

AkshayaH Abound

AkshayaH Global School Magazine

2014-15

volume 1

Ruth Eunice Anand
Principal



Education is not the filling of a pail, but the lighting of a fire.
~ William Butler Yeats

Greetings!

We are truly delighted to launch the first issue of our magazine, *AkshayaH Abound*

We plan to make it an annual feature henceforth.

AkshayaH has been associated with education for nearly a decade; our Global School has successfully completed two years. Each year has been an enriching experience for us; we could not have reached thus far without the support of parents and our ever-enthusiastic children.

At AkshayaH, we are passionate about imparting quality education to enable students to widen their sphere of thinking both inside and outside the classroom. Our curriculum stimulates thinking to encourage children to learn, analyze, and draw conclusions from facts. We know that, as parents, you aspire to give your child the best!

We create a challenging and intellectually demanding atmosphere that enables our students to gain confidence, acquire knowledge and gather rich and varied experience to face hurdles and future challenges.

Our programme through the year involves practical study, educational trips, guest lectures, carnivals and industrial visits. Besides academics, our children get ample opportunities to take part in activities such as yoga, photography, sewing, and baking.

We aim to be an institution par excellence, dedicated in producing confident and socially responsible students, who will rise above caste, creed, gender and religion, and work towards making a difference in the world in their own unique individualistic way.

We also inspire our students to believe in themselves, to encourage one another, to acknowledge beauty in its rare forms, to dare to explore the unknown and reach the zenith!

Our magazine is an amalgamation of our accomplishments, achievements and activities for the current year. The articles that follow are our amateur aspirants' attempts at writing and art; their beliefs and conceptions have been voiced or sketched.

With this venture we march forward with the conviction that our students will carve a niche for themselves – wherever they go, whatever they do in life!

Warm regards,



Mrs. Gayathri Deepak

Director, CHETANA

On February 12, 2015, we celebrated our first Annual Day. Mrs. Gayathri Deepak, Director, CHETANA (Centre for Holistic Empowerment of Teachers, Children and Adolescents), was our Chief Guest. In her well-received address, she talked about how a strict regimen from dawn to dusk is enforced on children these days and how they hardly have any time to think, play or discover life for themselves.

As her parting message to the parents, she quoted a poem by the poet Kahlil Gibran, the famous philosopher. We have printed it for you!

On Children

Kahlil Gibran

Your children are not your children.
They are the sons and daughters of Life's longing for itself.
They come through you but not from you,
And though they are with you yet they belong not to you.
You may give them your love but not your thoughts,
For they have their own thoughts.
You may house their bodies but not their souls,
For their souls dwell in the house of tomorrow,
which you cannot visit, not even in your dreams.
You may strive to be like them,
but seek not to make them like you.
For life goes not backward nor tarries with yesterday.
You are the bows from which your children
as living arrows are sent forth.
The archer sees the mark upon the path of the infinite,
and He bends you with His might
that His arrows may go swift and far,
Let your bending in the archer's hand be for gladness;
For even as He loves the arrow that flies,
so He loves also the bow that is stable.

Experiential Learning at AkshayaH

"The only source of knowledge is experience," said Albert Einstein.

We at AkshayaH Global verily believe in that maxim. We put our stress on experiential learning and try to provide the children with different kinds of activities to enable them to learn by experimenting and experiencing. Here one of our students writes about one such activity.

Yeast or West, Experiencing is the Best

Learning by observation is fun and rewarding too.

It was a day before the practical class. Our teacher started the class by giving instructions for the following day. Do you know what it was? It was a recipe to bake a raisin cinnamon roll! My face lit up with a smile. But my joy was short-lived as ma'am continued with the lesson she had been teaching us, 'Microorganisms'.

The next day at school, we were ready for the 'experiment'. The materials were ready, arranged on a newspaper neatly taped to the bench. I was eager to start. The Grade II students came to observe. I realized that they were learning about microorganisms too!

We followed the recipe, by adding the flour, butter, cinnamon, raisins, sugar and warm milk mixed with yeast in a bowl. The magical hands of our teacher turned the mixture into a soft and sticky dough. She divided it into two equal portions. She worked one portion into three equal rolls. She then braided them - I got a chance to braid one. Into the tins went the two braided dough. The tins were sealed with a saran wrap and incubated in the sun to ferment the dough.

While we waited for the dough to rise, we took some photographs. Then ma'am explained the science behind the phenomena we were to see. As soon as these ingredients are stirred together, enzymes in the yeast and the flour cause large starch molecules to break down into simple sugars. The yeast metabolizes these simple sugars and exudes a liquid that releases carbon dioxide and ethyl alcohol into existing air bubbles in the dough.



Since the dough has a strong and elastic gluten network, the carbon dioxide is held within the bubble and this begins to inflate it, just like someone blowing a bubble-gum. As more and more air cells fill with carbon dioxide, the dough slowly rises.

Sure enough, after about 45 minutes, the dough had bloated like a pumpkin. Then we baked it at 180 °C for 40 minutes. After about an hour or so, the baked bread was on the teachers' table in the staff room!

The smell made us drool! We had two pieces each. It was sooooo... yummy! The eighth graders were looking at us with jealous eyes... Ha-Ha-Ha! I was only unhappy with the raisins in the bread - I dislike them!

What a learning experience it was! We will never forget the benefits of microorganisms nor how to bake a cake. Thanks a ton, teachers!



A. Megha (Grade VI)

The Anonymous Soldier

The sky was clear.

It was a good day
With no omens of a war.

Suddenly...
A few clouds appeared.
So did the enemy.

It started to pour...
Bullets, no less!
The villagers ran.
The soldiers stood.

The war of the kingdoms began:
Began the death of soldiers.

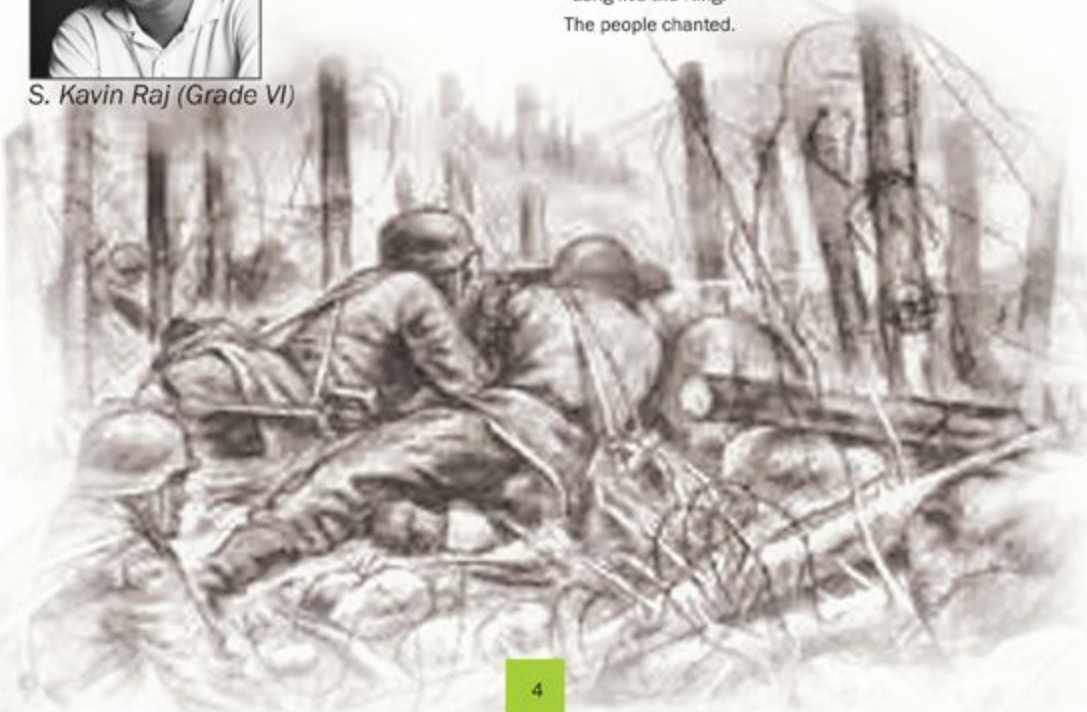
The anonymous soldier appeared...
And fired from his focused gun.
To his Death
The enemy king was done.

The clouds passed...
And so did the war.

Back into anonymity
The soldier faded...
"Long live the King!"
The people chanted.



S. Kavın Raj (Grade VI)





Namrata Naresh Kumar (Grade V)

The Greedy Son Learns his Lesson

Once upon a time, a farmer lived in a village. Every day, the farmer had only one slice of bread and butter to eat. This was because of his greedy son, Peter, who always ate all of the best food. The farmer would have been rich if Peter had not gone out every day to gamble all the money away. The farmer was very sad that his son was so ungrateful, but he did not know how to punish him.

At that time a man with magic powers came to their village. He wanted to solve people's problems. The farmer called him to his house. He told the man about his problems.

The man said, "I will give Peter the power to read your mind for a day."

"How will that work?" asked the farmer.

"You will see," he said.

The next day, Peter woke up and went down for breakfast. At the table, he was about to eat his usual giant breakfast when he heard, "Oh, I'm so hungry. How will I make it through today?"

It was his father's voice!

Peter looked at his father. His lips were not moving.

"Oh, I must be reading my father's mind. I should give him more food." Peter gave his father a piece of chicken and a toast.

After that, Peter decided to go and gamble. As he was about to stake some money, he heard his father's voice again. "I wish Peter would not gamble. Then, I would have money for acquiring more land, or I could renovate the house." Peter was dumbstruck. He felt very bad realizing how he was wasting his father's hard earned money. He decided to stop gambling then and there. He never gambled again.

Peter thought about all the bad things he had done to his father. He went to his father and said, "I am so sorry, father, for having been so mean to you."

His father forgave him and told him in an emotional voice, "Everybody learns their lesson someday. I am glad you've learnt yours today."

Soon, Peter became a merchant. He did very well in his job and came back to his father with lots of gold. He bought a big house for them to live in. He ensured that they always had a lot to eat and they lived happily ever after, gratefully remembering the magic man.

Always be good to your parents because they have done so much for you!



Sharon Grace Prabhu (Grade IV)

The Riddle of the Cave

The Chief Minister of the Kingdom of Eden looked a little confused. He could not guess why the king has summoned him so early in the morning.

He rushed to the court and saw the King waiting impatiently for him. As soon as he entered the room, the King ordered everyone else to go out. There was some urgency in the voice when the King began talking. "Listen, minister, our Queen has had a wonderful dream last night."

"Oh!" said the Chief Minister. He knew this was going to be something big. Everyone in the kingdom knew about the queen's special mental powers. Once before she had had a dream of vast amounts of gold lying buried under a certain temple. The king ordered digging the site and sure enough they found a huge treasure there. The compassionate king had distributed the entire wealth among all his countrymen. And that is how the people of the kingdom had become so wealthy.

"She says there is a big underground city called Interra lying under the Zozon forest area inside our kingdom."

"Oh, my God!" the Chief Minister exclaimed. Zozon was a vast forest just outside the capital city of Eden. It had thick vegetation. Many dangerous animals lived there. There were many frightening stories about the area and no one dared to enter it. "Now how does one get there?"

"The queen says the key to enter the city can be found on a giant oak tree standing in front of a cave in the forest."

"Alright, Your Majesty! I shall send a hundred men there right now. They must be able to find the place in no time," the minister rushed.

"No, no, minister! The queen says the key can be found only by a wise old man who goes there alone."

"Alone? Into the Zozon? Now, sir, who would dare do that? That too, an old man? Where can we find such a person?" the minister was at his wit's end.

"I know one person who can do it," said the king. "And there he is!"

The minister looked at the direction pointed to by the king. And, lo, there was a mirror and the minister could see his own image there.

"Who? Me? But... sir....," the minister stuttered.

"Yes, Chief Minister! Who else in the kingdom is as brave and as wise as you? Only you can do it. And you know what your reward will be? When you find the place, I will declare it as an independent state and you can become the king of Interral!" the king spoke enticingly. "Pray to our god Edzo before starting and he will help you along the way."

The minister was still very apprehensive. But he could not say 'No' to the king. So, he reluctantly agreed to try. He intensely prayed to the God and set out on the dangerous mission.

He walked for hours along the ravaged, quake-cracked track that wound through the dark landscape with slippery slopes that could send one to a sudden-death and toxic lakes with arsenic bubbling. He was physically exhausted and mentally drained. He had walked so much that now it will not be possible for him to walk back too. There was some food left in his knapsack, but he was in no mood to eat. He had given up all hope. "That's it!" he thought. "I shall lie down here and wait for death to come." And he closed his eyes.

It was just a few minutes before a gentle tap on his shoulders woke him up. He saw an old man with a pile of wood on his head standing close to him and staring at his eyes. The eyes look like those of the deity Edzo, thought the minister.

"Looking for the oak tree, are you?" The old man smiled heartily showing his many wrinkles.

The minister was shocked that the old man seemed to know where he wanted to go without him saying anything about it. "Yes, old man. Do you know the place? How far is it from here?"

"See there?" the old man moved a few branches of the tree that stood in front and pointed through the gap. And the minister could well see the cave and the oak tree in the direction pointed out by the old man. "Just a few furlongs more."

The minister was overjoyed. "And I will find the key to Interra there?" he asked the old man.

"Na," smiled the old man, "the key is here," he said pointing to the minister's head. And before the minister could react, he warmly said "Good luck!" and quickly vanished into the thicket.

The minister understood that he had to use his brains to get to the underground city. "It is not going to be easy," he thought. He started walking towards the cave.

The sight of the cave and the oak tree had given him some fresh energy and he walked faster than ever. He was at the tree in no time. He looked up and down the tree to see if there were any keys hidden. There were none. But just above the height that the minister could reach on the tree, there was a circular projection – what looked like a button. With some effort, the minister jumped up and pressed the 'button'.

No sooner had he touched the button than an unseen voice thundered, "Congratulations, brave man! With great difficulty, you have found the physical key to the cave. But, that is not all. There are some intellectual keys too. If you have to enter the cave, you must answer the three riddles that I will pose to you. Even if one answer is wrong, the ground beneath you will break open and you will be buried alive. If you do want to take the risk, tell me now and I will ensure a safe passage back to your palace."

That put the minister in a dilemma. Should he risk his life seeking glory or should he just give up and get back to living his dull life? But, the minister was a spirited man. It did not take long for him to decide. He replied back confidently, "Please go ahead, O protector of the cave! Tell me your riddles and I will try to solve them. With Edzo's grace, I am sure I will be able to answer them all."

"I admire your courage," said the unseen voice, "Here you go. Here is the first riddle."

The minister listened intently as the voice called out the first riddle,

"What is the musical instrument
that we can play as we deem fit,
but can never touch or see?"

This one is easy, the minister thought. "It is our voice," replied the minister.

"Good, you've got the first answer right," said the unseen voice. "Shall we move on to the second?"

"Yes, please," said the minister quickly. He wanted to get the three riddles over with as soon as possible.

"Ok, then. Here is your next riddle," the voice continued.

"It is more precious than gold,
it can boil and bubble.
If you have too much or too little,
you'll surely be in trouble."

This one was not too difficult too. The thing more precious than gold can only be something that is essential for life, the minister thought. "Water," he answered, without much delay.

"That is correct too. Now, for the third one. Take a deep breath, wise man. Tell me when you are really ready."

The minister's heart was in his mouth. He was very nervous. He closed his eyes and prayed a little. That calmed him down a little. "I am ready," he said.

"Great! So here goes the last and final one," the unseen voice said in a patronizing tone.

"It can run, but never walk.
It has a mouth, but never talks.
It never sleeps, but has a bed.
It wears no hat, but has a head."

The minister was taken aback. What could that be, he wondered. If something cannot walk, how can it run? Time was ticking away, and nothing came to his mind.

"Hurry up, wise man! I can't wait for you eternally," the unseen voice roared.

"I am going to die soon," thought the minister. The memories of his entire life whirled before his eyes.... He thought about the people who had made a difference to his life – his parents, his friends, the king, his wife, his children. He thought about the temple of Edzo by the riverside. How many times he had worshipped there after taking a bath in the river! The moment he thought about the river, the answer clicked in his mind. Indeed it is the river that runs, but never walks. It does have a mouth and a head and a bed, but never talks or wears a hat or sleeps!

"River!" he cried out and jumped with joy.

"Fantastic! That, of course, is the correct answer," cried back the unseen voice. "And here, Your Majesty, the underground city of Interra welcomes you!"

As he said this, the huge stone that was covering the cave gently moved out. As the door opened, the minister – nay, the King of Interra now – could see the inside lit beautifully with a sweet fragrance coming out. As he entered, there were steps leading down. As he went down the steps, he couldn't believe his eyes! There was a whole big city there awaiting the arrival of their new king, as foretold by their priest. Beautiful maidens were singing and dancing as the bands played out celebratory music. People lined up along the sides of the streets, rejoicing at the sight of their new ruler and waving at him. Tons of riches could be seen everywhere. He was led into an ornate palace and was formally appointed their king. All his hard work that he had done over the years serving the kingdom of Eden had at last borne fruit!

Firstly, as a token of his gratitude, he ordered that a beautiful temple be built for Edzo in Interra. Then, he got his men to lay a good road to the capital of Eden. He personally went and thanked the king and queen of Eden profusely.

The people of Interra lived happily ever after!

The Best School Ever!

So exciting was my first day!
It continues even to this day.
Cheerful teachers and playful friends,
Fill my heart with joy and excitement.

Our teachers are our dictionary,
They guide, encourage and believe in us!
The best of teachers as they are,
Give their best to draw out the best in us.

Sports and fun filled educational trips
Were the highlights of the year!
So was our Annual day
And the colourful carnival of sorts.

I am sad that the year is going to end,
Yet the joy of new learning never ceases.
I wish it continues in the coming years,
No doubt, I am in the BEST SCHOOL EVER!



A. Megha (Grade VI)



A Parent's Perspective

We have been a part of the extended Akshayah family since 2006 and now are a part of the "Akshayah Global" family. Both our boys love the school very much. It's quite difficult to make them take a day off from school much contrary to our school days. We as parents have learnt that education can be so much fun. The school is like a second home for the boys where holistic development takes place and not just education. The principal and teachers are a big asset to the school.

They discipline the children in a firm but kind way. Our children have been introduced to new skills such as basketball, football, chess, singing, yoga, karate, origami, salad preparation, fruit /veg carving, photography, theatre and movement, art and most recently, baking. Children are taught to nurture and care for the environment. Also charity is encouraged. The school helps the children learn without pressure.



Mrs. Sujatha William,
mother of Andrew Diravia Raj and Alan Diviya Raj





At Akshay Global, sports and games are as important as the academics. We had organised sports day for children, complete with a flame run, a march past, flag hoisting, Oath-taking and other Olympian formalities. Mrs. Sarita Venkatesh, who has more than a couple of decades' experience in the airline industry, was our Chief Guest during Sports day 2013-14. This academic year, national level tennis player and an Akshay alumnus, Mr. Niran Hussian, graced the occasion as Chief Guest.







Namrata Naresh Kumar
(Grade V)



My Father

My father is very nice!
He gives me the thrills,
But sometimes chills.
His angry face is quite a scare,
But he is my father and I don't care.
I always know when he's kidding.
Just like me, he likes to sing.
He is much better than all the rest.
He is my father and he is the best!



LoL! LoL!!

Contributed by children of Grades I, II and III

Boss: Where were you born?
Candidate: India
Boss: Which part?
Candidate: What do you mean 'which part'? My entire body was born in India.

Man: What is the name of your car?
Lady: I forgot the name but it starts with T.
Man: Oh! What a strange car! It starts with tea. All the cars that I know of start with petrol.

Dad: Why is your mother very silent today?
Son: Nothing dad, mother asked for lipstick in the morning... but I heard it as fevistick!

Teacher: Why are you late, Joe?
Student: Because of the sign down the road.
Teacher: What does a sign have to do with you being late?
Student: The sign said, "School ahead! Go slow!"

Teacher: Your poem is the worst in the class. I am going to send your father a note about it.
Student: I don't think that would help. He wrote that poem.



Riddles to Fiddle With!

Contributed by
children of
Grades I, II and III

1. There are two colours inside a container that never mix. What is it?
2. I am really hard and difficult to break. There is some liquid inside me and you can scoop and eat me with a spoon.
3. Housed inside a green house is a white house and inside the white house is a red house. In the midst of the red house you will see some small black stones. What am I?
4. Name a dog that does not bark?
5. Why do chickens sit on their eggs?
6. Why do you think that the Egyptian boy was so confused?
7. What would you give a sick lemon?
8. Why was the math book so sad?
9. What is the snake's favourite subject?
10. Why did the teacher wear sunglasses?
11. Why did the student do his multiplication problems on the floor?
12. Which animal cheats during the exam?
13. What do you call a person who keeps on talking when people are no longer interested?
14. What has a face and two hands but no arms or legs?
15. What has a neck but no head?
16. What has to be broken before you can use it?
17. They come to life in winter,
Falling, falling in the air.
But, take care, for if you touch them,
They quickly disappear! What are they?

QUOTABLE QUOTES



Think of all the beauty still left around you and be happy. ~ Anne Frank

If you watch how nature deals with adversity, continually renewing itself, you can't help but learn. ~ Bernie Siegel

Adopt the pace of nature: her secret is patience. ~ Ralph Waldo Emerson

Look deep into nature, and then you will understand everything better. ~ Albert Einstein

In all things of nature there is something of the marvelous. ~ Aristotle

And the day came when the risk to remain tight in a bud was more painful than the risk it took to blossom. ~ Anais Nin

Every flower is a soul blossoming in nature. ~ Gerard De Nerval

There are always flowers for those who want to see them. ~ Henri Matisse

A bird doesn't sing because it has an answer, it sings because it has a song. ~ Maya Angelou

Earth and sky, woods and fields, lakes and rivers, the mountain and the sea, are excellent schoolmasters, and teach some of us more than we can ever learn from books. ~ John Lubbock



Sonidhi (Grade VII)

ANNUAL DAY

2014-15



Our first Annual Day was celebrated on February 12 this year at the Museum Theatre, Egmoro. Classical dance, a dance by the tiny tots, a play, a mime show and a farewell dance were among the events staged by the children. Prizes were distributed to the bright stars of academics and the winners of cultural events conducted throughout the year at the school. Here we see the highlights of the well-attended colourful evening.



Ms. D'Cruze was seething. Oh, this Samson... He never learns! Asked to write the famous line of Shakespeare from Hamlet, he had written, "2 b / not 2 b... dats da?".

Just the other day, he had 'textesed' Robert Frost into "2 rds dvrgd in a wd & I tuk da 1 <travld by & dats mde al da diff." How many times had she advised them all, particularly Samson, not to use SMS lingo while writing formally! They just don't listen to her.

She often lectured eloquently on why using textese was injurious to their linguistic health. "You know, deducing syntactic and semantic information from prosodic features always leads to abstruseness. Besides, there are those ambiguous shortenings that need to be construed applicably based on circumstantial indicators. For instance, 'LoL' could mean 'Laugh Out Loud' or 'Lots of Love' or 'Little Old Lady' depending on the context and contextual references, leading to loss of legibility...." blah, blah, blah!

"but, mAm, hu uses 4mal riting? tiz aL dn on mob fones dEz days!" Samson would protest. And he continued in his ways.

But, Ms. D'Cruze had not given up. That is, until the day she was forced to take a lot more lenient view on this.

It was a dull day. But, it was not just the weather that made Ms. D'Cruze morose. She had just received an SMS from her long-time friend. Her little son had not been doing well for some days. Now things had gotten worse. The kid was admitted in hospital and battling hard. "Please pray for his life," the glum text message implored.

She knew the little boy often played with his little mobile phone, so Ms. D'Cruze typed, amidst her tears, "My heart sinks to hear that you are sick. Take heart, little boy! Our Father, who art in heaven will surely save you. You have been in my thoughts all the time and I have been praying for you. I want to see your cheerful self back soon! I want to see you running and hugging your mom, dear son! God bless you!"

She hit the 'send' button, but, alas, the message wouldn't go. "Message too long," the phone complained nonchalantly.

Just then Samson sauntered along. Seeing Ms. D'Cruze in tears, he quickly grasped the situation.



"I cud trans!8 dis," he volunteered. He grabbed her phone and typed in a jiffy:

"my <3 sinks 2 hEr dat u r sik. tAk <3, kid! dad@hvn wiL sUr ^S u. tofu tofu aL d tym n bln praying 4 u. wana c yr :)) self bak s%n! wana c u runN n Hyr mom, dEr son!! GBY!"

Before she could protest, he had hit 'send' and the message had gone.

"What have you done?" Ms. D'Cruze moaned. "How will the little kid understand this?"

But she didn't have to worry for long. For, pat came the reply, "g2no u r praying 4 me. wud b bak s%n 4 sUr."

Ms. D'Cruze heaved a sigh of relief. And sure enough, the child was soon discharged from the hospital and was back to his playful self.

Needless to add, the gr8 db8 on textese was settled 4 eva and neer did Ms. D'Cruz raise it again with SMSon... or anyone else!



Andrew Diravia Raj,
Srinidhi.G, S.Swathi, B.PramodKumar
(Grades VII and VIII)

At the CARNIVAL



I'D LOVE
TO HELP!

WHEN?
WHERE? I'll
BE THERE

YES

SURE
I CAN!

VOLUNTEER

Why I love My Parents

Coming to school

Deepanwita



I love my Mom and Dad. They buy me a lot of new toys. Mum helps me write and do my homework. Dad takes me shopping.

Diana



I like playing with my friends in school. Samrakshana is my best friend. I love to sit next to her and draw. Dad and Mom take me to the mall and other nice places like the zoo!

Samrakshana



I'd like to be a teacher when I grow up. I feel happy coming to school. I love to colour, paint and play outside with my friends. I also like reading and singing. Dad takes me out and Mom cooks yummy food.

Kirubadharan



I love coming to school to play with my friends. Mom and Dad give me their mobile phones to play with. Dad takes me to the mall.

Keerthi Anand



I learn a lot in school. I like painting. Dad tells me jokes which I love and Mom feeds me yummy snacks. My favourite cartoon on TV is 'Tom and Jerry'.

Ishita



I love coming to school because I love my teacher! I like to do my work with her. I love my Mom and Dad a lot. They give me a lot of hugs and kisses. Mamma gives me books to read, paints with me, takes me to McD and Dad buys a lot of nice things for me.

Sai Nithila



I love story time in school and also to play on the slide. When I find time, I play with my twin brother in school.

Sai Neelash



I love school because I just love to write and colour. I play with my Mom after I get home. My best friend is my sister.

Sanjay



I love listening to stories and that's why I love coming to school. I pray every day and know a lot about the Gods and Goddesses I pray to. I love my friends.

Faiyaz



I like cycling. Dad bought me a new cycle for my birthday. I love Mom and Dad because they love me too. School is fun and I like my teacher.

Sarvesh Raghav



I enjoy coming to school. After school I go for karate, drawing and yoga. I am a very busy boy. Dad and Mom take me out on week-ends.

Aarush



School is a lot of fun. My grandpa reads a lot of story books for me. Dad plays tennis and cricket with me.

Girish



My parents help me a lot – to do my homework. Dad plays with me. Mom makes yummy food.

Matthew



I like my teacher a lot. I love coming to school. I like to play on the slide with my friends. I play badminton with my Mum.

Prarthana



I love to come to school because I like colouring and drawing. I love cycling. I also play with my baby brother at home. Mom plays hide and seek with me and Dad buys me lots of nice toys.



Planet Alone!

I woke up a little late in the morning. I suddenly realized I had to go to school so I hurriedly brushed my teeth and took a shower. I came out and realized that the house was eerily quiet.

"Ma? Pa? Alan?" I called.

No one answered. Strange.

Somehow I felt they were not hiding to surprise me. Maybe they had gone out. I got dressed and checked the doors. They were unlocked. I went out and locked the door.

Not a sound could be heard. Not a soul could be seen. Even the dogs that used to roam around my house were not there. The streets were deserted.

Where was everyone? Where had they all gone?

I took my cycle to school.

No one was walking. No cars, no buses, no bikes. Strange. It felt like I was the only one on the planet. I reached the once-used-to-be-the-busiest-road. Not one person in sight! Well, at least the roads weren't congested.

I finally reached school to find to my horror, that I was the only one there! No teachers, no students, no watchman. I was right! I was the only one in this city! I went back home and called my uncle in the USA to see if there were people in other countries. No one took the call. That meant I was the only one on the planet!

I was extremely excited and started talking to myself, "Ah, I am the only one on the planet! Yippee, I am the ONLY ONE on this whole planet!! There is no one to hate me or fight with me. All the resources are mine. I can dress the way I like. I can eat whatever I want. I can drive the fastest cars on Earth. No cop will ever ask me for a license! I can play any game. I can use all the bats and balls and whatnot.... But, wait a minute, who is there for me to play with? Oh, no, none! Whom can I boast to about driving the best cars? Who is there to chat with me? Oh, God! There is no one left to love me. How will I live? Why did you leave me all alone?"

It was all just beginning to sink into my head when I suddenly woke up with a start to see my dad yelling at me to wake up!

I thanked God it was not real.



Andrew Diravia Raj (Grade VIII)



Pics Clicked by a Petite Kid



During the year, we had a training session on the basics of photography conducted by the expert photographer, Mr. Ganesh. Here we showcase a collection of photographs clicked by our student.



*A. Megha
(Grade VI)*

La guerre est annoncée
 Les militants sont forts
 J'abolirai la peste
 L'ennemi sera vaincu
 Ta couronne te sera rendue.
 Terre de vies,
 Tes femme de ma vie,
 Je t'aime mon amour.
 L'amour a du pouvoir!
 On n'est pas très loin;
 Ça ira; ça ira;
 << Vie de ma vie, j'y crois; je te crois.
 Ça ira ça ira >> La passé est parti,
 Les malfaiteurs sont punis.
 La loi— la responsabilité...
 Les petits pas, les grands sauts
 Une métamorphose
 Un éternel paradis.
 On se plaira chez toi,
 Vivante, riche, fertile...
 Les gestes propres, simples...
 Ont été utiles.
 L'équilibre est rendu
 Personne ne manque plus de rien.
 (Terre de vies)



Poetry



Namrata Naresh Kumar (Grade V)

Terre de vies *Entendez! La sirène...*



Leema

Nous Avons Faim!

Mon frère a faim!
 Il mange les spaghetti.
 J'ai faim!
 Je mange les spaghetti et deux saucisses.
 Ma mère a faim!
 Elle mange les spaghetti, deux saucisses et trois bananes.
 Mon père a faim! Beaucoup!
 Il mange les spaghetti, deux saucisses, trois bananes et
 quatre bols de riz!

<< Tu as encore de faim, papa? ! >>
 Non! Non! Non!

LE CLUB FRANÇAIS



'Le Club Français' (The French Club) was inaugurated on the January 9, 2015, with the launch of the first grain of the magazine, 'SANDS'. The magazine was completely an effort of the 8th Grade French students: Andrew, Swathi and Srinidhi. The magazine's name itself is an acronym of their names.

In the coming years, 'SANDS' will gain a grain each year. *Alors, Bon Chance Sands!*

Comment est mon visage?

Alan Diviya Raj (Grade VI)

Mon visage est rond
Il n'est pas laid ni beau
Mais, je veux un bon visage!
Je demande donc, à ma mère
Que dois- je faire pour obtenir un beau visage?
Mais ma mère dit << ton visage est déjà beau!>>
Parce qu'elle a dit qu'elle a commencé à aimer
mon visage
Enfin, j'aime mon visage come il est
Maintenant, qu'en pensez- vous?



Andrew Diravia Raj (Grade VIII)

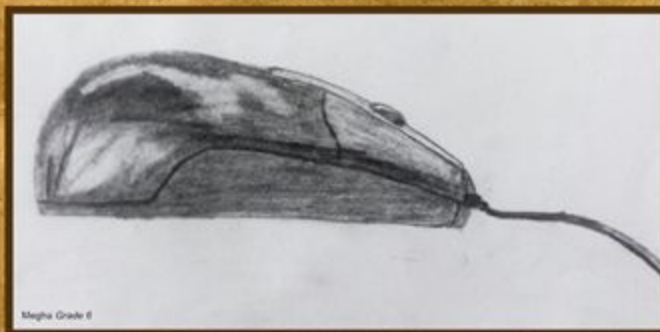
La Fête de la musique est lieu au travers du monde le 21 juin. Elle est actuellement célébrée dans une centaine de pays. Elle est d'abord imaginée en 1976 par le musicien Américain, Joël Cohen qui travaillait pour Radio France-France Musique. Après les élections présidentielles de 1981, cette idée a été adaptée par Maurice Fleuret et mise en place en France par Jack Lang, Ministre de la Culture. Cette fête coïncide avec le premier jour de l'été dans l'hémisphère Nord.



ART

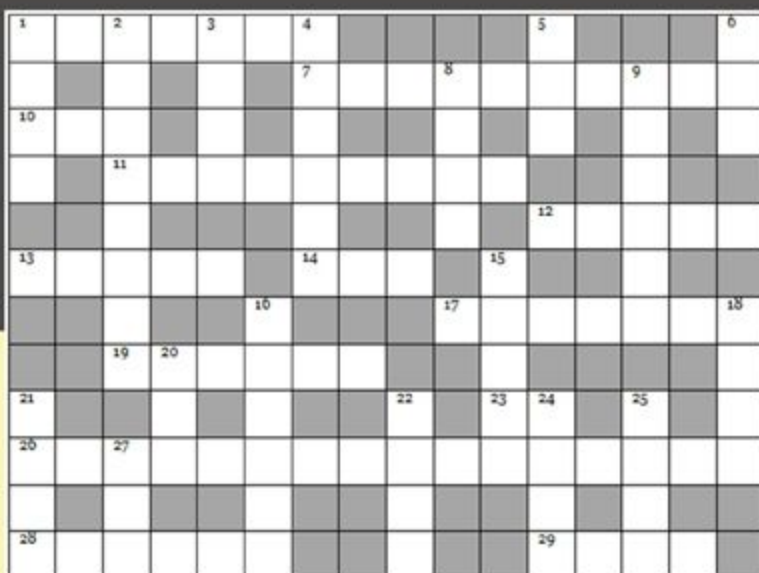






Devised by students of
Grade VIII

Words Abound



ACROSS

1. What a fan does, at store somehow (7)
7. Where 4 Down happens (10)
10. Leader of a class, in short (3)
11. A small camera on a bridge to capture our curriculum (9)
12. Gives calculated solutions to all problems (5)
13. Fabulous Line-up of countries on the walls of AkshayaH Global School (5)
14. For us, this is not the limit (3)
17. We become this when the school works on our sharp edges (7)
19. A place for learners or a collection of fish (6)
23. For the reason, it is here (2)
26. Your civet cat a hit? Rearrange her to do community service beyond limits (8, 8)
28. This teacher from southern district is very harsh (6)

DOWN

1. Zara Reynolds, found here, is not a common name (4)
2. Lecture about the spinning toy to the crème-de-la-crème (3, 5)
3. Mate, you need to change to be part of this group of players! (4)
4. Physical activities inside Madras Ports Trust (6)
5. Make an effort to find this word (3)
6. The first operation of 12 Across (3)
8. Bend it like BKS Iyengar! (4)
9. This way we stand (6)
15. Have zero bats to play with, yet brag (5)
16. The classical composer in our staff room! (6)
18. Sounds like newly appointed, but done following proper procedures (4)
20. The transport for those who are beginning to care (3)
21. Steve, we get into these after our college (4)
22. Between dreaming and doing (4)
24. Grunt, you pig! (4)
25. You are not in guilt when you are covered with gold (4)
27. The star ends on the road as a dark, oily, viscous material. (3)



Tempt Your Taste-buds

Overcome your temptations - by yielding to them! Resist not the irresistible.
Here are the recipes for a couple of delicious dishes. Help yourself to Sunita's Servings.
Bon Appetite!



Chocolate Chip Cookies

INGREDIENTS:

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup granulated sugar
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup packed brown sugar

1 cup butter
1 tsp vanilla essence
1 large egg
2 cups of maida (all purpose flour)
1 tsp baking soda
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp salt
1 cup chocolate chips

1. Preheat the oven.
2. In a large bowl beat the sugars (white and brown), butter and vanilla with an electric mixer or stir with a spoon. Then stir in the flour, baking soda and salt. The dough will be stiff. Stir in the chocolate chip cookies.
3. On an ungreased cookie sheet drop the dough by spoonfuls about two inches apart.
4. Bake 8 to 10 minutes or until light brown (centers will be soft). Cool 1 or 2 minutes, remove from cookie sheet and enjoy.

Carrot Cake

INGREDIENTS:

1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar
1 cup vegetable oil
3 large eggs
2 cups maida
2 tsps ground cinnamon
1 tsp baking soda
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp salt
3 cups shredded carrots (5 medium)

1. Preheat oven. Grease bottom and sides of one 13x9 inch pan or two 9 inch pans with shortening.
2. In a large bowl beat sugar, oil and eggs with an electric mixer on low speed until blended. Add flour, cinnamon, vanilla, baking soda and salt. Beat on low speed for about 2 minutes. Stir in the shredded carrots and pour into pan.
3. Bake 13x9 inch pan for 40-45 minutes and 9 inch pan for 30-35 minutes or until toothpick inserted into the center of the cake comes out clean.



Recipes by Sunita Kannan

अजब-गजब, बोल अनमोल (पहेलियाँ)

1 सुबह-सुबह ही आती हूँ
दुनिया की खबर सुनाता हूँ
बिना मेरे उदास हो जाते,
सबका प्यारा रहता हूँ !

2 मुझे उलट कर देखो,
लगता हूँ मैं नौ जवान
कोई अलग न रहता मुझ से
बच्चा, बूढ़ा और जवान !

3 तीतर के दो आगे तीतर
तीतर के दो पीछे तीतर
बोलो कितने तीतर ?

4 कान घुमाए बंद हो जाऊँ
कान घुमाए खुल जाता हूँ
रखता हूँ मैं घर का खयाल
आता हूँ मैं सब के काम
कोई बताए मेरी नाम !



होली

होली आई, होली आई ।
सबने मिलकर ढोलक बजाई ।
कोमल ने ओढ़नी पहन नाच दिखाया ।
जोकर भी टोकरा लेकर आया ।
धोबी मोची दरोगा की टोली आई
रंग-बिरंगी होली आई ॥

रंग

पीला नींबू लाल टमाटर
नारंगी होती है गाजर
दूध सफ़ेद नीला आकाश
फूल गुलाबी हरी घास
बैंगन का रंग बैंगनी होता
काले रंग का होता छाता
भूरे रंग की मिटटी होती
गमला गेरू रंग में आता

नन्ही दुनियाँ

समय बचा अब बिलकुल कम,
चलो पढ़ाई करले हम
अगले माह परीक्षा है,
मौसम कितना अच्छा है ना....

सूर्य और धरती

सिर पर सूरज नीचे घर
आओ मिलकर नाचे आज
एक पेड़ है लंबा सा
फिर भी मुझ से छोटा से
आसमान में दो कौवे
रंग है उनका नीला सा
भूरे जूते भूरे बाल
शर्ट सफ़ेद धारियाँ लाल
हरी घास और पीला सूरज
दिन को करता कैसा जगमग
हैंसो हैंसाओ आओ पास
सिर पर सूरज नीचे घास

बादल

नाच रहे सब मोर झूम के
नभ का छूते पेड़ चूम के ।
इन्द्रधनुष बनवाते बादल
सबको खुश कर जाते बादल ।

स्वच्छता

बच्चे आये झाड़ू लेकर
भारत स्वच्छ करेंगे ।
गली-गली में पड़ी पन्निया,
सड़क-सड़क कचरा है ।

दिवाली

मेज भरी पकवान दिवाली
राकेट की उड़ान दिवाली
लक्ष्मी गणपति खील खिलौने
सजी धजी दूकार दिवाली
दीयों की कतार दिवाली
फुलझड़ियाँ अनार दिवाली
घर आँगन मन उपवन सारा
ज्योतिर्मय संसार दिवाली



Hepzibah Preethi

தமிழறிவு நாமறிவோம்

1. 'தமிழ்நாடு' பெயரை மீண்டும் சூட்டக் கோரி, பட்டினி கிடந்து உயிர் விட்டவர் யார்?
2. புத்தர் தமிழ் படித்தார் என்று எந்த நூலில் குறிப்பிடப்பட்டுள்ளது?
3. அமெரிக்காவில் எந்த அருவியில் 'நல்வரவு' என்று தமிழில் எழுதப்பட்டுள்ளது?
4. எருசலேம் நகர், ஒலிவமலைக் கோயிலில் இயேசு கிறித்துவின் வழிப்பாட்டுக் கருத்து எழுதப்பட்டுள்ள 68 மொழிகளில் இடம் பெற்றுள்ள ஒரே இந்திய மொழி எது?
5. 'பொன்னோடு வந்து கறியோடு பெயர்ந்தனர்' என்ற இலக்கிய வரி தமிழ்நாட்டிலிருந்து ஏற்றுமதியான எந்தப் பொருளைக் குறிக்கிறது?
6. திருவள்ளுவர் ஆண்டு, கி.பி. ஆண்டை விட எத்தனை ஆண்டுகள் அதிகம்?
7. நாவாய் என்னும் தமிழ்ச் சொல்லினின்று உருவான ஆங்கிலச் சொல் எது?
8. எந்தத் தமிழ்ச் சொல்லினின்று 'cash' என்னும் ஆங்கிலச் சொல் தோன்றியுள்ளது?
9. தமிழுடன் வேறு எம்மொழிகள் கலந்து சிங்கள மொழி உருவானது?
10. 'ஞாலுதல் (தொங்குதல்)' என்னும் கருத்து அடிப்படையில் உலகத்திற்கு நம் முன்னோர் இட்ட பெயர் யாது?

குட்டியூண்டு கதை

மத்தியில் நின்றான் மிதவாணன்...
மிதமாய் வாழ்ந்து பின் வாயிலில் நிற்கையில்,
கேட்கப்பட்டான் மிதவாணன், “கருப்பா? வெள்ளையா?”
“இரண்டுமல்ல, மத்தியில்,” என - அவன் வாய்மொழியின்
வினையையனால், சொர்க்கமுமின்றி, நரகமுமின்றி,
மத்தியிலேயே நின்றான் மிதவாணன்.



Leema

Meet the Teacher!

Powered by Passion, Driven by Wanderlust!

Our school has been fortunate to have many teachers who come with a rich and diverse experience in various fields. Here we present the profile of one of our external faculty members.



Prathai. A remote rural town about an hour from NakhonRatchasima, Thailand. A young teacher from India is working with the 'mathayom' (secondary school level) children at the Government School – one group among about 900 such children that she meets every week to teach beginners' English.

Suddenly, there is a deafening noise. The frightened children huddle together and hug the teacher. Even as she is comforting them, someone cries out from outside, "It's a bomb! It's a bomb!" There has been widespread political unrest in the country, and it has spilled over into the small town.

For weeks, the place remains isolated. No communication lines to the outside world. The teacher is the only Indian in that area.

She can barely speak the local language. And now, she is unable to communicate with her relatives back home. Terrifying, indeed!

The gutsy teacher in that remote Thailand town was none other than Ms. Uma Hariharan, our external faculty member who teaches Rhythm and Movement to our children.

"Scary, wasn't it? Did you then leave the country at the earliest opportunity?" we ask her as she recounts her chilling experience.

"Not really," she smiles, demure as ever. "I stayed on to complete the assignment before I left the place." Typical of her!

We ask her how it happened that she was teaching in Thailand.

"Educationally, I completed my Master's of Arts in Applied Linguistics and TESOL at Anglia Ruskin University, Cambridge, United Kingdom in 2012. And I continued as an ESL teacher. I was teaching English to different language background adults like French, Korean, Chinese and Indians privately. Most of these adults/students come from a corporate/business background and learn English to add benefits towards their work.

"From there, I carried my work onto Southeast Asia, Thailand, to get an experience of teaching students who come from a different language background. Teaching English to Thai students was a brilliant experience. My main role was to build their confidence in speaking English: this is important in rural areas where students aren't exposed to English except for in the classroom."

Intense experience indeed! Then, how did she move on to rhythm and movement?

"My passion was always towards dance and trekking in the mountains. I have been experimenting in both these fields since 2005. My first dance tour was in 2005. I was a Latin American Ballroom dancer for a brief period of time. I completed the requirements for the basic mountaineering certificate under the Nehru Institution to Mountaineering, Uttarkashi, in May 2008 – which includes rock climbing, ice climbing and a one month long trek into the Himalayas. Then I continued to trek in the mountains of Lake District in England in May 2012, followed by Stok Kangri Himalayas in 2013. The highest I have trekked is 6,153 m (20,182 ft.).

My experience in dance led me to become a teacher of Rhythm and Movement, Performing Arts and Drama. Enhancing movement activities with music is a great way to get kids motivated. I have been teaching kids at various schools in Chennai and I am happy to be associated with AkshayaH Global too."



How has all this experience enriched her personally?

"I have strived to maintain an approach of expanding personal knowledge in all my endeavours. Learning and sharing my knowledge with others has been most worthwhile. Along with my professional goals, I like to experiment in the art field (music, movement, drama) mostly with kids, and help them bring out their own thoughts and ideas through music, movement or drama. I think one of my distinguishing characteristics is the diversity of experiences that I have had. I always look forward to such experiences in life. I also have a passion for traveling and understanding different cultures of the world. All these elements have given me a very broad outlook, with varying degrees of knowledge in a range of topics. Although some do not seem to relate directly, I strongly believe that all these qualities influence my work."

We are indeed fortunate that a person with such diverse and deep experience, and having such an exalted view of life, works with us at AkshayaH Global!



V. Narayanan



Break Your Crayons!

All my childhood I fervently prayed
For a box of crayons;
I wanted to colour my grown-up life
In magenta, yellow and cyan.

I worked hard during my time
And passed with colours flying;
Got indeed a pile of shades
For all of which I was dying!

In youthful pride, I flaunted them
But the hues didn't last long...
For I fell down once on a hard floor –
Broken and they were gone!

A lump of guilt, a bit of denial,
A million emotions did pop:
Did it just have to happen, or
Did I misstep and drop?

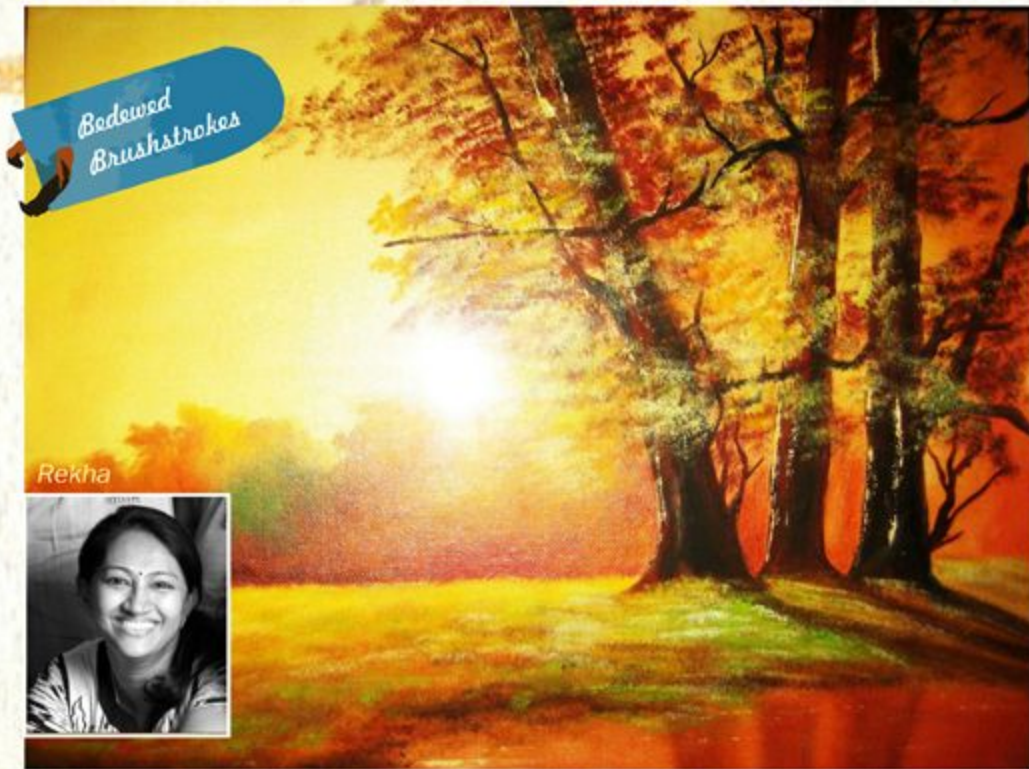
For a period, I was depressed
Like all my life was lost,
Recalling the colours of the past
Wondering why they didn't last!

As time passed and the wounds healed
I gathered back my wits;
Put them together in a large bowl –
All the broken bits.

Ah, did the people love the pattern
They haven't seen such mosaic;
But when I ask them to break their crayons
Boy, they think I'm sick!

With rigid notions and a monochrome mind
Live many a lad and lass;
Even a kaleidoscope doesn't show colours
Without the broken glass!





Riddles to Fiddle With!

1. An egg
2. A tender coconut
3. A watermelon
4. A hot dog
5. Because they don't have chairs
6. Because his daddy was really a mummy
7. Lemon-aid
8. Because it had too many problems
9. 'Hiss'tory
10. Because the students were very bright
11. Because the teacher asked him not to use tables
12. A cheetah
13. A teacher
14. A clock
15. A bottle
16. An egg
17. Snow

ANSWERS



अजब-गजब, बोल अनमोल – उत्तर

1. अखबार
2. वायु
3. तीन
4. ताला
5. घड़ी

தமிழறிவு நாமறிவோம் - விடைகள்

1. ஈகி சங்கரலிங்கனார்
2. இல்லித விஸ்தாரம்
3. நயகரா
4. தமிழ்
5. மிளகைக் குறிக்கிறது. (பழங்காலத்தில் அயல்நாட்டினர் பொன் கொடுத்து அதற்கு பதிலாக சேரநாட்டில் விளையும் மிளகை பெற்றுச் சென்றனர் என்று குறுந்தொகை இலக்கியம் குறிப்பிடுகின்றது.
6. 31 ஆண்டுகள்
7. நேவி (NAVY)
8. 'காக' என்னும் சொல்லிலிருந்து
9. பாவி மொழியும் சமஸ்கிருதமும்
10. ஞாலம்

Crossword Solution

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| R | O | T | A | T | E | S | | | | | T | | | | A | | | |
| A | | O | | E | | P | L | A | Y | G | R | O | U | N | D | | | |
| R | E | P | | A | | O | | | O | | Y | | N | | D | | | |
| E | | C | A | M | B | R | I | D | G | E | | | I | | | | | |
| | | L | | | | | T | | | A | | M | A | T | H | S | | |
| F | L | A | G | S | | | S | K | Y | | B | | | E | | | | |
| | | S | | | | M | | | | | | R | O | U | N | D | E | D |
| | | S | C | H | O | O | L | | | | A | | | | | | | U |
| J | | | A | | Z | | | D | | | S | O | | G | | L | | |
| O | U | T | R | E | A | C | H | A | C | T | I | V | I | T | Y | | | |
| B | | | A | | | R | | | R | | | | N | | L | | | |
| S | T | R | I | C | T | | | | E | | | | K | I | T | S | | |







Wrapper Art Namrata Narish Kumar Grade V
Design Rohini Mani

AKSHAYA HGLOBAL SCHOOL

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