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مدرسة سبرينج دايلز دبي
SPRINGDALES SCHOOL Dubai

A young boy with dark hair, wearing a grey hoodie, is focused on a craft project at a table. The table is covered with various materials: a large white glue bottle, a smaller white glue bottle, a pair of red-handled scissors, and several sheets of pink and blue paper. In the background, there are blue storage bins on a shelf, each labeled with a child's name and a number. The labels visible are 'Muhammed Hisham', 'Muhammed Mustafa 1J', 'Bruno Da...', and 'Ali Mudassair 2G'. The entire image has a reddish-pink tint.

Quintessentially Indian
Innovatively International

Pooh finds a new voice but not his own

2nd Edition

Pooh slowly began to wake. At first all he could make out was a blur and the distant murmur of familiar voices, but gradually he could make out the faces of his friends gathered around him as he lay on the bed, not his own but Christopher Robin's. He couldn't remember how he got there.



He then looked down his nose and watched with demure detachment at Christopher Robin's fingers pushing and pulling a needle and thread through his chest. This seemed rather strange to Pooh since Christopher Robin was not known for his embroidery skills. As far back as Pooh could remember, Christopher Robin had the greatest difficulty in sewing on a button or darning socks. He had never practiced needlework on Pooh. Although Pooh did not experience the sensation of pain as we do, he certainly felt very uncomfortable and not a little upset as he watched Christopher Robin tugging at the cotton thread that he was using to close up his chest. The sutures were rather haphazard and rudimentary, not neat and regular like those of a surgeon.



Like many boys of his age, Christopher Robin considered needlework to be an alien art; something best left to mothers, sisters and daughters to do. Pooh learned that other skills like bed-making, tidying up, shopping for groceries, using soap and water and cooking healthy, nutritious food, rather than the fry-ups that Christopher Robin and his father made very occasionally when both his mother and Nanny were away, were also alien and best avoided and left to 'the ladies of the household'. Boys and gentlemen, better known as 'chaps', were suited to more physical pursuits like pottering in the garden, reading the newspaper and 'planning'.

It was not always clear what planning led to, but thinking about it was very strenuous and had to be interrupted at regular intervals to make cups of tea or a jug of lemonade, or to have a quick game of football or French Cricket, or to walk down to the bridge in the forest to play Pooh Sticks, or to talk about politics and religion and the purpose of life itself. It seemed to Pooh that the whole point of planning was to find time for procrastination and to dream up new distractions - a very arduous task indeed.

The reasons for this distinction in gender roles were not at all clear to Pooh. He once asked Christopher Robin why he did not help his mother or Nanny more because housework looked like fun, but the only response he got was a cold stare, the rolling of eyes and, "Don't be silly, Pooh. Chaps don't do things like that. That's a job for girls. It's just the way things are. Girls are 'wired up' differently to us chaps."



Pooh thought that this might be true because whenever Pooh required a minor repair such as when his glass eye fell out or the stitching around his paws came loose, it was always Christopher Robin's Nanny, 'Nou', who saw to it. Nou would get on with whatever came her way and although Nou could not hear Pooh's thoughts, she would always smile at him and say, "At least I know that you appreciate me, Pooh." And it was true. There was as much room in Pooh's heart for Nou as there was for Christopher Robin, or at least there would have been if Pooh had a heart, which he didn't. Pooh's heart was his consciousness and this was big enough to embrace the world.

Anyway, I digress. Here was Christopher Robin sewing up Pooh's chest, with his friends from the Hundred Acre Wood looking on with a mixture of amazement and concern. "All done!" said Christopher Robin triumphantly, admiring his handiwork. "I have taken that stupid squeaker out. Old technology. No further need for that. Not now that I have installed the voice synthesizer in its place which will allow others to hear your thoughts, Pooh!"



"What was wrong with his old squeaker?", asked Eeyore, mindful that his own no longer sounded like the 'hee-haw' of a playful donkey when his sides were squeezed, but had degenerated some years ago into a long, melancholy whine of disapproval, like the drone on a set of bagpipes. "Can't you do something for me too?", he pleaded. "Everyone will get a new voice before school starts up in January", replied Christopher Robin brimming with confidence.

Pooh was now wide awake and eyeing with horror the discarded squeaker and the bits of stuffing, straw and sawdust that had not been put back to pack his abdomen when he was sown up. "I think I have lost some weight", he said weakly. Tigger laughed, "Ha, ha, it

looks as if you have had some radical liposuction.” The others frowned at Tigger’s indelicate comments. Undeterred, Tigger continued, “You have some ugly rolls of loose skin that need attention, but a few jars of honey should see to that.” Pooh was consoled at least with that idea. Being thin was not his desirable body image.

“Say something Pooh”, squeaked Piglet. “Let us hear your new voice.” Christopher Robin turned a switch secreted behind Pooh’s ear and Pooh sat up startled and mouthed, “Welcome to the second edition of The Voice, your very own student publication!”

Piglet and the other friends stood, open mouthed, but speechless, eyes wide with shock. Pooh was probably the most shocked of them all. “I c-can hear a v-voice”, stammered Piglet, “but it isn’t his.” “The sound wave signature was generated by Mr. Felipe”, explained Christopher Robin and the language created by AI. Pooh only has to think and he can produce a voice that can be heard. “Actually, I’m feeling rather hungry”, said Pooh in a voice that sounded like Mr. Felipe. “Can I please have a jar of honey?” “It may not sound like Pooh, but the thoughts are definitely his”, remarked Tigger and the friends nodded in agreement.

Meanwhile, unnoticed by Christopher Robin and the others, including Pooh himself, the heat from the new CPU in Pooh’s head was making the sawdust and straw filler reach the flashpoint for combustion....

Julian Williams

Principal

With grateful acknowledgment to the work of A. A. Milne, creator of Winnie the Pooh and to the illustrator E. H. Shepherd. Also to Walt Disney and Funky Friends Factory for the stitching photograph.

From our Professional Photographers

By Khushi. P, 11A



By Ryan Fernandez, 11A



Students Corner...Literature

"In order to swim,
instead of drown.

No mountain, nor sea
Can hold your pride
beneath.

No book of
judgements,

Can break your
strength in bits.

And here you are
standing,Smiling
proudly, at yourself,

"I have returned! And
faced wars.

All, by myself"

Yet there comes
those times,where
chaos stays,

for what feels like,
eternal.

But here, you're the
lion, Ruling across
your jungle.

By Pooja Giri, 10A

Dinosaur My Friend

Colossal and tiny

Long necked and sharp teethed

Different sizes

Fast and slow

Carnivores and herbivores

Fierce and gentle

Dangerous and friendly

Raged and tame

Cute and Ugly

And O' many!!! Oh my Gosh....



By Anirudh Nair, 3 A

Poem - Colors



Pink, Orange, Green and Blue,
Mix them together and get something new,
Colours and colours they'll find a way,
That will always brighten up your day.

By Sarah Ali Reza, 4 E

Omnipresent

In the midst of misery, I fear
If god is not there,
But in the word of happiness, I swear
God is living
In every heart
In every soul
Through a tear
Through a smile
I believe god is living

In the lamp that is lit forever
From birth to death
In every heart
In every soul
I believe god is living
As a source of love
As a source of care
Much beyond the path of life
In the heavens up above
I believe god is living.

By Ammarah Safaa, 10 A

My Adventurous UK Trip

I went to UK with my family in the month of July; this was my very first visit to this country and hence was very excited. We had made plans to visit several places like Edinburgh and London. I was looking forward to visiting the countryside since we had plans to go around Scotland by car.

We had several reasons to visit the UK. Firstly, we had to attend my dad's graduation ceremony. Secondly, we also wanted to visit the important places as tourist. Lastly, I was excited because I was meeting my cousin Tanya after almost a year.



I got a chance to sit in the Airbus A380 which is the biggest aircraft for our flight from Dubai to London. We got travel buddies which were cute soft toys. After we landed in London, we took a train from Kings Cross Station to Edinburgh, which was a 4 hour journey. I would never forget this journey because we did not get a seat to sit for the first two hours as the train was overcrowded! We had to spend this time near the coach entrance.

Edinburgh is a beautiful tourist place in Scotland in the north of UK. I saw different places like Scott's Monument, Edinburgh Castle and the Waverley Bridge. I also saw an interesting museum called the Museum of Childhood. It had all the toys, clothes and books that were used by kids in the olden times. We stayed at the Hilton Hotel. I loved the weather in Scotland. We also went by car to the countryside to different places like Stirling and Loch Lamond. It was an amazing road-trip adventure in Scotland.



I was excited to return now to London since I was going to meet Tanya. We had plans to stay at the same hotel and have lots of fun together.

In London, we went to visit many famous places like the Buckingham Palace, Piccadilly Circus, Tower Bridge, Oxford Street, Regent Park, Baker Street, Madame Tussaud's Wax

Museum and the River Thames to name a few. My favorite place to visit was the London Eye which is a giant ferry wheel. One can see a very beautiful view of the city of London from the top. At the Madame Tussaud's, I saw my favorite soccer player Ronaldo! I was very excited and surprised!

We also went for my Dad's graduation. We had a cruise ride on the beautiful river Thames and went shopping at the biggest shopping mall Harrods from where I bought a Magic set. My cousin went back to New York and we returned back to Dubai. I would recommend everyone to visit UK. I loved my trip to UK and will never forget the things I saw and did there.



By Anaya Karanjgaokar, 4D

The Hall of Literati Fame

These poems inspire creativity instead of yawns...

Fire & Ice

By Robert Frost

Some say the world will end in fire,
Some say in ice.
From what I've tasted of desire
I hold with those who favor fire.
But if it had to perish twice,
I think I know enough of hate
To say that for destruction ice
Is also great
And would suffice.

The Rose That Grew From Concrete

By Tupac Shakur

Did you hear about the rose that grew from
a crack in the concrete?
Proving nature's laws wrong,
it learned to walk without havin' feet.
Funny it seems to by keeping it's dreams; it
learned to breathe fresh air.
Long live the rose that grew from concrete
when no one else even cared

We Real Cool

By Gwendolyn Brooks

THE POOL PLAYERS.
SEVEN AT THE GOLDEN SHOVEL.

We real cool. We
Left school. We

Lurk late. We
Strike straight. We

Sing sin. We
Thin gin. We

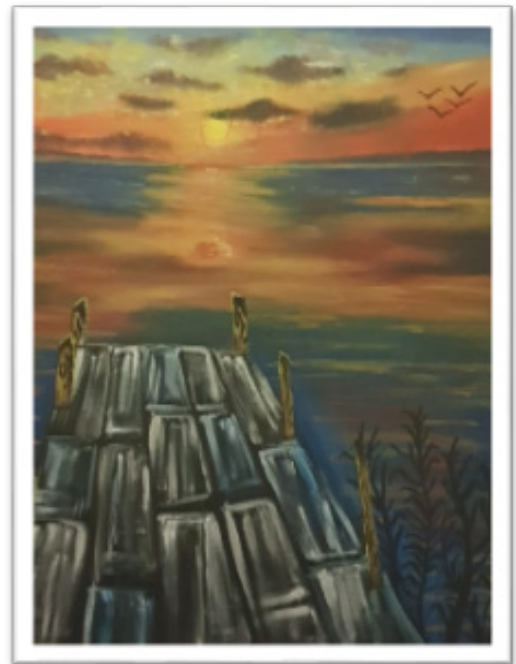
Jazz June. We
Die soon.

Artwork by our Artists

~Anushka KG 2H



~Anjali Singh 11-A



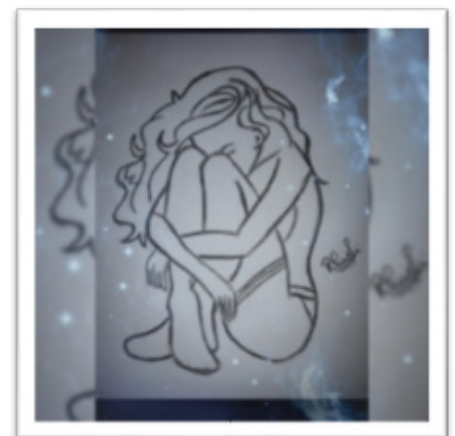
~Khushi.P 11-A



~Khushi.P 11-A



~Khushi.P 11-A



A Visit to an Old Age Home

To sensitize the students of today and inculcate in them the values of empathy and compassion, Springdales School Dubai organized a visit to the old age home in Sharjah. The Grade 9 students eagerly boarded the bus on September 30th for their visit to the Old Age Home to celebrate 'Make a Difference Day'. During the 40 minutes bus ride students were discussing about the things they will do to make a difference today.

Students got off the bus, and were excited to meet the occupants of the old age home. We were quickly greeted by the manager of the place who escorted us inside for a quick talk with us and the other school present over there. The Manager of the old age home explained us in Arabic about the old age home which was set up in 1968 to keep the elderly people who had no families to take care of them.

Sharjah Old People's Home had become the real home for elderly people and their staff. He explained how the new generation should show compassion and respect to our parents and take care of them when their health and mind fails.

After all, our parents are the one who will always support us, no matter what. After the conversation, the girls went out to the lobby where all the old Emirati citizens were sitting on the wheel chairs to talk and handed

them the gifts lovingly bought by them like scarves, perfumes and clothes. The senior citizens smiled and thanked us when we gave them our presents and conversed in a few sentences in Arabic.

Eventually the boys had an opportunity to present their gifts to the occupants of the old age home and after a couple of photos taken by our teacher, Mr. Alok we were finally ready to go back to school.

It was really a poignant experience for all the students to visit the old age home and interact with its inmates. This visit was a huge learning experience for the young citizens and after spending two valuable hours, the students vowed to do something for senior citizens and contribute towards the betterment of their condition.

This visit helped us in many ways and through this trip we could educate our friends about some important values and life skills regarding taking care, respecting and valuing elders and other human beings.

It was an indeed a learning experience for us.

By: Jitakshara Nain, 9B



PYM Campaign Report

Cancer, as we all know is one of the diseases that takes a heavy toll of life every year and the sad part lies in the fact that there exists no fixed or standard solution to beat it.

But it is rightly said that "Cancer may have started the fight, but I am going to end it". Keeping this spirit in mind, We Springdalian's on the occasion of Breast Cancer Awareness Month, organized a Campaign which aimed to ease awareness, reduce stigma of breast cancer through education on symptoms and treatment and empowered people to fight it.

The idea of this program was to promote the MOTO "Go against this dreadful disease" which requires lot of will power and human strength to fight it.

The program was organized by Irum Shaikh of grade 11th and Simar Singh of grade 8. The program was commemorated by making A Pink Human Knot by students of grade KG1-Grade 2 (the official color of breast cancer). It was then succeeded by making A Multicolor Human Knot by students of grade 3-11. (All the colors represented various type cancer). Simultaneously at the school MPH, the students were donating their hair and shaving their hair showing solidarity towards breast cancer patients. A total of 46 students shaved their heads accompanied by a few staff members of the school.

Students of Secondary Section had organized a solemn assembly. The school choir

sang a melodious song to lighten up the atmosphere followed by a thunderous dance performance which left all of us in tears. This awareness campaign was guided ahead by motivational words from our Chief Guest Ms. Premi Matthew, who herself has fought a battle against breast cancer and has successfully overcome it. This was followed by a moving speech given by the Co - Founder of the School, Mrs. Jasmine Anand.

The ceremony of hair donation was resumed after the program. The students were appreciating the donors for their brave act. The members of prefectural board were constantly on duty for maintaining the decorum of the school.

The function was covered live by the reporters of Gulf News.

The small initiative started by Irum and Simar turned out to be a grand success which had a huge effect on the students studying in Springdales School Dubai.

We Springdalian's are proud of what we were able to do to make this day special.

Lastly I would like to say, "Be the change, if u want to see the change"

By Parth Rathor, 11 A & Siddhant Sharma , 11B



Zakat Drive/ Zakat Collection Report

Charity is a word. We don't toss around much anymore. It carries with it the idea of unselfish love-giving and doing without regard for personal gain.



Zakat drive is one of the important activities of our school. Every year all students are collecting food, cloths, grains, oil, and other food stuff in the month of Ramadan from their homes, organizing it very well with help of their colleagues and teachers. The food stuff was collected, packed and then was taken to the labor camp for distribution among the poor and needy. From this activity, all students learned the values like sympathy, kindness, helping others, togetherness, and developing their organizational and collaborative skills.

This year in Ramadan our students enthusiastically celebrated this act of kindness. They collected food stuff, clothes and packed them into different sizes to be distributed to the labor camp. Through this act of charity and kindness we, the students learned that "Wherever there is a human being, there is an opportunity for a kindness. Kindness in words creates confidence".

By Simar Singh, 8A



SUMMARY OF STUDENT SURVEY

Secondary Students completed a survey where they were asked questions that tried to ascertain and highlight their experiences about their learning in classrooms, the behavior and attitude of teacher, the safety in school, their participation in classroom discussions etc.

The answers we received were not unanimous and we realized the fact that students did in fact have a variety of experiences in their day to day classroom learning.

In most of the questions, the maximum response was in favor of classroom teaching, safety measures and nature of teacher, which shows that a majority of students are satisfied and happy with the same. However we also received some negative responses towards the questions, which shows that some students were not so satisfied and would appreciate a change to enhance their participation in classroom teaching. We will definitely identify their doubts and problems and will try our best to meet their needs in order to ensure that “every learner matters equally”.

By Ryan Fernandez, 11A

तुम्हारा शुक्रिया

मेरी रिक्त होती कवितों की कलम में

आज फिर से उम्मीद की शाही भरने के लिए तुम्हारा शुक्रिया ॥

मेरे चुप हो चुके शब्दों को,

आज फिर से आवाज देने के लिए तुम्हारा शुक्रिया ॥

आज फिर से एक कोशिश कर रही हूँ,

ढूँढने की कुछ.....

उन कोशिशों को मौका देने के लिए तुम्हारा शुक्रिया ॥

आज फिर से चिया बादल , और न जाने क्या-क्या

बनाने जा रही हूँ कॉपी के आखरी पन्नों पर

वो पन्ने फिर से लौटा लाने के लिए तुम्हारा शुक्रिया ॥

आसान नहीं होता खुद के खोए हुए अक्स को ढूँढ लाना ।

फिर भी कहीं दबी दीवारों से उसे जगा लाने के लिए तुम्हारा शुक्रिया ॥

ऋचा शर्मा

हिंदी- विभागाध्यक्ष

मोबाइल का नई पीढ़ी पर होता दुष्प्रभाव

(दुबई स्तर पर प्रथम स्थान प्राप्त)

मोबाइल फ़ोन और इंटरनेट की दुनिया ने आज हमारे लाइफ़ स्टाइल को बदल कर रख दिया है। आज हम हर तरफ से मोबाइल, इंटरनेट से घिरे हुए हैं, सोशल नेटवर्किंग साइट्स ने तो मानो जैसे हमको पूरी तरह से अपने वश में कर लिया हो, खासकर की युवा वर्ग के छात्र-छात्राएँ तो 24 घंटे में 16-16 घंटों तक या तो इन साइट्स पर ऑनलाइन रहते हैं या फिर दिन रात मोबाइल फ़ोन पर लगे रहते हैं। रास्ते में चलते-चलते भी उनके हाथों की उँगलियाँ मोबाइल फ़ोन के कीपैड पर ही रहती हैं | मोबाइल फ़ोन भी सोचता होगा कमवख़्त किसके हाथों में आ गया कभी आराम ही नहीं लेने देता | कुछ यूँ कह लीजिये कि इस मोबाइल फ़ोन, फेसबुक और इंटरनेट पर हमारी एक अलग ही दुनिया है, एक ऐसे लोगों की दुनिया जिनसे हम कभी मिले भी नहीं होते, दुनिया के किसी भी कोने में रहने वाला आदमी हमारा दोस्त बन जाता है, जबकि हमको अपनी वास्तविक दुनिया के बारे में कुछ खबर नहीं होती। हमारे पास इतना समय भी नहीं होता कि अपने आसपास में रहने वाले लोगों के सुख-दुःख में शरीक हो |

आज का दृश्य ये है कि युवा वर्ग में खुद को बिंदास, हाई प्रोफाइल दिखने की होड़ मची हुयी है क्योंकि आजकल हर किसी के अंदर खुद को दूसरों से अलग दिखाने की एक आग भड़क रही है. भले ही फेसबुक, व्हाट्स एप्प, टिवटर पर दोस्तों के नाम पर हमारी एक लम्बी लिस्ट क्यों न हो लेकिन असल जिंदगी में अकेलापन और डिप्रेशन फैला हुआ है।

मोबाइल फ़ोन, सोशल नेटवर्किंग साइट्स जैसे फेसबुक, व्हाट्सएप आदि से दिन भर घिरा रहना वास्तव में हमारे लिए लिए नुक्सानदायक है. इसके कुछ दुष्प्रभाव इस प्रकार हैं-

- हमारे दिनचर्या के जरूरी काम अधूरे रह जाते हैं या फिर पेंडिंग में पड़े रहते हैं और कभी-कभी तो हम उनको थोड़ा करने के बाद भूल ही जाते हैं।
- जब हम फेसबुक या व्हाट्सएप या मोबाइल पर दोस्तों को किसी जरूरी काम से मैसेज करते हैं और अगर उस समय वो दोस्त ऑनलाइन हुआ तो ये एक मिनट का मैसेज भेजने का काम कब घंटों तक होने वाली चैट में बदल जाता है पता ही नहीं लगता नतीजन व्यर्थ में समय खराब होता है।
- हमारी कार्यकुशलता और उसकी गुणवत्ता भी घटती है।
- डिप्रेशन और कभी कभी दूसरों के प्रति ईर्ष्या भाव भी पनपता है।
- अपने सजीव मित्रों और पारिवारिक सदस्यों या सगे सम्बन्धियों के लिए समय नहीं निकाल पाते नतीजन रिश्तों पर असर पड़ता है।

मुस्कान ठुकराल

कक्षा- 9

तकनीकी आज की जरूरत

(दुबई स्तर पर प्रथम स्थान प्राप्त)

(दुबई स्तर पर प्रथम स्थान प्राप्त)

“मन को भाए फिर भी मुंड हिलाएजी । ” हों सोशल मिडिया को धीमा ज़हर और विकृतियों का विराट रूप कहने वालों, सोशल मिडिया पर युवा पीढ़ी को दिग्भ्रमित का संगीन आरोप लगाने वालों ट्रोलिंग -ट्रोलिंग करके अपना तर्क जताने वालों पहले । अपने गिरेबान में झाकर देखो ।

फेसबुक के बिना तो आपकी सुबह नहीं होती मेल बिना हाजमा-ई , अप्प के बिना आपकी दाल नहीं गलती-व्हाट्स , खराब रहता है प्रिंटेर्स , बिना इंटरनेस्ट नहीं आता और यू-ट्यूब के बिना टायर पंचर रहते हैं मौसम । के हाल से लेकर सब्जी के दाम तक आप सभी इन सभी सोशल साइट पर निर्भर रहते हो इसके । बावजूद इसपर प्रश्न उठाने का दुस्साहस कर रहे हो गुड । खाकर गुलगुले से परहेज़ करना अब बंद करो इस । सोशल मिडिया ने कभी अपराधियों की फांस बन कर तो कभी अबलाओं की आवाज़ बनकर, कभी आम आदमी की पीड बनकर, तो अभी दरिंदो के खिलाफ दावानल बन कर समाज की कुरीतियों व कुप्रथाओं पर कुठारा घात किया है ।

मैं मिडिया के पक्ष में खड़ा होता हूँ जब के प्रोजेक्ट से लेकर .जी.एल के हर ऑब्जेक्ट की हर सामग्री .बी.एल.ये सोशल साईट मुझे प्रदान करती हैं। मैं मिडिया के पक्ष में खड़ा होता हूँ जब क्रिकेट के विकेट से लेकर नेताओं के टिकट की जानकारी ये सोशल नेटवर्किंग साइट मुझे प्रदान करती है । मैं मिडिया के पक्ष में खड़ा होता हूँ जब महिलाओं की शिक्षा व स्वतन्त्रता के लिए मलाला युसुफजाई की आवाज को यही सोशल मिडिया बुलंद करता है और उसे नोबल पुरस्कार से सम्मनित किया जाता है ।

किसी जोशीले गायक का साज है सोशल मिडिया किसी , नृत्यकार के घुन्घुराओं की आवाज़ है सोशल मिडिया , किसीमेहनतकश के ज़ज्बे की आवाज़ है सोशल मिडिया सोशल ,मिडिया आज लोगों के लिए आवश्यक ही नहीं अनिवार्य है और इन सब तर्कों के बाद भी नकारते हो तो चले जाओ हंडियों के जमाने में और भेजो अपने पत्र कबूतरों के पैर में बाँध कर ।.....और अगर दोष देना है तो सोशल मिडिया को नहीं अपनी आदतों को-दो ये सोशल मिडिया कभी भी मनुष्य को अपनी वास्तविक जिन्दगी से दूर नहीं ले जा सकता ।

चिरागों की तरह खुद को जलाना पड़ता है साहब,

यों मुट्ठियाँ बंद कर इन्कलाब नहीं आता॥

पार्थ राठोर

कक्षा- 11

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