



PRIM BUDDIES

Primrose Schools [ICSE]

It is not for our family, it is not to secure a good position, it is not to earn money, it is not to obtain a diploma, that we study. We study to learn, to know, to understand the world, and for the sake of the joy that it gives us.

Prim Bulletin

**To all the dynamic readers out there,
Welcome to the official newsletter of Primrose Schools-
Prim Buddies!**

This newsletter is one of the best mediums to showcase the various talents of our peers- from a mesmerizing drawing to an eye-catching short story. To know how good the newsletter is, you have to be patient to read the whole newsletter!(Good luck with that!).

If all the months were different Marvel Characters, July is certainly HULK! (Not exaggerating). There was always something new or exciting, happening at school. For example, our school hosted its first MUN ever! That was a huge event for us Primrosians. The first edition turned out to be a fine piece of success and everyone-from the delegates to the organisers, were satisfied. (yeah! 100% of satisfaction that would make the disinfectant companies jealous; as disinfectants apparently can only kill 99.9% of germs present)

Honestly, the series of cycle tests came like a thunderbolt on all of us. Wish we were the Norse God of Thunder, Thor, to harness the power of the lightning because at least by that way, we could score more in our tests, broaden our intelligence and "Vision", suppress the "Hulk" and "Fury" within our parents and showcase our inner 'Hawkeyed-ness' (Hawkeye is a Marvel Character. Please check him out. He's a poor fella who is a part of the Avengers) by scoring 100/100 in every subject. (FYI this sentence has a LOT OF references to Marvel characters).

Some of us found it hard to adjust to school life just like how Hulk found it hard to adapt to normalcy, even after a month coming to school. It is just like how a person might feel seasick even after voyaging at sea... even if you have a pack of sickness bags, it's not going to help at all. The tedious routine of doing the loads of homework given by our teachers, and studying for the cycle tests, might have been hard even for JARVIS to do! How we wish JARVIS was our best buddy! (For folks who don't know what JARVIS is, we can't help it. Go ask the 18-year old buddy who is continuously supporting the student community to do their assignments etc. [apart from Wikipedia, of course] all over the world, a.k.a Google!).

We apologise for the numerous references from Marvel and others. Well it is because we've been taught in school to REFER, to THINK and to CORRELATE. Technically and statistically (correlation rightfully belongs to statistics) speaking, we are utilising whatever we've learnt in school. The lesson we've been trying to preach throughout these two pages *drumroll* - APPLICATION IS KEY. Hope you've learnt the lesson.

Peace out, folks! _^_

*With love and cheers,
The Editorial Team*

Editorial Team:

Marshini Ganesh
Sowmya Parthasarathy

Teacher:-

Ms. Suganya



LETTER FROM THE PRINCIPAL'S DESK

Finally, the schools are open after a massive heat wave roasting Chennai for more than 10 weeks. I was wondering how the children would take the heat when the schools open. By Mother's grace, bang on opening day clouds came from nowhere and rains followed to reduce the heat. Thank God! for that, school is now in full swing to catch up on learning. The school did set up a free buttermilk counter for passerby on the ECR for more than a month's time to quench the thirst of the people and it earned a lot of respect from the society.



Our ancestors had le m not so sure; we would do the same to our children. we are using up more resources than we actually need and there may not be anything left for our children. We have loads and loads of Global issues threatening them.

What can we do to make this world better for our next generation? It is important for all of us to make our child aware of global issues and involve them in decision making process so that, we create a completely aware and conscious next generation to deal with the 21st century problems. Three mantras struck my mind as the solution for all this. Communicate, Collaborate and Critical thinking. As Nelson Mandela had rightly said- "Education is the most powerful weapon which you can use to change the world."

I aim to use The Model United Nations (**MUN**) as a tool to educate my children.

PRIMROSE MODEL UNITED NATIONS

We are conducting the MODEL UNITED NATIONS in our school. We encourage our children to participate in MUN which enables the children gain insight into the workings of the United Nations and the dynamics of international relations by providing opportunities to take up roles of UN representatives. It creates a space for understanding the relationship between the countries.

It guides the children to carry out in-depth research which will include geography, history, science and economics related to various issues like climate change, global issues etc. It also stimulates various skills like writing, public speaking, problem solving, brings in commitment, cooperation, enables the child to work effectively as a team and to be diplomatic. Children learn to communicate, collaborate and think critically to solve the problems of the world, for they are our future leaders. We are happy for having an opportunity to host Prim MUN in our premises on July 1 and 2, 2017.

LANGUAGE LAB

Having understood the importance of communication, the school has taken an initiative to provide a new learning environment to the children. This academic year we are looking forward to launch a Language lab which will enrich the language of the children. I would like my children to express their views and thoughts without any inhibition.

In this globalized society I see language playing a bigger role. When an individual doesn't communicate the right way, he is underestimated and neglected from all the privileges, despite being knowledgeable. Thus I aim in providing my children an opportunity to better their communication skill. I hope this initiative will help them a lot.

PRIMROSE MODEL UNITED NATIONS Hall of Fame



The Animated panel



Our Intent Secretariat

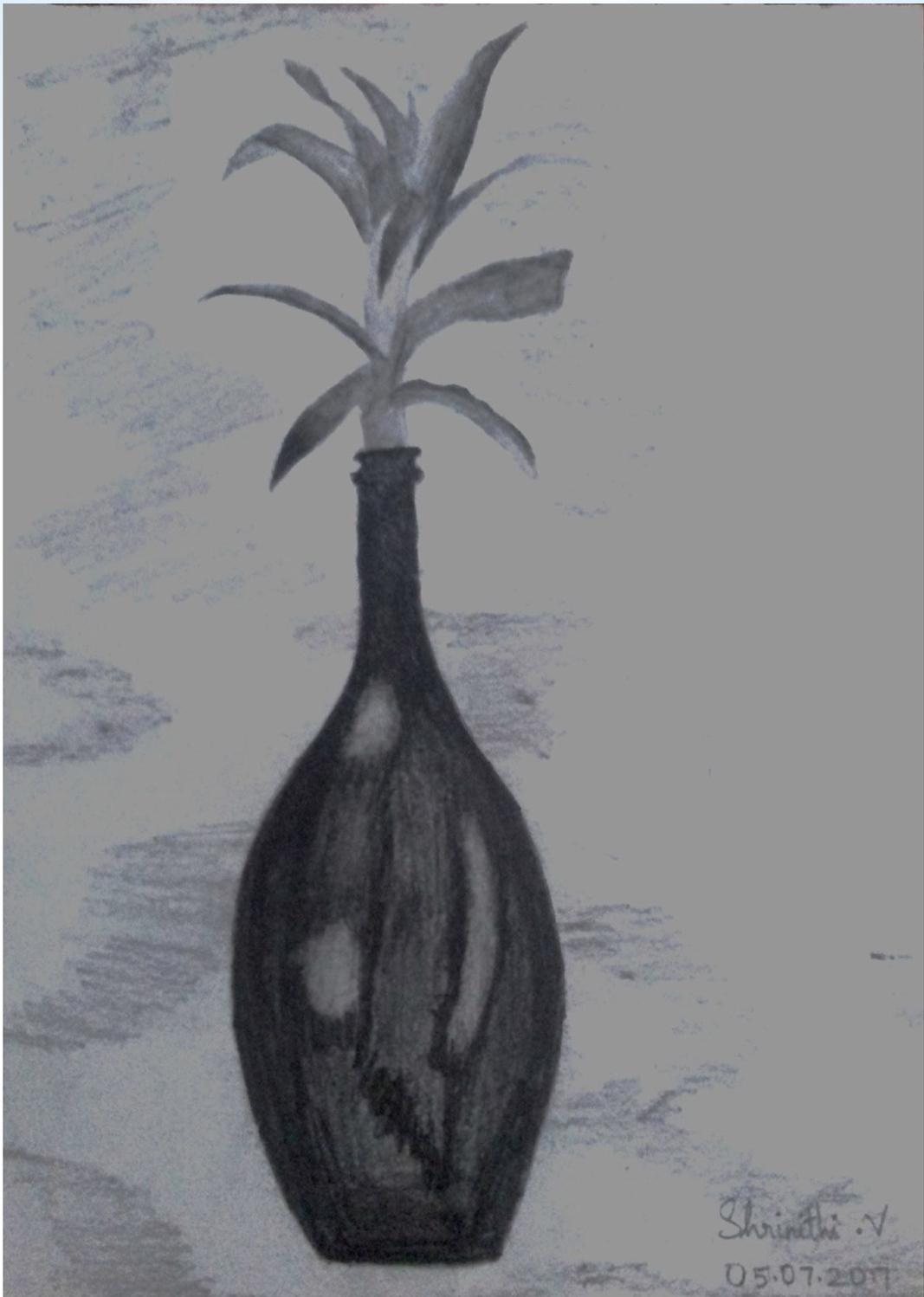


Our passionate speakers



Moments of Glory

MICHELANGELO'S BOOTH



A peek into the art notebook of Shrinithi. V of grade IX led us to find this classic masterpiece! Way to go Shrini!! Good job :)



This sketch was drawn by Marshini Ganesh of Grade XII.



Humaira of Grade VIII created this chalk drawing! :)



One of the members of the editorial team (**Varsha Nair**) painted one of her favourite artists as a form of tribute to him- EMINEM

Rahul's wish

Once upon a time there lived a boy called Rahul in a village. He wanted to travel to a hill station. He was too small to travel alone. After a few years when he was 18 years old, he again expressed his wish to his parents. This time his parents allowed him. He was very happy. He started his journey.

Moral: Don't stop wishing till you attain your goal.

By: *Ryan Siju Kurian*

Grade: *IV B*



THE MYSTERIOUS TELEVISION

It was raining heavily. I saw a deserted house. It was a wooden house with broken windows and roof shingles that had fallen on the ground. It was located on the outskirts of the city. There was a faint light glowing from inside the house. Since it was raining and I was drenched from head to toe, I advanced slowly towards the doorway before opening the door.

The door opened with a creak. From the doorway, I could see puddles and stains of blood almost everywhere! On the barely-there roof, the words "YOU'RE NEXT!" were scribbled on with what looked like blood. All of a sudden, a note landed near my brand new sports shoes. I picked it up, and what I read really spooked me out – "ESCAPE WHILE YOU STILL CAN!". I looked up and saw white candles burning with a brilliant yellow flame. There were two Jack-O-Lanterns at every corner of the room.

On the shelf, I could see the books from the 'Goosebumps' series. On an old-looking table, I could see a pair of fangs and bottles containing red liquid. On one corner of the room, there were red and black cloaks hanging from a wooden coat hanger. There was the sound of the splishing and splashing of water from the ocean nearby. Splish, splash, splish, splash. There was the sound of hammering metal and banging of windows as well. Then the murmuring sounds that came from far away, almost as distant as the howling of the wolves.

I looked at my friend, who was quiet all the time, observing the odds and ends arranged in this spooky little room. There was a moldy smell coming from inside the house, indicating that the house wasn't very well ventilated. I took one step forward to explore the house further. Suddenly, my friend and I were sucked into the house. Absolute darkness is what I could see. Slowly, my eyes adjusted to the dark and they were quick to notice that the candle that had been burning all along was put out.

I got up and picked up a matchstick lying near my foot, and went to light the candle. No sooner than I lit the matchstick, the candle lit up all by itself. I had a bad feeling about this house. I informed my friend about the non-existent safety of this house. At that moment, there was a whoosh sound. I jumped out of my skin! My friend laughed, "Hey, don't be scared. It must be the wind" She said while I groaned, declaring that I was going to leave. And with that, I rushed to the doorway and turned the rusty handle of the wooden door. It opened with a loud creak.

I was about to step outside when someone pulled me inside. I wanted to go at it at my friend for pulling a stunt on me like that. I turned around, ready to give her a piece of my mind.

"What are you doing?! Do you think I'll be quiet despite you scaring me like that? If so, you're wrong!" I yelled.

"But, I didn't do it! It must have been your imagination! Watching horror movies, people being pulled into houses by ghosts..." My friends trailed off, slightly shaken up by my outburst. I was just about to reply to her when a booming voice cut me off.

"WELL, LOOK WHAT WE HAVE HERE! HAAAAHA! YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE COME HERE! IT IS HAUNTED...." the voice said, and that was enough for my friend and I to be scared to our bones. We both were silent, unaware of what to do next. The door was locked, but the windows... I ran to the windows and banged it open. I was just about to jump out when a Jack-O-Lantern showed up and screeched in my face, making me scream at the top of my voice.

My friend heard me and ran towards me. She asked me what had happened. I told her everything as fast as lightening.

"Don't be silly, let's just get some sleep" She said calmly before we both went hunting for a bedroom. We finally found one with two beds, each of us taking one. But at the stroke of midnight, I woke up. My friend was still fast asleep. Then there was the sound of footsteps. They were getting louder and closer. I sat up in my bed, curious.



Then the footsteps stopped. ‘Had it seen me and stopped?’, I thought to myself. But I calmed down and tried to go back to sleep, but I couldn’t. I got out of bed to get a glass of water. I went looking for a kitchen, which I never found. I then realized that I had some water in my backpack. I grabbed my bag.

As I was turning to go to the bedroom, I realized that the door to the bedroom had vanished. My eyes then caught sight of a TV. I switched it on and looked for the remote, which I never found. A remote-less TV... Suddenly, the TV switched channels and the popular horror movie “The Conjuring” came on. A few minutes into the movie, the television came to life. It had green eyes and eyeballs as black as a raven. Its mouth was like that of a Jack-O-Lantern. It opened its mouth and swallowed me whole. When I went inside, I kept falling, all I could see was complete darkness and my eyes were open.