SQUIRREL GREEN RAMESWARAM NEWSLETTER

For Students

From Students....

அணில் பசுமை இராமேஸ்வரம் நியூஸ் லெட்டர் மாணவர்களுக்காக.......

மாணவர்களால்......



இதழ் – 2

அக்டோபர் 2020

Foreword

Dear Readers,

Namaskaram

Second edition of the students newsletter amidst lots of ups and downs in the group.

Thanks Green Rameswaram for this initiative.

We welcome all for suggestion of improvement which can take us further in this endeavour. This newsletter flashes Few Pictures and poems on the theme of Recycle. There is a writeup also about the Garden – tips to prepare home based compost. Apart from this some heart touching stories have also been shared up by some of the students. Infact one of our editorial committee member has written about Anilkumar Agarwal – noted environment activist from India. Apart from twin little girls performs vamadeva Mayurasana and they shares about the importance and the benefits of doing Mayurasana

Thus it is a combination of student talents. We at the editorial committee try to take up all the given choices to the best of our ability and this has been prepared. We thank the Students for their vital contributions and we request more students to come forward in contributing towards this newsletter. Most importantly it is our newsletter and is runned by us for us.

Thanking you

Yours Sincerely

Editorial Committee

(G.Haritha)

(K.⊺hillai Bhavana)

(Mahathi)

(D.Logitha Sree)

(M.Logesharan)





RECYCLE _ மறு சுழற்சி

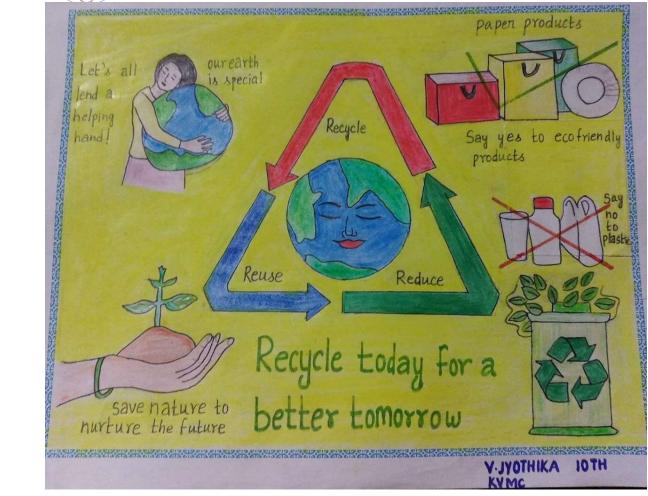




D.Logitha Sree, VII std, Amrita Vidyalayam



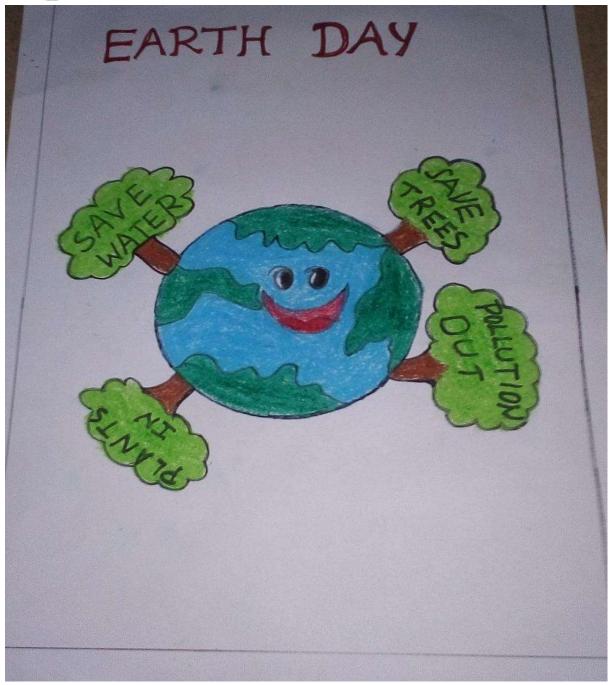




V.Jyothika, 10th Std, KV, Mandapam







V.Deepak, 4th Std, KV, Mandapam





POEMS



Violent is the cause of silent,

Violent is the cause of silent

Let's make some think brilliant

Something,

Old and new

If waste is there some best must be there

Think in a way

That make you say

Why can't we make waste as best. ...

That make you say in a way

As recycle is a best way

Let's make the sound of recycle

That makes a life cycle

Don't need to wait for a say

Just start it that might make you a way

As recycle is a best way

Covid is a say

Recycle is a ray

Start at a point

Without an end point

Recycle reduce burden free

And recycle is also just

Free

Why can't we do it??

Violent causes silent

Recycle cause a pure environment cycle

Let make a say

Recycle as the best way....

A vehicle that makes a life cycle.....

K.Thillai Bavana IX, KV Mandapam



Look Around



Look around, there's so much plastic,

Let's recycle, it's fantastic.

Don't forget, about paper and glass, recycle together,

With your entire class.

We'll make sure, We never litter, let's recycle, we're not quitters.

When we place our garbage, in the right bin, both us and nature, will clearly win.

Thanks for keeping the environment, healthy and clean, recycling is fun, and also quiet green.



D.logitha Sri Amrita vidyalayam Rameswaram



Stories Section

TEACHING IS THE ONE PROFESSION THAT CREATES ALL OTHER PROFESSIONAS"

Nobody can inspire us as great teachers can. They seem to come along at just the right moment, at a time when we need them the most. Great teachers show us things about ourselves we can't see. They see potential in us that others, including ourselves, can't or won't. Above all, they give us the courage to find our own way with just enough guidance to show us that the impossible—or what we perceive as impossible—is anything but that.

STORY:

LEN BROWN:

Les Brown is one of the world's foremost motivational speakers and thought leaders on self-improvement and goal-setting. However, it wasn't always that way for him. Born in Liberty City, Miami on the floor of an abandoned building, he has known struggle and hardship his entire life.

Academically, Les was a struggling student from the get-go. The story goes that during his school days he was labelled "educable mentally handicapped" by the academic intelligentsia of his day and placed back from 6th grade to 5th grade. To make matters worse, he had a twin brother who was exceptionally bright and gifted, and as such Les became commonly referred to by his peers as the "DT"—the "dumb twin."

One day a teacher asked him to come up and solve a problem on the chalkboard, but Les refused and said that he couldn't. "Of course you can," the teacher responded encouragingly. "Young man, come up here and solve this problem for me."

"But I can't," insisted Les. "I'm educable mentally handicapped." The rest of the class erupted in laughter. At that point, the teacher stepped out from behind his desk and looked Les straight in the eye. "Don't ever say that again," he told him firmly. "Someone else's opinion of you does not have to become your reality."

Les never forgot those words, and spent the rest of his life overcoming incredible odds and pursuing his goals with passion and fervour. Time and time again, thanks to that one teacher's powerful revelation, Les has lived the phrase he's famous for all over the world.



B.SURYA

10[™] std, KV Mandapam

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SQUIRREL GREEN RAMESWARAM NEWSLETTER

Fear



Once upon a time, there was a tortoise on a ship, and the ship sank. Sometime later the tortoise made it to a desert land surrounded by water on all sides except for one. The landward side led up to a big, steep, craggy mountain. To avoid starving to death, the tortoise decided to climb to the top of the mountain, hoping that he would be able to cross to the other side.

When he got to the snow-covered summit he was freezing cold, and then a blizzard started. He just managed to make out a small pathway leading down the other side of the mountain. But the path was guarded by a big monster that wouldn't stop shouting. "Uuh uuh!"

Such a sight and sound almost killed the tortoise with fright, and all he wanted to do was hide his head inside his shell. But, looking around him, he saw that many other animals were lying frozen to death, and with looks of horror on their faces. So the tortoise didn't go into his shell.

He summoned up all his courage to move down the path towards the monster. The closer the tortoise got, the more the monster changed its shape. Then, when he was almost upon it, the tortoise realised that what he had thought was a monster, was only a great pile of rocks, which formed a shape just like a monster. As for the "Uuh uuh uuh", the tortoise realised this was just the sound of the wind blowing through a small cave.

K.Thillai Bavana IX, KV Mandapam





Honesty is the best Policy



Once, there lived a woodcutter, ramu, who lived very simple life. He was poor but he was a good man and worked hard. one day while chopping down a branch, Ramu's axe slipped and fell into the adjacent river. He he tried searching for his acts but all in vain.

He sat down by the river bank and started weeping. Hearing his cries, an Angel appeared and promise to help him find his axe. She dove into the water and retrieved an axe completely made of gold. Ramu said that this was not his axe and refused to accept it. The Angel dove again and returned with the silver Axe, Ramu refused again and said that his axe was made up of steel. The Angel went into the water for one last time and returned with Ram's axe. Elated, Ramu thank the Angel profusely.

Impressed by his simplicity and honesty, the Angel decides to give Ramu the gold and silver Axe too. Ramu went home happily.

MORAL: Honesty is the best policy.

Niki Sri G









To save our earth, there are things we can do we can recycle old things and make them new

We can be helpful at our age Reuse an old wire fence and make a cage with plastic bottles make a bird feeder thing You can even turn old tires into a swing Instead of plastic, by reusable grocery bags my mom reuses old shirts as polishing rags

when earth Day comes, plant a tree we'll make the world better, just you and me
To save our earth, I have this to say start living Now like it's
always Earth Day!

G.Haritha, VI B, KV Mandapam



FEELINGS



Let us begin this Monday on an emotional note .today iam going to tell you one short story that are so emotional that they will make you cry immediately. No I do not want you to cry.I just want you to appreciate the valuable relationship we all have in our lives.

THE SWEETER APPLE. A lovely little girl was holding two apples in her hands. Her mom came in and softly asked her little daughter with a smile,"my sweetie, could you give your mom one of your two apples? the girl looked up at her mom for some seconds, then she suddenly took a quick bite on one apple, and then quickly on the other. Mom felt the smile on her face freeze. she tried hard not to reveal her disappointment. Than the little girl handed one of her bitten apples to her mom, and said ", mommy here you are . This is SWEETER one.



S.preethi
9thB
Kendriya Vidhyalaya
Mandapam CMFRI

Thanks Giving Day



Thanksgiving Day was near. The first grade teacher gave her class a fun assignment — to draw a picture of something for which they were thankful.

Most of the class might be considered economically disadvantaged, but still many would celebrate the holiday with turkey and other traditional goodies of the season. These, the teacher thought,

would be the subjects of most of her student's art. And they were.

But Douglas made a different kind of picture. Douglas was a different kind of boy. He was the teacher's true child of misery, frail and unhappy. As other children played at recess, Douglas was likely to stand close by her side. One could only guess at the pain Douglas felt behind those sad eyes.

Yes, his picture was different. When asked to draw a picture of something for which he was thankful, he drew a hand. Nothing else. Just an empty hand.

His abstract image captured the imagination of his peers. Whose hand could it be One child guessed it was the hand of a farmer, because farmers raise turkeys. Another suggested a police officer, because the police protect and care for people. Still others guessed it was the hand of God, for God feeds us. And so the discussion went — until the teacher almost forgot the young artist himself.

When the children had gone on to other assignments, she paused at Douglas' desk, bent down, and asked him whose hand it was. The little boy looked away and muttered, It's yours, teacher.

She recalled the times she had taken his hand and walked with him here or there, as she had the other students. How often had she said, Take my hand, Douglas, we'll go outside. Or, Let me show you how to hold your pencil. Or, Let's do this together. Douglas was most thankful for his teacher's hand. Brushing aside a tear, she went on with her work.

This story speaks of more than thankfulness. It says something about teachers teaching and parents parenting and friends showing friendship, and how much it means to the Douglases of the world. They might not always say thanks. But they'll remember the hand that reaches out.



K.Thillai Bavana IX, KV Mandapam



NATURES Beauty



Nature's beauty is unparalleled. So much so that we have to appreciate it every day. For thousands of years, man has written poems phrases, and proverbs praising the beauty of this magnificent planet. This particular Zen story illustrates just that:

A priest lived in a massive Zen temple and was in charge of tending to the plants, tree's , and flowers. In close proximity to the temple was the home of an old Zen master.

One particular morning, the priest was engrossed in tending to the garden because he was looking forward to having some guests over. He trimmed the

bushes, watered the flowers, and removed any weeds that were causing chaos in the garden.

He went a step further to rake up all the dry autumn leaves that were in the garden and neatly arranged them at one end. While he toiled meticulously, the old Zen master watched him curiously from the other side of the wall that separated the temple from the Zen masters home.

Once the priest had completed his tasks, he took a step back to admire all the work he had done. Calling the Zen master, the priest proudly asked, "Isn't it beautiful?" The old man replied: "Yes, it is. However, there's something missing. If you help me cross the wall, I'll make things right for you."

Reluctantly, the priest helped the old Zen master over the wall. After crossing to the other side, the Zen master walked steadily to the tree at the centre of the garden and started shaking it violently. All the leaves dropped. The old man boldly said,"There, I've fixed it. You can help me back to my temple now."

The moral of this story is that nature is beautiful and there is nothing that man can create that can live up to it. In short, we shouldn't alter the nature around us in an attempt to make it more beautiful. We can't come close to what mother nature does effortlessly.





D.logitha sri 7 th Std Amrita vidyalayam



This month yoga Mayurasana by Titikha Shree and Trinetra Shree



Health Benefits of Vamadeva Mayurasana

Energetic benefits

The pecock is the national bird of India. It symbolizes, grace, beuty, and love. It is believed to have been created from a feather if garuda. It will take time to develop the grace and transquility that this pose name presents.

Physical benefits

Mayurasana(my-yer-ash-asana) tones and revitalizes the abdomen.

It helps to correct imbalances at the navel center, espically with the stomach, liver, intestines, kidneys, spleen, and pancreas.

Digestion is highly stimulated, reducing constipation and the production of toxins in the intestines.

The pose strengtens the wrists, arms, shoulders, and the back of the legs and torso.





Titikha Shree

Trinetra Shree

5th std, Kendriya Vidyalaya, Rameswaram

Gardening Tips

Preparation of compost.

1. Start your compost pile on bare earth. This allows worms and other beneficial organisms to aerate the compost and be



transported to your garden beds.

2. Lay twigs or straw first, a few inches

2. Lay twigs or straw first, a few inches deep. This aids drainage and helps aerate the pile.

3. Add compost materials in layers, alternating moist and dry. Moist ingredients are food scraps, tea bags, seaweed, etc. Dry materials and straw, leaves, sawdust

pellest, and wood ashes. If you have wood ashes, sprinkle in thin layers, or they will clump together and be slow to break down.

- 4. Add manure, green manure (clover, buckwheat, wheatgrass, grass clippings) or any nitrogen source. This activates the compost pile and speeds the process along.
- 5. Keep compost moist. Water occasionally, or let rain do the job.
- 6. Cover with anything you have Wood, plastic sheeting, carpets scraps. Covering helps retain moisture and heat, two essentials for compost. Covering also prevents the compost from being over- watered by rain. The compost should be moist, but not soaked & sodden.
- 7. Turn: Every few weeks give the pile a quick turn with a pitchfork or shovel. Thus aerates the pile. Oxygen is required for the process to work, and turning "adds" oxygen. You can skip thus step if you have a ready supply of coarse material like straw. Once you've established your compost pile, add new materials by mixing them in, rather than by adding them in layers. Mixing or turning, the compost pile is key to aerating the composting materials and speeding the process to completion. If you want to buy a composter, rather than build your own compost pile, you may consider a buying a rotating compost tumbler which makes it easy to mix the compost regularly.



G.Haritha, VI B, KV Mandapam

Indian Environmentalist Series



Anil Kumar Agarwal (23 November 1947– 2 January 2002) was an Indian environmentalist, trained as a mechanical engineer at IIT Kanpur, worked as a science correspondent for the Hindustan Times. He was the founder of the Centre for Science and Environment, a Delhibased research institute currently led by Sunita Narain.

In 1987, the United Nations Environment Programme elected him to its Global 500 Roll of Honour for his work in the national and international arena. The Indian Government also honoured him with Padma Shri (1986) and Padma Bhushan (2002) for his work in environment and development.

Anil Kumar Agarwal was the founder-director of the Centre for Science and Environment, India's leading environmental NGO. Agarwal spent his lifetime advocating policies that involve the people in natural resource management and learn from India's own traditions.

Agarwal, graduated as an engineer from one of India's leading engineering colleges in 1970, but gave up a promising technical career to become a science journalist in order to explore the country's scientific and technological needs of its poor people.

He joined Delhi's leading daily, Hindustan Times, as a science correspondent in 1973 and soon discovered India's most evocative environmental movement known as the Chipko Movement in 1974. This was the first report of a people's movement in India or probably anywhere else in the developing world to protect the environment.

In 1980, he founded the Centre for Science and Environment, one of India's first environmental NGOs to analyse and study the relationship between environment and development and create public consciousness about the need for sustainable development. In 1982, the Centre published a pioneering Citizens' report on the State of India's Environment which provided an overview of the level of degradation and its impact on the people of India.

Agarwal has more than 20 books to his credit. In 1985, Agarwal co-edited the second citizens' report on the State of India's Environment. The arguments contained in the two citizens' reports on the State of India's Environment, conceptualised and co-edited by him, attracted the attention of the then Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi who asked Agarwal to address his Council of Ministers, a rare invitation for an Indian writer. The government of India presented Agarwal with its prestigious Padma Shri award.

During this period, Agarwal also chaired the world's largest network of environmental NGOs based in Nairobi, the Environment Liaison Centre. In 1987, the United Nations Environment Programme elected Agarwal to its Global 500 Honour Roll for his work both in the national and international arena.

Agarwal has spent considerable time travelling to various parts of rural India to document community-based environmental regeneration efforts in villages. Agarwal's reports have helped Indian decision-makers to understand the importance of involving people in environmental conservation and natural resource management. His work resulted in a study called Towards Green Villages: A macrostrategy for participatory and environmentally-sound rural development in 1989. The study, based on years of learning from the documentation of micro-experiences, presented a macro-strategy for environmentally-sound rural development.

In 1990, Agarwal co-authored a paper called Global Warming in an Unequal World which led to a global debate and had a considerable impact on the G-77 position in the negotiations leading up to the Framework Convention on Climate Change. It was the first time that the issue of equity had been raised in the context of global warming.

In 1992, Agarwal started Down to Earth, a fortnightly newsmagazine on environment which brings news to challenge its readers to think about sustainable development. It inspires and encourages its readers to become more environment-friendly.

Agarwal documented India's traditional knowledge in rainwater harvesting technology and management. The book called Dying Wisdom: The Rise, Fall and Potential of Traditional Water Harvesting Systems, was published in 1997, and it has been widely read and reviewed in the country.

Agarwal has spent a lifetime advocating policies that involve the people in natural resource management and learn from India's own traditions. He also had a deep interest in the management of pollution, especially air pollution, and the threat that environmental change poses to public health. At the international level, he has argued for equitable arrangements in dealing with the global warming problem.

Agarwal's biggest contribution has been the development of one of India's most influential and highly vocal environmental NGOs, the Centre for Science and Environment, which does its home work, respects people, respects science, and which promotes rational approaches to environmental management based on science and social justice

K.Thillai Bavana IX, KV Mandapam



