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# Insight

Monthly Newsletter of Foundation World School

## TEAM WORK



Theme for Academic  
Year 2023-24

**RESPECT FOR  
SELF AND  
RESPECTING  
OTHERS**

## MAKES THE DREAM WORK

## Investiture Ceremony



The Foundation World School organized an investiture ceremony to acknowledge and felicitate the selected students with their respective roles and responsibilities.

The ceremony served as a platform to recognize the leadership potential of these students and empower them

to take up their designated positions with dedication and enthusiasm.

The event concluded with a pledge taken by the student leaders, promising to lead by example, foster a positive and inclusive school environment, and uphold the school's values.

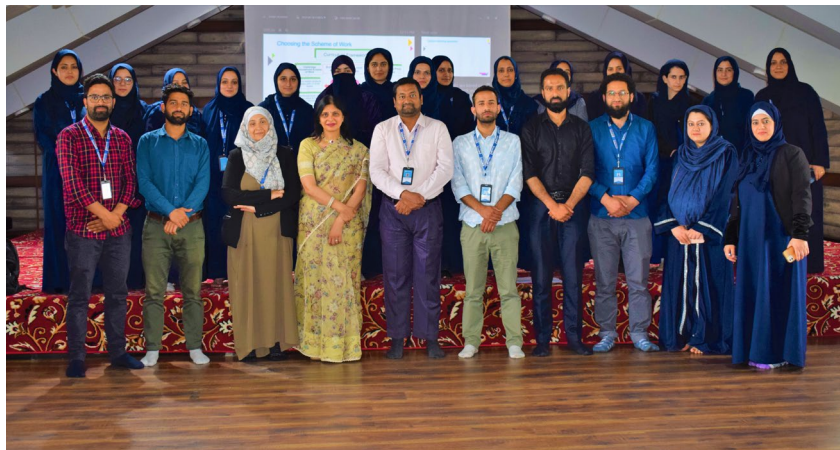
## CAIE Teacher Training Program

Our constant endeavour is to train our teachers to the International Standards of Education.

Under this initiative, 'Cambridge Assessment International Education' Teacher's Training Program for Math & Science subjects was organized on 6th and 7th June 2023.

The teacher trainer on the occasion was Dr. Kavita Sanghvi (Masters in Physics, a Master in Education, a Master in Philosophy of Education, and a CAEL [Certificate in Advanced Course in Educational Leadership] Diploma from Harvard University. She presently heads SVKM's CNM School, in Mumbai).

She is a National Awardee 2022, in 2020, she was awarded, 'Iconic Principal' by the Governor of Maharashtra. As a Cambridge trainer, she trains teachers



across India regularly and has trained teachers outside India in Maldives and

Bangladesh on Cambridge Math and Science.



# International **DRUG** ABUSE DAY

**G**lobally 26th June is observed as the International Day on Drug Abuse. Awareness is the primary step towards the eradication of any social evil. The Student Welfare Department had organized an awareness programme for the secondary students to sensitize them about the drug menace in the valley

and what measures can be taken to stay away from it. Chief Guest on the occasion was Ms. Iram Maqbool Wani. She is presently working with the Youth development & rehabilitation centre as a counselling psychologist with over 10+ years of experience in the de-addiction field.

## FUN n FROLIC DAY

**A**n in-house event “Fun and Frolic” was organised for Nursery children at kindergarten campus on 17th June 2023. The event was intended to create a joyful and engaging atmosphere and provide children with an opportunity to come together and enjoy a day filled with fun activities.



# DACHIGAM TRIP



# EDUCATIONAL TOUR



# Fun n Frolic Day



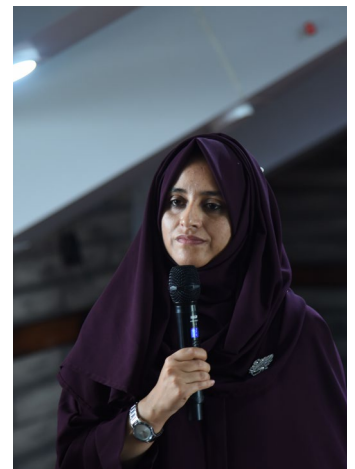
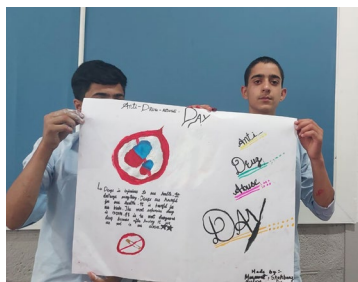
# Grade 2 Food Event



# Girls and Boys Camp



# Event on Drug Abuse



# Between the Labyrinth of Rubble

The wind gusted through the abandoned, deserted streets of the dark, mysterious village, hugging the trees and making the leaves crackle. The sky held the crumbled and fuzzy grey clouds which be darkened the place infinitely. The place was in the blackness that seemed to engulf everything. The bracing wind appeared to replenish the life of the somber, sunless village.

The leaves crunched and crackled with every step, extremely emollient and pleasing. Shattered into ruins, the antiquated, shabby houses lay covered in dust. Spider webs hung from almost every corner of the houses that were nothing but crumbled ruins. The air was seraphic, yet depressing. It was pristine but still packed with terror and mystery. The whooshing of the wind was terrifying; it seemed like being in a horror tale in a creepy place, where the white silhouettes haunt the humans. The place was luring. With each step I took, I was getting pushed into an endless ocean of darkness. It was horrific.

Between the houses fallen to pieces, an ochre bungalow caught my eye. It was in a fairly good condition. Curiosity took all over me, and I decided to explore the house. With my boots crunching the parched leaves, I moved forward and pushed the door; it abruptly creaked open with a slight touch! Immediately, a wave of terrible, putrid smell hit me, and I had to cover my mouth and nose. The house was simple on the inside, but the things lay in chaos, covered in filth. I walked inside, struggling to keep that smell away from my nose. The sound of my boots clunking on the floor echoed all through the house. Shabby frames holding illustrations of beasts and roaring wolves hung all across the house. The smell kept getting stronger with every step. While looking around, I came to a bright, yellow door, not really knowing how I ended up in front of it. The moon was visible from the window nearby. With a hint of vermilion, the shimmering moon shone in the starless sky, making the evening creepy. Slowly, I pushed the door open. The room was dimly lit, but the smell was now unbearable. It was just after I took one more step that I thought I saw a silhouetted body. My vision became blurred, and before I knew, I was falling on the ground. Was it because of the enchanted silhouette or the lingering strong smell?

Name: Azra  
Grade: 10 Diamond

## CASCADES OF CRIMSON

The sky was a dark blanket, sprinkled with tiny, shimmering dots. The moon was gleaming between the shredded clouds, and the soft, blueish moonlight filtered through the room curtains. Everything was quiescent until the door of the gate slammed open. Suddenly, the galloping of a dozen horses could be heard, sprinting and hitting their hooves hard on the ground. They are here, to ruin this serene, placid night; to disrupt and destroy the lives of the inhabitants of this dear place. In the blink of the eye, everyone's rushing randomly. The savages concealed by the darkness of the night, besieging the house, brought with them an enormous wave of panic and gloominess. The air is filled with terror and anguish, and the place is so tense it feels like exploding. The faces of the people have fallen pale, and every person is frozen to death. Such is the fear of those nefarious, stone-hearted savages, who brutally murder and torture people. The savages, who are a pack of troopers involved in a civil war in this state, are the ones who invade people's houses and possessions. They are holding metal shields and long swords covered in the sheaths. Their horses stand still, docile under their command. Boisterous and ear-deafening screams and cries come from the house as the troopers jump off their horses, smoothly removing their swords from their leather-bound sheaths. Advancing forward, they crash into the house and force open the doors of the cupboards, taking with them every valuable they find. No one dares to say a thing until a man dares to stop them. After him, all the people flood inside the house to drive them out. The infuriated troopers grip their swords tight and slide them into the bodies of the people around, twisting them mercilessly, and retrieve them. Streams of vermilion blood pour down the bodies of the victims and drop onto the floor. The floor is covered in congealed blood and lifeless corpses.

And this, it doesn't even matter. Everyday, thousands of innocent people are killed and no one dares to do anything about it here. And the rest of the world doesn't even care. "It's just a few thousand abnormal people that are killed; not a big issue"

Name: Azra  
Grade: 10 Diamond



**FOUNDATION  
WORLD SCHOOL**  
Cambridge Center No: IN094

in collaboration with



## Introduces

# Child Development Centre

Mind Meadow provides remedial support, multidisciplinary rehabilitation and early intervention services to children with neurodevelopment disorders and with special behavioral & developmental needs.



FOR MORE DETAILS PLEASE CONTACT : 9797778198