

# Snapshot

*APL Global School E-Magazine*

*June 2022*

*Issue No. 30*

**Celebrating 10 years of SnapShot**

*On a nostalgic trip  
with our Principal*



Hot News 

**Motivating Force  
- Our Founder**

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# Editorial

## **Dear Readers,**

What a promising start to the academic year it has been! Just to name a few of the many positives so far, our classes now contain a full capacity of students. Furthermore, the adrenaline-pumping games period has been integrated back into our timetable. There is also an increase in the number of expression clubs. To top it all, it is the **tenth anniversary of SnapShot magazine!** We have special plans to make this a significant year for the magazine, so strap your seatbelts and join us for the ride.

As a celebration of this momentous occasion, we have insightful interviews with our Principal Ms.Sarija and our Head, Teacher Mentor Centre Ms.Sangeetha. The Voice and Open Boat sections of the magazine allow students to showcase their talent through gripping writing pieces and mesmerizing art and photography. Enterprising Middle Schoolers, as the name suggests, is the part of the magazine where students of grades 6-8 showcase their budding talent. The Junior Corner is a platform provided to the primary school students to exhibit their magnificent art pieces. "What's a snake's favorite subject in school?". You can find the answer to this riddle and several other riddles in the Potpourri section which has been a staple in the previous snapshot magazines. Here you can also find a delectable recipe for a brownie! Finally, there is Parent Speak where parents can voice their views on APL.

Remember, the content in the magazine is from you, the valuable readers. So if you would like to contribute in any way to the next edition of the magazine, feel free to send us your work. Finally, good luck from the SnapShot team to the next student council.

- Vittal, Gr11 D



### **Editorial Team:**

**Editor:** Vittal Nandakumar Gr11

**Layout and Design :** Divya Garladinne Gr 10

### **Disclaimer:**

We acknowledge that some of the images used are from the internet, modified to suit our educational magazine and not intended for any commercial purposes.

# 10 years of SnapShot



Snapshot has completed 10 years as a digital magazine. This issue is to celebrate the ten years. Here we are on a nostalgic trip with our Principal Ms. Sarija Santhosh. Divya asked her a couple of questions and this is what she had to say.....

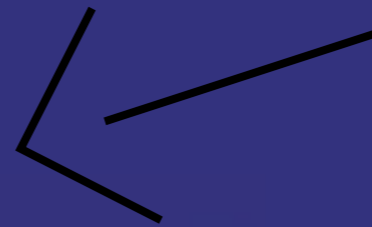
***In brief:***

- launch
- memories
- move to new campus
- vision - next 5 years
- impact of inclusion

***On a personal level:***

- dream vacation
- hobbies and interest
- element of learning denied
- advice to the current generation

**CLICK THE ICON TO  
HEAR THE ENTIRE INTERVIEW**



It gives us great pleasure in sharing this happy news. Our Founder, Mrs Gita Jagannathan has been conferred with the 'Indian Achievers' award' one of India's most coveted awards in recognition of outstanding professional achievement and contribution to nation-building.

The Indian Achievers' Forum promotes achievements that inspire businesses and communities. This award is in appreciation of her exceptional and distinguished service in her field. We join in applauding her achievements and pray she bags more such accolades and more opportunities to contribute to the community.



INSPIRING  
&  
MOTIVATING  
- Our Founder



We are pleased to share a youtube talk show video featuring our Founder Ms.Gita Jagannathan as the chief guest.

Sports Champ live Talk show is doing an exclusive series on "Indian Sports Schools", hosted by Bhushan Thakur Founder & Editor in chief of Sports champ Youtube channel, Sports Education Magazine and an International Sportsperson.

The show is all about the importance of Sports in the life of children and how APL Global School has made it as a part of its curriculum by accommodating the personalised needs for a child to excel in the field of Sports with ease.

Please find the below link to the Youtube Video, Do watch!

<https://youtu.be/abcIPmDJTuU>

SELF REFLECTION AND A FEW THOUGHTS THAT I FEEL STRONGLY ABOUT

## Mirror

Have you ever stood in front of a mirror, and wondered if this is who you were? Have you ever hated your own reflection. Pointed your flaws out to that criticising voice in your head. Have you ever starved yourself in the name of not being hungry? Do you ever hate yourself, your actions, the way you look. the mistakes you made, everything single thing about yourself. You can act all confident in front of others, but the mirror that hangs in your bathroom knows the truth. It has seen you cry over your undetectable flaws. It has seen the burst of anger, your wrath in itself. It has seen your terrible, yet perfect attempts at hiding your emotions. Your mirror is no one, but you. It's the vulnerable you. The true you, it's the you that hides behind the reflection of others.

## Boys

Why do people say boys? Aren't they too just fragile flowers in the garden of God. They too have beautiful, and fragile souls, just as women. They are no more inhumane than any mortal could be. Perhaps their tears stream behind closed doors, and hidden safety, but that doesn't make them any less broken than a woman. Why are they expected to be rough? Why can't they sway to the same music, and not enjoy bathing themselves in dirt. Why do they have to hold a smile on their face, even during the toughest time. Maybe society, but to hide their beautifully flawed souls from this world is no longer a loss of theirs, but a loss to society. To see anger on a man's face is no longer uncommon, but a tear to stream down his face would only be phenomena. To have the courage to show yourself without the label of society is nothing, but phenomenal. To be able to love yourself for who you truly are is nothing less than phenomenal, because a man can bake the sweetest cakes, and a woman can love the thrill of playing sports.

## Chaos

To fall in love with chaos is truly loving, because anyone can love the calm meadows that overlook the green grass. Not everyone can love the jammed city, where problems are highlighted under dim street lights. In a chaos where insecurities come true, and fears are created. Accidents are caused by none other than your overthinking brain, and pain is indestructible. It is to love the way the rain falls, all together, staining everything in its way. The way the thunder screams for someone to listen. To be in love with chaos, is to love every inch of someone. To love the mood swings that erupt out of nowhere, to love the tear stained cheeks, and the voice cracked with anger. That is truly loving a person.

SELF REFLECTION AND A FEW THOUGHTS THAT I FEEL STRONGLY ABOUT*Selfish*

I hold this undetectable selfishness inside me, and though it is inside me, I do not understand it. It tries to swallow, consuming my thoughts, and harvesting its own. Sometimes it wins. No matter how hard I try to push it away, it never goes. Yet again it holds accountable for the pain inflicted by my decisions. It seduces my thoughts, making them its own. Spreading an incurable poison through it. When these thoughts come to me, paralyzing my logic, my eyes darken in an attempt to keep them out. My hands clench until my knuckles are no less than paper white. I bite my tongue, holding it from speaking until I feel the metallic taste pooling under it. So tell me, am I not the villain in my own story?.

*Love*

The thing with love is, it's not always calm. Love is like the ocean, sometimes rough, sometimes calm. Love is deep, yet it is large. As wide as the ocean, as deep as it can go. Perhaps love is rough, rougher than the tides that crash on the shore trying to reach the moon. Perhaps most love is shown is roughness, the rough and raw shouting of a mother. Perhaps love would be nothing without roughness, just like an ocean without waves. Unimaginable.

*Lose Someone*

How would it feel to lose someone? Would there be a weight on weighing me down, or would everyday be everyday without its charm? Would it hurt as much as they say, or would it be okay? Would I still be able to go on without thinking of them every moment? Would the little things matter more then? Is losing someone what it is like in movies, and books. Is it falling apart every second, or holding back the urge to let the tears fall? Is it long sleepless nights, or days sleeping to avoid the pain? Is it the urge to distract myself with work, or to confront it head first? Would it make me lose myself, or find another version of myself? Would I think the unthinkable, or stay hidden away from the thoughts that crowd my mind? Would I burn, or would I turn to ice. Maybe it would make me hollow, maybe I wouldn't cry. Maybe I would hide away from the grievers, find my own peace. Maybe I would remember them, but block out the feeling. Maybe I would welcome the thoughts just to distract myself. So what does it feel like to lose someone?

Maryam, Gr 8 E

## Deserted School



The sky was an unholy black. The twinkling gemstones up above were covered by the dark grey wool that had been pulled over the heavens. A tiny sliver of a silver moon peeked out from behind them. It was enough to cast light on the abandoned building that had once served as a school.

Overtaken by nature, it was difficult to imagine it had ever been functional. Creeping up the dilapidated walls were thick dark vines. The front lawn had become overgrown. Under the night sky its hue was muted as if the colour had been leached out of it. The little fenced-off school garden had become engulfed by weeds. Screeching crickets had set up residence along with various other critters. Beady-eyed frogs croaked along eagerly in harmony. The occasional hoots of stocky owls and howls of predators pierced the night. A frigid wind blew through the yard rustling through the leaves atop the gnarly trees bordering the school.

The crumbling brick walls, covered in fungi and greenery, still stood, not having succumbed to nature quite yet. Years' worth of grime and dirt clung to those windows that were not broken. Some birds had made themselves at home on the parts of the roof that had not yet caved in. Broken by an unpleasant storm, the flagpole lay on the green-carpeted ground after snapping off at the base. The letters on the wall no longer read the name of the school, and the glass front door was shattered. Where

students used to laugh and walk, the pavement was cracked and unkempt.

Dust coated everything. The rubber floors, broken tables and chairs, cracked chalkboards, bathroom stalls—nothing escaped. Computer tables held out-of-date keyboards and monitors, and laboratories housed spilled chemicals. Ancient writing desks were scattered throughout the classrooms, some piled together and others thrown around carelessly. Torn books, broken pencils, and erasers were strewn across the rooms as if in their hurry to leave, no one had noticed them. There were still school bags hanging from chairs and stuffed in cubbies. Once blue now reddish lockets, a few of which kept opening and slamming shut with strong gusts of wind, provided yet another space for animals to hide.

Below the many layers of dust, the brown and white tile patterned floor bore signs of years of abuse. It wore scuff marks and scratches like battle scars. Just below the dust—splotches of red. The sinister rust colour had sprayed across walls as well. Spiders had spun gossamer webs into architectural feats and hung them from the ceiling.

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## Deserted School



Documents spilled out of the cabinets lining the administration office. Files that once determined entire futures no longer held any meaning. Half-eaten and dirty they lay listlessly on the desks. Sitting on linoleum counters were old-fashioned phones, topped with dust, untouched in ages. The walls were lined with ripped posters of motivational quotes and stopped clocks.

Deflated footballs and dodgeballs littered the rotting wooden gym floor that had long since lost its polish. The putrid stink of sweat combined with other components emanated from within the locker rooms. Barely hanging on its rusted hinges, the doors had been thrown open. More of that ominous maroon red streaked the ground and bleachers.

Lunch trays and lunch boxes cluttered the cafeteria floor. The food stains that splattered the room had become mouldy. The stench that emerged from the cafeteria was rancid. Lunch tables, rusted after continuous exposure to the elements, had been overturned or pushed aside in a frenzy. Row after row of now expired snacks still stocked the shelves. Wild animals had knocked over a couple of packets of chips and bottles of juice. The ceiling had collapsed providing a view of the starless inky-black night sky.

- Anjana Soman, Gr12 D

Did you know that nearly eighteen million people underwent some form of cosmetic procedure in 2018? In today's day and age of body positivity and self love, people are encouraged to do whatever makes them happy and the stigma surrounding cosmetic surgery is slowly starting to disappear. Cosmetic surgery is certainly getting more popular; however, before making a permanent alteration to your appearance, no matter how modest or large, it is critical to step back from the hype and understand the benefits and drawbacks of such treatments.

First and foremost, the main advantage of cosmetic surgery is an increase in self-confidence, satisfaction and self-esteem. Have any of you felt awkward when smiling with crooked teeth? Do you sometimes try to hide the acne on your face with thick layers of makeup? If so, you are no stranger to feeling insecure and ashamed about your appearance. Although we should all learn to love ourselves the way we are, sometimes, it is simply too difficult to feel confident with our natural features. As a result, these insecurities may interfere with their social life and more importantly, their mental well-being as well. In order to avoid dealing with such severe problems with body image and appearance, several individuals choose to undergo various cosmetic procedures. In fact, studies suggest that people are usually more happy with their self-appearance after getting cosmetic surgery and report having higher self-esteem, social confidence and quality of life.

Interestingly, many people feel a sense of dissociation and unfamiliarity during their recovery from the cosmetic operation. This may cause short-term depression and anxiety. However, as the body heals, the positive aspects of the surgery allegedly become more apparent and the bruising and swelling slowly

vanishes. Factually speaking, around 90 percent of facelift patients believe that their improvements were worth the pain and uneasiness they felt during the recovery process. Likewise, 96 percent of those who receive tummy tucks are extremely pleased with the long-term results of the procedure.

Moreover, cosmetic surgery can have benefits that are not even realized! For instance, research shows that not only may a rhinoplasty help you look better in photos, but it may actually make it easier for you to breathe and relieve any unnecessary respiratory pressure that you had prior to the surgery. Similarly, getting braces, which is a dental procedure which aligns and straightens the teeth, can help you chew your food better and sound clearer while you speak. Therefore, cosmetic surgeries, such braces and nose altering procedures, not only enhance your life mentally, but also physically!

Having said that, cosmetic surgery is not all rainbows and sunshine! There are definitely certain disadvantages that dissuade people from undergoing cosmetic procedures altogether. For instance, it is no secret that cosmetic surgery can cost you a pretty penny. On average, facelifts can cost around \$7,500 which is nearly an entire year's salary, while rhinoplasties are priced around \$5,000. Some people can simply not afford to pay such high amounts of money, and others may simply feel like the after-effects of the surgery are not worth the cost being incurred.

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## SKIN DEEP

In addition to this, there are several cases where people have gotten addicted to cosmetic surgery which is when altering your looks becomes problematic. This addiction may stem from a mental health issue called body dysmorphic disorder which can cause people to spend millions of dollars on face and body altering procedures, all of which may not completely satisfy them. Not only is this an unre way to use money, but it can also cause several other mental and physical issues, such as depression, excessive scarring and permanent swelling.

Furthermore, cosmetic surgery may not always lead to the desired result. Before going into surgery, many patients usually paint an unrealistically perfect image of the outcome in their minds. Their dreams are shattered when they realize that for the first few weeks after surgery, they have to walk around with a huge bandage wrapped around the affected area. Sometimes, people are not even satisfied with the result of their surgery even after the recovery period is over. Not only can this negatively affect their mental health, but it can also make them feel terrible about wasting so much money on a procedure that did not change anything, or even made things worse.

Last but not least, when young girls see how easy it is for them to just magically change their facial and physical features, they may not even try to love themselves. This can cause several issues,

such as body dysmorphia and diffidence in social settings. Likewise, seeing small button noses and plump lips, which is what society defines as the epitome of beauty, everywhere may cause them to feel inadequate and inevitably will set false standards of beauty that young girls may feel forced to adhere to.

In conclusion, cosmetic surgery changes your face and your body, so the decision should be completely yours as well! There are two sides to every coin and cosmetic surgery is no different. At the end of the day, only you are aware of what is best for yourself, so you must make your decision accordingly!

*- Jenica, Gr11 G*



## Deserted School

With a slight screech, the tires of my car pulled up in front of the school. The once pale sky had turned blood red as a sudden screech echoed through the messy parking lot.

Pamphlets and fliers littered the ground and gently followed the command of the weak whispering wind. Each step I took in the parking lot seemed to break the now spine-chilling silence in the tense atmosphere. Brightly coloured flyers that once cherished their high spot on a pinboard were left along the floor with the wreck of the clearly failed carnival event. Tents for mini stores began to slouch towards the ground, the result of poor craftsmanship and terrible damage.

The outside of the school building seemed normal. A crow cawed in the air and sat above the brick red roof of the large buildings. The white walls outside seemed flawless as always with the exception of a few cracks here and there as well as... paint? A blotch of red colour stood out on the wall, so prominent that it almost instantly drew my attention towards it. That was never there before... was it? I knocked at the door to see if anyone was there. The door eerily squeaked open, giving way for me to enter before slamming shut. The silence was deafening. Up ahead, a light flickered in the distance, vaguely lighting up the wreckage of the inside. Paint stains lined the corridors along with broken chairs and torn down banners. The stains seeped through cracks in the walls, infecting the school more and more with every step I took. Everywhere I looked, destruction and paint.

Another distant screech made me turn around in haste, nearly

making me nauseous. The once closed yet tattered blinds had been opened. Someone was watching. I cowered behind a chair in fear, a plastic gun lay on the floor in front of me, loaded with paintballs. I grabbed it and examined it before holding it to my chest and counting to three. I walked out of my safe haven and into the room that had attracted my suspicion. The creak of the door swinging open as I pushed it sent shivers down my spine. I ignored it. My main goal: survival. The light switched on almost as soon as I entered the room, blinding me with brightness for a few seconds while stunning me. I pressed my palms against my eyes in hopes of easing the searing pain, heightening the rest of my senses. My ears picked up the sound of a loading gun.

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## Deserted School

"Everyone else is gone. Your friends, your teachers. They're out, they fled in terror." The mysterious voice called to me. "What are you going to do?" The toxic smell of paint filled my nostrils. If everyone else had deserted the school that left me. I had a chance to win and take home the prize. I raised a gun, my hand trembling slightly.

"I propose we do this the proper way. One bullet only." The room's walls were covered entirely in paint. A table lay on its side, no doubt hiding my enemy. He slowly stood up with his hands up and pointed his guns at me. I stood with my back to the brown wooden door, my hand gently holding the cold silver handle. In the blink of an eye I turned the handle and fled the room. Gunshots fired and raged against my cowardice but at least I made it out with my life. Footsteps echoed through the dimly lit halls as I ran through them desperately trying to flee the campus. Deserting was my only option. I hauled the doors open with all of my might and ran through them as fast as I could. This was by far the most dramatic paintball game I had ever attended. But the prize. The prize was worth it.

- *Kadambari Catherine*



ARTWORK



Swetha, Gr 12



Character Design | Roshni, Gr 11



ARTWORK



Shruthi, Gr 11

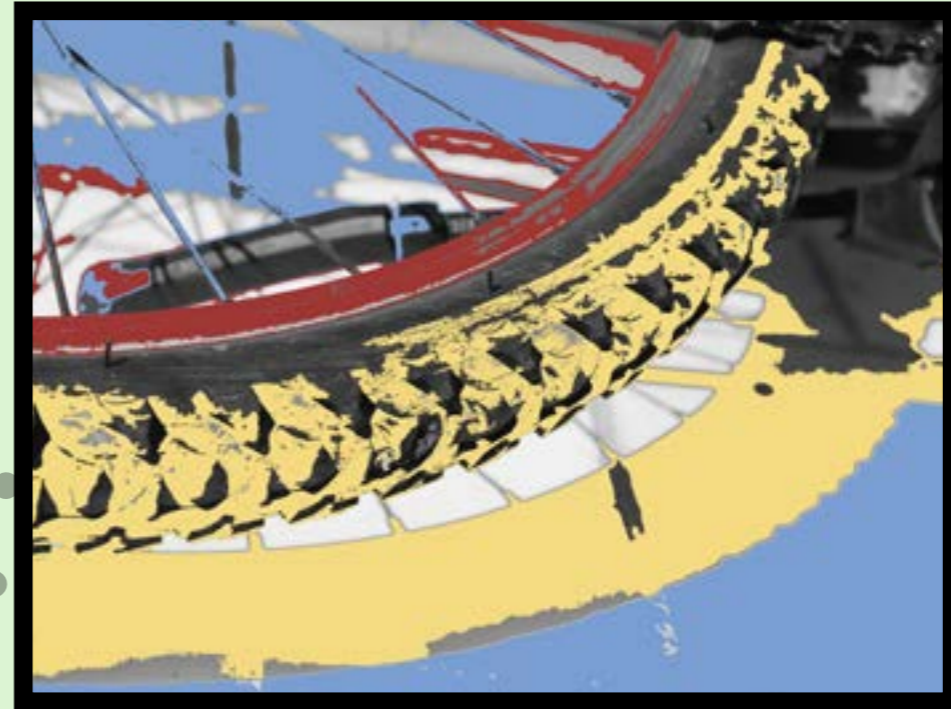


Self Portait | Havi Vishnu, Gr11





*Atri Anand, Gr7 D*



*Ezhil, Gr10*



# Photo Gallery

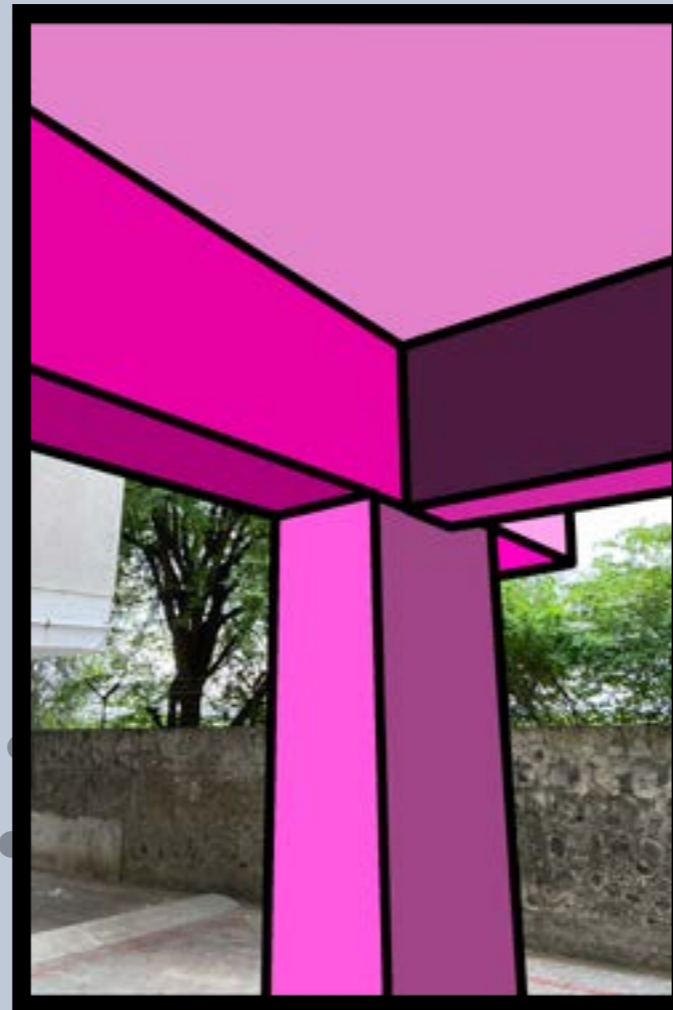


*Jeevana, Gr 10*





*Ferhana, Gr10*



*Shriya, Gr11*



*Ferhana, Gr10*



# Photo Gallery



# Lights Out

The lights went out and I could hear a strange high pitched laugh. I was home alone doing my med school assignment. My parents had gone out to dinner. I did not know what to do. The only comforter and help I had was my English Bulldog, Hulk.

I told myself, "It's okay Ron, its nothing. Don't freak out it's just your thoughts messing with you".

The laughing stopped and I said to myself: "See, nothing". I was relieved and went back to doing my assignment. All of a sudden the laughter continued. I told myself "This creepy laughing person must really find medical assignments funny". The laughter grew louder and Hulk resumed his barking.

Shh, Hulk no it's okay. You know what, come with me to find out what's going on".

We both went down to the generator room. "Huh the wires and switches seem fine". "Why is there no electricity" my loud voice was certainly threatening. "come on Hulk lets go back up big boy". I turned around and to my utter dismay Hulk was missing. I was in a state of frenzy and searched the room thoroughly and he was missing. The laughter was LOUDER than ever.

"Okay, SHOW YOURSELF YOU CRAZY COWARD" I screamed. The laughter increased and I took a rusty metal rod that has been there in the generator room since I was 4. I said to myself "My parents did not raise a scared cat besides I'm 18 I can handle this guy".

I took the rod and stomped up to the generator room door and I went back to the living room. Standing there was a creepy man about 6 foot wearing a black shirt and brown pants. He was a very skinny person who was laughing to himself.

"What's so funny you crazy madman?" I Implored.

"Ahahahahaha, oh boy oh boy you're a scared child" the man responded.

"Oh Yeah?"

I said. "Not so scared when I beat you up".

"You shall try" said the madman.

"Hah take this you crazy psychotic madman" were the words I said before hitting him in the head with the rusty rod.

"OUCHHH said the madman groaning in pain".

"oh it's not yet over I responded".

I proceeded to hit him in the back of the head twice over. "DID I KILL HIM" I exclaimed. I checked his pulse and he just passed out. Hulk came running and I hugged with a sigh of relief. I called the police and reported the matter I sought help with a request that they take the man away. On their arrival I learnt that the man was a deranged psychopath and had slipped into houses in the past. And it behaved in the same manner. Though the days have rolled and it's a year since I went through such a nightmarish encounter, memories of it continued to torment me till today.

*-Kesava, Gr 8 E*



**ENTERPRISING  
MIDDLE SCHOOLERS**



*Navya Muthunathan Gr6 E*

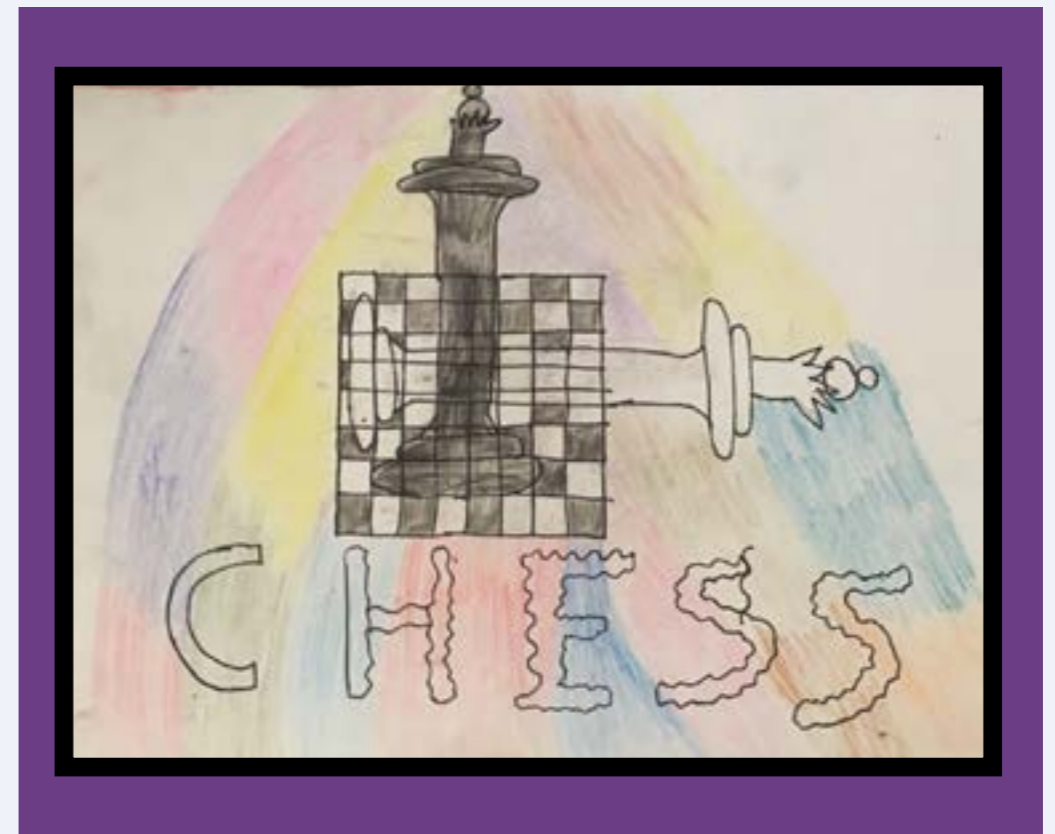


*Art Work*





*Navya Muthunathan Gr6 E*



*Art Work*





## Art Work



Karthisubramanyam. Gr1 C



Madhuri Srinivasan, Gr 2 D



Tanvi Hariharan Gr 5 G



Swaying Bird

Art by Mayansh Patnaik

Mayansh Patnaik Gr2 A



Art Work



Aditi Pillay, Gr 2 A



Samiyuktha V, Gr 2 B



Sai Akhil Anand, Gr 5 A



Sahana Sabareswaran, Gr 5 B

## Mug Brownie

I wanted to share a healthy chocolate mug brownie recipe Dry **ingredients are:**

4 tablespoon wheat flour

3 tablespoon brown sugar

2 tablespoon cocoa powder

### Wet ingredients:

2tbspn melted butter/ coconut oil

3 tablespoon milk

Half tablespoon vanilla essence

Some choco-chips and 1 big chunk of chocolate

### Preparation:

Mix all the dry ingredients in a micro safe mug with a fork.

Add all wet ingredients one by one and make a smooth runny batter.

Add some choco chips as per your taste and mix lightly.

Now insert a chunk of chocolate in the middle and smooth the surface.

Now put it in a microwave for 1 and half minutes.

Yummy healthy mug brownie is ready

- Y Siri Meghana, Gr 1 B



## Quiz

1. What's a snake's favorite subject in school?
2. What do you give a sick lemon?
3. What do you call a bear with no teeth?
4. How did Benjamin Franklin feel when he discovered electricity?



A. Isha Kalaa, Gr 4 A

## Riddle - Answers

1. Hiss-tory!
2. Lemon aid!
3. A gummy bear!
4. Shocked!

## Quiz

1. Come up and we go, Go down and we stay.
2. It goes up and down the stairs without moving.
3. I run, yet I have no legs. What am I?
4. The more there is the less you see.



## Riddle - Answers

Navya MuthuNathan

1. Anchor
2. Carpet
3. Nose
4. Darkness

Elshad M Sam Robbines \_ Pre  
Kg \_ Fish Triangle



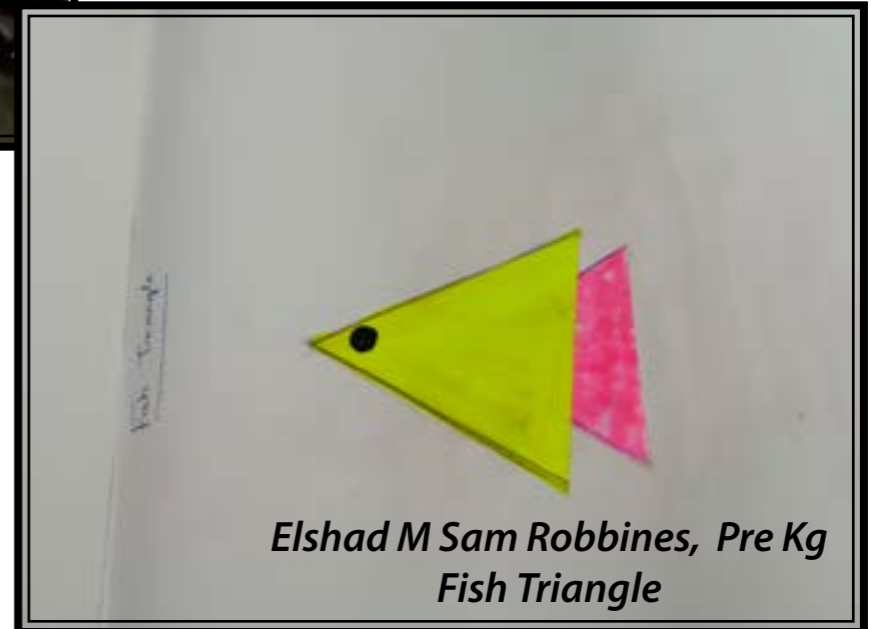
*Tara Chandrika D, Pre Kg  
Sponge Painting*



*Mayukha Anil , Pre Kg  
Sponge squeezing*

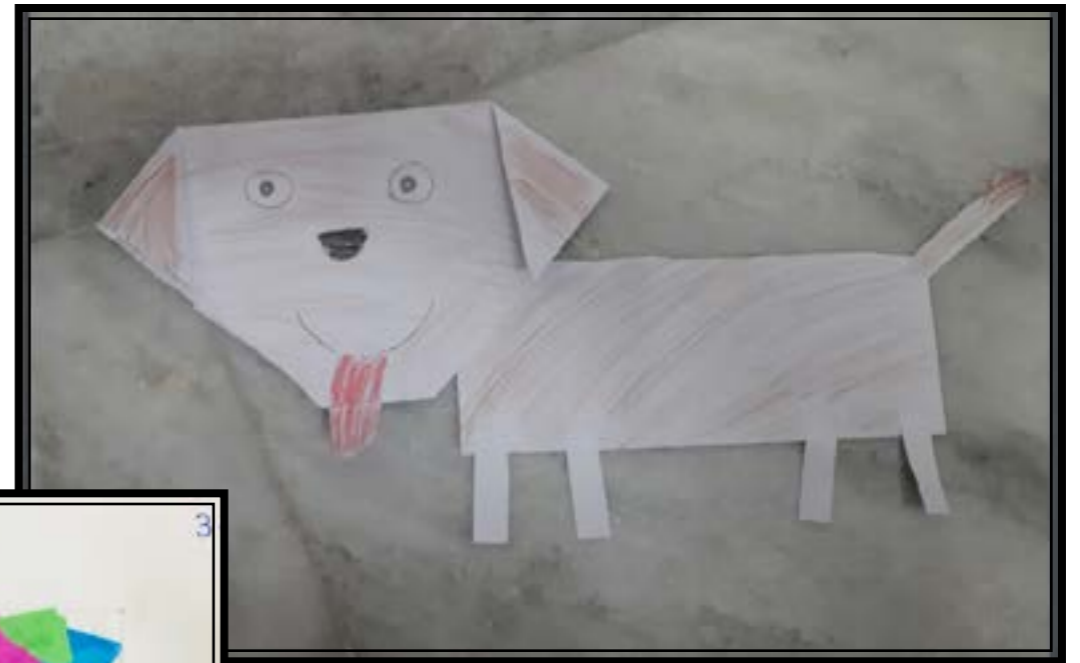


*V.Siddharth, Pre Kg  
Lantern making*

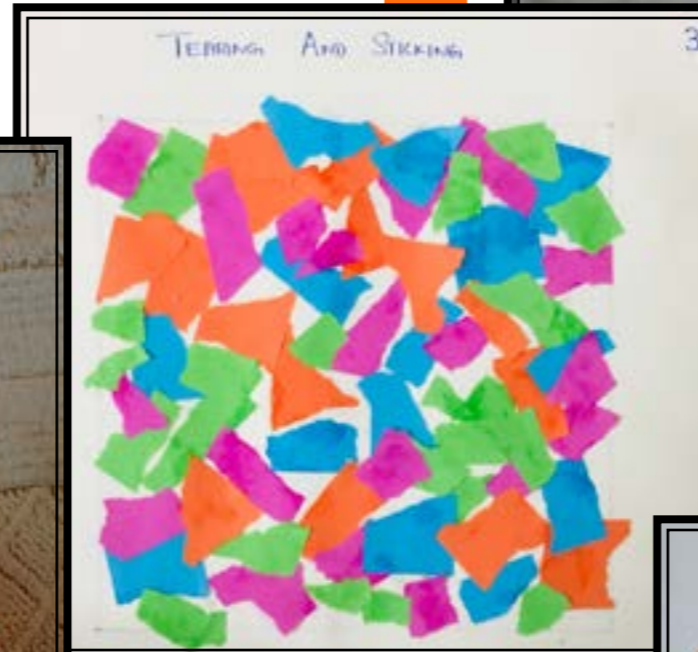


*Elshad M Sam Robbines, Pre Kg  
Fish Triangle*





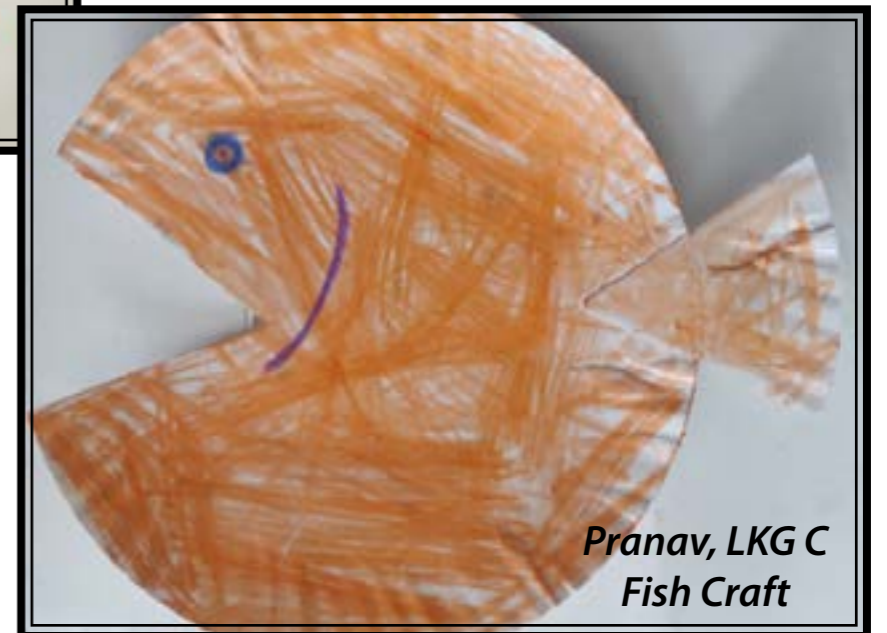
**Dhanvitha, LKG A**  
**Paper craft dog**



**Nithin Subramanian, LKG B**  
**Tearing and sticking within boundaries**

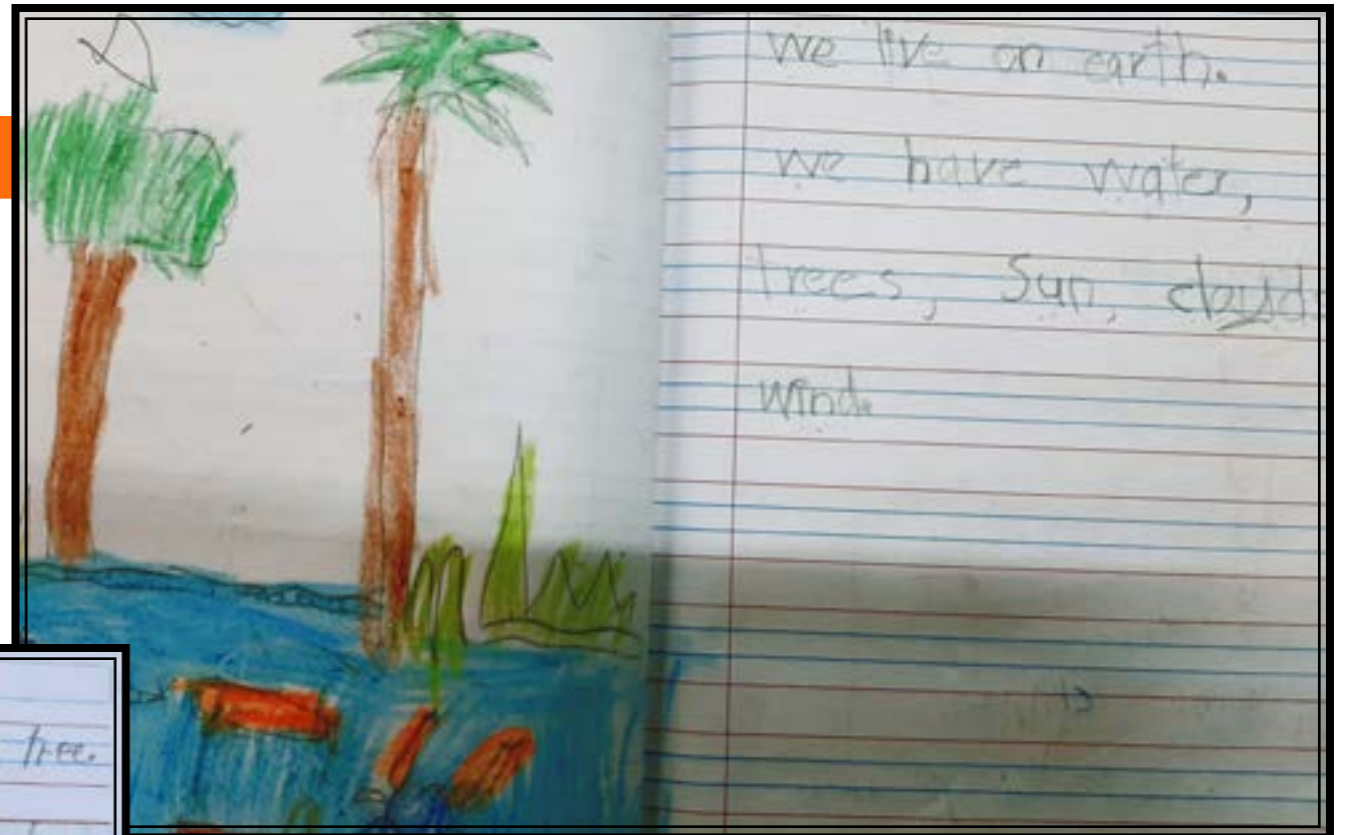


**Ronav Kishore, LKG D**  
**Paper Plate Santa**

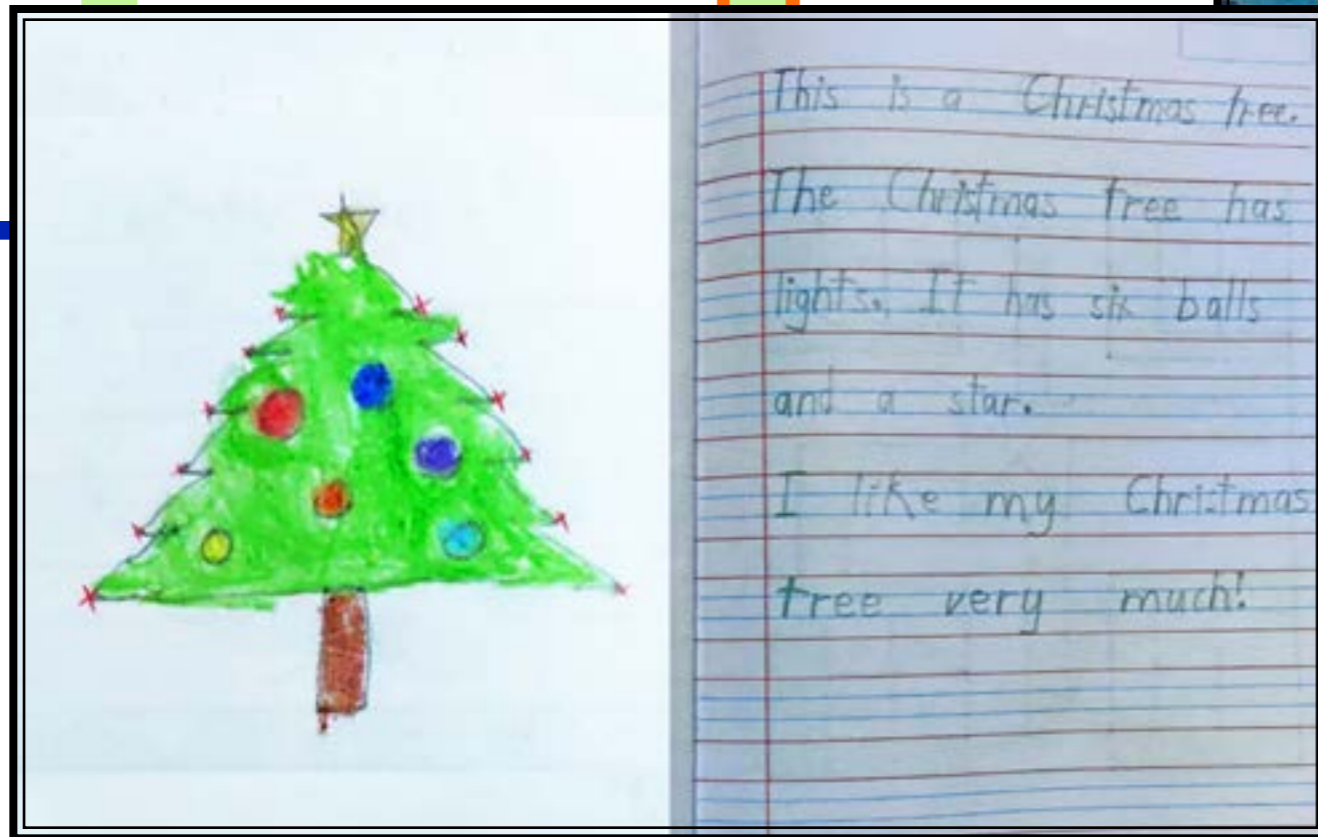


**Pranav, LKG C**  
**Fish Craft**

Journal writing



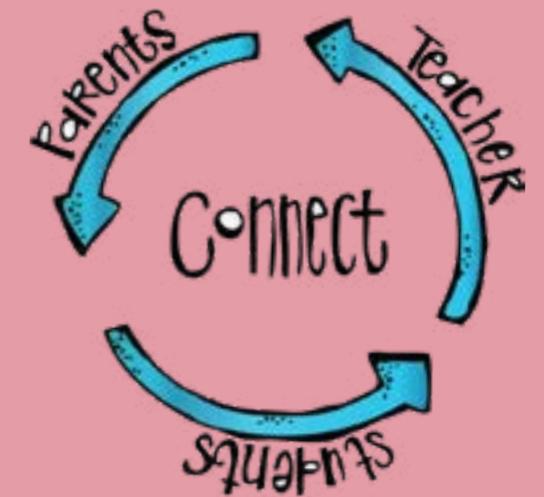
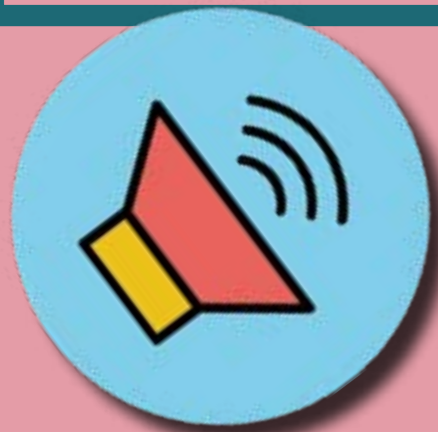
Ridhuraam Mithran, UKG B



Jordan, UKG D

APL, what a find... It is one of the best decisions that we took in our life... Our children fell in love at the first sight of the school and they enjoyed/are enjoying every bit of it.... The teachers, management team and the staff have played vital roles in their progress... The space and opportunities the school has provided have helped people grow as level-headed human beings...

- *Nanda Kumar Parthasarathy,*  
*Parent of Vittal Nanda Kumar, Gr 11 D*



Being in APL has been an exhilarating experience for my kids. They have grown out of fear and shyness. In the last two years they had a holistic growth. Hats off to all the teachers and other members of APL.

- *Devika,*  
*M/O Pranav, Gr 9 D*

# Life at APL

## **Interview with Ms Sangeetha - Head Teacher Mentor Centre & Teacher Training**

### **Vittal - What is the role of APL in your professional growth?**

Sangeetha ma'am - APL has definitely played a very big and important role. I don't think, I would have had this opportunity with varieties of experiences for me to try in any other school. Right from having been a teacher to a subject coordinator to heading different levels of school, the variety, and the depth of the experiences that I have had, I don't think I would get anywhere else

### **Vittal - How was your transition from senior school to kindergarten and then to primary school?**

Sangeetha ma'am - It has been very interesting working with children in the senior school and the experience has been really enriching and rewarding. Transitioning into kindergarten was a very interesting change. It was quite exciting to work with children at that grade and age level. I was inspired by the way they thought and worked. It was quite interesting and educative. I was always fascinated with children of any age group, understanding their mindset, how they grow and develop, and how their thought processes change over a period of time. It has been really interesting to observe children in close proximity. Moving into primary did not seem to be any different. Children seem to be children at all ages and stages. Quite a journey.

### **Vittal - Which of them was the most challenging?**

Sangeetha ma'am - It is definitely challenging enough at every level. There has not been a single day when boredom has set in. I'm not able to think of any specific moment or a role or Period where it was challenging, but if I need to say the most challenging was working from home without having to interact with children and teachers in person.

### **Vittal - How has the change affected your personality from going to different levels of the school?**

Sangeetha ma'am - I think I'm more humble and a grounded person. Having had the opportunity to work with children, children with needs and seeing dedicated teachers, I'm becoming more and more humbler and I'm definitely in awe and admiration of all the work that each one has put in at APL.

### **Vittal - How do you balance your personal life with your work?**

Sangeetha ma'am - I like what I'm doing so I don't sometimes even take a huge break or a diversion from what I'm doing. But my family is also very supportive. They know that I do what I love and enjoy. They are very supportive and accommodative, so even if I miss some social meetings, they don't make a big fuss about it. I do take some time off and I'm able to pay attention to every aspect of life as well

## Life at APL

### **Interview with Ms Sangeetha - Head Teacher Mentor Centre & Teacher Training**

**Vittal - In your free time do you have any hobbies you like to pursue?**

Sangeetha ma'am - I like reading books of different styles and genres. I definitely love going on short and long trips with family.

**Vittal - You were speaking about how online school was a bit of a difficulty, so how tough was it to interact with students online and how has the change been, back to Physical school?**

Sangeetha ma'am - Nothing can substitute or replace the physical school. All children, teachers, and adults coming to a physical space bring their own positive energy. Now we have Enough tools and technology to engage with online learning, learning away from school in a remote mode, we scaled up to the situation and managed it, but now that we are back to school, we definitely do not want to go back to online school again. With respect to some children, not everybody had equal opportunities in an online space, be it the availability of devices or the network connection or adult supervision at home. With this disparity, there were gaps.

**Vittal - What is the first feeling you had after seeing so many of your students after two years?**

Sangeetha ma'am - I had goosebumps. I really teared up. It was so much of a pleasure. Being back at school.

**Vittal - Thank you so much, ma'am**

Sangeetha ma'am - Thank you very much Vittal

**- Vittal Nanda, Gr 11D**





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