



THE INFORMANT

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What do mothers have to say?

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EDITORIAL: SOCIAL APOCALYPSE

Aadya Sood and Saakshi More

Even imagining an era without the virtual world leaves us shell-shocked. How austere was life when people had the choice to stay cocooned in the safety of their quarter, away from the prying eyes of the society. With the onset of the technological age, mankind has witnessed a quantum shift from the reign of letters to a plethora of nonsensical prattle. Social media has triumphantly managed to gain an upper hand in our lives. The splurge of social media is inevitable and it has poisoned a large section of our youth; manifesting itself in such a manner that teenagers are unable to move away from its clutches.

Social media platforms have become the youth's new sand pit; playing is compulsory and being serious is optional. In addition to this, it exemplifies unpredictability.

The various social applications resemble bodies on a trampoline; one minute they are soaring high up in the sky and the other, they are taking a nosedive into the trenches entering Hell.

If you did not already know, the concept of stories had been introduced by Snapchat yet somewhere along the line, Instagram stories became twice as popular.

Talk about volatility! It is all about luck. Not even a stockpile of cash would work. Google's failed \$550 million Google+ startup is an evidence of that. To the contrary, YouTube has been a dinosaur since its establishment in 2005 and its extinction will not be a concern for quite some time.

People's love for social media runs deeper than Romeo's love for Juliet! It is not a crush or infatuation, but it is the kind that does not let you sleep and intervenes when you are trying to focus-literally.

Checking our phones, the first thing in the morning has become a part and parcel of our lives. Not only has it become our go-to activity when we are bored but also something that we yearn to access even when time does not permit.

Though social media has its pros yet it has been molded into such a shape that civility has come to the brink of eradication. All that social media is about now, is fame; irrespective of whether that is for one's feat or for the malice they portray.

On social media, one becomes more or less anonymous and that adds to their nastiness. We change our identities as often as we change our clothes. It has become a mean through which people vent out their fury. In minutes, the virtual world morphs into a war-zone and the perturbing aspect is that the app developers revel in such an engagement. We have become inhumane spirits, always itching for a fight.

You wear what you wear according to the trends on Social Media. Such is its influence on people.

Our actions, our emotions and our opinions have become putty in its hands. We are living in the 'attention economy', where we invest our time and effort in beautifying our façade. All of this is done to solicit umpteen likes and draw out our comment thread. Consciously or unconsciously social networking creates a pressure on us.

Uncouth behaviour on the internet has become a bandwagon and a cataclysm is just round the corner. Social media is an embodiment of the good, the bad and the ugly. With social media taking over as our preferred news source and its ever-increasing worldwide penetration, many are wondering when it is going to start losing steam.





WHAT DO MOTHERS HAVE TO SAY?

The Wisdom Squad is back with another inspiring interview of Unison's extended family member-Mrs. Jeena Saharan-mother of Iskara Mannat Saharan. An all-rounder - a social worker entrepreneur and a nail, makeup and hair artist-Mrs. Saharan is only 40 and yet so enlightening!

What is the happiest moment of your life?

I used to believe that every individual has this 'happiest moment' in his life, but it's all in our minds. Sometimes even the sight of an extra cheese pizza can give you immense happiness. I would not say that the day when I gave birth to my children was my happiest moment because, we, women are almost holding on to the string of life and are in extreme pain. Thus I would say that the day I got engaged, my happiness knew no bounds; that is the happiest moment of my life.

That one quote, around which your life revolves?

I believe that "Children have come from you but they are not yours." We sometimes secretly wish, that we use their lives to achieve our far-fetched goals and give them the opportunity to do all the things that we could not do. When we do this, we do not realize that we are pressurizing them to do things that they would not wish to. We expect too much from them and that is how they eventually start hating us. As an individual, the conflicts I have had with my children are because I expected them to be successful and earn themselves fame very quickly. It took me forty years to realize my mistake and I somewhere pull my ears too for doing that.

What is your opinion on parenting?

As a parent, we try our level best to provide our children with best education facilities, surround them with good people and give them all the love in the world. But if my children don't know how to cook, how to fold clothes, how to talk to others, all my hard work goes in vain. It's important for every parent to make his children independent.

What role have your parents played in your life?

I am thankful to God for giving me such wonderful parents. The biggest learning that comes from them is, "Don't always believe in employing people for you, instead learn to do things yourself."

Have you ever thought of going against your parents will, to marry someone whom you liked?

No, I have never done so and I don't think of this as a very pleasant action. I used to tell my boyfriend to never expect me to go against my parents' will and marry him. I know that they are the ones who have made me capable of liking someone at all. Had they not been there, I would not be a person as sound and happy as I am now. I believe that if a person is true to



Mrs. Jeena Saharan

himself, the Universe works hard to fulfill his wishes and to keep him happy.

What have you learnt from your mistakes?

One thing I strongly believe is that the lessons you do not learn at once, repeat themselves unless you learn from them. But I make sure that I do not fret over my mistakes and take my mistakes as opportunities to grow.

Do you think we should take chances in our lives?

Of course, we should. I have taken a lot of chances in my life. I have also looked at failure in its face. Taking chances really opened up my life and made my life a lot better. We do not get to know about all the possibilities or outcomes unless we take risks.

What lesson has life taught you?

In all these years there is one thing that I have realised, we are never too old to learn something new. We should be humble and never let our wealth define us. We should learn to enjoy all the luxuries of life and still be aware enough to not look down on people. We should try our best to spread love and positivity around us. We should never cheat on ourselves and never live a pretentious life. To take people for granted is the biggest blunder one is likely to make. We should ensure that we do not take any human for granted, especially our parents; they sacrifice many things for us and we should be nothing but extremely grateful to them.

Interviewer: Payal Maheswari
Compiler: Ashna Khandelwal
Editor: Reet Khandari



POLITICS AND FILMS: AN INDIAN AFFAIR

In the past few years, our cinema industry has seen a major change and movies like *Raajneeti*, *Satyagraha*, *Sarkar*, *Gulaal*, *Peeli Live*, *Chakravyuh*, *The Accidental Prime Minister*, *Prassthanam*, *Thackeray* and *Batla House* are being released. With millions of people watching them, the question that arises is whether movies with such overt political themes should be made or not?

In my opinion, yes movies like these should be permitted to be displayed on the big screen. When I first saw the trailer of *The Accidental Prime Minister*, the need to know the truth consumed me. Don't you want to know the truth behind the man who governed our country for ten years? I surely do! We have been lied to for too long and our ignorance towards these matters has proved to be an advantage for the political parties. The thought of being exposed in the public is enough to keep the political parties in check. However, it must be ensured that the writer pens down the story in such a way that no particular political party is favored. Biased opinion can prove to be disadvantageous for any upcoming election. The purpose of fair elections can be hampered as the public may be influenced by the movie.

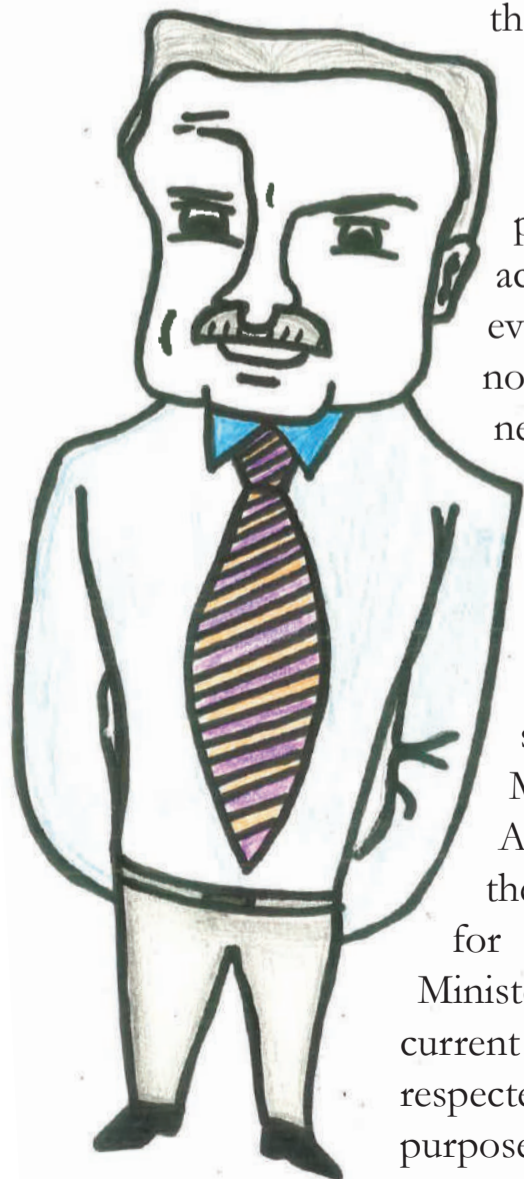
From the Teachers' Desk

Abhinai Sir: No! These movies are made for political mileage. The objective of movies is to provide entertainment and perspective. The winning or losing of a political party due to the influence of the movie can affect the public.

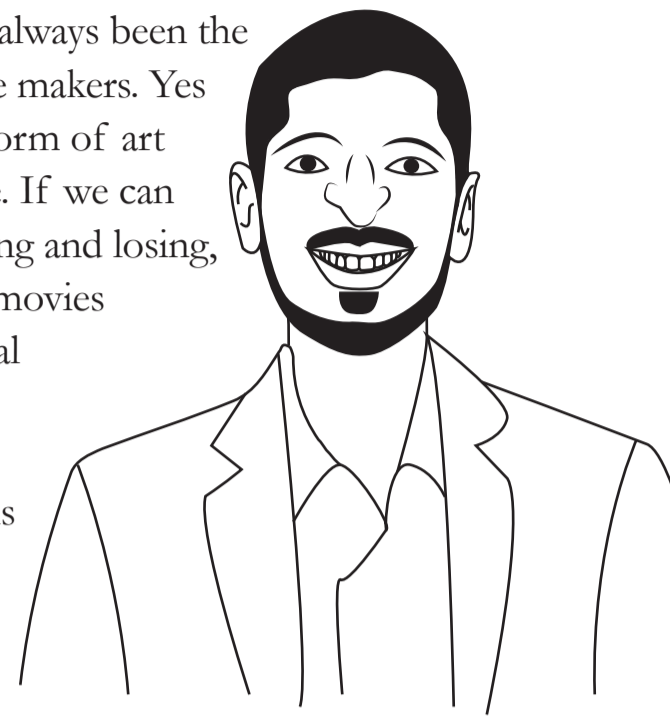
These movies can hamper the true story of the politician who is being portrayed. The politician is accused of something wrong even when the film maker has no evidence for it. It creates a negative image of the politician which can be a loss for the country.

"The movie '*The Accidental Prime Minister*' is based on a book which is 90% false" says NS Advisor of Dr. Manmohan Singh.

According to me, the writer of the book, Sanjaya Baru, wrote it for monetary gain. The Prime Minister of the country, no matter current or former, should be respected and not exploited for the purpose of entertainment.



Aditya Sir: "Today's politics is tomorrow's history", and history has always been the favorite subject for movie makers. Yes of course, movies are a form of art which capture human life. If we can have movies about winning and losing, so we can certainly have movies related to politics. The real purpose is that they can reach even to those who claim to be apolitical. This is a good chance as such movies can trigger a thinking process or concern regarding politics.



Nitin Sir: Yes, of course! Movies are the reflection of our society. They depict what is happening in our society. They also reflect our past so that we can properly live in present and make our future better.

In our modern world, many people don't know about politics so, political movies could be the best medium to reach out as majority of them watch movies. It is the best way in which people can think, analyze and understand our political system.

Brijesh Sir: Yes, we are always looking for the truth behind politics so, why shouldn't we get some information about it through movies? We will get to know the real story behind politics from the perspective of the film writer who must have observed everything for a long time to know what is going on at the higher level. At the time of elections many people get money from political parties to vote for them in the elections. We need to understand that the script writer is a literate and intellectual person, therefore he writes from a global perspective.

Ritu Ma'am: Yes, it shows us the reality. But at the same time the sequence of events should be in the correct order. It should not be influenced by any political party prevailing at that time. The director should have a neutral view. Honest research should be done and not just in the favor of any particular party.

Smita Ma'am: Yes, movies are the most lovable source of information. Movies related to politics help in generating interest in the youth. It shows both the negative as well as positive aspects of politics.

Article: Uditi Gupta and Suhani Agarwal
Cartoon: Ayangana Rajkumari and Ardas Kaur



Too Heavy For the World

Khushi Gupta

They told me that my thighs were bulky,
Tried hard to ignore but it finally turned me sulky,
I would try to steer clear of food items,
When there was a dearth of my size in the bottoms.

Proper fitting clothes would never be in my list,
Bought all the loose attires hanging down my wrist,
Was judged according to my body's shape wherever I went,
And it would make me realize my life's biggest dent.

Restricted my probability of love to only hefty people,
As for choosing the thin would raise quibble,
My wedding thoughts have haunted me so many times,
And this distress has woken me up betimes.

Gym advertisements would always catch my eye,
Then I would think that not joining one would be awry,
But even after having continued exercising for long,
My body is same without any further aplomb.

It is not just a very recent plight,
Since childhood I am trying to have control over my appetite,
And despair has given me a hug so tight,
Which has vanished my dreams of being feather-light.

Being in this dire straits I have learnt to keep my chin up,
Trying hard to live life as an emancipated cub,
Have been taking no notice of all those jeers,
Which have been so constant in the past years.

SUDOKU

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Created by: Saakshi More and Aadya Sood

FOMO

Falguni Somani

Since it is the era of abbreviations, let us discuss something that affects all of us, and yet our sheepishness bars us from discussing it candidly, something that is deep within our cognitive abilities, something that forces us to step out of our comfort zones, something that has made the millennial demented- FOMO- Fear of Missing Out.

This fear is a reflection of our insecurities and states how inferior we perceive ourselves to be. We turn on our panic mode with the contemplations of missing out on moments like our friends hanging out, Saturday night parties or even the last slice of pizza.

When our friends post pictures of their last night's party, we feel left out and think why were we not there? We feel like nobody values our presence, or even notices our absence, consequently it affects us psychologically and no doctor has found any way to cure it.

Very often we have this fear of even missing out on opportunities. For instance, when your friend aces an exam or when two of your good friends hang out without you, you feel neglected. No matter how infantile it sounds, it affects people, even the grownups.

But how to deal with it? We just need to realize that we are not the centre of the Universe, and thus the world does not revolve around us. It is all right if we require little more time to achieve our goals as we all know that 'slow and steady wins the race'.

It is all right if we miss out a party because we were exhausted or maybe felt like reading a book. It is all right if we are not counted among the super cool buddies because we are not a sheep to tread the set pathways.

Just be yourself. Stay happy with who you are and who you have. Real friends will always make you feel loved. Let your parents' love and expectations drive you to work harder. Aim and soar high. Remember that people who are meant to be in your life will always find a way.

Unscrolled wish

Anonymous

The smallest wish which flew away
And I gazed as if it was mine,
But as it made its way, I was back in the past.
Two hands held each other.
Just them and their exchange of words
Memories were made forever
Knowing other more than oneself
Tremendous trust, tickled throughout
And It was then when I realized
Yes my wish!



THE NOT-SO-POPULAR LAUGHS

Piggy Laugh: The Peppa pig revolution in our school brought along some hysterical grunt laughs where students can snort and not feel embarrassed about it!

Namely: Ardas Kaur Padam.

Wide-Open Mouth Laugh: This type of laugh is quite common in the upper school and the senior school where students open their mouth wide enough to gobble down a watermelon!

Namely: Sajal Agrawal and Prisha Vani.

Silent Laugh: One sort of laugh where one cannot distinguish between a joke and a sarcastic comment. The mouth remains open for insects to take refuge.

Namely: Shreya Agrawal.

Mumbled Laugh: It is incoherent speech mingled with giggles.

Namely: Aastha Raisurana.

Raavan Laugh: One of a kind laugh where the larynx and vocal cords together can make a whole lot of difference to the silliest of jokes. It is the sort of laugh, which would compel Raavan to run out of hell!

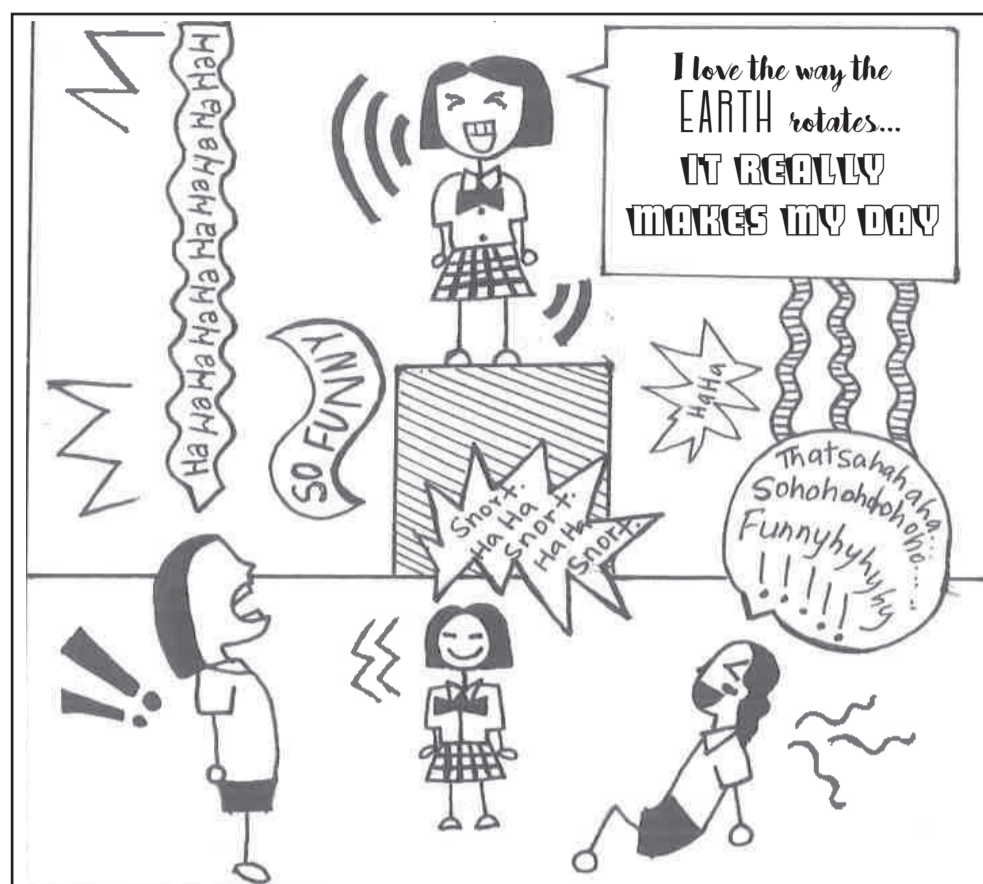
Namely: Ayesha and Nasreen Jahan.

Periodic Hiccup Laugh: The type of laugh where students deprive their lungs of oxygen and their laughter sounds like a hiccup making the other person curious whether a medical aid is required or not.

Namely: Aadya Sood, Ahana Dulat and Kavya Rochvani.

Cachinnation Laugh: Loud convulsive laughter.

Namely: Ananya Tekriwal.



Santa-Claus Laugh: A loud laugh that sounds like a horse neighing.

Namely: Falguni Somani and Vanshika Yadav.

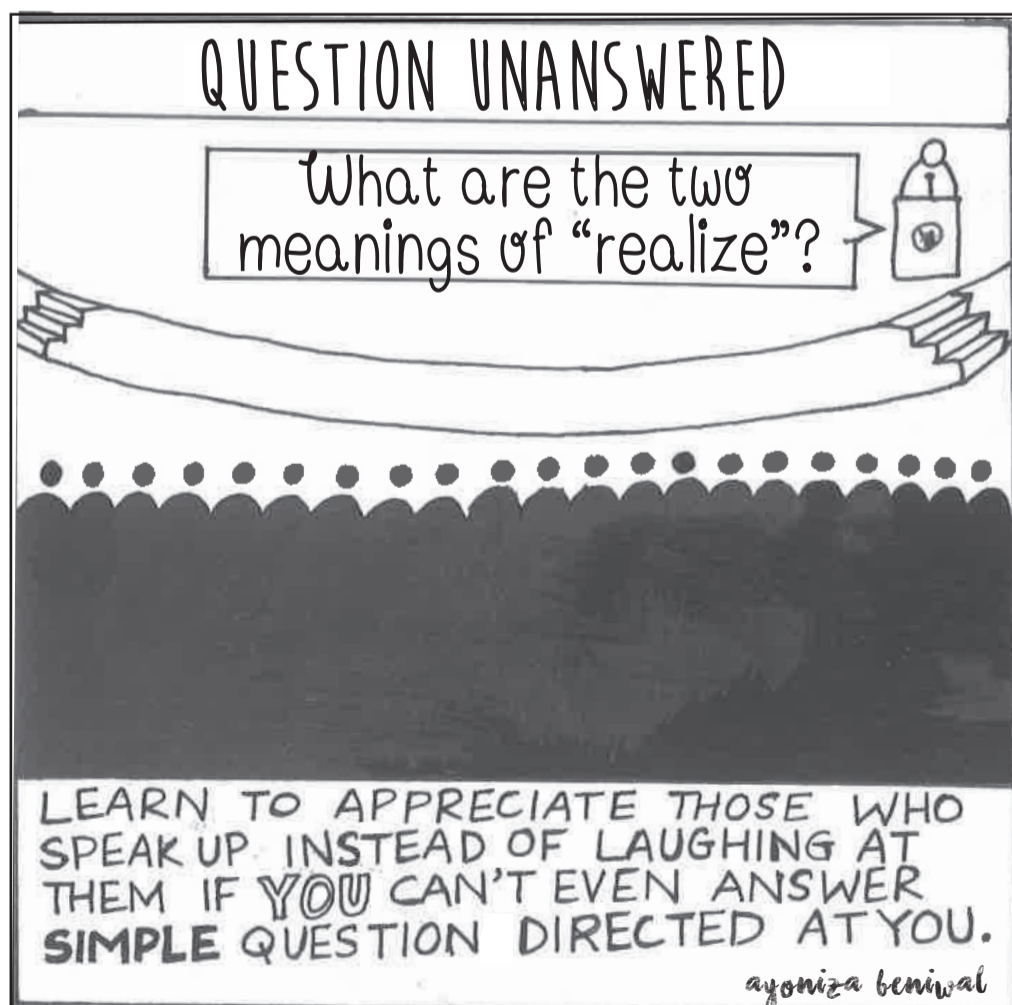
Titter: Nervous restrained laugh.

Namely: Khushi Gupta.

Break-up Laugh: Laugh unrestrainedly. The type of laugh which is mainly found in the junior school where the students laugh with a lot of gaps and breaks.

Namely: Nikita Kumari and Diya Agarwal.

Article: Payal Maheshwari
Cartoon: Ayoniza Beniwal



INSIDE RUMOURS

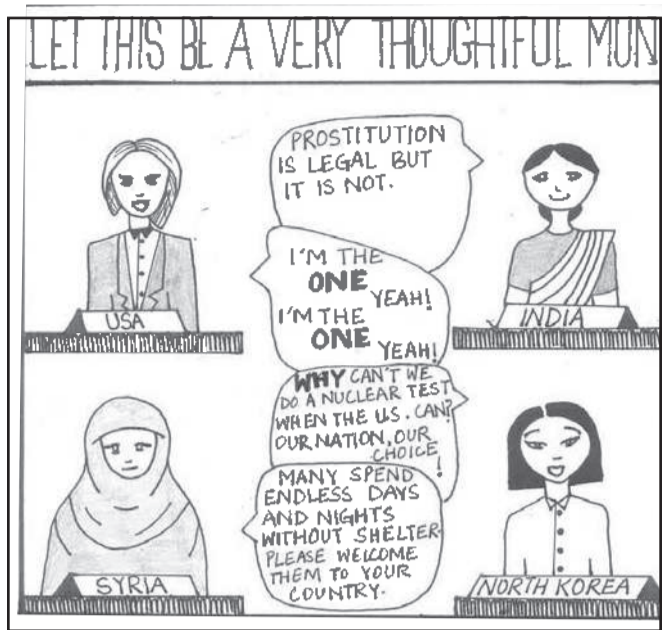
1. Vivas will be conducted for the upcoming batches of Grade 5th-8th.
2. The Investitures Ceremony will take place twice a year.
3. Grade 11th-12th will be accomodated in Chalet Maple and Walnut.
4. Zumba classes will substitute morning P.T.
5. The Head Girl will be from Grade 10.
6. Unison will have their socials with The Doon School and St. George's College.
7. Grades 11th-12th will have to wear the School Uniform throughout the day.
8. The winter vacations will commence from the 15th of November for the whole school.



UWSMUN : Awaited with a Bated Breath

The UWSMUN has been a mega event and it is not just attended but also celebrated. It is a bag full of sundry activities. From debates to discussions, negotiations to agreements, blocs to allies, and motions to resolutions, UWSMUN has a lot to offer to you (including delicious food which the delegates starve for). The whole school is filled with chatters of MUN and how nervous delegates are feeling for crises directed at them. It is okay to compare the crises this time with the Katrina Hurricane. Delegates will have to be aware of IPC members as the press is not going to let them go easily. Serious analysis is required for delegates who might bluff their fellow participants. Not to forget the vagaries of the Chairpersons, they are expecting too much!

Rumor has it that we will be scrutinized by visitors from The Doon School this season. Following 'New Year, New Me', UWSMUN enabled a few committees to make their debut



namely, Special Convention on Religion and Terror (SCRT), United Nations Women (UNW) and Lok Sabha. United Nations Human Rights Council, Economic and Social Council and International Press Corps stay in the league.

One learns about Diplomacy, International Relations and the Proceedings of United Nations. Participation will lead to enhancement in your leadership as well as public speaking skills. One will eventually be

successful in handling serious issues related to their assigned countries. Model UN conferences are opportunities to practice research, public speaking, teamwork, negotiation, and writing skills in a safe and structured environment.

It is not only serious stuff but also an entire motion dedicated to entertainment. You'll be enthralled by looking at non-dancers showing off their skills, hilarious pranks, barbecue sessions of delegates, and mimicking people that students love. What is more interesting is that you get to dress up as natives of your assigned countries.

Delegates gear up and get ready! 9th February is eagerly awaited. Be aware quite a few delegates might need an ICU on their return from this event as the higher authorities say they are extremely serious this time and they mean it.

Unison Research and Analysis
Wing Agent (URAW)
Cartoon: Ayoniza Beniwal



Snowfall warning in Uttarakhand: Holiday for Dehradun schools?

On 25th January, 2019 the school was taken aback and was abuzz with conversations about this mesmerizing sight where the green grass was changed to a white hue by the hailstorm which was least expected after the humid afternoon had made our march past practices for the republic day more tiring. This firsthand experience gave the entire Unison family immense joy and everyone was found to be in peals of laughter after having thrown small yet delicate hailstones at each other. The day was followed by a colourful and invigorating 70th Republic Day celebration which was graced by Brigadier Steve Ismail.

Picture credits: Ashna Khandelwal

A Month Well Spent!

Reminiscing the moments spent this Sunday which spanned from seconds to minutes and then to hours. It seemed like a day well spent. A day awaited ardently by students of Unison World School. Our Sunday was made resplendent by the cultural activities which were planned by the school. It was during this time that volunteering became a little more than what one may call as a slap on the wrist. Following this was unbridled joy tantalized as piercing sweet voices echoed and woke us from our dreams. Uncompromising pleasure reeled when we realized that our punctuality was taken care of through locking of dorms. Still striving, we revisited the oldest trick in our book

by sneaking out of disinteresting activities only to be chewed out by the lady guards. Rivetingly we typed the number 5555 which dials at the drop of the hat without us having to work our fingers to the bone.

Monthly 'Pria Warrick' workshops appeared to be blissful and the best thing since sliced bread. Another mega event by ISKCON added a festive touch to our Sunday. We are thankful to ISKCON for having been a religious and educational venture for students as well as saving us from our Sunday laziness and instilling in our minds words of spirituality.

Unison Research and Analysis
Wing Agent (URAW)



High Surveillance: no less than a Nightmare

The campus drone was on its monthly expedition when it chanced upon an excruciating sight which left the controllers awestruck. The strict environment outside the hostels had become a grim occurrence for Uthenas.

The stern and somber faces of the lady guards who stood outside the hostels rang a silent alarm of distress among the students.

On such an occurrence, accepting that such unforeseen checks have been frequenting the campus, is not a crime. Being denied entrance into the hostel was not a first.

To top it off classroom and frisking had proceeded this episode. This rendered students impotent against

Mrs. Kaushik and her pastoral care team who laid suspicion on every student.

Dorms were checked thoroughly and what was left behind was a heap of clothes which fell down as soon as the cupboards were opened.

Wretched and hapless were those who lost their iPods in search of mobile phones. Grief and melancholy reeled when bags full of tuck were carried away by the matrons. Severe checking turned hostels into concentration refugee camps waking students to face their nightmare.

Students whistled in the dark while the pastoral team seemed to be on a wild goose chase for things they had

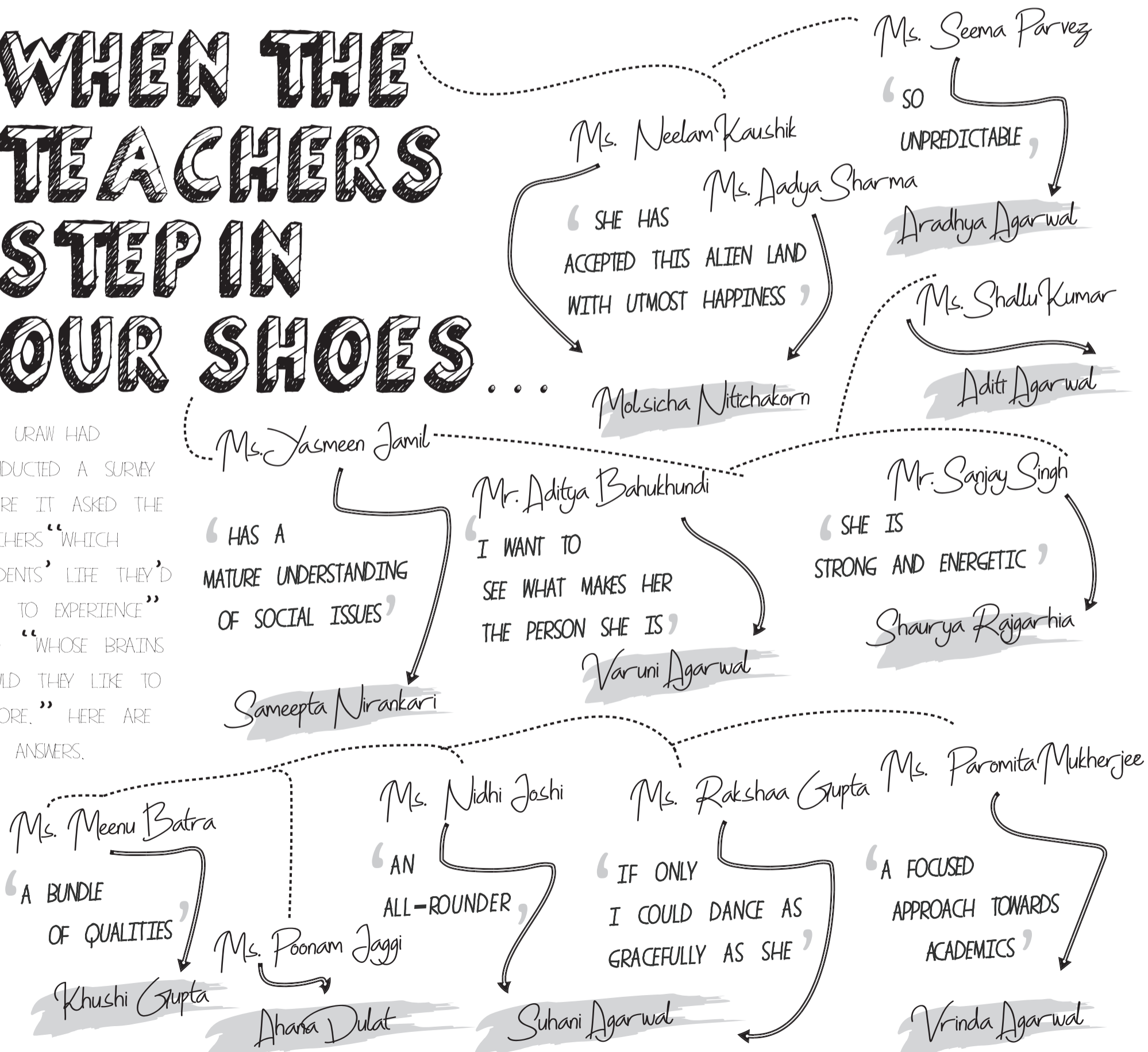
envisioned in their dreams. For those moments of haste and anxiety, when students prized their tuck over their novels and unceasingly stressed over its unfortunate retrieval by the faculty.

Such times called for strict measures, as students tried to gobble down their tuck and show their extreme generosity by sharing their snacks before it was captured and taken away. Such were the reckless adventures which spurred in the Unison campus leaving everybody disillusioned and surreal. To even think of doing something notorious makes our hair stand on its end.

Unison Research and Analysis
Wing Agent (URAW)

WHEN THE TEACHERS STEP IN OUR SHOES...

THE URAW HAD CONDUCTED A SURVEY WHERE IT ASKED THE TEACHERS "WHICH STUDENTS' LIFE THEY'D LIKE TO EXPERIENCE" AND "WHOSE BRAINS WOULD THEY LIKE TO EXPLORE." HERE ARE THE ANSWERS.





UNQUESTIONING BARRICADES

Vrinda Agrawal

The idea of arrange marriage within the same caste in India and its strict adherence since time immemorial is something I couldn't bite into and chew up in today's time. When the world is a global village with racial inter-mingling, e-commerce, social media and even space sojourn has become the norm rather than exception, I would not have been comfortable with this idea even if I were born half a century earlier as I think it's a severe blow to individual liberty and freedom to decide for oneself.

I live in a joint family setting with my parents and grandparents. Their say in all important family decisions holds a significant place and more than often is the final word. It so happened that the selection of a groom of our caste for my elder sister, aged 23, was to be done by a 'committee decision' headed by my grandparents, with or without her consent. This gave me a lesson for life- no matter what happens, one has to stick to the right thing even when others are on a head-on collision course. I questioned, as vocally as possible, this medieval idea and I teamed up with two of my cousins to launch a frontal attack in a well-planned strategy while remaining respectful all the way towards the sentiments of my grandparents, who are my greatest admirers yet staunch radicals when confronted on their belief system and social practices. Since I was the leader of this small rag tag battle group, which was no match against the powerful almighty, 'all knowing', and morally upright elders, I was the one to face the maximum brunt of enemy fire head on. My sister became my ally.

It all happened on a dull Sunday morning, when a close relative dropped in over tea with a 'cannot be refused' proposal of a groom for my sister of a much 'better off' family's only son. This was too 'mouthwatering' for my grandmother – who has an unseen yet obvious power over rest of family. After due diligence on 'behind the curtain points' of that family and the prospective groom, my grandmother, in order to make things appear more democratic than they actually were, proposed to form a committee, to vote for or against for the offer at hand. A week's time was politely requested from that relative within which the decision of our family (not my sister) was to be conveyed. Thereafter, all hell broke loose when my elder sister blankly refused. The commotion that followed in the family upon the knowledge that she was having an 'affair' with an out

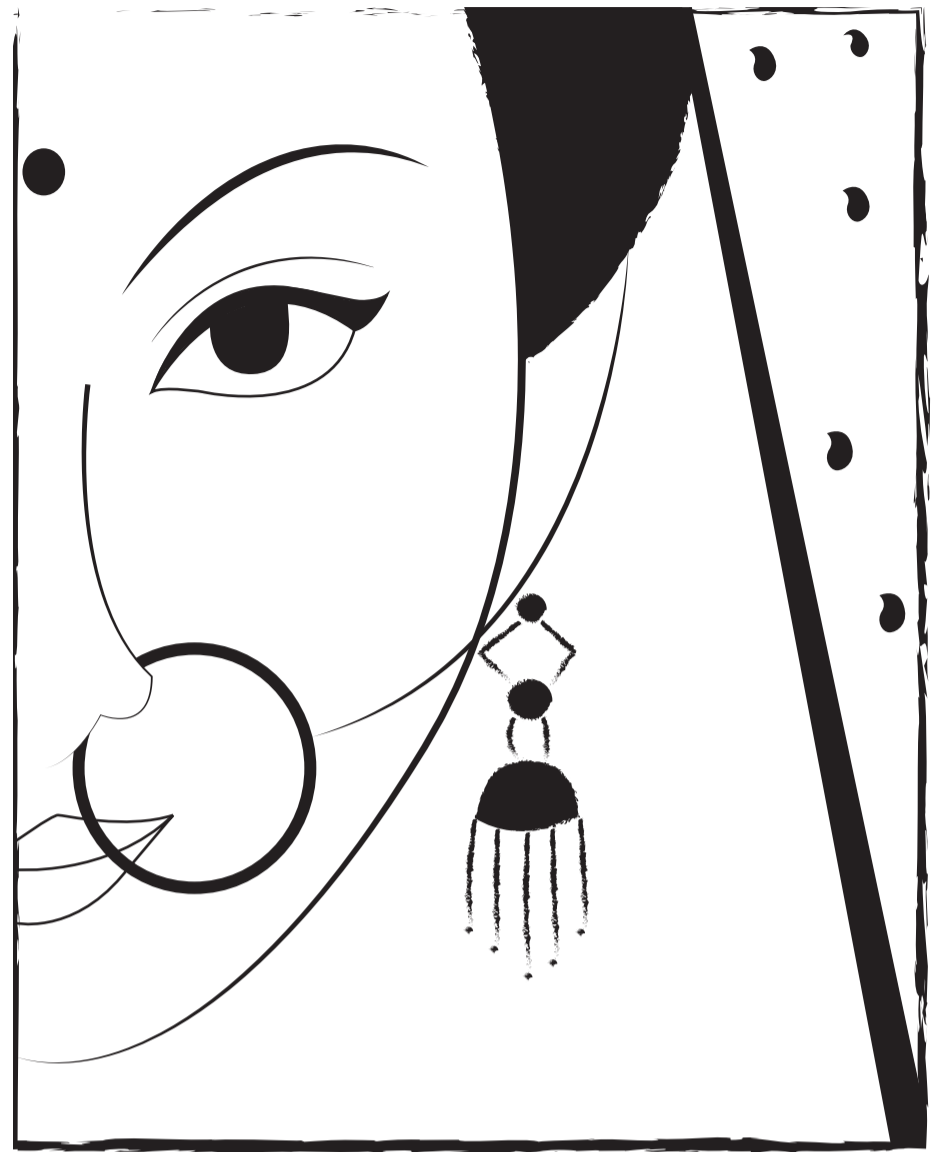


Illustration: Ardas Kaur

of caste man was typical of a Bollywood movie which had an all classic turbulence of a family drama – loved so much in India. My grandmother blamed my mother who in turn blamed my father who blamed me for not disclosing this 'blasphemy' to him in time so that he could have nipped it in the bud. Cross questioning of all juniors, naked threats as softer as ruining of family name to as blunt as leaving the city were showered with impunity in between by the granny, while tears and sobs flowed freely. I carefully yet politely crafted my words and put forward lengthy explanations with examples from all the literature that I could think of, knowing the sensitivity of this issue as it involved the eldest child of the family and any break from convention could have become a trend setter.

I believe that meeting people with a firm hand shake and a broad smile dissolves biases and friendliness. In the end, after much gyrations and beating of chest, things began to fall in place and saner sense found the light of day. The outcome was a decent meeting of the two families and eventual acceptance of my sister's boyfriend, with decision of whom to marry left to my sister. That's what I call a happy ending and breaking of an irrelevant yet rampant belief system.

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