearing sarees easily and confidently because there was no problem of fitting and also because of my huge tummy now, the chances of tripping over was less.

Soon, examination time (I mean delivery) came. I was very nervous as everyone had scared the hell out of me that labor pains are very stressful. But strangely, I didn't experience a painful labor, maybe God had sent me a lenient paper and I passed it with flying colors. I delivered a baby boy. When I first saw my baby, I could not believe that this teeny weeny fellow, with such tiny hands, fingers, feet and everything, so tiny was sitting in the huge hump of my belly. How could I have delivered such a tiny package? Khodapahad..niklachuha. But thank God he is a healthy kid. Everyone started congratulating me!! and lo behold now, a new set of instructions how to feed him, how to make him burp, how to clean him etc. the list was endless.

Now, I realized that the exam is not over..man, it has just started. It's just a new syllabus, the things which I have never done or experienced. And above all, more than the theory there were more practicals. I knew instinctively that life was going to be very busy and I won't have time for anything else. And there came many surprise tests when the child got fever, cold or colic problem. I somehow cleared most of the exams some with courage and some while crying.

Now, my son is a teenager and all these years I have learned many new things along with him. I have realized that we always take our mothers for granted. Only, when we are in their shoes do we realize that it is not easy to be a MOTHER. It's been a very wonderful journey, so far. I have enjoyed each and every moment of the motherhood and hope that I will succeed in the coming years also.

POEM

BLESSINGS

SINDHUJA.S E-2507



In my dreams...

There were paintings , all black and white,
There was help, but it was just not in sight,
There were exams which were hard to write,
There were children with futures not so bright,

There where them, who were confused which hand is left and which is right,
There were many lamps but there was no light,
There were children all in a plight,
There was no moon in the night,

There was a world where all were in a fight,
A place where there were no wings for a flight,
There was me who didn't understand the tripartite,
And a person getting crazy over the speed of light,

While some were dying due to the ultraviolet light,
There were those trying hard to pronounce the word "pronunciation" right,
People were doing math without any delight,
There were people with no religious right,
Were a boy couldn't draw the diagram of a dendrite,
And there was that word "petite" which I pronounced as petite,

They were pencils with no graphite,
I thought I got fever with just 202.2 degrees Fahrenheit,

That's when I got up and was all in fright,
But I calmed myself while having a sandwich bite,
And my heavy heart totally became light,

But I called it a dream, as I knew there was someone to rewrite,
The weird story of my insight,
My teachers...they are the ones who will make it alright!

ARTICLE

CLEAN INDIA, GREEN INDIA

TANISHKA MODY



Clean India, Green India



India is a beautiful country, but we need to make it a better place to live. A lot of people living in this country are not responsible and are not maintaining the country well. People litter everywhere and spit on the streets. A lot of people in India don't have toilets in their house and they are forced to do it in open. There is also a lot of pollution caused by cars and factories.

We need to do certain things to make India a better place. We must not litter on the streets and always throw garbage in the bin. We should not cut trees and grow as many trees as possible. We must always use paper bags and not plastic bags. There should be CCTVs installed all over the country so that if someone is not obeying the rules then they can be caught on CCTV and fined. We must use CNG gas in our vehicles instead of Petrol or Diesel. We should try and do carpooling for long distances and go on a bicycle for short distances. We must use Public transport and the Government should increase the number of toilet facilities all over the country.

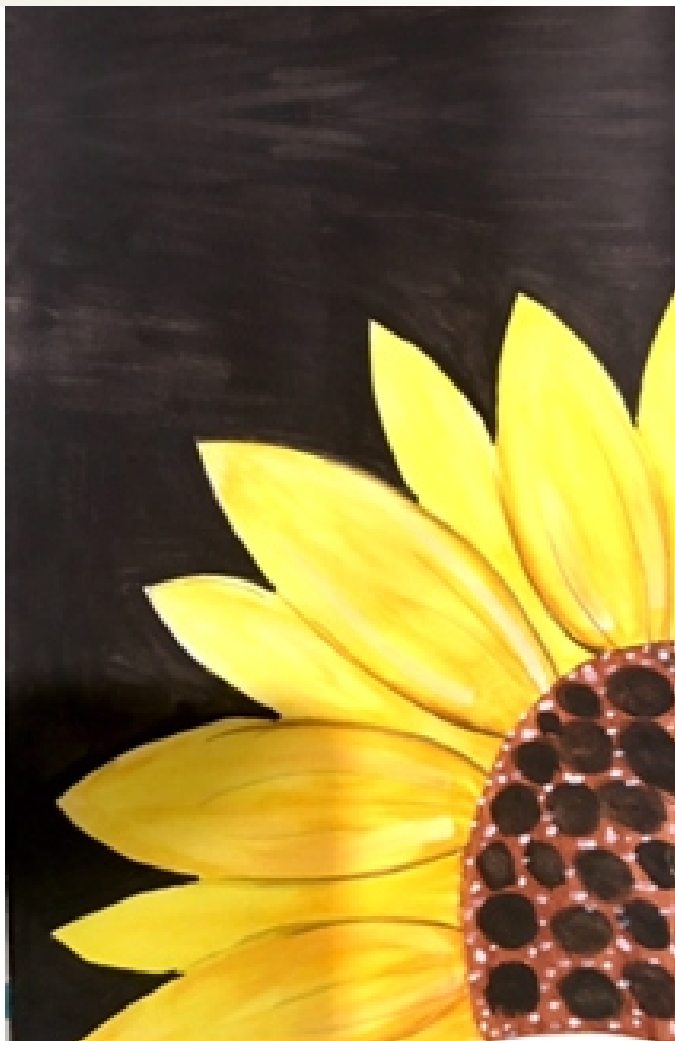
Let's all of us together make our country a CLEAN and GREEN INDIA.



ART AND
CRAFT

PAINTING

VIHAAN SENGAR





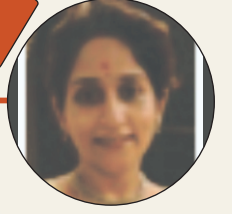
I woke up from what few would call a deep slumber in this splendid palatial house with some intricately woven pieces of art plugged away in the right places...and this bed? looks like my fortress of sudden solitude. A shiver runs down my spine as I look at this incandescent beauty in the mirror. She is indiscreetly attractive at 30 with this sculpted figure, glossy skin deflecting light, dark enchanting gleam in the eyes with dense lashes...impeccably high cheekbones and a sparking smile flaunting those oyster white teeth in perfect symmetry. Long russet brown locks and shiny tresses waving over the slight mould of collar bone peeking from the peach negligee was something that I always dreamt of when I was 13...wait a minute..."was I not 13 anymore?"

As I try to figure out who this enigmatic figure is that I have suddenly become...I get a call from my so called office and I manage to get to work. I am handling a key portfolio in a big MNC. As I walk into a swank ivory cabin which bears my name; some people whisper to themselves and manage to squeal "good morning M'am" to me. They sure don't seem to be happy to see me and unassumingly despise me for my acerbic conduct and dogmatism. As I still try to figure out who I am; it dawns on me that no one at work actually likes me for my sinister intimidation tactics of a classic bully and my embarrassing subversion of righteousness. There is lot of animosity around me and people feel nothing but repugnance for my Demagoguery and McCarthyism. I have supposedly found my way up quickly through my rapacity that begets reproach with hatred. There are few who detest me for my enticing looks and few others who loathe me for my over bearing attires.

I feel extremely suffocated and rush out into the bright day and reach out to my phone to call someone dear to me...but it seems that I don't have any friends after all as they have all estranged due to my brazen hypocrisy. The ones I had; I never returned their calls or was never beside them when they needed me the most all these years as I was busy building my career. I call upon my mom who was my confidante and my best friend who would simply light up with the very sight of me coming from school and it seems she has also grown repulsive of me and has abandoned me as I didn't turn up when my dad was ill in bed and was holidaying in Hawaii with one of my many boyfriends. As fate may have there is no one who wants me or likes me or even wants to have a conversation with me. I had become somewhat solitary and reclusive.

Who am I?? Wasn't I this sweet little 13 year old chirpy bubbly girl who could, through her giggles and friendly banter enter into people's hearts. Someone, who filled everything around with bright feisty colours of rainbow, at a splashing waterfall... Someone, who wouldn't miss mommy or daddy's b'day or any special family occasion for anything in the world... Someone, who would plan for days together for herculean treasure hunt gift chases for friends' birthdays and who would stand by them no matter what. Someone, who would curl up with mommy watching those mushy movies, go on shopping escapades, share silly jokes and try every bit to ape her grace... Someone, who had heart of gold, a stardust soul, a humorous vein and a funny bone with most genuine smile; a curve that would set everything straight around her. She was simply someone that everyone adored and loved unconditionally for she was a euphonious poetry in motion..for she was an angel tantalizing all with heaven's bliss...she was innocence uninterrupted!

What happened to me in all these years??? As I put my hands together that night I shed a tear or two and prayed hard to God saying "Oh dear Lord make me 13 again and don't let this 30 trick me ever. I want to love and be loved. Make this world a beautiful place to live in with Joie de Vivre".



इनराहोंमें, खुलीसड़कोंमें
खुदकोढूँढतीहूँशायद

येक्याबातहैइसनगरीमें,
खुदकोइकमुकामपेपाकर,
फिरखोजानेकोजीकरताहै?

येरास्तेअबभीकुछपूछरहीहैमुझसे,
हरनईसुबहमेरेहोनेकाहिसाबलेतीहै

इससमुन्दरसेउभरकर
अाजफिरदूरतक
तैरलगानेकोजीकरताहै

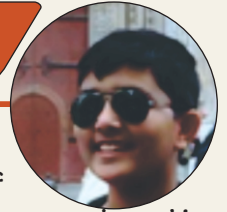
आइनादेखतीहूँतोसमयपिघलसाजाताहै,
औरमैंफिरचलपड़ीहूँ,
आँखोंमेंउम्मीदेंलिये
एकनएमुकामकीअोर।



Book
review

HARRY POTTER AND THE CURSED CHILD:
AN EXPERIENCE

SURAJ SURYANARAYANAN



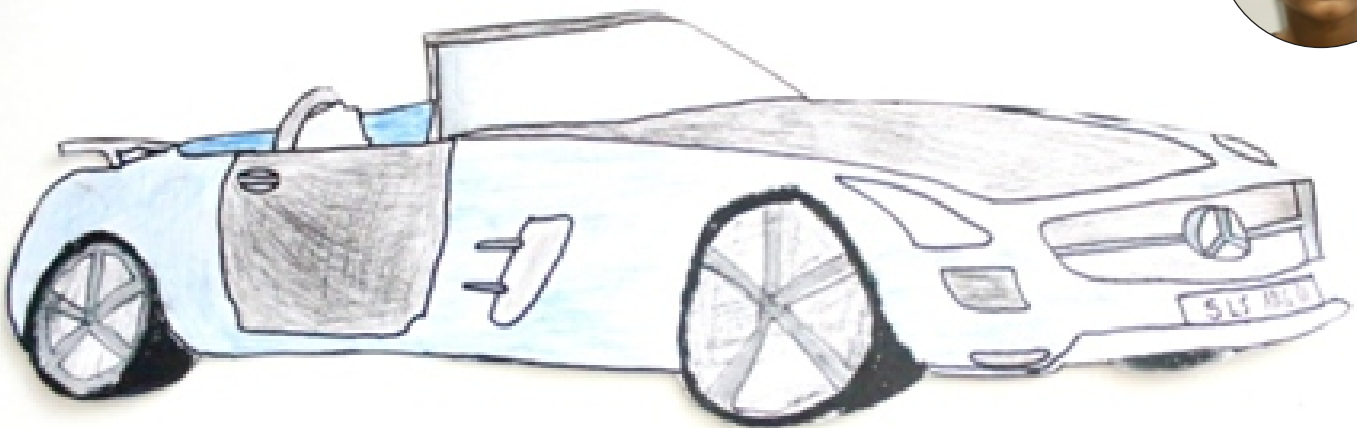
I had waited three months for this book, since I pre-ordered it, and it finally arrived one fine day, to my extreme pleasure! I normally don't pre-order a book, but wanted to feel the excitement of waiting for a book to be released, and savor its arrival. So, on the very day it arrived, I sat on my couch, and I finished the book in three straight hours. It was really great, as the format of the book was different. It was written in a Stage Play format and I could step into the shoes of each of the characters as they enacted their roles. In fact, I found it to be better than the other Harry Potter books.

The story revolves around Harry Potter's son, the one and only Albus Severus Potter, and his adventures at Hogwarts. The bookcase scene just before the interval is an awesome imagination. I liked the way Harry and Albus interact as father and son too. Makes me think of my dad. The dramatic format of the book inspired us to enact the first scene at Papyrus Library's Literary Club session. Overall, it was a great book, and I'd suggest that everyone go buy it and read it NOW!!!

ART AND
CRAFT

SKETCHING

EESHAN JANAKIRAMAN



ARTICLE

THE FUN QUOTIENT IN LEARNING

HEMA SUBRAMANIAN
THE ORANGE WEDGES INC



What are the most cherished memories you have of your childhood? Invariably, it would be about the fun times you have had with people around you. What do you remember about school? Yet again, it would most probably be the moments of happiness you spent with your friends and teachers who were fun to be with. One never forgets a fun moment in one's life. As a result, we can deduce that there is a link between memory and happiness.

So what do you mean by fun? Fun means activities that are enjoyable or amusing. And fun in learning means to excite the minds of the students while involving them in meaningful and purposeful learning and making sure that they are enjoying the process with lot of laughter and interaction.

Research has shown that humour enhances learning. Some research actually states that humour is a requirement for learning and long term memory retention. Judy Willis, a neurologist and educator states in her book 'Research based strategies to ignite student learning' that "The human brain and body respond positively to laughter due to the release of endorphin, adrenaline and dopamine, and the increased breathing volume (more oxygen). When a lesson starts with humour there is more altering and the subsequent information is attached to the positive emotional event as an event or flashbulb memory".

According to psychologists one of the tricks of assigning things to long term memory is to connect it with a positive feeling or something of interest or that has a sense of novelty or wonder to it. As this learning process involves a lot of fun, the learner does not have the stress, which again is a positive learning experience leading to long term memory retention. Studies have suggested that fun and humour in teaching and learning process, reduces stress, enabling people to take on difficulties head on, optimizing brain power and helping students to sharpen their creative thinking skills.



A healthy dose of fun and humour helps in maintaining a balance between body and mind. Fun in learning dissolves stressful emotions and helps to relax. Fun filled learning helps the students to see situations in a different light and they do not feel threatened. Most importantly, learning like this usually has a lot of healthy interaction between peer group and with the teacher; this creates a healthy and maximized learning environment. This reflects on the classroom environment where a lot of trust is built up amongst them due to the unthreatening environment resulting in healthy brainstorming sessions and sharing of information. These are very important factors necessary for collaborative learning.

Having established the fact that fun and humour need to be a part of learning experiences, how does it fit in to the syllabus and the curriculum of schools? Well, coming to that, the objective of any teacher while conducting a class is to see that the students take home a huge chunk of what they learnt in the class. To achieve this, the teacher makes elaborate lesson plans and infuses it with activities that will enhance the students learning experiences. Teaching, is all about how to reach out to the minds of the students and see that they understand the concepts being taught in the class. The teachers have a choice of going about it as a serious business of teaching with homogenous lessons and expecting the students to confirm to



her ways and strategies. Or, the teacher can bring spontaneity, joy and comfort into the lessons and reach out to the minds of the individual learner. We have already spoken about how fun and humour in lessons can enhance the students learning abilities. A lesson can be made interesting by interspersing it with activities, games, brainstorming sessions and innovative presentation skills, while all the time, keeping in mind the involvement of the students. As the children have fun doing these activities, we can say that chances of retention of the concepts are higher. If children feel it a drudgery to go to school or to attend a particular class, than the learning will not be effective at all. The interest levels of the students will be low resulting in minimal motivation and near zilch learning.

How does a teacher go about introducing fun in learning? Is it all about playing games in class? Does he/she grab attention of students with a puzzle? Crack jokes in the class? The most important thing that a teacher needs to keep in mind is that the learning objective and aims should be kept in mind while introducing any aspect of fun in the class. The lesson should be planned in such a way that it reaches the minds of each and every child in the class. For this, the teacher has to have a good understanding of the students. Fun in learning

does not only mean games and activities but also tapping the different learning styles of individual's students. Fun in the teaching - learning context means excitement and something that most children enjoy doing; it may be play acting, playing a vocabulary game, working in teams, brainstorming, teaching and instructing each other, working on group projects, or at times working with oneself in solitude or taking on assessments which are not traditional paper pen method, or a quiz!!!!

For example in language subjects, to reinforce vocabulary, games like Pictureka or Hangman is a good option. Idioms can be familiarized with games of dumb charade, mime or a quiz. But using

these games should not be to kill time or used as fillers, they need to be embedded into the lesson plan keeping the aims and objective

of a lesson in mind. In language lessons the words associated with the lesson and the spelling reinforcement for the same can be done by a Hangman game. Pitureka game is versatile and can be

used in any subject to introduce a lesson by asking students to guess words in a particular theme related to the lesson. For example :- In a history lesson a picture can speak a thousand words; if the students are learning about the Boston tea Party, students can be shown a picture of the same and a game of Pictureka can be played with them. The teacher calls out a letter of the alphabet and the students have to come up with words beginning with it. The teacher can plan and lead the class to elicit words related to the lesson, the feelings of the people that led to the revolution, events that happened there after etc.

This can also be used as a formative assessment tool. Dramatizing the cell structure or the process of digestion by the students in their science lesson will go a long way in helping the children retain the digestive process or the structure of cells in their minds. In Social Studies, the teacher can devise a game like snake and ladder; where at the throw of a dice the student lands in a cell, he has to answer the question assigned to the cell, if his answer is correct then he climbs the ladder and if the answer is wrong he goes down the ladder. These can be made on A4 size sheets and be played in pairs. The teacher can go around the classroom keeping an eye on the game as well assessing the students. These kind of activities also can help the teacher to assess the holistic development of the students in areas, such as interpersonal behavior, tolerance to other people's views, communication skills and mainly the social skills of the child. These are just examples of how fun can be introduced in the teaching - learning process.

Parents need to be well informed about the strategies used in the class so as to co-operate with their child's learning. The lessons can be successful only if they understand the process the child is going through to learn and assimilate concepts in school. Without the support of the parents the program infused with fun can initially bring a lot of questions in their minds, though by the end of a term they will clearly understand the learning is much more effective and easier.

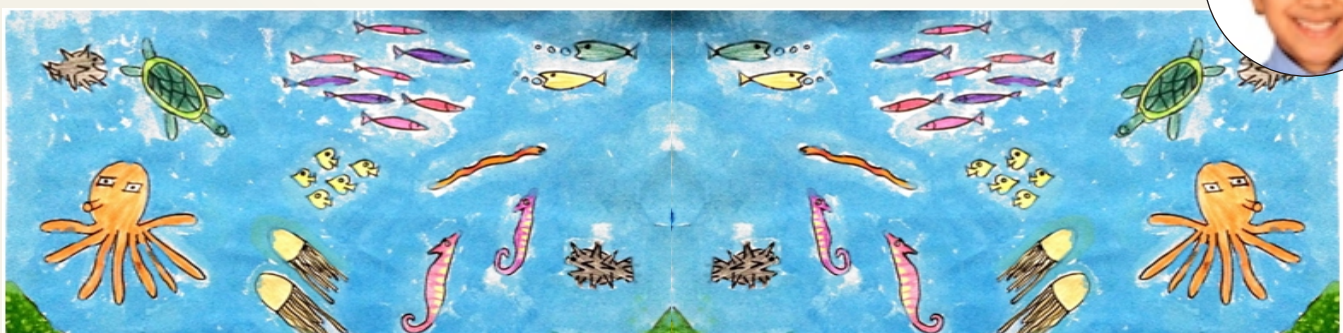
So next time your child comes home and answers your question about school with 'Oh! I had fun!' Don't panic. In all probability the child has learnt his/ her lessons well in school.

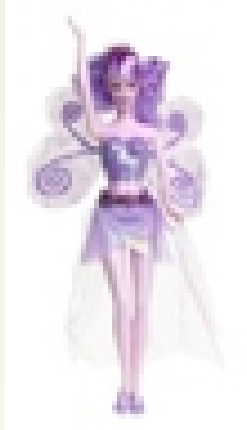
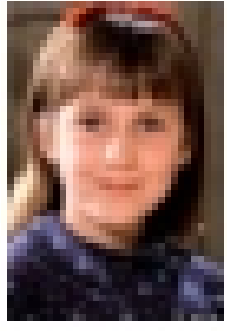


ART AND
CRAFT

ARTWORK

SAANVI GUPTA





Once upon a time, there was the TFG (The Friends Gang), which included Matilda, Michelle, Pluto,



Dear Daughter,

Congratulations on your good result in your Class X board examinations!

You deserve your success: go out and enjoy it! As you savor these good days, allow me to pen down for you, some thoughts for your life ahead.

Time is, as you will realize as you embark on your life's journey, a relative concept, a matter of perspective. When I was in junior school I could barely imagine I will appear for the Class X exams. The idea of studying in higher secondary school, junior college and eventually college and post-graduation appeared to me to be as distant in time as the stars in the distance. Time would stand still and the days would become heavy and difficult to trudge when some of the more difficult phases of Indian and world history were taught or when the various phyllotaxis needed to be remembered or when one got confused on whether $\operatorname{cosec} x$ is $1/\sin x$ or $1/\sec x$ or when the Amu Darya and Syr Darya became difficult to distinguish. It all appeared as if clearing the milestone of Class X examination would be a momentous and maybe an impossible achievement. And now I think that this journey was traversed in what was a mere blink of an eyelid.

Let me give you a piece of good news and a bad news. If any of you go onwards to study business management, you will come across this quote which is attributable to various successful bosses: if you have good news, take the stairs; if you have bad news, take the elevator. In business, one wants to hear the bad news fast and first! The idea is that you can react to it quickly and take the right measures. This is a good rule-of-thumb to follow in life also.

So let me tell you the bad news first: *this is not the end of your learning*. If you thought Class X was the most important exam of your life, as no doubt many would have told you, I will have to correct that to tell you that this is merely the starting of a long series of examinations. The trial balance and balance sheets will need to be tallied but with more complicated entries impacting the P&L account; $\cos^2 K + \sin^2 K$ will still be 1 but you will now realize that this not only describes a triangle but also a circle; Euphrates and Tigris which were rivers you marked out in your world map in Geography are places of a very rich history and of massive conflict in the Middle East today. You will be tested multiple times by various educational authorities over the next few years.

Ok, so where is the good news you ask. Quite surprisingly, in this case, the good news is exactly the same as the bad news: *this is not the end of your learning*. You should be happy for the very strong foundation that you have received here: you now have the privilege of building the beautiful structure of your life on it. Learning, however, I must tell you, is not about clearing examinations. Learning is about being curious, about asking questions and not merely answering them in an examination; it is about challenging assumptions and creating something new.

Learning is about making yourself better – better aware, better educated, better informed, better citizens and better human beings. Note the word that I use here: it is better and not best. In the learning of life, there is no such thing as a topper or the number 1 or the best; there is no final exam – there is, to use a term from your vocabulary, only continuous assessments. Your competition, if you want to call it that, is with you. Let no external authority (whether it is your school or college or your boss) be the basis of your judgment about yourself – the only person you have to prove to is yourself. If you learn because someone external is going to test you, you hand over the power to someone else; you have to abide by their rules. If you learn because you think you will make yourself better, you will dig deeper, go farther and travel wide and still not get tired. You will have retained the power of how you judge yourself. Examinations will become events to collect mark-sheets and certificates. How you look at life, just as how you look at time, is a matter of perspective.

Your generation is lucky. Well, I must say that in India recently, we have successively been luckier than our previous generations. The facilities available to us for expanding our horizons have increased multifold. If you are interested in any topic, there is an entire community out there on the internet that will be willing to help you learn and understand. Go make good use of it. Learn about anything that catches your fancy, be curious and questioning. You may not see the relevance of what you are learning today in your life but as Steve Jobs famously said in one of the graduation speeches, you can connect the dots only later.

Why is this important? Why am I saying the same things that your teachers have tried to tell you over the last decade or more that you have been here? It is because the world is now getting more complex and more fast-changing. As things change quickly, what you learnt yesterday may become obsolete today. More important, what you learn today may become the prized skill of tomorrow. The time of a single specialization

Why is this important? Why am I saying the same things that your teachers have tried to tell you over the last decade or more that you have been here? It is because the world is now getting more complex and more fast-changing. As things change quickly, what you learnt yesterday may become obsolete today. More important, what you learn today may become the prized skill of tomorrow. The time of a single specialization career may be coming to close – you will need to know lots of different things about many different fields. In my own field of finance, I am required to know in great detail the path and timings of the monsoon and the method of election of Members of Parliament to the Rajya Sabha. These are things that you would have learnt in your geography or civics class and you may well think that this is not what you need to worry about as you take Science or Commerce or Humanities or any other field as your stream of specialization – and you cannot be more wrong. Keep in mind that you need to keep your field of vision wide.

Don't just read or learn what the syllabus seeks of you: try and correlate. The more complex a thing that you can understand and the easier you can explain it, the more valuable you will be as a person - whether you are a part of any team or you run your own business. Learn to understand the world around you and the more you understand the better you will become.

Go forth and conquer!

ART AND
CRAFT

ARTWORK

SHRAYYA JAIN



Little ears as soft as silk
 Little teeth as white as milk
 Little noses cool and pink
 Little eyes that blink, blink, blink
 Little bodies round and fat
 Little hearts that pit- o - pat
 Surely prettier puppies never
 Were before nor can be ever !!!!!

RENUKA SEKSHAR



PUPPIES

POEM

ARTICLE

GENRES OF STORIES

VAISHNAAVI RAMESH

How do you identify the different types of stories you hear or read? How do you know to what genre they belong? Here I am attempting to tell you the ways and means of identifying one.

LEGEND: It is somebody traced to a near past. It is a traditional story. It is about a person who can be traced. It is popularly regarded as historical but not authenticated. It is very positive story and holds you in AWE. examples of legends are Robin hood, Arthur etc

FOLKTALE: A folktale is a story originating in popular culture passed by words, songs, riddles etc. They are AUTOTELIC i.e. they pass by themselves. They don't need to travel through population. It has subtle messages. It has nothing religious. They change with culture and times. It has an entertainment value and no heavy objectives.

examples are Arabian, Chinese and Russian tales

Folktales have two divisions:

1. Fables: Its a brief story, prose or verse with animals, plants, inanimate objects which are ANTHROPOMORPHISED i.e. given human like qualities. It has a moral.

Examples are Aesop's fables

2. Fairytale: It is a childrens tale which usually begins with once upon a time and has a very happy ending. It has magical creatures.

Examples are Cinderella, Snow white

Jataka Tales: They are the tales of Buddha before he became The Buddha.

Parables: They are all moral stories with important aspects about life. There are no animals.

Bardic Tales: They are stories or songs told by the bards who move from place to place.

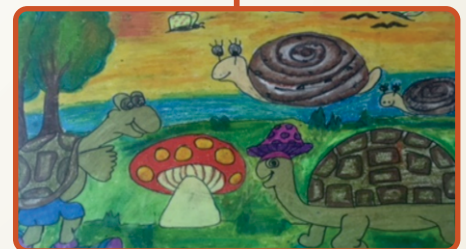
Myths: It is a traditional tale. It has a reference to something of collective importance told by someone for some reason. It is an early mans science. It is a building block in making a world view within which a civilization operates. A myth has rituals, beliefs, traditions, taboos etc.

Epic: They are stories told on a grand scale with heroes, armies and gods. It teaches an heroes journey. The protagonist meet with obstacles, shame, fame, defeat and triumphs, trials and tribulations to name a few. The most famous epics are Ramayana and Mahabharatha.

ART AND
CRAFT

ARTWORK

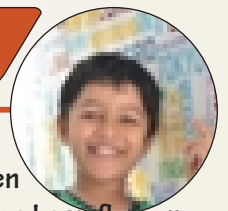
SHRAYYA JAIN



ARTICLE

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CLOUD

ADITYA GUPTA
C- 120718



I am a cloud and my name is Megh or Baadal. I live in the open sky few kms above the houses. I just love my place. From here I can fly, run and move slowly as I wish. Sometimes my friend Wind helps me move around faster.

I was born from the sea and ocean waters. Like people, I am also coloured. I appear in white, black, grey colors. Due to Sun light falling at different angles, we appear orange, or yellow on some occasions.

I move in the sky from place to place, sea to land, state to state, and country to country, due to the wind blowing on me. Some times travel in bunches and cross each other. I greet each other while I pass them.

When the water collected in me becomes a lot more than I can bear, I rain. Some times during heavy rains, electric thunder bolts come out from me and pass to the Earth. They are destructive unfortunately. So people must be careful to avoid them.

Often during summer we shield people from direct heat. Sometimes, washer men do not like us, because the clothes do not dry quickly when a lot of us are present on the sky.

Anyway, I am friends of the people especially the farmers. We help them cultivate their lands. Nowadays the people are causing a lot of pollution and due to that I am getting polluted also. That is the reason you get acid rains now and then. So you should take precaution to prevent pollution. I will be happy and you also will be.

SHORT
STORY

THE JOURNEY TO SPACE

KANAK TILOTIA



Chapter 1: The Meeting at Mongolia

Rocky, Anushka, Ayasha, Ajaya, Aryan and Irah met at the Central Park of Mongolia. They crashed into each other and decided to become friends.

Rocky says, "What a nice friendship!"

"Yes, you are right!", says Irah.

"I know a mason who can build a house for us to live in together", says Anushka.

Chapter 2: A visit to planetarium

Ajay says, "Let us take a visit to the planetarium!"

Aryan says, "Yeah! you are right!"

At 7:00 PM, they go to the planetarium. They manage to see the Moon and Mars.

Ayasha says, "Lets have a trip to space!"

They took 15 days to make their spaceship. On the sixteenth day, they launched their spaceship and went to space.

During their trip, they were attacked by some aliens.

Chapter 3: Encounter with aliens

They have a crash-landing on Mars.

Rocky and Irah jumped out of the spaceship and tied a thick rope on a stone. The others tied the other side of the rope under of the seat of Ajay and climbed down.

The aliens realized that these people are innocent.

Chapter 4: FFRRRIIEENNDDS...

King Mike says, "You are welcomed as our dearest FFRRRIIEENNDDS!"

Ayesha says, "Thanks!"

Everybody goes to the banquet hall. The waiters brought some good looking food but the taste was awful.

Rocky quickly choked out the food out of his mouth. Buzz, the prince of aliens, opened his eyes wide.

Irah explains to Rocky that he had insulted the chef. Rocky said, "sorry."

Chapter 5: Stuck in Mars

"Don't you realize that we are stuck out here!", says Ajay.

Aryan says, "oh! No."

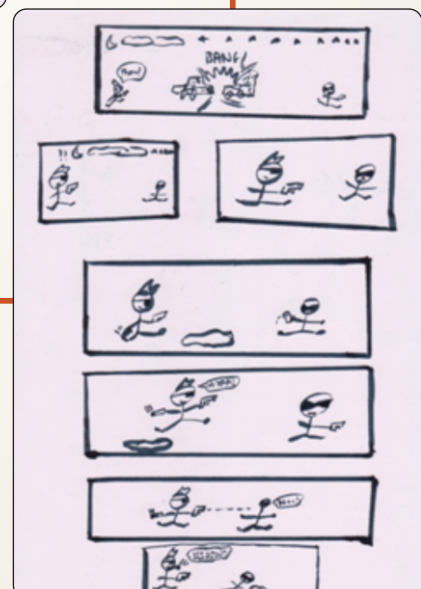
They make a plan to return to Earth.

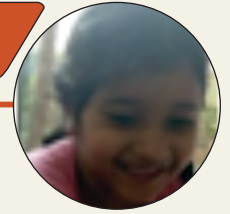
Ayesha says, "only some of the pieces of our spaceship are broken, so let us fix and leave."

ART AND
CRAFT

HANDDRAWN
CARTOON STRIP

KAVEESH KHATTAR





Once upon a time there was a bird in a nest with her four eggs. One day, she flew away to fetch food for herself. While she was away her four babies came out of their shells. There was a crow sitting on the tree who saw these little ones and thought of picking them up and eat. As he plunged to pick the babies the Bird came to her nest and pushed the crow away. She was happy to see her babies and named them Tomy, Paty, Katy and Kelly.

Your generation is lucky. Well, I must say that in India recently, we have successively been luckier than our previous generations. The facilities available to us for expanding our horizons have increased multifold. If you are interested in any topic, there is an entire community out there on the internet that will be willing to help you

Once upon a time there was a bird in a nest with her four eggs. One day, she flew away to fetch food for herself. While she was away her four babies came out of their shells. There was a crow sitting on the tree who saw these little ones and thought of picking them up and eat. As he plunged to pick the babies the Bird came to her nest and pushed the crow away. She was happy to see her babies and named them Tomy, Paty, Katy and Kelly. Your generation is lucky. Well, I must say that in India recently, we have successively been luckier than our previous generations. The facilities available to us for expanding our horizons have increased multifold. If you are interested in any topic, there is an entire community out there on the internet that will be willing to help you learn and understand. Go make good use of it. Learn about anything that catches your fancy, be curious and questioning. You may not see the relevance of what you are learning today in your life but as Steve Jobs famously said in one of the graduation speeches, you can connect the dots only later.

Why is this important? Why am I saying the same things that your teachers have tried to tell you over the last decade or more that you have been here? It is because the world is now getting more complex and more fast-changing. As things change quickly, what you learnt yesterday may become obsolete today. More important, what you learn today may become the prized skill of tomorrow. The time of a single specialization The Bird told their babies that they will have to learn to fly so that they can go with her to fetch food. Next morning the Bird again flew away in search of food. Meanwhile the babies thought of trying their luck with flying. Tomy went to the edge of the nest and looked down; he was afraid to take a leap and fly. Suddenly he felt he was going down towards the ground and Thump! He hit the ground when he saw up towards the nest the three siblings were laughing, naughty Katy had pushed Tomy down. Next was Paty's turn to try and fly. He went slowly towards the edge of the nest and was nervous. He looked around and then looked down. He saw Tomy down and then decided to jump. He flapped his wings but of no use and again Thump! Now, Kelly picked the idea of flapping the wings from Paty. She told Katy that she will try to fly. As she went to the edge of the nest, naughty Katy pushed Kelly but this time Kelly was prepared and she flapped her wings hard. She flew to some distance but then once again Thump!

Finally it was naughty Katy's turn to try and fly. She went to the edge of the nest, took a deep breath and plunged and started flapping her wings and slowly she started to fly high. Her three siblings saw Katy with amaze. Then Katy taught her brothers and sister to fly high in the sky. When their mother returned with food, she saw all hers kids flying high in the sky, she was thrilled to see the sight. From the next morning the bird and her kids flew together to fetch their food.



In the deserts of a Rajasthan, there once live a young man who was cursed by a witch because of which he got a hump on this back. One day he was walking and tripped on a stone. He broke his hump and the same fell in the river which contained fatty tissues. A camel without any hump was passing by. He tripped on the same stone and fell in the river. The camel saw the hump and went closer to it. He tasted the fatty tissue within it and loved it. He wanted to enjoy it forever. He placed the hump on this back and went to the tailor to stitch it on his back. The tailor readily agreed and stitched the hump. The camel got its energy and water from the fatty hump. The camel then gave birth to children who had humps. Since then they have humps to store fats.



One morning my sleep broke due to a heavy patter of the windows. I glimpsed down and finally the monsoon had arrived! It was raining cats and dogs!! always think who paints the rainbow in the sky and hangs the fluffy dark clouds so high in the sky?

I feel even Gods and Goddesses love the rain. There are stories about Lord Indra getting happier and pouring rain down.

I could even see a rainbow of coloured umbrellason the road which looked so gorgeous. The magnificent waves were crashing on the black ugly rocks and the lush green trees were swaying harder, vehicles were passing by with a swoosh .It all looked so beautiful!

I love monsoon as I can dance in the rain, eat popcorn, jumpin the muddy puddles and carry my pretty pink Barbie umbrella.The weather becomes cool and so am I :-)



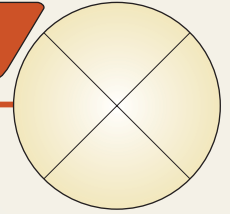
Have you ever heard of a place of fun
Well, then you must try library for one.
You will find book of your interest at a glance,
But you cannot get bored there by any chance.

Books you can find on any topic
Maths, science, English or some logic.
You will find there absolute silence,
And also the place is free of violence.

If you want your work to be done faster
And also to avoid any type of disaster
Go to the librarian to help you
Then complete your work and say yo-hoo.

If you want to read a comic book
Go to library and have a look.
When you find that it is really a fun
You will see that your work is all done.





This book just blew me away! When I picked this book up from the library, I thought it would be a nice thriller book, but it turned out to be much, much, much more. This book is a phenomenal combination of drama, history, mystery, and science. I really liked this book's writing style. Usually, to me it is confusing when writers switch between the past and present in the same chapter but in this book it was quite clear. The complexity of the character appealed to me in this book, the true motives of each characters were slowly unfolded.

The friendships and rivalries were interlocked and confusing and that is what added zing to the book and gave it another wow factor among many. This is the first book I have read on the WW II and Cold war's aftermath from the Allies side. What I loved was also the short descriptions on the actual launch of the rocket before each chapter started as it just added to the mystery and the realism. The events discussed could have actually happened.

Finally, the best thing about this book is the many layers it has. The story follows a complex plotline that will make you want to read and reread each word just to make sure you are reading right, this book is an absolute page-turner. I will recommend this book to people who like historical fiction, drama, and thriller/mystery novels. I recommend keeping a dictionary at hand as many scientific terms are used! I really enjoyed reading



Friends care
Friends share
We need friends everywhere!
As I entered the bright coloured class
I met my light hearted friend.
With a laughter like a sun shine
Which looked like mine..
Our friendship grew deeper
And from that day our timer had started
The english, maths, hindi lessons
Became much easier with a little help
Winter, spring, summer or fall
All I have to do is a call..
The splash and dash in all seasons
Every day gave me the same joy.

We played with fun toys
Keep shining, keep smiling
Count on me for sure
They are my best friends and
And I am sure they will never change
Thank you my best friends
I will be there for you for ever.



This is a new genre of book I explored, I had read Caroline in the past once and absolutely hated it. I did not like Neil Gaiman's writing and avoided reading his books until this book was gifted to me and I gave it a try.

The start of the book is very creepy and is the kind of scary that just leaves you scared but wanting to know more, it has the right amount of suspense, mystery and little bit of horror just to keep you on the edge. As I moved forward in the book I started liking it as it was really funny and a bit scary, a combination you would not think will work but does very well. It was the kind of book you really wanted to finish but when it is done you don't want it to end.

What I really liked about this book is that how the characters had their own backstory and significance even the supporting characters had. Gaiman describes everything in detail with some picture that helps you visualize and there is a lot of foreshadowing and linking to the past. This book is very great and it is a page turner. I will recommend this to everybody because this is definitely a must read, even though it might seem a bit slow and sometimes even gross, stay with the book, you won't regret it! A necessity to read since this is a masterpiece of work. I loved this



Mumbai my city ,
Which is filled with beauty .
Where greenery is all around ,
With melodious chirping sounds.
Here lie many tourist attractions,
People live here with a great satisfaction.
With all basic amenities,
People here are proud to live in such a great city.

It is famous for its vada pav, samosa pav
and bhaji pav,
Which makes my mouth watery.
Here are many pilgrimages,
That date back many ages.
I am proud to live in such a city,
Mumbai my city.
Mumbai my city.



- Q.1. What has a face and two hands but no arms or legs?
 Q.2. What is the easiest way to double your money?
 Q.3. What has a thumb and four fingers but is not alive?
 Q.4 What has to be broken before you can use it?
 Q.5 What has a neck but no head?
 Q.6 What gets wetter as it dries?
 Q.7 What goes up and doesn't come back down?
 Q.8 What belongs to you but is used more by others?
 Q.9 Everyone has it and no one can lose it, what is it?
 Q.10 It's been around for millions of years, but it's no more than a month old. What is it?
 Answers to the riddles on the last page



It all started on a normal Sunday morning. I was lying on the bed on my stomach, reading a book and lazily swinging my legs. Suddenly my mother poked in her head and called, "Mia?" I jumped up in surprise at this sudden voice and my hand flew to my chest, in an attempt to pacify myself. "Mom, you scared me", I exclaimed and she gave me a guilty look.

"I'm sorry but I just wanted to ask do you like the idea of visiting the Louvre Museum?" she asked

I gasped and stared at her with excitement and nodded my head vigorously as an answer to her question.

"Great! Get ready. We'll leave in an hour" she instructed. I nodded and she left, shutting the door behind her.

I was overwhelmed at the thought of visiting the world famous Louvre Museum. After all, it was my childhood dream. I had been after my parent's life, ever since we moved to Paris, to visit the illustrious museum and finally, my parents got time from their routine life for the much-awaited excursion.

Anyways, coming back to the present, I was trying to wrap my head around the fact that I was visiting this highly acclaimed museum. It is, according to me, one of those places that you should visit before relinquishing the earth. I got ready and skipped down the stairs, to find my mom, dad and little brother, George waiting for me.

"Let's go" mom said grabbing her bag from the side table.

We all stepped out and drove towards the museum. All the way, I was brainstorming as to how the Louvre would be, or look like. I had seen the pictures of its architecture, the paintings and art objects displayed there, but seeing it in real life would be a whole new experience.

Soon enough, we were standing outside the most-visited museum in the world. I marveled at the building with my jaw hanging open, unable to take my eyes of it. It was wonderful! The pictures I had seen on the internet were nothing compared to the splendid view.

We stepped inside and I gaped at everything around. There were nearly thirty five thousand artifacts displayed in that museum. I was looking at each of them with keen interest, but, somehow my eyes were searching for the Great Mona Lisa. I had always felt a strange connection with the painting and the model. It has mesmerized the generations of art lovers and I wanted to see it for myself, to understand why it is hailed as the masterwork of Leonardo Da Vinci, the greatest painter of all times. Finally, I could locate the masterpiece, the great Mona Lisa. I strolled up to the painting and looked at it. And suddenly, everything around me turned black and I was pushed into another world.

I woke up to a shuffling noise. I tried to open my eyes but immediately regretted it squinting them, as a reflex action. I looked around the unfamiliar place, as I noticed I was lying on the ground. My eyes suddenly spotted a shadow at the far end of the room. I waited till my eyes adjusted to the sudden light as the figure walked closer to me. And what I saw surprised as well as shocked me. It was the Mona Lisa! The painting created by Leonardo Da Vinci centuries ago, was standing in front of me, alive! I was positive that my eyes were pulling pranks on me.

"Hello" the Mona Lisa said, her sweet voice filling my ears. I looked up at her as she glanced down at me with a weak smile on her face. She looked just like the painting of hers, I had seen a while ago. It was as if she had just jumped out of the painting and brought me here, abandoning the background. How hilarious would that be! People coming to see the Mona Lisa but what they would get to see, just the empty background.

But why was I here? Where was my family? And why did this happen to me? And how can, a painting come alive? All these questions were invading my mind, as I decided to get the answer from the live painting, standing in front of me.

"Hello" I said finally standing up from the ground and dusting my jeans with my hands. I looked up at her as her eyes followed my every move and I felt very uncomfortable being watched.

"Do you mind my asking, as to where am I?" I asked after a minute of silence.

"Oh well, you're in my world" she said, plastering a smile across her face.

"Your world! What does that suppose to mean? And aren't you supposed to be the much acclaimed Mona Lisa, the *painting*?" I asked emphasizing the word 'painting'.

"My world is this. And yes, I am Mona Lisa, the painting" she replied.

"I know this is your world, but why have you called me here?" I asked motioning my hands in all four directions.

"You'll soon know" she simply said and caught my wrist dragging me behind her. I really didn't know, whether I should free myself from her grip and find my way back, or I should just go with the flow and let this fictional creature lead me. However I decided to follow her, as I knew there was no way of going back.

"Where are we going?" I asked with her still leading me further into 'her world'. I looked around to find everything unfamiliar and strange. We were walking down a narrow pathway with trees all around and nothing else. The scrunching of the leaves beneath my feet stole all my attention. Suddenly my mind drifted off to negative thoughts. What if there were some wild animals around? What if the live painting suddenly disappears leaving me here, in the middle of nowhere? What if—

"You'll have to wait to know that" the painting said reading my mind and snapping me out of my deadly thoughts.

"You ready?" she asked. I gulped down a lump in my throat, nervous as to what was next in store for me. I really didn't know what she was talking about but I nodded slightly, something taking over me in that second.

Instantly the surroundings disappeared and were replaced by blackness all around. The trees, the leaves all vanished, only blackness was left. I clasped her hand tighter and squeezed my eyes shut, petrified at the thought of being further sucked.

About a minute later, I opened my eyes due to the continuous chirping of birds. And what I saw, led me to another surprise. I saw a humongous castle standing tall and proud, right before my eyes. The castle was rectangular and white in color. It was surrounded by a pillar on each side with a cone shaped dark navy blue top and a sharp silver pointed tip. On the top of the rectangular part was the flag of Florence, fluttering in the breeze. The castle was surrounded by a crystal clear blue lake on three sides and had a splendid garden filled with all types of flowers at the backside. A narrow bridge was set at the front of this wonder as a pathway to lead inside the stunning palace.

I tore my eyes from the sight in front of me and looked over at Mona Lisa. She had a grin across her face, as she looked up at the sky. I followed her gaze and looked up to see elegant birds flying in all directions making the sky full with different colors. The melodious chirping of these birds made my heart melt.

I soon came back to my senses and the first question that came into my mind was about my surroundings. I cleared my throat, making her eyes travel towards me.

"Where are we?" I questioned her as she stared at me with an amusing look on her face.

"Oh um... we're at my home" she said with her famous mysterious smile.

"So is this where you stay?"

"Yeah" she simply replied, intertwining my hands with hers as we made our way towards the palace. We crossed the bridge as I slightly bent over the edge looking down, but at the same time careful not to trip and fall. The water was just as I had described. It was clear as a mirror. I saw my reflection in it and smiled.

As we went closer to the luxurious castle, which she called her home, I observed that it was guarded by countless number of people, who were armed with swords and guns just like the medieval soldiers. They all looked straight with a serious face and bowed a little, saluting us as we entered the massive and magnificent gates of the castle.

We went inside and I stared far and wide, in awe. The floor was checkered with shades of black and white. There were about ten pillars, five on each side. The pillars and ceiling were in perfect symmetry and were adorned with beautiful carvings. A glittering chandelier hung high from the ceiling. The hall was huge and there were huge sofas at one end of the hall, red in color with gold detailing on its sides.

I started spinning round in circles, looking at anything and everything that was visible, sure not to miss a single detail. I witnessed everything, from the small table lamp in the corner of the room to the huge chandelier above it. I heard a chuckle from the live painting aka Mona Lisa from behind me. I turned to look at her and she looked back at me, amusement clearly filling her eyes.

After a minute or two, she clapped twice. Two lady servants came, wearing admirable gowns. The gowns were opposites. One of them was wearing a black wide necked full-sleeved gown with a red sash while the other one had a red identical one with black sash. They both wore white pearl necklaces around their necks. They bowed a little to us like the guards outside and stood there, waiting for the lady to give commands.

"Show the guest room to this young lady" she ordered as I stared at her confused. She caught me looking at her but just shrugged it off with a small reassuring nod. I burnt holes with my eyes at the two ladies who led the way up to the wooden staircase, which was covered with a red velvet carpet.

We made our way towards the first floor and stopped on the second door towards the right. The girl with the black gown took out a key and clicked the door open. I stepped inside and gawked at the room and gasped. This was definitely indescribable. There was a huge king sized bed in the middle of the room and a couch at the left side. There was a coffee table on the right. Everything in the room was grand to match the exterior look of the castle in terms of grandeur. I heard the door close behind me and my first instinct was to jump on the bed. I did so, considering no one was watching me. Thankfully, the eagle-eyed Mona Lisa wasn't there. I mentally laughed at the thought and sprawled out on the bed. I bet the bed was more comfortable than the clouds. I don't know was it tiredness or the disorientation due the changing surroundings that I drifted off to sleep soon.

"Wake up" someone said. I shoved the person aside and turned on the other side, covering my face with the nearest pillow.

"Please wake up" the person almost pleaded. I lazily opened my eyes to see the lady in the red gown.

"Why" I quizzed, just wanting to go back to my dreamless sleep.

"Dinner is served" she replied with a blank expression.

The lady motioned me out of the door and I knew this was my cue to leave the room. I pulled away the covers and forced a fake smile at her, trying to tie my unkempt hair in a ponytail. She led the way down the stairs, into the dining room.

I peered at the room around me. There was an immense showcase across the room with all kinds of crockery and cutlery. The dining hall had a long dining table in the middle of the room. It was made of high quality oak wood with twelve chairs encircling it. The table was covered with a red-coloured silk table cloth and was set with some tableware as well.

I looked up to see Mona Lisa already sitting there grinning at me. I sat down on a chair across her as some servants served lavish food. I immediately started gobbling down all the food, clearing my plate. I wiped my face and saw the renowned painting smiling at me. I returned the gesture as she set her hand on top of mine.

"Now finally, it's time to break the news to you" she confessed and I gave her a questioning look indicating her to continue. I was sure I had a nervous look painted on my face. I didn't know what she was going to say, but whatever, it was surely no nonsense.

She took a sharp breath as she continued, "Mia, I'm your great-great-great-great-great-great grandmother." I held the breath, as the words she just said repeated in my mind, as if in a loop.

"Wh-what?" I stuttered, still in a trance.

"Mia listen we don't have much time, I need to send you back home. I just called you to give you this" she said as she opened her hand, revealing a fascinating diamond almost the size of a potato. I was completely confused by then. She handed the diamond to me, as I gratefully opened my palm and she set it on top of it. The diamond was enormous and its first look brought forth the feelings of love at first sight. The Mona Lisa or also now my great-great-great-great-great-great grandmother, said after a pause "My name is Lisa del Giocondo, nee Gherardini and I am the wife of Francesco del Giocondo, Consul of the Silk Guild. My husband was a cloth and silk merchant in Florence back then. Apart from being a businessman and merchant, he was actively involved in the politics during his lifetime."

I was listening to her intently, without even opening my mouth. She kept on telling her story, "I was married to

Francesco in March 1495, at the tender age of fifteen, after my half-sister Camilla, who was Francesco's first wife died." She kept on murmuring, "I had an amazing life with Francesco giving birth to six children. He loved me a lot. To prove his love, he commissioned the great Leonardo Da Vinci to make my portrait. His gesture made me immortal though, I never got to see the final work during my lifetime. He also gave me this diamond which he got from Cardinal Giovanni de' Medici as an award, for being loyal to them, even during the regime of Peiro Soderini. He asked me to keep it with me and pass it on to the heir with the purest heart. Though he died in 1538, I still miss him." She got emotional thinking about the man, she loved. I touched her shoulder gently and that brought tears in her eyes.

After a few seconds she controlled her emotions and continued, "I loved all my children including Bartolomeo, Camilla's son whom I brought up as my own. But during my lifetime, I saw various conflicts between all my children, especially after Francesco's death. Both Batolomeo and my son Peiro were always at loggerheads. I didn't know how to control them. There continuous quarrels made me furious and eventually, I moved out of Peiro's home to stay with Marietta, my daughter who was a nun Sant'Orsolo's convent. You know I tried to pass on this diamond to Marietta, but she refused saying that what will a nun do with this precious stone. Apart from her, none of my children who were alive had a pure heart, so I dug a deep pit near the lake and hid the diamond there. I have been waiting from centuries to pass it on, but couldn't find anyone in the family with a heart of gold. Mia you are a gem and you and only you deserve it. So keep it and remember that I love you."

Suddenly her words trailed off and I was dragged back to reality with two hands waving frantically in front of my face. I slapped the hands away, perhaps a bit too harshly as the person yelped in pain. I looked down to see my brother George standing there as he held his one arm with the other with a sour look on his face. He stomped away as I peered around the place only to find out that I was standing in front of the Mona Lisa, back at the Louvre Museum.

"So was I dreaming?"

As soon as I said these words, the painting winked at me. That's right the Mona Lisa winked at me as though giving me a hint. So what about the diamond? I don't know, maybe it was all a hallucination. I debated quietly with myself but couldn't come to a conclusion. I looked at the painting one last time and scanned the museum mechanically, looking at various artifacts.

I came home that day, completely exhausted. I charged up the stairs, towards my room to change. While I unhooked my belt, I fingered something hard. I shoved the item out of my pocket to see it was a diamond. The one that Mona Lisa gave me.....

Papyrus Library & Activity Centre Inauguration

Papyrus Library had a small inaugural ceremony where the children entered cutting the inaugural ribbon and cut a cake. They were treated to special shows. Ms Gurdip Sial of GCorp media and gave them an interesting talk and examples on voice overs.

Varnika Garg wrote and performed a puppet show in which she highlighted the importance of learning to read and write.

Sapna Jain taught the children some interesting crafts.

Sindhuja showed the children interesting equipments to make art and craft easy.



Lamp Lighting by Ms. Saraswati



Cake Cutting



Ms. Varnika Garg



Ms. Gurdip Sial



Ms. Sapna Jain



Fun & Frolic



Ms. Sindhuja. S

INTERVIEW FOR AN EVENT - INDEPENDENCE DAY



Excerpts from the interview with Mr Puran Chand Bali who lived during the preindependence era of India. Mr Bali was interviewed by the members of the Papyrus Literary Club for the Independence day Event at Oberoi Splendor on 15 August 2016.

The children also took an oath to keep India clean, pollution free during the Independence day event.

Mr Puran Chand Bali - Jawaharlal Nehru was born in Allahabad. Swaraj Bhawan. I lived in that house only for 10 years.

Dhrisha Bhosale - How old are you?

Mr Bali - I am 76 years old. I was 8 years old when I met Mr Nehru.

Lakshmi - What did Jawaharlal Nehru like most?

Vihaan Sengar - He loved red roses.

Krishna Sadekar - What does freedom mean to you?

Mr. Bali - Freedom means freedom from British Rule.

Yashvi Hathi - Can you describe your time with Jawaharlal Nehru?

Mr Bali - He would often visit the house.

During one such time all the boys were standing in a queue to meet him.

The chief introduced me to

Mr. Nehru that I was from Kashmir and then Mr Nehru shook hands with me.

Aaishi Sarawagi - Have you ever seen a Britisher?

Mr Bali - Yes I have seen many. I have seen British beggars too. They were soldiers from second world war. I gave them some money.

I saw our own masters as beggars.

Viraaj Gupta - What was the difference you found immediately when India got Independence?

Mr. Bali - We were slaves. They could beat us. Now all that will not happen.

Dhrisha Bhosale - Uncle, do you like Britishers?

Mr. Bali - Yes, I like the British people for their good habits and they are always honest to their own country.

Suraj Suryanarayanan - Were many Britishers left behind in India after the war?

Mr. Bali - Yes many were left behind in jungles and remote places. They were also not very rich.

Tanishka Mody - Have you ever fought with a Britisher?

Mr Bali - No I was very small. But my brother participated in the freedom struggle very actively.

INTERVIEW FOR AN EVENT - INDEPENDANCE DAY



Praket with his vegetables ready for distribution



Praket with his parents Poonam Sharma and Dinesh Sharma



The Literary Club Reporters interviewing Young Entrepreneur Praket Sharma.



Dhrisha : How did this idea come to your mind?

Praket: We were having a discussion in school on how many farmers had died in 2015 as they couldn't pay their debts. The rising prices of vegetables for the common man also made us think that if we cut short the price it is good for the farmer and the consumer too.



Krisha: What is the price of the potatoes and Onions?

Praket: The potatoes are priced at Rs 24 and the onions are sold for Rs 15.



Ananya: Has this become a passion for you?

Praket: Yes, as it can teach me various things that a text book cannot like how to price the product, how to market it etc. Also it was fun to make my own website staying up late till 2 Am.



Yashvi: Which vegetables are you selling now?

Praket: We are selling onions and potatoes only now but if I have more people asking for more vegetables, I will surely sell more vegetable varieties.



LITERARY CLUB

LITERARY CLUB will be a place where children will learn to debate, discuss, present, improve their writing and reading skills, and vocabulary with hands on trainings like interviewing personalities, transcribing and writing reports, covering events and collecting data, researching and collaborating their data on a particular topic thus preparing content for the Papyrus Times magazine.

External content providers also will be called to hone the children's skills in reading and writing.



Getting Ready For Interview



Drama Session



Club In Progress

EVENT - PUSHPA TAPARIA'S-PITARA



Dhrisha Bhosale & Keya - Pushpa Taparia
Rakhis & Kids Gifts - E - 2407/8



Sindhuja Suryanarayanan - Mona Jain
Oil Paintings & Hindi Tutor - B 202



Yardhaman Jain - Ankita Jain
Pastries and Bakes - Kalpataru



Suraj Suryanarayanan



Vanshika Padia - Charu
Soft furnishings for home - E-807



Aaishi Sarawagi - Sujatha Binani
Paintings - A- 1203



Renuka - Shruti Gadodia, Nidhi Kothari
Footwear and Handbags - G2605



Nitya Kishore - Shalini - Cotton bedsheets
C-1307



Ansh Jain & Viraj Gupta - Nisha Mehta, Komal Khetan
Art & Craft - E-2008 -



Tanishka Mody - Renu Bansal - Greeting Cards,
Gift Boxes - D - 2504



Nysa Sanghvi - Karishma Kamboj & Sanju
Apparels - G1604



Aditya Gupta - Art on Bottles



Nishi Parekh - Sharvari - Home Decors
D-1704



Sindhuja S. - Mamta Maheshwari
God's dresses, rangolis, bags - Andheri



SHRAYYA JAIN
INTERNATIONAL ENGLISH OLYMPIAD- IEO
GOLD MEDAL -SCHOOL 6TH
International rank – 22nd - 2016

NAVYA AGARWAL
INTERNATIONAL ENGLISH OLYMPIAD- IEO – Rank 1



YASHVI HATHI
International English Olympiad -IEO
Silver medal – 2nd rank

AAYERA KHATTAR
International English Olympiad - IEO
Gold Medal



KRISHA SADEKAR
International English Olympiad
14th Zonal Rank Maharashtra



SURAJ SURYANARAYANAN

International English Olympiad
Maharashtra & Goa – Zonal Rank 17
International Rank – 26th



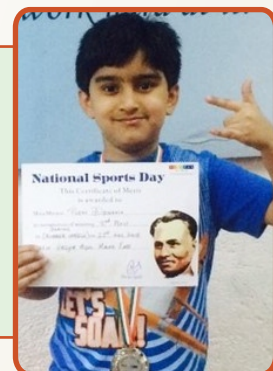
KAVEESH KHATTAR

National Cyber Olympiad -NCO
Silver Medal



ADITYA GUPTA

DUATHLON – 3 kms
15 kms cycling in 1.38 hours
Youngest participant



PURAV DIDWANIA

Skating Competition –Rubber Wheels Category
Silver Medal



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flavours



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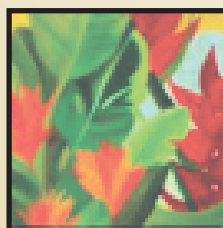
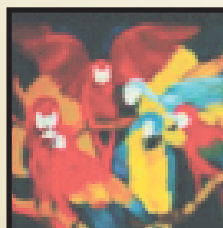
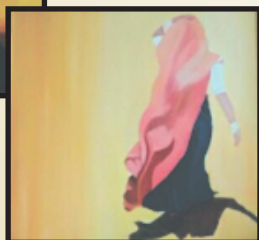
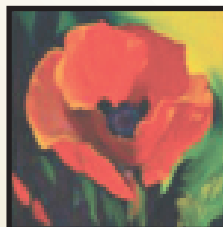
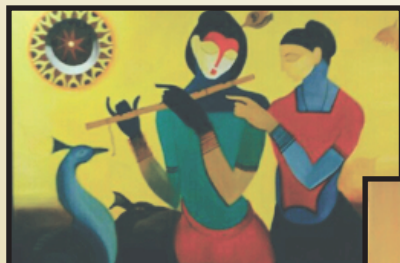
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