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UNITED NATIONS SECURITY COUNCIL

OF JOKES, GAMES AND SOCIALS

...because they seem to have become more important than debate

The IP had sincerely hoped that the second day of the committee would be fast paced and exciting. We had even been assured by some "concerned" (read sarcastic) delegates that we would not be disappointed and would get enough juicy bits of news to write about. However, this curtain of false assurance and hope was soon lifted from before our eyes.

The insipidness was such that during the unmoderated caucus, delegates had nothing better to do than play "bird flies" (read chidiya ud) amongst themselves and Ludo on their mobile phones. Even anonymous chits being passed around were not replied to, leaving the IP dismayed.

The Executive Board members, having had given the delegates an unmoderated caucus, settled into a discussion of their own, though this discussion was not even remotely related to the agenda at hand. They were discussing standup comedy, imitating the comedians and having a good laugh.

Imitating Kunal Kamra, a standup comedian, our Chairperson said, "Bro, till when will you do MUNs? Bro, if I get a good career, then never." The discussion soon drifted towards the ballroom socials the following night, and getting dates for the same. Our Rapporteur, being the "faithful boyfriend" said that he will not take a date to the socials because he already has a girlfriend; since he would not like her to go out with someone else, he too would not do the same. Such a gentleman, Mr. Rapporteur!

Q&A WITH THE DELEGATES

The Executive Board approached the IP for conducting a Press Conference since they had noticed delegates violating their foreign policy and wanted this to reach the world. They also wanted the delegates to clarify their stance in the committee. Hence, a bored IP got a chance to conduct a press conference for the very first time at the LMGMUN.

The Q and A session started with a question directed towards the delegate of Armenia. In answer to the question, "What is your justification for violating the territorial sovereignty of another nation? If so, what were the exact factors that led to your actions?" the delegate of Armenia stated that in order to protect its brothers in a foreign nation, the action taken is justified *the EB members are smirking*. When countered with the question that this answer does not justify its violation of the territorial sovereignty of another nation and, the delegate repeated the same monotonous answer *the EB is now making frantic signals to us to cut him out*. His overly long answer was cut short by the reporters with a polite 'Thank you'.

The delegate of Russia was asked about the establishment of a liberal open minded culture taking root in Georgia, Crimea and Chechnya. The delegate answered with an absolute air of confidence, saying that the agenda being discussed in the committee at the moment was the Nagorno Karabakh Conflict and that we should focus on that. However, during giving this extremely political and diplomatic answer, the delegate made a major blunder of saying that the Nagorno Karabakh region was under the control of Azerbaijan *The delegate of Azerbaijan looks aghast*. The delegate of Russia did not even take the care to correct herself.

The impressive delegate of Syria was asked about his opinion on the implementation of the R2P in his country. He said that the R2P implemented in his country was done falsely and because of the hypocritical USA, who say something else on your face and do something else behind your back.

The IP feels that the delegates were quite confused themselves and unaware of their foreign policy. This press conference would have been better if the delegates had researched more on the agenda.



#NOTQUITEIMPRESSED



THE MEDELLIN CARTEL

FIRST CALL (OF THE WILD)- where drama turns feral

The second day of the conference began with an informal discussion among the Cartel members over the especial beauties of their places of origin. It is remarkable that they did not mention the intellectual (ly void) mindsets of the people of Jhumri- Talaiya. Their conversation mentioned mainly the nymph- haunted rivers and valleys of various places in the different parts of "Spain".

Mrs. Esc., upon entering the conference room, met the delegates with a formal, official greeting. The editors of the Oxford English Dictionary should be informed that "Sup, biscuits?" is not around the streets anymore, but instead permeating the clean, official air of the conference rooms.

Upon the opening of the conference, it was revealed that the High Court had substantial evidence against Don Pablo upon his suspicious- drug- trading deals.

Gacha, formerly known under the name of the traitor Luis Fernando Duque seemed very insistent to force upon the delegates some understanding of the situation. He was incumbent to point out to the delegates that they should understand that an immediate plan of action is required to remove the danger of Don Pablo being extradited. When asked by Sicario what he termed as an 'immediate plan of

action', he said that the delegates should understand the gravity of the situation. To him, terminating the judge's life seems to be the most advisable course to follow

But, wait! There has been another breakthrough for the Medellin Cartel. The judges of the High Court have announced that the allegations upon Pablo Escobar would not be pursued any further, as the courts were planning to shut down.

Now, Pablo Escobar and his wife have called for an Un-moderated Caucus, so that Mrs. Escobar can leave the conference room to impersonate drunken tactics with members of other red- tied wo-men.

CARTEL OF THRONES

Where conspiracies take turns!



THERE HAS BEEN A MAJOR BREAKTHROUGH FOR THE MEDELLIN CARTEL. La Quica, a member of the Cartel who got away during the first day of conference, and managed to escape, has been missing for three sessions, equivalent to two years, apparently. Now Mrs. Escobar has managed to hunt down a top- secret member of the Cali Cartel, who, though devoid of his scarlet tie, knows La Quica's location.

Banging open the glass shuttered door, the man was dragged into the room by his collar, and forcibly dumped on the ground. Squatting there pitifully, exempt of either tie or decency, the man kept reiterating his innocence and complete ignorance of La Quica's hideout. Yet Mrs. Escobar apparently has a brutal streak, of which it seems that Don Pablo has no clue. However, his fingers clinging to the poor man's hair, extending a terrible challenge to the man's scalp to keep the strands affixed was not enough to break him down. At this crucial juncture, a unanimous decision to slay the man along with his wife, was formulated (Yes, his wife was kindly invited along too).

The devoted husband then begged them to kill him before his wife, and his wife rejoined in his request as well (Whew! Rather an extreme reaction to a 'who-will-wash-the-dishes' fight). The man was astounded by her reply, and cried out, "What? Why? Are you cheating on me?", to which she responded by calmly sitting on the floor and not turning a hair. Silence does indeed mean yes, and it was discovered- get this- it was discovered at this point that her name was Daenerys Targaryen. The cheating wife was so very subtly named (make no mistake about this) Daenerys Targaryen!



CHIT CHAT

Writing chits or notes at an MUN may sound boring to some, the niche of those delegates who do not speak, to others or just fun to the rest. However, it is one of the most rewarding part of any MUN. Sending chits allows a delegate to communicate with other delegates across large committee rooms, helping them to form alliances and gather support for their resolution. However, not all chits are formal and mean business. Some of them are dumb, a few of them include pick-up lines while the others are just downright hilarious! These include:

1 DIPLOMATIC CHIT

These are the formal chits usually sent by experienced delegates or those who mean business and are there to win. The contain matter like asking another delegate to be a part of their alliance or to support their resolution. These chits are usually short, crisp and overly to the point.

3 CUPID'S LETTERS

These chits contain Cupid's Arrows (figuratively and sometimes literally). These chits are normally sent to ask another delegate out for the socials by stating cheesy pick-up lines and weird rhymes. Roses are red, apples are rot, dear neighbouring delegate, please can you not? Please, just don't.

5 THE CHANDLER BINGS

These chits are the delight of the IP reporters if they get their hands on one. They, like Chandler Bing, contain sarcasm on a delegate's speech. Something along the lines of, "Sir, by providing non lethal aid to the rebels do you mean to provide them with butter knives and spoons?"

2 HUNGRY DANIELS

These chits are written by perpetually hungry delegates. They usually contain questions like 'When will we get to eat?' or 'What's in the menu today?' while their empty stomachs gurgle away during the sessions.

4 PATRICK THE STARFISH

These chits, like the person they are named after, contain the Pacific Sea of questions. They are usually sent by shy first timers to the EB members, asking basic stuff or the procedures of the committee. These chits never stop flowing over to the EB's desk, as the Chairs try their best to keep the gavel striking limited to the table and not the delegates' heads.

JOINT CRISIS COMMITTEE MOTION FOR ENTERTAINMENT



"

JCC Director (Devesh):
"There is a guy called Saddam who's travelling in a helicopter over the ocean. He has 50 bricks with him. He throws one of the bricks out, how many bricks are left with him?"

Committee: *silence prevails*

JCC Director:
Simple! There are 49 bricks left.

"

out of a committee. We are proud to say that our expectations were more than fulfilled. We saw the crazy streak of all four EB members, to be precise, and the conclusion was none other than 'Devesh is a sux'. Mind me when I say this, it was not by consensus of around two-third of the majority. It was approved by a vote of thirteen in a committee of thirteen. The Executive Board members had some riddles in their mind, and we hoped it would stay that way.. But never mind. We had our Crisis Directors dancing (shaking their bellies, jiggling like jellies) on Bhojpuri songs, WITHOUT any special demand. Cute, right? We also found out that our Vice Chair had an extremely special talent of being a railway/flight attendant.

This doesn't mean JCC KGB was behind. It was the most happening committee of the conference, which was proven by the crowd that gathered during the motion of entertainment. Not only did we have the delegates but also the Secretariat and Executive Boards of other committees. Feeling repentant much, guys? Don't worry too much, our standards were pretty high.

After a long day of gruelling discussions, the delegates of CIA heaved a sigh of relief when the motion for entertainment was passed. One of the JCC directors entertained the committee with one refreshing riddle after the other, providing welcome reprieve to the fatigued delegates. It went something like this;

JCC Director (Devesh): "There is a guy called Saddam who's travelling in a helicopter over the ocean. He has 50 bricks with him. He throws one of the bricks out, how many bricks are left with him?"

Committee: *silence prevails*

JCC Director: Simple! There are 49 bricks left.

Committee groans and laughs at in unison.

The monotony of CIA was broken with KGB's Motion of Entertainment and the KGB was just sad (read: glad) to see lives of the other committees' delegates suffering. Yes, we are mean that way. Though CIA and KGB are parallel committees, they have been completely different shades of a colour. While KGB was full of crisp, innovative debates, CIA was comparatively less enthusiastic. CIA's hopes of getting communicative were increased when directives were subsided as all they received were 'chits', while the total opposite happened in JCC KGB. This being the first combined thing (article/book of jokes) given by KGB and CIA, we hope we end on good note and not secrecy.

JOINT CRISIS COMMITTEE

CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY CHIT CHAT

There was silence in the committee, broken at intervals by the murmurs of delegates as they tried to make light conversation. Amid the quietude, one could hear the scratching of pen against paper, as two delegates were spiritedly writing something on the sheet. If not for the smiles playing on their faces, one could have almost thought that they were drafting an important paper for the committee. Almost.

The logistics were summoned, and the delegates waited impatiently for the notes they had written to reach their intended recipient.

Which, unfortunately, happened to be the IP.

As it turned out, the notes we received revealed the fact that the delegates were so bored that they wanted to amuse themselves by sending notes to the IP.

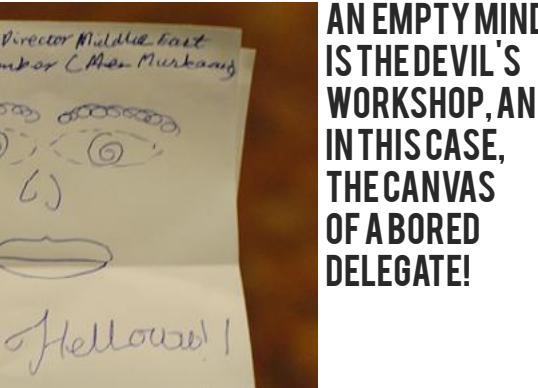
ALLEGATIONS AND APOLOGIES



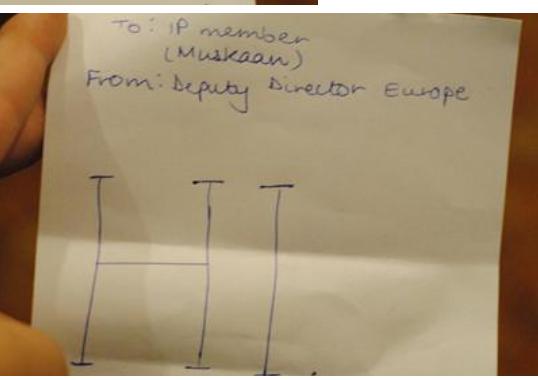
The actual action began when the members of the CIA accused Saddam Hussein of being involved in the disappearance of the Kurds after the USA funded them. First of all, hats off to the delegate who had the guts to raise allegations against Saddam Hussein. The delegates were updated on the fact that Saddam Hussein had just landed in a region nearby and had asked for a one-on-one meeting with any one member of the committee. The JCC Directors told all the delegates to vote for two delegates that they felt should be considered for the meeting. The voting was held and the Chief Analyst on Iraq won with the highest number of votes.

A little while later, he was finally called outside when Saddam had arrived. A fifteen minute long meeting was held. The tension in the committee grew as everyone was eagerly waiting for the Chief Analyst on Iraq to return with some information. Moreover, everyone was worried if he will return or not. The anxiety of the committee came to an end when the Chief Analyst finally returned. Though he was alive, two of his fingers had been cut off. However, he had come back with the information that Saddam Hussein was extremely angry and had demanded an apology from the CIA for making false allegations and assumptions without looking into the issue completely.

The CIA refused to apologize since it is not in their normal fashion to do so, and they could not even see any benefit in apologizing to a man like Saddam.



ALWAYS AVAILABLE FOR CHAT!



AN EMPTY MIND IS THE DEVIL'S WORKSHOP, AND IN THIS CASE, THE CANVAS OF A BORED DELEGATE!



KOMITET GOSUDARSTVENNOY BEZOPASNOSTI

USSR, IRAN, KUWAIT OR YAWN?

Is political advantage important enough to jeopardise peaceful functioning of a country?



In the midst of the brown desks, grey laptops, white shirts and black pants, the morning blues outweighed them all. The EB was sleepy enough to mistake the IP for the Secretariat. (Not that the IP minded it. Just saying.)

The committee, struggling and overcoming yawns, finally began with its proceedings. The 7th Directorate proposed to capitalise the Middle East, it's major target being Saudi Arabia. Along with that, he planned to stage an attack against Kuwait as it can enhance Iran's trade.

Since Saudi Arabia is a strong power, attacking it helped them envision gradual control over the smaller countries as well. But the 4th Directorate proposed a rather peaceful solution and planned to defame the former Iranian government officials.

Therefore, the Communist party will gain more legitimacy. Some even suggested to defame the CIA and the West to strengthen Iran as convincing Iraqi government to attack Kuwait might lead to increase in oil resources, but might also lead to a mass uprising which at this time will be a lot disadvantageous than ever before.

The CIA Chief then entered the committee with an alarming news. He stated that five bombings had taken place in the USSR in the last three hours, and that too in some of the most populated areas. Committee's immediate need of the hour is now to help and support USSR in this peak of danger. In the midst of these committee blues, the acceptance of the Communist agenda by the Iranian government was definitely a silver lining.

We hope that the delegates will now rise to the situation because we feel that the yawns can, or rather should, subside for a bombing.

HOW DARE YOU NOT LIKE ME?

Don't belittle my self-love just because I didn't get a Taj Mahal made for myself.



Self obsession is a quite common sight these days, but seldom does it look modest. We came across one such case today. Our very own Crisis Director-Devesh Agarwal.

When one of the delegates was appreciating LMGUN, our Crisis Director's self obsessive streak became obvious. He came. He sat, looked at that delegate and said 'What about me?'. We then had a 'candid' interview, contradictory much? Devesh Agarwal is a cute, hot guy. He has great/cute/messy hair(sorry for the lack of choice here, but then we don't want to disappoint Devesh). We were then joined by another EB member who gave us some insights- 'is a pain botch and is difficult to work with, is an avid fan of Phineas and Ferb and boasts of his humility'- insights which Devesh didn't appreciate. Clearly. For

Devesh Agarwal to like you, you need to make sure you admire his dashing looks and he's all cool about his love for himself. One thing that genuinely scares him to his very core is our Secretary General. If you're reading this Devesh, congratulations. Now you can stop smiling. I know your day has been made. But please stop smiling.

PS: This article could not be completed without the help and corrections provided by Devesh Agarwal and Devesh Agarwal. Also, did I mention Devesh Agarwal?

Devesh, shining away in glory, turns this page of the Spectator

Open Letter

to the Conference Staff
of LMGMUN'17

Dear Beloved Conference Staff,

With profound empathy, I write this letter to forewarn you against the exasperating difficulties you may have to come across during LMGMUN, and how to negotiate them with ease. My immense love for you compelled me to write this comical, yet, functional letter.

To begin with, I understand how painful it is to go around passing chits from one hyperactive delegate to another, to the EB members, and acting as a pigeon for two extremely empty headed star crossed lovers who have nothing better to do but compose love poems for each other all day.

Secondly, I deeply sympathize with you for having to serve water to all those delegates who seem to have just returned from an adventure to the Sahara Desert and have a perpetual, insatiable craving for water.

Moreover, nothing can be more annoying than wearing the same T-shirt for three consecutive days, and like a tyrant, leaving those innocent, chic and stylish clothes imprisoned in your cupboard at home. It takes a lot of courage to do that and I applaud you for the same.

Also, being subjected to mockery, ridicule and criticism by people who are not better than you is one of the many ordeals you brave folks might have to go through. If at any point of time you feel like wringing somebody's neck, just use your meditation skills, take a deep breath and relax, your anger will momentarily subside. You may feel vexed but you can't let it manifest in your behaviour. Afterall, MUNs are all about diplomacy and politics!

This being said, I would now like to offer some medical advice. Please keep a pain killer with you, in case the frequent, ear splitting banging of the tables leave you grappling with a terrible headache. How I wish there was some ointment for the poor tables too! In addition, the immense pandemonium during unmoderated caucuses, the needless standing up on the chairs (burdening them with not so light a bodily weight), the shouting at one's highest pitch, the desperate struggle to get one's points across; might all successfully turn you into a pessimistic philosopher who believes the world is nothing but a farce. However, you have to continue to be optimistic because, "For every dark night, there is a brighter day."

Now I think I have traumatized you enough by delineating a plethora of problems and generously offering my tiresome, yet, intellectual advice. Before ending this letter, I would like to bring some sunshine in your life by acquainting you with the fact that though the strenuous work may at times make you feel miserable, you inadvertently enjoy the role of the spectator of an amusing show. While the others in the room are struggling to resolve issues of global significance, you are observing them- impervious, immune, exalted; reclining back with a complacent sigh and watching the efforts of the international community, curl up and die.

Yours,
A Benevolent Reporter of the International Press.

"

nothing can be more annoying than wearing the same T-shirt for three consecutive days, and like a tyrant, leaving those innocent, chic and stylish clothes imprisoned in your cupboard at home.

"

-The woes of our Conference Staff

INTERNATIONAL CRIMINAL POLICE ORGANIZATION

GOOGLE; OUR SAVIOUR

"Yes, you can discover 'top secrets' of any country with the help of Google, the trusted!"

Right when the delegates of INTERPOL were in the midst of discussing the directive on the agenda Controlling the Black Market Trade of Civil War antiques, the delegate of Pakistan spontaneously claimed that he was allied, not with a country, but with our very own Google! He also claimed that one could travel from one country to another via secret routes. This piece of information, like all the others, was provided by none other than Pakistan's distant uncle, Google.

The delegate of Pakistan appeared to be a confidant of Uncle Google because after all, blood is thicker than water! And all this while we wondered, is it even a 'secret' route if Uncle Google just spurs out the directions every other Thanksgiving and Christmas, once he's had one too many Eggnogs? Along with that, the delegate claimed that he knew the route and could travel from Pakistan to Afghanistan, and then all the way back to China, just by road! To add to this, he also claimed that Pakistan had found all the gold that had been reported missing and stolen from the museum.



Post this hilarious escapade, the EB asked the delegates to raise a motion to adjourn the committee for tea. Even though majority of the delegates were looking forward to the morning tea break, no one in the committee was ready to pass a motion for the closure of the debate just yet! The EB members were surprised (read: shocked) at this sudden change of intentions of the delegates in the committee and checked with the delegates, whether they heard the words 'adjournment', 'closure' and 'tea' clearly. After a little persuasion and a promise to continue this debate later, the committee finally found closure. The debate was suspended by the passage of the motion as the growling stomachs of the delegates grew louder and louder!

Pack your bags, delegates, it's time for a road trip (and a cup of Uncle Google's infamous Eggnog!)

MUNS- A WAY TO SEEK ADMISSION

THE
REPORTERS
INTERVIEW THE
DELEGATE OF
AFGHANISTAN

Q- Have you read the The Spectator?

A- Yes, I have been through it. As members of the International Press, you guys are doing a great job! Like, with reporting stuff and providing us with pre conference news, it really shows us how hard you've worked.

Q- Why do you participate in MUNs?

A- Ah, actually, it helps me with my college admission. That's just because I did not score well in my final ISC examination, to be honest. My bad.

Q- What are your views on the agendas?

A- The agendas are quite interesting this time, but at some point, the committee gets boring. The crisis updates are good and the Executive Board members are interesting as well, but we all know that the crisis cannot extend for more than two days on an overall average.

Q- If you could change one thing about the committee, what would it be and why?

A- I would like to change the delegate of Pakistan, because he is extremely annoying.

Q- Describe your experience at LMGMUN'17 in five words.

A- I love LMGMUN and the girls. That's six words. Take that.

UNITED NATIONS ENVIRONMENT ASSEMBLY

NURSERY RHYMES PARODY

"Twinkle, twinkle little star,
U.S.A, I wonder what you are?
Aloof in a corner, clueless and shy,
Not dominating the committee, why,
why, why?"

Hickory Dickory Dock,
The committee is on the clock.
I greatly fear,
The end is near,
Hickory Dickory Dock!

Old King U.K,
Was a generous soul
And a kind hearted man was he
When it was clear,
That the end was near,
He gave out CFCs for free!

China, China go away
Come again another day.
You have only claims and no games.
China, China you've got enough fame.
Don't come back to play blame games
again.

HELLO FROM THE OTHER SIDE

THE REAL

The delegate of Kenya in UNEA seems quite worried about the green house emissions that is affecting his country as well as other developing nations. The delegate wants to arrange for funds from the developed nations for economic development and is thinking of ways on how to approach them. He is concerned about the disastrous effects of pollution on Kenya and is probably finding solutions that can be accepted by the committee as a whole and can be implemented so as to improve the poor conditions of the developing nations.



THE NOT SO REAL

After a long day yesterday, it seems that The delegate of Kenya in UNEA did not get his beauty sleep. Having slept only for four hours the previous night, the delegate is quite sleepy right in the first session of the committee. He has "Chanda Mama" playing at the back of his head and is wondering as to when the committee will get over so that he can peacefully lie on his bed with his hands and legs spread just like a tired little (indeed) baby. He is also wondering as to when can he go home and get a wifi connection for he asked the delegate of Turkey to give him hotspot connection during the tea break. Maybe he wanted to WhatsApp with some special people (*winks*)

SOCIAL, CULTURAL AND HUMANITARIAN COMMITTEE

TIME HEALS EVERYTHING



Nandini Mukherji and Bhavya Srivastava, the reporters of SOCHUM write a report on the committee's improvement after an interactive session of the delegates with the chairperson.

The day began on a fast pace, with the delegates clearer about the procedures, the Agenda and the role played by them in the committee. The committee was divided into 5 temporary blocs from the very beginning, almost everyone having different opinions on the agenda from their country's stance. After discussing two moderated caucus topics on the problems faced by children during armed conflicts, the chairperson gave the delegates a twenty minute unmoderated caucus to discuss solutions to the problem at hand and work on their working papers, which was somehow extended to half an hour. Although the committee discussed all the working

papers, the one made by the delegates of Syria, South Sudan and Russia was definitely the strongest. The working papers were discussed quite efficiently. A heated argument ensued during the discussion as the delegates started pointing fingers at each other pertaining to their country policies and contradicting stands. After a tiring and somewhat fruitful day, the EB members, on the request of the delegates, decided to have a motion for entertainment. When none of the delegates volunteered to dance or sing with (read: for) the Executive Board, they resorted to having a round of anonymous chits. Most of them contained questions and suggestions, asking the delegate of Syria to breathe between her speeches, and appreciating the delegate of Hungary for her beauty and poise. Some of them showcasing their love and affection for our Executive Board members, one of them even sending their number.

The reporters hope that this newfound enthusiasm of the delegates does not fade away any time soon. And as the committee was then full of life, the IP had nothing to complain about!



ABRACADABRA - WHEN THE IP STARTS TODAY DREAM

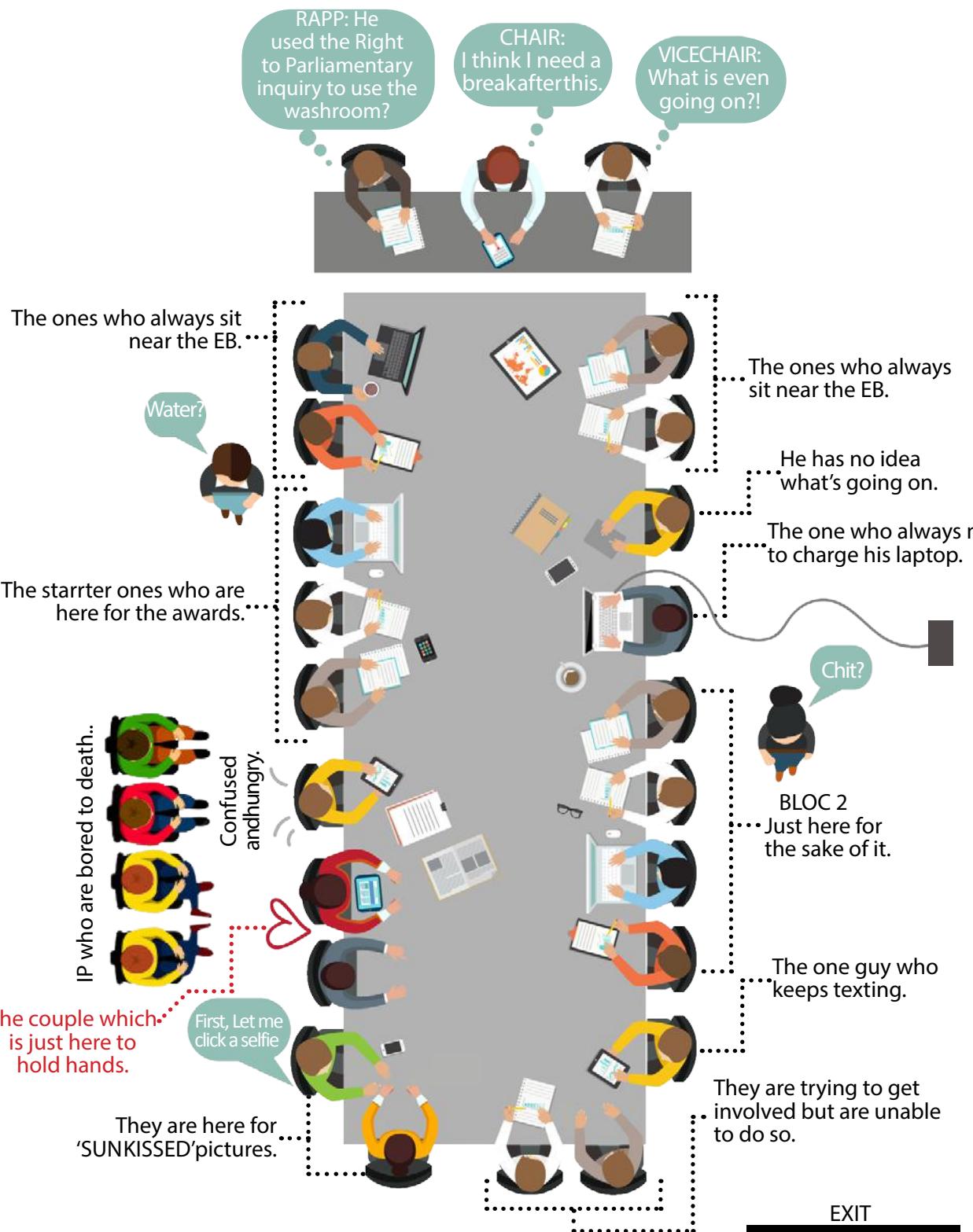


It was during an intense argument between USA and China when Prime Minister Narendra Modi walks in the committee room, making the delegate of India's eyes almost pop out of his skull before he jumped under the table. This little fiasco went unnoticed by PM Modi as he walked straight to the Executive Board. Taking out his 10 inch wand with Phoenix trail feather core (yes, IP knows stuff), he turned the delegate of USA into a ferret. "That solves half of the problems of this committee." He stated (quite proudly, actually) Everyone watched him dumbfounded. "Now..", Mr. Modi said while flicking his wand, "Where is the delegate of India?" This line sent shivers down the wanted delegate's spine. He appeared in a crouched position on his table. "You have disappointed me, Sir. Therefore you are no longer needed here." With a swish and a flick, the delegate of India disappeared into thin air.

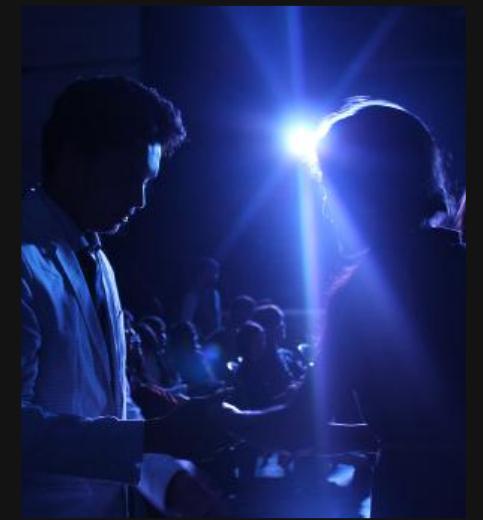
The EB, finally coming to their senses, said, "But Sir, that is not fair to the other delegates!" "Who said I'm the only one here" Mr. Modi said smirking, just as the door opened and Presidents and Prime Ministers of various countries walked in and took their seats at their respective places.

Soon after, the committee of SOCHUM became a crisis committee (quite literally). An immense amount of yelling could be heard. Large trays of walnut brownies were ordered (yes, you're quite right if you know for whom). As the IP members were not allowed inside anymore, they went looking for the missing delegate of India who was found in an unspeakable place in an unspeakable condition.

JUST ANOTHER COMMITTEE



THE MOST ANTICIPATED EVENT LMGMUN'17 SOCIALS



As five o'clock struck, the atmosphere around the conference rooms began to change susceptibly. Suddenly there were chits passing around from hand to hand. As the air of the socials permeated into the conference rooms, the delegates and the EB members became wilder and wilder. There were stand-up comedies being held in some of the conference rooms; and not subtle ones at that. The pent up anticipation found way in crazy antics, and even crazier conferences.

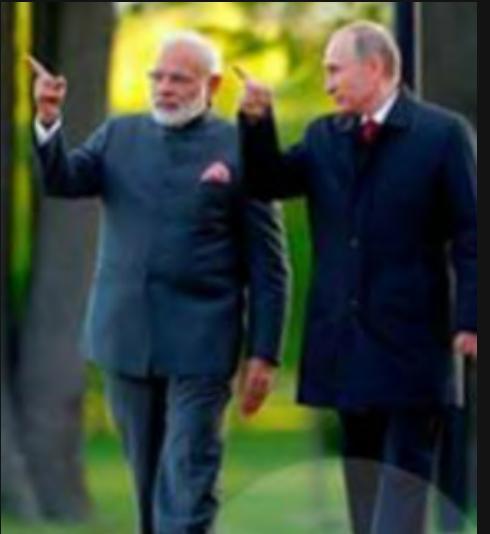
At last, at long last for the extremely restless MUNners, the buses finally arrived to transport them to La Martiniere Girls' College where the socials were to take place. The people scrambled into them to get to school as soon as they could, just to touch up their makeup one last time (this did not apply merely to girls). As soon as all the people were assembled in the LMGC auditorium, it was time for lights out. And disco lights on.

Whoops and cheers echoed around the auditorium as the numerous lights flashed one by one. During the fleeting lit up moments, we caught glimpses of two distinct divisions in the auditorium, giving space midway for a dance floor. On the left side sat the delegates, finally void of chits telling the delegate of USA to say something (UNE), and immaculately dressed. The Secretariat sat right ahead, a little away from the delegates, looking as fresh and smart as ever, despite running around the committees all day and managing every little hitch that arose. On the right side sat the Executive Board, followed by the International Press and the Logistics Team.

As the disc jockey let the notes of the song "Thinking Out Loud" ring throughout the auditorium, the ladies of the Secretariat were seen walking across the floor and requesting the hands of the members of the Executive Board. Roars of applause went around the room, as the Secretariat and the Executive Board opened the dance. The atmosphere of shyness quickly vanished from the auditorium, as the delegates along with the EB and conference staff, all stepped up onto the dance floor. While some danced with members of the opposite sex, most of the people ended up engaging in a lively, random group dance. Although most of the dancing was restricted to hopping (or lifting up a friend on one's shoulder, in case of some brave gentlemen) and an obscure step which supposedly belonged to the Punjabi dance, the MUNners still seemed to be having a lot of fun. An hour of dancing seemed much too little to contain all the anticipated fun. It was over all too soon, and as the last of the limping dancers walked out of the auditorium, some hoarse renditions of the songs were heard floating up to the garden, where dinner was being held. The fading evening hid the rest of the events from our sight, and we surrendered to its darkness with delight.

POSE OF THE DAY

...



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