

THE



RIGINALS

CELEBRATING THE RIGHT WAY

~ Disha Baldi

The Interact Club of 2021, along with the student body and staff members, pledged to celebrate an eco-friendly Diwali at MIS, putting a stop to a polluted Diwali. We vowed not to burst any fire crackers, to keep the surroundings clean, to reduce waste generation, to distribute sweets and clothes to the less fortunate, to wear masks at all times, and to follow all social distancing norms, which was led by our very prestigious President of the Club - Vanshika Choudhary. The Interact Club, together with the MISTars from grades 6 to 9, gathered at the Green Field on November 3rd to embellish the diyas provided by the school with paints, glitter and coloured sheets. Followed by students of grade 9 to 12, under the guidance of the art department, creating exquisite designs ranging from peacocks to mandalas, employing vibrant colours to brighten the reception's ambience. On the auspicious day of Deepavali, After praying to Maa Lakshmi, each girl placed a diya, covering the red staircase beside the reception. The members of the Interact Club lit the diyas arranged with the rangolis at the front door of the reception. The flames flickering on the diyas enhanced the beauty of the rangoli while drawing emphasis to the gleaming LEDs. People felt fulfilled when they contributed to the well-being of society as a whole by considering our carbon footprints. This year, the obnoxious sound of crackers has been replaced by the heart-warming aroma and peaceful yellowish hues of around 100 diyas, a sight for sore eyes. After hours of effort by the young folks, seeing the diyas covering the reception made it all worthwhile. Diwali was celebrated in such a way that it brought joy to our hearts. With the help of all the Interact members and the supporting staff, the event was a success in the end.

AN INGLORIOUS RETREAT

~Yurva Munshi

The ferocious act performed by the central government of Japan regarding the two death row inmates proved their hard-heartedness. They deliberately informed the two death row inmates about their execution only a few hours prior. This caused the inmates to resort to litigation. This is the first legal challenge of its kind, the convicts demand changes to the proceedings and 22 million compensations, in a lawsuit which was filed with the district court in Osaka. The practice of notifying the death row inmates about their execution in just a span of few hours is considered and professed 'inhumane'. This practice has been criticised by the international human right organisation as it has been a factor causing excessive mental distress to the convicts. They have also criticised Japan for executing and solitarily confining mentally ill and intellectually challenged prisoners. "death row prisoners live in fear, waking up every morning thinking it could be the last rays of sunshine they're witnessing in their life", claimed the lawyer, speaking in favour of the inmates according to a renters report. The central government objected this statement and said that the practice was meant to keep the prisoners away from the sufferings before the execution, but that couldn't justify the insensitive decision of the government. The short notice given to the prisoners before they blaze a trail to the gallows is illegal as it doesn't give condemned men and women time to object. This despicable act needs to now, stop! Prisoners should also be given time to contemplate the end of their lives and mentally prepare for it, in favour of the ounce of humanity left in today's world.

DIWALI

~ Kanishka Singh

On the 3rd and 4th of November, MIS celebrated diwali. The academic schedule was cancelled and our community was busy in preparation for the musical night on the 3rd evening. The performances left us all in awe, from the junior girls singing songs to the show stopping dance performances. We were then treated to a jam session. the exuberant spirit made each one of us feel like we were home. The school feast, following the jam session was an absolute delight. Daal makhni, naan, ice cream with gulag jamun - the ever favourite objects of our hearts. On the 4th, everyone dressed up in stunning ethnic wear for the pooja. The Pooja purified the evening with the divinity of god, adding to the illuminance of the Diyas placed on the red brick stairs by each girl thereafter. On that note, we saw a movie, 'sardar udham' to conclude the festivities and school resumed on the 5th.

SHIFTING ASSEMBLY TO THE SKATING RINK*~ Vardhiniie Jain*

4 months? Feels like its been 4 days since we've returned to school and suddenly facing our final examinations. I guess this is what they mean when they say "time flies". Recently, a new schedule was established. One that states breakfast is to be had first thing in the morning, followed by a short assembly. The assemblies now take place in the skating rink - a great decision to be in the open with exposure to the sun given the temperature descent as we approach December. The brightness from the sun as opposed to standing under the gloom at the tennis courts, makes a pretty good start to the day. The chanting of morning prayers gives us a rejuvenating and optimistic feeling. Many people would agree with me when i say that no one whole heartedly chanted prayers underneath the steal roof. It is oblivious that surroundings affect the mood and enthusiasm with which we perform things : the cold, compact, covered atmosphere in the tennis courts turned our chants fickle. Starting the day off at 8 o'clock in the skating rink has had a pleasant effect on us. In addition to mood, it is also a more practical location ; situated right next to the academic block and just a flight of stairs away from where we form house lines. Commenting to first lesson has been made easier and faster and the chances of being late from breakfast to assembly has decreased. Dare i say, the assembly could have been held in the skating rink throughout, for who wouldn't want to enjoy the magnificent view of the mountains right opposite.

THE BEGINNING*~ Ivory*

The jocular smile, ignited an
elayne,
Indicating my metanoia.

The drifting irenic breeze,
As our hands embraced the
other's,

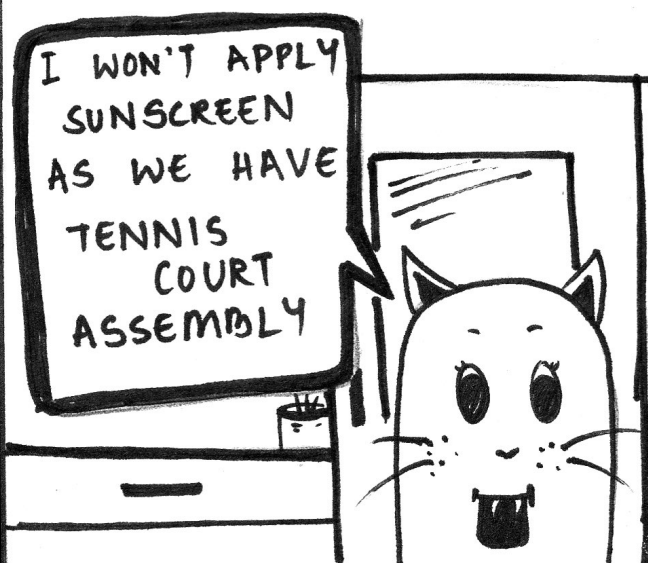
Promising my nepenthe, my
elixir.
A sweven of kalopsia,

The sun shining with apricity
during this winter,

Scintillating stars, the
phosphenes, seemed just like
you.

JOURNEY THROUGH THE MYSTERIOUS GLOBE

- Nine dead and numerous injured after a crowd surge at Travis Scott's Astroworld concert at Houston
- Oxford English Dictionary declared the word of the year as 'Vax' after seeing a surge in its use after the pandemic
- The Myanmar military court sentences Danny Fenster, a American journalist to 11 years in prison for breaching immigration law and encouraging conflict against the army
- A Japanese 24-year old man disguised as the fictional character, Joker injured 17 through intended knife attack on an ongoing train in Tokyo, Japan as passengers headed to celebrate Halloween
- According to the Union aviation minister Jyotiraditya M Scindia, Air India will be transferred to its new owner, the Tata Group by the 3rd week of January

OODLE DOODLEMorning in dorms :Later during breakfast :During assembly :*~Jasya Chananbam*

THE ORIGINALS

THE WAVES AND THE HILLS

~Dalia Ghosh

Tucked in the hills of the Shivalik ranges, my little abode stands facing the open sky half covered with the hill line. Yes, these are now green, and then brown and back to green again. The deodars and pines with the siblings in the form of oaks and walnuts abound the slopes, but it is the silence of Mussoorie that becomes more pronounced with the occasional clatter of the monkeys and langurs. Month after month, the point arrives when monotony spreads like a blanket over all that the tourists come to relish here for. With the mid-year striking, I was already hearing the noise of the waves breaking at the shore and the winds of the seven oceans. I would go for a long drive to the shores of the Arabian Sea, for the cacophony of the city would only soothe my mind tired of the silence of the hills!

The day to set out for the journey to Goa has at-last arrived. It has been a prolonged wait as the covid times uncertainty left no one untouched. The pull for Goa and the Western Ghats has been strong ever since childhood or may be at some point later on, I cannot put my finger on to recognise. Probably the selected readings on the history of ancient and the medieval India, particularly the writings of Sumit Sanyal: 'The Land of Seven Rivers' and 'The Ocean of Churn' along with the thesis of Romila Thapar, the renowned historian have an indelible mark on my thinking and feelings thus carving my passion for the Western Ghats of the Indian peninsula. The risen edges have been the gateway to the confluence of the various cultures. One with even a little interest in history, can visualise the Portuguese, the French, the Turkish ships with sails striking the starry sky at the horizon of the turquoise

waters that gently caress the shores of the two continents. The brine winds bring in the messages of many untrodden and many myriad yet colonised islands that scatter like tiny dots in the oceans of the world. The Portuguese cottages, the churches devoid of grand frescos yet echoing the words of the devoted priests in alien lands, the meandering Mandavi, the shops selling the Azulejos de Goa...

The packing was kept as light as possible, the last minute arrangements to keep the pets in a kennel for a few days, the most essential diary with all details of the pre booked travel tickets and hotels were all ensured as the flight is scheduled at 10 in the morning from Jolly Grant airport. Travelling for me is like the cool shades of those trees that stand at the edge of the long highway on a hot summer day. Relaxing, exhilarating! Having decided to go off to bed, I switched off the lights and carefully placed the alarm at the little teak bed-side tool. But the excitement was too high to allow me to close my eyes. I could only see the Aguada lighthouse with the twinkling revolving light to the other side in the dark room. Did I take my Id cards? Quickly I jumped out of my bed and fumbled within my suitcase front pocket just to realise it's in my wallet. Ahhh...a sigh of relief! But why is it still dark? Well, I smile to myself.

At length the day breaks. I embark upon the front seat adjacent to the driver who will drop me at the airport. The green road is long and fresh but the sky looks somber. Drizzling at this time! How could I possibly leave my umbrella in the attic! ...

A BREATH OF FRESH AIR

~Samiksha Singh

The twelves finally breathed in the air of the other side on Sunday, the 7th of November. We indulged in faux sightseeing as we marched down to JW Marriott, waving at rogue dogs and dodging wayward buses. People stared as our small army of green-laden teenagers caused disarray on the streets. After about twenty minutes of constant torture, we were at our destination. A myriad of smells hit us as we entered the restaurant area. Our stomachs growled as we scampered to reserve our seats.

The buffet was abundant with food from different cuisines. Some of us enjoyed pizzas and pastas, while some of us gobbled up the Chinese, the rest of us wafted in the delicacy that was Jasmine Rice and Parang Curry. An assortment of mojitos and other mocktails made their way on our tables while we filled ourselves. Chattered filled the third floor of the building as we enjoyed ourselves. And then it was time to go. However, we aren't MISTars just like that, we left our mark at the resort by singing our signature birthday in the middle of the garden while bystanders were affected by our infectious energy. Then we hiked back to campus with happy stomachs and content minds.

Our Two Cents



REEKING OF CAPITALISM

Diwali, or traditionally known as Deepavali, is the festival which gets us all excited to dress up in new dazzling clothes such as “lehengas” or “salwar kameez”. While we’re at it, a crucial factor we must all be aware of is the growing amount of capitalist marketing strategies embedded in globally dominating brands which often lead to the misinterpretation of Indian culture. Usage of Indian figures such as “Bindi”, Rangoli designs, or even food items, in unauthentic advertising sectors, may cause perpetuating stereotypes.

Although the showcase of brown representation is appreciated, promoting diversity should not be exclusive, but be legitimate. Not only Diwali, but this practice is applied in other prevalent occasions, where businesses profit from the skyrocketing sales. Holding the purchasing power, us as consumers should be well known about the brands, and the impact we set. Instead of promoting widespread business organisations, we should all start investing and supporting authentic South-Asian businesses, which provide products with traditional resources. Celebrating Diwali, is not about the Hindu religion, but rather about the joy which comes from one after learning the nativity, and not just lighting “Diyas” for the aesthetic.

MOUTHFUL PATER

1. How can a clam cram in a clean cream can?
2. I saw a kitten eating chicken in the kitchen.
3. How much wood would a woodchuck chuck if a woodchuck could chuck wood?
4. I scream you scream we all scream for ice cream.
5. Swan swam over the sea swim swan swim! swan swam back again well swum swan.
6. If two witches watch two watches which which would watch which watch
7. The big blue bug bled black blood.
8. Betty Botter bought some butter but she said the butter’s bitter. If I put it in my batter, it will make my batter bitter but a bit of better butter will make my batter better. So, ’twas better Betty Botter bought a bit of better butter.
9. She sells sea shells on the sea shore but the sea shells she sells are not the real sea shells.
10. Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers. A peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked. If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers. Where’s the peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked?



Published By: Ms. Meeta Sharma, Mussoorie International School
Teachers In Charge: Mr. Mayank Chaturvedi, Webmaster: Ms. Krishna Maan
Associated Webmaster: Mr. Rajeev Negi
Editor In Chief: Sana Singh **Senior Editor:** Oprah Maibam
IT Members: Asmi Agarwal, Gayatri Mankani
Editors: Ocean Jain, Roohani Arora, Vidisha Barman, Vardhiniie Jain, Disha Baldi, Simran Mamik
Illustrator: Divija Parmar, Jasya Chanambam
Correspondent Head: Kamakshi Agarwal, **Correspondents:** Jigyasa Mathema, Tanya Makkar, Mahima Nandy, Nanda Yadav, Gunveen Kaur Bedi
Email: themisoriginalsteam@gmail.com

**The views expressed in articles printed are the authors’ own. They do not necessarily reflect the school’s editorial policy.

Mussoorie International School

Established in 1984