### Crisis? What Crisis?

**ARAVALI MODEL UNITED NATIONS 2025** 

ANNUAL NEWSLETTER EDITION II

### Welcome to The 17<sup>th</sup> Chapter of AMUN!



#### COMMITTEES BEING SIMULATED



United Nations Correspondents' Association



Supreme Court of India



**United States Senate** 



Joint Crisis Committee



All-India Political Parties Meet



**United Nations Security Council** 

#### In Conversation with Mr. Gautam Mukhopadhaya

Q1) You grew up at The Doon School. Could you share a bit about that experience? How do you think education, both then and now, influences leadership and public service?

So, I came from a small town – Patna. Obviously, my parents thought that they need to liberate me from the small town. They exposed me to the big world. And among schools, the big world was the Doon School. It was also a residential school. I think the first thing or first experience was coming across a very different demography. This was a very "well-to-do", cosmopolitan, city-brained demography, especially when you're coming from a small town while these people are eating hamburgers in Bombay, Chennai, here & there – everywhere. This experience actually occurs in different stages of your life, when you enter college as well. You know, the demography widens further.

The level of intelligence in a college like St. Stephen's college was extraordinary. I used to feel stupid looking at all the brilliant people there. Then, when I joined the civil services, we had our training in Mussoorie; it's totally different. In St. Stephen's college, it was a very elite crowd. The demography of the civil services was much more well-distributed. There were people from all over the country from different backgrounds, classes etc. Each stage was an eye-opening experience. All these steps are part of a process.



Although Doon was a residential school, they placed a lot of emphasis on giving students authority and autonomy. There was a system of house captains, prefects, monitors. The institution was smart. Instead of us administering them, let these prefects administer them.

They gave me the first lessons in handling power and authority. That was one big learning that I came across. The second big learning was that we had a set of school songs – similar to the ones here.

Those songs were from Kabir, Tulsi, Mira, Guru Nanak Dev, Tagore, maybe Iqbal. They were big people with big minds. They were not sectarian and not communal. We grew up in a school with that kind of an atmosphere. Personally, I learnt a lot from the songs which we used to sing mechanically. Later in life, this really shaped us.

One is leadership and power, handling that early and hopefully with a little maturity. The second was this anti-sectarian kind of worldview.

Q2) Speaking of civil services, did you always know you were going to follow this career path or would you say there was a particular moment or a specific person who helped shaped this choice?

No, I never thought of what to do until my MA (Master of Arts). Sometime around my MA, I started seeing people appearing for the civil services, going to business schools, that's when you realise, "okay, now the time for fun is over—we have to get serious." I kind of followed the herd in going for the civil services exam—it just so happened that I did well enough for the foreign services. Then, I was put in the conveyor belt, and I just went along.

Q3) Apart from creativity, what skills would you say are most essential for a diplomat to have or to develop, especially in a world which revolves around fast media and unpredictable geopolitics?

A diplomat is by definition, a generalist. There can be specializations of course, but ultimately you are a political creature. In a way you are straddling a space between philosophy, politics, and practice and you must navigate your way around it. You have to have a capacious mind that is able to understand economics, politics, ethnicity and other various things—which is not something you can necessarily be trained in, you can't study it. It's about being there, in the trenches, seeing life. It is kind of inductive rather than something you can apply.

You have to be, basically a synthesiser who synethises things, an analyst who analyses things but having done your analysis you need to synthesises it as well. The more it is based on ground experience, the more, in a way, accurate or real or experiential it will be—and people can recognize that. When you're speaking from experience, people will realise where you're coming from. So even in my tenure in the UN, we had this extraordinary diplomat—he was a brilliant man, one of the most brilliant minds that I knew. He went on to do extraordinary work. His grandfather, Justice Bipin Bihari Pal, was the lone descending judge in the Tokyo War Trials. He is still considered a hero in Japan, because he stood up for principle. He was a delight to watch, he was so laconic, and so relaxed and so witty and dry that people came just to hear him. However, he was also a great destroyer—he was able to break down anybody's argument, but in my mind, he was not able to synthesise, to create a new narrative.

These skills are not very common, you don't normally see them. They're the skills that a foreign minister is expected to have.

Creativity, synthesis- are what I would say, but they are rare qualities.

Q4) Have you ever found yourself in a situation where your personal stance differed from India's stated foreign policy? If so, how did you reconcile the private aspect with the professional?

When I was part of the UN, we were under attack for human right violations of Kashmir. On one hand, you are reading what is happening and have friends who are amplifying it. On the other, you're going there and trying to justify it. So, in the beginning, I was a little queasy about it. I was not feeling very confident about it. I confided to my ambassador who was a no-nonsense sort of a person who just told me, "Don't be silly, Gautam. Do your job."

And so, it put me into shape and the next day, I went there completely in shape. But it's not just that. There is always a creative difference. You can transcend debate that is taking place at this level and find reconciliation at a high level. In 1998, it was the 50th anniversary of the universal declaration of human rights. I had to write the speech for my ambassador for the occasion. Actually, the UN General Assembly was waiting and looking for the speech by him because we were straddling that ground where you were grappling with principle but also reality. Even today, a lot of what we call terrorism is not terrorism but people fighting for their rights. The kind of statement that we made captured the philosophy of human rights, not at the level at which we were battling it out between India and Pakistan, but at a slightly higher level. So there is always scope for creativity. It is a dialect. You argue, and so you reach sort of higher levels of insight and wisdom.

Q5) You've worked on cultural diplomacy and even coordinated the Festival of India in France. Are there any songs, artworks, or films that, according to you, represent the culture of India to the world in the best manner?

I would say that all the Indian arts ultimately draw from an Indian theory of aesthetics which we call Ras, from where the term Rasik comes. In the theory of Ras, you have nine Navras. The big ones are Śṛṅgāra, Hāsya. These are profound metaphysical concepts that are rooted in the metaphysics of what we call Hinduism. I don't think they can be encapsulated like that since they drew in the Muslims as well. It was not just a one-way traffic but a two-way traffic, especially among the musicians.



You know, another thing is people seem to know much about Kathakali but people don't seem to know much about Koodiyattam where there is something that is coming from under the ground that meets this classical aesthetic. You see a lot of that in the Manipuri performing arts also, such as Thang-Ta.

In relation to metaphysical or iconography related cultures, there are very few cultures that sort of match this cosmology. That becomes the great strength of India, and a very important quality which was manifested everywhere.

We had done an exhibition with a man who recently passed, B.N. Goswamy. We had done an exhibition based on Rasak. When you think of Ras, you think of theater, drama, film and performing arts. He applied this Rasak to sculptures and paintings. He also partook in analyzing ancient Indian sculptures as well as medieval artwork made in the Mughal courts from this perspective of Rasak in the applied words. This is a part of synthesis, he synthesized all these things.

The reason Buddhism and Hinduism spread to all of the Asian world at the time – ranging from Afghanistan to Tibet to Bhutan was ideas. It was not the power of power, but the power of ideas. That is the reason merchandizing of Ayurveda does not work; it no longer has the same impact. Partly, because there is competition backed by power, such as China or the West. But we have also lost cultural power partially. Even the cultural power of Bollywood we had during the Raj Kapoor years has faded.

The Festival of India was one of my most interesting assignments due to the in-depth immersion with these gurus, artforms and these scholars who taught you what was the greatness and wonder of India.

Q6) You've had such a wide-ranging career, from diplomacy to policy research. If you had to choose any other career, what other life path would you have imagined for yourself?

After I did my Festival of India assignment, I fancied myself a cultural critique. But today, my core mission, is how we can have more just, and growth based on nature. Really straddling the area of nature, agriculture or environment. So, today if I were to think about what I would do in my life—I could only do it with the wisdom that I got from this career.

Q7) If you could leave one message behind for the next generation of diplomats, what would it be?

I think we are entering an age of hate and intolerance, selfishness and wars. Anything that we can do to reverse that – whether in arts, sports or any other area – that should be the ultimate vision. We know where an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth leads us. We are in an age of genocide and ecocide. We watch them being livestreamed instead.

We are no longer responding, we are immune. That is the scary thing. You know, the other day, in context of Gaza, I saw the Israelis pouring concrete into a water body. I found myself thinking – after they starve them, will they also deprive them of water? Will we all keep quiet when it comes to defending them?

What matters is our voice, coupled with organization and determination. Basically, it is humanity. Humanity is an abstraction, we created humanity when there was no idea of humanity. We must work through cooperation.



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**Director: Udayveer Singh Tomar** 

Rapporter: Shaurya Srivastava

#### The Kingfisher

Ruhin Chatterjee of The Statesman intercepts a poem

October 14th, a poem written by an anonymous author was intercepted. It was simply titled 'The Kingfisher' and was written from the perspective of one of the airline planes. It was mailed to Vijay Mallya's office and contained no other context.

The expensive paint, the velvet seats,

They built me to be the image of luxury.

The glory days, when I was their prize,

Until it all went down with their lies.

I was no longer the star in their eyes,

They took private jets now and left me behind.

My empty aisles still echo the passengers' laughter

The teenager flying alone for the first time sitting next to the new mother with her crying daughter.

The flight deck is empty now too, I can remember the day clearly,

When my pilot walked away from, tears in his eye as he told me he loved me dearly.

The rust is slowly consuming my beauty,

Night will pass to day in my hangar while I wonder where my new home could be.

My wings are folded like hands praying in desperation,

To be able to soar free again, perhaps be granted some consideration.

I will be abandoned along with my sisters, nailed into our coffins,

But one day we will be rediscovered, our legacy cannot be forgotten.

A letter was intercepted a few days later on October 21st. it seemed to be written by a former employee of Kingfisher Airlines, a pilot, addressing the plane he used to fly. This was found in an office room in Kingfisher Airlines Headquarters.

To the plane that has become my first and last flight.

I will not forget you. I reminisce about my first day on the job, so excited to be able to work for such a big company. Kingfisher Airlines was famous for its luxury service and to think I could be a pilot of one of those planes. The time I was allowed to have you has proven to be too short but I must say my goodbyes. 10 months and no pay check and wife with two daughters at home. How could I survive? I felt betrayed when I found out that the company was going down. That he had fled the country. But now I feel like im betraying you by abandoning you. But I will learn to live with the guilt. I must move on from this.

#### **Delegates, Decibels and Delusion**

Navya Bansal of The Hindu reports on the Supreme Court of India and its nonsensical happenings

Tweet 1: In real life, people don't take accountability. In MUN? Suddenly it's all "You did this" and "You violated that."

Everyone's obsessed with what you did and no one's claiming responsibility. Peak diplomacy, truly.

Tweet 3: Every speech was 20% "Vijay Mallya did this... Vijay Mallya did that" and 80% unhinged yelling.

If shouting won awards, the EB would have a hard time deciding best delegate.

#### **The Courtroom Chronicles**

Ruhin Chatterjee of The Statesman tweets on the proceedings of the Supreme Court

Tweet 1: This economic crisis is officially the best soap opera. Mallya's lawyer is working overtime to prove his innocence, "It was just a business failure", while he enjoys his 700crore yacht at his London luxury party.

Tweet 2: "She's delusional!" a delegate yells while another is mid-speech. "That is unconstitutional language" another retorts. Speak your truth, delegate. The constitution grants you the right to free speech anyway.

Tweet 3: Kingfisher Airlines may not be flying but Vijay Mallya's private jets are? Someone do the math.

Tweet 5: How to lose 9000 crore and alienate everyone. Vijay Mallya provides a step by step guide to todays court session.

Tweet 6: If only Vijay Mallya could pay his debt in arrogance, how would be free by now.



Anwesha Dash



Nikshit Sharma



Aadya Datta

## UNITED STATES SENATE



Chairperson: Mrittika Sen

Director: Nandini Arora, Tejas Singh

**Rapporteur: Fateh Singh** 

#### The Great Committee Orchestra (Unrehearsed)

Rishika Malhotra of Fox News discusses the 'symphony' of the United States Senate

Session one at the United States Senate felt less like a session of future policymakers and more like the first awkward rehearsal of an orchestra that hadn't quite figured out what song it was supposed to play.

Each delegate arrived clutching their instruments. Policy papers, placards, slightly trembling hands, unsure whether they were the soloist or just here to hum along. The room buzzed with a strange mix of excitement and hesitation, like tuning forks being struck gently but out of sync.

Voices floated like flutes, soft and hesitant. Every speech was a tentative melody, carefully placed, measured and often barely audible as if the speakers weren't sure whether they were performing or just warming up. Questions sometimes whispered like fading notes, trailing off before they hit the back row.

But oh, the applause, the table-smacks, those were the percussion section. Unpredictable, loud, and startling. A serious point might get a respectful tap-tap-tap. A barely finished sentence might receive a dramatic BAM! from the person sitting two seats down. (especially during crisis updates) No one knew the rhythm, but everyone played their part anyway. The result? A slightly chaotic drumline scoring an otherwise gentle soundtrack.

Some delegates played first chair, confidently jumping into solos, answering questions, asking more, determined to be heard even if no one else was ready. Meanwhile, the others sat like the string section waiting for their cue, heads down, fingers on the page, maybe counting beats, maybe lost entirely.

Some delegates took their roles very seriously, performing with all the gravity of seasoned musicians. Others faltered and stuttered, still learning the sheet music. A few stared into the distance like the trumpet player who knows their part doesn't come in until page six. Occasionally, whispers between stands broke the flow. Side conversations, giggles and debates over tuning. The conductor tried to keep tempo, but even they looked unsure what time signature we were all in.

This wasn't a perfect performance yet, but in the off-beat rhythms and out-of-sync moments, there was the start of something real. The instruments are here. The players are learning. The music is still forming.

#### **Keeping Up with the Senate**

Anaisha Joshi of New York Times elaborates on the proceedings of the United States Senate.

Tweet 1: Ted Cruz and Chuck Schumer's daughter walked into an abortion clinic together... and suddenly the Senate looks less like a government and more like a bad reality show.

Tweet 2: Trying to stay on task in committee while everybody rearranges their papers every five minutes as if it will magically make global problems disappear.

Tweet 3: A delegate just voted to add 3 minutes of speaking time because he "needs more time to clarify why the clarification was not clear." Democracy at work.

#### The Final Cry

Anaisha Joshi of New York Times gives voice to the screams of an adolescent girl.

A letter discovered after a 16-year-old girl took her own life after her abortion was denied in post-Dobbs America. She was raped. She bled in silence, and now she is a name on a page. A ghost in a book of law. And a question the State must now answer: How many more letters will it take?

#### Dear Mom,

I wish I had spoken. I wish I'd had the words, even if they were fragmented. All the late nights I'd spent leaning outside your door, words in my throat, but never quite reaching my lips. I was frightened of you looking at me differently. But now I know that you would have embraced me. You would have tucked me into your arms, as when I was small and thunder tore the sky apart. You would have wiped my tears, soothed me. But this time, the storm was within me, Mom. And no one could soothe it.

I will never be able to forget that night. I remember it all. I remember saying no, again and again and again. I remember his hand covering my mouth, ordering me not to make a sound. I did not know that something had been stolen from me until weeks after, when the test was pink and I was vomiting before school. I could not eat or sleep. My hands shook. I felt like a shell with something growing inside of me that I didn't want, didn't ask for, couldn't comprehend.

I don't want to die. I just don't want to wake up anymore in a place where cells inside of me are more valuable than the girl who has them. I waited and waited for someone to say, "You can quit now. You don't have to do that." But nobody said that.

Now I know what I have to do. I need to take care of it myself.

Don't hate me. Don't believe I was weak. I was simply exhausted from yelling at a nation that had already made up its mind. I attempted to write this long, Mom, not due to energy, but because it's the last ounce of me that I must share with you. I thought if I wrote long enough, if I squeezed out of me every word that I could, it would be like I hung around a little longer. Like I didn't disappear all at once.

I love you, Mom. Always did. I hope in another world, I was brave enough to scream for help, and the world was kind enough to give it to me.

Love, Your little girl —Anna.



Vihaan Chowdhury



Maryam Fatma

## JOINT CRISIS COMMITTEE



Chairperson: Siddhartha Dennis George

Director: Jai Kashyap

Rapporteur: Medhya Saini, Saurabhya Puri

#### **Deterrence, or Aggression?**

Journalist Naisha Singh of The Times observes the proceedings of the Joint Crisis Committee

The Cold War; A period of ideological, geopolitical, and military division. Two power blocs- the Western and Eastern, the United States and the USSR. Termed as the 'Cold' war due to the absence of any direct confrontation, but in alternative manners such as proxy warfare. USA's 'Operation Dropshot', an operation formed as a countermeasure against the Soviet's agenda of expansionist policies and communism, has been leaked. As expected, the Eastern bloc has responded with indignation in a state of frenzy. But the ambiguous question that should be asked is not why this Operation exists; but why such measures have become necessary.

Operation Dropshot is not meant to provoke the Eastern Bloc, but was founded as a preventative measure. President Harry Truman has repeatedly emphasized one principle-containment, not invasion or acquisition. America's nuclear position, which may be undeniably advantageous and formidable, has acted as a protective and preventative shield rather than a sword aimed towards damage.

The Eastern Bloc continues to criticise and attack the Western, disregarding the atrocities that occur within themselves. The delegate of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea accused the Capitalist bloc of "Arming West Germany with half a million troops while Taiwan burns", but seems to disregard the starving Soviet citizens while prioritising building Hydrogen Bomb Factories, as stated by delegate Harry Truman. Prioritising bombs over shelter, food, and the welfare of the people seems to directly contradict the façade of a so-called Socialist or Communist Bloc which aims for 'welfare'. "Bombs over Bread", a powerful statement made by the President of the USA when referring to the priorities of the Eastern Bloc.

"We respond to crisis- with discipline, with unity, and with purpose." A statement made by the Democratic People's Republic of Korea; yet directly contradicted when the DPRK fails to independently manage its economy, relying heavily on Soviet economic assistance, including industry rebuilding, infrastructure, and weapons supplies. This reflects more on dependency rather than discipline, along with the widespread purges in which thousands of people were imprisoned or executed, solely to protect Kim II-Sung from any threats.

The Chinese Communist Party is being accused of cannibalism, the Great Purge is still referenced to as a response to the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki in which the casualties range from 700,000 to 1.2 million leaving a devastating impact, and the list of atrocities that take place have been never ending. While the US is still being accused of various matters, President Harry Truman stated and I quote, "The choice is clear: continue supporting regimes that chose bombs over bread, or stand with America as we lead the free world toward actual peace and prosperity."

Mass killings under these communist regimes do not seem to have dwindled or diminished, and cannot be ignored. Executions, famine, deaths, starvation, imprisonment- the list cannot go any further. Be it the Holodomor, the Great Purge, the Great Chinese Famine, genocide and mass murder has evolved into their forte. Classicide, Democide, or Genocide- the comparison between the two blocs can only take place when the Eastern Bloc takes not only accountability, but ceases to criticise others around them before themselves. The decision must be made sooner rather than later- Bombs, or Bread?

#### Stale Bread and Baby's Breath

Suhani Kackar of Pravda uncovers how American freedom thrives best when no one dares to want it differently

Pages from a mother's journal, discovered on the streets of Frankfurt under American occupation, 1949.

Each night, I set the table for three.

A chair for my husband, swallowed whole by the very revolution that gave him hope.

A chair for my son, snatched away from my doorstep by soldiers accusing him of being 'dangerous'. And a chair for me.

Each night, as I stare across the small, empty expanse of our dining room, my appetite withers. My vision grows foggy.

What grand dreams my husband had for us. He used to tell me stories – stories of a world where no one has to starve. Where the poor man can rise, unburdened by the greedy chains of capitalism. A world where man works not for profit, but for progress. A world where we are not pawns, but players.

He made me listen to the speeches of Comrade Stalin – words about the rise of socialism, promises that stretched even to the broken streets of Eastern Germany. They spoke of a utopia. Not just empathy for the working class – faith in us.

These speeches lit a fire of Hoffnung (hope) in my husband. A poor labourer living in Western Germany, crushed daily by the American cult of profit. When protests broke out – small, scattered cries for socialist justice – he joined them. He was shot dead. American soldiers dropped his body at my doorstep, saying they didn't know how it happened. But I know the truth. It was them. The Americans, they have no problem spilling blood if it means there's no contest to their ideas.

The rest, perhaps, is my fault.

Maybe I should've worked harder to keep my son away from the revolution that killed his father. But how could I, when he walked the streets and saw tiny, cold hands grasping at stale bread from the trash? When he saw workers paid close to nothing while the capitalist masters continued to build mansions on our broken backs?

He learned from his father's mistakes, at least. He planned in hushed whispers, rather than protesting in broad daylight. He dreamt of an escape – for the three of us to cross over to the Eastern side of our divided country, where we could live in peace under the banner of communism. I was not naive – I knew the work on the other side would be tough, at least we would be paid our due. At least there would be dignity.

But somehow, they found out. One morning, the Americans were at my doorstep again. To take him away. I ran after them, begging – what has he done?

"He's dangerous," they said.

Dangerous? For what? For trying to give us a better life? For wanting to live in a world where we don't starve to death because of the rich man's greed?

'The land of the free', they call it. If this is Freiheit (freedom), then I pray for the chains that bind us in the East, where at least hope is not a crime.

They keep him in prison now. I went to visit him last week. It broke my heart – his hollow, lifeless eyes. The scars on his cheek, so fresh that I could almost smell his blood mingling with the rusted prison air. His voice, hoarse from disuse and heavy with suffering.

I don't recognise this broken man. All I remember is the boy he used to be – bright-eyed and unafraid, stringing baby's breath into necklaces for his Mama, mein Schatz (my treasure). I still have them pressed between the pages of my bible.

He tells me there's still time. That I can still flee to the other side.

But I still set the table for three. And every night, I eat alone.

#### **Covert Glances, Covert Ops**

Suhani Kackar of Pravda whiles away time in the Joint Crisis Committee

Tweet 1: We find ourselves in the midst of a Cold War – not between the USA and USSR, as the agenda suggests, but between the delegates of Poland and South Korea. Yesterday, drowning eachother in affection; today, wistful glances and painful silences. History, it seems, repeats itself.

Tweet 2: Covert ops are now standard procedure in committee – ever since the delegate of West Germany allegedly launched an operation targeting the EBs' tiffins. No one is safe. Not even the apples.



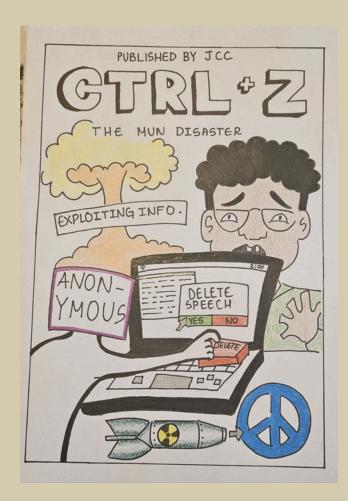
Kenisha Garg



Kaina Suri



Nikshit Sharma



Sanaa Yadav



Sharanya Singh Kadian

# ALL-INDIA POLITICAL PARTIES MEET



Chairperson: Arv Jakhodia

Director: Aayra Dhindsa, Mireya Bhatia

Rapporteur: Armaan Vir Kumar

#### The Blame Game

Tara Dhawan of The Times of India on the proceedings of the All-India Political Party Meet

On 13th December 2001, the Indian parliament, a symbol of the world's largest democracy, was silenced. An audacious attack turned its peaceful sanctuary into a warzone. Key leaders were taken hostage, and the nation's top decision makers assembled behind closed doors to steer India through this dark hour. Yet, even with this pressing issue to discuss, certain parties still insisted on taking selective accountability and pointing fingers.

Several members of the parliament today took to the mic as seasoned dramatists, not guardians of the Republic. With carefully sharpened lines and rehearsed dismay, they sought to rewrite the narrative, casting the current leadership as inept, as if the rot in our national security framework began the day before the attack. They were weeping, but where were those tears when successive coalition governments they propped up left our borders porous, our intelligence disjointed, and our resolve fragmented? Amidst the chaos, it is easy to speak of the failure of the ruling party, but the failure did not begin with an attack, and it certainly was not only at the hands of the ruling party.

It was convenient, of course, to speak of failures. Rameshwar Dudi even acknowledged that Congress had historically supported "weak united governments" and neglected national security, but this fleeting moment of honesty quickly gave way to political opportunism. Instead of shouldering the burden of the past, Congress leaders redirected the blame onto the current government, carefully crafting a narrative that erased their complicity in the systemic breakdown that led to this crisis.

Natwar Singh, in what seemed more like a campaign speech than a crisis intervention, declared that "even after everything that has happened, the BJP has failed to improve security" and that "the idea of a secure India is removed." He went further to claim that the nation's credibility on the international stage had diminished. Such remarks, while dramatic, overlooked the global reality unfolding beyond the committee room. Within hours of the attack, international allies had extended offers of support, intelligence–sharing, and operational assistance, clear indicators that India's diplomatic standing remained intact. Moreover, for a former external affairs minister, Singh's comments failed to acknowledge that national credibility is not defined by one incident, but by how a country rises to confront it. The real damage was not to India's image abroad, but to the spirit of national unity, fractured not by terrorists, but by those who chose to politicise terror before even ensuring the safety of their own Parliament.

Most unsettling, however, was Dr. Manmohan Singh's rather loud admission that his party, the Indian National Congress, was not working toward the rescue of Home Minister L.K. Advani, who at the time was also serving as the Acting Prime Minister. That moment spoke volumes. The refusal to prioritise the safety of a sitting constitutional authority, simply because he represented the opposing bench, revealed a line crossed between disagreement and disregard. In a crisis that demanded collective action, this deliberate omission bordered on negligence. One need not support a government's policies to defend its institutions.

The Home Minister was not merely a man in office; he was the symbolic anchor of a nation under attack. To ignore his rescue was to ignore the sanctity of the very democracy the Congress claimed to uphold. India, on this day, did not need party lines. It needed a lifeline. And when the time came to show unity, some chose to show strategy instead.

#### **Aberration and Ambition**

Kyna Kataria observes the All-India Political Party Meet

Tweet 2:

Chairperson: everyone who supports the no confidence motion shout Ai.

everyone: Aiiii!

Chairperson: everyone who does not support the no confidence motion shout nay.

Everyone: Nayyy!

Chairperson: Ok that did not work.

Tweet 3: Muni Lall, the labor minister and a member of the BJP, decided to divulge in the sin of greed and decided to sell his own govt to switch to INC. He went against his initial party in a no-confidence motion only to switch back to BJP after the no confidence motion did not pass

Chants of shame sound the committee as Muni Lall is removed as a minster of BJP. It is as the honorable Brutus said, Once the climber reaches the "upmost round" -achieves their goal, they turn their back on the "ladder"- the people who helped him achieve it.

#### **Keep Sweeping**

Tara Dhawan of The Times of India intercepts the diary of a janitor working in the Parliament House

These are excerpts from a diary found on the floor of the janitorial room of the Parliament House. They are suspected to have been written by a janitor working in the house.

#### 11th December 2001: 2 p.m.

The days are long, and the nights are longer. I want to do something meaningful with my life, help people. I lay awake at night imagining what all I should have achieved by now. I want to be a role model for Ananya, instead, I am just a janitor who does nothing but clean the never-ending corridors of the Parliament house, stealing time to write in this stupid journal. I don't even know why I am writing this.

#### 12th December 2001: 8 a.m.

I am so invisible here. Not a day goes by that I am not overlooked, and the only time I am spoken to is when I am needed to do a task no one else wants to. At least the new CPRF boys are nice. One of them brought me a cup of chai (tea) today.

#### 13th December 2001: 12 p.m.

I was sweeping when a white Ambassador with a red beacon passed me too quickly. Something about it felt... off. But it's not my job to question. I just sweep. The Lok Sabha was adjourned. The halls had that quiet hum, a rare moment of stillness.

#### 13th December 2001: 1 p.m.

I heard gunshots just moments ago. I hid under the same bench I had polished earlier in the day. When I realised there was no threat near me, I ran to the janitorial cupboard. I am still there now. I am sweeping mindlessly to keep my mind from wandering to dark places. I never imagined there would be a day when I would hope to be overlooked in this place, but my life depends on my ability to remain invisible right now.

#### 13th December 2001: 2 p.m.

I am still hiding in the cupboard. I heard someone screaming outside my door. I let him in. He said I saved his life. At least I did something meaningful while I am still alive. I hope someone finds this, so Aprajita and Ananya know I stayed brave. I don't know if I will survive this.

#### 13th December 2001: 6 p.m.

I am still alive. I can't believe that I am still alive. They took many of our own. Sonia Gandhi was also taken. I used to sweep the corridors where Prime Ministers walked. Today, I swept up blood. And still, I will return tomorrow, mop in hand, to clean what they left behind.

#### Side note:

Ananya- his daughter Aprajita- his wife



Anwesha Dash



Kenisha Garg

# UNITED NATIONS SECURITY COUNCIL



**Chairperson: Aditri Chatterjee** 

Director: Aryann Khokha, Vibhav Sethu

Rapporteur: Anahita Singh

#### Style, Stickers and Stormy Looks

Anya Dayal elaborates on the proceedings of the United Nations Security Council

Tweet 1: The rapporteur of the United Nations Security Council notably wore two pairs of spectacles: one on her nose and one on her head. This was a revolutionary style choice: this journalist will certainly try it out sometime.

Tweet 2: The delegate of the United Kingdom, while giving her speech, did not receive the same amount of attention that the back of her laptop did. The sticker company is probably flourishing thanks to her.

#### The Battle COVID Won

Miraaya Harkar of the Xinhua News Agency displays the grief of a scientist and a father

A ripped-out diary page found behind a research lab

17th September 2020

I was researching in my lab, testing vaccines, seeing what was wrong, correcting them, when I got the call.

"Hello, this is a government call, this call is being recorded."

That didn't worry me, I got those all the time, being a scientist.

"Our funds have been slightly depleted." That took me aback. How badly depleted?

"There has been a cyberattack and a large amount of money has been siphoned out of our system. Due to complications, we cannot acquire more funding for a few months."

"We do not know how long the current funds will last."

I felt like I'd gotten a heart attack. My chest seized. I stumbled backwards, still holding the phone to my ear even as the line went dead. My team of scientists, some only interns, looked at me, concerned. I couldn't hear a thing. One of them called out to me, but it felt like all my senses had been dulled. I slowly put down the phone, my hands still shaking.

A few months. That's how long we had to last. Just a few months. Then funds would be rolling in again, and things would go back to normal. Or at least, how normal things could be what with the pandemic raging around us. Our country had already been blamed for the start of it, so we have to end it. And now we couldn't even do that.

I called my team close and explained the situation. Some were hopeless, like I was. Some were angry. Some simply left the room, expressionless. We all knew what this meant. An immense delay in the production of the vaccine for a few months. Which meant countless deaths, countless lives lost because of the cyberattack.

We had to go visit the hospital. Research purposes, I knew, but I still hated going there. The smell of blood, vomit and antiseptic made my stomach roil. Still, I stepped through those glass doors. The sight of all those people, suffering because we couldn't make the vaccine on time, it made my eyes sting. The fact that somewhere in this very hospital, my daughter was screaming, crying, throwing up because of the very sickness I couldn't find a vaccine for in time.

I reached her room and took a deep breath. The moment I stepped in, I nearly threw up from the stench. My daughter, my sweet, sweet daughter, was laying on the bed, strapped to machines. It killed me seeing her in pain, but I took her hand and whispered sweet nothings until she fell asleep. I kissed her hand, despite knowing how contagious COVID was, and walked out shaking like a leaf.

My team met me outside with data from other rooms. I didn't speak a word, and only one thought rang in my mind, over and over and over again.

What if the money doesn't come in time?

Editor's Note: The name of the scientist has been withheld for safety purposes. We publish this entry to show the citizens how disastrous such incidents can be and how we must work to prevent such tragic events.

## THE WINNER'S CIRCLE



A look at the award list for AMUN 2025 across committees, pictures from the award ceremony, and the Executive Board picture!

#### THE OFFICIAL AWARD LIST

#### Logistics

**Best Logistics Reporter:** 

- Neerav Gupta
- Avyashi Agarwal

#### **UNCA Journalism**

#### **Verbal Mention:**

- Ruhin Chatterjee
- Miraaya Harkar
- Siyona Pandey

#### **Special Mention:**

- Suhani Kackar
- Kaavya Tandan

#### **Outstanding Journalist:**

• Tara Dhawan

#### **Best Journalist:**

• Navya Bansal

#### **UNCA Photography**

#### **Verbal Mention:**

- Nanaki Anand
- Elina Mehra
- Amyra Jasuja

#### **Special Mention:**

- Kaina Suri
- Nikshit Sharma
- Arshiya Jain

#### Outstanding Photographer:

• Anwesha Dash

#### Best Photographer:

• Kenisha Garg









#### **UNCA Caricature and Design**

#### Verbal Mention:

• Vihaan Chowdhury

#### **Special Mention:**

• Sharanya Singh Kadian

#### **Outstanding Caricaturist:**

• Sanaa Yaday

#### **Best Caricaturist:**

• Bhavya Maheshwari

#### **Best Correspondent Award**

• Anya Dayal

#### All - India Political Parties Meet

#### Verbal Mention:

- Vihaan Ladha
- Abhirup Singh
- Ruhaan Bahadur

#### **Special Mention:**

- Leeona Choudhary
- Abeer Agarwal
- Sara Agarwal

#### **High Commendation**

- Samaira Pandey
- Yuveer Jayani
- Krish Nawal

#### Best Delegate

• Aaditya Chaddha







#### **Joint Crisis Committee**

#### **Verbal Mention**

- Hriday Sood
- Parth Gupta
- Sautyajit Biswas

#### **Special Mention**

- Shivansh Sharma
- Vivaan Ganguli
- Viraj Haldia

#### **High Commendation**

- Aaditya Kukreja
- Vyom Maheshwari
- Tanish Dhanda

#### Best Delegate

- Arnav Kumar
- Rohan Dinakar

#### **Supreme Court of India**

#### **Verbal Mention**

- Niharika Garg
- Urvi Tanwar
- Vedant Suri

#### **Special Mention**

- Viaan Bali
- Kabir Sawhney
- Varya Chawla

#### **High Commendation**

- Jannat Arora
- Vir Khurana
- Aarav Sharma

#### Best Delegate:

Avi Kothari







#### **United Nations Security Council**

#### Verbal Mention

- Mir Kawal Singh
- Ayaan Godayal
- Gurshaan Arora

#### **Special Mention:**

- Akshit Singh
- Sachi Aggawal
- Adhiraj Singh Arha

#### **High Commendation:**

- Trineil Dutt
- Aviiral Jain
- Abier Lakhanpal

#### Best Delegate:

• Anoushka Johri

#### **United States Senate**

#### Verbal Mention:

- Anvi Somani
- Saanvi Arora
- Sia Bhangui

#### **Special Mention:**

- Devina Singh
- Jivika Talwar
- Ahaana Batra

#### **High Commendation:**

- Arya Kapoor
- Suryom Arora
- Kaashvi Gupta

#### Best Delegate:

• Anushka Singh





#### Secretary General's Award:

• Tara Vyas



#### **MEET THE EXECUTIVE BOARD!**



From left to right (standing row): Sabrina Tiwari, Mrittika Sen, Devadrita Dam, Saurabhya Puri, Shaurya Srivasatava, Armaan Vir Kumar, Jai Kashyap, Fateh Singh, Aarna Ranjan, Udayveer Singh Tomar, Pranay Jain, Ananya Mishra, Siddhartha Dennis George, Amaira Wadhwa, Tejas Singh, Anahita Singh, Medhya Saini, Devina Prashanth, Mireya Bhatia, Kuviera, Aayra Dhindsa.

From left to right (bottom row): Aishani Nanda Rao, Aditri Chatterjee, Arv Jakhodia, Armaan Ali, Aarav Kanodia, Vibhav Sethu, Reynah Gupta, Jia Bhatia, Nandini Arora.

#### Credits for cover pictures:

- Elina Mehra
- Kashvi Amarchand
- Saraan Singh
- Kaina Suri

#### Newsletter made by:

• Devina Prashanth