



JAL-ITIHAAS

GYAN BHARATI SCHOOL, SAKET



Floods

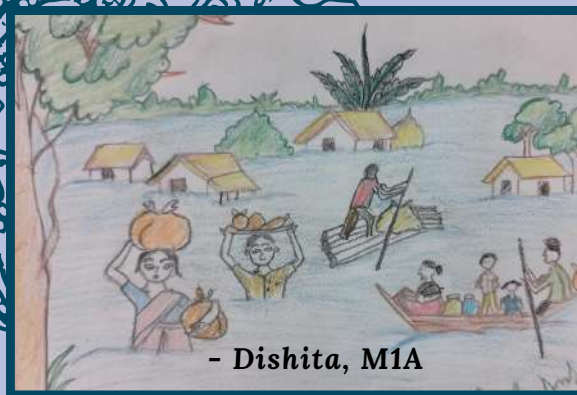
- Water Artists
- वार्तालाप- The Guardian of Water
- Flood Survival 101
- Ink and Imagination
- ItiMania
- Jaltihaase@GyanBharati



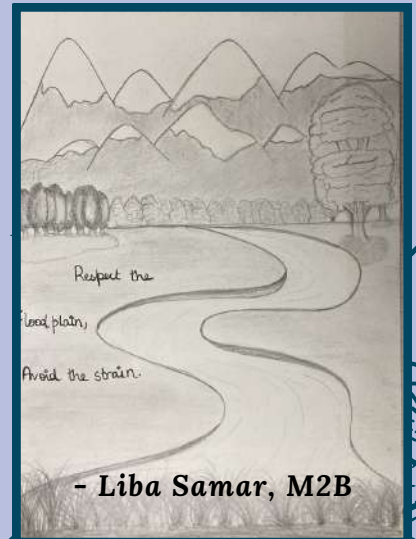
Water Artists



- Sia Chadha, M3A



- Dishita, M1A



- Liba Samar, M2B



I am Flood

I am flood, a mighty force of nature. Like all life, I, too, rise from and die in water. Many things can cause my birth: excessive rainfall, rapid snowmelt, or the failure of a dam. When water breaches the capacity of rivers, lakes and dams I emerge in a magnificent spectacle of vigour, announcing my presence with a thundering roar.

Like humans, I too have myriads of personalities. I can be a flash flood, river flood, coastal flood, urban flood . . . the list goes on and on. It all depends on my circumstances. If there has been intense rainfall in a short duration, I, much like Flash, arrive swiftly and unexpectedly and reach every nook and corner in low-lying regions. My power is short lived because there is much to do and no time at all! My least favourite persona is the urban flood. The amount of sewage I have to embody makes me queasy every time and I prefer to exit the stage quickly.

Nowadays, things are as hectic as ever. It feels like I am being called to work all the time. I have to be in several places all at once and this is stretching me thin. I am unable to rest, think or enjoy my work.

With deforestation and urbanisation, along with the triggered climate change, I was under the impression that humans loved me and, beckoned me every now and then with their shenanigans. But as I was hanging out near my favourite spot in Brahmaputra I heard something completely and devastatingly awful. I am a 'natural disaster!' Me!? A disaster!?!? The gall! The sheer hypocrisy! Especially when they do things to make me appear! I am a natural cycle! Not a destructive force of nature!

Humans must remember that death is an obvious part of living. Humans have set up civilisations which go against the flow of nature. Their dams oppress rivers and their concrete jungles repel water. They forget that I replenish nutrients in the soil, support aquatic habitats, and enhance the overall health of a region.

'Good and bad are two sides of the same coin.' This is all the time I had. I must go back to Karnataka.

- Chaitanya Khanna and Hardik Saini, M2D

वातालिप- The Guardian of Water with Subhajeet Mukherjee

Subhajeet Mukherjee, 'The 'Environment Crusader,' is credited with driving the mass movement of 'Tree Plantation' in and around Mumbai. By planting over 82,000 trees, he has amplified the green cover of Mumbai, which has earned him the title of 'The Green Man.' He wishes to inspire every individual to grow his own oxygen.

Srishti Vashisth: Namaste Sir, I am Srishti Vashisth from Gyan Bharati School, Saket. Thank you so much for your precious time. I wanted to interview you to build my knowledge through your journey for water conservation.

Subhajeet Mukherjee: Thank you so much for having me here!

Srishti Vashisth: Sir, my first question for you is, what inspired you to come into this line of work?

Subhajeet Mukherjee: It is because of my difficult life experience. When I was a kid like you, things were much easier for me but now things are very difficult. Everything is so expensive. Back then, everything was free but nowadays we have to buy a liter of water for Rs. 20. Water is a gift from God to mankind but we have to buy it now. This hurt me a lot. That's why I got into this line.

Srishti Vashisth: That is so inspiring! Sir, what hardships did you face when you first started?

Subhajeet Mukherjee: So, whenever we start something it is like a new job, like when you start going to school for the first time you think 'Why am I here?' Similarly when I started no one was interested in us, we weren't getting any funds. But we all learn and that is how I also learned.

Srishti Vashisth: Then how did you manage to convince others?

Subhajeet Mukherjee: See, people gradually understood the problem we are facing and we started talking to individuals in detail repeatedly which is a very important thing- show them the reference, show them the good work. See, we don't go to class 12 without studying in class 10. We start from standard 1st then standard 2nd then standard 3rd, similarly we also started from small work by planting few trees, working on few water projects and then people gained confidence. Now, when I say something needs to be done, they all participate.

Srishti Vashisth: Sir, now what are you hoping to do next?

Subhajeet Mukherjee: So now, it is about scaling up. All our examples, all our studies are done. Now we know what is going to work. We plan to make it large scale, it isn't about planting one tree now, rather it is about planting lakhs of trees. It isn't about taking care of one pond anymore but all the ponds. With the help of all the 8 lakh people we are connected with, we are going to make a big impact.

Srishti Vashisth: I wish you all the best for your endeavors sir. Thank you for your time.

Subhajeet Mukherjee: Thank you so much!



- Srishti Vashisth, M3B

Flood Survival 101

10 essential things you must have to glide through a flood.

Emergency Blanket or Poncho or Aluminium Blanket

Waterproof Emergency Whistle

Multi-Tool or Swiss Army Knife

Non-Perishable Food

First Aid Kit

Flashlight and Extra Batteries

Battery-Powered or Hand-Crank Radio

Waterproof Bag or Container

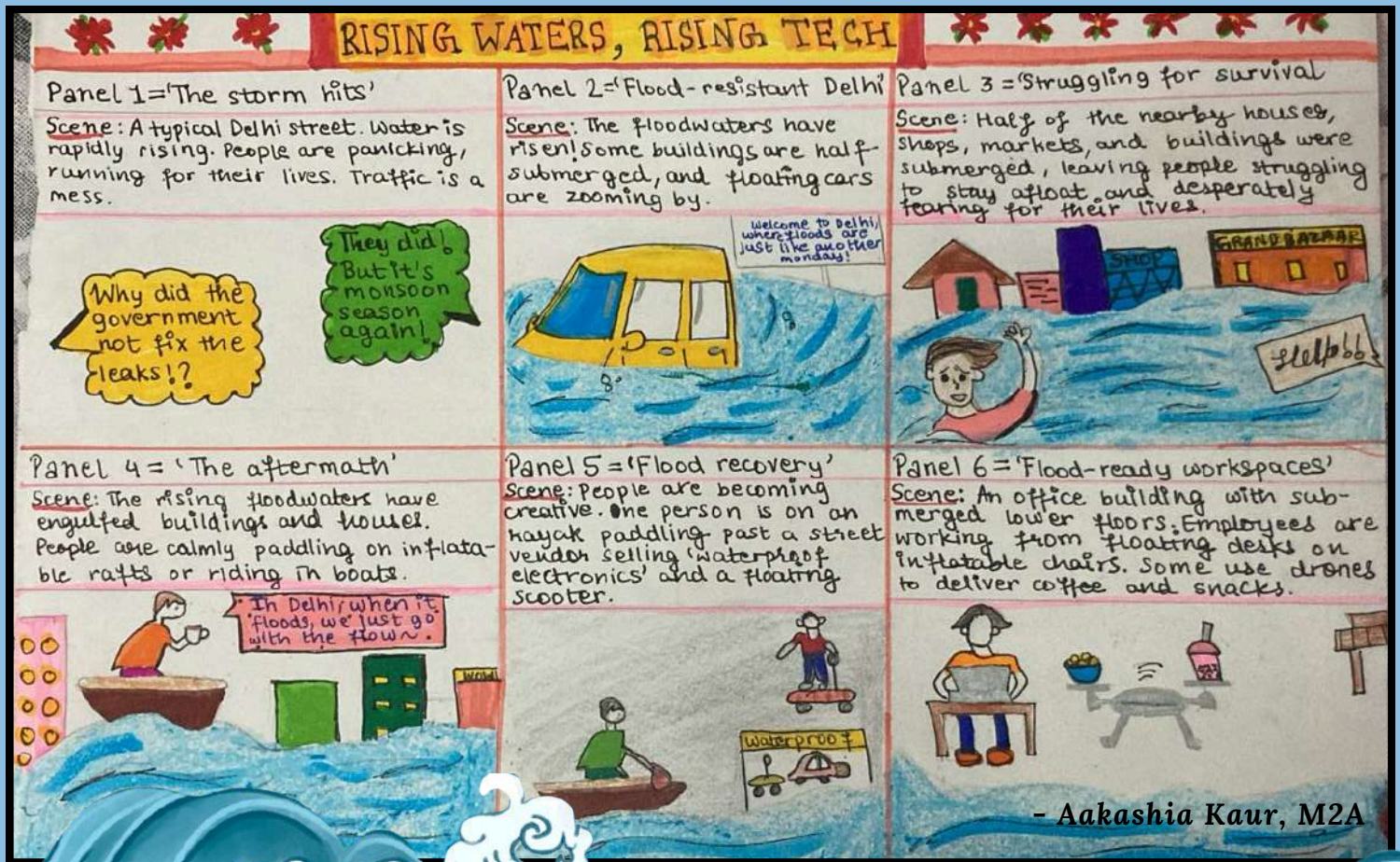
Personal Identification and Emergency Contacts

Clean Drinking Water



- Rashita Maan, M2D

Ink & Imagination



Floating with the Flood

From the river, from the seas,
 Now I am in your street with ease.
 Along with me, I've brought my fleet—
 Come on, fishes, come on, frogs, let's have some treats!

I've cleared your way, pools set all around,
 Come on, let's play, floating and diving around.
 Let's do some rafting, splash and play,
 My waves are rising up, up today!

I'm breaking into houses like a spy,
 Checking what's inside as I swim by.
 I'll rush through every door,
 Don't mind me if I float your floor!

Your couch will rise up to the sky,
 You'll think it's on a roller coaster ride, oh my!
 Cars will swim, buses will float,
 So simply join in and grab a boat!

But don't be crazy, don't make a fuss,
 I'll be gone when the sun is up,
 So, for now, just go with the flow,
 Because when I'm here, it's just me and the sea, you know!

- Aarush Bansal, M1E



Floods

The sky wept first, a warning cry,
A shroud of grey spread wide and high.
I watched the earth drink deep and slow, Till
rivers swelled and ceased to flow.

My fields, once gold, now drowned in black,
My home a shadow, no path back.
The waters crept with quiet might, Stealing
the dreams of a peaceful night

Oh, nature's fury, a mother's scorn
You tear apart what you'd once borne.
My hands that sowed, now tightly clasp,
Praying for mercy in this endless grasp

The cradle rocked by waters wild,
I hold to my breast my crying child.
His tiny breath, my anchor here,
In this torrent of endless fear.

Yet, through the flood, a strength does grow
A woman's spirit, fierce and aglow.
For though it breaks, it cannot bend
And like the flood, it has no end.

So I wade through waters, chest-deep and cold,
My story untold, my courage bold.
The flood will pass, the sun will rise,
Hope will return to these tear-stained skies.

- Vidisha Bhattacharya, M3E

Waves of Despair, Rays of Hope



If the water changes its behaviour
If it is close too
If we can't get the saviour
We will lose too.

It can make us cry tears of blood
I think it is the rapid withdrawal of water
I am talking about the flood
Recurrent, like a started motor.

But it still has the power
To build a habitat.
It can still help trigger
The germination of new plant.

It benefits native species
As it flushes out invasive ones
It can provide suitable conditions
For breeding of birds and others.

It is neither good nor bad
It is either beneficial or damnable
It is neither pleasant nor awful
It is either enemy or comrade.

- Rashita Maan, M2D



A Trickle of Tears

Raman was a young schoolboy, and perhaps the worst student Chaitanya Niketan had ever taught. He had a tendency to attract trouble wherever he went. His teachers had completely given up on him. None of this bothered Raman, for he had no concerned guardian, and lived in the local orphanage. His parents had unfortunately lost their lives to a gruesome flood when Raman was only 4 years old. The rescue authorities had heaved him up from beneath a heavy shelf, as he cried out for his mother. He could not help but envy the children who had a comfortable home to go to, with their families, whereas he only had the sappy and unwelcoming orphanage to return to.

One morning, after having a good scolding about how incompetent he was, he stepped out of the orphanage and starting walking in the cold, dull rain. He was distracted, wondering whether him not doing his Math's homework 4 times in a row would simply get him standing outside or sent to the stern head's office. He stumbled in and climbed up the stairwell, skipping two steps at a time. He reached his classroom, and saw his class teacher scribbling on pieces of paper and peering down on a folder. Hauntingly slow, the morning lessons somehow passed.

In Math period, Sunita ma'am casted him a disgusted look and turned away. She cleared her throat. "Raman Chatterjee, come up here." Raman obeyed. "I think I am right in assuming you have not done your homework?" Raman nodded, ashamed. Sunita ma'am raised her eyebrows and shrieked at him for at least 15 minutes before beckoning him to go to the principal's room.

Raman hung his head and walked out of the class. The principal's office was on the ground floor. He was about to reach the chestnut door when suddenly there was a rumble, the one Raman had heard near the river. He stopped dead in his tracks.

There was a huge uproar and in a spilt second an enormous wave of water hit him with great force. Raman toppled sideways, as he heard the faint sound of the blazing alarms. All classes were evacuated from the back entrances. No one was there to see him, rescue him. The water had clutched his insides and was wringing them tightly. He gasped and inhaled a stream of cool, dirty water. He had never learnt to swim. He wriggled . . . struggled to push forward but the water tugged him back. He slumped downwards and sank in, no longer attempting anything, dipping into forever slumber.

The next time Raman awoke, he was surrounded in an endless tapestry of soft white. He sat up slowly, and took in this bizarre scenery. "I see you're awake Raman." Raman scrambled to his feet. He saw a good-natured face, peering at him and smiling profoundly. It was his very own Principal. Astonished, Raman asked curiously, "Did you die in the flood too sir?"

"Ahhh, yes. It was rather unfortunate you see. I first felt I could escape, then I was pushed against my bookshelf which collapsed and landed me in heaven." He fixed his crooked spectacles. Raman looked around.

"Sir, I was just wondering, did anyone else . . . pass away?"

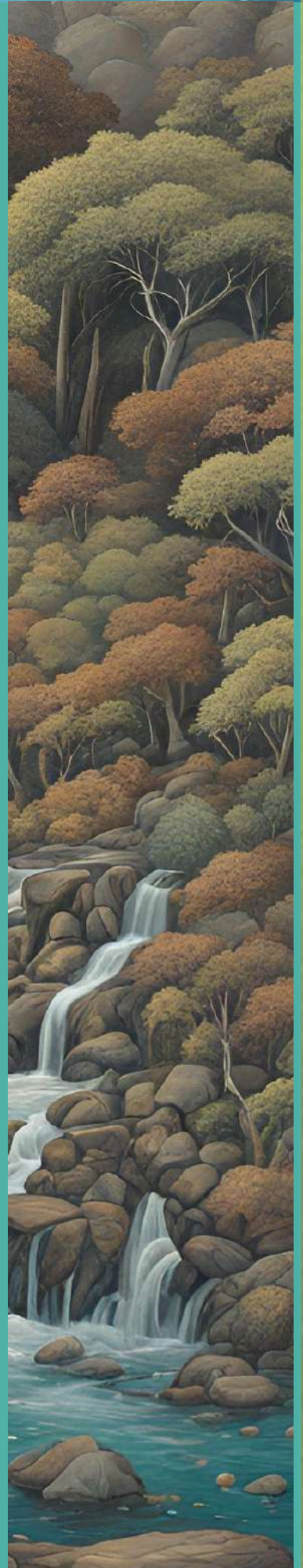
"Yes, Raman! Countless others, it was not predicted. Many women were cooking, vendors were selling vegetables, children were playing happily or studying. It took us all by surprise. Sadly, many families lost their beloved. Would you like to see?" he asked him gently. Raman nodded. He followed his principal into the depths of the beaming light. What he saw next made his jaw drop. Rows of people were sitting tearfully, in the loudest silence Raman had ever experienced.

He whispered to his principal, "Sir, can we do anything to stop floods?"

"Not us, Raman, but the people who still live on earth can. Alas, humanity has pushed the limits of nature too far. It has stripped nature of its blossom. Cutting trees in a reckless manner, improper agricultural practices, climate change and so many more malpractices beget such tragedies. If we just attempt to cooperate with nature and not push its boundaries, we can achieve what we preach," he finished. Raman nodded and understood that floods tore families apart and it was all mankind's mistake, or should we say fault?

Countless families lose their loved ones every year due to floods. Roughly 7,600 people die every year in floods worldwide. These include family members, friends, relatives, pets, and innocent strangers. One household practicing to strive to put a stop to floods can potentially influence many others. Make a difference. Stay safe and smiling.

- Aiza Shamin, M2A



Anchors of Resilience



My Dear Citizens,
We are used to seeing water flow at our will around us. This makes us blind as to when the water overflows. I still get nightmares about how I survived a flood with serious injuries. I was one of the few lucky ones. I warmly request you all to understand how serious floods are and try your best in taking preventative care.

-Divyanshi Mishra M1C

Dear World,
I was one of the few survivors of a terrifying Wayanad flood. It was a flash flood, where water rose quickly, destroying hundreds of lives. We were terrified for our life and the things we own, but the brave rescuers risked their lives and carried us through the water, providing us food and shelter. I urge you to always stay prepared for natural disasters, know escape routes, and listen to the warnings. My family and I owe our lives to our rescuers.

Saksham Jha, M1E

Dear world,
The flood swept away our homes and dreams. We ran to get to higher buildings. We fought against the relentless incoming water. While we waited for the NDRF team to reach us, we rationed our resources and shared everything. It was a nightmarish experience but we found unity in that adversity.

- Ryanadam Cross, M1B

Dear World Citizens,
On a dark stormy night, a dreadful incident changed our lives. While everyone was sleeping peacefully, heavy torrential rains turned into floods. There was chaos everywhere and the terror soon gripped by heart. My family told me, "We should not panic in such a situation. We should stay calm, gather essentials and wait for the rescue team." They arrived and we followed their instructions to the T. They know their jobs well. If you ever face floods, God forbid, put your faith in them and be courageous. They are God's messengers.

-Anvita Mishra, M1-D

Dear World,
When I was a little girl, a flood washed away my home. The water rose, leaving us hopeless. In that dark moment, a rescuer extended his help and dragged us out of that place. I will never forget his gentle smile and determined eyes. Dear world, always be prepared for a disaster and never let prejudice come in the way of unity.

- Aalya Gautam, M1A

A Page from the Life of a Rescuer

Monday

1 December 2024

22:00 hours

Hey, diary. Another draining day. The rain hasn't stopped for days, and the water level keeps rising. The situation seems to be getting worse by the minute, and it feels like the whole town is sinking beneath the weight of the flood. I've been out on rescue missions nonstop, and I'm honestly feeling the pressure more than ever. But I can't afford to throw in the towel—not yet. Too many lives are hanging in the balance.

I've never told anyone this, but I need to get it off my chest and who better than you dear, my loyal companion. There are moments that just scare me like hell. Looking at a drowned town plunged into chaos—people fighting for their lives, some trying to swim, others sinking beneath the water. I don't know why, but sometimes it just gets to me, and a deep fear sets that I can't shake. There are times when I honestly don't know who to save first—the elderly man who can barely stand, the child crying for his parents, a woman holding onto a tree branch for dear life, or that pitiful dog caught in the flood. Sometimes, I don't want to make these choices. Sometimes, I just want to run away. But I can't.

The hardest part of this job isn't the danger or the flood itself. It's getting people to leave because they refuse to accept the danger. I spent hours today trying to convince one family to evacuate. The floodwaters were already creeping up their doorstep, but they refused to go. "We'll be fine," they said. "It's not that bad yet." It's so frustrating. They don't understand how quickly things can spiral. The water can rise in the blink of an eye, and by the time they realize it's serious, it might already be too late. And sometimes, they argue with me—asking, "Who are you to tell us to leave our home?" In those moments, I can't help but wonder the exact same thing—who indeed am I to ask them to leave everything they've known, everything they've worked for?

I get it. I really do. People are scared to leave. Their homes are their memories, their lifelines. I can't imagine what it's like to watch it all slip away. But I've seen what happens when people don't leave in time. I've seen whole neighbourhoods disappear, lives lost in an instant. It's something I wouldn't wish on anyone, which is why I fight so hard to get people to safety. Because I know, I know the irreparable cost of delaying, of being unable to let go. Sometimes, I have to force them to go, and it never feels right. But it's the only option for me.

It will be the only option for me. What truly stings, though, is when people ask, "Who are you?" or when the media focuses only on the death toll and destruction, while the rescuers are left in the shadows. We're out there in the water, risking our lives to save others, and yet we rarely get a second thought. It can feel like we're invisible—just another cog in the machine, doing the dirty work while everyone else gets the attention. And I know it's not about fame or recognition, but a little respect, a little acknowledgement would heal our hearts and mind like the rays of a warm sun in a cold winter morning. We don't ask for the moon; we just want to be seen, to know that our efforts are valued.

But even when people forget to count us, we keep going. Today, I couldn't shake the feeling that no matter how many people we save, they will never be enough. The floods always come back. We can save lives today, but what about tomorrow? Or the next time? But someone has to step up to the plate. Even when I'm completely drained, I can't stop. Too many people are depending on us, and I won't leave them in the lurch.

The day ended, and I was beyond exhausted. Now, I'm going to hit the sack and try to regain some energy for the battle ahead tomorrow. It's always strange, leaving people behind in the flood zones, knowing we can't reach everyone. But we must first take care of ourselves to care for others. We give our all, and that's all we can do. It's like walking on thin ice, knowing each step is dangerous, but still, we move forward. In some strange way, it feels like we're offering a lifeline—pulling people back from the grip of death, wrestling with Yama himself.

I just hope tomorrow will be a better day. The situation feels like an uphill battle, but I'm going to keep pushing forward. For everyone who needs us.

"We ask for little, just a touch of grace, sacrificing all to keep others safe."

- Dhriti Goel, M3E

ItiMania

PLAY

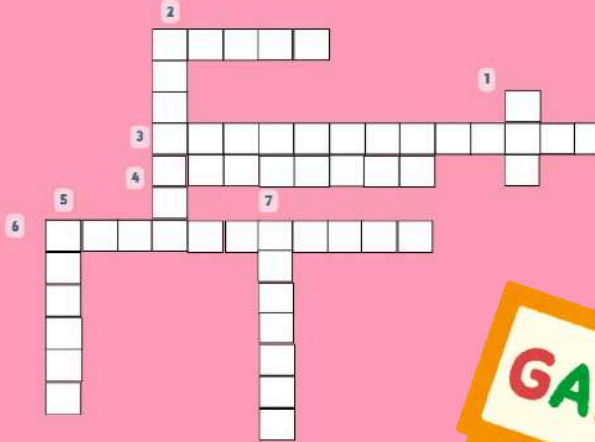
FLOODS

DOWN

1. The barrier which stops the flow of surface water.
2. The failure caused due to the disaster and has many effects or impacts.
6. Another word for a severe flood.
7. Region facing floods oftenly.

ACROSS

5. The ruination of the area due to flooding.
4. To fill a space to its capacity and spread beyond its limits.
3. One of the cause of flood.
2. The main component of flood.



Crossword Corner

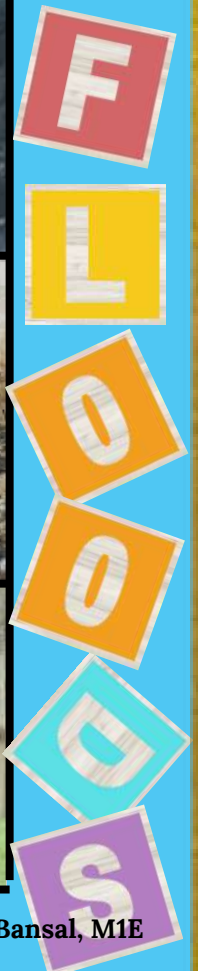
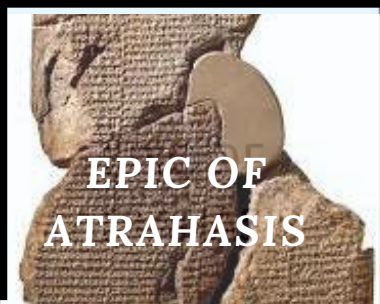
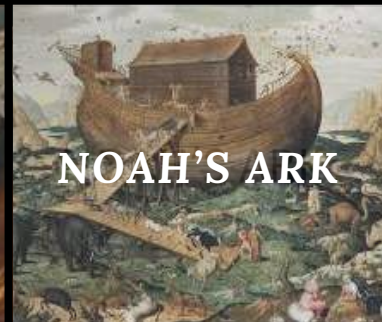


- Down
1. Dam
 2. Washout
 6. Deluge
 7. Coastal
- Across
2. Water
 3. Heavy rainfall
 4. Overflow
 5. Destruction

- Advika Bansal, M2D

Myth Mystic

Test your knowledge about all things mythical on floods

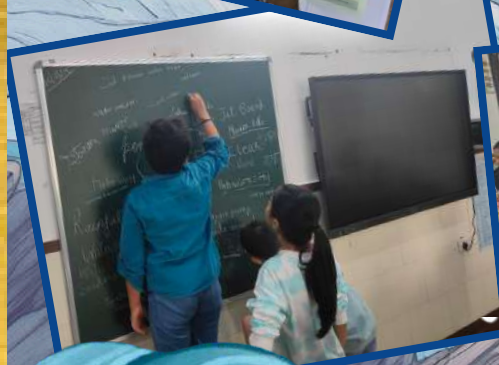
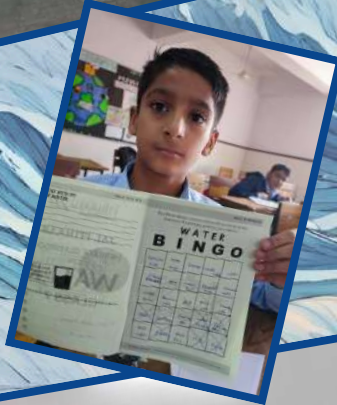
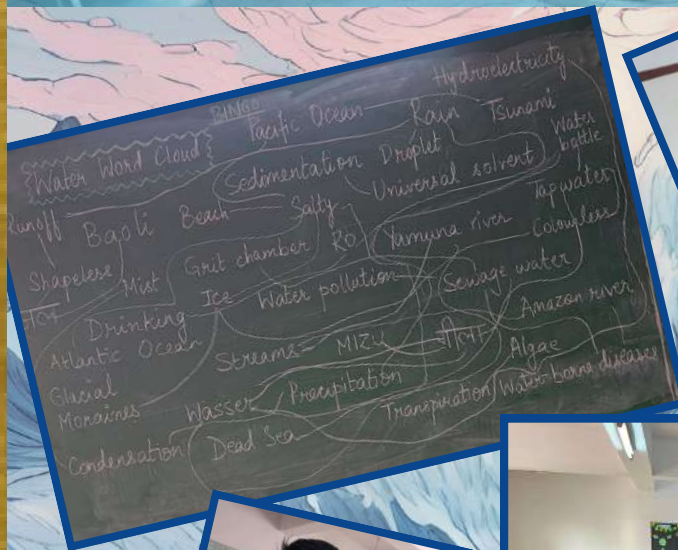


- Aarush Bansal, M1E

Match and Assess the Threat

Visualisation	Threat
	<p>Climate Change Increases in global temperatures cause more intense rainfall, rising sea levels, and extreme weather events, all of which heighten the risk of flooding.</p>
	<p>Lack of Proper Drainage Systems Inefficient or poorly maintained drainage networks result in water accumulation, especially during heavy rains, turning urban areas into flood zones.</p>
	<p>Poor Urban Planning Development in flood-prone areas without proper risk assessment exposes communities to greater flood risks.</p>
	<p>Unregulated Construction Unchecked building activities often block natural waterways, disrupt drainage systems, and weaken land stability, intensifying flood damage.</p>
	<p>Old Infrastructure Aging dams, levees, and drainage systems may fail under pressure, unable to handle modern floodwater volumes or intensities.</p>
	<p>High Population Density Concentrated populations in urban areas lead to higher impervious surface coverage (like concrete), reducing natural water absorption and increasing surface runoff.</p>
	<p>Deforestation The removal of trees reduces soil stability and water absorption, leading to more rapid runoff and erosion during heavy rains.</p>
	<p>Low-Lying Areas Coastal or riverine low-lying regions are naturally prone to flooding and are increasingly vulnerable due to rising sea levels and land subsidence.</p>

Valtihaas@GyanBharati



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