



THE INFORMANT

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EDITORIAL: NOT BY CHOICE BUT BY CHANCE

Khushi Gupta



Every night, the moment the tinkling of the dining hall's bell was within my earshot, my mind would be swarmed with conjectures regarding the news and articles in 'The Times of India'. There was an uncanny excitement that made my stomach ache, and impelled me to sprint towards the hostel. The hostel corridors echoed with giggles and nonchalant talks, and amidst this noise were persistent knocks at one door in a corner waiting for an answer.

Flicking through the daily newspaper had become an inextricable part of my routine. The satisfaction received was ineffable but there had been a stumbling block – the indolence of our didi, for whom it was an arduous task to walk up to the library to collect 'The Times of India'.

Listening to the words "Sorry I couldn't get the newspaper today" would coerce my mouth to blurt out some lines of frustration which would eventually lead to a spat. Pulling myself together, gloomily, my legs would pave their way to the dormitory.

This became a daily course without fail, and my aim of keeping my nose to the grindstone to become an excellent source of general knowledge, was gradually going down the drain.

The Achilles heel was that to read a full-fledged newspaper it took an hour and thus was elusive to go to the school

library in fruit break and apprehend all the news in a couple of minutes.

One night prior to the school meeting, a two hour long intense session took place, painstakingly, to instill some new committees in our school. Suddenly an idea of distributing the daily newspapers in the hostel, popped up in my mind and settled there permanently till the next day it was officially announced in the school meeting.

A bunch of girls huddled around me, with a gleam of hope and hands shot up in the air, yearning to partake in the committee. Pinning my faith on those girls, I jotted down their names, when what I heard pricked up my ears.

The girls encircling me spoke their hearts out- some wanted to contribute an article or a picture for 'the first edition of the **School Newsletter**'. In a jiffy, my brain instead of flashing its focus on 'The Times of India' shifted it to our school newsletter, 'The Informant'.

This Newsletter, required collective efforts of every individual involved in its preparation. The budding artists can now avail themselves of this befitting platform to showcase their talent. I prophecy that this legacy would be carried forward for years to come, with the same fervor and gusto. With a belief that our hard work will resonate with the readers, we are proud to bring to you, the first issue of *The Informant*.



WISDOM FROM THE AGES

“Treat others well and be a good human being. Other things like success and fame will follow.”



r. Mona Khanna, Vice Principal of Unison World School was kind enough to answer some questions of the Wisdom Club. We were able to gain an insight of her life. Her advice will certainly serve as a beacon of light and help us do better in our lives. We would like to sincerely thank her for enlightening us with her profound knowledge and sparing time for us.

What made you to take up teaching as your profession?

I have been piqued by teaching as long as I can remember. I was a teacher by choice and not by chance.

Which student’s life would you want to live?

I would love to walk into my daughter’s shoes. She is an excellent person, a very good human being and she oozes dedication. She is very hard-working and pushes herself to the limit to achieve her goals. She has a lot of compassion for everyone around. I would also be very keen on living the life and possessing the talents of some of my students from The Doon School. They have led the school very well and I admire the role played by all of them.

Where do we lack?

The girls here have a lot of potential and can do much better than they already are doing. What I think would really help them reach the level of legacy schools is practicing Public speaking, reading, elocution and dramatics all year round. These extra-curricular activities are imperative for the personality development of an individual.

What is that moment, from your past that still makes you smile?

I am a very happy person in general. The reason of my happiness are my children. Their success and their happiness makes me happy. I was the happiest when my children got into the fields they had always wanted to and never lost their human values.

Which is that one thing that life has taught you?

The biggest lesson that I have learnt from life is to treat people well and exude humanity. Whatever we



Dr. Mona Khanna

Vice Principal, Unison World School

are doing, we should do it with utmost will and dedication.

How you learnt your life lesson?

It’s a philosophy of my life which I have abided by ever since I was a student. It got strengthened with the passage of time. I am a firm believer of “Whatever happens, happens for good”. Life has tested me a lot and has put me in many difficult situations. I have tried my best to never lose humanity and everything has turned out to be well.

What are your suggestions to the girls, here at Unison World School?

I expect my girls to be disciplined and realize the importance of punctuality. They should be motivated and not hesitate to come up with new ideas for their own progress. They need to focus on their careers and should always be working towards their brighter future.

I also want all the senior girls to set examples for their juniors and motivate them for their lives ahead. I believe in a junior- senior relationship and this is where, we lack a bit. I want the seniors to demonstrate confidence and leadership. All the students must have a sense of belongingness and love for the community they live in. I am sure that my girls will make me proud.

Interviewer: Payal Maheshwari
Compiler: Ashna Khandelwal
Editor: Reet Kandhari



RAINING CATS AND CATS



PHOTOGRAPH: SANAH AGARWAL

Dear writer has a keen eye for the cats prowling and lingering in the school. She in her endeavor found that the cats were extraordinarily punctual who would arrive sharp at 5:45 p.m. for their daily errand of frightening girls who will be coming near the mess to have their milk and biscuits.

One of the cats prowling in the school had intended to sabotage the newsletter committee's meeting. It roamed around for a bit and then suddenly darted towards "havan kund" dug some sand and sat there peacefully leaving behind her deposits as we sat there nauseous. What came to me as an afterthought was that the next day was a Saturday.

Aastha Raisurana

13 Punishments Why?

Ridhima Arora

Such good were those days,
when we enjoyed in all possible ways.

When we were not bound,
No one was to lower our sound.
But god decides what's in our fate,
Hence we made a great mistake.
The reason we realized was too late,
The 13 punishments for Grade 8th.

Every single day starts with two braids,
with Jasmine oil dripping from our face.
And birthdays that come once in a year,
are celebrated with five and not with peers.
No activities, denied from competing,
4:30 in the evening
is the roll call for our extra physical training.

Early sports are held every day,
Each minute in uniform we have to stay.
Chips, chocolates all treats are banned,
can't attend regular sports, feels like we are canned.
Each and every Minute we avoid making mistakes,
The smiles which appear every morning are fake.

Awarded with zero in Chemistry exam,
Not permitted to write it was never on our plan.
But as heard it is never too late,
Apologies from the batch of Grade 8th.

TAKE A GLANCE



ARTIST
AYONIZA BENIWAL



The length of the skirt

Khushi Gupta

The room is engulfed by her cries,
Clad In a towel she lies,
Covered with bloodstains she is red,
And blissfully the mother gives her a shed

The cloth now reaches her thighs,
In the primary school to fit in she tries,
Unflinchingly she lolls on the sofa at her home,
As the importance of the length of the skirt is unknown.

The inches of the skirt gradually demand to grow,
To ward off the eyes which are cheaply low,
Upbraided is a girl for not relinquishing the short skirt,
And refusal will splash upon her the oodles of dirt.

The frivolous years of life dissipate,
Both black and white depending upon the fate,
Her reveries are the embodiment of a rosy future,
Regarding her soulmate there has already been a conjecture.

The heart implores the skirt to be short,
While jogging the memory of its crush so hot,
Then the threads of the skirt pass a sarky smile,
Cause they have to touch the ground to walk the wedding aisle.

In the form of a burkha, saree or a gown,
Both the lachrymose day and her emotions howl,
She is unable to dissemble her perturbation over the unknown journey,
When in one corner her groom stands so impassively.

Impelled is she to make that length permanent,
Or the society will behold it as impertinent,
Now the skirt resists further changes,
And leads her to the grave with all the threads so faded.

PERKS OF BEING A LAST BENCHER

Many of us must have heard of the book called 'Perks of being a Wallflower'. Well, this article has got nothing to do with the book. This is about the incredulous journey of the kids who sit on the last bench. They are the ones who redeem their freedom like the shopping vouchers in Walmart.

They are the magicians who put on their rosy glasses and doze off to their reckless ventures. When they see the teacher hovering around them they become the masters of expressions. They pretend to be interested while all they do is stare at the wall or look at their peers. One can always find them smiling while the teacher is explaining something because nothing goes inside their brain. That's because their brain wonders what if a terrible earthquake struck Dehradun?

They are scared cats, who when make sudden eye contacts with teachers, are thankful to them for not carrying whips along with them. On the bright side they are the 'know it all' of the class as they are witnesses to all the suspicious activities of the class. They are needed in a class since everybody cannot be a first class student.

To conclude, this article is dedicated to all the students who sit on the last benches.

Aastha Raisurana

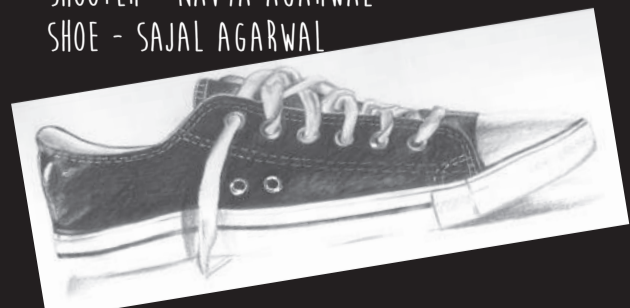


**THE
GRAY
SCALE
CANVAS**



Name of the Artists:
(Clockwise from Above)

- FRIENDS - ZAINAB ALI KHAN,
- FACE - CHARVIE PATEL
- SHOOTER - NAVYA AGARWAL
- SHOE - SAJAL AGARWAL





Unison World School becomes the first All Girls' Residential School to collaborate with Project FUEL. PHOTOGRAPH: FUEL

Don't judge a teacher, by the way she explains her subject

Reet Kandhari

Have you ever called your teachers, names? Have you not spoken ill behind their backs? Surely, you have. Honestly, most of us have. It's only a human who is able to catch hold of the first stimulus and react to it, but it is also humane to wait for the right stimulus and respond to it! But I guess we're more human than humane.

I had recently been a part of the "Out Of Syllabus Project" organised by Project FUEL in collaboration with our school. The project required us to interview our school teachers. We got to know a totally different side of them. Through the project, we got to know our teachers more deeply—their life lessons, their struggles and about the moments that left them in awe and way more. The project also got us versed with—"Behind the scenes" and trust me on this: we got to learn that every action and every trait a human manifests holds a significant reason.

We often confuse the abilities of our teachers with that of the Almighty's. Them, misspelling a word on the black board or making a small error, becomes the talk of the campus in no time. But do we ever think twice? Why don't we cut them some slack when all of us make mistakes at some point or the other? Each one of

us is entitled to commit blunders, no matter if it is a teacher or a student, for aren't we all mere humans first?

Just like every other person we talk to has a story to tell; every teacher we talk to has a story as well—their own stories, with their own highs and lows, stories of their failures and achievements.

Maybe they too have their own demons to deal with on a daily basis and yet they continue with their lives, without letting the world know of the same. Without even a glint of sadness or worry on their faces, they somehow make us believe in all the goodness in the world and thus strengthen our faith.

Being a part of this project, I've learnt to respect human beings for their stories, their struggles, for whatever they've been through. And I have learnt to deal with my subjects with a lot more empathy and emotions. So maybe, go ahead and ask your teachers, parents, relatives and every person you know or not, "What has life taught you?" and forward the understanding of every life lesson to someone you meet or know or stumble upon.

This experience of the 'Out of Syllabus Project' has been a guiding light for me, and to say the least, it has helped me become a better human being.

LIFE LESSONS FROM STUDENTS

Name: Haytal Jain

Class: XI-C

Life lesson: "Your struggle is probably not the greatest struggle, there are other people facing even more adverse problems and thus we should not crib about our fate."

Story: I had a melancholic phase in my life where everybody ignored me and I was left alone. Whenever I asked someone as to what was wrong, they told me that everything was alright. But deep within I knew there were things which were not right, things that could not be explained. I started feeling bad about myself and started cursing my own fate. Then I came across people like Laxmi Agarwal who had risen after such huge problems. Then I realised that I am not the only one going through problems, there are people suffering more than me. I would like to tell all my juniors as well as all the people that this message reaches to: Never Judge a person by the way he or she looks, you never know how life will force you to contemplate differently.

Name: Sanvi Kapoor

Class: VIII-C

Life lesson: "Be a unicorn."

Story: I believe that being different, being unique and also extraordinarily weird sometimes, is what really matters. I think we should do something that others cannot and are not doing. I have always followed the crowd until I tasted individuality lately. I have been in a group of friends with pretty similar interests, with people who did not care about anything except for being together. I was solely a member of that very group and just like all of them I never had any different interests. It was when they left me, ignored me, made me feel bad about myself, that I realized that I am worth so much more than I knew, I explored my limits and discovered my interests. I am happy that I did, that is the only reason I now am capable of things. I love photography and shooting: those two things that are not very common and not many people find their solace in it. I also think that at the end of the day a person's caliber is what defines him. I have realized that there is nothing good about being hidden and following the crowd but there is immense happiness in standing alone and being proud of yourself. I would like to ask all my friends to stop overthinking about petty things and start working towards a brilliant future because that is what really matters.



AN OUTPOST ON MARS: A DAY NOT FAR AHEAD

Aadya Sood

Pressed in a spacesuit, you are in a colossal spaceship of massive weight and you have to travel in it for eight months to reach your destination- Mars! Fourth planet of the solar system, covered with the crimson hue of iron oxide, all ready to welcome you to its tranquil milieu.

Quantum is the evolution of humanity and that is how we will live on Mars. Colonization on Mars has been a burning topic about which the scientists have fantasized for far too long. Now, they are working to achieve what they have been dreaming of.

The red planet is believed to be fit for human survival. A huge wave of evolution will be required to reside in

an attenuated atmosphere jam-packed with carbon dioxide. Dwelling in simulated environment is our only choice. With development, of course, living on Mars will become more tangible.

You must be thinking that after you settle on Mars you will lose contact with the ones on Earth. Well, for a matter of fact, no. In fact, social media stations like WhatsApp and Facebook will be the same for both the planets.

Only making phone calls could be a cause of worry. It will require 3 to 22 minutes for the signal to reach Mars from Earth and vice-versa. Before going to Mars, I will definitely make profiles on social media and connect with my bosom mates. Who wants to lose companions they have made on

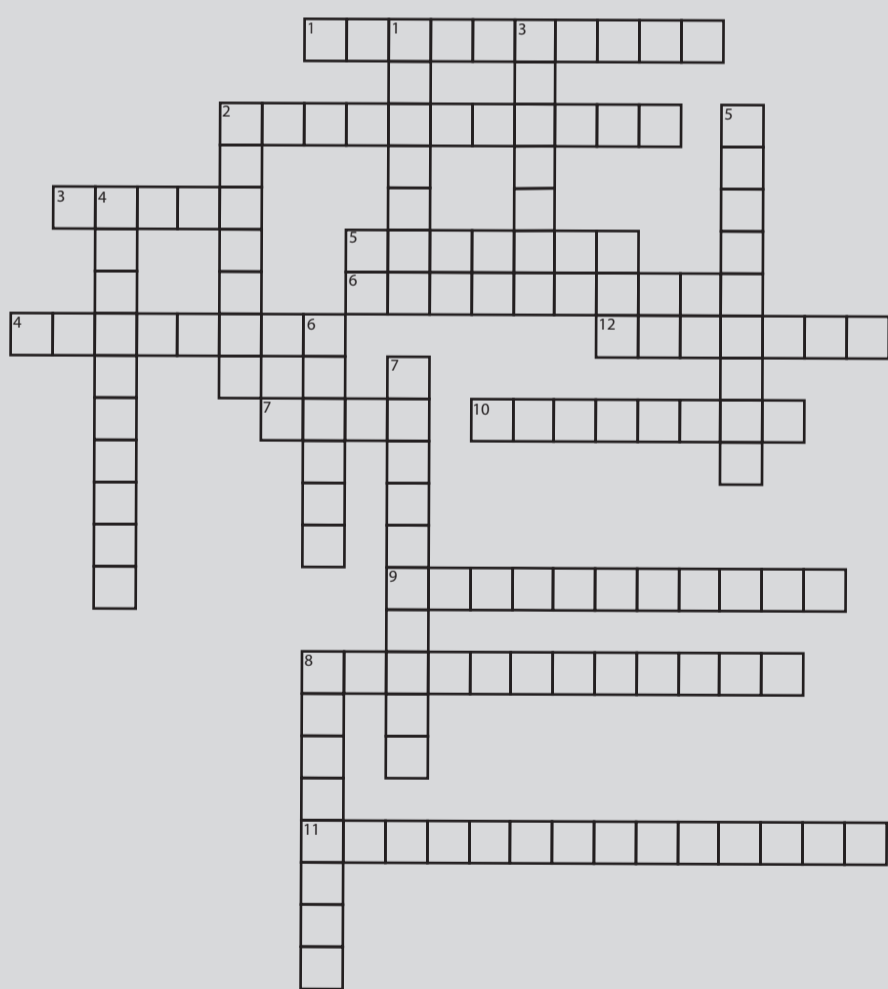
Earth? After all, it is going to be so enthralling to tell your friends back at Earth about quad biking on the Martian terrain.

The gravity, atmosphere and land of the red planet is nowhere analogous to our beloved blue planet. Making full use of these peculiar attributes, we can create a completely new level of jollification on Mars. The gravity is 38 % of Earth's which means we can live on Mars without a fear of falling. How exhilarating it will be!

Mars seems fantastic, doesn't it? Well if you are willing to visit another planet, start packing your bags. The day is close when we will book e-tickets for the crimson body. Be sure to do good so that you are lucky to get a 'space- visa'. Not everyone is favoured all the time!

BRAIN-TEASER

Find the correct synonyms



Across: (1) Hostile, (2) Intrepid, (3) Agile, (4) Brutish, Savage, (5) Livid, (6) Shrewd, Acute, (7) Insolent, (8) Warm-hearted, (9) Obliging, Accommodating, (10) Forlorn, (11) Committed, purposeful, (12) Jittery, Twitchy (13) Apprehensive

Down: (1) Candid, (2) Fiddly, (3) Bizarre, (4) Aloof, (5) Big-headed, Narcissistic, (6) Butter-fingered, Inept, (7) Deferential, Reverent (8) Cordial



ALPHA 2018

The Inter-School Science Competition was recently held at The Doon School, Dehradun from November 14, 2018 to November 15, 2018. This competition was based on the theme of Human Settlement on Mars. The participants had to accomplish four missions, which comprised of The Rocket Launch, Safe landing of our Rovers, Exploration of the Martian terrain and the Colonization of Mars by the humans. It was an interesting and mind boggling competition where we had to use logical reasoning and scientific approach to finish all the missions given to us. At the end we turned out to be the winners of the competition!

PHOTOGRAPH: RIBHYA KHULLAR

CONGRATULATIONS!

Keeping up the legacy, the shooting team made our school proud in the 62nd Nationals Shooting Tournament. We take pride in sharing that the girls brought laurels back home. Sunidhi Kumari, Kavisha Sharma, Sanjh Jindal, Riya Yadav, Sheflai Chambyal and Jannatun Nahar are selected for the Indian Team Trials and Jaanvi Bhartiya, Sanah Agrawal and Savya Khetan qualified for the Nationals.



Khushi Gupta, of Grade XI was awarded as the Dialogue Champion for October by *Generation Global* for blogging.

PHOTOGRAPH: RIBHYA KHULLAR

With the onslaught of the western countries and the subsequent rigidity of the caste system, Hindu women lost their independence and became objects, requiring male protection. In the process they lost the opportunity of acquiring knowledge. Starting from the early nineteenth century, there arose a new upsurge of intellectual research and re-evaluation of our past. A number of reformers spread the message of the need for purifying Hinduism of its excessive rites, rituals, orthodoxy and the heap of inequalities in the case of women. Women in modern Indian society have full freedom and equality including the right of inheritance.

Ekta Mittal Agarwal

I usually dwell upon this thought that why do we, the society, discriminate between a male and female just on the basis of their physical strengths? We usually have this perception that women belong to the weaker group of gender and thus, aren't fit for sports or any other strenuous work, but we turn a blind eye to the fact that women are the stronger ones, who have the ability to bear a living being inside them for full nine months, those nine months of austerity, which are passed in pain and delirium, and where the lady undergoes complete transformation physically as well as emotionally. She passes on to her newborn all her nutrition and endurance, so that it could live its life properly. They bleed every month which leads to weakness,



but then too bear the excruciating pain. Thus, no matter what anyone says, nobody can change this opinion of mine, that women are the strongest and this is what I would like to change about the status of women in my society.

A bleeding woman is even not allowed to enter the kitchen of her own home, and if by chance she commits this goof, she is rigorously punished and all the utensils are made to wash, the floor

GENERATION GLOBAL

Generation global is an initiative by the Tony Blair Institute which endeavors to involve youth of the generation to tackle the issues of the present day. The initiative has two parts, first being video conferencing and the second being blogging. Students of Unison World School participate in both the platforms and exhibit their knowledge about the community and its shortcoming. The students through this program broaden their awareness about their community and learn to counter challenge the problems which the community still faces in the 21st century. This page will further display the thoughts of the girls on the topic, 'Women Rights'.

"I don't really want to beat women, or harass them but we can't say it because then I am teased a lot," says one boy. The other boys begin clapping in agreement. "That's a lame excuse," says Rita Kumara. The atmosphere in the room is charged unless the trainers don't intervene. So yes, for once, can we step back and realize that masculinity doesn't come from hurling abuses or assaulting women, it comes when you know how to treat a lady right. In fact, to treat everyone around you with kindness. Which virtue can be manlier than that?

In our Indian society, women are expected to dress in a certain way and aren't even given the right to express their opinion

openly. And the bold women, are castigated with comments such as "you will never be a good home-maker."

I really wish that equality percolates down to the roots, when sons are also sent in the kitchen to make tea, when you do not mind your daughter playing around in the ground, when she can express herself the way her brother does, when a wife can deter the husband from wrong decisions, in fact when the decisions are mutual. I really hope that one day we become successful in eradicating all the negative thoughts about women, which still prevail in the Indian society to curb the liberties of women.

Falguni Somani

is swept again. Many families do not appreciate if a servant cooks the food of the house, but when the woman of the family is on her cycle, eating food made by a maid is also welcomed. This is such an ironical thing, and it definitely tops my list which includes the things I will like to change regarding the status of women in my society.

Though each one of us reading this article, is well acquainted with the fact that how important this biological system is in a woman's life, without which her ability to reproduce will terminate, still peoples' minds are arrested by narrow minded thoughts. This is exactly what I wish to change in my society, to stop contemplating women as impure.

Khushi Gupta



A PIECE FROM THE LAST MONTHS



Back at my boarding school, at the end of a gruelling day, I have discovered my moments of solace at an odd hour and serendipitous place at night. Soon after dinner, when only a supervised prep scheduled, we are allotted a luxurious thirty-minute rest period. During this time, we are expected to rent out our emotions and overcome the weariness of the day to facilitate our concentration in the following hour of study.

A swarm of seniors' flock in the television room, our entertainment territory, feeding on new controversies or latest soap operas. A few lay slumbering in the cosy dormitories to refill their energy tanks so that their athletic enthusiasm consumed in the evening sports hour could replenish. When I walk up the five dozen stairs that connect the dining hall passageway to the boarding houses, my plan is, however, different. I choose to be into this stress busting zone, invisible to other eyes that see no worth in it.

At a height of almost six feet, I can be easily spotted from a distance. With greater number of steps are left behind me, my view ahead begins to envelope with tender, small faces. Some nervously shifting from side to

“Never try being someone else, do what your heart feels is right,” says **Maitreyi Tusharika**, Former Head Girl

side and some standing with cheeks filled with a comforting crimson. Once I reach my destination atop these stairs, the look on these young faces reflect that they have reached theirs. The happiness that fills my heart the moment I see cheeky smiles arises as a consequence of my own involuntary grin remains inexplicable.

As I take a step towards them, I shed off the grab of teenage that hides the child inside me. When I expel that insecure self that battles the expectations of the world every day, I temporarily let go of my worries of large pimples and difficult calculus sums. I let go of the judgements and opinions that haunt me. I let go of the seventeen year old mind that thinks twice before uttering a every word .

I sit patiently and listen to endless tales of silly quarrels and difficulties of learning plant functions from squeaky voices that are filled with pure innocence. I see a reflection of my nine-year-old self who cried after bruises from playing tag and exuberantly described her favourite barbie doll. I take this time as a reminder of the possibility to live a carefree life and with less bound to is or discretion.

In many instances when I would disagree with the opinions of my peers, I'd enthusiastically nod my head to every little observation made by these naive thinkers. On days that I feel low and secluded, I am kept going by the support and care of these grade four students who are oblivious to the important place they hold in my life.

Sometimes, I would seize moments to solve their problems and answer their questions. One day I was asked, out of the blue, “How can I be like you?”. Ever since, I would say with ease, what I was told six years ago by a senior at the same hour of the night under the waning light of the moon.

“Never try being someone else, do what your heart feels is right.” They processed almost nothing, just like I hadn't. I still make it a point to repeat this, hoping it would register in their minds and they would understand it one day.

My relationship with them involves a two-way learning where they listen with wonder about my life and I learn with interest from theirs. Had I not stumbled upon this lively buzz, I would be lost strategizing my life with lessons from soap operas. These children have become an important part of my being, leaving me hopeful that one day they come back from dinner and stop by this zone to bring joy to another cheerful group of juniors.

PHOTOGRAPH: UWS PHOTOGRAPHY TEAM

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