

Vasant Valley

March, 2010

T O D A Y

SCHOOL WATCH

SENIOR GIRLS INTER HOUSE SOFTBALL TOURNAMENT

Finals: RED vs YELLOW
Yellow house won the trophy.

Best player of the tournament : Soumya Goel

Highest Scorer : Supriya Subudhi

SOCIAL SCIENCE ESSAY WRITING COMPETITION

Class 8: Ojasvi Goel

Class 7: Ricky T George, Rishabh Perival, Rishabh Chatterjee

Class 6: Riya Kothari

THE TIME OF OUR LIVES

With the handing out of the Adventure Camp letters comes an unparalleled thrill marred by nothing. Yet as I held that crisp, white sheet of paper in my hand, I had a curious sinking feeling in my heart. Distracted by the roar of excitement around me, I ignored it. After all, they'd shortened our trip by two days! The prefect council was called upon by the masses; vows of protests saturated the air. And then the teachers told us it was the same camp but without the travel time by train. "Oh. Okay then." But later, that same sentiment returned, full force.

It was the last camp that we would go on.

And as fun as it promised to be, as much as I told myself to get the most out of it, I knew that underneath all that excitement would be an awful sense of goodbye.

Nevertheless, I (and everyone else from the batch of 2011) bought all the tuck I would require and then some, made frantic calls that went along the lines of "Do we have to take that? I DON'T HAVE IT!" and created the general ruckus associated with those coveted days.

Of course, the bus ride to our first camp site began on an enthusiastic note, progressed onto lethargy which gradually evolved into groans of "How much longer" and finally excitement - "We're here!" And believe you me, little juniors; this is one camp that you do not want to miss for the life of you!

Our first night was in tents. But that's it. The next morning we put on our rafting gear, went through the cursory instructions and got into our rafts. Did I mention that these rafts would be our homes, tents, shelter (whatever you want to call it) for the next two nights? Well, they were. That night, the rafts collapsed on top of us. Some of us got up to fix the damage but the rest of us just continued our slumber with the rafts on our faces: it was warmer!

Another day of parking the rafts on the side of the river whenever we felt hungry to eat our lunch, another day of water fights and stealing buckets from each others rafts, another day closer to the end of The Last Camp Of Our Lives. TLCOOL, for short.

And then came The Wall. The mother of all rapids, they told us! Be careful! There's a ninety percent chance that your raft will overturn! Swim AWAY from the Whirlpool of Hell! To the left, to the left! Always, to the left! The frantic instructions and horror stories from our seniors (apparently one required CPR last year) left us more terrified of The Wall than of the ghost stories that became a staple of camp sometime around Class 5. And then we got to it.

The Wall is overrated, my friends.

Not a single raft flipped, nobody died, nobody even got a teensy little bruise. But it was an utter blast. As was Golf Course, and Three Blind Mice, and body surfing, and.....

Yet the best part of camp, for me, was that we were all together. The sense of camaraderie and affection for those who have been by my side for thirteen years came to a boil. Nobody said it but everybody was feeling it. It may be TLCOOL, but it isn't over yet. We're still together. We're still the same. We have some time before it truly ends.

Greenday's adage runs through my mind at the thought of camp. "So make the best of this test and don't ask why. It's not a question but a lesson learnt in time. It's something unpredictable but in the end it's right. I hope you had the time of your life."

I did. Not just at Camp Alaknanda but at Camp Chamba and Camp Mukhteshwar and Camp Shivpuri and all the other camps (except maybe Camp Chail). At the Yamuna Yatra and on the many, many Founders Days, and every day that I spend in this school with these people that I call my peers, my batchmates, my friends. My life.

"For what it's worth, it was worth all the while."

Ayesha Malik



"GOOD MORNING, PREFECTS"



"DIRTYING THE RIVER"

VIEWS FROM THE VALLEY

TRAVERSING THE GANGES

Nestled in the hills,
On the banks of the Ganga
Lay the beautiful Shivpuri Beach Camp,
There was much excitement in our preparation.
Laughing and singing till we reached our destination.

We started our journey from school at 5.45am on 3rd March'08 and reached our camp after a long and tiring journey of about 8 hours in 4 buses. We saw our campsite across the river and ferried to it in rafts having ten of us in each. As we reached, one of our instructors welcomed us. We waited for our luggage near the river and then went off to have lunch. Some of us played volleyball while others jumped on the trampoline or just sat near the river and got their feet wet. After sometime we were assigned our tents. I was very glad that I was able to share my tent with my friends. We unpacked and then it was time for some hot tea. As it grew dark, someone from the camp lit a big bonfire, which was lot of fun! Many of us performed our acts and others flashed their torch lights for the light effects! Thereafter, we had dinner and then went to sleep. Some of us also had midnight feasts in our tents.

Wake up call was at 6 am the next morning. We reluctantly woke up and got ready. After breakfast, we got excited as we were assigned our activity groups. One group went trekking while the other went rafting. The trekking group visited a school, attended their assembly and looked around. We played games with them and sang songs and danced! After lunch those who had gone trekking went river rafting and those who had gone river rafting went for rope activities like Burma Bridge and Flying fox. At night, we had a lot of fun doing interesting activities around the bonfire!

The next day was our last at Shivpuri Beach. My group finally went river rafting. Some of us jumped into the icy cold water of the Ganges. Water fights and body surfing were great fun! We returned and had some yummy lunch and were sent for rope activities. We had our usual fun around the bonfire at night.

The rigorous activity made us extremely strong and I'm sure if someone was to ask any sixth grader from Vasant Valley how camp was, everyone will agree that it was great fun. In the end I can say that we are scratched, bruise, dirty but happy and back.

-Kamya Sharma, 6



A Few Days of Fun

We sat in the bus ready to begin our journey, looking forward to a fun-filled trip to the Snow Lion Camp at Chakrata. It took us ten hours to reach but we knew it would be well worth the wait.

Soon the camp came into sight; it seemed decent from far off, with its colourful tents and volleyball net. Little did we know that we'd have the time of our lives here!

After we settled in we played games like tent making, tug of war and others. Soon it was dark. So we all sat around the campfire, sang songs and performed impromptu plays. After such a long day we were all extremely tired and sleepy but also exceptionally pleased. So after a quick dinner we all fell asleep as soon as we hit the bed. Well, at least most of us did!

The next day was completely packed with activities. We tried our hands at archery, Spiders Web, rock climbing and even rappelling, which was the most enjoyable by far. Then after a few more activities and a tasty meal we returned to our tents, happy and content.

The next day was even more fun; we had a blast. Kayaking, river crossing and rafting, and that too through 14 rapids!

Back at Camp we packed our bags with heavy hearts, as we knew we had to leave early the next morning. We knew we'd miss the wonderful time we had at this Camp and we were definitely not looking forward to a 14-hour long bus journey back to Delhi!

By: Saieeshaa Sethi, 7-C

DIPLOMACY BY NUMB3RS

"It's always time for Math seminar": That's what is inscribed on the back of the T-shirts of the International Math Circle. The new Dalton school t-shirts, caps and 'really cool' pencils were just a few of the numerous things the Vasant Valley students got out of the International Math Circle. Founded by Dr. Gomprecht, one of the visiting teachers from New York, this program aims to bring together students from India and the U.S. through solving challenging math problems and sharing our solutions, difficulties and viewpoints.

5 exchange students accompanied by two teachers have joined us this week in school to learn about Indian culture and see how things work in our school by attending math classes and collaborating with class 12 students involved with the Math circle. Some attempted and solved earlier, while waiting to be addressed, the problems are well designed, engaging and considerably apt for everyday life.

We had been communicating with each other through various voice threads: videos, Skype online chats and presentations exhibiting different problems and how they were solved ever since the Math seminar at the Dalton school had been extended to India and became the International Math Circle. The schedule – a perfect mix of academics and other enjoyable activities for the visitors such as Madhubani painting, Dandiya dance and music, sculpture and tie and dye, along with visits to Dilli Haat and other tourist attractions - allowed us to get to know our fellow 'math geniuses' better and form a bond with all five of the prodigious students, therefore providing an excellent opportunity for cross cultural interaction. And of course, it gave us the opportunity to get to know and spend time with our new friends. We also were able to expand our knowledge of math far beyond our textbooks by working closely with the exchange students and learning how to apply all the principles of mathematics we've learnt and used since middle school.

The most important thing this experience taught me is that there is so much more to math than what we learn and crib about everyday in class, and that we have a tremendous amount to learn from our visitors, as they have from us. I spoke to Gabriella, one of the students visiting us this week, and asked her a few questions about what she expected out of the program.

NL: Do you think it was helpful to get to work with students from another country at these problems?

GG: Yes. Since our class is so small, it's nice to work with others, we get to explain what we've already done and not just solve the problems all over again

NL: How did you prepare yourself before coming to India?

GG: I decided that I was going to be open to all new and different experiences and talked to a lot of people that had been before.

NL: Do you think meeting and getting to know the VVS math circle students will help you work with us in the future?

GG: It will and it was helpful to teach you guys how to use the website and get to know how you learn and do math.

Noor Singh

WE MEAN GREEN

The Greenathon was held in school on Sunday 7th March 2010. The event started at 11 am and lasted till 3pm. Returning from camp at 2 am the night before, we were awfully tired. However, for such an important cause we were all ready to jump in and help. The Greenathon was an initiative launched by NDTV to provide solar lanterns to villages that would otherwise be without electricity for a decade or so more. To further this cause, Vasant Valley tied up with *Nanhi Chaan* to distribute saplings and spread awareness about saving the girl child.

The atmosphere was lively and everyone from teachers to children to the *malis* were bustling about. On one corner there was a booth for acquiring saplings where there was a constant hustle as long lines of people registered for their crotons, ficuses or eucalyptus plants. Strains of music wafting around us lightened the already jovial atmosphere. On the other end was a large pledge wall displaying the aspirations of the future: to 'Go Green'.

The turnout was as large as expected for such a relevant cause, ranging from senior citizens to foundation babies. All were there to show their support for this great cause. Mr. Amar Singh, Ms. Koel Purie, Ms. Roshni Nadar, Ms. Chitrangda Singh, Dr. Pradip Krishen, Dr. S K Vohra and Mr. Aroon Purie were the guests of honour. They planted

their saplings in school near the Jhoola Bari.

The event was deemed to be very successful by everyone involved (and by many who weren't) and 690 saplings were distributed.

The prominent show of support is an indicator of the future. We, as a society, are ready to take to the green trail. People took time out of their busy lives to show that they care for our planet and the welfare of female children. To show that they 'mean green'...

Tara Sen, 12-A



CAMPING NEAR THE YAMUNA

We went for an amazing trip
In the Yamuna, we had a dip!



Our campsite had a lovely view
You would have loved it too!
Oh! The food, it was really great Some
kids took two whole plates!
I did every single activity
Rappling, rock climbing and monkey



crawling,
Have I mentioned crossing the river?
It was so cold, I had to shiver!
At night we lit a bonfire,
And we watched the flames rise higher
and higher.
Our tents were really cozy,



But some people peeped in, the ones
who were nosy!
Oh! The camp really was super,
It was an absolute whopper!

Yashoda Jayal, IV - C

CAMP BOTANIX

I went for adventure camp with my class
to Botanix. There were lots and lots of
activities to do there. I enjoyed all of them.
For me, the best was PING - PAN - PO. There
were tents to rest in the night and
afternoon. At night we slept after nine. In
the evening, from 5.00 pm till 7.00 pm it
was free time.

We also saw a movie, 'Ice Age 2'.
On the last day, we danced under the
sprinklers.



Anirudh Kaushik, III - A

Camp Beasi

I was so excited that, in the morning I
woke up even before the alarm rang. I
quickly got ready and was all set to
leave. My mother dropped me at
school and my adventure began!.
Talking and singing we finally reached
Cheetal Grand where we stopped for
lunch. Mrs. Mohan got us sugarcane
from the field nearby. It was so juicy
and delicious! I can never forget how
it tasted. I was delighted when we
reached the camp, but the tough part
was when we had to carry our bags all
the way down the slope. The campsite
was so beautiful that we forgot about



everything else. We all sat down under
the parachute to listen to the rules and
instructions, but my eyes could not
stop looking at the beauty around.

It was our turn to go for a trek the
next morning! I got ready really fast
and had breakfast and hot chocolate!
Our group then went trekking. We
went up and down the mountains
enjoying the lovely breeze. In a small
village called Sarasu we saw many



crops and animals. In the end we
came down the mountain and
crossed the river in a ferry. In the
evening we were to have our talent
show competition. We staged a play
on mummies. The next day we were
to go rafting and I was super excited.
I enjoyed rowing the raft, going up
and down the 3 rapids and singing
songs. After lunch we had a sand
sculpture building competition. My
group made something totally
different. A River Raft! My tent won
the prize for best creativity in it. I was
extremely happy. It was our last



night at camp so Mr. Pandey decided
to tell us a scary story. It was scary
indeed but I do not think I believed
it. The next morning we had to leave
for Delhi. All of us were sad and
happy at the same time. We reached
school and found our parents waiting
for us. I saw my mother and gave her
a huge hug. Though I enjoyed Camp
Beasi, I was happy to be home!!

Ananya Jain, V- C

THE WARPED TOUR 2010

The Warped Tour 2010 is the 16th instalment of the annual Warped Tour festival held every summer: one of the biggest musical and sports festivals held in various cities of the USA, Canada and some other countries over the space of 2 months. The festival gives 'Underground' bands the opportunity to showcase their talents and get noticed enough to (hopefully) get deals with the major record labels like Decay Dance records and Hopeless Records. They dream to make it into the mainstream music industry.

Perhaps the thing that stands out the most about these concerts is their venues. They can be held, literally, just about anywhere. Parking lots, parks, fields, skating rinks, porches; you name it, they've held it there. Usually a stage is set up in these places, but sometimes if the band playing that night is one of those for whom music is of primary importance, then the stage (or lack thereof) is irrelevant. They just perform with all their equipment sans the stage.

The genre of these bands vary from punk rock (which, contrary to popular belief, isn't a prolonged whine about how sad the singer's life is), 'electronica', to alternative and indie. Bands such as The Maine, Motion City Soundtrack and Neo Geo have been known to give creditable performances. Some bands, like the famous Sum 41, have had their paths paved by this festival. Sum 41 was a regular band performing in these festivals till they got their record deal. And now? Well, they're being quoted in our articles, THAT's how well known they are! Their popular song "In Too Deep" has been featured in movies such as "Cheaper by the Dozen" and the famous TV series "Malcolm in the Middle". Like all large-scale festivals, the Warped Tour too has received criticised for being Capitalist propaganda. Conspiracy theorists swear that the festival and the bands that play in it are "created in the studio". Members of the punk community have proclaimed it to be full of corporate sponsorships and even complain about overpriced water! Brendan Kelly of Lawrence of Arms called it "the biggest tragedy ever to happen to punk rock." There have also been many intra-band controversies, as well as controversies between punk bands and Christian groups citing circumstances where beliefs have been crippled.

The Vans Warped Tour is not just for music fanatics but also for those interested in extreme sports performed by professionals all through the day. These sports include skateboarding, BMX biking and all those sports that scream 'cool'. For anyone in the US or in Canada this summer, this is a MUST catch festival. Only the musically-retarded would skip on this. ☺

Pia Kochar and Sharanya Thakur

WAR & PEACE

The world has achieved brilliance without wisdom, power without conscience. Ours is a world of nuclear giants and ethical infants. We know more about war than we know about peace, more about killing than we know about living. We live in a world full of opposites, but War & Peace are the two that bother me the most. It seems to me that our leaders are so focused on the war part of the duo that they've completely forgotten about peace. I mean isn't it their job to keep the peace rather than destroy it? So I wonder, are our so called leaders slightly addle brained?

Fanaticism is the name of religion. THAT is something I hate. It seems to be at the root of most problems, wars and conflicts. I feel that people just use religion as an excuse to do wrong and to gain power & prominence. If Osama Bin Laden were half as brilliant as everyone says, wouldn't basic human conscience have come to his rescue?

Some would say that to bring peace, you need to fight wars. But HOW can war possibly bring peace? All war does is tear families apart, cripple a nation in all possible ways and deform the minds and bodies of army men... if they have any left. Doesn't it just seem painfully ridiculous? Take for example, our current scenario: the War against Terror. It seems to me that the world is running around in circles with Mr. Bin Laden saying, "Nyah Nyah Nyah Nyah Na" and the U.S government retorting with "Hah, we'll get you". To me, it's almost like a game; you slap me & I'll slap you back.

I remember reading various accounts of Jew persecution during the Second World War. Those horrible concentration camps, gas chambers, disease, cold, starvation sent shivers down my spine. I realized that the tragic consequences of war are sometimes most acutely felt after it is over. After people go back to the towns, stay in homes not their own but of those who have either been killed or had fled after defeat. They go to hospitals, get treated for various ailments, all the while learning of the deaths of loved ones. Practically no one remains to visit these people or talk to them.

People who have lived through trauma have to fight their way through various internal struggles and get over their fears. For what is war if not traumatic?

People who have lost everything, right from their homes to their identities, have to rebuild their lives piece by piece, one step at a time. Only then do they have the peace that came as a promise with war. But wasn't this peace there BEFORE the war as well? And if not, couldn't one have tried other, less destructive methods to resolve issues and solve problems?

Why do a few powerful people get to exercise their egos and nonsensical ideas over so many civilians? And when they try to do the same with other powerful people, the trouble starts - there is instant backlash, and lo and behold... WAR is created.

Namrata Narula

29,527 Feet High

I stretched my hand out,
Touched the fire on the horizon,
Past the sea of white horses,
And under the blue sky,
I watched the world go by,
Watched the waves in the ocean
dance,
Rivers through the land prance,
And my white horses turned into
a bed of feathers,

My fire turned blue from wine
red,
So picturesque, it had me fazed,
Yet an empty sky held my gaze,

I saw your face up there in the
sky,
Blown away by the wind as I
cried...

-Tanvi Tandon

शिविर का अनुभव

मार्च ३ प्रातः ४:३० पर हम सभी इर्षोल्लास से भरे अपना सामान उठाएँ विद्यालय पहुँच गए। इतनी सुबह इतनी स्फूर्त तो हम कभी न होते। दोस्तों का साथ मिलते ही माता पिता की याद धुँधली हो गई। बस का लंबा सफर गाते बजाते खाते पीते फिल्मों देखते जैसे चुटकियों में निकल गया।

दुधवा राष्ट्रीय उद्यान के प्रकृतिक सौंदर्य ने मनोहित कर दिया। सारी थकान भूलकर हम मजे करने लगे। टेंट बने, दोस्त बने बिगड़े परंतु हर साल की तरह सब मजे लूटने में जुट गए।

हम जंगल के भीतर जीप पर गए। वहाँ बहुत से हिरण व तरह तरह के जानवर देखे। फिर से हाथी पर बैठ कर जब हम जंगल में गए तो मैने एक दरियाई घोड़ा भी देखा। बाहर आकर शिविर के पास बहती शारदा नदी में खूब नहाए। हमारे शिविर के आयोजनों ने हमारे मनोरंजन के लिए बहुत प्रयत्न किए थे।

मुझे सबसे ज्यादा मजा खजाना ढूँढने के खेल में आया। इस में खजाना ५ किलोमीटर के दायरे में छिपा था जिसे हम सब ने दौड़ दौड़कर ढूँढ ही निकाला। कैम्पाथौन यानि बहुत सी खेलों की वर्णन। पहली बार हम खेल खेलकर ही थक गए।

भारी मन से सामान बांधकर वापिस चले। परंतु मौज मस्ती करते हम सब घर लौटने की खुशी में अपनी बातें बताने के लिए भी उत्साहित थे।

- शौर्य अभी



HAPPINESS

Love...
Joy...
Cheer...Luck...
A string
So thin, so delicate, yet..
So strongly binding all
Into one.
Glee...
Shine..
Smile...glow...
A gesture
So small, So simple, yet ..
Forceful enough
To lighten one's day.
Snicker...
Merriment..
Giggle...pleasure..
A wind
So frail, So faint, yet..
Powerful enough
To churn the leaves of life.
Exuberance...
Exhilaration...
Satisfaction...Bliss
A rhythm, A rhyme, A beat..
Accustomed to life
Accustomed to...
Happiness.
- Shriya Gupta

AMBITION

To set an aim,
To achieve success,
To experience fame.
And be the best.
A strong desire,
To fly up higher.
A path you take,
A choice you make.
To work hard,
And always try.
From the start,
Until you die.
To achieve more,
Always make sure.
To have a vision,
This is ambition.
Strive each day,
To live your dream.
Work will pay
And life will gleam!
So set an aim,
Achieve success,
Experience fame.
And be the best.
ANJNI GUPTA

BUSTED

Dhruv Sagar: People in our class are so dumb I don't even know Soyam Sakshi's last name.

If that's true, then you belong right where you are.

Yash Chugh: Hens don't lay eggs only chickens do.

Since your brain isn't doing anything but laying eggs, it must be a chicken, too!

Himmat Guram : I have so many more friends than you on Facebook... I must be having 100 mutual friends with you while you have only 70 mutual friends with me.

I wish I had one mutual friend less with those 70 or 100 - you!

Bharat Somanathan

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