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# THE IMPRESSIONIST

SANSKRITI MODEL UNITED NATIONS 2021



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# The Tale of Journalism in India

*Aryan Chowdhury of the Dawn News Agency uncovers the diary entry of Suresh Manjrekar, a freelancer who is dying a slow death in India.*

Dear Diary,

It has been seven days. Seven days since that happened. I remember it so vividly, every moment etched into my memory, never seeming to float away. You see, diary, I was a freelancer, selling stories to big factories. Some may call me liberal, but I consider myself a seeker, a seeker of truth as I had learnt in so many Civics classes. What they don't teach in school is the fact how difficult it is to release the truth. You remember about the new Act, right? It is fashionably called the National Capital Territory of Delhi (Amendment) Act, 2021. As suggested by the name, it is an amendment to the National Capital Territory of Delhi Act, 1991, by which Delhi was granted special status as the 'National Capital Territory of Delhi', with a special government between the elected Chief Minister(CM) and the nominated Lieutenant General (LG). That was the right thing to do, as Delhi was the capital of India, and it would be better that it is not the capital of some other state.

This Amendment, I tell you, is an abomination. It states that when one mentions the 'Government' for Delhi, it will refer to the nominated Lieutenant General! The LG has been given whooping powers, while the elected CM, the representative of the people has become merely nominal. The fact that the Act was passed unopposed, by both the houses, shocks me. How could the President even pass it?!

Nevertheless, the Government is marketing this amendment as revolutionary. These guys are saying that it is good for the people. How is it good? You are giving powers to a representative that dances on your fingers and hence will get all the credit.

Our dear old Prime Minister does not even hold Press Conferences, and justifies himself in his 'Mann Ki Baat'. Why are we even tolerating it? To expose this government, I embarked on a journey, to enlighten myself, to tell people the truth. How foolish was I!

I went to Delhi, then to Lucknow, then to Gaya, then to Allahabad and then back to Delhi. All this way, I collected substantial information against this government. Guess what? It seems that Modiji and Amitji are a bit insecure. Delhi is a yummy hot cake of politics, everyone wants to have a piece of it. They are no different. They were arrogant, thinking they could win it. When they lost it, quite miserably, they thought, the Centre is ours, the President is ours, so why not make a slight adjustment, just a small shift of power with huge consequences. Hence, the Amendment was introduced. It is basically a way of the Government to seize control in and around Delhi. These power-hungry politicians, I tell you.

Well, with all this controversial information, which is enough to rile up the whole nation, I went from media house to media house. No one wanted to get a piece of it. Soon, the government caught wind of me. They immediately imprisoned me under the Sedition Act, stating that my information was 'anti-national' and 'seditious', which may cause harm to the nation'. These words stopped my life. I was sent to Tihar Jail, without any sort of official punishment. I am now here, awaiting my sentence, while my wife and son toil in the courtrooms. You see, democracy is dying a slow death in India. I am not the only one here. There are several '*anti-nationals*' with me. I don't know what will happen to me, but one thing is for sure, we need to wake up.

Yours truly,  
Suresh



Made by Ashlyn

# Do I Not Deserve Health?

*Piyu Upadhyaya of Fox News delves into the problems faced  
by a person in Venezuela.*

When you prick me, do I not bleed?  
When it's night, do I not sleep?  
For me to live, do I not need to breathe?  
For me to thrive, do I not have needs?

My country in chaos,  
A shadow of what it once was,  
Promised health and prosperity,  
Did you not mean that with sincerity?

Raised my hopes, only to crush them.  
Gave me wings, only to rip them.  
Caught in a crisis, with no one to run to,  
Is this what humanity has come to?

Millions fled our country,  
Even more are still going hungry,  
Health is a basic human right,  
Do you not see our plight?

The health system has collapsed,  
A great deal of diseases have relapsed,  
Medical institutions are as good as gone,  
Does the spirit of democracy still live on?

“He who has health has hope,”  
As someone once said,  
“And he who has health has everything.”  
Does this mean I'm left with nothing?

So many of my loved ones laid to rest,  
The economy crumbled to dust,  
In sickness, we simply suffer,  
For there is a shortage of doctors.

Plagued with inequalities,  
Hounded by politics,  
So many crises,  
I may just go into hysterics.

When you prick us, do we not bleed?  
For us to live, do we not breathe?  
Did we do something to not merit this wealth?  
Do I not deserve health?

# No one

*Alaina Aneja of the Pravda News Agency uncovers the thoughts of a Serbian youth in Bosnia-Herzegovina*

As I look outside my window, all I see is gore.

The blood of innocent people and the blood of my loved ones. No one is saved, no one is coming to free us of our misery.

I sat in my room waiting for their return, father said they would be back soon. I am still waiting.

I waited to hear the sound of the doorbell ring, a sign of their arrival, but it never came. I had hope, but it is slowly fading, no one is coming home.

In the past, the Ustaša had cornered the Serbian community and tried to take away our sense of true self and it seems to be that history is repeating itself once again.

Everything I had has been taken away from me.

I am being punished for my culture and being stripped off of my identity without which, I am nothing.

Earlier if I was asked what my biggest fear was I would have cried de\*th, but now, the fear of being separated from my homeland seems to have ensnared my thoughts and dreams.

Sleepless nights have become a common occurrence. Sitting in my bed, thinking about what would happen if this war doesn't come to an end, what would happen to kids like me.

Will we be forced to leave our homes?

Will we be abandoned in the throes of war?

The answer is still unknown.

Now, death seems the only way to free us of our suffering of loss. The loss of love, the loss of our nation, and the loss of ourselves.

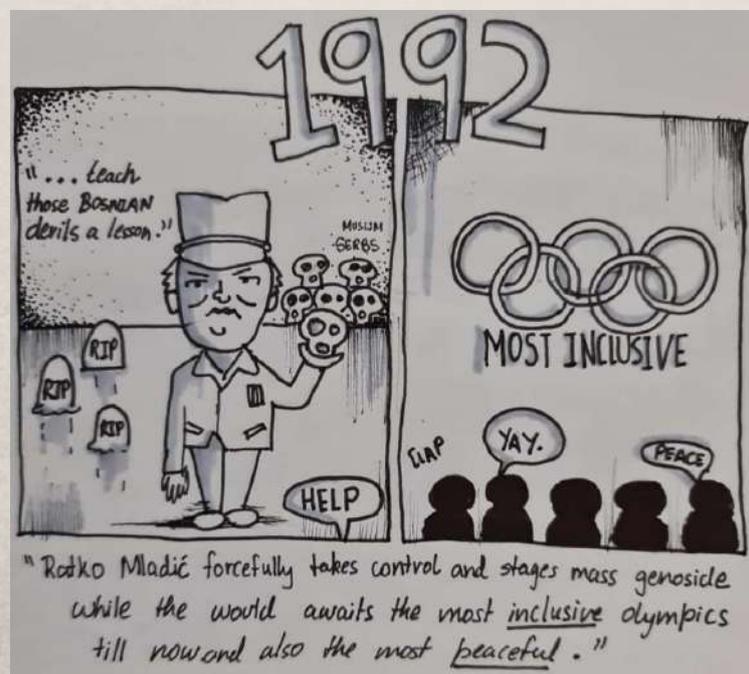
All I can do is mourn for the innocent lives who are no longer with us. Who were protecting themselves from all that is to come.

I can hear the cries for help in my dreams. But what am I to do when I can not even protect myself.

I wait and wait for the day I shall meet my end.

Never had I thought I would become an outsider in my own home, a feeling so peculiar, I suffer at the hands of the grief it invokes. It looks like home, but my land has become so foreign and cold.

I sit in my room. I can hear the bullets ricochet off of walls outside my house. They have broken in. I can see them, they are outside my room.



*Made by Kavya Dewangan*

Should I hide? Why would I possibly do that?

What do I have left?

I reach my end and sigh with my companion, the dejection I was once a stranger to.

This is the end. No one came to save me.

# The Rise of Nationalism

*Antara Yogeshwari Roy Tripathi of Die Presse examines a letter written by a man living in the Confederation of the Rhine*

Dear sister,

I hope you are well. Please send my regards to your husband and children.

Things are all right here, quieter than a few other places, and for that I am grateful. Although, people at work have been talking.

I heard some of the boys down at the docks talking about the Emperor in a shockingly disparaging manner. They talked about how they were tired of constantly being sent to war, and in particular, were angry about what had transpired in Russia, earlier this year, in the summer. They seemed tired, and I understood why. An old man like me, however, finds it difficult to complain too much. After all, the Emperor brought in the schools that have assured my sons good luck in life, and as a parent, nothing pleases me more than that. I will confess, sometimes I feel afraid. I am afraid of losing them to the endless battles that seem to be fought these days in the name of the French, and in the name of the Emperor. My wife seems to be inclined to agree, somewhat, with these boys. She seems dissatisfied with the status of women under the emperor. I dismiss this; perhaps this is simply some change brought on by old age. My dearest sister, I am sure you understand the importance of keeping in with the natural order. It is not for lack of love, but simply the correct way of being. The law is hard, but it is the law.

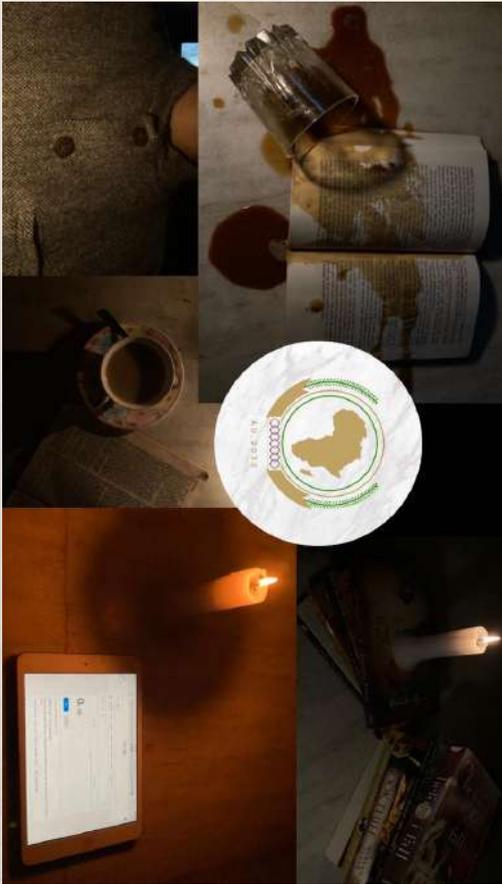
People have been talking about a united German people. My friend, the other day, went off on a drunken tirade about the unity we must have as German-speaking people, and the greatness of the German culture and heritage.

He spoke of all sorts of scandalous ideas, such as opposing the absolute authority of the monarchy, and instead of having democracy and of ideals of freedom and liberty, like in France. While drawing upon these ideas, however, he seemed adamantly opposed to the continued reign of the French over our states.

All these ideas are beyond me, an ageing man. I simply want to live out the rest of my days quietly and peacefully. I have faith that God will guide us and show us the correct way. Who knows what the future may hold?

Do write back soon, I miss you dearly.

Yours lovingly,  
(name redacted)



*Compiled by Mannat Pardasani*

*Compiled by Aparajita Singh*



*Compiled by Manomay Ghoshal*

*Compiled by Samyaa Goyal*

# My Knight in Shining Armour

*Kavya Sharma of the Bengal Gazette unmasks the horrors of losing a loved one to the Second Anglo-Mysore War through a touching poem by a late-sepoy's wife*

Raindrops fell from the menacing, dark clouds, flooding the Malabar,

“They stole the water right out of my eyes.”

I went to scream from the top of the tallest tower.

But the rising water filled my lungs

I screamed so loud

Yet no one heard a thing

Helpless, I went to lie

Next to my four-year-old daughter

Wondering why

A petty sum of money was worth my lover's life

What will I tell her when she cries

“Where's my Abba? Where's my father?”

How will I explain to her

He was just a pawn in the eyes

Of those with hungry bellies to conquer

Our Hindustan from every side.

Only I know how difficult it was to put her to sleep

When all she wanted to do was weep

Weep for the irreparable loss of her father

Her courageous father,

Who was foolish enough to believe those with endless desires

Who now lies beneath the lucrative lies of the East India Company.

As I tossed and turned in my bed

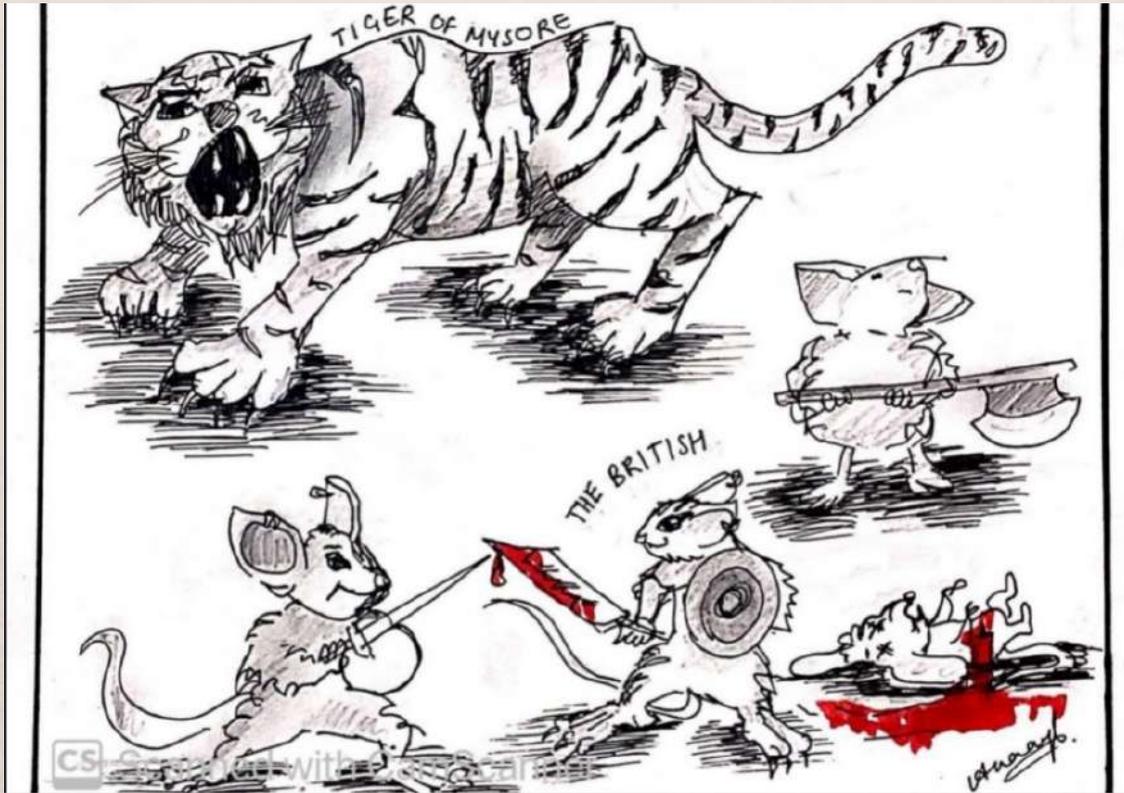
The images of him going to war still haunted me

I never fathomed

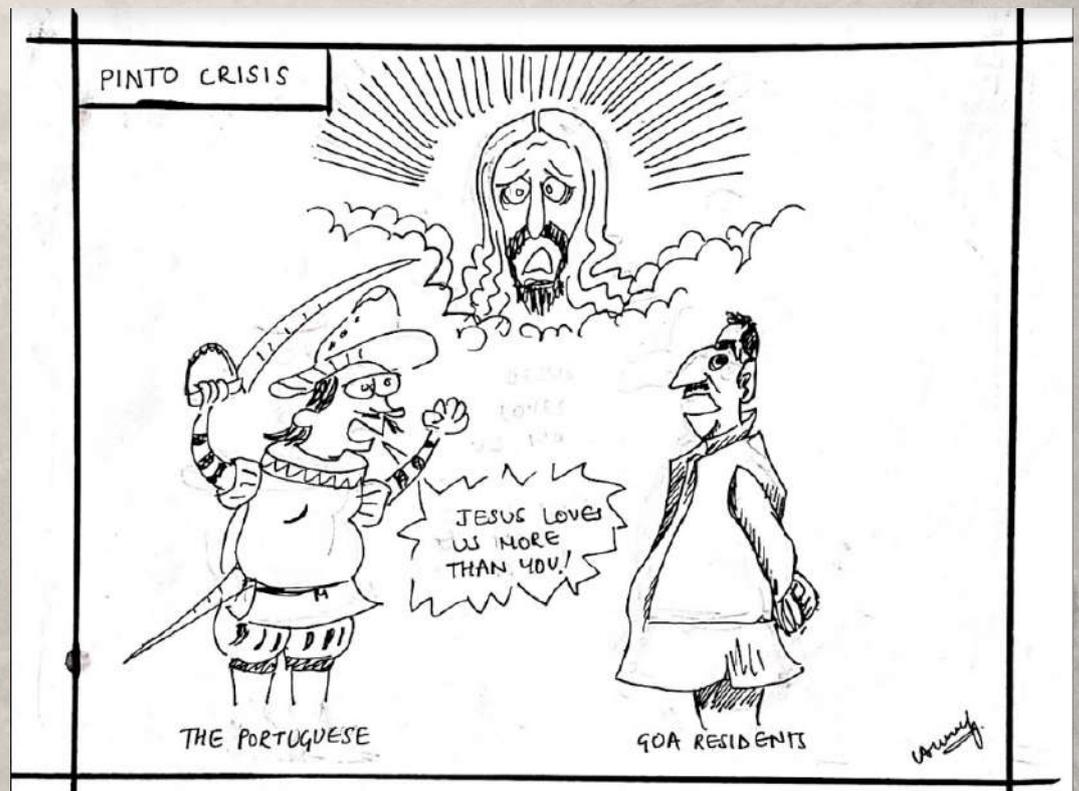
I couldn't see

The bloodshed that awaited him  
On a day that was so bright  
Went in shining armour my knight  
Leaving me without any light  
I still remember the reassurance in his voice  
Little did he know this would be the dire consequence of his choice.

The next day when I awoke  
The rain had washed away  
All the traces of the blood that shed and the bones that broke  
Leaving me behind in a cloud of smoke  
I knew that I wasn't the only one  
But fighting against this injustice couldn't be done  
I can only hope that my daughter awakes one day  
And India is freed  
From the greed  
Of those who for their selfish motives sowed this seed  
Of those who on the division of Hindustan feed  
Of those who never paid any heed  
To the lives they destroyed  
And the loved ones they snatched away  
For the sake of my husband  
I can only pray.



Made by Anaanya



Made by Anaanya

# Her Tainted Faith

*Aradhaya Adlakha of L'Humanite on equality's tainted faith*

Dear Diary,

I thought to myself, is this what I have become? From being the light in the darkness, I morph into the darkness. The false lies, the promises for a better chance to life, all that I stood for- all came shattering down.

As I walked down the street, I saw what I meant for them, for those who needed me. It was just a distant dream. My ideals, my principles were just a hazed reality, while some struggled every single day, for just a morsel of bread, others feasted day and night sitting on their bed.

While some struggled to have their voices heard, others misused the great power that lies in their hands. The principles, the pride that I stood for, was that all a lie?

I asked myself, *were the power holders truly blind?*

Blind towards the needs of the others, to those who needed a second chance to enhance their lives. As they stood with pride, stepping over the rights of the others.

That's when I realised, their fight for democracy, their fight for equal voting rights was all a tainted lie. The notion of 'equality' that they stood for, was power for them, at the cost of the rights of the others.

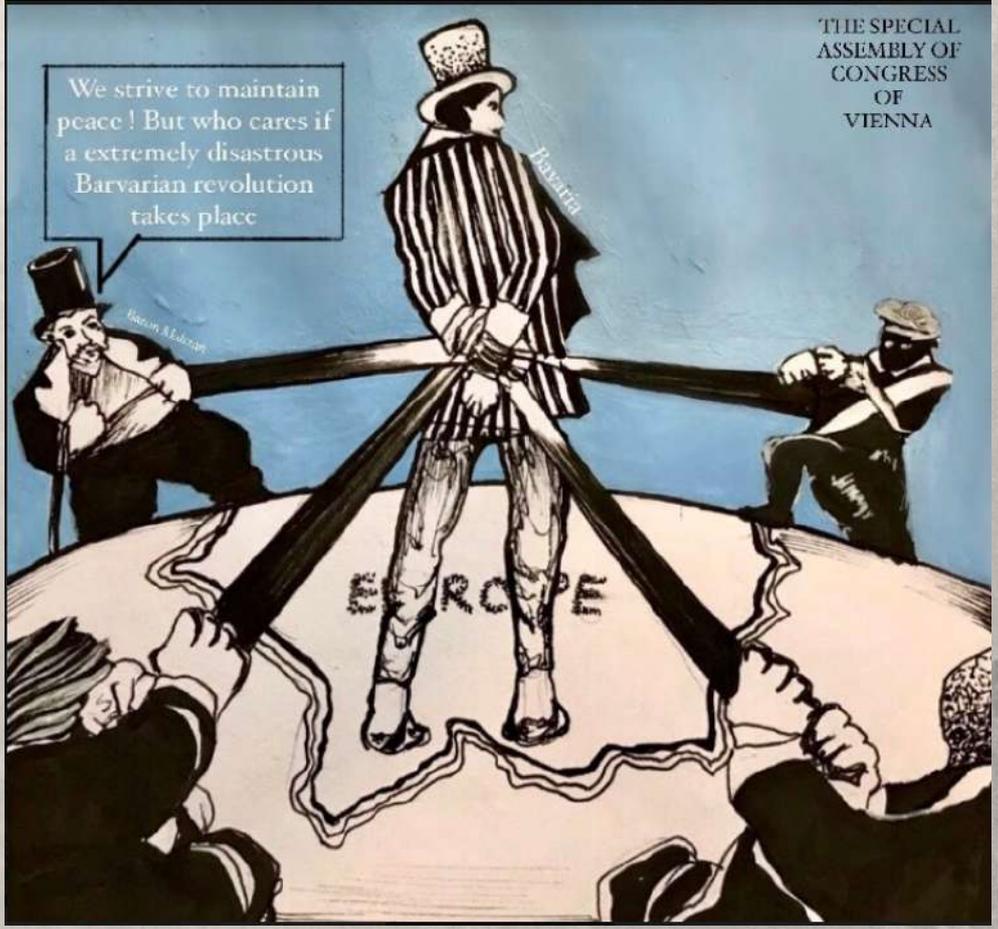
Those who fought against the autocracy with the aspirations of a better chance to live, lay forgotten behind the curtain over their eyes.

Ashamed, I bowed down, and continued upon my walk on the street called 'faith'. As I let go of my pride, staring down upon my bleeding hands. I realised, Miles to go, till I sleep.

With hurt,  
Equality



Made by Palak Bothra



Made by Palak Bothra

# A Starless Sky

*Maanya Chaturvedi of the New Zealand Herald discovers a letter detailing a young girl's predicament*

Dear Uncle,

I know that you have not spoken to my mother in 15 years. However, I would not be writing this letter if I had anyone else to turn to. My life has completely changed in a span of a few weeks, and your help is my last resort.

Three months ago, the government announced that those above 40 would be vaccinated, and my mother did try to find vaccination centres, but to no avail, as what the government had told us was far from the truth.

There were no vaccines available, even at the other end of the city. For the poor, like us, the city of New Delhi had nothing to offer. My parents weren't too worried, they thought only the elderly would be seriously affected by COVID-19.

It turns out my parents thought wrong. My father started displaying obvious symptoms of the virus, and then, everything went catastrophically wrong. Initially only slightly under the weather, as the days went by, his condition became worse. When he was burning with fever and was having trouble breathing, we finally started looking for a hospital to admit him to. But no matter where we looked, there was simply no place.

Both government and private hospitals alike were overflowing, with people queuing up outside, desperately trying to obtain treatment. The few beds available, in hospitals hundreds of kilometers from our home, were astronomically expensive. Even oxygen canisters were nowhere to be found. Our hopes started to diminish day by day, as my father's life ebbed away from his body with no foreseeable solution.

My kind, gentle father, who had never harmed a fly, died, gasping for air, in unimaginable pain. It was a senseless death, one which could have been prevented in hundreds of different ways. If he had been more careful, if there was any space in hospitals, if he had been vaccinated. I am just 14 and I am sure that these what-ifs will haunt me for the rest of my life, but somehow fate is cruel enough to decide that this burden is not enough. 2 weeks ago, my mother fell sick too.

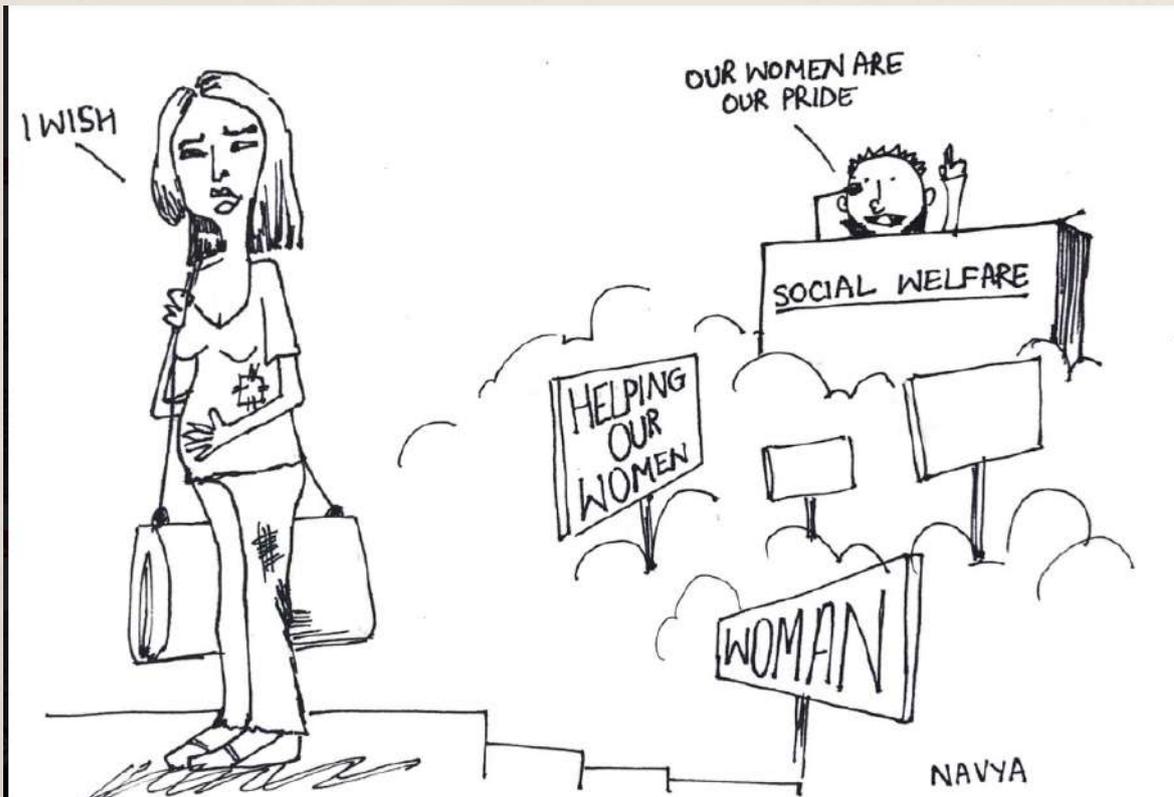
It is undoubtedly COVID, just like my father, she has not been immunised. The past is repeating itself, as her health rapidly deteriorates. She is trying her best to hide it, but her lungs are traitorously failing her, even drinking water is becoming an impossible task. By a miraculous stroke of luck, a neighbour could find a bed for her. However, it is in a private hospital, and the price is higher than the sum of all my mother has ever made in all her years cleaning other people's houses.

If I cannot pay within 2 days, then my mother will not receive treatment, and she will lose her life in the same way my father did. I know that she is estranged from her family, but you are still her brother. I promise I will pay you back, no matter what it takes. I will be grateful for whatever you can spare, you are the last glint of hope in the wreckage of my life. I have already lost one parent, I cannot bear to lose the other.

Desperately waiting for an answer,

Yours sincerely,

Your niece, Pooja



Made by Navya

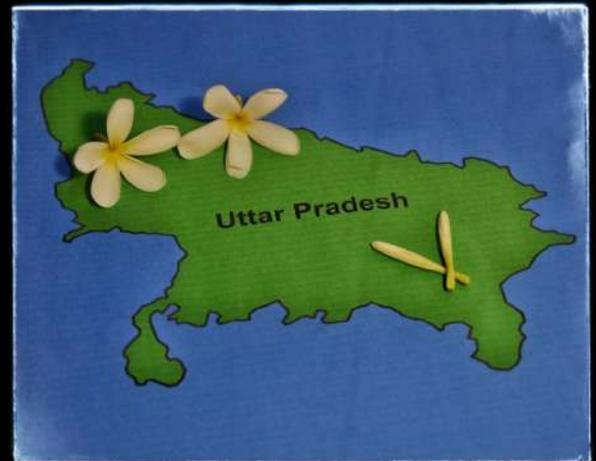


Made by Navya

Caption Photo

Prime Minister Narendra Modi induced the biggest cabinet reshuffle since taking office in 2014. The new cabinet was announced in the midst of criticism of the government's handling of the pandemic and the economy's decline. Through this image, I have depicted the reshuffle via a deck of cards being shuffled. The 12 members that quit prior to the event are represented by the fallen cards.

*Compiled by Mannat Pardasani*



This picture is representative of the two child policy recently announced by the UP government. Here I have represented the parents by the 2 flowers and their 2 children by buds. The buds are a representation of the idea that they are becoming mature and happy citizens of the country. Flowers signify the mature decision of the government. The frame is a representation of how the decision will be a benchmark and will be forever framed in the minds of people and the governments to come.

*Compiled by Samyaa Goyal*

# The Dilemma of Venezuela

*Piyu Upadhyaya of Fox News expresses the agency's stance on the agenda*

Healthcare. It is a basic human right and is an essential need for any living being. But currently, Venezuela stands in the midst of an immense humanitarian crisis, desperately in need of solutions.

Nicolas Maduro became president in 2013, after the death of Hugo Chavez. Subsequently, in 2014, healthcare deteriorated like anything, and the expenditure on it dropped to solely about 5.8% of the country's entire GDP. The country has, ever since the 1980s been facing extreme crises, both economically as well as socially. Free and available healthcare promised under the constitution of 1999, is being rewritten, going against the very soul of democracy. The past 10 years have been nothing but chaos for this once great and flourishing country.

One can clearly see that the downfall of the country began in 1998, the very election year of Hugo Perez, Nicolas Maduro's predecessor. Since then, it has been a series of unfortunate and catastrophic events. Can one even imagine seeing millions of people fleeing one's country, dying of medical problems or starving to death? Because that is a portion of what is happening in Venezuela. We shall be addressing three types of issues in this article, which are as follows.

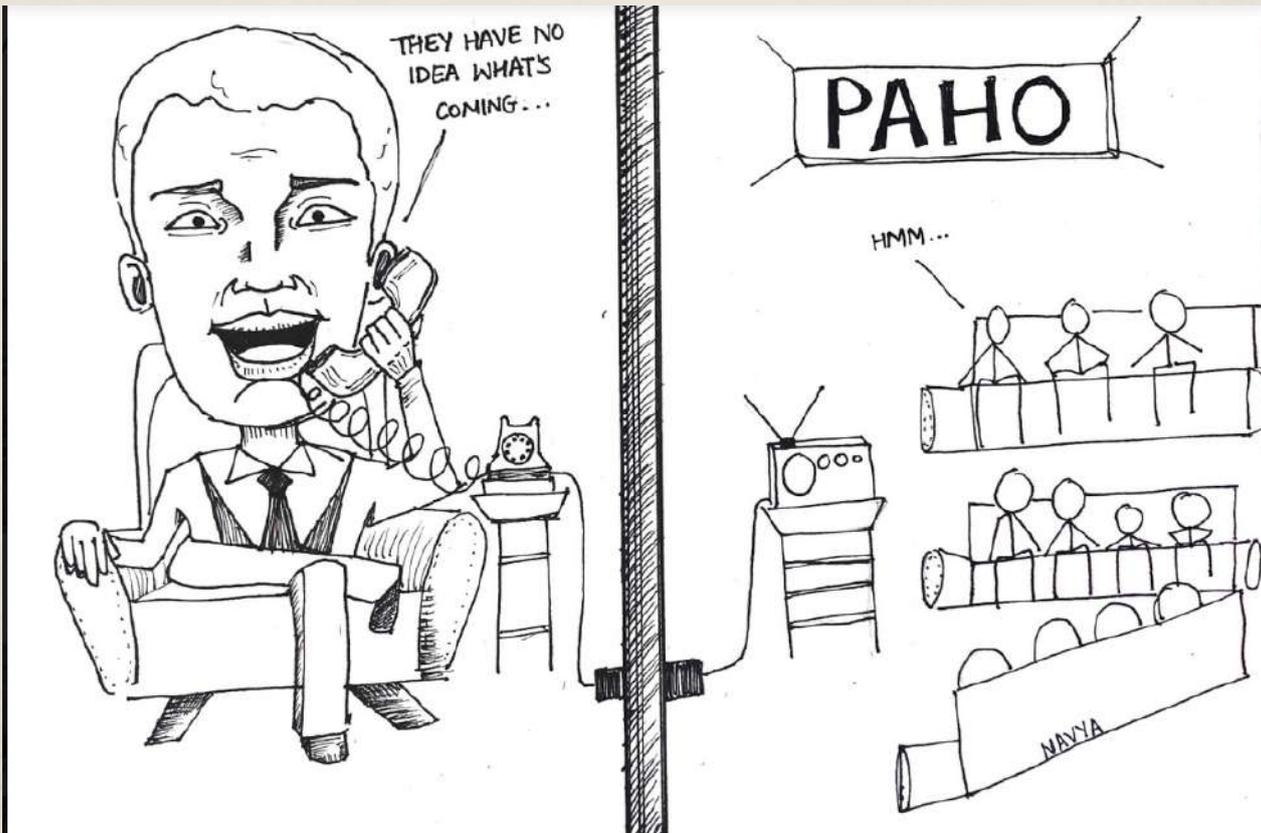
Political- Presidents Hugo Chavez and Nicolas Maduro have started a wave of catastrophes in Venezuela. It has come to such an extent that we, at Fox News, along with the United States of America's government, do not recognise him as a legitimate president. Opposition leader Juan Guaidó is recognised. Upholding the spirit of democracy is the president's first and foremost job, and should be recognised and respected as so.

Socio-economic- Multitudes of people are living in poverty in Venezuela. Basic human rights are being denied. The economy is in shambles.

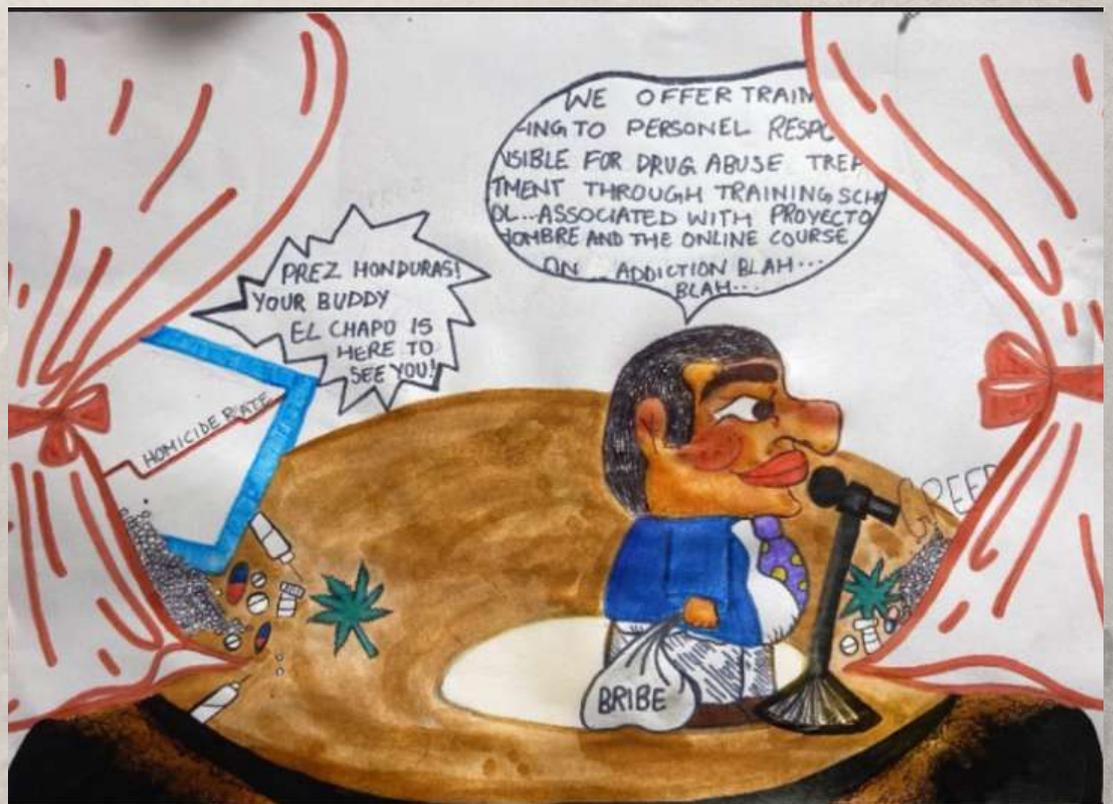
From being a successful upcoming oil-rich country, the fall in gas prices coupled with all the other situations led to the country being in deep debt, with 95% of its population falling below the poverty line. There is a very high inflation rate, the highest denominated bill has a value of merely 0.52 USD, and many people wake up to sole equivalents of 3 USD in their name. Poverty and poor conditions have led to the death of hundreds of people. If that was not enough, sanctions are being imposed on the country left and right, which can't be paid due to the crippling debt the country is under. The crime rate is severely high, as is that of trafficking as well as migration. Fox News suggests these sanctions be withdrawn until the country holds a better economic position, as well as charities, be set up for the citizens' aid. Vocational training can be provided, and education should be stressed upon for the betterment of human resources.

Healthcare- We now come to the most debilitating problem in Venezuela, the healthcare system. Although having the most significance, the healthcare system is in absolute shambles. One cannot stress the issue there enough. Tens of vaccine-preventable diseases have re-emerged, and maternal, infant and general mortality rates have skyrocketed, and thousands are living in unimaginably unhealthy situations. Again, proper education and the provision of incentives will improve the situation in this country.

Fox News believes the country can get back on its track to greatness and hopes to see the country shine again.



Made by Navya



DISCREPANCY BETWEEN SOLUTIONS STATED IN COMMITTEE VS ACTIONS OF THE PRESIDENT

Made by Ehsaas

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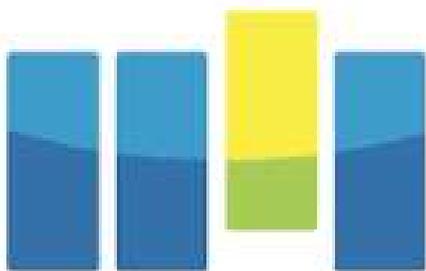
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