



Gavel Buzz

20
MAR 2020

VOL
3

The Newsletter



Where young Leaders are made

Chairmans' Message

We all await the new year with the hope that it will bring glories to our future. We set goals and work towards achieving them, some do work towards those goals while the others try hard and are still not able to achieve their goals. They feel tired, mentally disturbed, stressed and are unable to complete the task they set, when enjoying the New Year day festivities. That's life for all of us.

Dear friends, where do you belong? Have you made the right choice? Do you have firm plans for your future? As youngsters, you need to dream and dream big. You also need to work hard towards achieving your dreams. Once you work hard towards achieving your dreams, you will surely attain the results you want.

If you have bettered your performance as compared to the previous outing, then you have improved yourself. Work hard and achieve your goals by being precise in life.

You, as gaveliers have the talent, it requires some amount of polishing. Now is the time where you have to put in your best efforts. Practice makes a man perfect. Keep working towards achieving your priorities in life and surely, you would come out a winner.

"Hope smiles from the threshold of the year to come, whispering, 'It will be happier.'" Alfred Lord Tennyson

Cyprian Misquith, DTM

Chairman

Oman Gavel Championship of Public Speaking 2020



"The new year stands before us like a chapter in a book, waiting to be written. We can help write that story by setting goals."

- Melody Beattie.

Chief Editor



"We will be there to announce that every child who has a published work in this newsletter is a winner. The Gavel Buzz 2020 is the trophy for them!"

It is a great privilege to unveil the latent treasures of creativity of the architects of the morrows through the pages of Gavel Buzz 2020. We feel fortunate that we could publish it for the third time in a row with a fresh appearance, richer content and with more participation. Living true to the saying the third time's a charm, we were able to overcome some of the flaws and shortcomings of the first two editions of the Gaveliers' newsletter.

On all these three occasions, the editorial committee had to burn some midnight oil to bring out the newsletters. However, the effort was more than worth it. The dazzle in the eyes of every child who had their works published in the previous editions; after glancing through their copies was the most delectable dividend that we could ever have. From the point of view of the gaveliers who could not secure a place in the victory stand after the Oman Gavel Championship of Public Speaking too, the sight of their published works was a consolation. Ever since the declaration of intention to publish the 3rd edition, the upswing in enthusiasm on the part of the gaveliers, parents and counselors was palpable. In no time, we were flooded with articles, paintings, photographs and other information from all around. Getting these items organized was the first Herculean task that we had in hand.

A work of this scale could not have been possible if it was not for the remarkable contributions by the Ex-Com of the OGCPs in general and the Editorial Committee in particular. Toastmaster Navaneetha Krishnan strived hard to don a fresh look to Gavel Buzz 2020; yet without stripping off its old character. Then it was the turn of Toastmaster Ann Thomas to painstakingly refine and fine-tune the language by applying her professional skill of an English Teacher. The infallible leader of OGCPs, DTM Cyprian Misquith kept his vigil and supplemented the work with his prudence and wisdom at every stage. Above all, the counselors worked hard to follow up with the children; collect their works and transmit them to the committee well in time.

When OGCPs 2020 will announce a handful of winners and runners up, we will be there to announce that every child who has a published work in this newsletter is a winner. The Gavel Buzz 2020 is the trophy for them!

DTM Sunil Sadhasivan

Chief Editor

Oman Gavel Championship of Public Speaking 2020

Her Majesty's Ever Changing Robe

Majestic creator of geometry
Of my peering face, window, weeping willow tree,
Her body cropped against the landscape,
Cradles birds, leaves, buildings,
Rain and shadows,
In open arms.

Her ever changing robe,
Sapphire, crimson, auburn, gold,
Continuously alters the wrapping paper,
Presenting the Earth to mankind.

The world ends where the sky begins,
Nothing lies beyond the horizon,
But the knowledge of stars,
Reaching across the Milky Way Galaxy,
Whose luminescence strokes my table in a tiny apartment.

Manasvi S Praveen
KTI Gavel club



Riti M. Patel
ISM Churchill

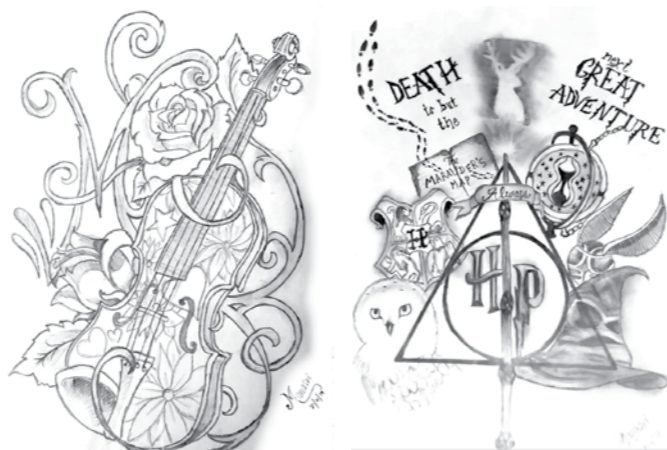
Alone In The Nature

In Jebel, Oman,
On a dark, warm, summer night,
Sitting by the campfire,
Roasting S'mores in the blueish- orange
fluorescent flame.

Stars like never seen before.
The chirping crickets from afar,
And the smell of burning wood,
Slowly put me in a daze.

Next thing I know,
The sun had already risen,
And I had lost track of time.
Alone in the nature is beautiful.

Manasvi S Praveen
KTI Gavel club



Manasvi S Praveen
KTI Gavel Club



Ruben-cl-6
ISM Churchill

Public Speaking

We impart our knowledge
To part with our self

All our esteem
Raised to public voice
To elevate our image
Or, for our downfall
To diminish our conceit

All the efforts to carry oneself
In upheld pride
Are void
At the disapproval of contemporaries
With the bruising of the Superego
The Id is exposed
And focus descends into primal yearnings
Of group dynamics
And the body gives into native reflexes
As our counterbalance crimson

Manasvi S Praveen
KTI Gavel club



Shreya Senthil Kumar
ISG Gavel Club



Why him ?



Gav. Bhavesh S
ISG Gavel Club

Everywhere I look, I see plastics. The ocean beds, the sea beds and the river beds are all covered with plastics. The humans have destroyed my, my family's and my friends' home by polluting it with plastics.

I am a fish living at the bottom of a sea. I sometimes take excursion trips to the ocean and rivers but now, that seems like a dream. It is impossible now. Everywhere I go, I can see what the humans have done to the marine animals and plants. The last time I went to the ocean, an unforgettable incident occurred.

I have a huge friend living in the ocean. A massive one. He is a blue whale. About two months ago, I went to meet him. When I saw him, he looked disheveled. So I asked him why. His reply made me feel sad for him and furious towards the humans. He was dying inside and that was because he had eaten a piece of plastic, quite unknowingly, along with his food. This had happened one week before my arrival. So I had to stay with him for a week until he got slightly better. Thankfully, he returned to his full health within one week. So I came back home. But a week later, his younger brother came to my house, and to my dismay, told me that he was no more. And the reason? The plastic that went into his body the other day. Why did he have to die? Why did anybody have to die in this manner? I was so angry that I felt that if I were a meteor, I would be the reason for the extinction of humans, replicating the scene of what happened to the legendary dinosaurs, my forefathers kept on talking about and admiring. The lords had punished those who had not done anything wrong but they missed out on the real wrongdoers. I felt that it was time that fate brought an end to the human race. The loss of my friend made me believe in this.



"Annually we have an inter school competition (among Indian Schools) which focuses on providing a platform for us children to showcase our talents and portray our skills". This was what was written in

an article on our noticeboard at school and reading this was the starting step, for an amazing journey that would always remain close to my heart.

After reading this I decided I would try out the 'Extempore' and 'Flip in English' selection rounds since these were the only two events that I had hopes of being selected for thanks to my gavel club training. Finally when the day arrived I tried out for both but was utterly dissatisfied with my meager performance. I had little to no hope of getting in but that's when this girl in twelfth came out of a room marked "'street play.'" Willing to try anything I asked her about it. And being completely honest I must say that the persuasive speech she gave me right there, on the spot, in the middle of our school corridor is the sole reason I decided to try my luck. I thought for sometime and reached the conclusion that I would try out a short monologue on a child led astray by the influence of drugs.

Even today I remember how when I walked there were around 4 - 5 judges and one of them who was very proficient in the art of acting looked at me and smiled remarking, "oh this fool!" thankfully I knew that he didn't mean it since he had been my teacher and that was his way of speaking. Nevertheless I took that as further encouragement to do my best. A few days later when the results came out, as expected I didn't get into extempore and just managed a "substitute" post in flip. But astonishingly I had gotten into street play!

Before I jump into what happened next let me explain what street play really is. Over the years I've understood that it is an art that is quite different from acting or speaking. In fact, it's a combination of acting, speaking, singing and dancing. The main aim of any street play is to convey the importance of a social issue, act as a call for action and maybe provide solutions or ask the people to step forward. Like the name a street play is usually conducted on the street (however for our interschool event it wasn't.) thus involving a lot of shouting and screaming so the message can successfully reach the ears of every person. Moreover the message is best conveyed in a way that everyone enjoys and easily understands thus, necessitating the need for a dance and a song or two.

So after the selections I went for my first practice where to my horror I realized that I was the only ninth grader, which successfully made me the youngest one on the

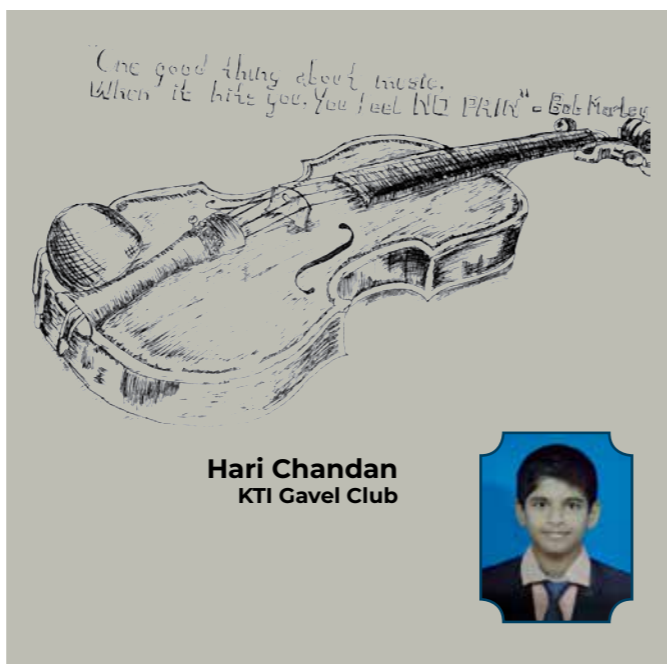
The Tamashawale

Viswanath Praveen
KTI Gavel Club



team. We had our meeting at our teacher coordinators house where we sat down at the table and started deliberating on our ideas for a theme that we could adopt. This went on for quite some time. In fact for so long that even a week before the event we were still making changes. Deciding not to waste any more time we started to act out our script and practice. However this too held a lot of problems since I took us a long time to figure out who was the right person for each role and for each character.

Undoubtedly I can say the tensest moment came when one of our members had to back out a few days before the event because of a personal issue. However in spite of all this we managed to really rock the stage and bag the first prize at our event last year. It was truly an amazing experience. This year too I participated and we managed to get the second prize. But that's a story for another day. Overall, street play is one of the best things that has happened to me and is a stage where I realized I could shine. In the end I must thank that mysterious twelfth grader who, a long time ago, motivated me and because of whom today I have found something I love and cherish. But none of this would have been possible without the joint effort of the topic, as a whole. The lesson learnt being that working as a team, with the team, and for the team will always pay off.



Hari Chandan
KTI Gavel Club

A Dreamer Among The Stars

I want to find those who are –
Looking for a million dreams,
Loyal to their loved ones,
United as a team.

I want to find those who are –
Aiming for the blue sky,
Not afraid of failure,
Breaking free to fly.

I want to find those who are –
Looking for a fresh start,
Brave in their darkest times,
Discovering news aspects of art.

I want to find those who are –
Teaching the weak to be strong,
Serving the community,
Correcting themselves when wrong.

I want to find those who are –
Strong when about to cry,
Living life to the extreme,
Desperate enough to try.

I want to find them to show me how to be –
A dreamer among the stars,
An inspiration to somebody...

What If...

What if there was a world –
Where everyone kept their word,
Where there were no stereotypes,
Where everyone lived happy lives,
Where no one judges my every step,
Where even the father can be the family chef,
Where no one tells me how to dress,
Where I don't have to change myself to impress,
Where I can do what I want,
Where there are no scorns or taunts,
Where even a girl can fight,
Where everyone has a future bright,
Where you can like anyone,
Where everyone puts down their guns,
Where each country is secure,
Where there are no wars,
Where a dancer is as great as a doctor,
Where there is only laughter.
What if there was a world
Different from our time,
A world that inspired young minds,
One that I could make mine...

Khushi Kothari
ISM G. B. Shaw

Piano

Piano is life, our life,

It has keys of black and white.

If we know how to handle it nicely,

We can lead our lives peacefully.

Nothing can be achieved by a single man army

A single key can't produce a symphony.

Black and white keys together sound a beautiful melody.

Grief and Joy both help us lead a life full of harmony.

S.M. Dhiyaneshwar
ISM Gavel Club



The Royal Princesses

Once, there lived a king and a queen. They had twin daughters. They were Limsie and Glimsie. They looked the same! No one could ever find a difference between them. Limsie was very rude and disrespectful. But Glimsie was very kind hearted and was respectful. Everyone liked Glimsie, but not Limsie! Their parents were really worried about Limsie.

A few days passed, and the king's friend had come to visit him. The conversation was going on. The king's friend then started talking about his kids. He also told that he was conducting a camp and was also sending his kids to the camp. An idea struck the king of sending the princesses also to the camp. He asked whether even the kids could accompany them. The friend too agreed happily. The queen rushed to Limsie and Glimsie to tell this happy news! Once Glimsie heard this news, she was very excited! But Limsie wasn't at all interested. The sisters packed their things and started getting ready for the camp.

A few days passed and soon, it was 'The Camp Day!' the bus was waiting down the palace with a few students and a teacher. Limsie wasn't ready to go in a local bus. But she had no way, she had to go. The sisters walked in, waved 'bye' and the bus moved. Limsie was sitting with a young boy and Glimsie was sitting with a young girl. The young boy near Limsie started talking to her with a 'hi'. Limsie too did the same. "Don't you miss your parents? We will always spend time together. We don't have a television also. It was so much of fun!" the boy said. Limsie laughed aloud and spoke "you poor creature! Look at me! I always sit in my pink bedroom on my pink bed and play with my pink gadgets! The boy felt bad. So he went and sat on another seat. The same way, she behaved rude to most of the people, especially, the poor ones. Glimsie sitting at the back, was hearing all these things. But couldn't do anything. When people came and sat near Glimsie, she respected each and every person and understood their situation. Soon, after travelling for hours, they reached the camp spot. It was a very small land having little huts. There were very few people living in there. So the people living in that place allowed visitors and made it like a camp spot. The people also provided the visitors tents too.

So the gang entered in, got their tents and ran to get in. Two children were allotted in one tent. In that case, Limsie and Glimsie had to stay together. They all were very hungry, so decided to eat. An

old granny near their tents had prepared food for them. 'Eww' Limsie told! "How can a royal princess eat the food prepared by an old dirty granny? No! I want food from a restaurant." The teacher there was fed up! "Everyone is treated the same over here! Don't you know that?" screamed the teacher. But Limsie wasn't at all ready to eat food prepared by the granny. So everyone ate. Even Glimsie ate. But Limsie starved. After eating, all the children and the teacher went in to sleep. Limsie was very hungry now. So she quietly walked out. Some food was left in granny's house. She ate that food, "Tasty!" she told! She was happy! And she went and slept! What a miracle! We can now see an adamant girl sacrificing for food!

The next day, everyone woke up and wore their track pants and track shoes for trekking. While walking towards the mountain, Limsie slipped and fell down! Glimsie and the teacher rushed towards her and gave first aid. No one else bothered about her. As she had fallen down, she didn't climb the hill. After the trekking was over, everyone were walking back to their tents. This time, Glimsie fell! Everyone helped her and took more care of her. This was disturbing Limsie a lot. When Glimsie was alone, Limsie went up to her and asked, "Why does everyone like you and always talk with you? Why no one talks to me?" Glimsie smiled and answered, "be kind, and see the change!" These words were bothering her. "But how can I be kind?" she asked herself. "Let's try!" she told. That night she controlled her rudeness. No one could believe their eyes. Glimsie smiled every time Limsie behaved kind. Everyone liked Limsie. They started talking to her slowly... Limsie rushed back towards her tent, "yay!" she told. She was happy that she did it! The camp got over in a few days Everyone went back to their homes. The king and the queen were delighted to see the change in Limsie! They hugged both their kids. Limsie thanked her sister and hugged her too. Hereafter, the royal family lived happily ever after.

**Respect Elders
Be Kind To Everyone...**

Amirthaavarshini Sripathy
ISM Tagore



Questions & Answers

1. Which son is dangerous?
2. Which mouse walks on two legs?
3. What do the numbers 11, 69 and 88 have in common?
4. What intelligent insects do you find in a classroom?
5. Why was the moon hungry?



Yahya Jamal
ISG International Gavel Club



Yahya Jamal
ISG International Gavel Club



1. Poison.
2. Mickey mouse.
3. They are read the same upside down.
4. Spelling bees.
5. Because it wasn't a full moon.

Harshil Shetty
ISM Wordsworth



Abhradeep Ghosh
ISAM Diamond Gavel Club



The Two Little Cross Heads

Jefferson and Jennifer were twins who used to fight all day long but, loved one another no lesser. One Saturday afternoon, it started raining with strong winds. So, the nurse did not allow them to go outside to play. They both sulked and pouted their faces. After sometime, Jeff told Jenny "let's play with my set of soldiers and cannons; It would be great fun". "Ugh !just like a boy, what a bore! Let's play with my new doll. I even have a blue bonnet to fit", said Jenny. At this Jeff said with the scorn "That's just like a girl, so stupid". So Jenny put the bonnet down and went to fetch her new doll. But when she came back, it wasn't to be seen anywhere. She pushed and blamed Jeff for hiding the bonnet. But, he simply grinned and replied in a cold voice that he did this as she would not play with his soldiers and cannons. So, he wouldn't allow her to play with her doll. But then, Jenny did a terrible thing. She went over and stamped and destroyed all the cannons leaving them crushed. Jeff in a rage, took out the bonnet from his pocket and tore it in half. Well, that was just the start.

"YOU CROSS HEAD!",shouted Jenny. "CROSS HEAD YOURSELF", yelled back Jeff. Listening to all this chaos, the nurse came running inside to see what the matter was. Seeing the condition of the room and after enquiring what had happened with the stern voice, she told both of them to stand at the corners of the room facing towards the wall. After sometime, when both of them had cooled down, they started to feel ashamed of how they had behaved to each other.

Jeff was thinking about how horrid he had been to Jenny by tearing the Bonnet even after knowing how proud she was of it. On the other hand, Jenny was also thinking about how cruel she had been to Jeff. So as soon as the Nurse entered the room and told them that they could go out and play as the sun was then shining brightly, Jenny took her doll while Jeff took his soldiers and both of them sped off.

Jenny went to her cousin Nilofer's house and asked whether she would buy her doll for forty pence. Nilofer, who thought that Jenny's doll was the loveliest in the world readily took it. Jennifer took the money and went to the nearby toy shop and bought brand new cannons for Jeff to makeup for the ones she had broken. Here, on the other hand, Jeff took his soldiers, went to the boy who lived next door and sold them for twenty pence. With this he bought Jenny's doll, a nice blue bonnet.

So when they reached the nursery, and gave each other the presents they had bought, the nurse asked both of them how they had earned the money to buy them. To which, the children narrated the whole story and suddenly burst out into laughter. For now they had a bonnet without a doll and cannons without soldiers.

Next Saturday, mother gave them two parcels which was addressed to them by the nick name 'FOR MY TWO LITTLE DEAR CROSS HEADS'.

Though they vowed not to fight again, I don't think they would ever stop quarrelling – Do you?

Herchel Noronha
ISAM Emerald Gavel Club



Welcome To Barber Shop

Snip Snip Snip, here comes the worst place the barber shop, the place where one hears "JA BALA JA! JEE LEY APNI Zindagi". Even though it is dead cells strewn on floor but you know that main point is Barber's greatest and worst determination to remove these dead cells which were so important to look handsome and smart.

After all, we want bushy spiked full of gelled hair, not like a mine craft flat world!.

The layout of barber's shop is very gross. Therefore, I would like all the sensitive people to stay with this writeup for at least a few minutes. Hope it will be faster than 2 minutes Maggie noodles.

People want to be simple but look the way barber slashes our hair, how hard they stuff scissors in our head, but we know the truth, my friend it is that they want to slit our heads. Think of those who have pimples and sharp razor gets stuck into it. That's worse than to Tom, the cat screams when it gets burnt. I would just say to those "Expert Stylist" we are humans too and have feelings.

Let's go to the quality of barber shops

A one-star barber knows how to cut hair in open to sky shop or more like bragging about his skills, but I do not expect, any of them to have clean combs, usually found full with dandruff & oil.

The type of equipment, dandruff full combs,

rusted scissors and blades, worst is greasy oil and dusty beard hair and stepping on floor littered with dirty hair. No one ever cleans let's come up to modern times.

The girls have a jolly time doing nothing to their long smooth and silky hair, which cannot be touched or ill-treated by anyone except for beauticians, mothers and of course themselves and lucky ones having a younger sibling, do have that wonderful experience. Lucky girls have faith written with, no atrocities from barbers.

The boys have worst whereas the girls get sophisticated well-mannered treatment and beauticians know how to do their job.

The music of barber shop was rattling my thoughts of equal treatment, just then my turn came, treading towards my seat, it was clean, peaceful and decorated but good things never last for long and following incident was an absolute commotion. Barber spoke in Arabic and I was replying in english. Neither could understand what we wanted, difference between us was greater than the seven seas. I again explained to him "SCHOOL CUT".

After that I called my fire brigade, felt I was only adding fuel to barber's fire. Dad explained in Arabic "QUI SHEARAL MADARSAACH" and reduced 50% of fire. Finally, dynamic barber started cutting my hair AKA Shearing my temporal. After few minutes, I revealed my own horrors, on seeing a brush cut on sides.

And of course, my friend, next day, early morning the inauguration done by my teachers added another gallon of fuel to forest fire.

The Problem is, only style left for all students are 10-12- maximum of 13.5mm on our head, beyond that no student existed. We all are "under the rule of Indian schools, where we are mentally harassed with studies and calendar remarks" Cut your hair, clip your nails, do this & do that.

For fourteen years even though they never pressurized us so much to study - But up to grade 7th we are still suffering to get the "SCHOOL CUT".



Arjun Pratap Singh
ISG Gavel Club

When I failed ... to succeed again

My friend Minnith and I entered the exam hall at the same time for a test in Mathematics. And the challenge was to score a perfect hundred.

We already had failed twice. There were classes we really had to struggle with, and survived only by digging our fingers in with everything we had. Almost all of our school-mates had given up hopes and had drop out of the challenge. They had quit.

Minnith was ready to give up. I was not. I would rather be a failure but certainly not a quitter!

I advised her, "We'd rather fail at this challenge three times and eventually pass it than quit and resign ourselves to the idea that we just can't get a perfect score in maths. That kind of defeatism has to be taken out from your mind. Treat failure as a part of the learning process. If you see failure as an end, that makes you a quitter. You can't succeed at anything if you quit."

Thomas Edison lasted just three months in school. His teachers said he was too stupid to learn anything. He eventually was home schooled. When he invented the light bulb, he said: "I have not failed. I've just found 10,000 ways that do not work."

And so we both entered the exam hall, and this time we did succeed. We both, now, have a certificate to show to our friends who quit. We are no longer the failures, or the quitters, but successful math geniuses.



Hanisha Chawla
ISG Gavel Club



Poorvi P.
ISM Vikram Seth Club



Experiencing Oman

The most beautiful gift of nature is that it gives one pleasure to look around and try to comprehend what we see. A natural landscape is made up of collection of landforms such as mountains, valleys, plains, desert, lakes, etc. One such country with various landforms is Oman. Oman is a small country located in the northeast by the gulf of Oman and south east by the Arabian Sea. The majority of the population is Ibadhi Muslim. Arabic is the official language. Capital of Oman is Muscat.

The climate of Oman is characterized by a semi-dry desert. The rainfalls relatively little and falls during summer and winter. This creates the suitable environment for the growth of different plants and trees and supporting agriculture.

Oman has many tourists attractions such as Sultan Qaboos grand Mosque, Muttrah, corniche, Bahla port etc. Therefore, to conclude, Oman is a beautiful country with various landforms and is a really breathtaking holiday destination.



Tejashree Girish Prabhu
ISAM Sapphire Gavel Club



Adhyasa Singh
ISG Gavel Club



Roshni R Prabhu
ISG Gavel Club

The Flamingo Gavel Club

When Toastmasters sound the gavel,
The students watch in marvel.
This is where children of all ages go,
To brush their speaking skills and let it show.

Each is given an excellent position,
Where one can speak one's own composition.
Two speeches require preparation,
Namely project and evaluation.

Project speeches are prepared over two weeks,
Where ideas fly like big and beautiful geese.
These are certainly difficult for speakers,
For these are ice breakers.

In evaluation, we see speakers with keen ears,
Who are trembling with fear.
To master evaluation tips,
We've to listen bit by bit.

The grand finale is always the worst,
As in table-topic speeches, with ideas people don't burst.
Some stand there mum while time flies,
While some have guts and speak as though their throat never dries.

In our new club, everything is fair,
You've to come quick else you lose your chair.
Speaking exceptionally well about your passion and hobbies,
Gets you dazzling trophies!!!

I agree it's quite fun,
But quickly it is over and done.
But the best of all the clubs,
Is what but Flamingo Gavel Club!!!



Ishaan Mahadevan
ISWK Flamingo Gavel Club

"The well-balanced, intelligent speaker is the natural leader in any group of which he is a part."

- Ralph C. Smedley.

Use Social Media Responsibly

Today, we have the world at our fingertips. Literally, with the touch of a fingertip or the click of a mouse, we can be connected to someone from another country, stream live footage to family members, or update friends with pictures and statuses. To say the society we live in is technologically advanced would be an understatement. With everything available to us, it seems as if anyone with opposable thumbs can document, broadcast, and stream just about anything—with smart phone in hand of course. The list of innovations society has crafted is a long one, capping off at the most recent apps and tools available to us on a daily basis. Our ability to interact in this way can be a great thing, as long as that power is used for good and not for evil.

Rebecca Ann Sedwick. That is the name of a twelve-year-old girl who jumped to her death this month after being repeatedly bullied by a group of girls. That bullying, as you may have guessed, took place mostly online. A cluster of individuals, mostly girls her age and older, harassed Rebecca through hateful messages on social media outlets. Reportedly, one of the final messages Rebecca received said, "You aren't dead yet" and prodded her to "Go jump off of a building." That is precisely what she ended up doing. After Rebecca took her own life, one of her bullies posted a Facebook status admitting that she had in fact bullied Rebecca and that she did not care about the young girl's suicide. What happened to Rebecca is awful, but it's even worse to consider that she isn't the only one who has been attacked this way.

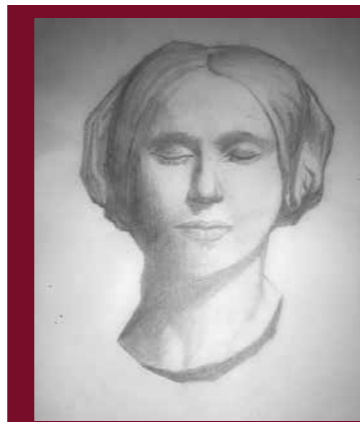
Cyberbullying is an issue that unfortunately society has seemed to turn its cheek on. On Facebook, Twitter, Instagram, or any other social media outlet, it requires little effort to harass someone. While many of these sites were created for harmless networking and fun, they have instead turned into some of the greatest tools to harm others with. Often times, those responsible for misusing social

media are not even aware of what they are doing wrong. The popular "subtweet" on Twitter allows for users to make references to people without directly tagging them. Subtweeting allows a user to be hurtful and seemingly blameless all at the same time—a deadly combination if you ask me. Similar programs such as Tumblr and Ask.fm allow users to send anonymous messages to anyone else with an account. I have seen these messages include snide remarks and hateful comments aimed towards innocent people. The animosity of these comments makes it very easy for users to be ridiculed, harassed, and shamed. Still, the attacks occur on a regular basis to multitudes of teens, and no confrontation ever takes place between victim and bully.

I believe that teenagers should start using social media responsibly. Hateful remarks should never find their way into places that were created to be useful sources of information and fun pastimes. Users should remove anonymous settings from sites that offer them to decrease the amount of hate that comes from them. Teens should stop hiding behind smart phones and plotting to take down their next innocent victims. Bullying is not a joke, whether it takes place in person or behind a keyboard, and it's time for teens to begin acknowledging that.



Gav. Pavan Sundar
ISWK Skittles Gavel Club



Jeevika Mahesh
PDO Gavel Club

What Would You Choose

"Being Unique" Or "Duplicate Your Self"

I am here to make you choose one of the options in the title. Let me give you an example of my best friend who is quite a popular child in the school by being an extrovert in personality. Does this mean that as she is my best friend, I should change my behaviour to be like her? I believe it as an act of duplicating yourself. I choose to be different from others but in my own way. I choose to be unique because I do not want to become a copier machine. It's obvious that you cannot do things which are wrong. Instead, if you find a good habit in a person you could adapt it in your way to refine your personality. This also makes you unique in your ways of thinking. Being unique is one way of being honest to you. This would help us to be more honest towards society at large. Be simple in your style and habits. Always be within your limits. That would help you to manage yourself in a much better way.

Believe in yourself. Let others go ahead of you, it does not matter, there is an opportunity in store for you. This is how I choose to be Unique; what do you choose to be?

Anina Vinod Abraham
ISG Citirine Club

Stephen Hawking.....

Born in 1942, Stephen Hawking, world renowned physicist and cosmologist needs no introduction. As is well known, Hawking was diagnosed with AMYOTROPHIC LATERAL SCLEROSIS [or motor neuron disease] just at the age of 21. The disease's onset gradually led to a gradual paralysis, to the extent that he could only use his cheek muscle. This disease is traditionally is, fatal.

The general expectancy of a person who is suffering from ALS ranges from 2 to 5 years. But Hawking has been defying this generality since the day he has been diagnosed with this disorder. Neurologists, from all over the world, to this date, are, in awe of his survival. The disease progresses from muscle weakness to loss of the ability to speak, eat and also breathe.

Stephen Hawking graduated from Oxford University and attained his PH.D from Cambridge University. Although, achieving a doctorate was an uphill and intensely strenuous task for him, but, he never gave up. He did not want his disorder to stop him from reaching his goal.

One possible explanation that gave Hawking a prolonged life was his die hard interest and passion. He believes that his branch of studies - theoretical physics - kept his mind young and healthy. Also, the quality medical and domestic care he received, resulted in the long life-span of 73 years.

So, think you can do it, not that you can't.



Rabeeu Al Zaman
ISG Gavel Club

"Quiet people have the loudest minds."

- Stephen Hawking



Simran Khanna
ISG Gavel Club



Vasco Da Gama
Mithun Manikandan
ISG Gavel Club



Lavanya Saxena
ISG Gavel Club



Kashvi Sarma
ISG Gavel Club



Kashvi Sharma
ISG Gavel Club



Disha Dayanand Naik
ISG Gavel Club



Lavanya Saxena
ISG Gavel Club



Ryan Ghosh
ISG Gavel Club



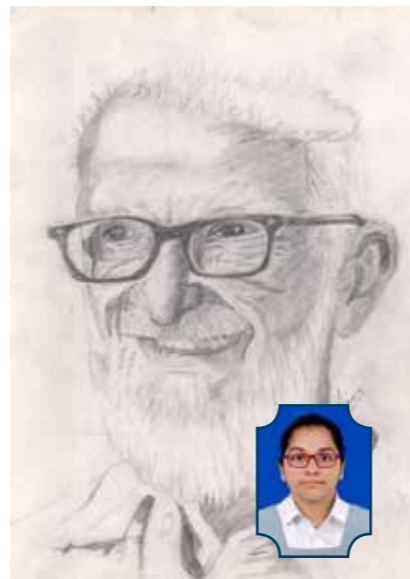
Disha Dayanand Naik
ISG Gavel Club



Haya Mengi
ISG Gavel Club



Simran Khanna
ISG Gavel Club



Azza Luqman
ISG Gavel Club



Anoushka Anish
ISG Gavel Club



Anoushka Anish
ISG Gavel Club



Vishaal Kathi
ISG Gavel Club



Simran Khanna
ISG Gavel Club

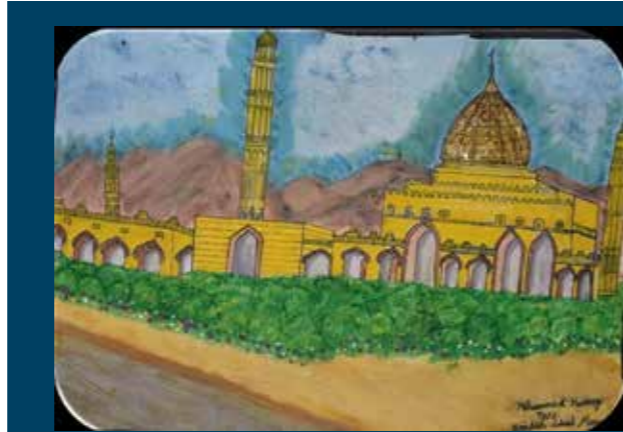
Shadow

Last Sunday, I was watching a horror movie called 'Shadows in the Dark'. It was about an orphan who got lost in the woods nearby to his orphanage and got possessed by the shadows. Just when I was coming to the climax, I heard a scream. At first, I thought it was part of the film, but the screaming continued. I ran to the nearest window and peeked through it. I saw a little girl screaming as if she had seen a ghost. I got scared and ran upstairs to my bedroom. I hid under the covers of my bed, shivering. A few minutes later, the screaming stopped. I looked out the window besides my closet. I saw a tall man in black, his hat covering his face, running with something on his back. It looked like a sack or maybe it was the little girl! I was so horrified that I fainted on the spot. The next morning, I was still shaking with fright thinking about last night. I called my best friend, Irene, and asked her to meet me at the supermarket. An hour later at the supermarket, Irene parked her car and came running towards me. She asked, "hey, what happened to you? You look so dead. Are you sick?" I explained everything to her. She hugged me and said, "look, it's going to be fine. I'll help you with this problem." I told her that we have a big mystery on our hands and only we can solve it. We went inside the supermarket and bought some supplies like torches, pocketknives, etc. I told her to get her stuff from her house as she was about to spend the night at my house. By 10 pm, we were all set up for this mystery. We looked everywhere but couldn't find that man. I got hungry so I tried to sneak inside my house while Irene was looking around and grab some snacks. Unfortunately, Irene caught me and told me to concentrate rather than distract myself with food. I apologized and went back to looking for the man. All of a sudden, we heard footsteps. I hid behind a bush while Irene quickly hid behind a tree. I couldn't see properly as it was dark. I could see the silhouette of the man. I signaled Irene to get hold of his legs while I pounce on him. 1, 2, 3! We ran like cheetahs; I pounce on his

back while my best friend got hold of his legs. Irene pinned him to the ground while I ran to get a flashlight. I shined the light on his face. He looked scared and rather disheveled. I sternly asked him who he was and why he was roaming around at night. He wasn't answering. I asked him again. Still, no answer. All of a sudden, he started making signs and I realized he was mute and was talking to us in sign language. Irene grabbed his hands and dragged him inside. In the light, we could see him properly. He was dressed in rags and had wounds all over his body. We were shocked to see that the thing on his back wasn't the girl or a sack. He was a hunchback! He told us that he walks around at night to patrol the area. We were surprised to hear that. He continued to tell us that he was a policeman in disguise. The previous night while he was patrolling, he saw a little girl walking home all alone. Eager to help, he forgot that his disguise was not very child-like. The girl got scared and started screaming. She ran home and later, he apologized to her parents. We started laughing at our stupid misunderstanding. Irene said, "we are so sorry for beating you up. Well, so much for our 'ghost'. I served him some coffee and biscuits and we chatted for some more time until he had to return to continue his work. Our hair-raising yet hilarious case was solved.



Maryam Sayeeda
ISG Gavel Club



Mohammad Hareez
PDO Gavel Club



Apoorvi K Vijaya
ISAS Gavel Club-A



Arnabh Kumar Singh
ISG Gavel Club

Warrior

"Your mother is a warrior",
Said the father to his daughter,
"She lived a perilous life,
Yet helped all those who sought her.

We knew the cancer had spread,
As many more bald spots appeared on her head,
Accepting it as a painful play of destiny,
We counted the seconds as we saw her
approaching the ridiculed epiphany.

The seconds went by like beads on a thread,
Filled with happiness, sorrow and dread,

Water water everywhere,
All the boards did shrink,
As her life approached heaven's lair,
All our hearts could do was sink."

The father paused as he felt a cold palm,
Resting on the top of his left arm,
The father and the mother looked at their
daughter,
Whose warm brown eyes stared back
without a shimmer,

For all that remained,
Of their little warrior,
Was her innocent smile in a photograph,
That left them sorry'er.



Suyog Suhas Bhat
ISG Gavel Club



Your Best Friend- Books

The world has a need of freedom,
 A freedom of a book kingdom.
 There is something called a book,
 That makes you a study hook.
 A table is made for studying rather than to slouch.
 Get yourself ready for the adventure of books
 With the elements of world
 Get on your legs

A book is a collection of pages.
 From its head till toes,
 Only wonders and scientific vows.

Is there any of your friends who are the best?
 Let us see the books and test.
 Oh, yes! Books are themselves a treasure chest.
 From sadness to happiness
 From glominess to brightness
 Isn't that your friend, books - are the best.

Adrika Rahut
 ISAS Lincoln Gavel Club

My Parents, My Pride, My Everything

My parents, my pride, my everything
 I love them more than anything
 Like diamonds they shine, day and night
 To keep me from trouble all through my life.

They keep me close to their protective shield
 Which they would always wield
 From childhood days they would always say
 "A thing of beauty is a joy forever,
 Find it, keep it close and lose it never."

Now have I found that my thing of beauty
 Is not far but near
 In my ship of life ahead they steer
 My parents, my joy forever, my everything.



Anagha Sheebu
 ISAM Diamond Gavel Club



Shelly
 ISM Gavel Club



Captain At Sea

I'm a Captain at sea
 Wearing a hat,
 Conquering the seas,
 Travelling beyond the horizon,
 As far as the eye sees.

On this splendid day
 I'm sailing to the sun
 Which is every sailor's dream
 But which none has done.

The sun has begun to set
 I steered with haste as much as would be let
 Alas! Overdue was the time,
 When I saw the sun commencing to shrink.

The twilight sky beginning to fade,
 Then I saw it, a flashing white!
 It was then when my room came in sight

Alas! I knew when I caught my might
 All was nothing but a dream,
 That I thought was right.

I smiled in joy,
 For once was I a Captain at sea,
 Wearing a hat,
 Conquering the seas!



Stuthi Mathapati
 ISAM Diamond Gavel Club



Gav. Avni Mittal
 ISG International Gavel Club



Touch The Sky

Where there is a will,
 there is a way.
 Where there is no will,
 there is a word, may.
 Open your arms and,
 fly across the sky.
 Be honest and trustworthy,
 until you die.
 And when you,
 speak true,
 The path will be,
 ready for you.
 Study more,
 and,
 Touch the sky.

Tejashree Girish Prabhu
 ISAM Sapphire Gavel Club

Samyuktha Poetry

The great war
Soldiers everywhere.
The swift iron burning bees,
sucking out the honey of life.
The sky roared with anger.
Losing hope on life were the soldiers.
Small daggers pierce them with every step,
every inch.
If the clouds are crying,
you keep going.
If you are in pain from losing brothers,
you keep going.
If you break a leg,
you keep going.
Things were not going well,
not at all.
Even then,
you keep going.

Sai Samyuktha Pammi
PDO Gavel Club



Sai Nivedita
Oman Prodigies

YOU KNOW WHO!!

A rectangular in shape and a thin body,
Smart was it called; but poor did he know that it
wasn't worthy
Yes, none other than smart phones it was,
Bought it home, thinking it would benefit
Considered it as his loyal lover,
Poor did he know, it was silently killing him
Caused him disruptions; harmed him in every
possible way!
Wiped out all his creativity and innovation
Made him dependent in every way

Oh how deceiving it looks like!
Beautiful from outside and evil from inside
Innocent human kind did not know that they gave
birth to a monster!
How they themselves fed it and they themselves
helped it grow
And now it is doing its duty but not way we know
Once we knew who our neighbors were
Once we knew what it was to live like human
beings
But now we do not know ourselves
We do not know what we are capable of doing
Because it has killed and is killing every bit of us!

It started bringing people closer
We are so dependent on it, it spreads like cancer
All of his energy sucked out and wasted!
But now it is the heart beat of human existence
From the date of a day to an unanswered questions

Everything on our finger tips!
There was a time when we didn't want it;
but now we rather die for it,
Came into our lives like a good friend
Betrayed us like a faithful enemy
Men after men, women after women repeated the
same mistake
Why! Oh why couldn't we correct it then?
But the only question remains
Are we using it or is it using us?



Hannah Tresa Shaji
ISAM Diamond Gavel Club



Be Yourself, Love Yourself "Learning To Love Yourself Can Change Your Whole Life"

Someone has rightly said that if you learn how to love yourself you will feel peace with yourself and rest of this world. We always have to remember that our life is limited so we should live life to the fullest and stop living it on others', opinion and regret what we have not done. It's fine if you are fat its ok if you are not athletic, because no one is perfect neither are you. The people who tell you you're not perfect are not perfect themselves. You have to always be yourself and be self-confident.

Self-Confidence is not something you are born with it is something you develop on your own. Do not get me wrong I am not saying that if people like your parents, teachers and relatives they tell you improve because they care they get hurt when they you could not do anything in life. Dream it, aim for it, and work it. You have to realize that all of this only can come true if you love yourself and have unshakable faith in

yourself. People who want to bring us down, bully us and tell us we are not good enough, we don't understand that they want to bring us down and then because of them if we hate ourselves, try to change ourselves try to act tough and act like we don't care no matter how sad we are we keep it inside of ourselves and do not let anyone know how sad we are. Little do we know some people like us the way we are, maybe our looks, our manners, our kindness or how humble we are. Leaving this all do we ever think how capable we or how talented we are, and have we ever loved ourselves we are.

There are several people with tremendous problem like heart disease but they don't hate themselves People can't walk but they are not depressed they don't hate themselves. So why do we hate ourselves? Why do we think that we are not capable? Friends, be the day when we start loving ourselves, that day the world will more beautiful than we could ever imagine.

Tadaasha Panda
ISC Gavel Club

My Mother's Secret Identity

I wake up at night, with a troubling question,
Who my mother really is?
I adore the power she possesses,
You might want to know.....
Then here is my mother's identity.....

Let's assume an evil man,
With dire consequences on this world,
But she will end the man's evil with her magical powers.

She can make you smile on a sorrowful day,
She can make you laugh in times of misery,
So, that's my mother's identity.
She can read your mind, like a book,

She can feel what you feel, like a mime,
She can end your sorrows, in a friendly way,
She can see your destiny, without using spectacles,
And that is my mother's identity.

Whenever I have fallen, she is my pillar of support,
When I choose the wrong path; she is my compass and map,
Whenever I have been left betrayed, she is my trust gained after the loss,
When I am being blamed by hundreds for the others mistake,
she stands besides me,
And that is my mother's identity

Oh! What powers she possesses,
Makes me wonder, if, she is a mage?

O h! What beauty she has,
Makes me wonder, if, she is an angel?

Well, shall her identity remain hidden?
I am proud to have her;
All bonds in this cruel world breaks, or, at least weakens
But, not that of a mother and a son.

Shresth Ranjan
ISG Gavel Club



A Book-ish world!

Books are the greatest gift of life,
They take away all of humanity's strife.
They give us a lot of knowledge,
Especially, when we go off to college.

They help us to stay sane,
When we think we've met our bane.
They comfort us at our lowest,
And support us at our highest.

So, please don't ignore them,
As they can be our closest friend.
Coz, if we have a life without books,
It would feel like a chess board without rooks.

Anshi Dasgupta
ISG International Gavel Club



Atharv Rahul Dehedkar
ISG Gavel Club



Sherya Senthil Kumar
ISG Gavel Club

A Tribute To My Mom, "My Mom"

Pleasant as the beautiful spring morning
Among all, my mom is the sun shining
Dry as in a desert on a very hot day
My mom is the oasis you'll find along your way
A sad group of people see far from
Joy in a heart, yes that's my mom
After all she is MY MOM, she is MY MOM!

Roshni R Prabhu
ISG Citrine Gavel Club



Vanshika Shah
ISWK Skylark



Sukriti Bhatnagar
ISG Gavel Club

The Oceanic Treasures

As the lonely gray manatee
drifted along the lonely blue sea,
It paused, to ponder and think
Of the ocean's vast measures
Of pirates and treasures
Underneath those calm, sullen waves
As the manatee drifted along
The sea hummed a song
Calming the workings of her mind
As the waves lashed the shore
The manatee wanted to explore
So it swam deep into glen
It wandered along,
Now deep in the sea
As the beauty of the ocean unraveled
the Multicolored fishes,
the Mountains and ditches
Mystified her mind as to think
The beauty of the ocean
Is about the fauna and the flora
Not about the gold and the sunken ships
The manatee swam up to the shore
And drifted to sleep
Dreaming about the treasures of the deep

Atharv Rahul Dehedkar
ISG Gavel Club



No One Saw

Long ago, there stood a house on the old street. It had a family of three, who the house loved dearly. He loved the shortest of them all, the youngest and cutest. The house took care of it, made sure he never tripped on things.

Kept his room clean and bright, never allowing a tear of his to slide. The shortest became the tallest, strongest and played with a brown ball. One night, his favorite stepped out of his room, a huge bag held in his palm. The house wondered, why he opened the house gates and fed the dog sweets. His favorite never returned, strangers and other family strangers came to the house.

His older two favorite beings screamed, cried, shivered and comforted each other all-day long. The grey house wept but no one saw, no one heard.....

Few years back, there stood a grey house on the repaired street. It had a family of two, who the grey house loved dearly and looked after. But it was silent, dark and empty after the grey house's favorite left that night.

Then came a new being, its laughter was loud and two-toothed, it crawled all day. It's eyes were tiny but sparkled, joy-filled the older two favorite beings and the grey house.

The grey house allowed her to draw her art, all over it even if its walls became too dark and dirty. The tiny now had long hair and stopped drawing on the old house, she played a big thing with strings.

The grey house felt sad when she started ignoring him, but loved it when she made music and he was the first one to hear it. One night there came strangers who came through the windows, the grey house sensed danger, he knew he had to protect.

He made them trip, he made sure the doors creaked but no being woke up, just as the strangers were about to enter her room, The grey house alerted the dog, the dog yelped the strangers were taken away by other strangers, the grey house felt happy and proud, he saved the beings.

But they were not happy, they felt unsafe, they soon they started putting their clothes and shoes into a huge bag, the grey house had seen the huge bag before, it meant they would go and never return.

The grey house tried a lot, hid their phones, tickets, made a mess, but it made them angrier, they kicked open the door of the grey house, it hurt the grey house mentally and physically. The old grey house wept but no one saw, no one heard.....

The old grey house stood on the clean, new street. It had neighbors who had regular visitors, but he just had one angry, fat visitor The old grey house remembers the fat man who took away his friends' sofa and fridge.

The fat man made thin men take away his buddies and made the old grey house all alone. The old grey house barely had visitors, either dogs or cats who pooped or children who threw stones. The old grey house had fancy neighbors, who teased his worn walls, leaking roofs and forest like broken windows.

The old grey house thought, why people would want a pond in their house a windowless huge house which would take hours to clean. But that's exactly what people wanted, soon his neighbors were taken by families and he was all alone again, even his teasing neighbors were busy.

The old grey house remembers, how famous he was when young, people had been fighting to win him, but the family of three won him and they hugged inside the grey old house.

One dark moonlit night, something hit the grey old house, he was hit until his walls were breaking to pieces, the pain was unbearable, the old grey house screamed for help, but no one came. The old grey house disappeared the next morning, never to be seen again.

But never did one notice or hear the weeping of the sad, old grey house.....



Lakshmi Rajeev Menon
ISG Gavel Club



Noora Shojan Mathew
IS Harly Gavel Club



Mithun Manikandan
ISG Gavel Club



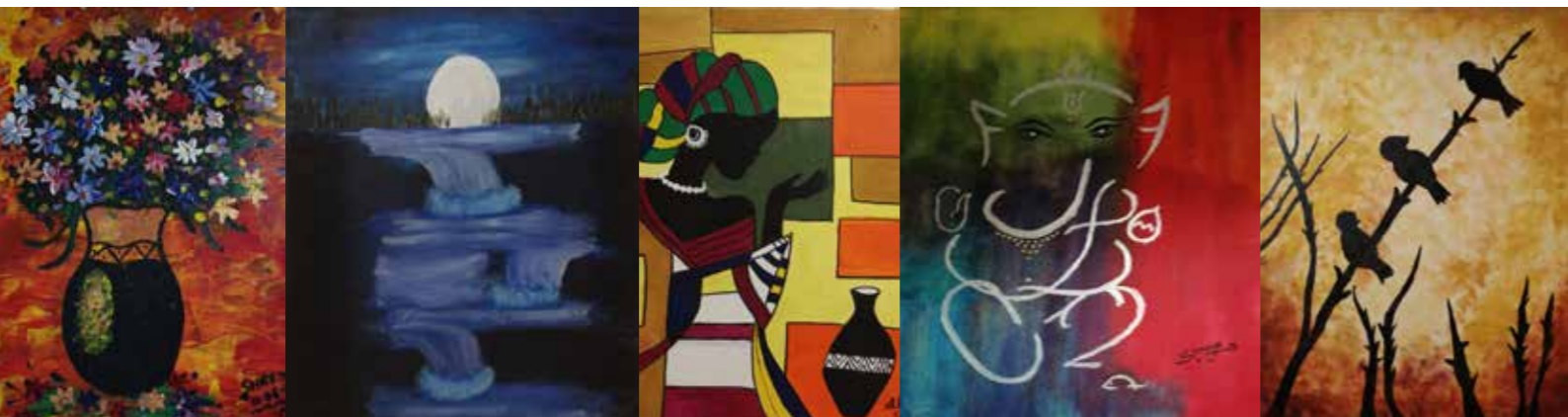
Aleena Anesh
ISG Gavel Club





GAVEL CLUBS 2019 – 2020 Ready Reckoner

No.	Gavel Club Name	President	VPE	Vpm	Vppr	Secretary	Treasurer	Saa	Counselor	Co Ordinator	Email	GSM No.	Meeting location	Meeting Day/Time
1	ANA	Gav. Dan Josh	Gav. Natasha Noronha	Gav. Aisha Nizar	Gav.advika Rajesh	Gav. Nova Johnson	Gav. Adheena Seju	Gav. Aditya Sharma	TM Samuel F.d'silva & TM Sherwin Edward D'silva	TM Pradeep & TM Praveen Panicker	samuelfrancis68@gmail.com	92568616	Hotel Golden Oasis, Wadi Kabir	Alternate Fridays 9.30 am to 11.30 am
2	KTI	Gav. Viswanath Praveen	Gav. Kaaviya	Gav. Hari Chandan	Gav. Rohit Vinod	Gav. Manasvi	Gav. Kritthik Narayan	Gav. Amarja Panse	DTM Praveen Panicker, TM Pradeep R	DTM Sunil Sadhashivan	sunilsash@gmail.com	93217525	Orbit Events Office, Al Khuwair	1st & 3rd Saturday 10 am to 12 pm
3	ISG Amethyst	Gav. Mohammed Zeeshan Mukhari	Gav. Richa Bipin Kuriakose		Gav. Kshyama Sushilkumar Mumbai	Gav. Aman Sunil	Gav. Haya Srivasta	Gav. Rishit Pawan Mordani					Indian School Ghubura	2nd & 4th Saturday 10 am to 12 pm
4	ISG Blue Sapphire	Gav. Subodh Satish Dalvi	Gav. Raechel Mary Bobby		Gav. Nandana Vinod	Gav. Sujanya Sriram	Gav. Azza Luqman	Gav. Sara Ann Joseph						
5	ISG Citrine	Gav. Suyog Suhas Bhatt	Gav. Drishti Joshi		Gav. Tabitha Thomas	Gav. Lakshmi Menon	Gav. Ridhi Singh	Gav. Alan Saji						
6	ISG Diamond	Gav. Ujaala Rajgariha	Gav. Jessica Joseph		Gav. Neha Samson	Gav. Aimee Issac	Gav. Priyanka L.u	Gav. Aleena Anesh						
7	ISG Emerald	Gav. Melina Coveas	Gav. Soham Sameer Raniga		Gav. Himani P Rao	Gav. Fida Ayesha	Gav. Tanisha Mishra	Gav. Abdul Basit						
8	ISM Milton	Gav. Alva Siddhant. S	Gav. Tejaswini	Gav. Debabrata Debnath	Gav. Debabrata Debnath	Gav. Stefan Joy Robert	Gav. Eashwary S.nair	Gav. Taposhya Dey	TM Prabakar	TM Abida Akthar	abidsdietright@gmail.com	9109 3053	Indian School Muscat	2nd & 4th Saturday 10.30 am to 12.30 pm
9	ISM Churchill	Gav. Riya R.	Gav. Smrithi	Gav. Quency	Gav. Gauri H.menon	Gav. Nikita	Gav. Iniyaranjeetha	Gav. Advika Rana	TM Sanjeev Soman	TM Fatima Sheikh	famkam29@gmail.com	9488 5915		
10	ISM Keats	Gav. Arjun S. Menon	Gav. Vrishaab Sanjeev	Gav. Bhuvan Raju	Gav. Kalpana Raghuram	Gav. Anaum Akthar	Gav. Hardik U. Shah	Gav. Vainavi Sanjeev	DTM Shyamala Iyer	TM Brijji Anilkumar	brijjiak@gmail.com	9212 2729		
11	ISM Coleridge	Gav. Rohan Omprakash.v	Gav. Vaishnav C.s	Gav. Joshua Alex Pratheesh	Gav. Karnveer . B	Gav. Maitri Saxena	Gav. Sampriya Ramesh	Gav. Satish . R	DTM Bipin Kuriakose	TM Mamata Anilkumar	mamata.kadimcherla@ismoman.com	9586 8831		
12	ISM G.B Shaw	Gav. Khushi	Gav. Jesica	Gav. Naomi	Gav. Jazreel	Gav. Rakshita	Gav. Shreya	Gav. Rajkumar	TM Prameet Biswas	TM Sabira Manidhar	sabiramanidhar@gmail.com	95878897		
13	ISM R.K Lakshman	Gav. Allena Maria Vinod	Gav. Dhierav Prakash	Gav. Chris Philip Sam	Gav. Chris Philip Sam	Gav. Kavitha Raguram	Gav. Payas Koul	Gav. Vasu J Prajapati	TM Mandhar Medhi	TM Clara Rodrigues	clarahelen.r@gmail.com	99101877		
14	ISM Shakespeare	Gav. Prathusha Somasundaram	Gav. Saniya D Souza	Gav. Tejaswi Ealumalai	Gav. Shasmeen Syed Ibrahim	Gav. Vyishnavi Gannaram	Gav. Lekhna Subbaiah K	Gav. Piha Himanshu Mevada	TM Ravindra	TM Sunitha Prakash	supragokulkrish@gmail.com	9541 2137		
15	ISM Tagore	Gav. Priyanka Hiren Gagwani	Gav. Eshnika Singh	Gav. Devananda Deepa	Gav. Anant Agrawal	Gav. Anirudh S Menon	Gav. Nihal M Bhatt	Gav. Mahwish Mujtaba	TM Navaneetha Krishnan	TM Gangadhar	gangu1977@yahoo.co.in	9572 9430		
16	ISM Sarojini Naidu	Gav. Abhirotra Mukherjee	Gav. Akhilesh Kannan Rajesh	Gav. Shreya Mary Taci	Gav. R. Shrinica	Gav. Tanishka Madgula	Gav. Abhishek Sondhi	Gav. Tanishqa S. Nambiar	TM Praveen Panicker	TM Sreevalli H.k	srivallihk@gmail.com	9766 5410		
17	ISM Enid Blyton	Gav. Anandu Ajit Kumar	Gav. Shlok Seth	Gav. Devangshu . M	Gav. Sri Ranganathan	Gav. Adrija	Gav. Shivananda Aklary	Gav. Sree Vallabh	TM Sam Cherian	TM Tamilarasi	btamilarasi@hotmail.com	9650 2317		
18	ISM Vikram Seth	Gav. Heer Bhanushali	Gav. Aniela Hari Hara Selvan	Gav. Maxon David Nazareth	Gav. Vaishvi Mehta	Gav. Linson Varghese Ligy	Gav. Abhinav Ajan	Gav. Ved Patel	TM Chetlur Prasad	TM Nidhi Taci	nidhitaci@gmail.com	9230 0792		
19	ISM Shelley	Gav. Zenna Iqbal	Gav. Calida Simona Machado	Gav. Jheel Chetan Thanki	Gav. Tej Bhatia	Gav. Swathi Rajkrishnan	Gav. Sara	Gav. Kiran Deep	TM Jayakrishnan	TM Veena Suresh	veenukota@gmail.com	9105 7884		
20	ISM Wordsworth	Gav. Yashwandhini D	Gav. Yadav Hariharan	Gav. Saniya Stalin	Gav. Vanshika Shah	Gav. Dona Manoj	Gav. Karthikeyan V.	Gav. Harshitha Shree K. R.	TM Anu B Mathew	TM Dimple Koul	dimple.koul@ismoman.com	9174 3153		
21	ISM J.K.Rowling	Gav. Saatwik Murotia	Gav. Rakshita	Gav. Vedant Saxena	Gav. Azia	Gav. Rishit	Gav. Shrishti Haridas	Gav. Bhaktipriya	TM Sandhya Pai	TM Jennifer Daniels	jennifer.e.daniels@gmail.com	98194810		
22	ISWK Skylark	Gav. Esther Sarah Zachariah	Gav. Bhavana Dilip Kumar	Gav. Sharon Reshma A	Gav. Y. Navadeep Saran	Gav. Arpitaa Biju	Gav. Akshara Ranjith	Gav. Subh Gandi	DTM Shyamala Iyer	MTM Kanchan Lata ,MTM Minu Thomas & MTM Olivia	Shyams09@gmail.com	99214590	Indian School Al Wadi Al Kabir	1st & 3rd Saturday 8.30 to 10.30 am
23	ISWK Swift	Gav. Disha Saxena	Gav. Kulsum Tajdar	Gav. Ashwin Sajith	Gav. Om Tanna	Gav. Ayush Bhagtani	Gav. Palak R Kariya	Gav. Rakshita R Kamath	TM Selvakumar	TM Ragesh G, TM Kailash Patro & MTM Thusi	toastmasterselva@gmail.co	98082286		
24	ISWK Skittles	Gav. Rohan Tom Saji	Gav. Asin Fathima	Gav. Pavan Sundar	Gav. Mahek Porecha	Gav. Mrunalini	Gav. Jharna Chellani	Gav. Abhijit Nair	TM Jitesh Mehta	TM Jobin Devasia, MTM Rupa & MTM Prasitha	toastmasterjitesh@gmail.com	98012618		
25	ISWK Harley	Gav. Laya Rose Laju	Gav. Aishik Dutta	Gav. Pranith Muthuraman	Gav. Madhav Jc	Gav. Nora Shojan	Gav. Vijeta V Bhat	Gav. Abhijoy Biswas	TM Mandar Medhi	TM Mathew George, MTM Zeema V, MTM Anju	mathew@iswkoman.com	95619668		
26	ISWK Aiden	Gav. Dhruv Gohil	Gav. Shivani Anil	Gav. Myna Pereira	Gav. Lokesh Kumar	Gav. Riya.k	Gav. Aryan Manish Jangir	Gav. Faiza Maryam	TM D. Suresh Kumar	MTM Sudeshna, MTM Tehseen & MTM Monica	adsureshin@gmail.com	92369459		
27	ISWK Flamingo	Gav. Khushi Derai	Gav. Sreedevi Mohan	Gav. Vedika Pimpalkar	Gav. Ashwin Prasanth	Gav. Ashish Joe Domuk	Gav. Rayyan Syed	Gav. Udit Shriram	TM Nitin Pavitrnan	TM Gerad Thomas, TM Sony Pc & TM Vinod Kumar	vinodkumar@iswkoman.com	92320861		
28	ISAS Kennedy								TM Harwin Gabriel	Shiny Kiran & Shama Kaniyarattil	harwin.gabriel@gmail.com	98211571	Indian School Al Seeb	1st & 3rd Saturday 8.30 to 10.30 am
29	ISAS Lincoln								TM Harwin Gabriel	Sheeba S & Swapna Shibu	harwin.gabriel@gmail.com	98211571		
30	ISAS Churchill								TM Neelkamal & Tm Anchan	Sabita Loyce	n.anchan@live.com	91919586		
31	ISAS Reagan													
32	SLSM Sparks	Gav. Dulara Kuruppu	Gav. Ahamed Rayyan	Gav. Nethra Dayarathna	Gav. Vidhyalakshmi Thirukumara	Gav. Tomalya Hewa Dewage	Gav. Chenera Thebuwana	Gav. Gautham Sivanesan	Ms. Ginthan Sathiyana		rathnayaka@sism.edu.om		Sri Lankan School Muscat	Alternate Tuesday 2 pm to 4 pm
33	SLSM Stage Masters	Gav. Yathmi Amarasinghe	Gav. Aaakif Ahmed	Gav. Vihara Imandi	Gav. Ahamed Gazzaly	Gav. Thedara Senarathna	Gav. Helitha Cooray	Gav. Sageerthan Sivakumar	Anuruddha Rathnayaka		rathnayaka@sism.edu.om			
34	ISAM Diamond												Indian School Al Mabella	Alternate Saturday 10 am to 12 pm
35	ISAM Emerald													
36	ISG Intl Gavel club												ISG International Ghubura	Every Wednesdays 1:30 pm to 2:30 pm
37	Oman Prodigies	Gav. Shrinica	Gav. Sandeep	Gav. Neerav	Gav. Pavan	Gav. Vignesh	Gav. Nidhi	Gav.shreevarshon	DTM Ramakrishnan Vijayan	DTM Ramakrishnan Vijayan	ramkimuscat@gmail.com	99851139	Al Turki Hall, Ghala	Every Fridays 11.30 am to 1:30 pm
38	PDO Gavel Club	Gav. Sai Amoga	Gav. Jvitesh Babu	Gav. Joydeep Behera	Gav. Devansh Chaudhary	Gav. Ruchita Jain	Gav. Aryan Sharma	Gav.abhishek Deshpande	MTM Sadhana Verma		sadhanav100@gmail.com	92786761	Falcon Hall, RAHRC	Every Tuesdays 5:30 pm to 7pm
39	ISM Ruskin Bond									TM Augustine Rasuraja	augustine.rasuraja@ismoman.com	7918 6034	Indian School Muscat	2nd & 4th Saturday 10.30 am to 12.30 pm



EXAM

Memorize it, mug it, stress,
Take the strain is what spirits consider and perform.
But, it is not like that,
The exam is not a fear.

Do everything with positivity is the principal axiom,
Don't take tension is what smart people do.
Don't get panic of anything,
The exam is not a phobia.

Smart work is an inkling,
Which no individual applies.
Educate people regarding this idea,
The exam is not a suspicion.

Genius states to take rest,
But people feel it waste.
Discard this mindset permanently,
The exam is not a horror.

No worries to take, no strain to take,
No completions to make nor to create.
Just remember the lord, and do your best.
So what the exams are approaching.

Arsh Zahid Shaikh
ISG Gavel Club



Shreya M.
ISM Churchill

Neha Samson
ISG Gavel Club



Aaron Anish Yohannan
ISG Gavel Club



Azza Luqman
ISG Gavel Club



S. Mohammed Safwan
ISG Gavel Club



Simran Khanna
ISG Gavel Club



Stuthi Mathapati
ISAM Diamond Gavel Club

INSECURITY

Uncertainty or anxiety about oneself; lack of confidence

-INSECURITY

Being insecure means not feeling confident in yourself or a situation you are in. It means doubting yourself and your abilities. As insecurity increases in any of us, so do the symptoms associated with it. Anxiety, Paranoia, fears of loss, instability, and an increasing need for reassurance begin to think and act. Many of us have been in such situations stopping and judging ourselves about petty things that happen in our life. All we need is a minute to think that we are different from others. If we weren't we wouldn't have our own identification. Stop to think that your opinions and thoughts vary from one person and that's why you are 'YOU'. It's not your looks that speak about you but the different way in which you think about ideas.

Remember that first learn to love yourself because that's the person you're going to spend your entire life with.



Clarina Xavier
ISG Gavel Club

The wings of imagination....

There flutters a bird,
One that cannot be seen,
With naked eyes,
One that wears the invisibility cloak,
Made from the beauty of the dawn,
Its eyes shining brightly,
Like the Sapphires of Pleasure.

There flutters a bird,
One which cannot be heard,
With deaf ears,
One that speaks and sings,
With a voice like an angel from heaven,
Its beak chattering about,
The Wonders of the Unknown.

There flutters a bird,
One that cannot be thought of,
With a narrow mind,
One that has a beating heart,
Filled with the flame of hope,
It has no restrictions or limits,
As it takes off...with,
The Wings of Imagination.



Nandana Vinod
ISG Blue Sapphire Gavel Club



Snehil Kala
ISG Gavel Club



TILAL NIMR

TRADING & CONTRACTING Co.LLC



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