

Great White Shark

- Aaryan Kumar Grade III



Great white shark is one of my favorite animals; they are sometimes as long as 7 meters. Great white sharks have black eyes, shiny teeth. The top of their body is grey and the bottom is white. Their teeth look like it is only at the bottom, but there are teeth at the top as well. Great White sharks eat other marine mammals for example fish, squids, dolphins, seals, sea lions and sometimes dead whales. Great white shark does not eat anything that comes its way, it takes a first bite to check if there is enough energy in the food, if not it releases the creature.

Great white sharks are found in the United States, South Africa, New South Wales, Atlantic Northeast, Australia, Mediterranean, Chile, Dyer Island and Japan. They keep away from warm water (25 – 30 degree centigrade), which means they prefer colder waters. Also people call great white sharks loners because they go on long journeys alone. One of the South African scientist tracked a shark (the shark was named “Nicole”) which swam from South African Coast to East Australian coast, a 6000 mile journey which took her 3 months.

Great white babies are protected by their mothers until the baby turns 5-9 years old. And then it goes away to grow up itself.

Sharks that are bigger than the great white shark for example whale shark, basking shark can sometimes attack

them. They can even be attacked by other great white sharks. But the biggest enemy to Great white sharks are humans; humans kill great white shark for teeth, meat, shark fin soup and jaws.

Great white sharks have bones called cartilage bones; we have it in our nose. Cartilage bones are lighter than normal bones, which mean it takes less energy for sharks to move around.

Great white sharks’ ancestors are Megalodons. Megalodons were one of the biggest sharks in the ancient times, about two times the size of Great white sharks, but they are extinct now. Great white sharks are amazing creatures. ■

The Forbidden Island

- Doel Chowdhury, Grade V



Once upon a time there lived a sailor named Ali. He used to live an independent life with his trustworthy sailors. Ali had no family. His sailors were the only people, who cared about him. Ali never realized that his sailors were like his family. In his heart Ali was a lonely man who found pleasure only in traveling to new lands. Ali never let anybody know how lonely he was. Everybody thought that he was a cheerful sporty who was always looking for adventure.

Ali had heard of an island that was called the forbidden island. No sailor had ever returned if they tried to go to the Forbidden Island. Ali wanted to find out more about the island. Ali’s parents had gone on a journey, leaving him with his uncle but later his uncle died. Ali wanted to know whether his parents were dead or not. He had found a sea route and the next day he was going to set off on his journey to the Forbidden Island.

Ali had heard many rumors about dragons and ogres killing people but this didn’t discourage or dishearten him.

He had reached the border of the Forbidden Island. Only true adventurers could pass the border and live. The border was a waterfall falling from the sky. He crossed the border and saw a giant castle and a big town. He had survived the border! Ali was taken by some guards to the Sultan who happened to be Ali’s father’s friend. The Sultan said his parents were dead. Another thing Ali wanted to know was that why the island was forbidden. The Sultan said that a group of immortal people live on the island. They are all sailors, explorers, and adventurers who could pass the magical border. Ali had to stay on the island.

Ali was devastated. Now he knew that he truly had no one. Ali’s sailors tried to cheer him up. In the evening when Ali came up on deck his sailors danced and sang eventually cheering Ali up. Ali realized that his sailors were somehow really special to him. He understood that his sailors were like his family. He was with his family all along. Ali and his sailors’ special bond lasted forever on the Forbidden Island where they lived happily for evermore. ■

MY TRIP TO TURKEY AND ITALY

- Akanksha Mukherjee, Grade III

Hello! I want to tell you about my trip to Turkey and Italy during the month of June. On June 15th we woke up early, had a bath, dressed up and drove to the airport. We then took the flight to Istanbul. It was a very long flight and I was becoming impatient and very grumpy. I was repeatedly asking my father when we will reach Istanbul? Finally after eleven hours the airplane reached Istanbul airport.



Bosphorus Cruise

In Istanbul we checked in a splendid hotel and immediately went to sleep as we were very tired. For the next few days, we went to many wonderful places like: Hagia Sofia, Blue Mosque, Topkapi Palace. One day we took a cruise to the Bosphorus Sea – which I really enjoyed! Another day we visited the Grand Bazar. That evening we also went to see Turkish dance. We spent four nights in Turkey, and then we went to Italy.

At first we went to Rome, which was extremely hot! We went to the Trevi fountain. We ate ice cream. Then we went back to our hotel. In the following days we visited Colosseum, Vatican City, Sistine Chapel, St Peter's Basilica, Piazza Venezia

and many other museums. We had a tour guide along with us. After staying in Rome for three days we left for Florence.

We reached Florence in the evening and checked into our hotel. The hotel was really nice. It was much better than Rome. The next day we visited the Uffizi museum. Another day we took a day trip to Siena in Tuscany. There, we ate ice cream from the world's best ice cream shop ever. For the next two



Venice

days we visited different parts of city of Florence and also the Academia museum. I was getting a little tired of watching so many museums! On the last night we watched fireworks. It was beautiful! After staying in Florence for five days, we went to Venice.

In Venice, we visited an island called Murano. There we saw beautiful glass paintings. We also took two Gondola rides. In Venice I saw lots of shops selling gorgeous masks. After visiting Venice, we took an airplane and went back to Istanbul Airport. After spending three hours in the Airport, we took a flight to Tokyo. I was glad to be back home. ■

My little brother

- Sneha Kundu, Grade V

My little brother's name is Soham. He was born on April 8 2012. He is very cute but he is really naughty and mischievous. Everyone in the family and even my friends are scared of him.

At first I was really happy to get him. He was quiet. He was nice. But best of all, somebody was finally younger than me in the family. Now he is really naughty. He bites everyone. He pulls my hair. And worst of all, everything he does that is bad, I get scolded for it. Sometimes, I wish he were never born. But sometimes he is very useful. When I get bored and I have

nothing to do, I play with my brother. When I come back home from school and find him awake, he always runs up to me and we start playing together. He makes me laugh when I feel like crying and he makes me cry when I feel like laughing. When my mother scolds me he hits me so that my mother has nothing to do and when he hits me, I can hardly feel anything. At the time my friends come to my house, they usually play with him. The only quiet time in the house is when he is asleep.

I hope that he will be calm and quiet and the house will be as peaceful as it used to be when he was just born. I hope that he becomes a lot more helpful when we both grow up. ■

The Lost City

- Tuhin Nag, Grade V

This journey is about the lost city of Atlantis. If you are adventurers and think that you can reach Atlantis, then don't read this book for if you go in there you may not come out alive. Arter was a very adventurous man. He had gone on many adventures before, but none of them could be compared to this one. He used to live on the beach and most of his adventures like this one, were in the water.

One day he heard a growl during his midday siesta. He thought that he had finally heard the legendary Lochness monster, the monster he had been searching for throughout his life. He followed his instincts and went to a bargainer for a deal. He had to haggle a bit but he finally acquired a wonderful submarine. As he was getting ready he found a book on Atlantis. He thought, "Maybe this book will come in handy."

He started his journey with a bang! He did not know how to control a submarine as he was used to diving from a ship. Finally, when he got the controls, he dived down deep into the sea in search of the Lochness monster. After a while he put the sub on auto-pilot and read his book on Atlantis. He read that Atlantis is on the exact same ocean he was in right now.

He started to wonder if the sound he heard was from Atlantis and not the Lochness monster. He even found out the coordinates of Atlantis. In the book the author had visited Atlantis and barely escaped with his life. Since it was near him he thought that he should change course and go to Atlantis. During the trip to Atlantis he met a huge shark. Thanks to that encounter he found out that the sub could shoot a missile at the touch of a button.

Later on, he reached the coordinates but still could not find Atlantis. Then he saw a fish go through the sand and not come up for a long time. He wondered about it and then shot a missile where the fish had gone. He waited for the impact but there was no blast. The missile just went through the sand! He was shocked! After Arter recovered from his shock, he manoeuvred into the sand and found out that it was a holograph. He was not prepared for what he saw. He expected a barren land but he saw a lively town with people enjoying themselves.

Then he heard the same sound that he heard from his cabin. His suspicions were confirmed. The sound was from Atlantis and this was it.

While he was wondering about how he would get in, the whole submarine shook. The submarine was moving on its own! He figured that another ship from the lost city must have come to take him into Atlantis. He hoped that the natives were friendly.

When he reached the base, he found out the answer to his earlier question. A man with a spear gave him a pad which, when attached to his chest, gave him the ability to breathe underwater and walk with ease. But soon he found out that they were not friendly as expected. The moment he put the pad on, the Atlantian pointed his spear at him and told him that he was a prisoner.

He had tried many ways to escape, but the Atlantians were very clever they stopped him almost every time. Yes, almost every time. He had finally escaped, but it wasn't much of an escape. One Atlantian herself came to help him. She told him that some Atlantians were not as cruel as the others. She said that her name was Melissa. She gave him an Atlantian armor and spear. She said that this spear was the only weapon that

would hurt the monsters. Whoa! Pause then rewind. *Monsters?* He had faced strange animals but never monsters.

Melissa said that the only way to escape was through the main city. She knew that his chance of survival was zero percent, so she gave him a map and a coin and said, "You will know when to use this. It has the great sea god Poseidon's power. It shall do what you most need, and beware the council." Then she departed leaving Arter alone and scared.

On his way to the main city, he met his first monster. It was a lava goblin, how it survived in water, he did not know. He started using his skills as a fighter. He dodged, parried, stabbed and disarmed again and again. He finally got a chance to stab him in his heart was, or where a normal human heart should be anyway. It seemed to have worked. The monster dissolved into sulphurous yellow powder.

He knew it was his first monster, but it wasn't his last. He swallowed his fears and continued on his journey. Atlantis was like a huge water resort. As he was walking down the streets, an Atlantian came up to him and said, "Please come with me."

As he did not want to get on the bad side of every Atlantian, he followed. He saw things that he had never seen before. These beings used another type of metal to make their structures. The Atlantian who had called him stayed quiet during the journey.

When he reached the place the Atlantian was leading him to, he thought it was a giant court and that was exactly what it was. There were twelve huge chairs even though only four of them were occupied by the largest Atlantians he saw. "This must be the council Melissa warned me about," he thought, and indeed it was.

"Intruder!" spoke one of them. "Why have you come here?"

"I came to this world because I heard a terrifying noise from the ocean." replied Arter

"Bah! That is only our pets making noise. You should hear them when they are hungry." boomed another member.

"*Pets?* That sound could be heard up on the surface world and you call the monsters that make it *pets?* Are you mad?" he ridiculed.

"Silence! Insolent brat! Have you no respect for the elders? For this insolence you shall be executed! Take him to the cells! We shall do it this night."

Two guards came and took our young explorer to the cells full of gloom and darkness. For hours he tried to escape or trick the guards, but to no prevail. His mind offered no help, nor did his surroundings.

At night, the guards took him to the execution chamber, where all council members were present. They spoke as one, "Do you have any last words, traveller?"

Then at the right moment he remembered about the coin. He took it out and showed it to the council. "Impossible! Th---tha---that is the sacred coin of l---l---Lord P---Po-Poseidon." one of them stammered. "As Poseidon wishes, we shall not kill you. We will play a game. If we lose, you shall stay in our dungeon. If you win, then we shall allow you to become a citizen of Atlantis. The game is Hide and Seek."

Arter did not like it, but he agreed, thinking that he would go to the ship during the game. "Let the game begin! You have

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Micro-Fiction

- Arunansu Patra, Grade VIII

Micro fiction, or flash fiction, is a style of writing where a story is narrated so that it is very short yet at a length enough to actually narrate a full story. Ernest Hemingway wrote the shortest micro story known to this day, consisting of only six words: For sale, baby shoes, never worn. This extremely short story has gained fame around the world to those who enjoy advanced styles of literature, especially micro fiction.

At school, we each had to write one or two micro stories with 50 words at the most. The regulations were that the story may be laid out however the author wants it to be, but the story may not be anything but a story. So it cannot be a poem or a written song. Also, as mentioned before, the story must be of 50 words or lower, but definitely no more. Here are two examples of stories that are of 50 words.

THE PEN MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD

I have done it. I have done something that I would never have dared to do. Wiping the beading sweat off my face, I heave a sigh of satisfaction. With strength seeping out of me, I smile at my creation. I have completed something I have never dreamed of. Homework.

THE DAY OF SORROW

The cause of this day of grief, snatched thousands of lives at the blink of an eye. Houses were destroyed along with love for the ocean. Families were split, leaving innocent people crying for their loved ones. Something beautiful, into a deadly weapon unleashed by nature itself, on March 11th.

This style of writing is good practice for people who tend to write beyond the maximum limit, to shorten their writings into brief but detailed pieces of writing. During the process of writing these stories, we were allowed to give and get feedback to and from the other writers in our grade. Thus, people in our class kept exchanging stories for them to proofread and edit.

I WOULD STRONGLY ADVISE EXPERIMENTING WITH THIS KIND OF LITERATURE ESPECIALLY TO CHILDREN WHO LIKE AND ARE BEGINNING TO WRITE STORIES OF THEIR OWN, AS THIS TYPE OF WRITING IS A WAY OF WRITING GREAT STORIES WITHOUT EXCEEDING THEIR LIMITS OF CONCENTRATION INTO WRITING THESE STORIES. OF COURSE, IT CAN BE A CHALLENGE THAT EVEN ADULTS MAY WANT TO TRY. HOWEVER, THE MORE YOU ARE ACCUSTOMED TO WRITING LONG ESSAYS, THE MORE CHALLENGING IT IS TO WRITE A MICRO STORY. BUT GO AHEAD AND TRY IT AT HOME WHEN YOU HAVE THE SPARE TIME, AND DON'T FORGET TO COUNT THOSE WORDS! ■

The Lost City ... Continued from page 80

twenty seconds to run into the city and hide." exclaimed one of them.

Arter ran into the city trying to find out where his ship was, but wherever he went the members seemed to be there. He kept on trying to escape, but the members knew his plan. They stopped him easily by standing in front of his ship. Arter then remembered about the coin, but it was already used. Then he remembered that he hadn't used it. He only showed it.

He took the blue coin, which was glowing for some reason, out. "O Lord Poseidon, Earth shaker, Storm bringer and God of the sea, please help me."

All he saw was a blur of mixed colours. Then it stopped and he was in his submarine. He saw a new button that certainly hadn't been there before. 'Stealth' was written on it. He pressed it and revved his engines. Not surprisingly, it was so quiet that you could hear a pin drop. He escaped Atlantis and reached his cabin. After this journey Arter decided to become a writer. His first book published was on Atlantis. If you are wondering where it is, do not search, for you have just read it. ■

My Visit to Cincinnati Open



- Arpan Bose, Grade VI

On August 10 we went to the Cincinnati Open, also known as the Western & Southern Open. This was a tennis tournament held in Mason, Ohio. We had left Bloomington, Indiana, on Friday evening and we stayed overnight in a hotel. This would be the first tennis tournament I've ever been to.

Since there was no match currently going on when we got to the Open, we watched the Wimbledon runner-up, Sabine Lisicki who is currently ranked 12 in the WTA Women's ATP Rankings, practice on court #14. It was an amazing experience

There was a reason we left that game to see another one. We went see a rising tennis player with a lot of potential to become a good player against a player ranked in the top 50. The match was a men's singles match between Dennis Kudla (USA) and Grega Zemlja (Slovenia). What was so good about watching this match was that we were sitting on the very first row so we had the best view and we could see how fast the balls were being hit. Zemlja won 2-1.

Once that game finished, I wanted to get autographs from some tennis players. We went to the area where the



because she was the player in the top 20 whom I saw up close. Not very many people can say that. Besides us, there were only about eight other people watching her play.

While we watched Lisicki practice, my dad was taking photographs of another women's player practice. Later, when I saw those photographs, I realized that it was Victoria Azarenka, the world #2 in women's tennis. She went on to win the Cincinnati Open, defeating Serena Williams.

After that, we went to watch a qualifier game in the Center Court between Johanna Larsson and Nicole Gibbs. This was the first actual match that we saw right there at the stadium. There were not that many people in the crowd, but there were still some people. We left the court after the first set was over. At the end, Larsson won 2-1.

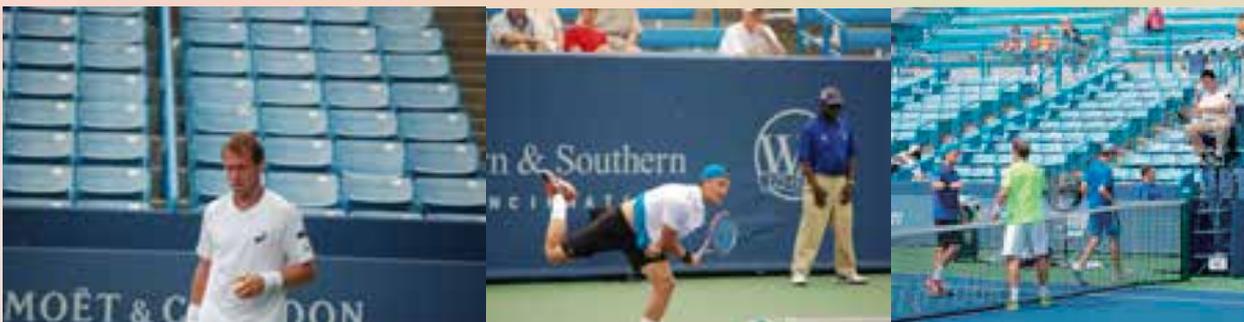


players enter into the area where they get in. It was called the "Champions Arena".

Luckily I got six autographs. One of the autographs was from Tommy Robredo (Spain) who was ranked #19 in the ATP World Rankings. My second autograph was from Milos Raonic (Canada) who was also in the top 25 (10). I also got an autograph from #100 James Blake (USA). The other three autographs that I got have still not been identified yet.

I also saw the #7 player Roger Federer go into the Champions Arena. After that, I saw the #3 women's player Maria Sharapova practice with tennis legend Jimmy Connors.

By this time, it was almost one o'clock and it was time to leave Cincinnati to go back home. This was one of the most fun experiences of my life. ■



Women's Sports Are Important!

- Aishwarya Kumar, Grade VIII

2014 means that the FIFA World Cup, the world's most popular sporting event is coming up. People all around the world are excited for it, maybe starting from when the teams they support were eliminated from the last World Cup. Some people already have tickets to see some of the games. But after the 2014 World Cup is over, they are going to look forward to 2018.

However, there is one tournament in between that is only slightly smaller than the FIFA World Cup, yet far less popular, that deserves some more recognition. The matches have similar, maybe even better quality of the World Cup ones, and the only difference is that there are 24 teams rather than 32. And women instead of men play in the tournament.

When the FIFA Women's World Cup was held in Germany in 2011, many people did not realize that it was going on. Many Japanese, and residents of Japan, did not even realize Japan won the World Cup. An average of 40 thousand people attend a game of the men's World Cup compared to the average of 20 thousand that attend a game of the women's World Cup.

However, things are starting to change. The finals between Japan and USA got a record number of Tweets per second for a FIFA World Cup match at 7,196. FIFA has increased the amount of teams allowed to participate from 16 to 24. According to the FIFA Big Count, the amount of women actively involved in playing soccer was 22 million in 2000, 26 million in 2006, and is probably much bigger today. It is still not comparable to the 239 million men that were counted by the FIFA Big Count in 2006, but it is a start.

Generally, people need to recognize women who play sports like how they recognize men: role models, people who accomplish impossible things, and people everyone should know. It is not fair David Beckham was paid 46 million US dollars a year while Marta Vieira da Silva makes 500 thousand, and is not as famous while being one of the best female soccer players. Most of Japan's women's team members started by playing for boy teams in their elementary years, because there is no organized league for elementary school girls in Japan.

The media rarely covers women's soccer, and because all the good men's teams are in Europe and South America, it

makes it even harder for women teams in Asia to be recognized. Although the Japanese women's team is more successful than the men's team, they rarely appear in newspapers. Also, almost all men's soccer matches appear on television while only the most important women's ones appear.

Although women's soccer is not the only women's sport that needs to be more recognized, gender inequality is the most apparent in soccer because men and women alike are looking forward to the World Cup next year, but the women's event just comes and goes. Also, soccer, basketball, hockey, rugby, and other similar sports fall into a category called invasion sports, and are disliked by some women for the violence that involuntarily comes with playing them. While soccer maintains its status as the most popular sport in the world, soccer is never said to be a popular sport among women. However, most women don't mind watching the sport, it is just playing it that makes women nervous, because they believe they are not good enough, or are scared of it.

Aerobics, yoga, dancing, and swimming are sports where there are a little more women. In soccer it is 90 percent men, and 10 percent women. Basketball, and other invasion sports have similar gender ratios as soccer, but it should not be that way. There are still many women doing these sports that are deprived of the success and fame men get, but they are just as talented. Volleyball and tennis are the only sports in which women are equally famous. Even if sports like swimming still have slightly more women doing them, most people know Kosuke Kitajima but they might not know Satomi Suzuki.

Sport is the favorite pastime of men and women alike, however men are the ones that are more recognized at the professional level. But women can do what the men do too. Everyone has played a sport in their life, even if only when they were children. And by watching children and teenagers spectators can see girls may be actually much better at some sports. They just might not be able to get to the professional level because less support is given to the girls than the boys. The biggest sporting event in the world is in Brazil next summer, but let's keep the momentum until Canada 2015, the women's counterpart. If the FIFA World Cup is the biggest event, the FIFA Women's World Cup deserves to be just as big, maybe even bigger. Germany 2011 is considered the start of the revolution of women's soccer, and we should not let that effort end. ■

Sakura Medal

- Nishant Chanda, Grade VII

Sakura Medal is a program in Japan which is participated every year by many international schools including mine, St. Mary's. The word Sakura means cherry blossom in Japanese. The word Medal hints that the subject has some manner of competition related to it. It's a competition among the authors of specially selected books. The selections of these books are done by the librarians of all the participating schools. After meetings, 20~30 books are chosen with wide ranges of genres and of different reading levels. In the elementary level, there are the English and Japanese sections of the Picture and Chapter Books. In the Middle and High School levels there are English and Japanese Books as well, making a total of eight categories. During the autumn season, students start reading the selected books. With a certain number of books read, students get a chance to vote for their favorite one. All the participating students vote for the category they read for. In

spring, the votes are counted, and the winners of the Sakura Medal Books are announced.

Other than the competition between authors, there are two major competitions among all the students. One is "Sakura Medal Book Bowl", which is a competition that can be entered by fourth or fifth graders. The Book Bowl is an interscholastic competition with each school represented by a team of ten students. Questions are asked from the selected books. The second one is the "Sakura Medal Art Competition". Students place their artwork into the category they read from. Librarians select three master pieces from each category for their school; all students from other schools also participate in the program and vote for their favorite art. The winning piece of artwork goes to the winning author of the category the student entered his art to, along with their certificates. Somehow my artwork was chosen this year in the "Middle School English" category. The winner of the 2013 Sakura Medal in Middle School English category was Marie Lu for the book Legend. I was pleased that my artwork had been presented to the author Marie Lu. ■



Peaceful War

- Krish Kothari, Grade V

Unique pink
Fireflies,
Dancing on the
Wind.

Away they go
As fragile
As a butterfly's
Wing.

They are as soft
And as delicate
As a
Snowflake.

'Twas a day
a strong breeze blew.

Pink fireflies left
Their old homes,
Pink butterflies left
Their cocoons,
Pink sky divers let
Go of their planes,
Pink bees swarmed,
Pink cotton candy
Floated down.

'Twas three day later
When all was gone.

In all the beauty and
Excitement,
The trees lost pink
And became green.

In a flash,
Sakura season
Had come and gone.

Things, I Love

- Sneha Pal, Grade V

I love the color red;
Red flowers, a red dress,
Even a red ribbon on my head.

I love to play basketball
And shoot the ball into the basket.
Because, I am very tall.

I love chocolates and ice-cream.
Eat them while watching TV.
My favorite cartoon is 'Chhota Bheem'.

I love the month December.
Santa comes by sled,
While I slumber.

I love the flower rose.
I love to go to Dida's house,
Which is very close.

I love to play with my brother,
And share my toys with him.
We love stories told by my grandfather.

Fifty shades of Blue

- Aakriti Narang, Grade XI

As I trudge onwards in this seemingly never-ending battle between my computer's preference for the Japanese keyboard - overriding mine for English - assembling all the thoughts and emotions I experienced in the four magical days I spent in Okinawa is difficult.

The sizzling heat waves that were haunting inhabitants in Tokyo day and night gave me a good enough excuse to escape this concrete jungle and land in what I call 'Japan's Hawaii'. It was nothing short of that, and in fact *exceeded my limited expectations*.

As I approached the entrance of Naha Airport, I was grateful to have welcomed the tender breeze with open arms, incredibly soothing. The scene at this point of the story wasn't what I had expected. I found myself looking at a cocktail of countryside and infrastructure, intricately weaved together to paint the picture that was before my eyes. There was no difference in the heat between the two cities and neither was there any attraction outside the airport. Since I had vowed not to jump to conclusions (as a sign of maturity, of course), as I got in the car, my fifteen-year-old mind was only hoping that our hotel and the beach wouldn't be far.

The hotel was spectacularly decorated with all exotic kinds of flowers that until now I had only seen on television during documentaries. The staff was very courteous and greeted every soul that went into or out of their hotel, which was pleasing but the most eye-catching sight, which, after learning about the panorama option on my iPhone I regret not capturing, was when I turned away from the receptionist to take a breath and inhale some fragranced "hotel air". Beyond the humongous glass windows of the hotel lay the edge of the Great East China Sea, or in other words, the beach.

The shimmering waves gave more than justice to the blue aspect of the light spectrum. Seeing the sunlight pouring down on to the water, a new tranquility began to overwhelm me. The peace and serenity of the water reverberated with every ripple across the hotel. It was pure perfection, in every possible sense of the word; pure because every grain of sand was visible from above the water when you dipped your feet in and perfection because it was heavenly, untouched by the resourceful and greedy wit of man (besides, of course, our hotel which was located right behind the beach). All this time I had known people who wished they could live near the sea. There I was, living their dream.

Ever so slightly disappointed to remove my gaze from the beach and go to our room - located on the royal and topmost floor of the Rizzan Sea Park Hotel - I was granted the full view of my surroundings from the balcony.

Now to stop bragging on about my utterly luxurious accommodation, I'll move on to our sightseeing. Within the time span of just four days, out of which the last one was excluded because our flight was due on that day, so out of three days, I visited all there was to visit in Okinawa. Day one began by eating breakfast at Tancha Bay. Scrumptious to the max. The variety, the international and continental cuisine especially when it came to homemade breads and bakery, was impeccably convenient for people from all over the world. Indecisive about which cereal to choose, I ate all three together, everyday.

After being one of the last to leave from Tancha Bay, our day began by visiting OIST - Okinawa Institute of Science and Technology, a viable future place of study for any science oriented student. Flawless is how I would describe its architecture and inner décor as well as the professionals who were teachers. Our second day constituted of visiting The Aquarium (worthy of starting with capital letters). Like any tourist, I thought I

found Nemo and his companion, the forgetful Dory. Numerous photographs were taken in an attempt to look decent and confident in front of two gigantic sharks, my mother and I held jellyfish in our hands and transported them from one place to the other (which must have felt like teleportation to them to be honest) and finally we saw the dolphin show.

The dolphins were in full swing that day, splashing about here and there, their tails or heads being visible only one at a time...until they began to leap across their habitat. That was when the show had started.

The nearby street decoration leading up to the aquarium was designed by a brain that must have seemed crazy to others. Huge octopuses, spiders, butterflies and fish had been created by arranging flower pots in various layers and columns. To add the final touch, large plastic eyes had been inserted in the gaps where there were no plants to give a life-like impression.

Driving down south, we paused at a place where the emerald waters were closest to the shores of civilization. When we first saw the clearance, our initial instinct was to head straight towards it. The person driving took our words a bit too literally and paused at the extreme edge of the pathway, beyond which the land was inclined at a 70 degrees angle so that definitely got the adrenaline running. Anyhow, we stepped forward and embraced our thoughts with the picturesque and mesmerizing view ahead. The colours were indescribable. Beauty beyond belief would be an understatement. Ranging from emerald to green to turquoise to dark blue, getting lighter and suddenly turning as light as sky blue, the water's colours had no pattern to them whatsoever. It was a struggle leaving that place.

The next morning I woke up and went straight to the beach to enjoy the silky white sand sliding beneath my toes with every step I took. That day was dedicated to historical landmarks, one of which was the Himeyuri Monument where stories about the lives of 240 students are imprinted on walls as proof of their sacrifice and innocence that went unnoticed during their age during World War II when America had attacked Japan and landed in Okinawa. Their refuges were dark, hidden (in their perspective) caves filled with dead or intensely ill soldiers with gruesome wounds on which they had to perform surgery and carry out various other difficult duties for which they were ill equipped. The heart-wrenching stories of their deaths informed us about the harsh circumstances in which people had to live during war.

During the nights, I would take a stroll alongside the beach with my mother or enjoy the lively crowd which all gathered in a hall the size of three ballrooms and enjoyed Hawaiian dancing, shortly followed by a Hawaiian concert near the outdoor pool. The hotel shone like a constellation on Earth at night, unmistakably bright and impossible to miss. There was even a wedding chapel inside.

On the day before the last, we took the initiative to drive to a World Heritage Site named Shuri-jo. An ancient castle of which originally belonged to the Ryukyu Kingdom. It was destroyed during the Battle of Okinawa however they re-built from photographs, historical records and memory, the site was impressively built.

On the last day of our stay, we made a round to the local shops where, like any teenage girl, I couldn't resist buying clothes from Uniqlo and passed it off by regarding it as an important souvenir from Okinawa that I would fondly cherish.

What a memorable trip that was.

Definitely worth a visit. The highlight of my summer. ■

Our Durga Puja Abroad

- Arunit Baidya, Grade IX

For us Bengalis, Durga Puja is the main festival. As we accompany our dad, who is in Indian Foreign Service, to different countries since childhood we don't have much scope to enjoy Durga Puja festival back in India. As a result we need to depend on the Durga Puja festival celebrations in the countries of my dad's posting. I am really delighted to mention that Durga Puja Organizers abroad like BATJ in Japan are very active, enthusiastic, cordial and friendly.

Back in Nepal also we used to enjoy Durga Puja. Warm invitation and reception from the organizers made us part of the celebration community. I still remember and miss those days when almost everybody from the Embassy of India in Katmandu used to participate in cultural function during those Puja days.

All members of my family have participated in celebrating the Puja festival this or that way.

We have been experiencing same feelings here in Tokyo as well. The Durga Puja Committee with their goodwill gesture keeps us involved, better to say make us enjoy all spheres of activities in connection with the celebration. Invitation, making us contributor for a write up or drawing and painting for the colorful magazine of the committee propel us to make us participating in all the events of the Puja. Eating and distributing 'Kichudi Proshad', be in the line for 'chaat papri, playing with other children gathered for the Puja give us special feeling. Thank you Indians abroad who make us enjoy Durga Puja happily.

Joy Maa Durga!!!

The Burqua Avenger

- Utso Bose, Grade VIII

"You can hang a man, not his soul,
You can shoot a man, but not his idea,
Ideas are bullet-proof"
Malala Yousafzai – The girl who lived.

The other day, I was watching the film, "V for Vendetta," and this thought of Malala Yousafzai struck me. The story of Malala always inspires me.

A mere girl of 13, she stood up against what she thought was wrong. Who stood up for the truth. Who stood up for justice. Who stood up against the Taliban Dystopian politics. To the girl, who gave education, a chance to spread its wings.

"What scares terrorist groups like the Taliban most, is not a gun. But a girl with a book in her hand."

- Malala Yousafzai

It truly makes me wonder. Are we truly doing what is right? Are we doing what we think is right or are we doing what our friends tell is 'right'?

"There comes a time, when you have to choose between doing what is easy, and doing what is right"

- Albus Dumbledore

People cannot be as gullible as the rossogolla. We need to stand up. Trust me when I say it, "Rise" A hero isn't someone who owns a million dollar suite and a car. Neither is he an individual who was subjected to a dangerous scientific experiment. All we need is a strong conscience.

"You either die a hero, or live long enough to see yourself become a villain."

- Harvey Dent (The Dark Knight, 2008)

It is times like these, when we need hope. Hope is not something rare. Hope is everywhere. You can't lose hope. You never can. All you can lose is faith.

"Happiness can be found, even in the darkest of times, only if one remembers to turn on the light."

- Albus Dumbledore

And so, I quote the Shawshank redemption.

"Remember Red, hope is a good thing, perhaps the best of things, and no good thing ever dies."

- The Shawshank Redemption (1994)

Death of a Teacher

- Bob Watson (Amartya Mukherjee, Grade IX)

This is the year 2011. I am Bob Watson, a 15-year-old boy who had so many experiences in life. As a young boy, my parents were not doing really well, so I had to work for a living. I got a job as a carpenter in war torn Iraq and I had to risk my life just to go to the shop where I worked. I got shot in my arm, leaving it badly wounded. Without thinking twice, I took a plane to England, where I had to undergo surgery in order to get the bullet removed.

The government took pity on me and decided to send me to a boarding school. I had to share my room with a 14-year-old boy. His name is Amartya Holmes. However, my teachers warned me that Holmes is a mysterious boy, which made me all the more curious about him!



One fine morning - I moved to my boarding room and saw Holmes busy working at his desk.

“Good morning Watson” he said. “Glad to share my room with you. Besides, were you a carpenter in Iraq?”

I was shocked, hearing that. How did he know that I was a carpenter in Iraq? I did not question him for some time.

After I got my luggage in the new room, I asked him, “How did you know that I was a carpenter in Iraq?”

“You see,” said Holmes. “Your shirt pocket is brownish which can only be due to wood, indicating that you were involved in wood work. Your left arm is stiff, most likely due to a shot in the arm. Also, there is a bit of sand dust in your shoes – whose color indicates that it is from the Middle East. All of this indicates that you lived in a war zone area in the Middle East as a carpenter. Iraq is known for having good carpenters, there is a war going on there and it is in the Syrian Desert. Therefore, it is most likely that you worked in Iraq and got shot”

Indeed Holmes is a very smart person, and a person worth finding more about!

The room had a chemical laboratory, a group of chairs in the living room, and there were documents and reports all over the table. It was clear that Amartya Holmes was no ordinary person.

“You see, I have just done one of my chemical experiments” Holmes said in excitement. “This experiment could have solved mysteries from long time ago and many criminals would have been hanged if this test had existed. This test identifies the criminal’s genes by his blood. I could name a number of incidents in which this test could have been used”.

“Wow” I said. “You are like a timeline of crime incidents.”

“And in case you are wondering why I have 4 chairs in my living room” said Holmes. “Many detectives who have problems figuring out things come to me for help. I listen to the mystery that they are solving and give them some advice.”

“What about your school?” I asked.

“I have detective problems to worry about so I give excuses to my principal and I end up doing a lot of homework after my detective problem is solved,” said Holmes.

Living with Holmes was a problem. He was not a normal person at all.

He used to sleep at 8 o’clock and wake up at 4 o’clock in the morning, and take walk around the school campus. Secondly, whenever I was thinking about something, Holmes could always guess it right. He could read my mind. This made me feel uncomfortable because he did not give me any privacy to think about things I want to think about.

It seemed like Holmes did not care really much for his studies. His average score for his subjects were a “B”. He was good at Math, Science, IT and History, but English, Art, Music and PE were poor, especially PE, for which he got an “E”.

I questioned him for his results, but Holmes just took it casually and replied, saying, “I show no interest in PE. I just focus on the subjects that are necessary for my detection skills.” That is all he said and then he went to his room.

Somehow he felt that I could not comprehend him at all.

It was summer vacation, but Holmes and I stayed at the Hostel for a summer project. One morning, Holmes got a call from our teacher, saying that the Grade 7 teacher, Mr. Thompson was killed last night. Holmes was upset hearing that, since Mr. Thompson was one of his favorite Math teachers. He told me to also come with him to the room. For the first time, I saw that he was very serious. We both went to the scene of crime.

The staff assembled in front of the room let us in, knowing that Holmes was a detective. In the room, we saw the dead teacher. He was shot on his face two times. The murderer’s gun was thrown down on the floor. Holmes went to the teacher’s desk and saw that before he died; he used his blood to write the word ‘sorry’ on the floor. The desk and the floor were filled with the teacher’s blood and his computer was damaged. The room was a complete mess with the blood and the footprints of the murderer. The teacher’s finger was right below the ‘y’ in the ‘sorry’. Holmes checked every area of the room, measured some distances, checked the footprints and blood stains and then offered his analysis.

“The murderer is 170cm tall, his feet are a little big, compared to his height and he is left handed.”

We were all surprised on hearing this. “How did you get all this information?” I asked.

He said to me, “Come with me to the food court and I will tell you”. Holmes took the murderer’s gun and we went to the food court. There he told me how he made his observations.

“Yesterday was a rainy day, which made it easier for me to make these observations because his footprints are visible. I found out that he was 170cm tall by measuring the distance between each footprint. From that I was able to infer his height.”

“Then what about the left handedness?”

"Mr. Thompson was shot at the right side of his face. Judging from the footprints, the angle of the shot and the place where Mr. Thompson fell down at, it was clear that they were both facing each other when Mr. Thompson was shot. This is only possible if the murderer is left handed."

"Now let's talk about the word 'Sorry'" said Holmes. "It shows that Mr. Thompson and the murderer had some connection. It is likely that Mr. Thompson did something bad to the murderer that made him commit the crime."

"So, the murder was based on revenge?" I asked.

"Yes"-said Holmes.

"And look at this gun" said Holmes. "It is brand new, as if it was bought just a few days ago. To get a gun, you need to give a proof of eligibility, saying that you are 21 years or older. And there is only one gun store in town so we can go to that gun store and check all the recent gun purchases. By analyzing the proofs of eligibility, we can tell who bought this gun and whether he falsely stated that he is above 21 years age."

So, we went to the gun store and talked to the man who works there.

"You again, Amartya Holmes?" asked the shopkeeper. "Every time you come, then for a month, I lose 50% of my customers."

"Can you show me all proofs of eligibility this week for this gun" asked Holmes, showing the shopkeeper the gun. "Besides, your shop is the cause for most murders in the town."

"Fine, here they are" said the man and showed him all the proofs of eligibility.

Holmes searched through all the proofs of eligibility and handed 3 of them to me. "These are written by left handed people," said Holmes.

"This one seems suspicious," I said. "It is written by Jack Gordon, 21 years old."

"He is the murderer," said Holmes. "He is a boy under 20 years old according to the handwriting." He went to the shopkeeper and said, "We will keep this one. It belongs to a under 20-year-old boy."

We both walked along the road and Holmes said to me "he faked his name in this document in order to avoid suspicion. I suppose he was in Mr. Thompson's class as a 7th Grade boy. But he was so angry with Mr. Thompson that he had to kill him. The worst possible thing that could have happened to him was being suspended from the class. But he shot the teacher and the teacher wrote the word 'sorry', which means that the suspension was not entirely his fault."

We spent the night at Holmes' house.

The next morning, by the time I woke up, Holmes was gone somewhere. He came back after an hour, bringing a person, saying "I have got the murderer, who is none other than John Hope." Then John Hope, who was tied in ropes, was brought into the room. "So tell us the whole story of why you murdered Mr. Thompson," said Holmes.

"The story begins," said Hope. "I used to be a good student in my school and get good marks in all of my tests. I used to come first or second in my class and I remember Mr. Thompson saying, "John came first in this test." However, I did not have any friends in my class. All the boys called me a 'nerd' and bullied me. My parents kept complaining to Mr. Thompson, saying that people were bullying me, but Mr. Thompson refused to help, saying that it was not his concern. Soon, I began to lose focus in my studies and my grades were rapidly falling. Finally I got suspended due to poor grades. I had no more reason to live other than to avenge the teacher who was the cause of my suspension. And after I killed the teacher, I was thinking of killing the bullies as well..."

"And then I stopped you" Holmes interrupted. "You faked your proof of eligibility and then you stole a bike from a car shop."

"Wait," I said. "You stole a bike?"

"Yes, he did," said Holmes.

Holmes turned to Hope and said, "Do you even know how sad Mr. Thompson was after you got suspended? He regretted refusing to help you against your bullies. He took bullying extremely seriously and was always at the aid of bullied victims. And before he died, he wrote the word 'sorry' on the floor because he knew that his actions made you a demon."

"Watson," said Holmes. "Open the door. There is someone outside." I opened the door and outside was the police who came to arrest Hope.

"So," I said. "How did you find Hope?"

"I got a call from one of my school friends, saying that he saw a 20-year-old boy stealing a bike. I took a taxi and reached the boy who told us where the criminal went, suspecting that he was the murderer. He was planning to kill all his bullies and I stopped him."

"So you had friends helping you," I said.

"Yes," said Holmes. "That is what happened."

A few days later...

I told Holmes: "Hey Holmes, I wrote a book on the story of the death of the teacher." But Holmes replied, saying, "Watson, listen. Detection is a science that is not to be written in the format of a romantic story. You still have a lot more to learn about being a detective."

It made me frustrated, hearing that, but I think Holmes was right.

It is tough, living with Holmes. He is no ordinary guy and I guess I will probably never be able to comprehend him at all. ■



'How often have I said to you that when you have eliminated the impossible, whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth?'

Arthur Conan Doyle

Terminator Pig

- Aakash Duttagupta, Grade X



With jaw muscles so powerful that no opponent of its time could survive its bite, a head so large that its fore limbs appeared to have been in the middle of the body, standing 2 meters high, the entelodont was truly monster. The entelodont, often referred to as the Terminator pig or Hell's pig, is a ferocious beast. 'Entelodont' (en-TELL-oh-don) meaning perfect toothed was given this name because its canines and incisors were perfect for hunting and tearing through flesh and its premolars and molars were perfect for grinding vegetation. 26 million years ago, at a time called the Miocene Epoch; this beast roamed and dominated the plains of northern America.

The scientists of the 1800s first discovered the entelodont; they thought that it was a large bear like creature, only recently has it been discovered, by grooves in the teeth that the entelodonts were digging for plant roots. This suggested that the entelodonts had more of a pig like behavior than a bear. Today modern scientific technology has confirmed that the entelodonts closest living relatives are the pigs. But it was hard to believe that the entelodonts would need such enlarged canines for herbivorous nutrition. Scientists have struggled to place the entelodont in any 1 category. As there aren't any direct comparisons to entelodonts alive today, scientists have to struggle to identify its eating habits and behavior.

The entelodont is a ferocious pig like creature correlated to bears and to hyenas. It is nothing like anything you or I could even think up, they had a large head almost the size of its body, the head was so large that it was scientists had to struggle to understand that entelodonts could walk without tipping over. But there were very bulging muscles from the top of the skull to the tail and from the top of the spine to the legs kept it up right when they walked. These muscles carried its oversized head. Their legs were so feeble that it was almost impossible for scientists to believe that they could have carried the entelodonts bulk around with it. Powerful muscles that extended from their elongated check bone to the end of its jaw that could snap shut with tremendous amounts of force. These jaws could open 90°. Their teeth were interlocking which meant that they could bite and hold on to the prey item. They had huge canines and sharp incisors jutting out of their mouths, these are some features that plant eaters don't need but carnivores do. The premolars were behind the canines and their molars were at the back of the jaw to give it maximum biting power. The patterns of these teeth are not different from mammals. But these teeth are for very different types of food. The entelodonts would not need such lethal canines to dig for plant roots. So what were these canines used for? Could it have been to protect it from predators? Or was it for killing prey? What do you think?

In 1993 a discovery suggested that the entelodont chewed more than just plant roots. Fossil hunters had found the prehistoric equivalent to fingerprints, entelodont bite marks have been found on the skulls of some of the biggest and fastest animals of its time. Some rhino and horse skulls had entelodont tooth marks embedded on their skulls. These finds have led scientists to believe that the entelodonts didn't just eat plants suggesting that they were less like modern pigs and more like vicious prehistoric predators. But its long thin legs with cloven hooves suggested that they might not have been very good hunters, because unlike other carnivores the cloven hooves could not grab prey.

Paleontologist Kent Sundell has what he thinks is ultimate proof of the mighty entelodont's hunting strategy at Wyoming's white river formation. 25 million years ago this was a watering hole where horses and rhinos would gather to drink. Other fierce carnivores like hyenadon and sabre tooth cats were also drawn here due to the large variety of prey. It was perfect for ambush predators to hunt unwary prey animals. In 1998 Dr. Sundell discovered the fossils of several camels clustered together. All the bones had been gnawed at and some were missing their hindquarters. In theory they could have been the victims of several carnivores like the hyenadon or the early sabre tooth cats. But when Dr. Sundell compared the tooth marks with the tooth of the other predators of its time, only one matched up. But bite marks alone don't prove that the camels were killed by an entelodont. But the position of the bite marks on the skeleton might be a clue. The bite marks are placed on the back of the skull and at the top of the neck, which shows that the entelodonts tried to get puncture a wound into the cranium of the skull. Dr. Sundell believes that this is a true predator that kills before it eats.

The eye sockets of this animal face towards the front suggesting they had stereoscopic vision. This is believed to be a predatory adaptation to spot prey from a distance and narrow down to it. Which is expected in ambush predators to judge the distance and to jump at the right speed and from the right distance to catch its prey. But the bizarre body shape of the entelodont doesn't inspire thoughts that the entelodont could run and jump. The lightweight body of the entelodont was an adaptation that might have paid off while chasing fast prey. But there still lies a problem. When predators catch their prey they rely on their claws to bring it down, with cloven hooves it was impossible for entelodonts to do this. But then how did they do it? How did they hunt down a fleeing camel with those cloven hooves?

The entelodonts ate all sorts of prey, from camels to rhinoceroses. There are 2 theories of how an entelodont may have hunted:

Theory 1- The entelodont would run up next to the pray and would try to place a bite at the back of the skull to try to puncture the cranium or at the top of the neck which would be lethal to the prey item hence killing it in one bite.

Theory 2- this theory is a more relevant theory that also explains when the bulk of the animal could come to use. It states that the entelodont would use all its bulk and ability to accelerate and run into the animal to knock it over then would puncture a lethal bite into the head of the prey to kill it.

The entelodonts, obviously, had the right tools for hunting. But there is more to hunting than just the kill. The entelodonts would have to finish the carcass of its prey before other predators are drawn to the kill.

At a fossil site in Nebraska scientists are following an entelodonts 30 million old footprints to determine exactly how the entelodont may have behaved and hunted. 30 million years ago northwest Nebraska was a muddy watering hole where herd animals often came to drink, and where there is prey, predators will be close by. Here the fossilized footprints of the entelodonts and other creatures of its time are well preserved in the rocks of Toadstool geologic park. Scientists have come here to study the behavior of the entelodont. Here the footprint of a 700lb rhino is clearly visible. But these rocks also reveal another fact- the rhino was being followed. But the stalker was not our cloven hooved friend; it was another one of the biggest and meanest carnivore of its time- a hyenadon. But an entelodont was nearby; surprisingly this hungry entelodont let the hyenadon get closer to the prey. The entelodonts would be following the herd but not as close other apex predators like the hyenadon and other sabre tooth cats. So why would a hungry entelodont let another predator get closer to its prey?

In Toadstool the fossilized footprints show that the entelodonts did not follow the rhinos in their direct path, instead they would move zigzagging the rhino path at about a 45° angle. This peculiar behavior was a mystery to the scientists for a long time. But then with modern technology the skull was analyzed and the shape of the brain was noted. In the brain there was a big chunk that was devoted to smelling. This could have been a possible explanation for the strange zigzagging behavior of the animal. The zigzagging motion would have helped the Hell's pig precisely track a prey item or a carcass.

There's no doubt that this prehistoric tank was built to kill, but it may have let the others do the killing, it may, like hyenas and some other modern carnivores, have been a scavenger. It would let another predator do the killing then the terminator pig would come in and take the prey item away. Even the mighty hyenadon was no match against its bulky opponent. All these made it easier for the entelodont to snatch away a kill. This also may have been an energy saving technique. Taking a kill away from any other predator, even if it meant fighting the other would take a lot less energy than to chase and kill a prey. Some scientists believe that the entelodonts weren't predators at all but that they were full time scavengers.

The complex bioengineering of the Hells Pig was suddenly not so strange. It had the eyes of a predator; the nose of a scavenger; the front teeth of a meat-eating carnivore and the back teeth of an herbivore. It may have evolved from an herbivore to an omnivore meaning it could eat anything that was available. This is what may have made it so successful in its times. So how did it die? What killed it?

The climate in the North American was gradually becoming cooler and drier; the vegetation was becoming less and less. So the animals that ate the plants here had to move in order to find the nutrition needed by the body. To cope up some of these animals grew bigger and faster to cover more land in less time. Now the predators like hyenadon and entelodont had to bring down larger, faster and harder to kill prey, so the predators had to get bigger in order to handle the prey. Some hunters like the hyenadon couldn't meet up to this challenge and disappeared from the fossil record after 10 million years. This put the scavengers survival on the line. So to meet up to the challenge the entelodont had to grow bigger. This giant version of the entelodont was like a bison with teeth of a carnivore. Experts call this dinohyus or 'terrible pig'. This pig ate the largest of the Miocene's animals.

Standing more than 3 meters tall at the shoulders dinohyus was almost 4 times the size of its predecessor. It still had a battle tank body and a sprinters leg that enabled it to hunt and eat larger prey items. This monster hunted the biggest prey items of its time. Agate springs was a watering hole 20 million years ago, this is where the big mammals came to drink and at the end of their era, die. So this was paradise for predators and the favorite haunt for the terminator pig.

As the climate changed other more evolved predators like the dire wolves and the bear dogs stepped up into action. These carnivores may have been a little smaller than the dinohyus but nonetheless terrifying. While dinohyus defended its prey with size and power, the bear dogs counterattacked with new evolutionary weapons-

Speed- dinohyus could give short bursts of speed, but in the vast plains the bear dogs bioengineering was perfect.

Teeth- dinohyus ate well because its teeth and jaw muscles could tear flesh and break bone to get access to the nutritious marrow inside. The bear dogs could do all these things, in fact they could do them better because the dinohyus would chip off its teeth while chewing on bone but the bear dog wouldn't.

Brainpower- while dinohyus had adapted to the changes of the Miocene by growing in size the bear dog had reacted to it by increasing brainpower. They learnt how to live in a pack and synchronized hunting.

Now with the new predators evolving the terminator pig was in danger; it had to learn new ways to fend off its competition. With depleting resources, the herbivores also reduced in number. The carnivores had more competition. The competition led to the dinohyus having to get the most of what it had. The bones of some large mammals had teeth mark of predators like the hyenadon and the entelodont some of these bones are also chipped off at the ends suggesting that the pig sheared off the bone and had access to the nutritious marrow on the inside. This is how the dinohyus must have been coping with the changing environment. This is often a behavior seen in the animals of changing environments. The nutritious bone marrow is often a very important food source used as a supplement for meat in the carnivores.

The bear dogs had migrated from their homeland in China and Mongolia through the Bering Strait to North America. The apex predator of North America, the hyenadon suddenly disappeared at around the same time, scientists believe that this was not a coincidence. With its heavily muscled body and crushing jaws, dinohyus could defend its dinner from just about any threat, except for one that it had not seen before.

The bear dogs, in many ways could out run and out bite the terminator pig. But the Hell's Pig never possessed its third most deadly weapon-brainpower. This was the best weapon ever evolved on earth. Dinohyus had ruled the world for almost 20 million years, with sheer power and brute force, but no more. From now on brains, and not brawn would decide who ruled and who didn't. In combat the dinohyus would be larger and more powerful but the bear dogs brain would have given them a decisive advantage over them.

Dinohyus had dominated the North American landscape for over 20 million years. But the bear dogs had a very big advantage over them. To make up for their small size the bear dogs would have had to learn synchronized hunting and they must have used the technique against the dinohyus. It's like a pack of wolves against a bison, that is how a bear dog must have acted against a dinohyus, even a large dinohyus wouldn't stand a chance against 2 or 3 bear dogs. ■

DRAWINGS



"Ganesh", Ayushi Baidya Grade VIII



"Rose", Zinnia Dhar 4yrs



"Celebration", by Aoyona Gupta 5yrs



"Funtime", by Asmita Paul 6yrs



"Keep Ocean Clean", Maya Ghosh 9yrs



"Scenery", by Arnab Karmokar 6yrs

"Watering Plants", Manav Ghosh 6yrs

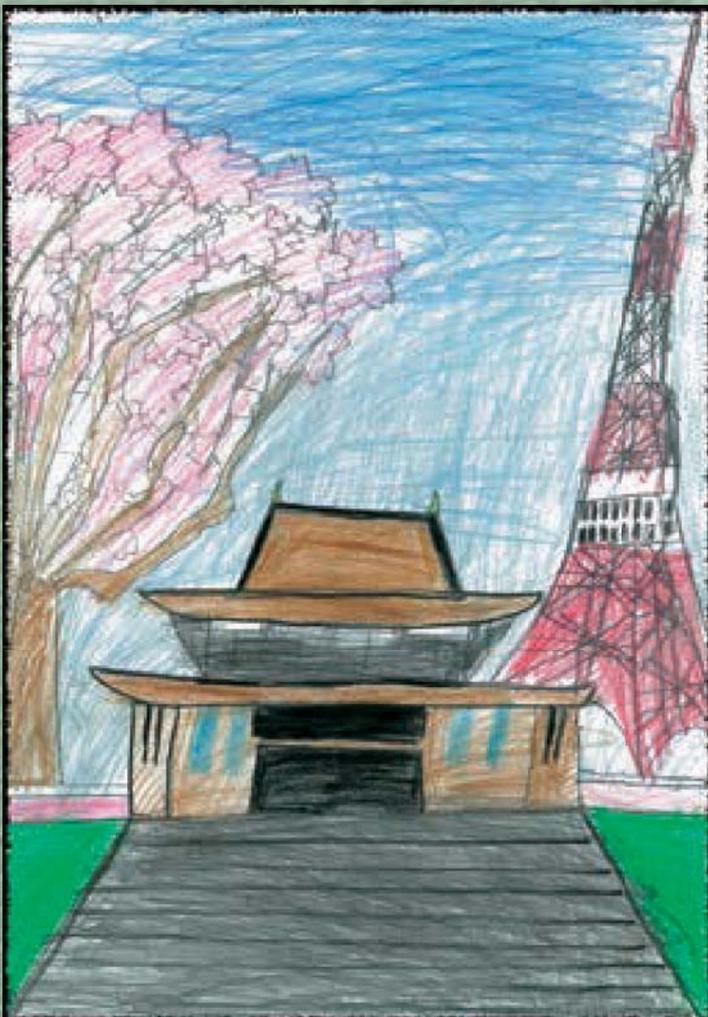




"Bird Sanctuary", Debkanya Sengupta 14yrs



"Guldasta", by Subhankar Grade VI



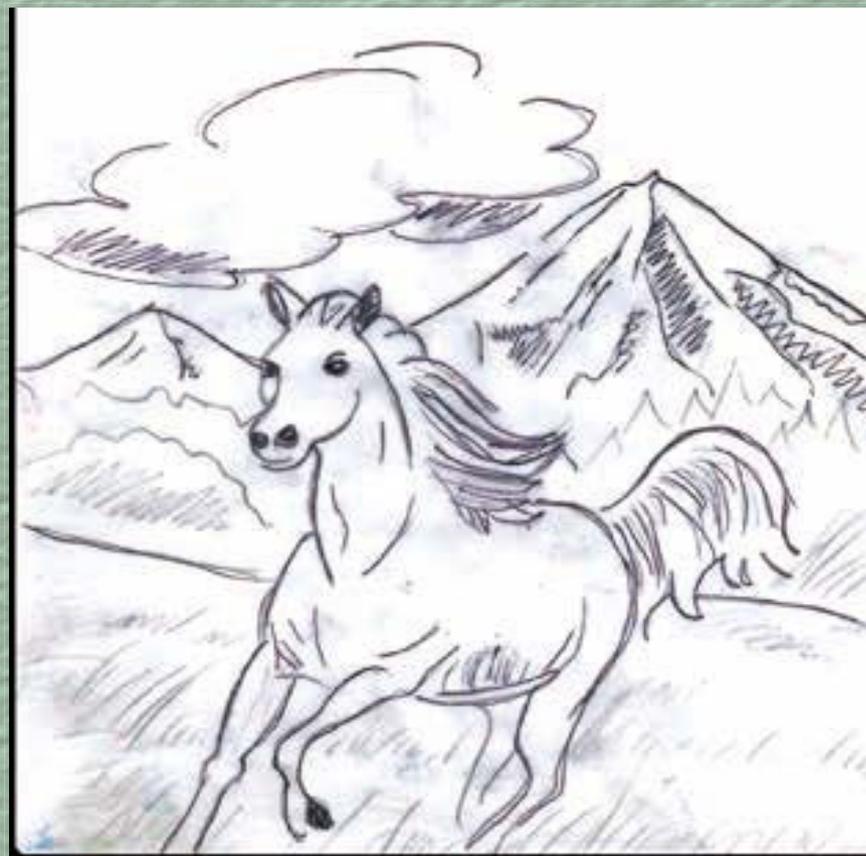
"Nature, God & Technology" Shanvir Sandhar Grade III



"Happiness Everywhere", Mrittika Duttagupta Grade V



"Krishna", Kavya Grade VIII



"Gallop to Glory", Nimisha Anand Grade VI



"A Glance", by Aryan Grade IV

Arts



"Ready to Sail" by Jyotirmoy Ray

Painting on cloth, by Sanchita Ghosh





“Taj Mahal”, by Sony Kothari



“Life Partner” by Sushmita & Amrita Pal

By Arakawa Saburo





"Migrating Birds" by Meeta Chanda

"Lilies" by Mimi Dhar

"Light Frozen in time" by Madhav Ghosh



Photography



"Mt. Asahidake" by Amit K. Mondal

"Hagi Flower" by Sudeb Chattopadhyay





"Leaves on Fire" by Sanjib Chanda

"Kiss me not" by Goutam Mitra



STATEMENT OF ACCOUNT FOR 2012-2013

INCOME		EXPENDITURE	
ITEM	AMOUNT	ITEM	AMOUNT
Opening Balance on July 11, 2012 from 2011-2012	Yen 623,987	Expenses for Durga Puja, Anjali printing, Saraswati Puja, Poila Boisakh Celebration, Community meetings, Storage of Durga Pratima, Hall rentals, rehearsals etc.	Yen 1,836,484
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> In bank a/c Cash in hand 	Break up - Yen 279,371 Yen 344,616	Expenses for new Durga idol from Kumartuli this year	Yen 447,102
		Expenses for making new carry box for new Durga idol in Japan	Yen 164,310
Collection by Subscriptions, pronami, advertisements in Anjali etc.	Yen 1,945,753	Closing balance on July 11, 2013 (carried forward to 2013 - 2014)	Yen 121,844
		<ul style="list-style-type: none"> In bank a/c Cash in hand 	Break up - Yen 107,491 Yen 14,353
TOTAL	Yen 2,569,740	TOTAL	Yen 2,569,740

Anjali Editorial Team

