

13th Oct'18

15
YEARS



THE DAILY MUNTRA

MAKING CONTRIBUTIONS
AND AMENDING
RESOLUTIONS



ISSUE 3 - DEBATE

Mario And Luigi Take DAIMUN

Day 1, 0900: The ceremony was opened by a beautiful speech spoken by some dude, in which the word "world" was used once each sentence (maybe we mixed "world" with "wall" but we're Italian so we don't really get the Indian accent). As soon as 5 minutes went by, our eyes shut down (we've still got a little jet lag) like our taste buds when we smell Indian breakfast food. As soon as one professor (we're not sure if they are professors, but 99% they are, trust us) finished his speech, the clapping woke us up from our comas. Then, Professor 2 started his speech. It was a cool speech with some references to Marvel's Infinity War and other stuff but like the 2006 Peruvian Rate of Inflation, it went slowly downhill. But, we understood that he likes tigers. A LOT.

Finally it was "breakfast" time. We were a little scared because as we got closer to the cafeteria the smell of spices became stronger and stronger. We were rightly scared because this breakfast, as they wrongly call it, was made of a sandwich with some radioactive fried potatoes inside (I'm not saying radioactive because it wasn't good, but because they were green. I mean, seriously, neon green). We also had like a tortilla with mostly onions and something else, probably spices. I mean, surely, they were spices. All of that with some pulpy orange juice, of course. What a match: onions, potatoes and orange juice. Our stomachs are still mad at us. We guess we'll weigh like 5 kgs less when we get home. We then go to the art room in which there are like ten writers working on their laptops, and obviously I don't have one. We start doing absolutely nothing at which we're really good.

One of us also has a badge that says "PIETRO" on the first line, and "Menichelli reporter" on the second, like it's a profession: the "Menichelli Reporter".

Q: What do you do for living?

A: I'm a Menichelli reporter. I forgot to say that in the opening speech the Secretary General mentioned Gandhi: what a surprise! Gandhi for Indians is like Queen Elizabeth for English: they put him everywhere. An example? Every size of note has his face on it, each and every one!

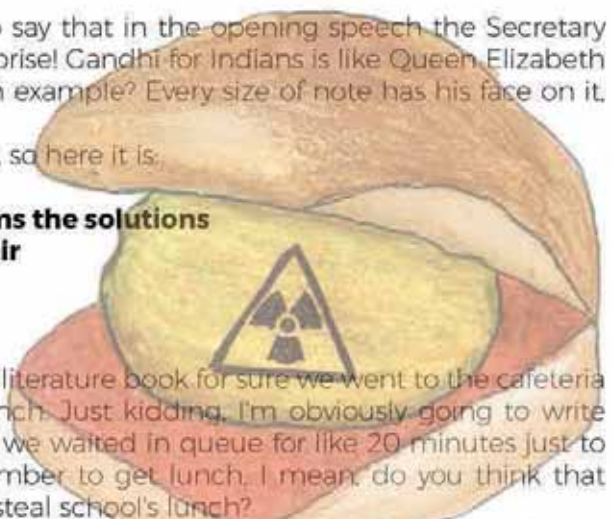
The Head of Writing asked us to write a poem about MUN, so here it is:

**From Rome to Mumbai - all dressed with suit and tie
The delegates write the resolutions, and find to problems the solutions
All day sitting on a chair, trying to listen to a boring Chair
And after a difficult day, from the school we run away
DAIMUN, It's fun
We love Mumbai, and so we say goodbye.**

After we wrote this masterpiece that's going to be in some literature book for sure we went to the cafeteria for lunch. Don't worry, I'm not writing anything about lunch. Just kidding, I'm obviously going to write something about lunch. So, we went to the cafeteria and we waited in queue for like 20 minutes just to discover that you need a little piece of paper with a number to get lunch. I mean, do you think that someone would really dress up with blazer and tie just to steal school's lunch?

Anyway, after we went up and down in the elevator like 5 times (Now the guy that presses buttons knows my name, his is Ramesh) we finally got our lunch aaaand it was barely edible. Still, we had so much free time that we decided to have 2 lunches. The bread was good: everything else wasn't. Of course we didn't tried pasta, but you can understand why. After half an hour of intense flip bottle challenges we went around to meet our friends, but we got lost on some floor. Finally, we found Captain Ramesh's elevator and he guided us to the hall. And then our first day was over.

**By Pietro Menichelli and Brando Fabiani
(from Liceo Farnesina, Rome)**



A (SPEC)CONgregation of mentos (mentos? many mentos? menti?)

"Reign it in with the clapping, delegates," the Chair commanded over the chorus of bangs on the table. A mentos was tossed in the general direction of the delegate, landing miserably on the floor. The excitement and uproar from yesterday's impassioned shouting matches furlled the debates for the day, with all delegates contributing generously to the debate at hand. Papers flew from the delegates hand to the Chairs and two piles quickly formed: one on the Chair's table that's filled with angry scribbles and one on the floor that had 'REJECTED' written across it. Subtle.

The whole room reeked of overachievement and unyielded passion. Some delegates channeled this passion into affection towards their fellow delegates and even Press members ("Delegate of the Democratic Republic of Congo, hugging is not in order!").

The delegates paid close attention to the proceedings of the committee, which unfortunately meant that people who weren't paying attention stuck out like sore thumbs; calls for all delegates to participate and not misspell their own country names were heard continually.

One important highlight that must be mentioned was the Chair's impassioned counting of votes, where each 'for and against' was punctuated by an extravagant twirl of the gavel in the voting delegates direction. Yes, this needed its own separate paragraph.

The logistic members were pre-occupied with their own Very Important Tasks, including checking their phone, and scanning their handheld devices. Shifting their attention from these aforementioned "VITs" seemed like a struggle that went a bit like:

"If you want amendment papers, the logis will give them to you."

"... "Logis..."

"Logis...?"

"Logis please!"

by Apurva Bhnadari



MUN Ki Baat

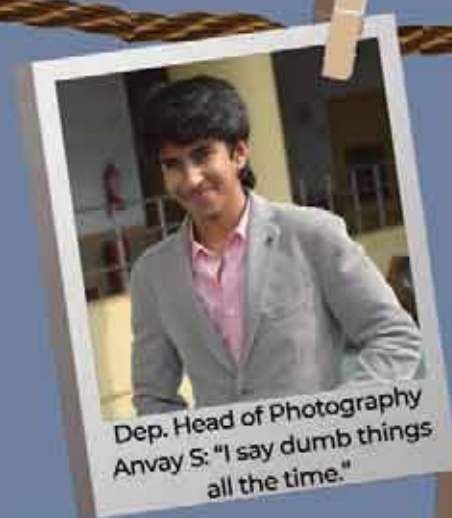
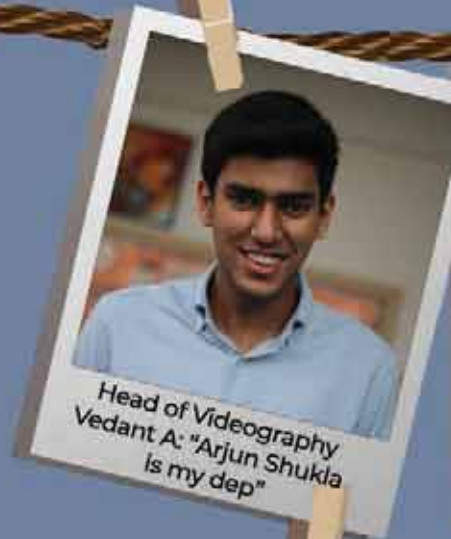
The delegate of Djibouti, MUNjeet Singh was found going into anaphylactic shock in the DAIS auditorium, after he reportedly told the delegate of Slovenia, "Your reso, bro! Haha...." It is unclear exactly what transpired after this shocking event, but we hypothesise that she forcibly stung him with a bee, since he was, "Like, super not into bees, yo!" No one knows where she would've gotten it, but no bodies have been uncovered... yet.


When asked for a statement, the delegate of Slovenia had this to say: "Sometimes I think about murder." It is more likely, however, that she was consumed by a burning desire to win an award. Naturally, people started avoiding her in the hallways. She then walked towards the swing set, began oscillating, and yelled "I walked in to tell him to leave me alone but he was umm..hyper-ventilating and I tried to save him with one of those medical pen thingies."

It was recently discovered that the reason he didn't fully recover from the reaction when stabbed aggressively with the alleged epipen, was because it was just a blue-ink gel pen. He now has a large scar on his abdomen that the delegate hopes he will never notice. We are currently awaiting a statement from him, but his tongue is currently the size of his ego, making this an unlikely prospect.

by Ishaana Khanna

PRESS IN ACTION





The ICC - Committee functions smoother than the door hinges of LR4A

The atmosphere of the ICC was sombre as they convened to discuss the horrific accusations against Dominic Ongwen of Uganda. The case is a matter of global significance, something that didn't go unnoticed by the judges. Their expressions, cut in stone, reflected their attitude in committee- that of people who colour perfectly within the lines and eat pizza with a fork and knife.

The progression of the agenda— although done with resolution was broken by a very unexpected actor in the room— the hinges of the door to LR4A. Their consistent upbeat screeching, which one of the Press members likened to the sound of a clock ticking, reminded the judges of the time-sensitivity of the case, dramatising the otherwise monotonous workings of the courtroom.

The Press took note of the door indulging in its seemingly endless screeching (22 times in a span of 90 minutes) after which the Deputy Chair expressed the possibility of the Admin member present in committee (who, until now was using headphones to watch youtube on the other side of the room), to re-station himself near the door. The Admin member eagerly accepted this suggestion, anxious with desire to continue his binging.

On an unrelated note, the remarkable efficiency of the executive board left the Press stunned. They were so in sync that even their outfits were colour coordinated (they claim it was unintentional but we think the matter requires further investigation). However, the ICC's true success laid in the admin member finally closing the door at 12:21 pm. Exhausted by his tedious effort, the admin member soon left committee, the door wailing louder than ever to mark his departure.

by Sanchi Rohira and Jayani Mehta

An ode to all our Delegations 🙌

Thank you for imparting your gyan 🙏

Birla School Kalyan.

Your enthusiasm rules 🙌

Bombay International School.

Your confidence stands tall 🙌

Fazlani L'Academie Globale

Your fashion sense is cool 😎

Hillspring International school

Your hardwork makes us drool 🤩

Jammu K.C. Public School.

Your competence was 10/10

Good job, JBCN!

Y'all made debate seem like a no brainer 🙌

See you soon, Liceo Statala Farnesina.

You sure made your opposition pay 🙌

Reliance Foundation Koparkhairane.

Against your intelligence we all could rally 🙌

We appreciate you, Sanskaar valley.

We'll miss you a ton 🙌

Do come back, Shishuvan.

We love your spirit, we must confess 🙌

So keep in touch, SIS.

You guys made a fantastic team 🙌

See you next year, Sunbeam.

Having y'all was the biggest thrill 🙌

Keep it up, Cathedral.

Y'all were real players 🙌

Y'all were loved, Somaiya.

Without you these 4 days would've been dull 🙌

Y'all were a treat, Vidya Devi Jindal.

Y'all gave the rest a run for their money 🙌

A pat on your back, Dhirubhai Ambani.

by Hitanshi Badani and Tanisha Deshpande

The Wondrous Delegates of the SC

Welcome to the Security Council! A committee so above the rest of us that we're left gaping on the ground tracing the path of an airplane. To make it easy for us common folk to capture its essence, we'll be likening its elements to aspects of lowbrow pop-culture, palatable to us peasants.

First, we have the Delegation of United Kingdom- the Archie Andrews of SC. These well-dressed boys seem to capture the attention of all the girls in the committee. Yes, you heard right: TWO whole girls in the SC were falling head over heels for these boys. Next, came the Delegation of Armenia that seemed to perfect their catchphrase "that's absurd!" to a level that would put even Ross Geller's infamous "We were on a break!" to Shame.

My personal favorite- the Delegation of Myanmar- were sticklers for pronunciations, much like Hermoine Granger. They even sent a confession stating "It's My-an-mar, not My-un-mar!" The parallel drawn to Ms. Granger's critique of the pronunciation of Levi-O-sa was striking!

Who can forget the Delegation of France, who were spewing way too much nonsense to not be named the Kanye of SC. But hey, unlike Kanye their arguments did seem to make sense, if you could ever get past their incessant shouting (or should I say rapping?)

And finally, the three Chairs seemed to perfectly embody Rosa Diaz from Brooklyn 99. With their firm exterior, they seemed to intimidate most of the delegates. But we all know that deep inside, they're actually kinda nice (please note the emphasis placed on the 'deep'!)

by Suakshi Soni

LOGI REVOLT

The 'H' in HRC might as well stand for hypocrisy, the 'D' in DISEC for despotism, and the 'S' in SPECCON for snobbery. While delegates debate, admin staff arrange, and the secretariat steer committees in the intended direction, there is one group of people that has been consistently overlooked - nay, abused! They have worked tirelessly and without complaint to facilitate the progress of committee, suffering endless mistreatment for their efforts. They give out papers and placards, pass your flirtatious and indignant chits, always willing to do what they can to improve your MUN experience. These martyrs I speak of are the logistics members and no longer will they be mistreated at the hands of the filthy MUN elitists. From being beckoned by snaps and derogatory noises at the most minor inconveniences, to running around the committee distributing resolutions for the less-than-grateful delegates to read, these logistics members have been through far too much. It is for this reason that the Press Corps has decided to expose the atrociously inhumane treatment of this vulnerable group with the aim of empowering them and providing them with a platform to share their experiences and, hopefully, take the first step to recovery. These Logis said they have been struggling with demanding Chairs and ungrateful delegates. One of the anonymous confessions said, 'Exploiting logies isn't as fun as I thought.' Our efforts are not appreciated." Even more horrifying was the experience of Moksh, pictured here in the DISEC, where he is reportedly "always running around and being pestered."

by Tanisha Agarwal



Real News/ Fake News

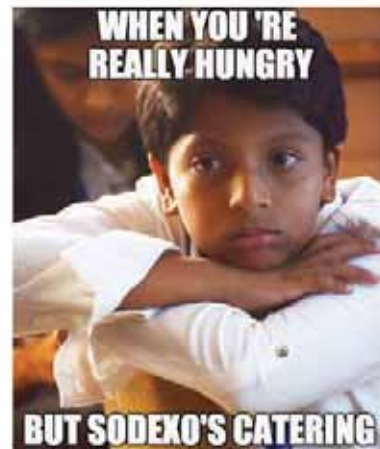
In the age of information, can you identify which news is fake and which is real?

1. Backlash after Indian minister publicly mistakes 'Model UN' for a modelling forum saying it enables "students who want to go into the modelling profession to get exposed to professionals from this fraternity..."
2. President Trump requests to meet Thai Cave boys; boys request to return to cave.
3. Nobel prize winning physicist, sells his prize to afford US healthcare.
4. "Malala Yousafzai is to appear in an upcoming episode of Keeping up with the Kardashians," revealed Kourtney while discussing her son's reluctance to do homework. "Our family feels that like, education is like, super important. So we thought it'd be cute if Mason hears it from Malala."
5. The EU pushes law that could make memes illegal. The European Parliament will set in motion a process that could force online platforms to use "content recognition technologies" that could impact everyone on the internet, including teenage meme creators.
6. Saudis Insist Missing Journalist Was Already Dismembered Before He Left Consulate.
7. Police, overwhelmed by the volume of calls, start online portal for reporting cow-vigilante crimes.
8. Somali Militant Group Al-Shabaab Announces Ban On Single-Use Plastic Bags

9. France Running Out of Butter for Its Croissants after Global Butter Prices Triple.

Key
Real: 1, 3, 5, 7, 8, 9
Fake: 2, 4, 6

by Sanchi Rohira



Disclaimer: The DAILY MUNTRA is a satirical newsletter and everything said here is in good humour.