

Young Chronicle

LUGAR
REMONTARSE
VOLAR

FEBRUARY 2012

E-Monthly Magazine

Volume:01 Issue:10

Give it a thought...The Editorial

The Curious Case of Winfrey-Rushdie

The Jaipur Literary Festival of 2012 shouldn't have been called a Literary Fest but a Controversial Fest! The JCF 2012. The big question which arose in the minds of the Indians was, "Does India really have something called 'Freedom of Speech?'" Look at the Congress, played its vote-bank politics in the finest and the most ravishing way. I think Anna Hazare was quite a small peril for them. Mrs. Gandhi should be given the National Bravery Award for not giving up and a woman who still thinks she will win the race at the starting point, when others have already hit the bull's eye! The Empress of the talk show still puzzled the people with her disappointing words.

Oprah's bodyguards were arrested due to the rules they broke in Vrindavan. What a place to break the rules! The same talk show Queen comments that red lights in India are just meant for fun for the people driving on the roads! Yes, I do accept that the law and order is rather weak in this country and people break the rules but, she should also know that we don't do a million dollar loss to people's assets as the Americans do by ramming into Ferraris, Lamborghinis and all those cars of stardom and glitterati.

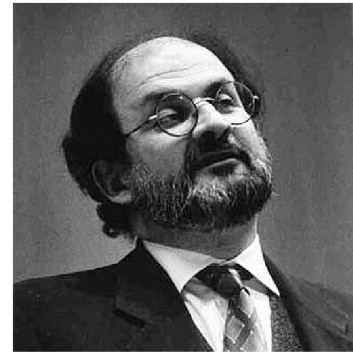


She gets invited by the Godrej parivaar in Mumbai who throw a bash for her inviting all the top celebrities of the B-town and impresses Sabyasachi. She then gets disappointed and makes the headlines of the Times of India. 'Oprah disappointed'. She speaks about the diversity and beauty of India, the splendid Taj Mahal and when asked whether she would be ever returning to India, she says, "This is my first and last visit to India." Why do Darlymple and Gokhale invite such people if they cannot adhere to the rules and regulations. Oprah has left India but has left me raged which provokes me to write more about her.

On the other hand we have Rushdie. The *Satanic Verses* is a work of a fiction. But, Rushdie should not have offended the people's sentiments. Naming the characters from the life of Prophet Muhammad, directly hit the sentiments of the Muslim community. But, people like Ayatollah Khomeini, the former Supreme Leader of the Islamic Republic of Iran, used this event as a platform to popularize himself in front of the fellow Muslims. In this condition, the people were wrong.

He said, "*We are from Allah and to Allah we shall return*". (Qoranic verse). *I am informing all brave Muslims of the world that the author of The Satanic Verses, a text written, edited, and published against Islam, the Prophet of Islam, and the Koran, along with all the editors and publishers aware of its contents, are condemned to death. I call on all valiant Muslims wherever they may be in the world to kill them without delay, so that no one will dare insult the sacred beliefs of Muslims henceforth. And whoever is killed in this cause will be a martyr, Allah Willing. Meanwhile if someone has access to the author of the book but is incapable of carrying out the execution, he should inform the people so that [Rushdie] is punished for his actions.*"

But, in the consequences faced later, Rushdie, under the protection of the British Government was never physically harmed due to the *Satanic Verses*. But several people had to meet death due to the *Satanic Verses*. A Man using the alias Mustafa Mahmoud Mazeh accidentally blew himself up along with two floors of a central London hotel while preparing a bomb intended to kill Rushdie in 1989. Hitoshi Igarashi, the Japanese translator of the book *The Satanic Verses*, was stabbed to death on 11 July 1991. Two other translators of the book survived attempted assassinations.



Ettore Capriolo, the Italian language translator, was seriously injured in a stabbing the same month as his Japanese counterpart. Aziz Nesin, the Turkish language translator, was the intended target in the events that led to the Sivas massacre in July 1993, which resulted in the deaths of 37 people. William Nygaard, the publisher in Norway, barely survived an attempted assassination in Oslo in October 1993. In Belgium, two Muslim leaders who opposed Rushdie's death penalty were shot to death. Two bookstores in Berkeley, California were firebombed. Five bookstores in England were firebombed. Twelve people died during rioting in Bombay.

So many lives but a singular peril...

Both Oprah and Salman were wrong. It is for sure that they have earned the celebrity status but in my opinion, somewhere or the other, they have hurt people, killed their emotions and have brought a catastrophe to the people's faith on them.

Now, whenever I see the e-copy of *Satanic Verses* or just hear Winfrey getting interviewed on the channels across the globe, a question always pops up in my mind, who is the real celebrity? Who is the real hero...?

- Editor



At the age of 23 you get trapped in the snow for 2 weeks while attempting to climb Mount Cook - New Zealand's highest mountain. You lose your legs in the frostbite. Twenty years later you return as a double amputee and summit Mount Cook. What do you do next - You become the first double amputee to summit the Everest. Meet the man who never called it quits. He is Mark Inglis. Trishit Banerjee meets the incredible Mark Inglis in Mumbai on 03-Dec'11.



1) Please tell us about your early life, childhood, schooling upto highest education.

I grew up in a small rural town, going through until the end of high school, my further education was later in life (BSC Hons 1st class, PhD)

2) Which were your favourite subjects in school?

Geography

3) Apart from academics which are the other activities you took interest in school and college?

Climbing and skiing

4) Please tell us at what age you started your mountaineering training?

5) Is there any particular reason which attracted you to the mountains?

Hated team sports and loved the real challenge of the mountains

6) We know about the 1982 tragic incident (the frostbite) at the summit of Mount Cook, when you were 23-years old, you got stuck up for 14 days in a sub zero blizzard. May you tell us how you lived those 14-days? How did you manage to establish contact for rescue? How many people were there with you during this incident? Did you have sufficient food/water/oxygen to last for 14-days or was it sheer will power?

A combination of just enough food/water to barely survive but mostly knowledge and will power

7) Did your family and friends advise you to retire from mountaineering after this tragic incident or did they encourage you to continue mountaineering?

Neither

8) Were you more determined to continue mountaineering after you lost both your legs below the knee? Was it a challenge you took upon yourself?

It is my life; I only carried on knowing that I could do it competently by myself

9) May you please tell us what kind of training and for how long did you undertake before you began your quest for Mount Everest?

Physical training (uphill power walking, gym work for upper body and extensive mountain biking for 6 months, climbing skills I have, trained all my life for those

10) On 15-May, 2006, you reached Mount Everest after 40-days of effort. You are the first double amputee to have climbed the Mount Everest. What were the unexpected difficulties you faced during your Everest expedition? Any scary experience which you overcame successfully. Anything out of your experience which could be helpful to aspiring mountaineers?

Just that it is very tough, you have to be very prepared and go with as much knowledge and attitude as possible

11) Apart from Everest and Mount Cook, you have conquered Cho Oyu which at 8201 metres is the 6th highest peak in the world. Which are the other peaks you have conquered as a double amputee?

No world known peaks, I climb smaller peaks every week or every month, too many to count, I do it because of the love of the mountains and challenge, not to record peaks

12) May you please tell us what kind of training a person must undertake before he actually attempts to climb a mountain. Also, what is the right age to commence such training?

You need to be fit but mostly you need the knowledge gained from experienced mountaineers, you need to be going to training courses. Rock climbing can be started from a very young age but mountaineering requires experience and some wisdom

13) Please tell us about your family. Is any member of your family a mountaineer? If yes, then please tell us some details about her expedition.

No I am the only mountaineer. My wife Anne treks extensively

14) You are also a researcher, winemaker, accomplished cyclist and a motivational speaker. How do you manage to do so many things with perfection? Any tips on time management or sheer hard work or a combination of both?

I don't actually do them to perfection, it is better to concentrate on one thing and do it very well, I just love changes.

15) You have written many books like "No Mean Feat", "Off the front", etc. Are you writing or have any plans to write a book in the near future? If yes, then would you like to tell us what your new book is about?

I am combining my life story and business books into one for the India market

16) People look upto you for motivation. Who motivates you?

All the people out there with a tough life that try and keep going

17) Which is your favourite book?

No one book sorry, too many, all very different

18) Which is your favourite holiday destination?

Nepal

19) Which is your favourite cuisine?

Changes all the time, just been through a phase of perfecting my biryani, doing Mexican at the moment and then who knows

20) Which is your favourite movie?

Shrek

21) Is there anything about yourself, which nobody knows?

Yep and I'm not telling you!!

22) When do you have any plan to visit India again?

In 2 weeks time, 11 – 21 Feb

23) If you had a second chance to live your life, what would you like to become?

Probably a doctor or a pilot, I am passionate about flying but also about our bodies and how they work

24) Can we say you are a living example of the famous adage “Attitude determines your Altitude?”

I certainly hope so!

25) Any message you want to convey to the readers of “Young Chronicle”?

Dream BIG, take the first step and then never give up, challenge is the essence of life.

Remembering the Year

Memoirs of 2011

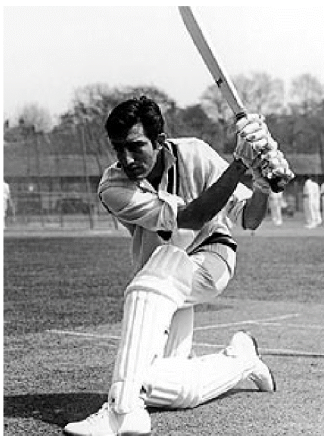
Everything happened...from winning the World Cup to the Adarsh scam, India unfolded a new chapter in its timeline of history. At one hand we saw India hosting its First ever Formula 1 Grand Prix at its newly inaugurated Buddh International Circuit, on the other hand we even saw the inauguration of the Anna Revolution across the streets of this broken nation. We saw the uprising of the Arabs when they became desperate to overthrow their despotic leaders and bring in democracy and even the United States' mission of killing Osama Bin Laden. The death of a movie lover-cum-leader Kim Jong-Il and even one of the greatest painters of 20th Century and 21st Century, MF Hussain. Starting from this month, we will take you on a journey that reminds you of every passing month of 2011 in the year 2012...

THE LAST DAYS 2011



SHAMMI KAPOOR (August 14, 2011)

An actor who was different from all his relatives in Indian film's first family, Shammi Kapoor made sure that India shook with every shake of his limb. And boy, did he shake! The Elvis Presley of the east, his peculiar brand of physical acting won him legions of fans. No surprise then those ignorant teenagers across India once thought he owned Yahoo.



MANSOOR ALI KHAN 'PATAUDI' (September 22, 2011)

Tiger Pataudi's father, Iftikhar would make him practice fielding so hard that his mother would cry out in pain. Born to lead, the Nawab went on to become the India's greatest cricket captain. He lost an eye in an accident, but succeeded at the highest level despite the shortcoming. He married Sharmila Tagore, produced star kids, and never lost his acerbic sense of humor.



BHUPEN HAZARIKA (November 5, 2011)

One of the most influential artists from India's Northeastern states, Bhupen Hazarika cut across the language barrier with haunting melodies that had whiffs of American concert folk. Influenced by Paul Robeson's *Ole Man River* during their time together in New York, Hazarika created India's finest ode to a river, *O Ganga Tumi*. He

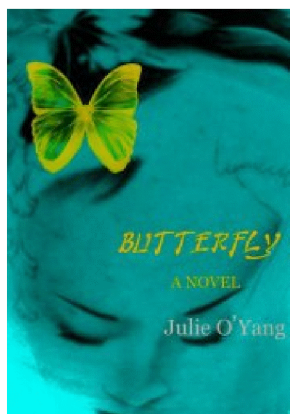
also wrote music for several Hindi films.

(To be contd...)



Recommended Book of the Month

BUTTERFLY



History is written only once...and so is the Butterfly...I would regard this as one of the best books I have ever read. With such exquisite feelings, the book compels the readers to go back and read the same sentence again and again for this extraordinary work of literature is filled with jaw-dropping mysteries in every page. Reading this book reminds me of Arundhati Roy's 'The God of Small Things', a Man Booker Prize Winner for the year 1997. Through the eyes of a young boy who is just capable enough of carrying satchel to the classroom, I would never regard Julie's work as a work of the wrinkled times, for, great stories remain in the minds of the reader for the years to come irrespective of the age. Like the vibrant colours of the butterfly, the book leaves a gleaming impression on the minds of the reader. Set in the turbulent times of Sino-Japanese War, a fatal love story between a married Chinese woman and a young Japanese soldier, the book takes you on a turbulent ride, through ups and downs of aggression, drama, love and ravishingly selected words. A climax behind the scenic Yangtze river, keeps the reader pondering long after the book is read. It makes me remind of the legendary and notable Hindi writer, Premchand, whose characters in the stories can be related by any person in the world at some stage of his life. I would surely wish good luck to Julie for the journey in the world of love, loss, aggression, forlorn and above all suppressed feelings which need to resurface itself in this literary world...

To read this mind blowing book, please move your cursor to the following link:

<http://www.amazon.com/Butterfly-classic-fan-shape-illustrations-ebook/dp/B006P2OBMK>.

Stories with holes in it

Stories with holes in it

TALES FROM XANADU

- Julie O' Yang

A TWIST IN THE SHADOW

The airy music from Xanadu is somehow associated with shadows. The tempest-tossed vessel on the turbulent twists and turns of bright, dim light where nothing is what it seems to be. What I'm going to tell is a strange, precious story. A story carved in solid stone – until I set it free.

But those who know do not speak, and those who speak do not know.

It is Xanadu's ancient belief that made my brother and me see things as they are, for even at our young age – 7 years, we are twins – we were model children. We never spoke the forbidden sounds, afraid as we were of their unspeakable powers like unspeakable Truth. Us from Xanadu, we are born observers, just like the kites we fly. Our kite does not hurry, yet everything is accomplished.

Have I already told you? Our city is built on marble, that's our way to appreciate life that we wish would continue to exist after we died. Our kite told us that from above, Xanadu looks like a bone-white, dry river painted with of inky, stony ripples and tides; a series of natural and spontaneous changes. Xanadu is constantly flooded, constantly beautiful, constantly plagued by cruelty.

One day, following the direction our kite pointed us, my brother and I surfed on the rigid waters. That afternoon, we saw through the eyes of our kite, a boy and a girl, silent and naked, in a room where they hid themselves. They were making love under the large portrait of the Crimson Emperor, right under those eyes of prying, magnificent cruelty. What we saw was more than a biological act—more than Love. It was a protest out of Love, a chemical process whose stinging tenderness left traces in our heart forever. It healed the cracks in our heart for the years to come, and healed the cracks in the marble floor where they melted into each other's arms to become a statue of liberty, protesting being unloved and killed, mute denunciation against all that mass insanity.

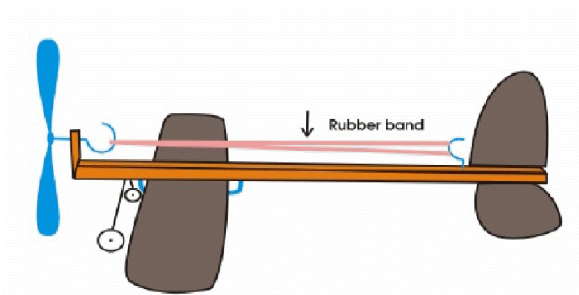
What I'm going to tell is a strange, precious story. A story carved in stone – until I set it free. An unheard whisper in the darkest days of our young-old lives has become a ray of light we can't resist until our death.

Julie O'Yang is a novelist and visual artist based in The Netherlands. Born and brought up in China, she came to Europe in 1990s to study at the University of London. Then she read Japanese Language and Culture at the University of Leiden, Holland, and Tokyo/Nagasaki, Japan. Her short stories, poetry and articles have appeared in magazines and newspapers worldwide. Download her latest novel on Amazon Kindle today! <http://www.amazon.com/Butterfly-classic-fan-shape-illustrations-ebook/dp/B006P2OBMK>. MORE RISKS, MORE EXCITEMENT, MORE EVERYTHING @t: www.julieoyang.com

THE INNOVATOR'S CHOICE

-ANKIT TIWARI

BUILD YOUR OWN GLIDER



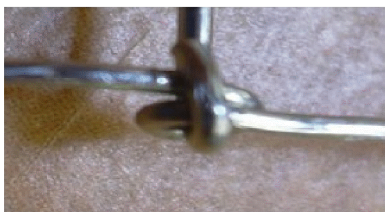
Introduction: In its simplest form, a glider is an unpowered aircraft, an airplane without a motor. While many of the same design, aerodynamic and piloting factors that apply to powered airplanes also apply to gliders, that lack of a motor changes a lot about how gliders work. Gliders are amazing and graceful machines, and are about as close as humans can get to soaring like birds.

Materials required: 12 cm long cylindrical metallic container with airtight cap, nails, Brass or any metal tubes (smallest in Diameter that you can get), tripod stand, Glue Gun, Soldering Iron

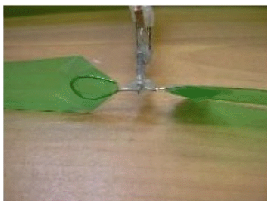
Step 1: Make propeller of the glider using a plastic bottle or any plastic material in such a way that it has an angle of twist from the outside to the center.



Step 2: Make the paper clip shaft. The 2 pieces of wire bent together to form a T shape.



Step 3: Attach the propeller wings to the T-shaped wire that you have made.



Step 4: Use an empty ball pen refill for free motion of the wire frame and attach it on a long balsa wood stick as shown in the figure.



Step 5: Now design the wings of the glider (preferably 20-30cm each) and assemble them on the balsa strip. Hook a good quality rubber band as shown in first figure.



Tips: For an effective glider make them as light as possible or else its flight time would reduce. Also make sure that the wings of the glider are mounted at some angle to provide lift to the glider....

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- Trishit Banerjee

It was a warm summer night last year. I still remember that day. The stars gleamed in the clear brilliant black sky. I stood at the paan-shop to buy one for my mother. We had gone to attend a wedding ceremony of one of our neighbours. It was around nine in the evening. My summer break had begun. The man packed a paan for me quickly. He knew me very well. I was a regular customer at his store till that day. He knew my mother too. A boy with a spotted sun-dried skin sat nearby. I never knew him, nor did he know me. The man asked me a question. "How much percentage did you get this time"? He asked me in his typical Bihari accent of Hindi. I replied, "96.5%". I was honest this time. To my astonishment, he then said, "My son, who is sitting there, has given his exam for grade tenth board examination and now he is not at all sure whether he will pass or not and he takes life easily." It was quite an unexpected thing from the paan seller who was barely literate.

He came from a small village from one of those states in Northern India. He considered Mumbai as an opportunity to start a small paan-shop in one of its central suburbs. He was a friendly man. The question was not of hearing unexpected things at unpredictable time but it was the question of that boy, who finds anything rather everything, a stupid topic to think of. The first question that popped up in my mind was 'Doesn't he have any feelings for his father? Does he have a heart made out of stone?' This question still remains unanswered for me. Even after a year since this incident has happened, nothing has changed. Today, whenever I go and stand on my balcony I can see that boy ruthlessly running across the streets. He is beguiled by the dark paths of life.

His father wants his boy to study, develop and shine. He does not want him to be a paan-seller like him for he knows there is no future in it. The man who worked hard in the chilly winter mornings only for his son to shine among the crowd, is now left barren for all his hopes and expectations have died. Like the laugh of the wind, this time has also passed. I don't know whether his son has succeeded or not but I can say confidently that he believes that I will succeed one day in the coming years. This expectation has carried me forward and will carry me tomorrow too...

It is quite a common story even in my school. The sons of the silver coins flaunt themselves. I could never mingle with those gangs and for that, they consider me as a weird student carrying a satchel and who does not know to enjoy life! I know, this won't make me a socialite. For I even know that this won't bring me too many friends but I am happy for that since, more the options, more is the confusion. I believe that time and realisation can never go hand-in-hand and they never should. That's the test of life...

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