

New Arrivals



Ishayu

Son of Shreyashi & Amit Mondal



Satyadeep

Son of Sanjukta Ghosh & Babu Dayal Padullaparhi



Auyona

Daughter of Ahana & Arka Gupta



Ashmita

Daughter of Chaitali & Biswanath Pal

DRAWINGS



"Donna playing with Di" by Donna Ghosh (3 years)



"Happy Faces" by Rajarshi Nath (4 years)



"Fly Fly Butterfly" by Mritwikha Duttagupta (5 years)



"One Fine Day" by Sneha Kundu (5 years)



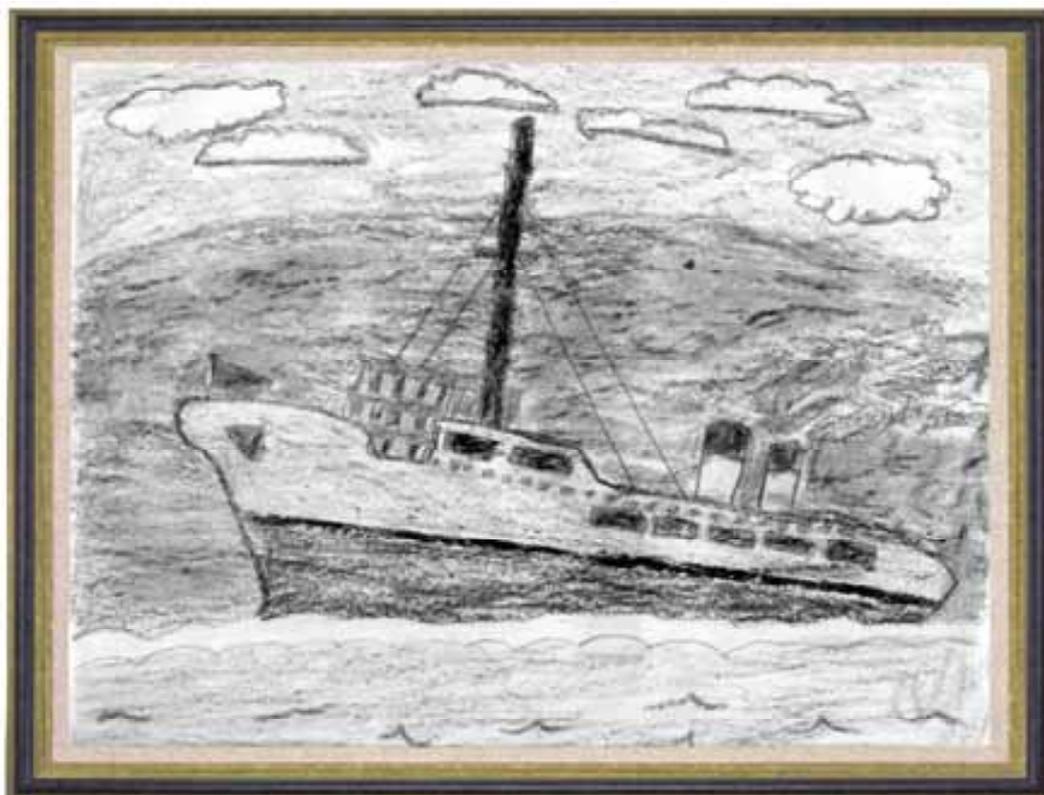
**“The Boat on the River”
by Arpan Bose (Grade I)**



“Crane” by Arunanshu Patra (Grade III)



“Kinkakuji” by Utsho Bose (Grade III)



“Ship on a Voyage” by Aneek Nag (Grade IV)



“The Chinese Warrior”
by Saptarshi Nath (Grade IV)



“Gohan”
by Bikramjit Basu (Grade V)



“Ancient Fastest Transport” by Akash Duttagupta (Grade V)



Computer art “Snowy Day” by Rajdip Sen (Grade VI)

WHALE

Nishant Chanda, Grade II

Save the Whales!! As they are endangered species, we should try to save them. Here the title "WHALE" doesn't actually mean the largest mammal. Let me explain. It means we should save the Earth and its natural resources.

W is for water,

H is for habitat,

A is for air,

L is for land,

E is for energy.

Water – We should try to save the water. When you wash your hands don't use too much of water. Also ask your mother or father to put some bricks or pet bottles filled with water inside the toilet water tank. Then the water level would rise and it won't flush out too much of water. Without water and plants you couldn't survive. Try to avoid bathing in the bathtub and instead have a shower. Then you will use less water. Never leave the water running. When you use a washing machine, put maximum load at one time or else you would be using too much water. It is not only us who need clean water but other plants also need it. We should keep the water clean by not throwing garbage in the water (river or sea).

Habitat – It is bad to wreck other's habitats. For example, if you cut a tree down you are killing other animals plus you are wrecking their houses. Habitats exist all over the world. The main habitats are land habitats, forest habitats, water habitats and polar habitats. We should ask the factories not to pollute the water, as many habitats exist in the water. We should stop "Global Warming", because it destroys

the polar bear's habitat. With global warming the ice around the poles are melting. It is our duty to save our and other animal's houses!

Air – All the living things need clean air to breath, otherwise they might die. Instead of riding a motor vehicle, if you use your bike or if you walk, it will produce no smoke because bikes don't produce smoke. It is better to do car-pooling than everyone going on separate cars. Keep the air clean because the ozone layer will get lots of holes in it and then it will disappear soon. If it happens, the people would die due to the heat. Don't cut down the trees and plants because they clean the air. If you need to go too far on a car for shopping, you can go there once a week. And don't forget to buy a lot of food at once. These will help keep the air clean.

Land – We should plant as many trees as possible. We should use less paper to save the trees. Re-use the paper or plastic bags so that you don't waste plastic and paper. If you have a garden, make a pond so that other animals can live in it. If there are many insects or bugs that harm your soil and plants, make a bat house so that the bat can eat them. Animals are all around us. When you go for camping, it is good not to stay close to a tree because if you make a campfire it might burn the trees, birds and other animals. Make some homes for animals that live in your garden. It is bad to kill animals because they give us food, sweaters and some other things. We have to save the rainforest, as it is the natural habitat of many animals.

Energy – Energy is what makes things work. Stoves, heaters, air conditioners, refrigerators and many other things need electricity or gas to work. It is good to use a public train or a bus when you want to go to a far place. It saves oil energy. As the living things need food to live, vehicles need gas or oil and lights and television needs electricity. It is good to walk, rather than going by bus or car, which needs gas or oil. Our natural resources are disappearing because we are using it too much!

When you are using a dishwasher put full load in the dish washing machine. Energy is important for everyone and everything. We should save energy, to save our earth from global warming and pollution.

I will do all the things I wrote because I like to help others.

How about you?

We need to save our Earth!!



My Best Summer Vacation

Renee Ghosh, Grade III



Aloha,

I just came back from Hawaii and had a wonderful time there. Let me share my experiences with you.

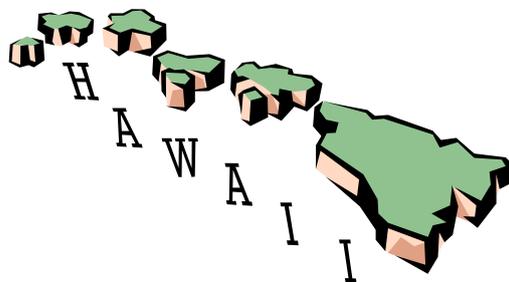
Hawaii is a group of Islands not very far away from Japan. It is a part of America. The four main islands of Hawaii are Maui, Kauai, Oahu and Big Island. We visited two of them. First we went to Oahu, and then we went to Kauai. In Oahu, we stayed in the famous Waikiki beach. Our hotel was bang on the beach. We stayed there for a week.

It is a very beautiful beach. The beach was always crowded. Some people are surfing or swimming in the water. I saw people are sleeping on the beach, and some are reading or eating. My sister and I played with the sand. My dad always stayed in the water and mommy was sitting on the beach chair watching us. I kept going in and out of the water. We had colorful shaved ice in the beach. Everyday we had yummy food in different restaurants. The amount of food was huge. In Oahu, we visited two

other beautiful beaches in the northern side of the island, called Sunset beach and Waimea Bay Beach Park. In the eastside, we visited a beach called Kailua beach. Each beach is different from each other. The color of the ocean is green in a beach and blue in the other. I really enjoyed Oahu but it was time to go to Kauai.

In Kauai, we stayed in a hotel in Poipu beach. We stayed in a beautiful hotel. Everyday my sister and I used to collect lot of flowers. In the hotel there was a kids club called Keiki Aloha Club. I went for fishing from the kids club. I caught three fishes and fed two to the heron named Walter. There was another girl called Maddy. Maddy and I painted T-shirts. I really enjoyed playing in the pool of this hotel. There was a big water slide in the pool. The whole day we spent in the pool.

Kauai was peaceful and I enjoyed it. After 11 days of our vacation, we had to come back. However, we wanted to stay more.



Nagasaki Peace Park



By Aishwarya Kumar, Grade III

I went on a five-day trip to Nagasaki and I am going to tell you all about it. On the 21st of July, I learned about the atomic bomb that was dropped on Nagasaki on August 9th 1945. The name of the bomb was "Fatman"; the bomber's name was "Bockscar". Before the atomic bomb was dropped, it was thought that it had to be done to end war. No one tried to discuss with Japan and decided to drop the bomb. Beside Nagasaki, there were few other choices – Yokohama, Kyoto, Tokyo Bay, Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The two places chosen were Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

The bomb was dropped on Hiroshima on August 3rd 1945. On August 9th 1945, 11:02 AM was the exact time when the bomb was dropped on Nagasaki. It formed a mushroom cloud in the sky. A wall clock stopped at the exact time, which is kept at the museum; a schoolgirl's lunchbox with rice had burnt

up, six bottles fused together in the heat, a worker wearing working clothes at Mitsubishi steel works burnt up. Mitsubishi Steel works was 1.2 km from the hypocenter where bones of a human being was found; his hand stuck to the glass that melted in the heat of the atomic bomb and another person's skull was found in the inner surface of a helmet. Only one of the pillars of a gate in the Sanno Shinto shrine was left around that area.

I went to other places but this is the main part I remember about Nagasaki. Now I will tell you about peace and if you were living in Nagasaki on August 9th 1945 imagine how would it have felt? First of all, you should know that peace can be more powerful than anything. "Peace is powerful" - the statue of the man in the Peace Park seemed to say. That's all I know about August 9th 1945. I hope you enjoyed reading....



My visit to Fuji Safari Park

By Saptarshi Nath, Grade IV

During my summer vacation, my dad, mom, and my brother Rajarshi and I went to Safari Park, which is in Shizuoka.

Did you know that Safari Park was on top of a big mountain? It is 108km far from our house! We went by car to Safari Park but since we had to go 108 km, we took the expressway so we could get there quickly. On the way, we saw mountains.



Finally, we got to Safari Park. We saw that the whole place was crowded with cars. It took time to reach the ticket counter. My dad bought the tickets and finally we entered the Safari Park but it took us a lot of time to get to the first gate, the Bear zone. In front of the gate there were signs saying, "Do not open your windows" and "Do not get out of your car". There were six gates. There are two options to go around the park - you can take your car or park bus.

The advantage of a park bus is that you can feed the animals and if you are a park ranger, you can use the ranger car and get a close look at the animals and ride along the grass. We saw many animals like bears, lions, elephants, tigers, deer, etc. Most animals were very tired and sleepy and there was a lioness

eating a pound of flesh with bones. We also saw few cheetah cubs too. Some of the giraffes kept coming in front of the car so the ranger moved them out of the way. There is a walking tour in Safari Park where you can walk around the forest and look and feed animals.



Later we went to the parking that was very big and almost full and we parked our car there. Then we went to a place where there were animals called ring tailed lemurs. After that, we went to a restaurant and ate lunch. I liked the shrimp pilaf, sausages, and the Coca-Cola too! There was a bakery store where you can make your own bread with frosting on it. After you're done, you can give to the baker and she will bake it for you. There is also a night safari where you can go at night. When we were finished, we looked at few small monkeys called squirrel monkeys but it was very smelly. So we went back to the car and rode out through the exit and away to the expressway.

My mom and dad were so busy talking that my dad missed the turn for the Yokohama exit and we got in big trouble but my mom said, "Let's go down Yokohama Aoba exit" and my dad did. Few hours later, we finally got home. What a great day we had!!

Olympics 2008



By Shreya Das, Grade IV

I did not imagine that the Olympics would be so grand until I watched it begin live on 08/08/08. I was mesmerized. The Olympics began with a grand opening ceremony, which went on for three hours. It included Chinese dances, the parade, Chinese cultural events and it was held in a colossal stadium called the 'Bird's Nest' made just for the Olympics. In the opening ceremony, there also was the Olympic torch lighting. The Olympic torch was passed hand to hand around the whole world and now that single torch was lighted at the side of the 'Bird's Nest'. That torch was lit for the Olympic period. The day after the ceremony the events

began, matches were won and lost and records were made. It was a very exciting time! People had trained their whole lives for this opportunity. We all found our favorites' and soon India got their first gold medal, I was very lucky to see that moment in front of my eyes! Everything went crazy on the news and in my house! It was all over the newspaper! Every day was wonderful and soon the time came for the closing ceremony and the Olympics ended. I shall miss the times when my father used to cry "Yes!!" when someone he supported won and I am going to look forward to the next Olympics!!



Jokes

by Aneek Nag Grade IV



What is the best way to catch fish?

Have someone to throw it at you.

What does a car watch?

Car-toon.

Why are penguins so famous in the internet?

Because they have web feet.

What has a head and tail but no body?

A coin

What do cows play?

Moo-sicle chair.

A boy came back from his first day at school. "So, what did you learn?" asked his mother. "Not enough. They want me to come back tomorrow."

Why are igloos round?

So penguins can't hide in the corner.

A man once called up an airport manager and asked, "How long it took from New York to Chicago?" He said, "one minute". Then the man said, "ok", and hung up.

Where does all the sea creatures sleep?

On the seabed.

Why is 6 afraid of 7?

Because seven ate nine.

Why is "B" feeling cold ?

Because there is "AC" around it.

Why is everybody tired on April 1st ?

Because they were marching for 31 days.

A kid's mother told the kid, "Aunt Ema has a new baby". "What's wrong with the old one?" asked the kid.

Protect Ozone Layer and Save Our Earth

By Aratrika Pan, Grade VI



Monday, August 15th, 2008

To:

Everyone,

Who are interested in saving our Earth?

Hello Everybody, I am writing this letter to make some awareness on Ozone layer destruction. I hope that you will find some useful information to save it from further destruction.

I hope this letter finds you well.

Over the last few months, I have been researching on some issues, which affect the world.

Today, I am going to tell you a brief summary about the Ozone Destruction. I hope that this will give you some information about protecting the Ozone Layer.

The Ozone Layer is one of the most powerful layers, which can protect us from the Sun's harmful ultra violet B radiation, UVB. The Ozone Layer has holes and is being destroyed because we release excessive amount of chlorofluorocarbons (CFCs) and Bromine through different forms of exhaust. Like the Ozone Layer, other layers which are known as Troposphere, Mesosphere, Exosphere and Stratosphere are also being destroyed. They are being destroyed mainly due to environment pollution.

To solve this problem we need to work on this by controlling the release of CFCs and ODS {Ozone Depleting Substances} to help mend the Ozone Layer. Also, we need to go to the different academic institutions to make people aware of this burning issue.

We need to change our lifestyles to protect the Ozone layer since it affects our environment. We need to make sure that the product we use has the mark "NO CFCs". We should stop using CFCs and ODS. CFCs and ODS are usually found in air-conditioners, aerosols, cars and factory exhausts, refrigerators and in many other appliances. Due to this issue, some people in Australia are suffering because they get burned easily if they stay longer exposed in Sun. If we don't take this issue seriously, we are going to face some severe health related issues such as skin cancer, melanoma, eye cataracts and lots more.

I hope that I was able to explain the issue. Please take initiative to mend the Ozone Layer. We all have rights to live healthy and safe. It's our duty to make our World a better place to live.

Thank you for reading this letter. SAVE OZONE, BETTER LIFE.

Sincerely,

Aratrika Pan

Thank you

I AM

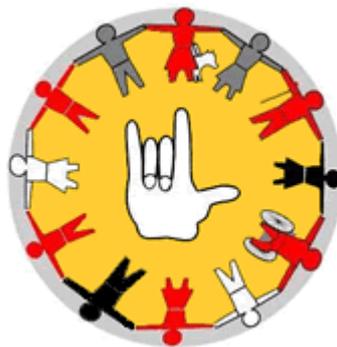
By Monalisa Das, Grade VI

I am a sixth grader who loves music
I wonder why people continue to pollute the world
when they know the consequences
I hear the noise of cars in the traffic
I see children's talents going to waste
I want to help people suffering from diseases

I am a sixth grader who loves music
I pretend to be a rock star
I feel the world being a place full of terrorism & sadness
I touch the shoulders of people struggling for shelter & food
I worry about the world's future
I cry for children without education

I am a sixth grader who loves music
I understand that not everyone can be perfect
I say there should be no discrimination in the world
I dream of a world without pollution & poverty
I try helping others in any way I can
I hope our future will be bright

I am a sixth grader who loves music.



Journey to the New World

By Tannistha Roychoudhury , Grade VI



Introduction

Ahoy, matey! Welcome to the Golden Sea Dragon! Where are we going? Shiver me timbers! Haven't you heard? We're going to the prognosticated land far west, which we will conquer as the New World. We're going to find gold! How long it will take. No one knows that, sorry, mate. Aye, I am the first mate of the Dragon. Meet the captain, the carpenter, the cook, the torturer, the fellow in the crow's nest, and many others! Yes, we are leaving England to occupy the New World, alas. Pardon? You? Come with us? Well I...of course! Yes you can come with us! The more the merrier! Come on, get a move on, and climb aboard! How jolly! Adventures lie out there for you, matey....

Leaving Home

"All aboard?" The Golden Sea Dragon left at sunrise. Aye, matey, we're going to the New World, believe it or not. We were sure to find gold. You know, I think I was wrong to leave my eighty-year-old mother worrying in England while I sail to the ends of the earth in an old galleon. You know these diseases and sea monsters like the giant sea serpent in Ireland, don't you? I just can't shove these thoughts away from my mind, matey! Hey! What's malaria? It's the disease from mosquitoes that cause sweat, chills and even....that's it! I'm leaving! See you around, matey! I ran up the poop deck! I hopped....into deep water! I hadn't realized the ship had already left the shore. The captain fished me out by sailing the longboat towards me. "Have you gone mad, matey?" the captain roared at me. The crazy cook was offering me a spoonful of coffee. And yes, maybe I have gone

mad. I have all these strange emotions in my head. You know, matey, I think the die is cast. There is no more escape....

Becalmed

For a few weeks, we weren't going anywhere. The wind had totally vanished and we were becalmed. I was dreading this, matey, I was really dreading this! The captain is not very happy either. One day, the captain and I walked to the mainmast. We asked the guy in the crow's nest if he had spotted any land near us. "Sorry Captain, I don't see a glimpse of land anywhere," he called down to us. The captain sighed. The next day I knocked on the captain's door before breakfast and asked him where our position was. "We crossed Ireland ages ago and still heading west, but we've just....stopped," he replied. We went down to breakfast. Suffering catfish!!! It was only three spoons of coffee and two beans for breakfast. Lunch was two large sausages and a hashed potato! I'm hungry! After lunch, I went for a drink of water. Refreshing! There was no wind but there was an irritating amount of sunlight pouring down on the ship. I looked at the pile of empty barrels of water. My mouth dropped open. Drunken sailors! More than half of the hundred barrels we brought from England had evaporated into everyone's mouth because of the unbearable heat! Dinner was mussel soup. Yuck! The mussels tasted like rubber and the soup tasted like mud! I was going to have a hard night's sleep! The next morning, I heard lots of pounding and kicking outside. Come on, matey! I grabbed my sailor's uniform and dashed outside. Shiver me timbers! The captain and the carpenter were fighting with each other. BANG!

WHACK! KICK! The captain did a tremendous kick that shook the entire ship and the carpenter fainted. Some fight! The cook told me that the carpenter was convinced that we would never come back to England unless we alter course, but couldn't order anyone because he wasn't the captain. So he had decided to fight the captain, win, & become the new captain and order the ship to turn around. But he lost the fight! I think he deserved it. But in the next morning, we discovered that the carpenter had vanished. The longboat had vanished as well. The captain declared that the carpenter had taken the longboat and rowed to England and there was nothing we can do. I agreed with him. There was nothing we can do. Nothing....

Cat-o-Nine Justice

It has been several weeks since we were becalmed. The food is hurrying away. No one wanted tonight's dinner because the soup was bitter, sour, and very disgustingly salty and the mussels had all gone rotten. As for water, there were only fifteen barrels left. Many of our shipmates are in the sick bay, suffering from a horrid disease called scurvy. We once saw a shipmate climb up to the crow's nest throwing the guy in charge of the crow's nest down the mainmast. He landed with a THUMP on the main deck and fainted. The guy who threw him down the mast drew a knife and sliced open the middle of the main sail. Instantly, the sail dropped down completely. We chained the man in the dungeons with nothing to eat. It took six weeks for the sail trimmer to mend the sail, now that the carpenter was missing, but it still wasn't as good as before. One day, I was strolling on deck when I saw the captain arguing with the cook. Then I saw the strong torturer fighting with the poor old sail trimmer. I dashed back to my cabin and stayed all day until those crazy fights were over.

I really hate them fighting, matey! Soon after it got dark, I was really hungry, so I decided to go to the kitchen for a chicken leg or two. Just as I stepped on deck, I caught a glimpse of wood some ten feet for the ship. As it came closer, I saw that it was a rowing boat. As it came even closer, I saw that it was the longboat of the Golden Sea Dragon! As it reached the ship, I recognized the carpenter climbing up. I hid behind the mainmast and watched as the carpenter boarded the Dragon. Then he climbed down the stairs to the ship that led to the food cellar. Yikes, matey! I've got a sudden hunch! I just hope I'm wrong! I slowly followed the carpenter down the stairs. Then after he opened the door, I hid behind it, watching him. I saw him head to the left corner where our potatoes were stored. He took the cover off the first potato box and took five whole potatoes. Then he closed the box. Aha! Just what I suspected! The carpenter was stealing potatoes! I was the witness, so I had to catch him. There was a stick next to me. I grabbed it. As soon as the carpenter opened the door, I hit him hard on the head with the stick. He fell down unconscious. I dragged him upstairs and left him lying on the deck. Then I headed to the torturer's cabin and fetched some rope. Then I tied up the carpenter tightly. Then I tied up his mouth with my white handkerchief. Nice show, eh! It was nearly dawn, so I went up to the captain's cabin and knocked. A rather grumpy captain opened the door. Clearly, he couldn't sleep through the night. "It's three in the morning, matey," he groaned. "Look what I've found," I remarked. I showed him the trussed up carpenter, who had now regained consciousness and was squirming to get free. The captain jumped about a foot in the air. "Christopher Columbus on a treasure chest! Where did he come from?" the captain shouted. I told him what I had seen. The captain thought

for a minute. Then he said, "How dare he steal five potatoes when he knows that our stock is very low! We'll punish him by whipping him with a cat-o-nine." We both looked at the carpenter. He had gone very pale. As it got to six in the morning, we woke everyone up and told them the story. We woke the torturer and asked him for a cat-o-nine. The cat-o-nine is a whip with nine straps. It is very painful when it is hit on bare skin. The carpenter's punishment was to be whipped with a cat-o-nine on his bare back. At nine, the ship's crew gathered on the main deck to watch the carpenter's royal punishment. The torturer brought up the table and tied the carpenter to it. He was shaking like a maniac! Then the torturer took off the torturer's shirt. Then he fetched the cat-o-nine. Everyone watched as he beat the first whip! SLACK! "Aaaaaaaaahhh!!!" screamed the carpenter. Again it came. SLACK! "Oooooooooowww!!!" The torturer whipped the carpenter a few more times. "Ouch!" and "Help!" and "Mercy!" came from the carpenter. His back was bleeding like a leak in a ketchup factory! Then the torturer did one final, extra-hard blow. SLAAAACK!!!! "Aaaaaaaaahhh!" screamed the carpenter, and he broke into a dead faint. What a punishment, matey! The cook fetched a huge jug of seawater and poured the whole lot onto the carpenter's back. The wounds started to heal. When they had healed completely, the cook put some bandages over them. Then we dragged the carpenter to the dungeon and chained him up.

Land Ho!

I am thinking, matey, that God has listened to our cries! A few weeks ago, a storm hit. We are sailing further west. The carpenter was released from the dungeon and is now obeying his orders like magic. Things are positive....or are

they? This morning I went up to breakfast and saw the cook serving only one little bean to everyone. Lunch was one boiled potato and dinner was half a cooked fish. The fish was tasteless. The carpenter was so disgusted at it that he picked up the fish and threw it on the captain's face. Then he grabbed my hand and started chewing on my fingers. "Yeow!" I cried, as I shook my hand off his mouth. The captain himself had been in a very bad mood. He stomped all day long around the poop deck, yelling at anyone who came along. There was only one barrel of water left! Looks like we're not going to live long, matey. One morning, I was standing on the poop deck, leaning on the railing. I was really thirsty, so I was finishing off what was left of the barrel of water. The captain was stomping around, as usual. Then, I suddenly got a glimpse of something on the horizon. It wasn't blue like the sea. It was green, and that's why it caught my eye. As we came closer, I saw a tree. What? What did I say? A tree? A tree in the middle of the ocean? My word "Land!" I screamed, hopping up and down with excitement. I dashed to the main deck and shouted "Land ho! Land ho!" In a minute, the whole crew was at the poop deck, looking for where land was. "Where? I don't see a darn thing!" one shipmate said. "There it is! Can't you see that tree?" said another. "Good heavens, he right! I do see a tree!" There were shouts of delight from the crew. "Hip hip hurray! We've discovered the New World! We've finally discovered the New World!" And for the first time in weeks, I saw the captain smile. "Quiet! Quiet!" he shouted, but his voice was drowned by the screams from the crew. "SILENCE!!" he boomed, shaking the whole ship. In a flash, everyone was quiet. "Now, let's not get too carried away with this New World. We've got the whole day to us. So I say why don't we roll up our items for the natives and

leave instantly? What do you say?" the captain suggested. The crew smiled a courageous smile. "Yes, sir! We're off!"

The New World

Everyone wanted to see the New World, so we decided to unload little by little. After all, the galleon only had one longboat. First, we dropped anchor far from the shore. Next, the captain and I went on the longboat to unload all our trade materials. We had beads, jewelry, artifacts, clothes, and weapons to trade. The captain left me on the beach to guard the trade materials. While he went off to get the crew, I had a look around. I touched the sand on the beach. Feel that, matey! It was softer than a feather. Suddenly I heard a rustle. It was coming from the juniper bushes in front of me. I took out my cutlass and shouted "Who's there?" A man came out from behind the bush. He was very strange looking. His skin was coffee-color and his hair was long and jet-black. He had funny paintings all over his skinny body. He was naked except for little grass skirt around his waist. I approached him and waved my cutlass in front of him. "Who are you?" I asked him. He didn't answer. He was looking curiously at the cutlass. It was clear that he had never seen a cutlass before. He was examining it deeply, touching it and all. Then, without warning he snatched it from my hands! He then raised it, aiming at the sand. Then he swung down the blade. It hit the sand, making a gash. The man let go of it and stared at it lying on the beach. Then he looked at me. "How," he said. "You can talk," I said. "Who are you?" Again the man remained silent. He then made a few dancing movements and said "How! Mow-hiin! Mow-hiin!" I thought. "Mohin? Is that your name?" I asked. He didn't answer. He just danced around and kept saying "Mow-hiin! Mow-hiin!" At that moment, the captain and the crew arrived to shore. They stepped on the

beach and stared at the dark man. The man stared back at them. But I wasn't looking at the man. I was looking behind him. More men came up behind, all the same looking. Then the women came. They had the same looks, too. And everyone just stared at us curiously. "The natives!" exclaimed the captain. "Give me a necklace or two." I gave him a pearl necklace. He approached one native and showed him the glittering necklace. The captain must have figured out that the natives couldn't understand us, because he didn't say a word. Neither did the native. He just gazed at the pearls glittering in the sunlight. The captain put the necklace around the native's neck. The native looked at the necklace and grinned. He was very satisfied. In return, he made a bow and arrow from a nearby branch in half a minute and he gave it to the captain. Then suddenly they all moved aside. From the middle came four natives. They were carrying a long wooden platform over their heads. The platform had a wooden chair covered in animal skin on top of it. There was another native sitting on the chair. He looked like all the others except he wore a headdress made from bird feathers. He was obviously the chief of the natives. He walked over to the native with the necklace and pointed at it. The native pointed at the captain. The chief walked over to the captain and glared into his eyes. The captain started getting nervous. The chief pointed at all the trade items behind him. The captain took a gold ring and showed it to the chief. The chief gazed at it for a long time. Then the captain took the chief's hand and pushed the ring through his ring finger. The chief looked at the glittering gold ring. Then, finally, he smiled. The captain smiled back. The chief gave him the animal skin on the chair in return. The captain gave it to me and I stuffed it into my shirt pocket. Then the chief pointed back towards

land. Then he pointed at us. "How!" he exclaimed. "I think he wants us to follow him," I informed the captain. He nodded. "Come on, crew!" he announced. Everyone followed their hosts.

Gold

The natives brought us to their residence. We stared. There were about fifty cone-shaped tents, each with a painting of an animal or two on it. There were lots of native men and women and children there. When we arrived, everyone dropped everything and gather around to look at us. And when I say everyone, I mean every single one. The chief showed everyone to their tent, and they kept saying, "Tee-pee! Tee-pee!" I decided that this "teepee" was what they called the tents. I went inside my teepee. There was a lamp that was lit on a rock. Next to it was a comfortable-looking bed made from animal skin. I rested a little bit on the bed and then went out again. It was already evening. "How!" said a voice from behind. I turned. It was the guy called Mohin. He pointed to the fire in the center of the village. "I should go there?" I asked. As usual, he didn't answer. So I went. My fellow crew was all there. They waved at me to sit down. I did. "Hey, matey! Want some deer?" asked the captain, pointing to the bowls next to the fire. The bowls were filled with deer meat and gravy. "This kind lady has made some excellent dinner for us!" said the captain, pointing to a native woman. I sat down with my bowl and had a taste. Mmmmm! Dee-licious! Taste that, matey! "Thanks!" I thanked the young cook. She smiled kindly. After dinner, we went back to the ship and had a good night's sleep. The next morning, I got up early. The captain had given me the job to gather coconuts from the coconut tree we had found nearby for breakfast. So I set off. I was a good climber. I climbed easily up the tree and dropped

about ten coconuts. Then I went back to the ship to unload the coconuts. I had an adventurous feeling that morning, so I decided to explore. I left the ship, armed with only a cutlass. I entered a forest and traveled deeper and deeper. Soon, I had gone so far, that couldn't find my way back. I continued to travel deeper. At the end, I was hopelessly lost. Then I turned right and found an entrance. An entrance to a dark cave. I got a little frightened but held my courage. I entered the cave and continued my way through the dark. Soon, I was lost. I still continued. Then I saw a glimpse of light. I got wildly excited. I ran to where it was coming from. Then I stopped. It was only an opening in the ceiling. But where was that shine coming from? I ran further and gasped. There, lying on a hidden corner of the cave was a huge pile of gold. The light from the opening made it shine like stars. "Gold! Gold! I've found gold!" I was hopping up and down like a maniac. But where should I carry it? Then it came to me. I took out the animal skin, which the chief had given the captain. There was enough gold to fill the skin. I quickly gathered all the gold into the skin and off I ran. I didn't stop running until I reached the entrance of the cave. Then I stopped. I had forgotten the way back to the ship. I kept running! Then CRASH! I ran into something hard. I looked up to face a dark-skinned man. It was Mohin. "Hey!" I said. He stared. "Can you help me find my way back to the ship?" I asked, pointing to nowhere. He was still staring. Then he said, "Ship?" I nodded. He seemed to understand, because he ran off, signaling me to follow. I ran after him, for hours, until I reached the ship. "Thanks!" I called after him. I boarded the ship to find the crew waiting for me. They weren't happy. "Where've you been, matey?" asked the captain. "We've been searching all over." I smiled. "Wait till you see this!" I said, as I

dropped the animal skin. Then I unwrapped it, revealing the gold. Everyone went crazy, even the captain. "Gold! Gold!" everyone screamed. "Where did you find it, matey?" asked the captain, quieting everyone down. I told them about the cave. "Let's set off to this cave together, for there might be more gold there," the captain declared. "Gather up your picks and shovels!" Within an hour, everything was ready. I had decided not to go, for I was very tired. The rest of the crew went off with Mohin, while I stayed on the ship. Let's snooze, eh matey? I decided to lie down in my cabin. After a while, I dozed off. I was woken by the sound of screeching. I got up, ran to the poop deck, and looked down. There they were, on the longboat. The crew. Everyone was carrying one red parrot. When the Crew boarded the ship, the captain handed me my bird. "Squak!" he screeched. With the crew came Mohin and the chief. They were astonished by the Golden Sea Dragon. They looked at every crook and nanny with curiosity. I turned to the captain. "Find any more gold?" I asked. The captain opened a large sack, and in it, I saw ten times the amount of gold I had found earlier. Wow! What a catch, eh matey? "Where did you get these birdies?" I asked. "We found a bunch of them sitting on a tree. There was enough for each of us," the captain answered. These parrots turned out to be very obedient. My parrot, which I named Squak, was the best of them all. I taught him all the main words of English in a few weeks. We traded some more with the natives, and they gave us weapons and animal skins in return. The chief once rolled up his own teepee and traded it for a sailor's coat. Every night they invited us to eat with them. Every afternoon they invited us to hunt. We soon had hunted a lot of deer and antelope and wild chickens and stored

them in the food cellar of the ship. We needed lots of food for the journey. The natives took us to a large lake near the teepee village and we filled all the hundred barrels we had emptied. Then it was time to go.

I couldn't believe how sad the natives were when we were leaving. Even the chief was crying. We had decided to take a few natives with us back to England. We took Mohin and the young woman who had cooked us deer on the first night here. They were quite happy to be with us. But everyone else was sad. We said goodbye as we boarded the ship with all our stuff. We waved from the poop deck as we started sailing away. The natives waved back. Then, once we had lost sight of them, we had lunch of chicken legs. It was delicious! I gave a piece to Squak, and he loved it. All the parrots we had brought made such a racket screeching that we had to lock them up in the dungeon. Only Squak, who never made much noise, was allowed to sit on my shoulder at all times. We were so cheerful now that everyone chatted and joked through the night. We taught Mohin how to put on shirts, trousers, and the woman how to put on skirts. After a few days, they both became quite fond of the fashion. We taught them English in a few months. Now they talked with us in English. The woman's name turned out to be Milaan. We taught her how to cook with pots and pans. Everyone was joyful in this uneventful voyage. After six months, I heard someone shouting, "Land ho! Land ho!" I ran to the poop deck to find out that it was Squeak shouting land ho. In less than half a minute, everyone was on the poop deck, watching with pride. There it was, our home country. We had completed our operation successfully, and this is where this journal ends. So long, matey! It was nice knowing you!

Darren Shan

By Rickey Dasdeb, Grade VIII

Darren O'Shaughnessy's pen name is Darren Shan. O'Shaughnessy was born on July 2nd 1972 in St. Thomas's Hospital, London England. He lives in Pallaskenry, County Limerick, in Ireland. When he was three he started school at English Martyr's in London. When he was six, he moved to Limerick, Ireland, where he has been living ever since. He received his primary education in Askeaton, and went to secondary school in Copsewood College in Pallaskenry. He then traveled back to London to study Sociology and English in Roehampton University.

Mr. O'Shaughnessy first worked in a cable TV company in Limerick for a few years. He then chose to become a full time writer. When he bought his first typewriter at the age of 14, and wrote several short stories, comic strips and books he never finished. When he was 15, he was the runner-up for a TV script writing competition. He finished his first novel at the age of seventeen. After this event, Darren started to focus more on writing novels rather than short stories.

All of Shan's first books were meant for adults. At first, he released it with his real name O'Shaughnessy rather than his pen name Shan. None of these books,

sadly to say were very popular and so all of these books did not sell very well.

While writing the adult books, Shan started to write The Saga of Darren Shan or the Cirque du Freak series for kids. These books launched him into becoming a best-selling author. After the saga, which eventually took five years with twelve books, Shan started to write the Demonata series. He has written seven out of his promised ten.

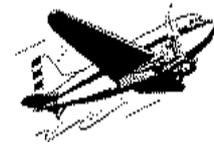
By the end of 2007, Shan's books were on sale on every continent, in 35 countries, and in 28 languages. 36 and 29 if you count the illegally published versions in Iran. He has been a children's bestseller in U.S, the Great Britain, Ireland, the Netherlands, Norway, and other countries and has topped the adult charts in Hungary, Japan, and Taiwan. His books have sold over 10 million copies worldwide.

Darren has a collection of movies (thousands), and he likes to collect original artwork. He enjoys reading books and comic books, taking long walk, watching football (he is a Tottenham Hotspur F.C. and a Republic of Ireland fan), listening to pop and rock music, and traveling worldwide. The Demonata series are some of the best works he has written.



FACTS OF BOEING 747

By Devdip Sen, Grade X



Parts

- A 747-400 has six million parts, half of which are fasteners.
- A 747-400 has 171 miles (274 km) of wiring and 5 miles (8 km) of tubing.
- A 747-400 consists of 147,000 pounds (66,150 kg) of high-strength aluminum.
- The 747-400 has 16 main landing gear tires and 2 nose landing gear tires.
- The 747-400 tail height is 63 feet 8 inches (19.4 m), equivalent to a six-story building.

Wings

- The 747-400 wing weighs 95,000 pounds (43,090 kg), more than 30 times the weight of the first Boeing airplane, the 1916 B&W.
- The 747-400 wing measures 5,600 square feet (524.9 m²), an area large enough to hold 45 medium-sized automobiles.
- Four World War I vintage JN4-D "Jenny" airplanes could be lined up on each of the Boeing 747 wings.
- How much weight does an additional 6-foot (1.8-m) wingtip extension and winglet add to the 747-400 wing? None! A weight savings of approximately 5,000 pounds (2,270 kg) was achieved in the wing by using new aluminum alloys, which offset the weight increase of the wing tip extension and winglet.

Engineering and Testing

- Seventy-five thousand engineering drawings were used to produce the first 747.

- The first 747 completed more than 15,000 hours of wind tunnel testing.
- The original 747-flight test program, which led to the airplane's certification for commercial service in December 1969, used five airplanes, lasted 10 months and required more than 1,500 hours of flying.

Flight

- The 747 fleet has logged more than 35 billion statute miles (56 billion km) - enough to make 74,000 trips to the moon and back.
- The 747 fleet has flown 3.5 billion people - the equivalent of more than half of the world's population.
- The 747-400ER range is approximately 7,720 statute miles (14,297 km).
- A 747-400 typically takes off at 180 mph (290 km/h), cruises at 565 mph (910 km/h) and lands at 160 mph (260 km/h).
- For a typical international flight, one 747 operator uses about 5.5 tons (5,000 kg) of food supplies and more than 50,000 in-flight service items.

Engines

- Engine thrust has grown from 43,500 pounds (19,730 kg) per engine on the early 747s to as much as 63,300 pounds (28,710 kg) on the current model.
- The diameter of the 747 engine cowling is 8 feet 6 inches (2.6 m).

Fuel

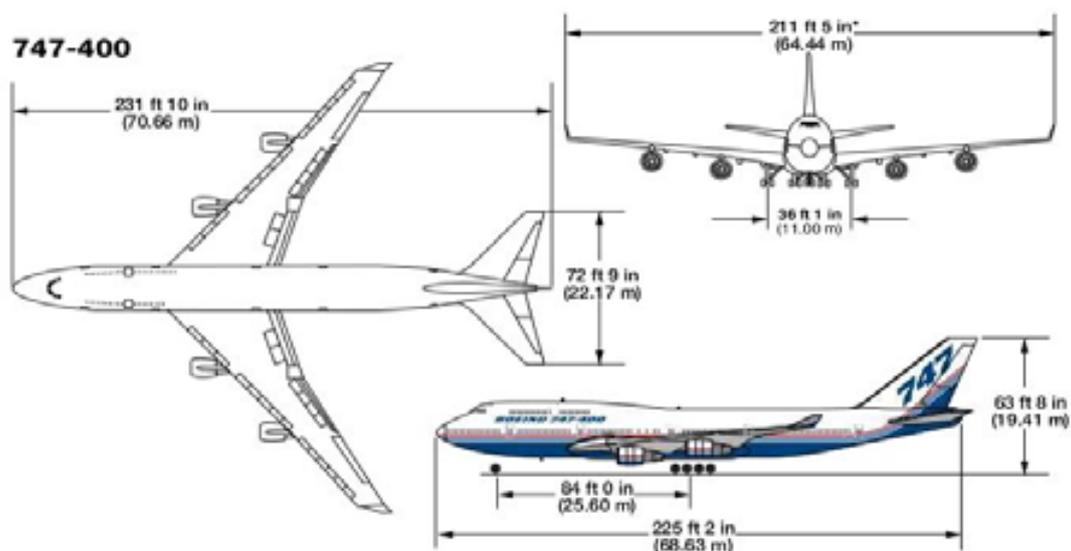
- The 747-400ER can carry more than 63,500 gallons of fuel (240,370 L), making it possible to fly extremely long routes, such as Los Angeles to Melbourne, Australia.
- A 747-400 that flies 3,500 statute miles (5,630 km) and carries 126,000 pounds (56,700 kg) of fuel will consume an average of five gallons (19 L) per mile.
- The 747-400 carries 3,300 gallons (12,490 L) of fuel in the horizontal (tail) stabilizer, allowing it to fly an additional 350 nautical miles.

Interior

- The award-winning Boeing Signature Interior is available on both the 747-400 and 747-400ER.
- At 31,285 cubic feet (876 cubic meters), the 747-400 has the largest passenger interior volume of any commercial airliner, which is equivalent to more than three houses each

measuring 1,500 square feet (135 square meters).

- The 747-400 has a redesigned "flexible" cabin interior that allows airlines to rearrange seats and class configuration overnight (in eight hours). They also permit 48-hour conversion times for changes in galley and lavatory locations.
- Airline cargo handlers use the 747-400's lower-lobe cargo handling system to load or unload more than 65,000 pounds (30,000 kg) of cargo - the equivalent of 625 pieces of luggage combined with 20 tons of revenue freight - in less than 15 minutes.
- The Wright Brothers' first flight at Kitty Hawk, N.C., could have been performed within the 150-foot (45-m) economy section of a 747-400.
- There are 365 lights, gauges and switches in the new-technology 747-400 flight deck, reduced from 971 on earlier 747 models.



From Tokyo to Toronto



By Shalini Mallik, Toronto, Grade X

When I was 3 years old, I moved to Japan from India. That was a big change for me in my life. But since I was so young, I still had lots to find out and discover. As a small girl, I thought Japan was the top country ever in the world because I hadn't spent much time in India or any other country. I went to an International Catholic Girls School named Seisen, and I was also picking up Japanese. From time to time, I could speak Japanese sentences.

My school was run by Catholic nuns and there was firm discipline in the whole school. Uniform was mandatory for us. I liked wearing that uniform because it was youthful. The skirt was green with corduroy designs, a white shirt, and a blue sweater until Middle school, then a red sweater in high school. My school started from Kindergarten and ran up to 12th grade, which made it an enormous school. There were different buildings for each section. I had wonderful years going to my school.

The lifestyle in Japan was very different because it was very busy and hectic. Every morning, there was a huge rush to get to work and school and it mostly was at the subways. In Japan, walking was not that convenient because the streets were narrow. Traffic was congested, so subways were more common. Japan was also a very safe country. In Japan, since Grade 1, I would travel to school by myself on a train, which was very common with students in Tokyo. Normally, in the morning, the majority people on the train were school students and office goers. The number of people waiting on the platforms each morning and the number of people inside the train was astounding. But everybody was

organised; the trains were always punctual and I don't remember ever getting delayed or facing any problem. Something I loved about Japan was that it was a technologically advanced country. All the latest devices would be there, even small equipments like mechanical pencils to erasers. I thought it was astonishing. There was also a place called 'Akihabara or the Electronic City' where everything, every shop was all about electronic devices. About 6 years ago in Japan, I still remember my dad's cell phone had television, videos, and other extraordinary features. Those cell phones would develop years later in another country.

Last but not least was the food in Japan. I loved Sushi, Sashimi and of course, the variety of seaweeds called Nori... The seaweeds had become my favourite snack and my mom would always bring me a pack with her grocery shopping. Really, all Japanese food tastes pretty good; one just has to get used to it.

Japan still was a hard country to live in because of the language. The Japanese language was very complex. There were three sets of script, one was the normal Japanese writing called Hiragana, and second Japanese writing for foreign words called Katakana and the last script was the Chinese script Kanji. The last was the hardest. The Japanese also had different methods of pronouncing words. For example, all the L-s were turned in to R-s. So my name, Shalini in Japanese was pronounced as Sharini.

It had been seven long years in Japan when I got the news I was never expecting - that we were moving. This

time my dad took up a job in Toronto and we were immigrating to Canada. At that time, I thought this was the most horrible idea ever because I grew up in Japan since a little girl. I had all my friends here and everything was just right. I tried to refuse the fact that we were moving. I had to start a new life in Canada, which I was not content about. My mom explained to me assuring that we were moving mostly for my future education and me. I was still very gloomy and dejected because I couldn't even finish school fully before I left Japan. I had to miss the last three days of the school - where I studied for six years and where I was well loved by most of the elementary teachers. My friends gave me loads of presents and cards, which I still have; that was an emotional moment for everyone in my class.

Before I left Japan, my mom, dad and I visited India, to meet relatives and to give my grandparents the news about the big change. Everyone was giving positive comments, especially about my education and the numerous opportunities I would have. Then I started to understand that this might be a good idea and moving was not a terrible change.

After three weeks in India, we returned to Japan again. The last few weeks in Japan was mostly about packing stuff, saying my goodbyes and getting ready for a change in my life; it was the same with my parents. For them, Canada was the fourth country to move in after living in India, New Zealand and Scotland.

One July evening I got on to the plane and was amazed - I wasn't sad, but excited. The flight was 14 hours long. We finally arrived at Pearson Airport. The airport was very different and one of the first things I noticed was that it was less crowded than Narita airport. I liked that

everything was in English and then I saw the French signs, which was new to me. I also noticed people from so many different countries. It was very fascinating. We took a cab and headed for the Bed & Breakfast accommodation, which was booked for us. As I was in the car, I saw how the roads are wider and in Canada, the cars were driving on the right-hand side of the road while in Japan it used to drive on the left-hand side. Unlike Tokyo, I saw more houses than apartments and even though I was jetlagged, I still wanted to see the new things. Finally, we got to the Bed & Breakfast, which was in Markham. We had a comfortable suite booked for us and tired as I was, I had my first sleep in Canada.

I only had 3 weeks until school started. I was really scared to go to my first co-ed public school. I entered the class and the teacher told me to sit next to another new girl; we became good friends. I found Canadian schools not too different from the school I went to in Japan, except that Seisen was an all girl's school. The first class I started with was French, (This is a compulsory second language in Ontario, Canada). I found French extremely tough since the other students in my class were studying French since First Grade and I just started from Sixth Grade. For the first few months, I found my work a bit different. One major difference was that I didn't do rotary class system in my old school, which I would have to get familiar with now. The report card system was also somewhat different. I also had to get used to the fact that here we didn't wear uniform. I found it interesting that students were allowed to go home for lunch and most people went home for lunch than staying at school. In Japan, my school went straight from Kindergarten to High School; here it went Kindergarten to 6th Grade. Then you have to move to Middle School and

then change again for High School. One thing I wasn't happy in Canadian system was that summer vacation is only for 2 months, while in Japan we enjoyed 3 months vacation.

I had made many friends in my first year living in Canada and it wasn't that bad. Few months after coming to Canada, my parents bought a house and we settled down. I had to switch schools again because I wouldn't be living in that area where I went to school.

The lifestyle is different in Canada from Japan. First, here it isn't that crowded everywhere. The roads are wider, and the houses are far apart. I also hear about more crimes on the news than ever did in Japan; but that only happens in certain areas in and around Toronto. There are also numerous shopping malls here and the malls are great. I enjoy clothes shopping and the 'window shopping' trips with my mom. I was also amazed at the variety of fast foods there are and how large the food courts are. In Canada, everyone has a car. There are few people walking because everything is so far apart. I find the quality of stationary equipment, like pencils and other things are not what I was used to get in Japan. I would always get pencils and pens with superior, soft and comfortable grips in Japan. The technology is not at all how it was in Japan, which I miss. Especially my dad misses that because he is very much into electronics and technology. The most apprehensive thing during my first year stay in Canada was the intense

cold winter, which I was not used to. The extreme sub zero temperatures, the huge snow accumulation, the ice blizzards, the bone chilling winds terrified me at first. But I started to grow with it every year and eventually I began liking this weather and look forward to every winter now.

Canada is such a multi-cultural country, you never feel like a foreigner. You get what you need, from your origin's food, clothes, and appliances to almost everything you want. There is a place called 'Little India' where you get every item you would find in India. Since I lived in Japan, I also love eating Japanese food and I thought I would never get those in Canada. When I saw the Japanese stores, I was so thrilled because I found most of the things that I like. I was very happy about that. So, when in Canada, you never feel left out, which is a brilliant thing.

It has been few years since I moved from Tokyo to Toronto and I've had good changes. I think moving to Canada has been a great idea and I also love living here. There are yet a lot of things to discover and learn because I'm still 14 years old. I get this question from many people, 'Do you like Japan or Canada better?' I don't have a fair answer, since it has been only four years of my stay in Canada while I had lived for seven years in Japan. I do miss Japan and my friends there; but Canada is very interesting too. Coming here hasn't been all that bad after all !



The Olympics and India



Arindrajit Basu, Grade X

11th August, 2008 - a bespectacled CEO of a computer-game company, with a history of back problems lead to the awakening of a nation of a population in excess of a billion people. Yes, strange as it was, it seemed that Independence Day had arrived prematurely this year. As Abhinav Bindra shot his brilliant final shot, which earned him 10.8 points and secured him two spots over Henri Hakkinen in the Men's 10-meter air-rifle finals of the Beijing Summer Olympics, it seemed as if the whole country had come to a standstill. Bindra seemed the only one who appeared to remain composed after he had created euphoric history.

Along with another billion Indians, it caused me to actually review India's progress in the Olympics since Norman Pritchard had won his two silvers in the Paris Summer Olympics of 1900. The records weren't too pleasing. Apart from the Men's Hockey team, no individual or unit had succeeded in earning distinguishable laurels for the country. A bronze for Leander Paes in Men's Tennis at Atlanta 1996; a silver for Rajyavardhan Rathore in shooting at Athens 2004; a bronze for Kallam Malleshwari in Weightlifting at Sydney 2000 and a bronze for Dadasaheb Jadav in Wrestling at Helsinki 1952 were the scarce individual medals India had won till Beijing 2008. Even the Men's hockey team seemed to have ceased their domination of the discipline since 1980 and had ended up failing to qualify for Beijing 2008. Hopes were not too high and Beijing 2008, like most of its predecessors certainly seemed to be a low-key event until Bindra struck Gold.

Until Bindra's win, all Indians seemed to be collectively shrugging off the

Olympic laurels earned by their neighbour, China. I suppose the factors, which prevent India from becoming a global economic superpower, are similar to the ones, which prevent India from excelling at the Olympics. Poor infrastructure, entrenched political corruption and infighting, and chaos and disorganization are the big ones. Money earmarked for Olympic training is often mysteriously sidelined, facilities for training are in poor shape and equipment goes missing. Considering that fact, perhaps it is not so awe arousing that India tends to perform poorer than countries with a fraction of its Gross-Domestic Product and its billion-strong-population, many of whom are under the age of 25. Abhinav, the CEO of a computer-game firm named 'Abhinav Futuristic' and son of an affluent Sikh family easily by-passed many of those problems. Yet, his father, Dr Apjit Bindra seemed to be quite disgusted by the failure of the government to aid in his son's progress. He had bought a 10-metre shooting range for Abhinav within his very house.

The Indian Olympic Committee has simply used the absence of the rub of the green as an excuse for India's tragic performances. It caused me to think, however, "Could it be that India was never cut out for Sports and Athletics? Could it be that, with the exception of cricket, all India could excel in was Chess or Carrom?" After much thought, I have decided that the answer is certainly not in the affirmative. India has a rich history in athletic performing arts like dance and tales of fierce battles that show an appreciation for physical prowess. Games that meld strength with skill, like polo, have been played for decades in India, and India invented its

own physically challenging sports, like kabaddi, a sort of team wrestling. No, the rub of the green is certainly not the answer to India's Olympic woes. The solution lies, fortunately in the hands of the Indians themselves. As soon as corruption is curbed and talent is not impeded by the Indian Olympic Committee, the medal kitty will swell instantaneously.

Bindra won several cash rewards after his epic victory. These rewards included a handsome US\$59,000 from The Board of Control for Cricket in India. Despite its main objective being the development of cricket, the Board has been encouraging athletes to excel in fields such as boxing and archery. Other than these awards, Bindra certainly generated public awareness and proved that it wasn't impossible for an Indian to make it big at the highest sporting level. Optimists suggest that

there may be a post-Bindra period in Indian Olympics where the nation will rise up to meet its full potential. Pessimists, however suggest the three medals won by Bindra (shooting), Sushil Kumar (wrestling), Vijender Kumar (boxing) may just be a rare phenomenon, a sort of lull in the storm of India's Olympic worries.

I would classify myself as an optimist. I firmly believe that the awakening has already occurred and India can only grow from strength to strength, not only in the world at large but also as a sporting nation. London 2012 will be looked at quite keenly by Indians from all walks of life. Hopefully, then, India can live up to the high expectations of the public after Beijing 2008 and can blossom in sporting disciplines other than cricket. Whether, the prediction is correct or incorrect, like almost every single other thing in the world, only TIME can tell.



The poem Khwab and my response to Khwab

Reimi Dasdeb, Grade XI

In a dream
I flew across the blue ink heavens,
 Though the air
Passing Broome red underneath as
Garuda crossing the Indian Ocean
 To India.

As the sun rose
And unsettled the grey mist on the Ganges
 I sat in a boat
 With rhythmic creaking oars
To the slap thud of washing clothes
 On stony steps,
To the ringing bell of funeral pyres
Vultures flapping, rose petals following
 In the wake of burning dead

And on into the fumed traffic
Crimson-saried women flying in the air
 Scooter taxis with alto horns
Rushing through crowds and sacred cows.
 Computers flashing
 In canyons of glass and stone
 White smoke curling, incense
Floating like the women bathing,
 Combing jet black hair
While the Ganges ran down their shoulders

And in the dark of fiery furnace
Men and women slept where they worked
 Making black iron for bread.
 Sweet smells of Madras
 The rushing Calcutta streets
Moon shadows on flute tunes
 In the temple
The four-clap beat and the hum of the drum
 Dusty men sleeping on stone
And balancing women with baskets of rubble.

Rolling camels in Rajasthan
Two-humped shadows in the slipping sand
A thousand mirrored fragments
Held in the palm of my hand,
 Like infinity
 ‘And eternity in an hour’

Review: I really enjoyed reading this poem over and over because it truly shows India's beauty. This poem captured me because of the unique choice of title. "Khwab" in Hindi means dream and by starting the poem with such a mysterious word, it builds the readers curiosity to read the poem. Also, I thought that there might be some sort of relation between India and the dream that makes the readers predict that the poem would explain the positive side of India's lifestyles.

In the first stanza, the poem starts by giving a visual image to the readers. I thought that this was an effective beginning to hook the readers into the poem. This helps the readers to visualize the "blue ink heavens" and creates a relaxing mood. Also by bringing in the Garuda that is a mythical bird, it relates back to the dream showing the unrealistic part of a dream, Not only mentioning the dream, birds can be even symbolized as freedom and the poem says "crossing the Indian Ocean to India" showing that India is a land of freedom.

The second stanza starts off by "the sun rose" which give the audience a different mood from the first stanza. This is because so far in the first stanza, it shows the ancient Indian perspective and now that the sun has risen, it shows that there is a building of hope in the nation. Also the sun brings out the sense of actual living creatures adding to the reality. Not only the use of the sun but by adding the sounds, it brings out the life in the poem. Some examples would be the "creaking oars", "slap thud of washing", and "ringing bell". All of these examples give the sense of life and reality in the poem. Also it shows the daily lifestyle of the people in India such as boating, washing, and funerals can be actually heard by the readers feeling as if they were all in India. Then, again, in the beginning of the stanza the mood changes from a natural India to the city India. This is shown by how the stanza

has been started which is "fumed traffic", showing the modernization of the nation as well. The description of the sari also gives the readers some visual aid. Some more transportations have been added that is "scooter taxis" but in the end of the stanza, the poet shows the traditional side of India by adding the "incense" and the holy "Ganges" River.

In the fourth stanza, the mood becomes a little harsher because it shows the struggles of the people living in India by mentioning the "fiery furnace". Not only by telling the readers that the labours work but also by telling the readers that they have to work so that they can feed themselves. By mentioning Madras and Calcutta, it shows that those cities are the main places for working. After mentioning the cities, the poet describes India's traditional aspects such as "flute tunes", "dusty men" and "balancing women" that brings the mood back to a more peaceful and relaxing one.

The last stanza shows the landscape of the state Rajasthan and its deserted areas. This still shows the slow and relaxing mood of the poem. Then the poem says "A thousand mirrored fragments" showing that India has many wonderful and unique sides that create the nation as a whole. I think it also combines the traditional and modern India. In the end, the poem ends as "And eternity in an hour" which I think, means that there is a massive number of aspects in India which is all combined to make what is India today.

This poem was really touching because I actually felt the same way as this poet about my homeland. The slap thud of washing clothes reminded me of my grandmother who refuses to use the washing machine and instead wants to wash it herself. Also, I experienced the thrill on the Scooter taxis while I had visited India during the summer. I really felt that this poem shows the true India and how development affects the tradition.

WAGs, Breaking Curses and Football

By Shoubhik Pal , Grade XI



This summer had it all in the field of sports: the Olympics, the Asia Cup, and the AFC Challenge Cup in which the Indian Football Team proved its mettle when compared to other developing football-playing nations. But, for me, the most exciting competition this summer would definitely have to be the Euro 2008 football competition, where the best European football nations battled it out for top honors. It was a tournament that clashed with the end of my board exams so I could not watch some of it, but when I got the chance after my exams got over, there were rare days when I would miss matches. I happened to catch the finals of Germany vs. Spain at Calcutta in my uncle's house. My favorite club, Arsenal, had many players representing them for their respective countries (Cesc Fabregas, Robin van Persie, Samir Nasri, Philippe Senderos, Johan Djourou, and William Gallas). It

was a tournament where big teams failed to impress, big players failed to fully transfer their talent onto the stadiums of Austria and Switzerland, and a big step forward for Spain, who had finally broken their curse of having a more than formidable squad throughout the years and yet not fulfilling expectations for the last 44 years. Iker Casillas looked as if he had met God when he lifted that heavy trophy up to the Vienna sky, in the backdrop of the Ernst-Happel Stadium. In contrast to Euro 2004, when we were into a rude shock when Greece, playing their boring style of football won it, but in Euro 2008, free-playing teams like Spain, Netherlands and Russia went a lot more forward. It brought me great happiness to see Italy getting knocked out early from the tournament because I personally thought them to be World Champions by fluke. It was a pleasant reaction by

the entire world when Spain became the World Champions.

There were a few saddening moments of this Euro, but these were perfectly overcome by the good ones. Big players like Cristiano Ronaldo, Thierry Henry and huge potential players like Samir Nasri, Karim Benzema and Ricardo Quaresma were left to be unseen early in this tournament. But there were many successes as well - players like Andrei Arshavin, Cesc Fabregas, Fernando Torres, David Villa, Bastian Schweinsteiger and Roman Pavlyuchenko. Many of these achievements made these players even more popular. But I feel sincerely sad for Andrei Arshavin. Before he came into the Euro 2008, he had enjoyed a very good season with his club Zenit St. Petersburg, promoting them into playing UEFA Champions League football. After his Euro 2008 display, which included two excellent games against Sweden and Netherlands respectively, a lot of top clubs had shown interest in Andrei, including Barcelona, Chelsea and Arsenal. But also due to his performances, his price had inflated enormously and throughout the summer, the interest of big clubs started to dissociate. At present, the only club that has legitimate interest in him is Tottenham Hotspur, a mid-table club in the Barclays Premier League of England.

The Euros kicked off with a little less steam, with a boring match between co-hosts Switzerland and the Czech Republic. It took only one goal in 77 minutes by a relative unknown striker called Sverkos to announce the first result of the Euros, a win by Czech Republic. The match after that though, Portugal vs. Turkey, was a more interesting affair with excellent counter attacking play by Portugal. Throughout the group stages, I was especially interested in watching the Group C and

D matches, because Group C was the so-called "Group of Death" because there were France, Italy and Netherlands in that group and only 2 could go through and Group D as well because they had my favorite team, Spain, who had eventually won the Euro. I liked Spain because it had my favorite players, Fernando Torres and Cesc Fabregas, the latter coming from my favorite club Arsenal. When the group stages had finished, it was Portugal, Turkey, Croatia, Germany, Netherlands, Italy, Spain and Russia who had gone through to the knockout rounds. The first quarterfinals came in the form of Portugal vs. Germany, where Germany proved why they are a big threat in every tournament, with this inch-perfect defending to stop in-form Ronaldo. The only area, which I think they can improve on, is their goalkeeping. Jens Lehmann is past his prime by a long bit. Croatia vs. Turkey was not really the best of matches, but the last few minutes of extra time and the penalty shootout made up for it. Huge prospects like Luka Modric showed that he is yet to cope with tension. Netherlands vs. Russia proved to be quite a pleasant shock, as both were playing free-flowing football but Netherlands could not reproduce the blistering form they had in the group stages, which led to an early knockout and an adieu to Marco van Basten, who is coaching Ajax this season. Spain vs. Italy also turned to be quite a damp squib but the excellent penalty shootout definitely paid off for the bad football. Germany nervously went past Turkey 3-2 with a last-minute strike by Philip Lahm, arguably the best full back in the world. Spain, on the other hand, blistered Russia, with three excellent goals in the second half, and the whole world wondered why a player like Cesc Fabregas was left on the bench. Then came the finals in the Ernst-Happel Stadium. It was a nervy one, with one

goal coming from Fernando Torres. Altogether, it was a great competition.

Without England in the Euros, there was a noticeable decrease in the amount of WAGs (Wives and Girlfriends) of football players but that didn't mean they weren't gone. Wives of footballers like

Rafael van der Vaart and Robin van Persie definitely added to the glamour. And to top it all off, players from other professions like Yuvraj Singh, Roger Federer and Tony Parker came to this tournament. It is safe to say now that these Euros were definitely in the high list of the best Euros.



The Dawn of Another Day

By Sujoy Bhattacharyya, Grade XI

When we are born
It seems that life goes on forever
As far as the eye can see
Much like a swirling river
Flowing past many a tree

We rush right in
And join the fray
Making a deafening din
And never letting others have their say

We truly believe that time flies
And don't believe that anything or anyone dies

As we grow olde
We begin to respect
The passing of time
We understand
The value of a minute
The beauty of a second

But with this knowledge
Comes a terrible fear
A fear that with every second
Our end is coming near

Spending each breath
Worrying about death
Whittling our life slowly away

But this makes no sense
For life is like all things
Birth is the beginning
And death is the end

But if a life does end
It can just be seen as
The great river taking another bend
Into lands where we cannot follow
Until our own time has come

I guess that all I am trying to say
Is that while death can be seen as the end of the play
It is truly the dawn of another day

399 Days in the Arms of the Ganges

Alisa Yuasa-Schubert, Grade XI

In India, there is a sacred city, Varanasi. Floating gently on the river, painted a light blue, there is an antique houseboat that creaks slowly as it rocks in the breeze. The houseboat is about fifteen to twenty meters long and almost the same across, with shutter windows along all the walls. Made almost entirely of wood, its paint faded away, it is a beautiful sight.

At five in the morning, the temple bells wake me up. My mother is already boiling water for 'chai'. She gives me a stainless steel milk can, and I hop up the ghat's steep steps, making sure I don't step into cow droppings in my hurry. Ten paces from the top of the stairs, on the side of a little alley, the milkman is milking his cow. There is already a bucket of white, frothy milk at his side. I give him three rupees and he fills my container, and I run back down the ghat, holding the container in both my hands. I slow down for a second to stare. Swarms of people are walking down the ghat to the water, ladies in colorful saris, naked or nearly naked children, men in loincloths, all splashing in the water. They wash their hair, brush their teeth, and put their hands together in prayer.

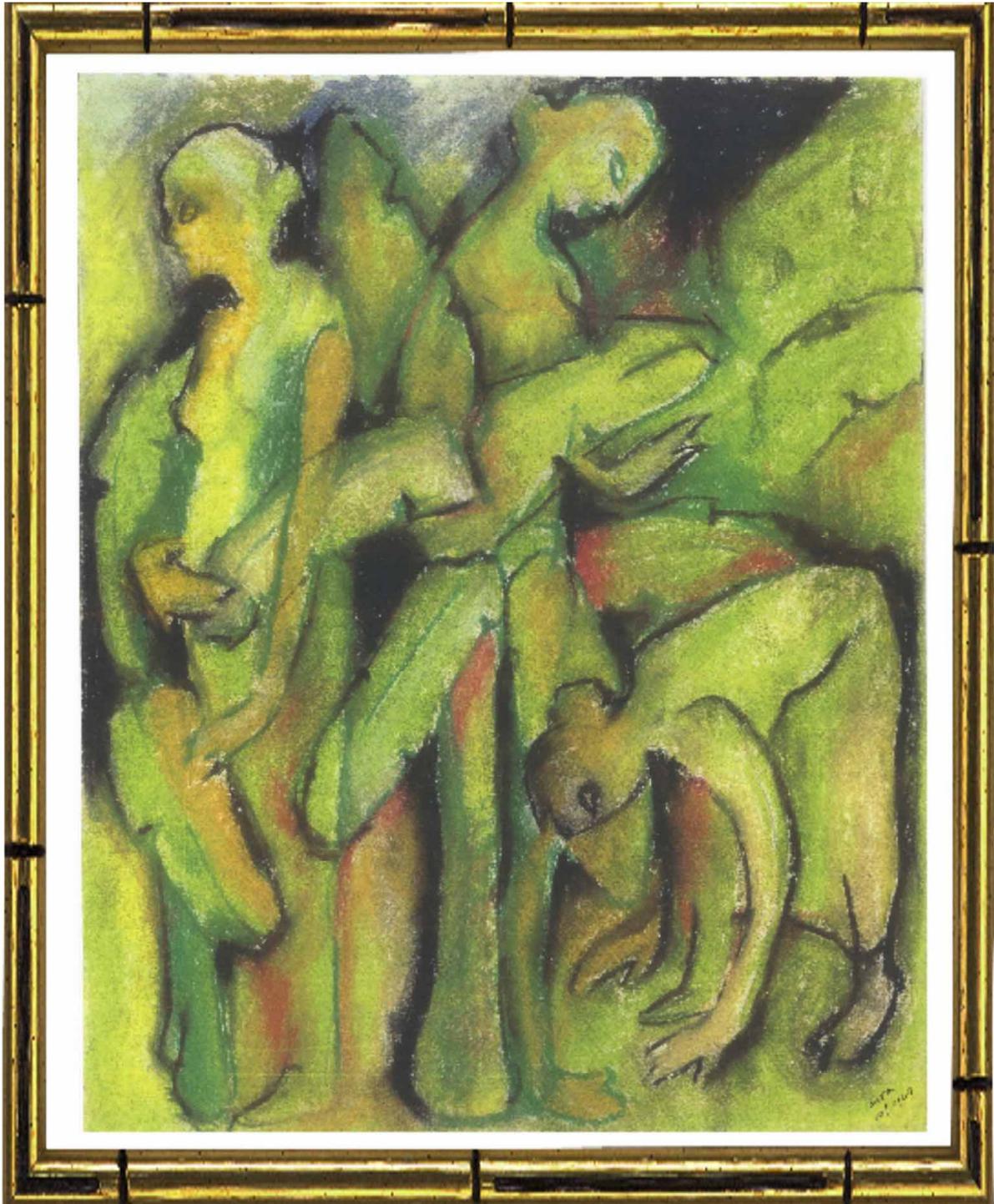
As I walk up the plank into the houseboat, I can still hear the endless humming, singing, and praying from the ghat. Hearing hoof beats drown out the singing, I look out one of the many windows and see the water buffaloes, lumbering down the stairs and running into the water, their shepherds herding them together. My mother quickly finishes making 'chai' and porridge with the milk. We take the food up to the roof, waking my sister, brother, and niece in the process. As I sip my 'chai', small, colorful wooden rowboats filled with pilgrims pass by the houseboat. They are silhouettes against the sun that rise on the other side of the river, behind the sand dunes.

There are so many things to do during the day - running to the ghat 'chai' stall, taking the boat to the other side of the sand dunes; or flying kites and compete with other children. In the evening, we take a rowboat to the other side of the Ganges. As I play in the sand, the sun sets, planting shadows on the water's surface, and painting the ancient city of Varanasi a deep crimson. Returning to the houseboat I lie down, too exhausted to light a candle. The only sounds are the wind and the water, slowly rocking me to sleep.

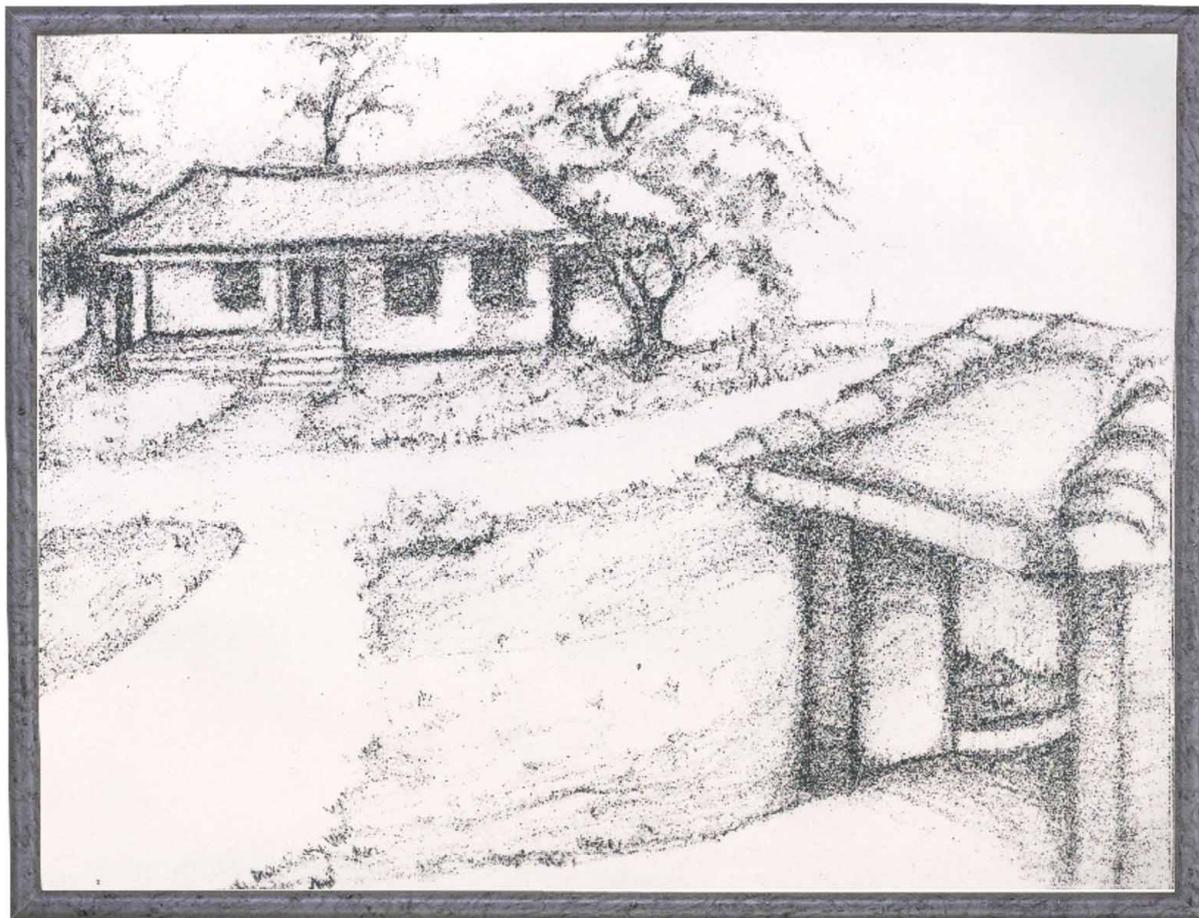


Tribute to Sita Ray

This section is in tribute to beloved Sita-di (Sita Ray) who was a writer, an eminent artist and an active member of our community for many years at a stretch. Unfortunately, Sita-di passed away in October 2007. Her husband, Jyotirmoy-da (Jyotirmoy Ray), kindly provided us last pieces of her work with his own introduction of the background of the painting and sketch.



(A) "Last Tribute to Greeneries" by Sita Ray

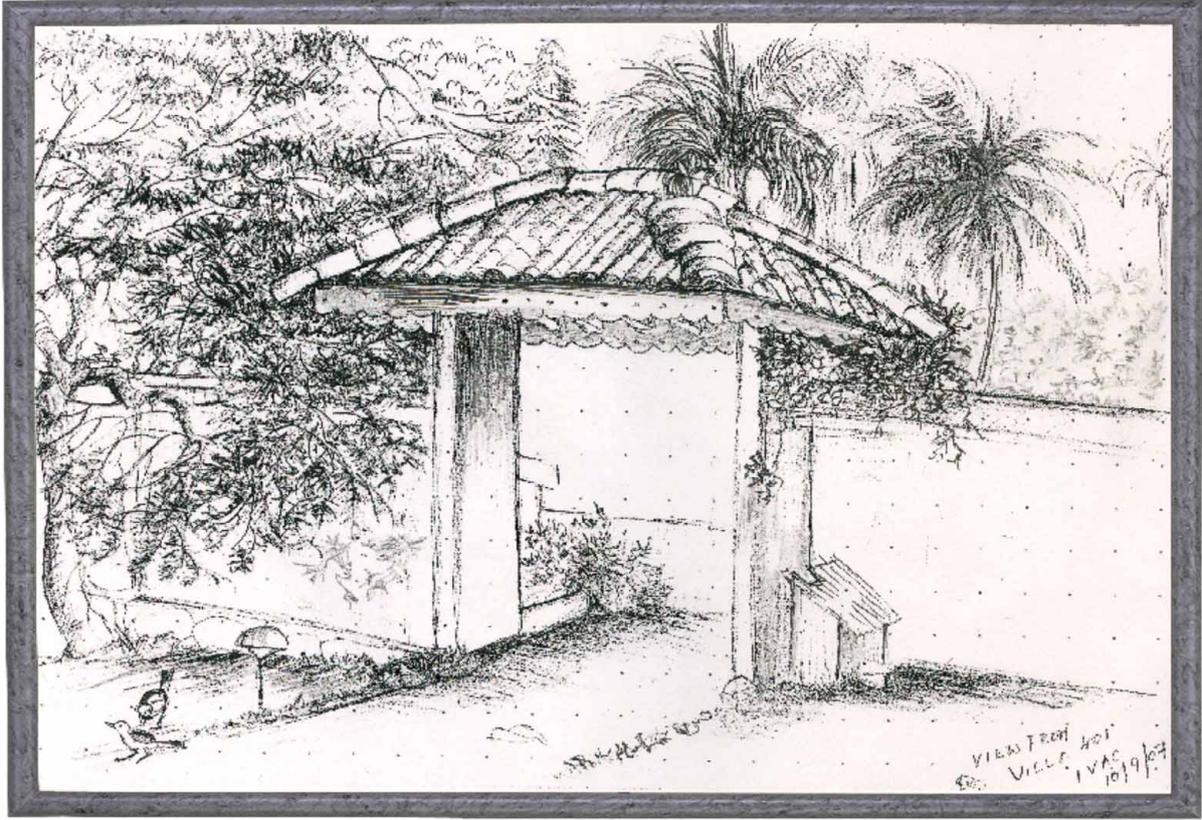


(B) “View From Villa” by Sita Ray

Given below is the background of above painting and the sketch as described by Jyotirmoy-da:

- (A) The painting “*Last Tribute to Greeneries*” is in Pastel (medium). It is inspired by the pristine ambience of “The Indus Valley Ayurvedic Centre” (IVAC) and the trip she used to take in a wheel chair every morning (period 28th Aug- 28th Sep 2007) to the “Detoxification Treatment Room”. Her chair drawn/pushed by two young nurses passed through a long and winding garden both full of lush green Banana grooves, Oleanders, Alamanda and drooping Coconut Palm. Looking at the play of sunlight and fresh colour of the greeneries she used to forget her nagging pain during the sleepless night. It used to be some kind of spiritual experience for her. In this painting she tried to express her deep appreciation of the warmth and brightness of the garden through a medium she knew best and that was pastel. Here in the foreground a supple female figure can be seen bowing, almost touching the ground in a yogic posture offering her prayers to divine nature around and seeking salvation from the pains of her earthly life.
- (B) The black and white sketch is done from the verandah of our cottage at IVAC. The cottage that is seen in the centre of the sketch is, in fact, a mirror image of our cottage within the same compound. The Kerala style gate in the foreground is rendered dwarfed and stylized to suit her mood and the composition. The compound itself is spread out with narrow garden paths going in different directions.

The sketch depicts the shady surroundings in a somewhat meditative mood, mood of eerie silence and utter loneliness. The cottage in the centre representing a soul is staring at the viewer with cold, dark look of complete surrender and sheer helplessness as if caught in the bed of quicksand below. (I was sitting by her side at that time when she was sketching and did my sketch of the same compound but my own mood and angle of vision were so different).



Sketch by Jyotirmoy Ray

তোমাকে মনে করে

জ্যোতির্ময় রায়

ঘুম ভেঙে গিয়ে
সকালের জানালায় তোমাকে অনেক দূরে রেখে
সঙ্গীহীন সময়ের টিয়ে
উড়ে গেছে। এই সব দেখে
ক্লান্ত লাগে। এখনি বোধহয়
দুবলাবেরার ওই জলের বিস্তারে
রাত শেষ হয়,
ডানা ঝাপটিয়ে বুনো হাঁস ওড়ে,
ঘন নীল সবুজের ছাপানো পাহাড়ে
শাল আর মছয়ার বন
জলের আয়নায় স্থির হয়ে থাকে।

আবার কখন
শীর্ণকায় শংখের পাড়ে
ডানায় ঘাসের স্পর্শ নিয়ে হাঁস ডাকে,
বারবার জল ছেঁয়,
চোখের আড়ালে চলে যায়।
পালক নরম রোদ পাথরের গায়
গোলাপী ধূসর ছবি আঁকে।
তুমিও তখনি তটের কিনারা দিয়ে
চলে যাও সুদূর আকাশে,
আঁচল আকাশ হয়ে ওড়ে
ভোরের বাতাসে।

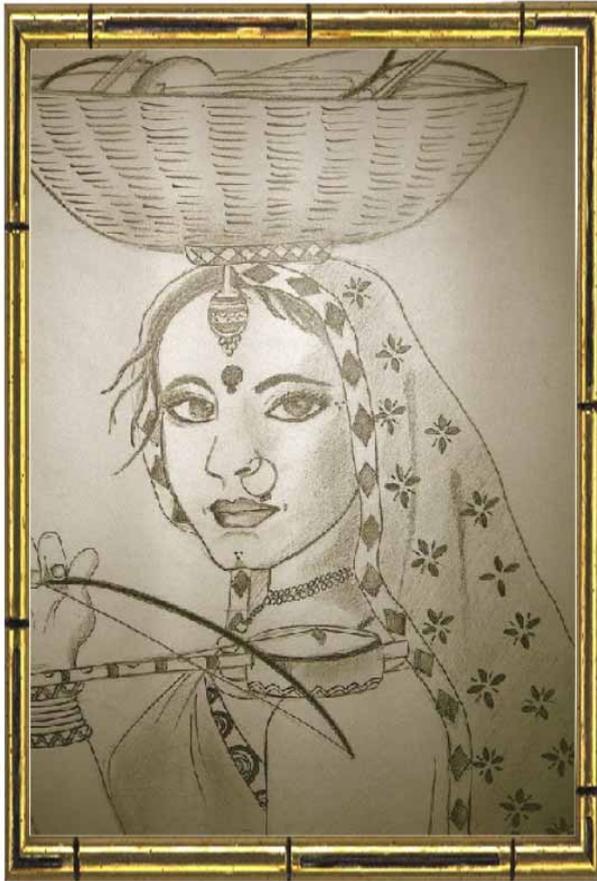
Arts



Papercutting "Peacock and Lotus" by Sanchita Ghosh



"Sunflower"
by Suparna Bose



"Indian Beauty" by Ahona Gupta



"Japanese Beauty" by Meeta Chanda



Sketch by Mimi Dhar



"Yashoda with Krishna" by Sushmita Pal

Photographs



"Jubilation" by Sanjib Chanda



"Autumn Tinge" by Arup Bose