

REVIEW-18



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FORT NEWS

The astronomical phenomena of the equinox is bearing down on us with soaring temperatures. This happens when the sun is directly above the earth's equator. Notwithstanding the boys are keeping their nose on the grindstone and labouring towards a successful finish line, while teachers are busy correcting the answer sheets of the examinees.

An English Creative Writing Competition for the Junior Houses was held on 8th March 2018. The result is as follows:

Individual Prize :

I Raghav Pratap Sengar

II Jayant Gupta

The House positions are as follows:

I Nimaji

II Dattaji

III Kanerkhed

IV Jankoji

A Minecraft workshop was conducted by Ms Astha Sharma from Technomentis, under the aegis of Microsoft Showcase School Program, on 16th March 2018, in the School. In total, 120 students from class 7th and 8th participated in the workshop which lasted for six hours' duration. The training was conducted



Minecraft workshop.

in two groups. Minecraft Education Edition promotes creativity, collaboration, and problem-solving in an immersive environment where the only limit is the student's imagination. Students learnt to enhance their creativity, problem-solving, self-direction, collaboration, and other life skills. In the classroom, Minecraft complements Reading, Writing, Math, and even History learning. It also includes the principle of STEM (Science, Technology, Engineering and Mathematics) education. The topics which were covered during the training were: Exploration, Controls, Navigation: – Children learnt about different game modes like gameplay, survival modes, about the interface and how to explore the templates available in the software, and how to navigate characters or objects in the workspace. Crafting New World: – Students learnt to create new world where they can add many blocks, tools, and materials that are made in Minecraft. To craft something in Minecraft, students need to move the required items from 'your inventory' into the crafting grid and arrange them in the pattern representing the item which they wish to create. Students explored Science using the Minecraft and using predefined functions. Coding: – With the help of graphical based Code Connection App students can write coding which will help students in creating and building blocks quickly and easily. Multiplayer: - Multiplayer gaming mode was explained where a user can use resources created by another user. Multiplayer games take place by connecting

over IP. Games can only take place between users within the same Office 365 Education users. They also learnt, Teleporting of Agent to Multiplayers. This Game is very unique where children can create anything they imagine. This workshop helps children to think and improve their creativity. Their queries related to Minecraft were also resolved both as individuals and in groups. The idea of learning with fun and self-learning were adroitly demonstrated in the workshop.

The Annual House Report was held on the 17th March 2018 in the Shukla



Jubilant achievers.

Memorial Open Air Theatre. The reports of the Senior Houses were read out and awards were given to the students.

Shri P.M. Khar prize for the year 2018 given for excellence in Science, was awarded to Suryansh Goyal (XII, DI).

The results of the Silverzone Olympiad are as follows:

International Reasoning and Aptitude Olympiad

Gold medal- Dev Pratap Bansal (VI), Jayant Gupta (VII), Eshaan Agarwal (X)

Silver medal- Prakhar Agarwal (VII), Rhythm Kukreja (X)

Bronze medal- Rohan Jain (X)

International Social Studies Olympiad

Gold Medal- Krish Gupta (VII), Dhan Bahadur Karki (VIII), Sundram Malik (X)

Silver Medal- Pratik Garg (VIII),

Bronze medal- Ujjwal Mehrotra (VIII), Eshaan Agarwal (X)

Smartkid GK Olympiad

Gold Medal- Sozim Lepcha (VI), AaryanYadav (VII, State Rank – II), Aditi Joshi (IX, State Rank –III)

International Olympiad of Mathematics

Gold Medal- Prakhar Agarwal (VII), Aaryan Nagpal (IX),

Silver Medal- Adwait Sharma IX)

International Olympiad of English Language

Gold Medal- Arpit Mittal (VI), Jayant Gupta (VII), Suyash Bansal (VIII), Aditya Parashar (X)

Silver Medal- Kushal Agarwal (VI), Ujjwal Sanjay Malik (X)

Bronze Medal- Abhimanyu Bhushan Mudgal (VI), Abbas Khan (X)

Life's Lessons from the Challenged

Keshav Dudhani | VIII A

"My advice to disabled people would be, concentrate on those things that your disability doesn't prevent you from doing well, and don't regret the things that it interferes with. Don't be disabled in spirit as well as physically." - Stephen Hawking

Great people are never born everyday. They come like a sea shell cast on the shore casually, by a receding wave. Sometimes "they blush unseen and waste" their "sweetness on the desert air" and sometimes they sparkle like a star, which shines so brilliantly against the horrifying blackness of the night.

One of the most loved scientists of our era, the only mind that is capable of being compared to Albert Einstein, indeed is Stephen Hawking. Hawking is regarded as one of the most brilliant theoretical physicists in history. His work on the origins and structure of the universe, from the Big Bang to black holes, revolutionized the field, while his best-selling books have appealed to readers who may not have Hawking's scientific background. His whole life was devoted to the popularization of Science in general.

British born, Stephen William Hawking was born in England on January 8, 1942 — 300 years after the day of death of the unparalleled, Galileo Galilei. He attended University College, Oxford, where he studied physics, despite his father's urge to focus on medicine. Hawking went on to Cambridge to research cosmology, the study of the universe as a whole. In early 1963, just shy of his 21st birthday, Hawking was diagnosed with the motor neuron disease. As the disease spread, Hawking became less mobile and began using a wheelchair. Talking grew more challenging and, in 1985, an emergency tracheotomy caused his total loss of speech. A speech-generating device constructed at Cambridge, combined with a software program, served as his electronic voice, allowing Hawking to select his words by moving the muscles in his cheek.

Over the course of his career, Hawking studied the basic laws governing the universe. He proposed that, since the universe boasts a beginning — The Big Bang — it likely, will have an ending. Working with fellow cosmologist Roger Penrose, he demonstrated that Albert Einstein's Theory of General Relativity suggests that space and time began at the birth of the universe and ends within black holes, which implies that Einstein's theory and quantum theory must be united. Using the two theories together, Hawking also determined that black holes are not totally silent but instead emit radiation. He predicted that, following the Big Bang, black holes as tiny as protons were created, governed by both general relativity and quantum mechanics.

In 2014, Hawking revised his theory, even writing that "There are no black holes" — at least, in the way that cosmologists traditionally understand them. His theory removed the existence of an "event horizon," the point where nothing can escape. Instead, he proposed that there would be an "apparent horizon" that would alter according to quantum changes within the black hole.

Based on Hawking's theory's name a sitcom, a portmanteau of the full term "situation comedy", was created by CBS — "The Big Bang Theory" which is regarded as the world's best T.V show followed by Game of Thrones which most of you might know. Hawking made several television appearances, including a playing hologram of himself on "Star Trek: The Next Generation" and a cameo on the television show "Big Bang Theory." Stephen Hawking passed away on 14th March 2018. His words for Mankind were:

"Look up at the stars and not down on your feet. Try to make sense of what you see and wonder what makes the universe exist. Be curious."

OLD BOYS' NEWS

The Scindia Old Boys' Golf Tournament 2018 was convened and hosted by SOBA Gurugram. Shri P.M. Khar was the Chief Guest on the occasion.



Shri P.M. Khar with the Old Boys.

A Roadside Bench

Mr Sandeep Agrawal (Ex-Sh, 1980)

Hi! Meet me, your friendly neighbourhood bench.. an un-noticed piece of wood and metal at an unobtrusive corner of our city's busy street.

Believe me, it's a hard life, starting with having to get up quite early, inspite of late nights.

One of the first to arrive is the Marathon runner. He gives me a cheery Good Morning wish, while stopping over to tighten his shoe laces. I just love the cushioned feel of his soft Nike's. A sip of water, and he is off to join fellow-runners for his daily quota of oxygen.

Next come, the cycling enthusiasts on their Firefoxes and Helicons. A few high-fives while they get astride on these lovely machines to navigate the city roads. They want to be back before the honking traffic takes over. Ten miles of relative quiet in the backdrop of the rising sun, to prepare them for a 10 to 10 routine at the IT Hub; a mile for every working hour should be good.

The Yoga practitioner is my morning's personal favorite, as he spends a huge half-hour on me, rejuvenating my lifeless existence with his holistic aura. I have managed to learn lots about Patanjali Muni, and this ancient science of our great country, which is equally relevant today for our well-being and survival. The echo of his 'Om-kars' infuses me with much-needed energy, enabling me to survive my daily stress (as I told you earlier, it's a hard life for me, guys !!).

As he leaves, I steal a few private moments to delve into my inner self, and sometimes ponder upon my meaningless existence, a speck in the vast Universe. Who am I? A body without any mind... to be used, misused, or even abused by various passers-by. But, that is perhaps my USP, to remain without an identity, un-noticed. The only time I got noticed was when a rusty nail started getting into everyone's trousers. One bang on its head from a roadside stone put him in his right place, never to surface again. Whew!!

I sometimes miss RK, my banker friend. His workplace being quite near my abode, he visited quite often, as he was not allowed to smoke inside. I was always worried for him, and reprimanded him a few times. Not that he was a bad guy. He was brilliant, the only son of his parents (he himself told me this). But his coughing would increase by the evening, and I too got uncomfortable in his presence. My friendly sparrow would also take offense and fly off, taking the butterfly for company to a relatively less-polluted spot. After a few months,

The Kachnar Tree

Mr Devendra Bhatnagar |
(Ex Ja, 1974)

Rouge on the cheek of the sky,
Kachnar flowers like powder puffs
Dabbing,
Pendulous, heavy and bursting
With the health of bloom,
Heralding spring and youth.
Colouring the limbs
Lavender, orange, crimson and pink.
Some awake to the morning
Stretching,
Conversing with alighting birds,
Whilst others lay their heads
On the pillow of the ground
Chattering rumours
With squirrels scampering about.



RK stopped coming. I got to know that he was transferred to Gangtok on a promotion. Good for him, as the smoking norms are quite stringent in Sikkim. I sincerely hope that he gives up this bad habit of his, so that he could lead a healthy life.

In the afternoons, a young 'Chai-walla' sets shop on me. He's been in this business for two generations now. His father started it when they had to migrate from his small village on the city's outskirts. They had to sell their land because it wouldn't grow anything any longer. He silently blamed the power plant, but agreed that we all have to pay a price for progress. The old man visits only sometimes now, and that becomes a cause for celebration for the old-timers, as nostalgia takes over. The talk takes on exciting angles, with the discussion shifting to old songs, forgotten heroines, retired colleagues, and more. There seems to be no end to all the reminiscences, as each one is trying to fit into his own. I have heard these stories so many times, that I now know them all by heart. But it makes no difference to them. They get transported to their own world, each one laughing louder than the last time; their voltages increase, and tempers get animated. This prompts a few stares and smirks from the younger lot, but business trebles, and everyone is happy.

The afternoon tea lulls me into lethargy, and I surrender to a relaxing siesta. The overhead Saptaparni tree saves me from the direct sun, but allows it to occasionally wink at me through the gaps between its leaves. A street urchin comes to rest on me, watches this game while trying to join in, but dozes off in a few minutes.

Khat Khat !!

Oh..... ! It's Baburam, the neighborhood Neta, who wakes us from our slumber. He claims me as his personal property, plants his right foot on my centre, whips out his mobile handset and dials a few numbers. His cronies come rushing, but keep a respectful distance. The one closest to me, gets one tap on the back of his head, waking him from his stupor. Netaji, respectfully addressed as Babu Bhai, is constantly on the phone, solving some problems, and creating others. The cronies nod in silent agreement after each call, and Babu Bhai is happy. Any hint of a dissent is dealt with firmly. They discuss land rates, petty squabbles, religion, and politics. Some random headline of the afternoon newspaper gets them all excited, with each one providing that extra bit of information on the subject. Another phone call, and they all leave together for an unidentified location.

As dusk sets in, the traffic increases and the street lights get switched on. One of the bulbs is fused since the last few weeks, but the contractor refuses to change it, as his bills are unpaid since quite some time. Absence of a zebra crossing adds to the confusion, with pedestrians and motorists trying to out do each other. The powerful one wins most of the time. I silently wish it could be like some other places in the World, and I am reminded of my distant cousin in Kandy, the ancient capital of the lovely picturesque island of Sri Lanka. He wrote to me once, informing me that the traffic in that country automatically stops to allow the pedestrian to cross, without any manual intervention. Each time, each place..... as if guided by some invisible hand. This can be only brought about by compassion for the lesser-privileged. I remember asking him to look out for a suitable opening for me, but decided otherwise on hindsight. I love my country too much, in spite of all her imperfections.

The street lights are dispelling the darkness of the night with their warmth. Comforted in this glow, the evening walker sets out on his jaunt. A young couple comes and sits on me, whispering sweet nothings in each other's ears, which gets me transported to my own youth. I bless them with all my love. At some point of time, the young lady starts tearfully narrating her friend's sorrowful tale of betrayal, forcing a soft promise from her paramour that he would surely not act likewise. A soft caress and a comforting hug is all it takes to reassure the lass that all would be well. The teary eye smiles once again, and music flows in the background.

Not all in well on the road though. Office-goers returning from work are impatient to get to the comforts of their homes after a hard day at the office. Pregnant with frustrations, they unleash the power of their vehicles on fellow commuters. Each one is in a hurry. The traffic signal turns green, but the first car has some problem in moving forward. The driver is perhaps typing a reply

on his whatsapp screen, so that he gets added to the office picnic group, or some other such insignificant matter. That nano-micro-mili-second's delay is perhaps the smallest and the longest stretch of time ever measured by mankind. Revving engines, blaring horns, accusing stares, and silent curses follow each other in rapid succession. Thankfully, the message is sent, and the cars start moving with the combined power of the sighs of relief from all the other motorists.

It's actually a well-lit road. Trees on both sides give it an avenue-look. The Saptaparni is in full bloom this time of the year, and from its flowery clumps emanates a lovely smell, filling the entire block with its sweet fragrance. The anopheles mosquito wakes up to this inhalation, and flies out from a little hole in the tree to suck its allotted quota of blood from unsuspecting mammals. Soon, the male counterpart joins her in a well choreographed dance. These nocturnal insects truly love the darkness, just like today's gen-x.

This grooving gets enhanced by the arrival of a young techie, listening to a Frank Sinatra jazz number on his Sennheisers. He is also carrying an Apple and a Blackberry, but not of the edible kind. Connecting a few cords and cables from here and there, empowers him to get a virtual peep into the activities of his friends and acquaintance across the planet. A few clicks, likes and frowns follow. Smiling in his solitude is a daily habit; it's his personal space, as he knows no one is looking. He can even laugh out loudly at some of the jokes and visuals shared amongst them all.

Having so many visitors is great for company, so there's never a dull moment. But, I don't like it when some of them throw their used stuff on the ground. Whether it's the cigarette butt, a plastic remnant, a chocolate foil, or a disposable glass; it all adds to the clutter. I do have a well-placed garbage bin just a few meters away, but perhaps many of my visitors have not been adequately educated upon its use. Alas!!

Last Sunday was very special, as we had some unexpected visitors early in the morning. A team of dedicated boys & girls descended upon the pavement behind me, and started cleaning the place with a vengeance. I had never seen them in the vicinity earlier and wondered what could be the motive of this drive. While a vast majority of the city's populace would be still in their beds, or checking out their friends on social media, here was a motley group out to make a difference. A few curious passers-by stopped over, as they were equally and pleasantly surprised at this unusual activity. Most of them clicked some photos, while a couple of enthusiastic ones actually joined in. The 'Chai-wala' trotted to the scene at his normal time, took some time to take stock of the changed situation, but then realized that business could get only better in a cleaner place.

Mine is an interesting story, rather an unending saga of mixed emotions. I have taught myself to remain a silent spectator to all this activity happening around me. I am neither an owner, nor a tenant at my location. At best, I could be an occupier of that small piece of property, for a specified time period. I therefore have no right to judge the ongoings, nor any authority to correct the wrongdoers. My silence may not be construed as my weakness. It is actually my inner strength to withstand all the turmoil around me.

I am reminded of Rudyard Kipling's famous words :

"If you can keep your head when all about you are losing theirs..... you'll be a Man, my son."

So, if you have liked listening to these small facets of my life, do come and meet me some time.

Come at your leisure.

Come, when your heart aches, or when you are joyous, when it's raining, or it's sunshine, alone or in a group, tired or energetic. But, come you must. I will be here for you, for a long time.

I am your friendly neighbourhood bench..... an un-noticed piece of wood and metal at an unobtrusive corner of our city's busy street.

Bye for now !!



When I Faced My Evil Doppelganger...

Chaitanya Mishra | IX B

Well, I guess it was around 3 am when I suddenly woke up as someone pulled at my blanket. I thought it must have been the cold wind tugging at it. I just ignored it, and went off to sleep again.

The next day was bright and sunny day with the birds chirping at the edge of the woods. I had a day off from work as it was a national holiday. I went for a drive into the woods. Well, to be honest it has been my favourite place to haunt since childhood. I used to go there with my grandfather and play Frisbee with him. I had a dog named Duke who had been my pal from the time that I took sense of my surroundings. He died in the same woods where I used to play with him. When I was about 15 years old, my grandfather died in a car accident. Well, it was a very painful moment for me and my family.

I laid on the soft grass of the woods and enjoyed the pleasant weather. I woke up around three in the afternoon and thought of heading towards the mall for shopping or watching a movie. On the way to the mall, I called up Ray, my buddy to enjoy the movie with. While talking to him over the phone, I saw in the rear view mirror, a guy right behind me. I was aghast that the guy looked just like me. I pressed the breaks so hard that I was about to crash into a tree. I got down from the car and saw that there was no one, just an idiot fellow shouting at me. I apologized to him and headed towards the mall. There I met Ray eagerly waiting for me. I told him about my doppelganger who was behind my car but of course, he wouldn't believe in me. We headed towards the movie counter and chose the movie 'The Greatest Showman'. Well, it was an amazing movie with great music to soothe your frayed nerves. We went for dinner in Bistro restaurant. There I told him about the strange things happening to me that seemed to be increasing in intensity day by day. So, he suggested to me to go to a place where lived a couple- who helped people, who had been troubled by paranormal activities in their homes. I went to the deserted place and saw that it was a quiet, dilapidated building. I entered the building and saw that there was a caretaker. I asked him where I would find Chris and Jeanne. He told me that they lived right opposite. I went to their house and knocked on the door. Jeanne opened the door and greeted us. I introduced myself to them and told them about my problems elaborating upon the happenings. They told me they would have to stay in my house for some investigation. I told them that I was perfectly fine with it and they said that they would arrive on the next Sunday.

On Sunday, they came to my house and investigated everything. They stayed till 12 am but still couldn't find anything. They said that it was nothing and it was just a thought in my mind. I got irritated and told them to leave my residence. After Ray came to know about that he apologized to me over the phone. It was while he was walking down the street; and suddenly he asked me where I was. I told him that I was obviously, at home. While Ray was walking and speaking to me, he saw that I was also walking across the street! Yet at the other end I was talking to him. Ray followed the 'other me'. The guy was a complete look alike. The only difference was that he was wearing spectacles. Ray took his picture on his mobile. He was staying in a cheap motel near the highway. Ray didn't find it right to tell me as I would just be crazy at this. The next day, Ray kept an eye on the doppelganger. While the 'look alike' was going to the supermarket,

Ray secretly inserted the recording chip onto his jacket. Ray went back to his home and started the tracking system on his supercomputer.

It was about two weeks when Ray figured out that the doppelganger's name was Adams and he was here to kill me and wanted to take me to the other world. Well then, Ray had to save me as he knew he couldn't lose his precious friend. A few days later, there was a man shot right next to my house. From a distance I could see the same guy whom I had seen in the rear view mirror of my car. I thought that it couldn't have been a coincidence so many times. So, I went after him. I went home having thoughts in my mind that it just can't be possible that I'll have a twin brother. I called up my parents who were in India on a vacation to see the magnificent Taj Mahal located in Agra. I asked them if I ever had a twin brother. My dad laughed and said, "Are you drunk my son? It's almost midnight in New York. Why if you had a twin brother why would we keep it a secret?" I told them that I was just kidding and told them to have a wonderful trip and send some photos to me.

The next day I woke up and read the newspaper. It read, 'A man was killed in Bistro restaurant in Times Square'. Well, now it was getting mysterious and scary. I called up Ray and told him to meet me at my house as I needed to talk something important and, he had to speak to me about something. He arrived at my house and I told him about the doppelganger, I had seen. He said to me, "The other day I called you and asked you where you were and you said that you were in your home; only that moment I saw your doppelganger." I said, "What!". He said, "YES, Mathew you heard me correct. His name is Adams. So, I followed him and found out that he stayed in a motel and he was going to kill you because he wanted to replace you for some big reason." That shook me and I told him that we should decide a plan and get things done fast before things got worse. We went to Ray's home and switched on his supercomputer and started looking into the recordings of the chip which Ray had inserted in his jacket. We checked the previous recordings and heard that he was coming for us. We had to get ready, SOON. Ray showed me his playroom where he kept his toys. The toys which he kept were Guns, Grenades, Missiles..... you name it he had it. It took us an hour to get things done. We heard a loud knock on the door and I checked it through the eyehole. Oh God, I could see a reflection of myself! Within seconds the door blasted, and he was hurtling towards me. I slipped and fell on the marble floor. Suddenly a suit of armour came, flying upon him, from the air, just like those movies of the Iron Man. Ray began firing from his machine gun. I threw the grenade on to him and within seconds 'BOOOM'! There was smoke all around the house and I couldn't see a single thing. Suddenly, I saw Adams running towards me. I blocked him and hit him on his face. He got up as if nothing had happened and pointed a gun at me. I thought that the game was up. Right then a car blasted inside the house. Well, now that's what I am talking about. It was Ray who was driving and he ran over Adams. He was half dead now as he was under the car, trying to take his last breath. I called up the police and they arrived within minutes. They arrested him and took him to the police station.

After a few weeks, he was sentenced to life time imprisonment by the New York court. It was a very hectic month for me. Well, at least I met my doppelganger though!!!

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