



# **Student's Bridge**

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## **Learning from Late A P J Abdul Kalam**

Time demands everyone of us to get rid of communal thoughts and come together to join hands for development of humanitarian thought. Caste, creed, religion, customs and traditions should not come to the forefront as it hampers humanitarian thoughts and development. Dr. APJ Abdul Kalam though died recently remains forever with his thought of humanity, as he says- “How this earth be made suitable for living.” His thought includes not only humanity, but all living-being as well. Now, the time has come for us to think about how communal thoughts be get rid off. In a secular country like India if communal thoughts be let to prevail, communal tensions may take new and serious turns each day. Here, comes the need of respecting one another’s tradition, culture or religions, for the common development of all community.

All these things together unites each individual for the progress of this secular country. And then with all these virtues India could become an atomic power nation. But it is essential to mould minds of every individual. We have more to learn from the great man Kalam.

**Shiva Lal Bhandari**

## Parenting Styles for Kids

**Sanchita Ghosh**



Mostly parenting role is taken care by biological parent of a child. If child does not have his parents then parenting may be taken care either by child's grandparents, older sibling, legal guardian, uncle, aunty, or any other family member or family friend.

Parenting is the process of child rearing, which promotes and supports Physical, Emotional, Intellectual, Social and Financial aspects of a child from Infancy to Adulthood.

Parenting Style is the overall emotional climate given to the child in the.

Diana Baumrind, a Psychologist identified four main parenting styles - **authoritative, authoritarian, permissive and Uninvolved**

Diana Baumrind had found these four parenting styles on the basis of four important dimensions of parenting which are **Disciplinary Strategies, Warmth and Nurturance, Communication Styles, Expectations of maturity and control.**

### **Authoritarian Parenting**

This is Strict, rigid, harsh parenting styles, where child have to adhere and regulations established by parents. Parent expects child to adhere to rules without negotiations, here child is not given reasons for the rules. Authoritarian parents may use Punishments instead of consequences. In this type of parenting style there is low in parental responsiveness (the nurturing aspect of the child) and high in parental demanding (control over the child). Open communication is generally not an option in this type of parenting

Authoritarian parents feel they are the boss and their children should conform to their demands without question.

Although children who grow up with authoritarian parents tend to follow rules much of the time, they may develop self-esteem problems. Sometimes children become hostile or aggressive as they may focus more on being angry at their parents for the punishment rather than learning how to make decisions and solve-problems. Generally authoritarian parents are not very emotional or affectionate and are often critical of their children if they fail to meet their expectations.

is far too strict, lacks the warmth and nurturing required in creating a positive and loving family environment.

The "Authoritarian Parenting Style" is **not** one that supports the fundamental principles of Positive Parenting.

	Supportive Parent is accepting and child-centered	Unsupportive Parent is rejecting and parent-centered
Demanding Parent expects much of child	<b>Authoritative Parenting</b> Relationship is reciprocal, responsive, high in bidirectional communication	<b>Authoritarian Parenting</b> Relationship is controlling, power-assertive, high in unidirectional communication
Undemanding Parent expects little of child	<b>Permissive Parenting</b> Relationship is indulgent, low in control attempts	<b>Rejecting-Neglecting Parenting</b> Relationship is rejecting or neglecting; uninvolved

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### Authoritative Parenting

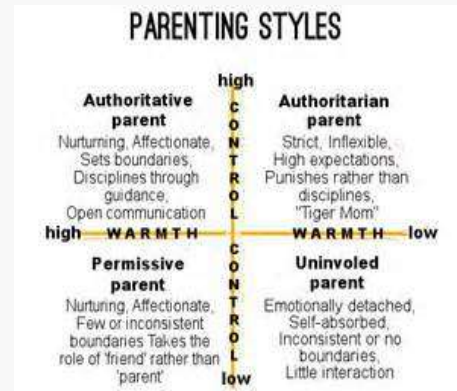
Authoritative parents also have rules that children are expected to follow, however, they allow some exceptions to the rule. They often tell children the reasons for the rules and they are more willing to consider a child's feelings when limits.

Authoritative parents tend to use consequences instead of punishments. They also use more positive consequences to reinforce good behaviors and may be more willing than authoritarian parents to use Praise and Reward system.

The development of autonomy for their child is a main focus and children's views and opinions are strongly considered and respected.

ismore balanced parenting style that is specifically centered on holding high expectations of maturity in a child.

The child's emotional development is strongly considered and helping the child to understand and deal with mixed emotions in a positive way is paramount to raising self-regulating children. A nurturing approach is taken while encouraging their children to articulate for themselves and solve their own problems



Children raised with authoritative discipline tend to be happy and successful. They are often good at making decisions and evaluating safety risks on their own. They often grow up to be responsible adults who feel comfortable expressing their opinions.

### Permissive Parenting

The Permissive Parenting Style is an extremely relaxed approach where parents are generally warm, nurturing and affectionate. However, they are overly accepting of their children's behavior, good or bad.

Permissive parents't offer much discipline. They tend to be lenient and may only step in when there is a serious problem. There may be few consequences for misbehavior because parents

Permissive parents may take on more of a friend role than a parent role. They may encourage their children to talk with them about their problems but may not discourage a lot of bad behaviors.

Kids who grow up with permissive parents tend to struggle academically. They may exhibit more behavioral problems as they will likely not appreciate authority and rules. They often have low self-esteem and may report a lot of sadness. The parent is overly responsive to the child's demands, seldom enforcing consistent rules and often leads to rearing a spoiled child. Parents can easily be manipulated and controlled by their children.

### **Uninvolved Parenting**

Uninvolved parents tend to be neglectful. They often do not meet their children's basic needs and may expect children to raise themselves. Sometimes this is due to a parent's mental health issues or substance abuse problems. They may also lack knowledge about parenting and child development or may feel overwhelmed by life's other problems.

Uninvolved parents tend to have little knowledge of what

their children are doing. There tends to be few, if any, rules or expectations. Children may not receive any nurturing or guidance and they lack the much need parental attention.

with little or no communication with their own parents tended to be the victims of another child's deviant behavior and may be involved in some deviance themselves. Children of uninvolved parents suffer in, competence, academic, performance, psychosocial development and problem behavior.

When parents are uninvolved, children tend to lack self esteem and they perform poorly academically. They also exhibit frequent behavior problems and rank low in happiness.

**There is no single or definitive model of parenting. With authoritarian and permissive (indulgent) parenting on opposite sides of the spectrum, most conventional and modern models of parenting fall somewhere in between Parenting strategies as well as behaviors and ideals of what parents expect, whether communicated verbally and/or non-verbally.**



## **Misleading Encounter: A parody of filmy-like love at sight**

**By Ayangti Longkumer**

This story has two protagonists, a boy named Abe and a girl named Abigail. No, no they are not lovers, they are best of friends. They do not fall in love with each other; they remind best of friends till the end. By now you must be thinking whose story is this anyway? Well for this query of yours you have to continue reading. Trust me, Abigail is a good narrator, she will narrate you not in bits but in detail. The next voice will be of Abigail.

Hi! I am Abigail. I am telling this with immense liberty, a liberty which comes from the thought that my friend Abe will never be able to defend himself as he does not have access to information regarding the fact that I have narrated this to people. He does not have account in any of the social networking sites, well he is a dinosaur. This incident happened a year ago when I went to my sweet little town for summer break. Usually, the first question which my friend asks when I land my feet in the town is, 'What did you get for me?' I thought that summer could be relieving as the first sentence my friend, the hero of the story uttered was, 'I got to tell you something.'

I was wrong.

So this is it, he met a stranger, a beautiful stranger in our town's famous shopping arcade, one look and he was smitten. He did not know the name of the woman or what her age was, or her shoe number, all he knew was the colour of her dress which was blue, I did not ask him what shade of blue it was for it could have made the matter worse. He requested me to help him find the lady, not that she was lost, but he had lost his heart to her. With great coaxing from his side I agreed to help, reminding him that there is no such thing like free lunch which means he has to return my favour.

Thus began the hunt.

Like in movies depending on the budget and the storyline the hero is suppose to have a medium of transport varying from horse to bi-cycle o high-fi sports car to telepathy. My friend had a second hand motorbike; I believe it was forth-hand purchased from the famous Karol Bagh market of Delhi. It was not like those fancy bikes used in Dhoom series, that bike had a peculiar character of its own, first we had to push it, then my friend had to warm up the machine by taking vertical rounds, and unlike other bikes it produces very strange noise every time he hit the break. Anyway, we drew a chart, first we started off by visiting all colleges (he said, she did look that young to be in school), then churches, shopping arcades, localities, clinics and hospitals, banks, offices, okay, we even to schools thinking that she might be a teacher.

If there was any award called 'Desperate Romeo went Crazy' then he would have won. Standing in the scorching heat, unwilling to come under my yellow umbrella from 'How I Met Your Mother', made him tan. What stayed with him throughout the hunt were his chewing gum, MP3, bike and obviously me.

Things were not happening like the way we wanted. He behaved as if he had repeatedly flunked in his Algebra paper. We concluded if we can get a picture of her through whatever little memory he had then it could make things a bit easy. So, the next day we went to a sketch artist who was ready to help us in cheapest rate. He showed sample of his sketches, judging by his works I knew it was going to be complete waste of time. Abe started describing her, he sketched accordingly. The whole process took an hour. When it was finally completed, Abe with his closed and smiles that could have killed all the guinea pigs in the world requested, 'Abigail, tell me how does she look please?'

"What! She looks like Steven Tyler?" I swallowed my honesty.

With puzzle all over his face, he took the sketch book from me. I started laughing, he joined me. After paying the less talented artist, we went to the shop where he saw her. He was already nervous in front of the beautiful shopkeeper. Pinching me was a good idea to push me towards the counter. The lady asked me what I wanted, whether shampoo, shower gel or cream, we were there not to buy anything but I have to admit they had good collection of knickers. I had to clear my throat before asking her the questions, the answer to which would give us a clue. I asked her name, how long she has been working and everything unrelated to the mission. Finally, I asked whether she has seen any of her customers in blue coloured dress, she laughed for that was the silliest thing, we made her day. Abe, the desperate wanted to see the footage of CCTV, the date of which he remembered so well. I dusted off the idea; we were there for love quest not for some detective work. That day too we went home like hunters without the kill.

When all the attempts failed, I consoled him by saying that she might be an angel, who came down to earth just to give him momentary joy. I convinced him to appreciate our effort. He reciprocated my help by agreeing to treat me. He took me to street which was famous for spicy snacks. We enjoyed the appetite in silence. Never knew what went wrong, both of us got stomach infection. Both of us met in the same hospital accompanied by our caring moms. According to appointment, my turn was after him, when the receptionist called out his name, instead of marching towards the doctor's door, he stood still with eyes fixed on the woman coming out the other room.

‘Abigail, she is the one,’ he whispered looking at the beautiful.

‘Where? Ah....but she is pregnant.’ I was shocked, her belly was humongous.

‘Yeah, and I am not the father of the baby,’ he looked at me.

‘That’s something I already know,’ I whispered.

Although she did not know anything about Abe, it did not impair her beauty. She was beautiful; her smile was kind, her baby would be lucky to such a celestial mother.

Thank you, Abigail for beautifully narrating the story. Sad that Abigail does not know Abe is here with us. Now, let us hear a word or two from Abe who is undoubtedly the hero of his story, oops, this story.

I am Abe. Abigail has done a 180 degree twist to the story. The real stuff is this, when all the attempts fail, Abigail and I went to her house for a cup of tea, we sat I her balcony which embraced the green paddy field. She circled me in her arms and said not to worry; I looked into her eyes asked forgiveness. She thought I was apologizing for all the troubles she had to undergo because of me; she was my friend but could not read my mind that day. I corrected her, I told her, ‘Abigail, there wasn’t any woman in blue. I cooked up the whole thing to mock your fondness for love at first sight stories.’ All Abigail could reply was, ‘whatever! When I’ll narrate this story to someone or to everyone, I’ll make sure they fall for my version.’

Thanks Abe. Guys! Abe and Abigail are good friends and they have equally bored us.

### **I am sorry**

Poor bird  
I didn't let you sleep at night  
Nor did I gave you single moment free,  
When you hoped from trees to trees  
My catapult always smelled you  
Or I myself kidnapped your kins.  
When you twittered for help from your friends  
I argued, you used an illegal term  
I followed you in bushes, trees and shrubs  
For punishing you for possessing frightful cry.  
I am sorry!  
I took your every activity as an offence  
Your nest, eggs, faith have been broken  
I cut the string of your love towards human beings.

**By: Shiva Lal Bhandari**

### **Mother's Womb**

The night is dark,  
Neighbours' dogs bark;  
At distance, there is shooting sound.  
On the way to home,  
Someone screams loud.  
Fear provokes in heart,  
Legs quiver; breathing has heat.  
Mother, oh! Mother  
The whole world has fighting weather.  
Send not to the tomb  
Take back to the womb  
That is the safest place  
Where, your son can rest in peace.

**By:- Herojit Philem**

**Teacher: What is the full form of RSVP?**  
**Student: Remember Sweet Valley Potatoes.**

**Teacher: What do you mean by FM Radio?**  
**Student: It means Famous Man's Radio.**

**Teacher: What is Grammar?**  
**Student: Grammar is English II, sir.**  
**Teacher: Correct, sit down.**

**Student: Sir, why are students told not to bring eatables in the class room?**  
**Teacher: Because those eatables sing "Zaraa Zaraa Touch me."**

**Teacher: What is Zebra Crossing?**  
**Student: It is a place through which Zebras cross the river.**

## Scenario of Quantity Education

### Herojit Philem

The hour's hand was resting between nine and ten, and the minute hand stroke at 6. "It is 9:30 am," Henry shouted loud enough from inside his room so that his mother, who was busy in preparing breakfast, would hear.

"Mom, I'm getting late for college," he continued and was hastily dressing to go off to college.

"College is a place where students loot their mental ability by mingling with some other students of negative genre. As you have the knowledge that education after matriculation, is diversified into different streams and students select their subject choice. Nevertheless, some of them never concentrate in their studies despite choosing their favourite subject. They attend college with mobile phones and it is unpredictable whether a notebook or a text book is there in their bags. These are students spoiling the name of the institution and other pupils. There is no good college or no college bad, everything lies within an individual student. But environment really matter. If it is worse than students, no positive result would be yield for being a good student. The good student will slowly adhere with the environment ignoring their inner potential. If you want to be good and become better in such an environment you must possess strong attitude," was a piece of advice Henry's mother had been giving him since the first day of the college and today her expression vividly speaks the same to Henry's inner ear.

After a long staring at Henry standing in front of the dressing table, she cried out- "ENOUGH, I have been watching you from the moment I came out of the kitchen. Are you going college to show off your hair style? Listen, education doesn't require fashion-minded students. Even if you go stylishly, you will learn the same lesson as other students would."

"Mom... I'm grown up, I shall no more behave like the high schools," he said turning around in front of the mirror.

"What? You haven't learnt to wash your face clean, yet, you think you are MATURE," she angrily yelled at her son.

We remain as a child no matter how grown up we are, in parents' eyes, mother's in particular.

"I know how much my mother loves me, though she keeps on scolding me. It's because of

her chides, I'm standing with my handsome face in front of the mirror today," were some words playing near Henry's ear.

"It is getting late, I shall ready to off to college," Henry said after little introspection.

"Are you not having your breakfast?" Henry's mother questioned as she trod away from Henry's sight.

"I don't have appetite," Henry answered, actually, he was yearning to get some bucks from his mother, "Mom..... I'm going," he added.

"Wait a minute; take this hundred rupees to have something in the college canteen," said Henry's mother as she came out from inside the chamber when Henry was about to leave the mirror without his image.

Walking down the road he saw some students from other college standing at bus station. Some of them were busy talking while other stuck on their mobile phones. As he passed them, their voices reached his ear, they were talking about their girlfriends and boyfriends, and those who were stuck on mobile phones are drowning in the river of their own romance.

Their voices being heard and behaviour being seen, he interrogated himself many questions – "Does love affair really matter for a college student? Is this the scenario of education seen in every nook and cranny of the world? Everything has its own time but why are they chewing tobacco when they are in college uniform? Why are they not talking about their education, careers or examinations?"

Interrogating question after questions he reached the college campus and there he saw some boys standing near the gate. The very next second he heard them howling as some girls ahead of him passed them. One of the boys asked if any of the girls had brought gulkha. Henry thought that the boy will be gone in the hands of those innocent girls, but it was wrong! One among the bevy of girls took out something, which have been wrapped with paper, from her bag and gave it to the boy. He received it happily saying, "I shall owe you another day with the same." Henry walked hanging his head, leaving all of them behind to reach his classroom where he found many of his friends talking about their facebook status, which were mere fun and worthless topics, inspiring no one. They didn't notice him coming as they were busy talking about social networking, which they didn't really know what it was.

Henry sat recollecting some sweet memories of years past. Those days, he didn't even waste a minute but today's morning hours have just wasted remembering those zeal filled days. What would he do as the environment forbids him to study? If he were to read, no doubts his mates will be laughing at him. Couple of minute later he saw students standing to greet the entering teacher.

The teacher as usual gave couple of warnings to the students including to study seriously as exams were coming etc. who were the students listening, was the question that arose in him as no student follows the oralized rules and students were fond of saying, "Live in present," but they have forgotten that the coming future will be present tomorrow and their present is to study.

As the lecture ended, he was compelled to believe that students from now will be serious in their studies. But, this too, was proved wrong. Mischief of students made teachers reluctant to do their duty. Days ended without a word learnt and a question asked.

Next day, waking up early in the morning he did nothing sitting in front of an opened book. He turned the pages remembering the scenario of the class and regretted for the time wasted, despite knowing examination is standing at the threshold. He was aware of the coming examination in spite of that he wasted his dear morning hours suffering remorse.

We can't deny any known fact; nevertheless, students in his college including Henry himself ignored the coming of very important, inevitable thing what people called examination.

As if copying is educational rights, all waited the coming of examination to defeat it by mere unfair means. The only thing, which Henry kept on saying was, "I'm a student only for name and thus I'll appear the coming examination as it is a part of my life. No matter if I don't go through. And it's of no use to go for higher studies as there are many Bachelors who remain jobless." He related those unemployed youths without knowing much about their educational qualities. The truth was, like Henry many of them had quantity education.

"I never thought examination would be coming so early like this," were the only words running in Henry's mind and as examination ended, the only statement he stated was, "Let God decides my result."

Yes, results were out, with God's grace he passed the examination with good grade. The thing making him suffer was the doubt if he can't reach his goal and become a successful person.

## Things to remember

- You get only once in lifetime: Mother, Father and Youthfulness.
- Time, Death and Customer does not wait for anybody.
- Bullets from the gun, words spoken and soul from the body; never returns back.
- Always avoid: Bad friends, Selfishness and Criticism.
- Never forget: Loan, Responsibility and Illness.
- Never be proud of: Wealth, Beauty and Youthfulness.
- Always be kind to: Children, hungry person and Handicapped people.
- Keep always under control: Lust, Anger and Greed.
- Develop alone from the heart: Religious achievement, Hard work and Education.
- People to be always respect: Mother, Father and Teacher.
- Never misbehave with old person, mad person and sad person.
- Always build: Temples, Wells and Rest Houses for the deprived.

**Contributed by William Kipgen, PMA Class X**

## An Aquatic Fox

Once upon a time, there lived an aquatic fox. When winter arrived he felt very cold. So, he decided to go out of the water and live on the land. But on the land he could not get anything to eat, since the surrounding was all covered with snow. So, he returned back to the water again though he feels cold as he gets lots of fish there.

By: - Anjali ,  
S.F.S School, Class V, Sec. : B, Roll no 1



### **A little girl's Sickness**

Came across, a little girl  
Who wandered around within herself,  
Seeking forgiveness for wrong deeds  
Which she didn't except herself to do.

Find her in the midst of the ocean  
Refused to enjoy with friends and appetite  
Even refused the beauty and joy of  
Christmas and welcoming of the coming year  
Seeking forgiveness for wrong deeds.

Soon, time came to relax herself  
But, she was stucked with the words:  
"It's Okay"  
Never, she was satisfied with the outcome  
Now, the little words became one of the  
Hate most words to the little girl.

For her, it became the hatred words  
That overshadowed the true identity  
Of a person,  
Just to cover up the faces of other or themselves  
Just to please someone but not the mother.

**By: Qymmiely  
S.F.S school**

**Internet : A boon or a hypnotic**  
**By: Pradhum Niroula**  
**Of P.M.A, Class X**

Internet is an ocean deeper than pacific and longer than Nile. The marine animals are the persons who depend on internet. The different spots of the ocean are the websites in which the persons login.

In this present century, each of us know what internet is. In short “Internet is just a linker which has no international boundaries”. It is source of knowledge as well as a route to evils.

Among the social sites and applications based on internet, Facebook and Whatapps are most popular. In fact, Facebook users usually upload pictures and have thousands of friends. The ironic sight of facebook is, it facilitates fake love. Facebook was created by Mark Zuckerberg. He was so possessive about girls. It was difficult for him to know if they were single, in a relationship or married, so to know all these he hosted Facebook. We should not too much indulged in such social sites or applications. Facebook is just a book of photos and Whatapps is just a room for communication.

Away from the venomous aspects, there are many profitable things for a Facebook or Whatapps user. The thing is, it depends on the user which of the two sides will be chosen.