



**CENTRAL BOARD OF
SECONDARY EDUCATION**

**Beauty and Wellness
Class VII**

**VERBAL
COMMUNICATION
&
POWER POINT
PRESENTATION**

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PREFACE

The 'Art of Communication' is most effective in its two-dimensional approach – verbal and non-verbal communication. Verbal communication helps to accurately define ideas and experiences which further encourages learners to provide opportunities for a variety of written expressions. On the other hand, non-verbal communication expresses ideas and information through the use of gestures, body movement, tone of voice without the use of words. Both verbal as well as non-verbal communication are a means to organize intricate ideas into meaningful entities. A skilled communicator is able to select key pieces of a complex idea to express in words, sounds, and gestures, in order to build shared understanding to negotiate positive outcomes with learners through social perceptiveness, persuasion, negotiation, instructing, and orientation. Through this graphic novel, we comprehend the verbal and non-verbal communication to provide a strong message to the community – to be empathetic to each other and collaborate effectively. It helps a wide variety of learners in a variety of environments – digital, peer-to-peer, peer-to-teacher, teacher-to-peer, etc.

Learning Outcomes

1. Identify and demonstrate verbal and non-verbal communication.
2. Interpret Non-verbal Communication.
3. Understand importance of power point presentation in communication.

CHARACTERS



Ravi Gokhale

The protagonist of the story who has lost his mother to COVID-19 and is coping with grief. He now retains an aloof personality and actively tries to steer clear of social situations due to trauma.

Malti Chandra

The school counsellor of the school who is perceptive to the needs of both her colleagues and students



Ms. Pushpa Biswas



A Mathematics educator who always seeks unconventional methods to experiment with newer ways of learning the subject of Mathematics. She is the class teacher of Class 7-A. An empathetic teacher who not only considers her utmost duty to sensitize the students, but also truly considerate towards Ravi and his needs at this time.

Mr. Vikram Pandey

A Computer Science teacher who has spent the better part of the previous decade in the HDFC School. Always eager to help his colleagues and students, he maintains a charming outlook towards all.



Shubh Dasgupta



As the childhood friend of Ravi, he is empathetic to the pain experienced by his friend, and makes all attempts to protect him from judgments by others.

Ms. Naina Upadhyay

As the Hindi teacher of the school, she is a stickler to the rules of the institution and justifiably makes no exceptions for any student, especially with task submissions.



VERBAL COMMUNICATION & POWER POINT PRESENTATION

“How long has it been since I’ve seen you at school, Ms. Pushpa?” asked Mr. Vikram. Being a computer teacher, he was well-acquainted with the faculty members of The HDFC School.

After all, extra printouts could only be approved by him, and he wasn’t a person who would say ‘no’. He was their go-to person.

“A year! Gosh, Mr. Vikram, it’s been long...hasn’t it?”

But the lawns, the classrooms haven’t changed at all.” She exclaimed with a sigh, “It’s as if they were waiting for us all this while.”

The computer teacher handed her the day’s assignment copies and gestured towards the 7-A classroom. “Your students...”

“Have they arrived already?”

“Yes, they’re waiting for you...” he smiled in return. With a hop in her stride, she gaily marched towards her classroom at the other end of

the corridor. It was a new session and she could already hear the hushed, excited whispers contained in these newly white-washed walls.

“They don’t seem to be scared of algebra,” she mused, “Always a good thing...” She recalled her own past as a student, fidgeting and anxious, while waiting for her marked assignments.

“How times have changed! I’d have never guessed that 20 years could change perceptions of the dreaded subject!” As she ambled along the corridor, she thought of the apps and novel approaches she had tried for her online classes.



“Let’s see...Minecraft could always be a good ice-breaker for the kids—how about Math Tic-Tac-Toe? We could always repurpose old sheets of paper and turn them into tokens—but these kids have always preferred a good old game of Jeopardy of Numbers. Maybe, just this once – but then again, Ravi would win as usual—”

Ravi was the math prodigy in her class. Despite being in middle school, he was able to solve calculus equations. When it came to Math, everyone counted on Ravi.

A rush of collective murmurs whittled down to absolute silence, as their expectant eyes met her gaze. This momentary silence veneered the class before the batch of forty students erupted into a thunderous applause, as they welcomed their class teacher after the long lockdown.

“Welcome back, Ma’am!”

“Good morning, Ma’am!
It’s so good to see you
after the lockdown...”

“Can you please take a
look at my board game
design? I got to tell you,
Ma’am, it’s going to
change the way we look
at mensuration...”

“What activities have you
planned for us today?”



Drawing a mental count of her students, an elated Ms. Pushpa said, “I’ve missed you all, my dear children! Now, now; don’t you think it’s too soon to reveal the Activity-of-the-Day? Or have you forgotten our class mantra?”

Smiles were exchanged as the students soon settled into their seats. One of them would be chosen each day to demonstrate their idea – one idea that could change the world.

“Why don’t we start with – wait, where’s Ravi?”

Seema, his classmate, merely shrugged her shoulders in response, “I assumed he was called to the Principal’s office because of his mother’s passing. You know, since she had COVID -”

As if on cue, Shubh, his classmate and childhood friend, shushed the class. Visibly flushed, he said, “We are not supposed to talk about it. Thank the heavens he’s not around.” He faced Ms. Pushpa again and apologized for his behaviour.



“It’s all right, Shubh. I understand you were trying to be protective of him. But I’m pretty sure he’s not in the principal’s office. In fact, I had met her before coming to class. He wasn’t there.”

“Then, where’s he?”

“We’ll find him. Will you leave this to me? In the meantime, please mind yourselves.” A concerned Ms. Pushpa entrusted the class to the monitor, Richa Chauhan, before heading outside.

“Excuse me, Ms. Naina! Did you happen to run into Ravi Gokhale?”

“From 7-A? The tall one?”

“The very same.”

“I saw him on the playground during recess. Has he not come back yet? he still needs to turn in his Hindi assignments.”

Ms. Pushpa cautioned her to pause. “We’ll discuss the matter in the staff room. First, let me find him, Ma’am.”

Two corridors and a flight of stairs later, she found herself stepping onto freshlymown grass. The playground lay vacant, except for a figure near the goalpost, crouching near the bushes.

“Ravi? Ravi, what are you doing down there?”

The boy didn’t turn around. He had a faux leather strap over his shoulder, his fingers twisting a camera lens, inches away from a caterpillar on a leaf.

“Ravi, don’t touch it! You’ll get blisters.”

“I don’t intend to, Pushpa Ma’am. I just needed to click a few pictures. You see, Ma was teaching me about metamorphosis—a period of change. I wonder if the caterpillar would change into a pupa now.”

Ms. Pushpa stood still, transfixed. Ravi was not a student prone to misbehavior. A model student and a prospective candidate for Head Boy, he acted respectfully in front of his teachers.

However, when he lost his mother to COVID-19, everything changed. He refused to turn up for online classes, skipped exams and was leagues behind with his

homework. And now, he wouldn’t even greet a teacher. Ravi wasn’t the same boy she knew from his primary school days.

“Ravi, did you borrow the DSLR camera from the school lab?”

A moment ago, he was intent on solely watching the caterpillar’s movements. Sudden realization dawned on him, and he turned around, panicked. He composed himself again the very next moment, and said calmly, “I was completing a Biology project for Dr. Sharma.”

She knew Dr. Purohit Sharma would never infringe upon any other teacher’s class. Ravi had just lied to her. But Ms. Pushpa chose not to confront him at that very moment.



"You do realize this is Math period, right? You're not supposed to be out of the classroom. Why don't you return to class with me now?"

"May I return the camera to Dr. Sharma first?" He enquired in an earnest fashion.

"Sure, but can you make it quick? We have lost so much time already," she replied.

He nodded and made way for the east wing. A tad far, but he could surely make it to class on time. Once she reached her own classroom, she thanked the students for maintaining decorum during her short absence.

"Is he all right, Ma'am? Can we help in any way?"



Ms. Pushpa knew she did not have much knowledge on the matter. For an informed approach, she would have to consult the school's guidance counsellor.

"I'm sorry, children. But all I can ask you is to give him some space. Make him feel comfortable. Just like the game we are going to play right now. Who's up for Math Tic-Tac-Toe?"

Excited voices drowned the atmosphere, and the class felt fuller for a moment. Little did they realize that the period was almost over, and yet a certain someone was missing.

Ravi was right outside the door. His hair was dishevelled, and his shirt half-untucked. "I'm sorry, Ma'am. I couldn't find Dr. Sharma."

Ms. Pushpa had lost her composure at this point. She walked out of the classroom. “Ravi, do you realize that you were absent for an entire period? You could have just joined the class if you couldn’t find him.”

“I’m sorry, Ma’am. It won’t happen again,” Ravi replied in a monotonous fashion.

“Ravi, that does not even sound like a sincere apology. Earlier, you lied to me about the project, and now – “

“No, Ma’am. I...”

“That’s enough, Ravi. Go to your class. And don’t let me catch you outside during school hours. Do you even understand the bad precedent you’re setting for your classmates? Why don’t you let us help you?”



He stood there, frozen. Ms. Pushpa knew she had hit a nerve. She asked him again, but this time, more gently, “How can I help you, Ravi?”

He looked up, pale and blank-faced. “I don’t know what you can do, Ma’am. I don’t know what I can do.”

For a brief moment, she felt apologetic. She knew that the boy was far too young to emotionally process his mother’s passing.

Being his Class teacher, she would do everything in her power to relieve him of his pain.

“I know exactly what you are going through, Ravi.”

His eyes, blank and glazed, stared at his teacher. “You do?”

“When I was your age, I lost my pup. A jet black furry Labrador. His name was Timmy. I couldn’t eat anything for the entire week. I turned completely numb.”

His eyes refused to let go of the blank expression. “What did you do then?”

“I learnt to be strong...not just for my grieving family, but also for myself. I had to learn to move past the pain and embrace the future.”

Ravi didn't budge from his spot. "Did you know my mother well, Ma'am?"

"...well, yes—she had accompanied you on multiple parent-teacher meets, hadn't she?"

"Yes, Ma'am. But she must not have mentioned she was a Math teacher too..."

She was speechless. "I'm sorry, Ravi. I wasn't aware..."

"It's all right, Ma'am." He resumed his composure, "If it's all right with you, I would like to take a three-day leave from school."

Her tone was now considerably calmer. "All right, Ravi. But first, ask your Dad to write a note to the principal."

**

"I'm sure you must have come to the same conclusion, Ms. Pushpa," said Malti Chandra, the school counsellor.

"What do you mean, Ms. Chandra?"

"Often times, when we are in a state of grief, we lose sight of our responsibilities and our routine. It's such an unpredictable emotion that we only take notice of it when it's too late."

"So, is that why he lied about the Biology project?"

"Possibly. But most importantly, your class—the Mathematics period—should have reminded him of his mother. We call it avoidance behaviour. Didn't you mention his mother was a Math teacher?"

Ms. Pushpa mumbled a feeble yes. The counsellor continued, "I believe his mother reinforced the concepts you taught in class. She might have even taught him some advanced units."



“No, he’s a natural in the subject. But I understand what you mean, Ms Chandra. Ravi’s mother was his anchor. But...but what I do now? Should he be relieved of his duties and tasks?”

“No, Ms Pushpa. I insist that you stick to it. In such trying times, children require a routine they can expect and rely on. What he needs right now is not total exemption of duties but someone who understands him. He needs someone who can offer him sensitive support and guidance. I understand that Ravi has violated a number of classroom rules.”

Ms. Pushpa hesitated, knowing that it might land her student in trouble. “...yes.”

“It’s quite understandable, Ms. Pushpa. Can I ask you and the other teachers to keep reasonable expectations of him for the time being?”

Ms. Pushpa was anyways going to have a word with the other teachers, including Ms. Naina, the Hindi tutor.

“Children his age are not meant to go through such severe trauma. Ravi might falter academically. He might have trouble focusing in class, but I urge you all to work together as his collective support system. Instead of reprimanding him, remind him again what is expected of someone his calibre.”



Keep in touch with his father; inform him on any changes in Ravi’s behaviour and academic performance. Do not scold him, Ms. Pushpa. Communicate openly – the key is to have him trust you. Else, he might completely shut down his emotions.” said Ms. Chandra. Ms. Pushpa was reminded of his blank stare in the football playground. “I fear I’ve made a mistake. Ravi might have isolated himself already.”

“How do you mean?”

“Earlier today, he seemed completely unaware of my presence in the football field. He is a well-mannered kid, but he forgot to wish me.”

“And he didn’t exhibit such behaviour before his mother’s passing?” asked Ms. Chandra

“Not at all! I was so impressed with his conduct that I recommended him to the student council.” Replied Ms. Pushpa.

The school counsellor took a brief pause. “He’s exhibiting signs of dissociation. It’s our mind’s way of locking away unbearable experiences and moments. You may have had trouble communicating with him then.”

Ms. Pushpa frowned. “Yes, I felt he wasn’t listening to me. His apologies sounded hollow and empty. He didn’t –“

“—seem like he was not there? I think he has completely disconnected himself from his friends and teachers. The usual symptoms are rapid mood shifts and denial of one’s own mistake.” added Ms. Chandra

There was a hint of remorse in Ms Pushpa’s voice. “I shouldn’t have rebuked him. I didn’t know...All I wanted to do was comfort him.”

He’s exhibiting signs of dissociation. It’s our mind’s way of locking away unbearable experiences and moments.



Ms. Chandra smiled. “That’s all it takes, Ms. Pushpa. A tiny bit of empathy. Do you intend on meeting him soon?”

“Yes, he will be collecting his reports from me on the weekend.”



I shouldn’t have rebuked him. I didn’t know...All I wanted to do was comfort him.

“Then, are you willing to try something different, for a change?”

The class teacher straightened up. “Please do tell.”

Ms. Chandra flashed a grateful smile. “I heard that his peers are quite concerned about him as well. Ravi’s quite lucky to have his friends and you.”

Ms. Pushpa sighed, “We are his support system, aren’t we?”

It was the end of a long Saturday noon. While the other teachers furiously tapped on their keyboards, Ms. Pushpa excused herself to usher Ravi in the meeting room. “Ravi, I appreciate you staying after to talk with me.”

Ravi nodded quietly before sinking into his seat.



“I know these past few months have been hard for you, Ravi... and I am so...sorry.”

Ravi’s voice quivered ever so slightly. “I thought I was only supposed to collect my progress report.”

Ms. Pushpa continued, “I know this is hard to talk about, but I want you to know that I’m here to support you. I know how much

you miss your mother every day. But if you ever want to talk about her, will you let me know?”

The boy didn’t look confounded anymore. His eyes watered in pain. They reflected grief that hadn’t left his side for months.

“Ravi, is there anything I can do to help you out?”

His voice was terribly shaken, “Ma’am, I tried to write my assignments—believe me, I really did. But I just couldn’t do it. I’m not lying, Ma’am. I couldn’t concentrate. I just kept thinking of Ma...I miss her so much.”

Gone were the cold, distant eyes. She could see those innocent, gleaming eyes looking at her, a table away. “You told me a story of how your mother taught you about metamorphosis. Did she teach you Biology too?”

For the first time, he smiled. “She taught me about life. She told me that life by itself has no objective meaning. It’s when we treat Mathematics as a language, do we represent and understand the world around us. When we see a caterpillar, we know that it will bloom only in its third stage. Not the first or the second, but the third. And just like that, we now know what a caterpillar is capable of...I am sorry, I digressed.”

"It's completely fine, Ravi. If it makes you feel any better, I'd like to hear more about your mother."

"Well, she always said that I had the two best Math teachers," he gestured at Ms Pushpa, sheepishly, "and yet, I opted for a different passion."

"Photography?" asked Ms. Pushpa



"Yes...sometimes, I like to be in the silence of nature. People assume that nature can't talk, but if you pay attention, just a little bit, you can hear them talk to you—the leaves rustling, the branches swaying slightly and the crickets chirping. I want to talk to nature. I have often tried to tell my friends, but they wouldn't say anything."

"It's because they feel they're walking on eggshells around you. They think they might hurt you unknowingly, so they keep distant." Ms. Pushpa leaned forward, "But you can always talk to me and any other teacher. In fact, I can also speak with Ms. Chandra, and have her talk to you...whenever you wish..." She added, "You've always been a good student and a diligent worker. But I understand you have a lot going on right now. You don't need to add to that worrisome pile by being worried about your schoolwork. I will talk to the other teachers and make sure you have extra time for your submissions."

Ravi heaved his chest, relieved. After a long time, someone had finally chosen to have an upfront and honest conversation with him. He felt he could open up once again. "Thank you, Ma'am. I was worried I had disappointed you. It does mean a lot, knowing you are here to help me."

She waved him off, "Not a problem, Ravi. Just remember...I will always be here when you are ready. We'll all work together to help you through this. But I am glad you trusted me enough to talk with me today."

Ravi couldn't maintain a stoic expression anymore. Tears gushed down his cheeks. He bent down to touch her feet, to hide his tears away. "Is it okay if I ask you a favour, Ma'am?"

“Sure, what is it?”

“Can you let me show my idea to the class next time?”

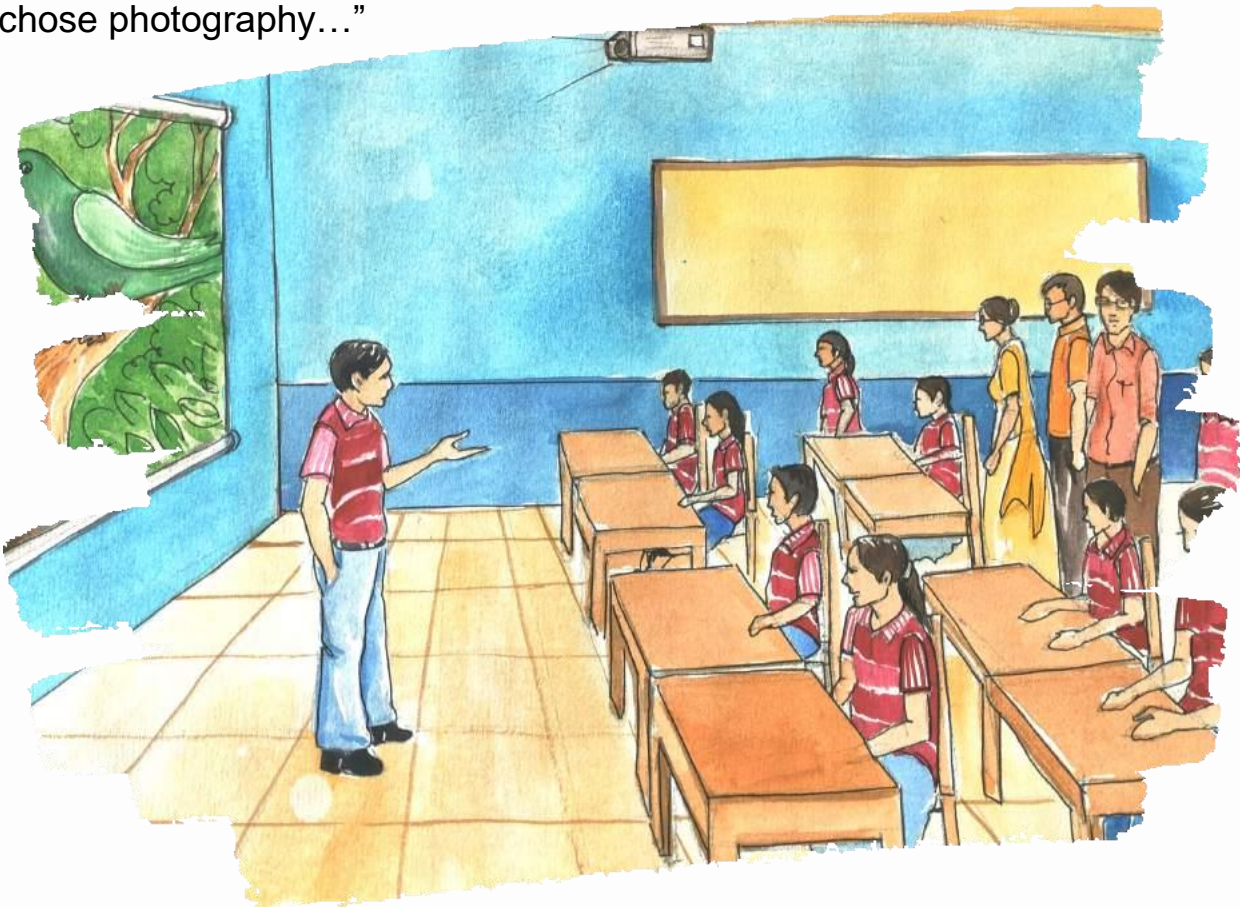
Groans ensued from Class 7-A as they realized no activity would take place today.

“Ma’am, what will we do then?”

Ms. Pushpa shushed the class. The brimming faces knew their teacher well. They knew she wouldn’t turn up at class without a plan.

She smiled at them. “Today will be slightly different than the usual. You see, I won’t be the one teaching Math. Today, one of you will be taking my place. Today, one of you will be teaching my subject, albeit differently.”

A boy with neatly parted hair and tucked-in shirt walked up to the front. Now unrecognizable to many of his peers, Ravi stood straight and bore a slight smile. Nodding to a few of his classmates, he said, “My mother once said that Mathematics is an ambitious pursuit of man, designed to understand life as we know it. Back then, I wasn’t able to understand her words completely. So, naturally, I chose photography...”



A few of his friends giggled. “Mind you, that was before Ms. Pushpa started teaching us,” Ravi added. “Today, at her behest, I wanted to show you a photo exhibition...of a caterpillar I met in school. But it’s Math period, so I have to include a few calculations somehow.”

From the corner of his eye, he could see a few other teachers enter the classroom Ms. Naina, Mr. Vikram and Dr. Sharma had snuck into the class quietly. They had turned a curious eye too.

Ravi smiled to himself, "Next to each photograph, I have posed a question for you all, which you must answer in numbers only. That's it—the one rule for this exhibition. So, shall we begin?"

The lights dimmed and the projector shone on the board. Two pictures, adjacent to each other, were displayed under a question.



"HOW OLD IS HE?"

"Hold on...is that you, Ravi?" chimed in Shubh. "You look barely a few months old."

"The very same! But you need to answer my question?"

"Umm...2-3 weeks old?" replied shubh

Ravi beamed with pleasure. "Quite close. I was just about a month. The same age as the newly-hatched caterpillar. That's how life begins, doesn't? Innocent? pure?"

"Along with a sharp mouth," quipped in Aayaan.

The entire class laughed. Ravi motioned them to look at the next slide.



"HOW MANY DAYS UNTIL HE CAN OPEN UP?"

The class suddenly turned silent. In front of them were the pictures of a pupa and Ravi from the past month. The pupa quivered, lifelike. "How did you do that? How did you manage to make that...move?" exclaimed Shubh. "Oh, that was merely a PowerPoint animation effect, courtesy of Vikram Sir."

Mr. Vikram nodded knowingly in the background. "How about I teach Object Animations to you all in our next class?" "Turntables too?"

"Yes, all effects readily available under PowerPoint! It will increase the quality of your presentations henceforth, but not your marks."

The class guffawed.

Ravi continued, "I took this picture a week later. You know, I thought the butterfly was trapped, unable to find a way out of its own cocoon. I was almost tempted to set it free forcibly, before it was time."

The class was now feeling uncomfortable. They were not expecting him to talk about this episode openly, right in front of them.

"But I now understand that all it needed was time to transform, time to grow out of its own shell. And no one understood it better than our teachers around here." He looked at Ms. Pushpa. "My friends, I thank you for staying around me, for giving me the support even when I didn't ask for it. Thank you for understanding that grief takes time to heal. Thank you for not counting me out."

"How could we do that? You are our friend! Besides, you did pledge to obtain the rank of a Headboy with me," said Richa.

Ravi slightly bowed in acknowledgement. "And I promise I will honour my word. So then, what is the answer?"

Shubh smiled in response. "It's today's date: 13.08.2022. Because today is the day you chose to open up to us. That's the answer, isn't it?"

"Indeed, it is," Ravi said, "And now, onto the final frame..."

Mr. Vikram had first noticed something strange with the final display. "That's odd. I am sure there was a pair earlier when I reviewed it."



This time, the display had no question. Just one picture of a butterfly.



“Ravi, where is your picture?” asked Shubh. “There’s only one butterfly.”

Ravi corrected him, “The very same caterpillar that has now turned into a butterfly. I clicked it two days ago. It has finally showed its true potential, hasn’t it? Now then, you might ask me: where’s mine?” He pointed at himself in an abashed manner. “I figured I might not need a picture of mine if I’m standing right in front of you...Now then, the question for this frame...”

HOW MANY TIMES SHOULD HE SHOW GRATITUDE?

“For the people right in front of my eyes...my friends and my teachers, I owe this newly blossomed life, this second wind to each one of you. Yes, I owe each one of you an apology, but more importantly, I am thankful to all of you for trying to understand me. This, after all was a question for me, and for me to answer.

A tumult of tears followed as the entire batch rushed forward and hugged him. All they had were gasps of relief and joy at having found their friend again.

“And here I thought he was merely going to read out an apology letter to all of us,” Mr. Vikram murmured.

“Did he really need to apologize? The way I see, I think he was majorly influenced by you, Ms. Pushpa,” said Ms Naina. “Chhatra mein bohot farak dikh raha hai. Aapki wajah se.”



But all Ms. Pushpa had was a wide grin plastered on her face. “It’s not just me, Ms. Naina. If we hadn’t worked together, Ravi wouldn’t have found his way back. But don’t you think it’s our turn to blossom as well?”

Assessments

1. Which unique teaching method did Ms. Pushpa adopt for her class?
2. Why did Ravi choose to skip his Mathematics lesson?
3. What counsel did Ms. Chandra provide to Ms Pushpa? Was it an effective approach?
4. How did Ms. Pushpa gain trust of Ravi?
5. What metaphor does Ravi use to explain his mental state?
6. Cite instances of verbal and non-verbal communication in the story.

Think and Write

1. Do you feel it was necessary for Ravi to hide his grief or open up to his school? Substantiate your answer with examples.
2. How can a student support his/her classmate in mourning?
3. What are anniversary effects or grief triggers?
4. In your opinion, why do you feel affected by the death of someone you may not have personally known?
5. Having read the novel, how will you now cope with a crisis of faith or purpose following loss?

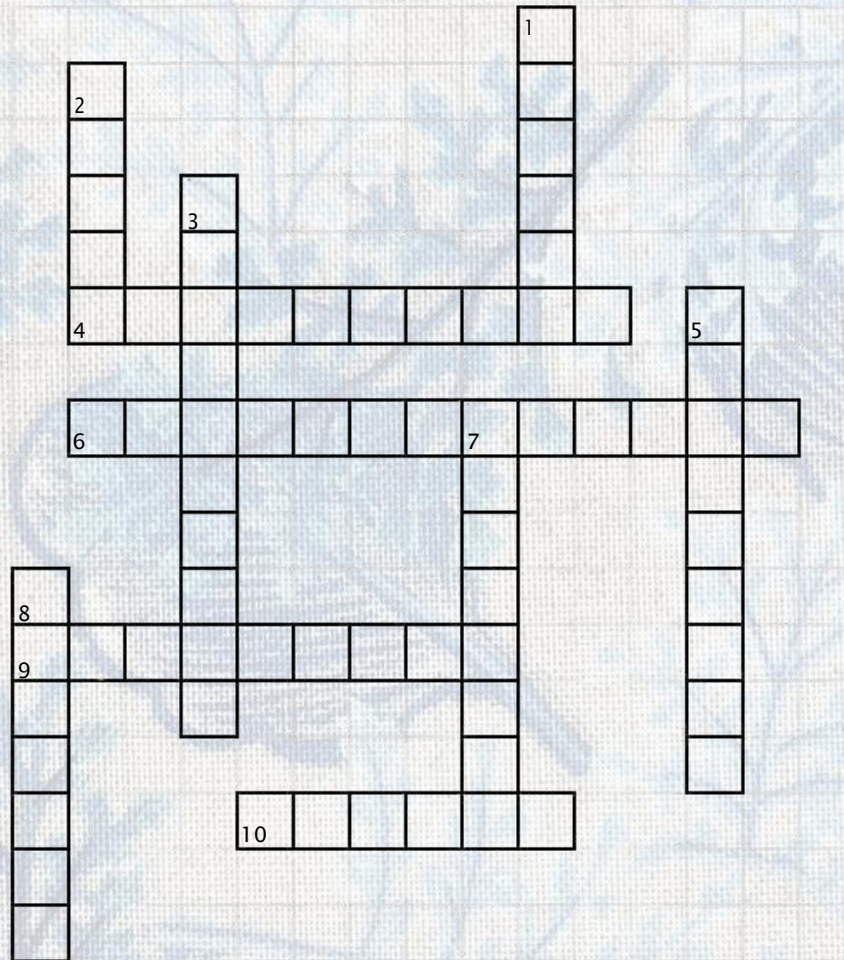
Multiple Choice Questions

1. Having realized the true reason behind Ravi's non-conformist nature, Ms. Pushpa feels_____.
 - a. sad
 - b. remorseful
 - c. confused
 - d. apologetic
2. "Along with a sharp mouth," quipped in Aayaan." The tone of this sentence is_____.
 - a. sarcastic
 - b. humorous
 - c. funny
 - d. witty
3. "But don't you think it's our turn to blossom as well?" Which of the following is an accurate inference of the given statement?
 - a. The teachers are eager to expand their skillset.
 - b. The teachers have now begun to introspect and grow.
 - c. The teachers have embraced self-learning.
 - d. The teachers have opted to further develop their subject expertise.

Answer Key

1. *B (remorseful)*
2. *D. (witty)*
3. *B (The teachers have now begun to introspect and grow)*

CROSSWORD



VERTICAL

1. Say something indistinctly and quietly
2. Being calm and without emotion
3. Dull, tedious and repetitive
5. To whiten a wall or building with paint
7. Come to realize or understand
8. A person with exceptional abilities or qualities

ACROSS

4. Perplexed
6. Complete change of character, appearance or condition
9. Adapt for use in a different purpose
10. Dull or dreamy expression

Answer Key

- | | | | | |
|------------------|-------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|
| 1. Mumble | 2. Stoic | 3. Monotonous | 4. Confounded | 5. Whitewash |
| 6. Metamorphosis | 7. Perceive | 8. Prodigy | 9. Repurpose | 10. Glazed |

GLOSSARY

- **Gestured:** to point at something, to make a sign to somebody
- **Stride:** to walk with long steps, often because you feel very confident or determined
- **Gaily:** happily, cheerfully
- **Fidgeting:** to keep moving your body, hands, or feet because you are nervous, bored, excited, etc.
- **Anxious:** worried and afraid
- **Ambled:** to walk at a slow relaxed speed
- **Novel:** (noun) – a book that tells a story about people and events that are not real; (adjective) – new and different
- **Prodigy:** a child who is unusually good at something
- **Murmurs:** to say something in a low quiet voice
- **Whittled:** carve into an object by repeatedly cutting small slices from it; reduce something in size, amount, or extent by a gradual series of steps.
- **Veneered:** cover or disguise with an attractive appearance
- **Infringe:** to reduce or limit somebody's right, freedom, etc.
- **Disheveled:** (person's appearance) very untidy
- **Rebuked:** to speak angrily to somebody because he/she has done something wrong
- **Albeit:** although
- **Guffawed:** to laugh loudly, especially at something silly
- **Tumult:** a loud, confused noise, especially one caused by a large mass of people

SUMMARY

Verbal communication is significant for our daily activities to succeed in the desired direction. The story of Ravi shows us how composed and planned verbal communication with him by his peer and teachers help him get over the grief of losing his mother. When he received an open communication channel through his teacher Ms. Pushpa, he was able to talk about his pain and seek solutions. Slowly, he gets back to being normal by overcoming the closed mindset he had developed due to his loss. The story at several places clearly shows us how verbal communication along with non-verbal communication (gestures, body language, etc.) can help us convey our feelings.

Additionally, certain features of PowerPoint have been briefly integrated and demonstrated in the story through dialogue and illustrations, so as to highlight its importance as a form of communication.

DISCLAIMER

This novel is published as a reading material to enable the students to have a better understanding of the topic. The characters used in this graphic novel are fictional and resemblance of any character or incident is merely a coincidence. Art work is done by teachers.

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