

# IN THE LOOP

*AJI news, views and more...*

## *In This Issue*



### Editorial Team



Ms. Shinu Jose  
Teacher in Charge



Riyah Gani  
Editor in Chief



Alayna Gani  
Assistant Editor



Khadeeja Nowshad  
Student Co-ordinator



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**Words** - so innocent and powerless as they are, as standing in a dictionary, **how potent for good and evil they become** in the hands of one who knows how to combine them.

- Nathaniel Hawthorne

## Teachers Speak



Ms. Smitha Rajesh  
HOD Hindi Dept.

"Language comes first. It's not that language grows out of consciousness, if you haven't got language, you can't be conscious." - Alan Moore

The Hindi language is spoken by more than 260 million people across the world as a native language. In addition to this, around 120 million people use Hindi as a second language. Due to this vast number of speakers across the world, Hindi is the fourth most spoken language in the world after English, Chinese and Spanish. So, if you learn Hindi you will have plenty of people to interact with in different parts of the country and also the world.

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# On a Roll

## Events

In the month of September, Al Ain Juniors celebrated Language Month and a multitude of other events such as Teachers Day, ADSC Prize Distribution, Appreciation Ceremony, Investiture Ceremony and Literature Fest among others. Here are some snippets-



## Language Month Assembly

Let us give you an insight of the spectacular Language month assembly that we have celebrated in our school Al Ain Juniors. As per our Thursday activities in school, we had numerous engaging and fun activities to keep up the joyous celebration of the language month going which included rangoli making competition between grade 7 to 10, Calligraphy competition from grade 7 to 10 and a lot more celebrations following the assembly. The rangoli competition filled the school with bright colors displayed in a very beautiful manner in each class and filled the classes with a competitive and festive spirit of the language month. Interactive soft board activities engaged the minds of the students and all the softboards were decorated in a vivid and lively manner. The assembly captivated the audiences through the diverse traditional dances of India, the energy filled dandiya of the state Gujarat and to the coordinated and calming dance of Kerala called Kaikottikali and followed by a musical and amusing French dance representing the country France and then ending with a magnificent Arabic language choir. In addition to the assembly, there was an interesting and eye-catching mime performance to enlighten the audience with the value of teamwork.

# On a Roll

## Gujarati Dandiya Dance



## Deep Dive

10 Tips to learn a language fast

1. Start with short, simple dialogues
2. Focus on comprehensible input
3. Study pronunciation early on
4. Read wisely, not widely
5. Start speaking early
6. Immerse yourself in the language
7. Learn one language at a time
8. Focus on real concentrated study... not cheap hacks
9. Turn off the subtitles when watching TV
10. Have a strong "Tolerance for ambiguity"



Easy	To achieve language proficiency...	23-24 weeks	575-600 class hours
Spanish Español	Spain	92cm	
Portuguese Português	Portugal	97cm	
French Français	France	97cm	
Italian Italiano	Italia	97cm	
Romanian Română	Romania	97cm	
Dutch Nederlands	Netherlands	97cm	
Swedish Svenska	Sueter	97cm	
Afrikaans Afrikaans	South Africa	97cm	
Norwegian Norsk	Norwege	97cm	

Number of native speakers in millions

The **Frisian** language is considered by many linguists to be the closest living language to **English**.

Frisian is spoken in the Frisian region of the Netherlands.

US → **Spanish**

CANADA → **French**

UK → **English**

Any other country → **English**

# Top Picks

FORGET ME FOREVER

**“Truly great friends are hard to find, difficult to leave and impossible to forget.”**

I am currently standing in front of Aalora Fermont's locker attempting to recall the password after hearing multiple evasive explanations from Lora. After numerous unsuccessful attempts, I finally managed to move unnoticed through the crowd, like water seeping through a sidewalk crack.

Aalora Fermont, who prefers to go by "Lora," has always smiled perpetually, or at least she did up until last week. She used to scatter goodwill like confetti. One of the things I found most attractive about the short, cheerful redhead was her party-popper approach to life's issues. This was one of the many reasons why I, the formerly shy and still nerdy bookworm, wanted to befriend her during the second week of high school. She approached and offered me a 100-watt smile, as if she could hear what was going through my head. Lora was unique and always had been as long as I had known her. She made every moment of living worthwhile since, in her opinion, life was too short to squander it on fear or grief. I have been very upset that I have not seen her at school for the past week.

When I had had enough, I walked to the cosy apartment down the street that Lora, her mother, and her seven-year-old sister Claire shared.

I hurriedly knocked on the door, but when the old neighbor informed me that the Fermonts had been spending the previous week day and night in the City Hospital, my disappointment spilled out in tears. With Mrs. Fermont having asthma, this new knowledge caused my heart to race. She was probably suffering from another attack, but I was worried about Lora and young Claire having to spend the entire week in the hospital. Again, though, this does not explain why Lora was the subject of concern from every instructor at the school. I was determined to identify whatever the problem was.

There were certain benefits to being in your senior year of high school in Kingston; every student who could not afford one was given a bike. I quickly made my way to the building's exit, grabbed my bike, and left for the hospital. Lora's flat was only a 5-minute drive from the City Hospital, making it conveniently close.

I arrived at the reception with my heart threatening to burst through my ribcage. A woman in her mid-forties sat there polishing her already flawlessly manicured nails. I took a deep breath and asked her, "Can I please know where Mrs. Fermont is admitted?" She was startled by my question, but recovered in seconds.

"Darling," she began, "there is no Mrs. Fermont admitted here, but there is a young lady by the name of..." She looked down at the desktop and continued, "Ah, yes-Aalora Fermont-The Tumour Kid. Is that the person you are looking for, dear?"

# Top Picks

Terror began crawling its way through me, infecting every cell in my body. I was stunned for what seemed like hours until the woman cleared her throat and gave me a strange look. I nodded, and she replied, "Fifth Floor—Room 409," in a robotic voice that was very different from her previous motherly voice.

I stepped inside the elevator and pressed the number five with shaking hands. Sadly, the elevator was empty save for me and was travelling at an unusually sluggish rate. It seemed like I was carrying a 5-ton boulder on my shoulders with every second that passed. The Fermont family was known for their upbeat demeanour, but as I stepped out of the elevator, I noticed little Claire heading to room 409 while appearing abnormally depressed. I followed her stealthily while grieving. She probably felt the presence of another person because she turned around and nodded at me.

We moved silently together to room 409. The door was slightly ajar. A slender, pallid girl laying on the bed with an IV drip hooked to her right was visible from the outside. On the chair next to the bed, a woman could also be seen, her hands on her forehead and a look of obvious exhaustion on her face.

I carefully waited behind little Claire as she knocked on the door, and we waited for an answer. We walked inside after hearing a faint "come in." I could tell I was an expected guest by the surprised expression on Mrs. Fermont's face.

Mrs. Fermont got up and offered me the chair, which I denied almost immediately and walked beside the bed on which lay pale Lora.

"Lora..." Words eluded me, I had none. While my head was empty, my brain was coming up with all kinds of explanations for Lora's predicament.

She offered me a flimsy smile. Although it was strikingly identical to the first, it was also so frail and agonising that it tore right through my heart. The two of us locked eyes. Within a short period of time, it became hard to gaze into those blue eyes without having the irrational belief that she was able to understand my thoughts.

"Hazel, how are you?" she uttered in the same weak, low voice as before.

I could not speak out because my voice was trapped in my throat. Finally, I was only able to muster up an equally weak "Fine." She enquired about the school. I filled her in on everything she had been missing, including the most recent rumours and her classes. I asked her the question she dreaded hearing. Please do not ask me how I know it; I simply do "Lora, the receptionist identified you as "Aalora Fermont-The Tumour Kid." Know what she meant when she said that?"

She briefly displayed a startled expression before putting on a weak grin and explaining.

"She's talking about me, the kid with the tumour," As Lora smiled, I started to blink frantically. This girl was beyond my comprehension. She had the most lethal cancer in the world practically looming over her, and, God forbid, she might be close to passing away, yet she still managed a smile. I was confident that she had embraced this fate with open arms. She will not feel any comfort from anything I say.

# Top Picks

Thus, until it was time for me to depart, we conversed for hours about unrelated topics. I gave her a quick kiss on the forehead before heading out the door. The next thing she said left me speechless: "Forget Me Forever, Hazel." What did you say, young lady? I barked as I turned and hurriedly approached her. "We can't be friends, not for long, Hazel". She proceeded, as if I had disappeared, saying, "I consented to having the surgery. I might be saved by it, but I am too young and I can already feel it. There is no way I will survive this. You, on the other hand, have a life. Make me proud, Hazel, by studying hard and travelling abroad. Forget Me Forever. Make a promise to me. Promise me Hazel, please, and it would be like my last wish."

I was unable to dispute it at the time. I vowed to her. I promised to keep my end of the promise when I left her life.

If she were present right now, I have no doubt that she would be pleased. It is true that I travelled overseas, put in a lot of effort in my studies, and graduated as a doctor. I will be doing a major operation on a young patient with a tumor today. He is roughly the same age as Lora was at that time. I entered the intensive care unit hoping to save him.

The child regained consciousness after twelve hours of anguish. He is currently breathing and speaking. I did it. At least in large measure, I kept my promise. One of my promises would never be fulfilled, unfortunately. How could I possibly have forgotten my one and only true friend? After all, truly great friends are hard to find, difficult to leave and impossible to forget.

- Amna Furkhan 11A

## HUMAN RIGHTS

**"When the fundamental principles of human rights are not protected, the center of our institution no longer holds. It is they that promote development that is sustainable; peace that is secure; and lives of dignity."** – Former UN High Commissioner for Human Rights Zeid Ra'ad Al Hussein.

Human rights are privileges that we enjoy solely by virtue of being human; no state has the authority to bestow them. No matter our nationality, sex, ethnicity, race, color, religion, nationality, or any other status, we are all endowed with these universal rights. The most fundamental of them is the right to life, followed by those that make life worthwhile, including the rights to food, education, employment, health, and liberty. The first legal declaration to outline the essential human rights that should be universally protected was the Universal Declaration of Human Rights (UDHR), which was adopted by the UN General Assembly in 1948.

All human rights are interconnected and indivisible. This implies that without the other, one set of rights cannot be completely exercised. Progress in civil and political rights, for instance, facilitates the practice of economic, social, and cultural rights. Freedom of religion is one of the fundamental rights outlined in the Indian Constitution. Additionally, clauses guarantee freedom of speech, the separation of the executive and judicial branches, as well as domestic and international travel freedom.

- Ifra Ayesha 11C



Alayna Gani 8C



Fathima Nowshad 11A



# U Belong Here

Haya Shajahan 10B



Riyah Gani 11A



Adithya Sreekanth 10A



Heba 9A

## On a Lighter Note



### Riddle

I can be quick and then I'm deadly,  
 I am a rock, shell and bone medley.  
 If I was made into a man, I'd make people  
 dream,  
 I gather in my millions By ocean, sea and  
 stream.

puqs :suy

