



TALKMAGIC TOASTMASTERS CLUB

#2870184 - DISTRICT 92 - AREA L3

THE MAGICAL PORTRAIT
- EXPRESSING THE UNEXPRESSED

DECEMBER 2019 ISSUE



EXPERIENCE THE MAGIC



- 1. President's Address**

- 2. Editor's Note**

- 3. Our Members Speak**
 - **TM Mathew**
 - **TM Ranajay**
 - **DTM Geetha**
 - **TM Suresh**
 - **TM Pruthvi**
 - **TM Amlan**
 - **TM Annie**
 - **TM Jayaprakash**

- 4. Our YLP Graduates Speak**
 - **TM Francis**
 - **TM Dhanya**
 - **TM Priyanka**

- 5. This is how we roll!**

- 6. Our family is expanding!**

WHAT IS THE MESSAGE THAT I WANT TO GIVE?

TM PRAKASH FRANCIS, PRESIDENT

Dear members

The last six months as your President has been very satisfying. You -the esteemed members- were fantastic as you enthusiastically participated in the club activities. In this context I especially wish to thank my team of Incredibles - the Executive Committee who have stretched themselves whenever required to accomplish Club responsibilities. Our high energy Club Secretary TM Theresa has executed her responsibilities with passion and commitment, issuing minutes of the meeting after every club meeting and stepping up whenever the situation demanded.

The finance professional in our midst; Treasurer TM Neha has done a phenomenal job helping the club open its bank account. This was an effort that fell through many times in the past. Kudos to her meticulousness and follow up ability.

M Annie has managed the weekly scheduling of speeches and meetings exceptionally well by



reaching out to members with her warm and welcoming personality and ensuring the speech schedule was always full.

TM Veera has consciously given a timely and thoughtful start to meetings ensuring that, not only do our meetings start on time, in a well-prepared room; but also that all the members have a refreshing snack at our spot under the Bodhi tree after meetings.

And, you have all seen, the professionally done evocative and eye catching meeting posters created by our TM Yashh who, as the VP Public Relations has energetically spread the word about our club through social media.

We must credit TM Srivatsan who fulfilled his duties as VP Membership; keeping our clubs' participation healthy and vibrant with a membership count of more than 60.

Apart from the Incredibles committee, a special thanks to TM Thejo who with her persistence and commitment helped us kick off our new baby, The Gavel Club - Talkmagic Titans - it surely wouldn't have been possible without her unflinching commitment to this cause.

Last and most importantly it is you The TalkMagicians, who with your active participation and involvement has made this a satisfying and successful term to preside over. Kudos to you.

With all your support and participation the club future can only get brighter and brighter. The year is coming to a close and so is our Term, I wish each and every one of you a fantastic new term with an awesome new team at the helm.

I wish each one of you, my dear Talkmagicians, an inspiring and fulfilling New Year. Let us continue to build our Magic, helping each other to become great Speakers and Leaders.

Once again A Magical New Year to you all.



FEEL THE LOVE! SHARE THE MAGIC!

TM YASHH TIBREWAL, VP-PUBLIC RELATIONS

In my journey as a Toastmaster, there is one thing that I realised. If you can't stand up for yourself, no one is going to do that for. Therefore, next time someone tells you that you cannot do it, get up and prove him/her otherwise. Make sure that you walk the path and see what it means to take a punch. As the saying goes, "The thing that differentiates a winner from a loser is the one extra try".

My journey as a Toastmaster started in 2018 when I realised my speech contents used to hover around a few selective topics and I needed to expand my horizon of thoughts. I needed to explore different genres and specimens of content.



I believe this objective got a boost when I joined Talkmagic Toastmasters Club, where I got to meet Division leaders and District Champion. Listening to them and observing them served the catalyst in my growth trajectory. I felt an exponential surge in my speak-ability, when once the curve used to be linear.

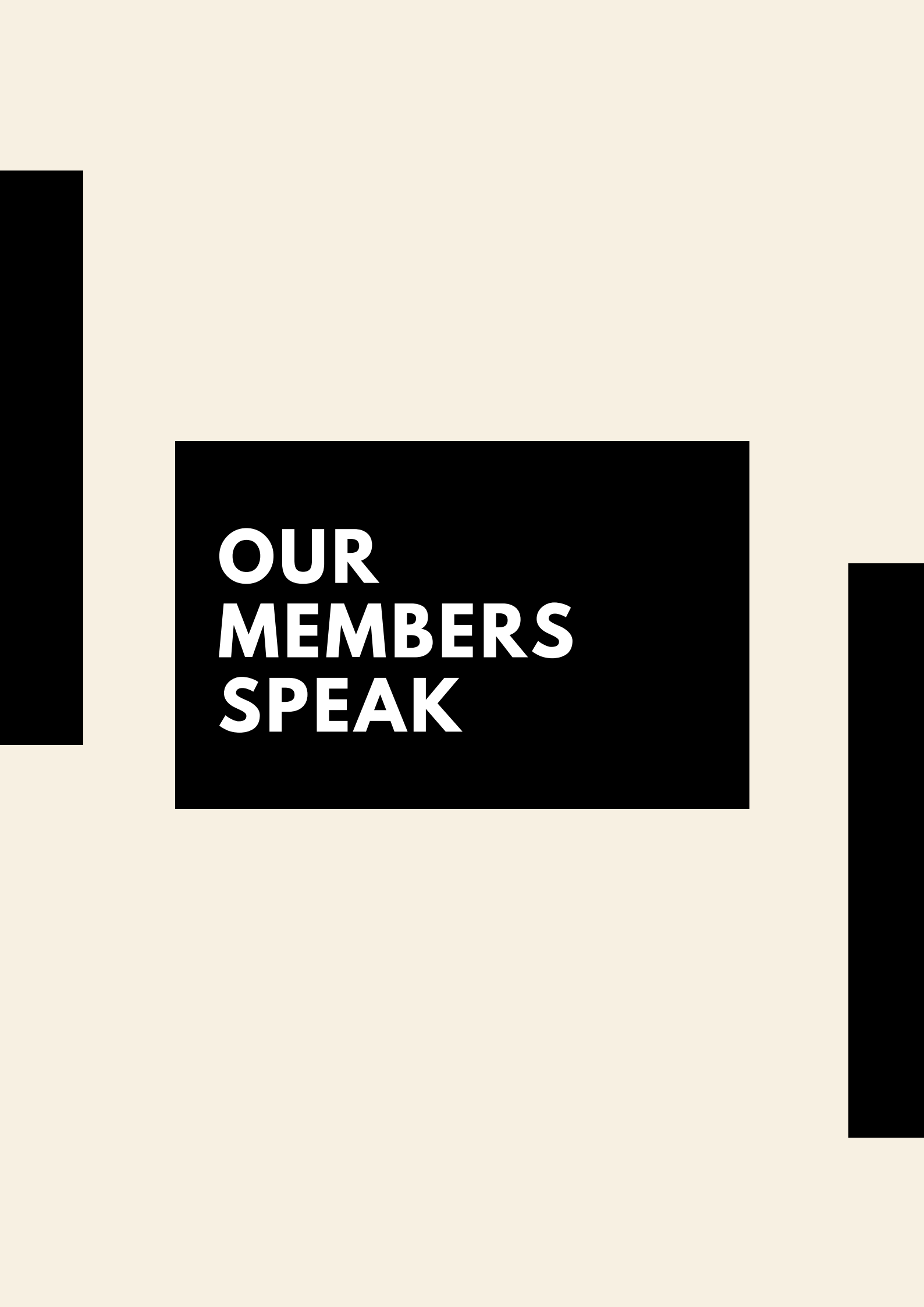
From being a member to being able to edit this newsletter today, it brings me immense happiness to having had the opportunity to focus on different avenues and explore my skills from varied angles. Penning down these thoughts bring a smile to my face, the vast quantum of cherished memories play their part in bringing nostalgia and I am left with a rush of happiness.

My acknowledgements and gratefulness will know no bounds if I start naming each members of the club and their contributions towards my journey. However, I take this opportunity to thank everyone at Talkmagic and other Clubs, who acted as the Dronacharya to my Arjuna. I thank them for their mentorship and their encouragement throughout.

This editorial aims at bringing the face of Talkmagic in front of everyone. As the name goes, there is magic behind it. Immerse yourself in this issue of "The Magical Portrait" where you witness and experience the magic of Talkmagic Toastmasters Club.

I hope you enjoy the love that I have filled this newsletter with. Smile and Stay Blessed. :)





**OUR
MEMBERS
SPEAK**

Que Sera Sera (What will be, will be)

The beginning of the year is at time when, more often than not, we look back either in gratitude or in regret about the shape of our lives and look forward to the future in the hope that it would be more to our liking.

As I pen this, I am reminded of the lyrics of the old number, I grew up listening:

“Que Sera Sera Whatever will be will be
The future’s not ours too see
Que Sera Sera, what will be, will be”.

As beautiful as the lyrics are and as catchy the tune of this number, the bigger question is, can we literally follow the ‘Que Sera Sera’ approach in life.

I remember my younger days, when we lived as if there were no cares. We sang to the chorus of ‘Que Sera Sera’ and never worried about tomorrow, because tomorrow was meant to take care of itself.

But from where I stand today, far from the shores of youth, I cant help but think that if I followed “Que Sera Sera’ approach, I am kind off letting go of the leash that holds the horse and the consequence could be unfavorable or even disastrous.

So, this New Year, I guess rather than going with the ‘Que Sera Sera – What will be, will be’ approach, I’d go with ‘What could be, should be” philosophy and that puts the leash back in my hands and the onus is now on me to shape my future.

So my dear Toastmasters, this New Year, lets push ourselves a wee bit more than we did last year.

Lets give more speeches, than we did last year.

Lets grab more opportunities than we did last year.

Lets be prepared to fail more and grow more than we did last year.

Lets expand and express ourselves, a tad more than last year.

And instead of saying Que Sera Sera, what will be, will be; lets try and say “what could be, should be” and work towards that end.

Here’s wishing you all “Happy Toastmastering through the New Year’.

Grammarians, please excuse. :)



A Crazy Canine Twist

The above speech was delivered on 14th December 2019 at Division L LUSTRE TALLLL TALLLES Contest. The purpose was to deliver a speech on a highly exaggerated theme.

It was a lazy Sunday afternoon. A knock on my door, and I see my neighbor holding a cute furry dog. “Wanna keep this rescued dog?” He asked casually. Being an ardent dog over, I gladly welcomed her into my family. “Her name is Killjoy”, my neighbor added. “Killjoy, what an amusing name”, I thought. I should have thought harder, to prepare myself for the events about to unfold in my life.

I organized a small party on my birthday. I was turning 35, but to my invitees, I was only 28. I spread this harmless lie to protect my “Young Achiever” aura. For, I am neither young nor an achiever. My plan was fail safe. I got 28 candles, and a balloon with “Life begins at 28” written on it. The party was in full swing. But little did I realize that my loyal dog unlocked my cupboard, decoded my password protected locker, picked up my passport (which had my correct date of birth) and dropped it silently next to the cake on the center table. My neighbor picked it up and turned over the first page. There was a moment of silence, followed by an outburst of laughter. I had to call off the party.

Fast forward few days. My wife goes for a weekend MBA class and makes it a point to not to let me enjoy my Saturdays. On one such weekend, she left me a list of 17 household chores for me to attend. But I had other plans. I refused to leave bed in the morning, faking ache all over my body. The moment she was out of the house, I leaped on to the couch to binge watch my all-time favorite movies – “Liar, Liar”; “Lie to Me”, “True Lies”, and so on. I was having gala time till I received a message from my wife that said “ Lie caught. Evidence attached herewith”. I rolled my eyes in disbelief to see an album of photos forwarded to my wife, from my own phone. The album was titled “My Master, of lies”. All photos were neatly captioned. Like, the one where I sat with two tubs of popcorn read “ who says popcorns come to life only in movie theaters?”

Now I know that my dog can operate smartphone and has a caustic sense of humor. But the moment she entered my family, my ethics and integrity were put to test. I needed to protect my turf. I had to show her who was the man and who was the boss, sorry dog, in the house. So, I took Killjoy on a joy ride. After reaching an isolated spot, I tricked her into getting out of my car, and within minutes I was back on the highway, whistling joyfully, for the first time in many months. As I cheerily entered my house and switched on the local news, I see images of Killjoy being flashed. The news anchor was fuming, “The city woke up to an atrocious incident towards our canine friends. A lovable puppy was found wandering outside the premises of an NGO that works on animal welfare. A note was recovered from her collar that said, “Let the world be free of violence, hostility and dogs. Contact this number to create a dog free world. Nation wants to know – which heartless person’s number is this?” Needless to say, It was my number.

It’s a no brainer that Killjoy executed the revenge act masterfully. I conceded defeat and brought her back home. I told her “Dude, I think you are done here. What about moving to new house, making a new set of people eccentric, killing hopes and dreams of a new family??”. I saw a twinkle in her eyes, she was up for it. So, dear audience, who wants a crazy canine twist in their lives? Do get in touch with me if you are up for it.

- TM Ranajay Dasgupta



My 3 Leadership Lessons

Exactly 3 years ago, after a 16 year long corporate stint, I decided to quit and start my own company. There were doubts and apprehensions at every step. Here I was, taking a brave step forward. I had left behind a brand name, a comfortable work cabin, and more painfully, a regular income. Suddenly, my world got bigger and more overwhelming than ever.

Today, three years later, when I look back, I realize things have actually turned out well. Not easy, but yes more fulfilling. I have learnt three big lessons.

1. Stay relevant

It took me a while realize that my biggest asset is myself. What was I doing to stay relevant? Thankfully, I was already a Toastmaster for a decade and that definitely added to my confidence and brand value. The way forward was to up skill myself constantly. I decided to learn one new skill every year. It has not just kept me excited and positive, but also helps me look at my everyday work with a new pair of eyes. It allows me to think differently. It allows me to connect the dots. How are you staying relevant?

2. Network is Net-worth

More than ever before, I realize the value of the network I have built over the years- be it professionally or at Toastmasters. This is a group of people who trust me, who are happy to recommend me or to unconditionally mentor me when I need help. These people are my biggest strength, my biggest motivators. What are you doing to build your network?

3. Remember why you started

There have been a several instances of self doubt at every step. What if I can't make this work? Am I ready for this? Will I do a good job at this? Staying in my comfort zone was so much easier. But every time I had a sense of doubt, I reach out to my 'personal board of directors'- my mentors and coaches. They remind me about why I started. And I would be ready again to take the challenges head-on. Who are your 'board of directors'?

We always have a choice. To lead a life by default; or by design. And it is up to us to make that choice.

Geetha Prasanna, DTM

Public Relations Manager, 2019-20

District 92, Toastmasters International



Killing Two Birds With One Stone

Took the wife to a fancy restaurant the other night.

An old friend has taken over the management of this restaurant and I tell my wife that if we get lucky, we may run into this friend at the restaurant. And he'd be so utterly delighted in seeing us that he might even waive off our dinner bill. My wife tells me that my capacity for self delusion has been on the rise ever since the doctor increased my metformin dosage.

The restaurant seems a fancy enough place from the outside. You get the feeling that this is the sort of place where they garnish the garnishing. The parking lot attendant shows you to the doorman who shows you to a lady at the reception desk who shows you to a man who holds open the restaurant door for you. Inside, a man shows you to the head waiter who in turn shows you to your table.

The place is fancy in a tacky sort of way. It's almost empty except for a young couple a few tables away from us on the left - she's talking into her cellphone while he was furiously texting someone. On the right, a middle aged couple with their teen aged son. No one spoke at this table too. Conversation in this place must be coming at a premium, I thought to myself. The teenager was thumbing at his iPad in a distracted sort of way.

Soon enough, the waiter shows up and hands us our menus. I ask for the wine list. He doesn't seem to understand. The- wine- list, I say again. He says sorry sir, no liquor. What a damp squib ! I whisper to the wife in Malayalam that we get out of here quick and head for Saravana Bhavan for upma and mini iddilies. But she overrules the suggestion and says we stay on. And so, that's all there was to it.

The waiter then opens the mineral water bottle in the manner of a man diffusing a bomb and for one glorious moment I thought he'd ask me to sniff it before he poured.

Just then, from the adjoining hall comes a godawful uproar. It turns out that a group of people are singing "happy bird day to you". I am no music critic but it must have been clear even to the meanest intellect that the singing was hopelessly out of tune. I strain my ears hard to catch the name of the birthday person by patiently enduring the first stanza and waiting for the second where they come to that bit about "happy bird day dear so-and- so". But when they come to that part, the name is drowned out in a premature burst of applause. Quite suddenly, the door bursts open and a little boy of six or seven walks into our dining area. He is the birthday boy. He is charmingly dressed in a black and gold sherwani, complete with a matching duppatta or whatever it is you drape over your sherwani. He is also wearing a thick gold chain with a pendant over his sherwani. But that's okay. If Superman and Batman can wear their underwear over their pants, then I'm not cribbing if a birthday boy wears his necklace over his costume. Also, I couldn't help noticing his white shoes.



Killing Two Birds With One Stone (Contd.)

And just as I finish telling my wife that all he needs is a baseball cap to complete the look, his mother comes up and plonks one on his head. With the mother is the birthday boy's kid sister. She is wearing lipstick and looks a million bucks in a gharga choli. She is wearing white stockings and matching black strap-on sandals. I'll leave "Mommie Dearest" all to your imagination.

The Le Corbusier who designed the restaurant had thought it fit to place a huge, hideous looking copper vessel along the aisle to add beauty to the interiors. The birthday boy reaches for the somph (cummin mouth freshener) on the pot and brings the damn thing down, clanging and clattering. The mother and the waiter turn up the pot and put it back to it's grotesque glory.

I bet you that if I give you all the money in the world and told you to design the stupidest restaurant in the planet, you wouldn't even come close to this one.

And oh, before I go, no. That friend of mine who ran the place wasn't around for me to unfriend him. Finally, when the bill was presented to me with great fanfare, I settled it with a reluctance a paramedical staff might have shown when asked to give mouth to mouth resuscitation to a SARS patient.

So, it's going to be idly -dosa -vada - upuma for me from now on when I go out for dinner. Especially if the restaurant has a "no booze" policy. And in the bargain, I hope to go easy on the metformin.

Talk of getting two birds with one stone.

- TM Suresh Madhavan

Come out of “Not Paid Enough” Syndrome

Have you ever felt that you are not paid enough for your work? I also had this “Not Paid Enough” Syndrome about 6 years back. In fact 8 out of 10 earning individuals have this “Not Paid Enough” Syndrome.



This syndrome hits maximum when we need to pay up monthly bill payments, EMIs, child's school fee payment, insurance premium payments.

This syndrome hits maximum when suddenly emergency crops up. And you had to borrow money from your nearest and dearest ones.

This syndrome hits maximum when your family wants to take a vacation. And you have lack of funds and time.

But 6 years back, I closely diagnosed this “Not Paid Enough” Syndrome. Diagnosis Report said that the cause was not external, but it was internal. It was due to my family's Personal Financial Imbalance – Imbalance between Security and Satisfaction.

Lack of balance between Security and Satisfaction:

In the whole world, money has only 2 purposes – SECURITY & SATISFACTION.

Let's understand with an example.

If you have ₹ 1 Crore in your bank account, you feel secured. If you spend ₹ 1 Crore to buy a Lamborghini, you feel satisfied. Isn't it? Consider any financial transaction you have done today and analyze it. Either that money transaction might have given a feel of satisfaction or a feel of security or a combination of both. So, all money transactions can be classified into

1. Security Money Transactions – Money in bank account, Money in investments, Insurance Premium payments, Cash holdings.
2. Satisfaction Money Transactions – Spending on basic needs, Shopping for luxuries and gadgets, Eating at high-end restaurants, Taking vacations to exotic places.

When Security Money Transactions increases, you tend to keep all your money in no risk instruments. And taking no risk is the biggest risk of all times. Being too frugal and secure will make you fearful and poor. Beware!

Come out of “Not Paid Enough” Syndrome (Contd.)

When Satisfaction Money Transactions increases, you tend to spend more than your needs on the luxuries of today and make you act rich. But the question is, “Do you want to act rich or be rich?”

To be financial balanced, first mantra is to have a balance between Security Money Transactions and Satisfaction Money Transactions.

Get Security by buying right insurances for your family and keeping a minimum 6-month contingency fund.

Get Satisfied by achieving your goals by aligning your investments accordingly.

Conclusion

We all have that “Not Paid Enough” syndrome. And we blame the company we work in, we might blame the type of business we are into and also blame people who are nowhere related to our financial status quo. Let’s stop the blame game and let’s start the balanced thought process –

Thought process of balancing security and satisfaction.

- TM Pruthvi Ravindranath

A Tale of Eternal Love

**An eternal bond of perpetual bliss,
With the passage of time it never tends to cease.
They nurtured us all their lives and satiated all our greed
We'll continue to strive hard and will delight them by our deeds.**

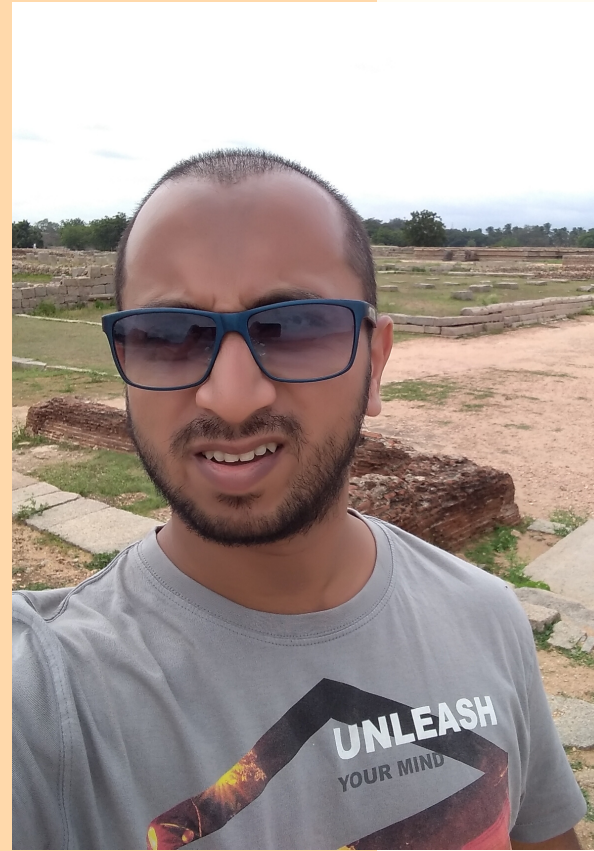
**Blooming on since its beautiful dawn,
Like flora embellishing a magnificent lawn.
Wailing in despair when we linger and moan,
They bring back our smiles with their assuaging tones.**

**Intriguing themselves with their debates and squabbles,
Temperature soars as our home begins to shamble.
On appeasing each other when they apologize for their
pointless rambles
Their ties become stronger as they firmly entangle.**

**Decades of affection, years of togetherness,
Miles away from them we feel lost in wilderness.
But as we realize the significance of our distance
You keep motivating as we strive for excellence.**

**Our profound thanks for this gift of life,
It is an outcome of all your desires that you sacrificed
The timeless love of your artless souls,
Will keep flourishing from within as they continue to lure.**

- TM Amlan Bhowmick



The Silent Killer

According to the Dutch watchmaker Corrie ten Boom, "It does not empty your tomorrow of its sorrow, but empties today of its strength."

It is quite surprising that an ordinary state of mind 'Worry' is be labelled as a killer. Worrying is natural. Worries make our life so weary. But still we prefer to carry the load not without realizing it's a burden.

Worry is defined as to thinking about problems or unpleasant things that might happen in a way that makes us feel unhappy. The word "worry" is rooted in the Old English wyrgan, meaning "strangle," which is pretty much what worry does to us.

What do we worry about? We worry about lot of things. For some it is about, Will I excel in my academics, some others it is about work and work related projects and few others it is about will she say yes to my proposal, and the list is totally endless. Does that do any good? No. It only "...saps today of its joy."

Can any one of you add a single hour, minute or second to your life by worrying?" No, then why worry?

Few days back my little niece asked me a question, who worry a lot Man or the Woman?

According to me, women do not worry more than men. Women express their worry more. At the same time, men spent a lot of time thinking about what led to such a situation.

This reminds me a story of two monks. The monks were returning to the monastery in the evening. It had rained and there were puddles of water on the roadside. At one place a beautiful young woman was standing unable to walk across because of a puddle of water. The elder of the two monks went up to her lifted and left her on the other side of the road and continued his way to the monastery.

In the evening the younger monk came to the elder monk and said, "Sir, as monks, we cannot touch a woman?" "But then Sir, how is that you lifted that woman on the roadside?"

The elder monk smiled at him and told him "I left her on the other side of the road, but you are still carrying her."

Just like the junior monk, we all carry our worries.

'Did he do right thing?', 'Could I have done better?', 'What will be the result of this?' These are some familiar thoughts that come to our mind without our knowledge. All our worries are about tomorrow or yesterday that the feeling of today has almost vanished. We hardly realize that worry does not change anything than impacting our life negatively.

Worrying about tomorrow and yesterday, reminds me of a small task my dad gave me when I was tensed and worried as a child. Pointing to a jug of water, he asked me to hold it. The longer I held it, the heavier it felt. Finally my hand grew tired and I had to put jug down. Then he explained to me that worry is like holding a jug of water. The longer we worry about something, the more our fear weigh us down.

My father then said, coaching my mind is the best remedy where the mind realizes its own nature. How can we coach your mind? Some simple techniques told by him was:



The Silent Killer (Contd.)

- 1. Accept uncertainty and imperfection**
- 2. Make worries boring**
- 3. Challenge your worries**
- 4. Change your thinking**
- 5. Recognize your worries and move on**

As I was trying to adopt these techniques, I came across one secret to stop worrying that is to have a constant conversation with your mind/brain when the worrying is showing up with love and maturity. I practiced it. I started coaching my mind and having conversation with my mind. It worked for me! I am definite it will work for any one when worry is showing up.

According to an unknown author, 92% will never happen and mostly untrue, then why worry?

A man ninety years old was asked as to what attributed his longevity. "I reckon," he said, with a twinkle in his eye, "it's because most nights, I went to bed and slept when I should have sat up and worried."

Mark Twain, who once said "I am an old man and have known of great many troubles and worried, but most never happened."

We all have heard of Nick Vujicic, the man with No arms and No legs. Nick Vujicic is Serbian by birth whose family migrated to Australia. If he would have sat worrying about himself, he would not have become what he is today. At the age of 27 he became the president of an international non-profit organization, an author and the owner of his own motivational speaking company. Nick Vujicic is enjoying his life with utmost happiness and inspiring the disable mind like us.

Worry is a choice one makes. You can choose to worry when life confronts you with challenges or you can choose to live your life. Our experiences has taught that worry does not change outcome. My learning from my experience is that coach your mind, have conversation with your mind when worry is showing. It helps to recognize your strengths and weakness and go forward. It also helps us to control ourselves and our actions. Then we start realizing that this useless worry steals our joy Worry and Happiness, both are a state of mind.

All depends on YOU, which you want to opt for. Say good bye to worrying and opt happiness. Let's add some more years to our lives.

- TM Annie Jacob

Live Everyday

It was August 2016, and I was undergoing a challenging phase of life. I had to shut down my business after a year of intense effort, long working hours, and roller coaster ride with partners, customers, and the ecosystem. I voluntarily quit an excellent corporate career and got into this situation made me feel worse — all these I had done, against my family's advice and wish.

My overall health took a toll, and I was not in the best of sanity. I realized that I was not living my present life in the hopes of building a better future. This journey also helped me to learn there are better ways of doing and still realizing a dream life.

One of the valuable lessons i learned is, we all have limited willpower, and it is essential to build habits for good health and success.

I joined yoga and practiced for a year. It helped me to recover for better health, spirit, and holistic improvement. Then I joined a running club, the camaraderie, and the structure of training helped me to stay consistent with the practices. I amazed myself with consistently showing up at 5 AM for running. I showed up at least once a week. Whenever I missed the rhythm, the group energy helped me to get back on track soon.

I joined toastmasters, as I liked public speaking and helped me to be a better communicator and to become an influencer. Also, it's a positive and supportive environment. It has been two years now, and I am proud that I have stayed the course and the club dynamics and energy is what keeps me learning and growing in public speaking. Though I wish my consistency were better, I am glad and proud that still I show up and contribute to club meetings at least once a month. My daughter also joined the gavel club, and now there is a more significant reason for me to show up for meetings.

Another habit I started building is to be at home and be with family. The above practice helped to ensure that the priorities are right and spend time with people who matter the most. Last two years, this has become a habit and benefits me to remain sane. If there is no customer meeting or work, I am working from home and in the company of my family. Of course, this is a mixed bag when it comes to productivity, but works most of the times.

I continue to work on building habits. Am I successful or consistent all the time? Definitely Not. But It helps me to get back on track when I am out of record.

Nowadays, one of the aspects I look forward to is whether I was happy or not on that day. If I keep the pursuit of happiness as the objective of the day, the priorities fall into place. And the power of habit supports the journey towards happiness.

- TM Jayaprakash B





**OUR
GAVELIERS
SPEAK**

Safety Nets

Have you ever spread a safety net to anyone in your life? Well I am sure you all must have, even unknowingly maybe. Well let me tell you an incident of a lady and a tuition center.

It was in my fifth standard when I started walking back home from school. Everyday there I would daydream as I walked or spoke to the dogs and cats that were around.

And one day as I was talking to a barking dog I noticed my neighbor hanging a board for 10th tuitions. I was shocked because the lady who was conducting the tuitions had barely scraped her way out of 10th.

I do have this hobby of counting the number of chappals outside the houses and to my surprise the lady had enrolled 10 students in the first week itself. In addition, she added 5 students every week. Within a month she already had enrolled 30 students.

I was curious about how this so called success was thriving. Therefore, I did my own investigation and found out that the woman was not teaching anything, no maths, physics, biology, nothing. All she did was: she told the parents that if they would leave their child for 5 weeks they would study well. And at the end of 5 weeks she called the parents and told that their child was very intelligent but a little lazy.

The lady didn't teach any subject but all she did was to create a positive environment (safety nets) between the students and parents. Thus, the students gained respect and in order to keep their teacher honest they started studying and this made them Bright.

Another overheard incident where a safety net was spread was when my friend Alex visited Kerala. It was 7:30 pm when he reached his district and it was pitch dark already. To receive him and take him home, his brother had come. As he came across a so called bridge my friend Alex's brother stated to talk about technological advancement and since Alex loved talking on techy things he started to brag about all the new and upcoming advancements. In the morning, Alex and his brother set out to the same bus stop and on the way they saw the same bridge that they crossed last night. Alex freaked out because all he saw was a tiny, narrow wooden plank. Alex's brother, Brydon said, "I knew you would obviously freak out because you're a urban breed person."

So my dear friends spreading safety nets is essential for you, your siblings, your parents. Finally, I ask you all again "How many of you have spread safety nets? Don't Teach, don't Preach just respond and not react.

- TM Francis Reuben

Talking Titans Gavel Club member



My Closest Buddy

A real friend is the one who walks in while the rest of the world walks out. Everyone has a best, a close friend who will help you. One wonderful and beautiful person who has come into my life changing me into a totally different person.

Do you know who is this wondrous person? My one and only best friend, Prajna. We both enjoy ourselves together. Though we act like kids sometimes, pushing, kicking and crying, she is the one who has thought me about the word 'humour'. I just know her from 2 years but I feel like I have known her from a long time. We have spent a lot of memorable moments together.

One of the incidents when we fought was when she broke my favourite pen. This made me angry and I scolded her. Even she got angry and threw her pens in the dust bin. This thing has become a kiddish moment for us. Sometimes we make everyone laugh including the teachers, so they call us the humourous ones in the class. Both of us are also athletes who go together to any inter school competitions together.

These similarities have made both of us best friends that we share the smallest and deepest secrets. One of the coincidences is that she is just one week older than me. I couldn't resist myself from pouring out our memories into the chart to present it to her on her birthday. I also gave some gifts along with it. She was really happy when I presented this on her birthday. She also made me so happy on my birthday by presenting me my favourite gift. The relationship between both of us is just like fish and water. She taught me that friendship has no boundaries.

I wish the friendship between both of us will always remain till our last heart beats.

"The greatest gift of life is friendship"

- TM Dhanya Reddy

Talking Titans Gavel Club member



A New Resolution

Everyone has a favourite hobby that helps them to feel good and energetic, in the same way my favourite hobby is reading books. Do you like reading books? However readers will have a favourite author. I never had one until 5th. We started having a supplementary reader and this one was a book written by one of the amazing Indian author Sudha Murty. As all other children did I too neglected this book. Soon, school started and my teacher told us to read the supplementary book called 'Grandma's Bag Of Stories' written by her. With the pressure my mom gave I picked up the book, sat on the sofa sadly opening the book I started reading. And after a while I heard my mom screaming 'Priyanka.... It's time to go to bed'. I was shocked. I had been reading from 2 continuous hours and the time passed so fast. And from then 2 hours every day I read and I completed the book in just two days. As I love those stories I would like to share one of those lovely stories with all of you....



One day there was a girl named Gita. Her grandfather had a severe head ache and sent her to get few medicines for him. On the way she saw a sweet shop and got tempted. She forgot all about her grandfather and his headache. She went to the shop and started eating all types of sweets. She met her friend and totally forgot about what she had to do. Afternoon turned evening and only when she had to return home she realised about her grandfather's headache and knew that the medical store would be closed at that time. After reaching home all of them felt angry and told her not to do it again. But then too she always forgot to do what she was told until one day on her field trip. On the day of the field trip Gita agreed to get sambar of her mom.

The next day early morning Gita's mom prepared the sambar. Soon she woke Gita and told her to add five spoons of salt later, as she was going to the temple. As her grandmom heard this she thought of Gita's irresponsibility and went and added five spoons of salt in the sambar, her grandfather who heard this remembered the day he had struggled with the headache and went and added five spoons of salt in the sambar. In the same way her sister, brother and father her carelessness and they added five spoons of salt in the sambar each. Gita later remembered about the salt and went and added five spoons of salt in the sambar too. Her mom who came in a hurry packed the sambar and sent it to Gita.

In the afternoon, all the children felt hungry and like all others did Gita started serving sambar to everyone. Everyone happily put lots of sambar but as they ate it they all spat in disgust. Gita was shocked, her mother's sambar was the best always and now what happened? She quickly tasted the sambar and really found it very disgusting. She felt like her mom had put the whole salt collected from the sea. At home everyone was waiting for Gita to return and surprisingly she was very sorrow. And she asked them angrily 'Did anyone else add salt in the sambar?' and all of them together said 'Yes, I did'. They all were shocked and looked at each other. then Gita's mother told her that that is what would happen if someone was irresponsible. From then on Gita was never irresponsible...

From this story I am going to take up a resolution for this new year that I will try my best to be responsible from today onwards.

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL OF YOU!!!

- TM Priyanka N

Talking Titans Gavel Club member

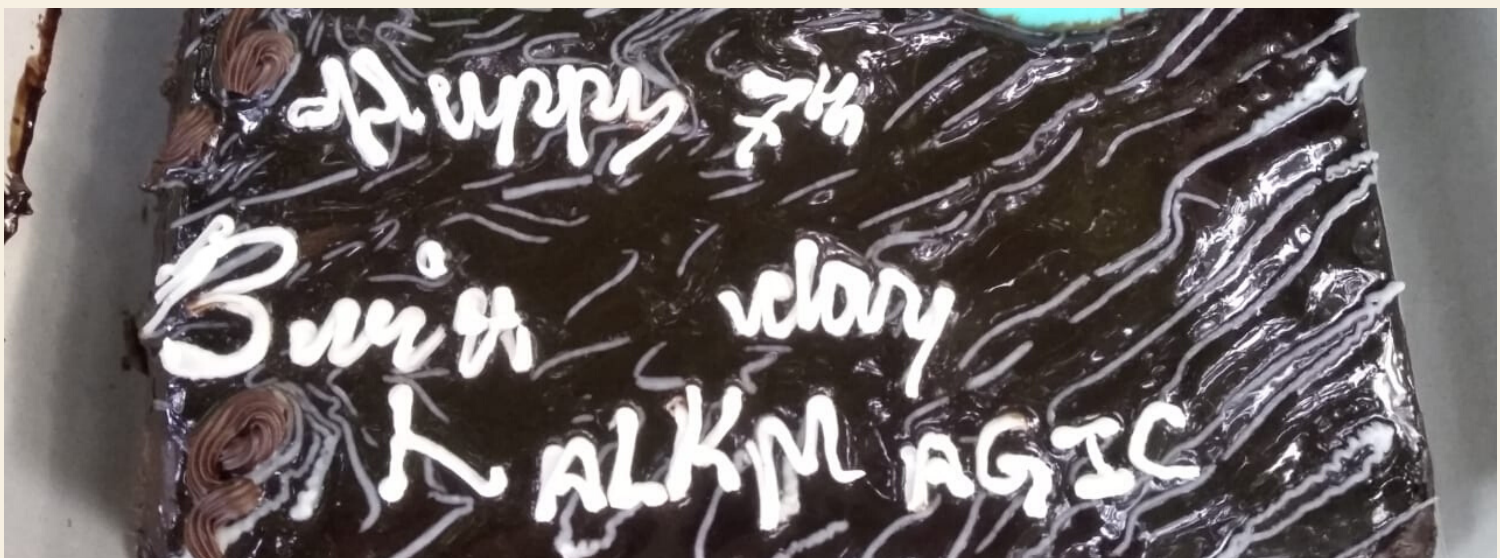


**THIS IS
HOW
WE ROLL!**



WE HAVE FUN!

*TALKMAGICIANS
CELEBRATE
EVERYTHING*





CLUB LEVEL HUMOROUS SPEECH CONTEST - November 2019





TALKMAGICIANS KNOW HOW TO CELEBRATE. CHRISTMAS WAS CELEBRATED WITH A SPECIAL FUN-FILLED MEETING COMPRISING OF GAMES, CAROLS AND CAKE

WHO SAID TOASTMASTERS ISN'T FUN?

VISIT TALKMAGIC ONCE!

OUR GAVEL CLUB MEMBER *TM ADITI* DISPLAYED HER TALENT WITH SUCH ARTISTIC PAINTNGS. IT MAKES US PROUD TO SEE SUCH UPCOMING TALENTS OF OUR CLUB



Aditi J
Talking Titans Gavel Club



After a successful Youth Leadership Programme, Talkmagic Club launched the **Gavel Club to train young leaders and churn them into better orators and communicators**





***WHEN OUR GAVELIERS
OVERCOME THEIR FEAR***



Welcome!

**WE ARE HAPPY TO WELCOME OUR
NEW MEMBERS, WHO JOINED US IN
THE PAST 2 MONTHS-**

- **TM Tanuja Devang**
- **TM Sridhar Shivaramakrishnan**

OUR FAMILY IS EXPANDING

Below-mentioned are the names of our retiring club officers for the term July-Dec 2019. We thank them for all their efforts.

TM Prakash Francis (President)

TM Annie Jacob (VP-Education)

TM Srivatsan (VP-Membership)

TM Yashh Tibrewal (VP-Public Relation)

TM Theresa (Secretary)

TM Neha Garg (Treasurer)

TM Veerasingam (SAA)

TM Jagdeep (Asst VP-Membership)

TM Vidya Shenoy (Asst Secretary)

TM Chandrasekhar (Asst SAA)

CLUB OFFICERS (JULY-DEC'19)





WHERE LEADERS ARE MADE