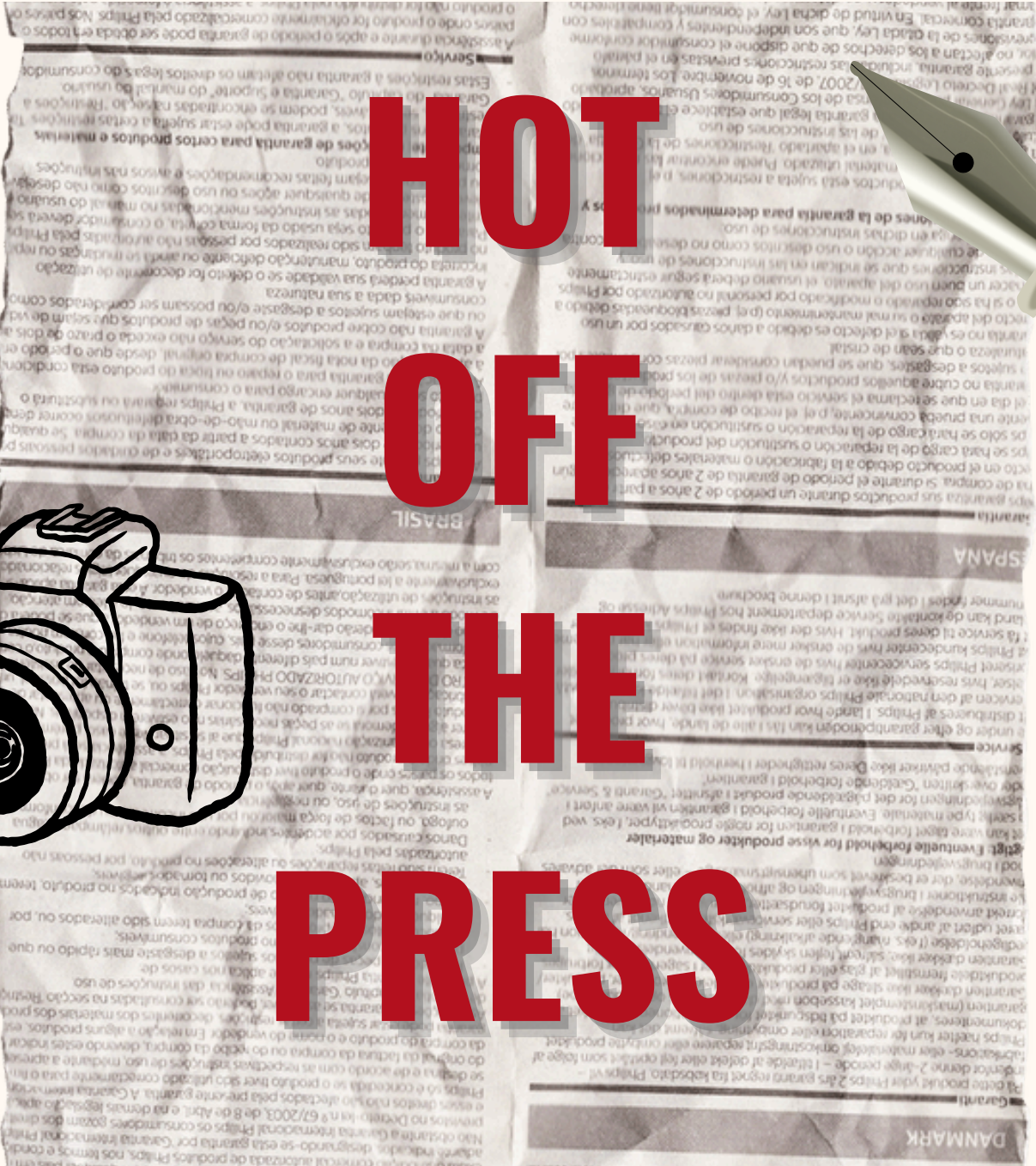
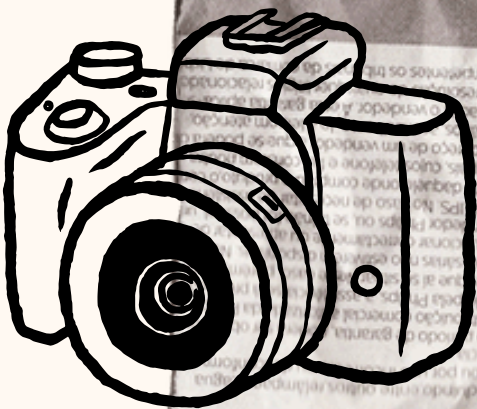


The ICP Presents

HOT OFF THE PRESS



CMUN DAY 1

THE EDITORIAL

A LETTER FROM THE ASSISTANT DIRECTOR OF THE IPC – PAVIT LAUNGANI

Dear Readers,

The International Press Corps has entered a period of absolute crisis. What started as a standard investigation into Pegasus spyware has transformed into a volatile and deeply unstable environment. On Day X, the committee was rocked by a series of major developments that shifted the course of the debate and challenged the very integrity of journalism as an institution.

Early in the day, the partial Pegasus target list was leaked to the public through an anonymous drop on Pastebin. The contents of that list were more than disturbing. Senior editors from globally respected outlets such as The Washington Post, El País, BBC, and Al Jazeera were named. Each entry was accompanied by the phrase “They knew. They let it happen.” Attached to their names were photos, call logs, and calendar metadata suggesting they had been watched for years. This was not simply a technical breach. It was a strategic takedown of global media credibility. What had once been described as a spyware scandal became something far more chilling. The committee, already tense, was shaken into stunned silence.

The silence did not last. Donald Trump appeared without warning. His entrance caused confusion and division among delegates. He arrived with prepared remarks supporting surveillance programs and defending Pegasus as a tool for national protection. His speech was inflammatory and framed surveillance as an act of strength, not a violation of civil rights. His arrival disrupted the atmosphere and inflamed ideological divides. Delegates who had previously taken cautious stances found themselves forced into open confrontation. The committee shifted from analysis to confrontation, with each bloc now racing to define its narrative.

Then came the disaster. A puzzle connected to a suspected bomb threat had been introduced hours earlier. It was cryptic and urgent, containing clues that demanded careful decoding. Delegates attempted to solve it, but they failed. The puzzle was misinterpreted. A bomb detonated inside the committee chamber. The blast was contained, but the damage was real. While there were no fatalities, the event confirmed what many feared. The threats against the press were not limited to surveillance and rhetoric. They were physical and immediate. The committee was no longer a simulation of crisis. It had become the very thing it was designed to examine.

THE EDITORIAL

A LETTER FROM THE ASSISTANT DIRECTOR OF THE IPC – PAVIT LAUNGANI

The consequences are still unfolding. Delegates are now working under psychological pressure, facing the aftermath of a literal explosion. Trust between blocs has deteriorated. The press is under siege from multiple fronts. Some journalists have begun questioning the loyalty of their own institutions. Rumors continue to circulate about foreign funding and editorial manipulation. The divide between security and liberty has never felt sharper.

The International Press Corps must now operate with extreme vigilance. The stakes have moved far beyond policy. The work ahead is about preserving the meaning of truth in an environment saturated with fear, interference, and violence. This is the most dangerous phase the committee has entered. Every decision from this point forward will shape how the story of Pegasus is remembered.

Yours faithfully,
Pavit Laungani,
Assistant Director,
International Press Corps



A NEGOTIATION WITH PIRATES

Within the fleet of Odysseus a mole exists. The delegates know this mole simply by the name 'Spartacus' Through the mole the pirates came to know about the exact coordinates of the ships, even the Kharonion the most important ship in the fleet being where Odysseus himself sails, proving the mole as a threat to the voyage. So when the pirate lord appeared and announced he had been summoned by, first Euphradon dabbling in the paranormal arts then admitting it was actually Spartacus, to negotiate the delegates were initially confused but eventually warmed up to the idea of bartering for the identity of the mole.

Thymbra started things off by offering free passage under thymbras flag through certain sea routes and some weapons from the thymbra stockpile itself for the identity of the mole which was a generous offer since thymbra weapons are blessed by the god of war himself. After a lukewarm reaction to that offer the pirate lord turned to the sidera ship but refused their offer of some armaments since he had recieved that offer from thymbra already. Ecliptor offered some skeleton soldiers next but this time for the mole to be revealed only to the ecliptor ship.

Following this Aegis offered him two of the pirate ships to be sanctified by zeus and in exchange a promise not to attack odysseus fleet. Xanthos made an unexpected offer with eurylochus offering his mother as a slave for one favour of any kind from the pirates whether it be work or the identity of the mole and this was followed by an offer from Pelagia giving the pirates the leaked fragments of the prophecy of pallas, the central prophecy discussing the fates of each of the crew members and one of the many reasons for odysseus descent into madness, for either employing the pirates(to work for the pelagia ship) or the identity of the mole. The pirate king refused the employment contract after which pelagia amended their offer to include some armour and armaments.

Fortimetes the master of siege equipment offered the pirate lord siege equipment but he was shot down by the pirate king asserting he had enough already. The chief navigator then tried to barter with six spear six leather armour and was offering another item but the pirate lord lost his interest. Thymbra reamended their offer to now include any 2 pirate weapons to be imbued with the blessing of Ares and a share of all Thymbra's spoils of war. Then upping the stakes Ecliptor added some healing oil and nectar that they got from their alliance with the Ormenos and the pirate fleet would have Ecliptors protection. The pirate king announced he would accept Ecliptors offer as well as xanthos' offer. The master of arms attempted to make one last offer of eight detainees but they were refused by the pirate lord saying he already had enough slaves especially after accepting Eurylochos' mother. The crisis ended with Eurylochos and Euphradon knowing the identity of the mole but they were not allowed to share this information with anyone in committee. This unique crisis really highlights what OTI is about with delegates having to look through their ship resources, weigh the consequences of offering this as opposed to offering that and most of all determine what they would ask from the pirate lord. The implications of this were sure to change the pace of the committee and perhaps raise Eurylochos in stature since

other delegates were discussing throwing Eurylochos off the ship under accusations of sabotage. The wittiness and quick thinking shown by the delegates here as well as the creativity of the E.B really exemplifies and displays what makes OTI an incredibly refreshing committee both to watch and I'm sure take part in.

-ARISTEGUI NOTICIAS



“IN EUROPE’S COUNTING HOMES, NUMBERS NOW TALK LOUDER THAN ARMIES.”

"In Europe's counting homes, numbers now talk louder than armies."

The revolutions of 1848 have grown to become boulevards into battlefields, but beyond the barricades, another front remains the ledger books of Europe's financiers. For the House of Rothschild, the shifting tides of energy are measured now not in cannon hearth, however within the upward thrust and fall of sovereign bond expenses.

"We deal in consideration,

"One family associate became overheard pronouncing in Frankfurt,

"And agreement is the rarest currency in a time of revolution."

From the Juden Gasse of Frankfurt to the drawing rooms of London, Paris, Vienna, and Naples, the Rothschild community operates like the veins of Europe's financial coronary heart, pulsing with facts carried by a personal courier machine faster than any national post. In 1815, it brought the news of Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo to London a full day earlier than reputable dispatches. In 1848, it's miles wearing news of avenue combating, resignations, and market collapses not to newspapers, but to circle of relatives vaults.

"A sovereign's phrase is best as properly because the streets he can nevertheless stroll in properly," remarked a Paris banker looking at the autumn of Louis-Philippe. It was not the primary time the House had navigated such uncertainty. In the aftermath of the Napoleonic Wars, the Congress of Vienna restored monarchies and redrew borders. For the Rothschilds, it became an era of possibility: funding war indemnities, rebuilding shattered economies, and securing their function as reliable bankers to Austria. But that order is now shattering.

"We have discovered that stability is the banker's fort,

"Salomon Rothschild once instructed Chancellor Metternich.

"And revolutions are its siege."

As thrones topple and barricades upward push, the questions multiply: Will the Rothschilds hold financing monarchs now forced to flee their capitals? Or will they flip to the republicans and reformers, reshaping the political panorama?

"The coin is impartial; however, the hand that spends its miles by no means without allegiance."

This axiom regularly whispered in Vienna salons hangs over the circle of relatives' current deliberations. Their team spirit is strained. Nathan's successors in London push for formidable market performances; James in Paris navigates the volatile Second Republic; Salomon in Vienna clings to the Habsburgs; Carl in Naples is caught between Bourbon loyalty and Italian nationalism; Amschel in Frankfurt prefers warning over chance.

"If we act as one residence, we live on,

" Mayer Amschel Rothschild had instructed his sons.

"If we act as five, we can be divided by using the crowns we" serve.

Now, the department is not theoretical. The revolutions threaten both the family's political relationships and its maximum stable belongings — sovereign debt and country-sponsored infrastructure initiatives. With monarchies collapsing, the price of those securities drops by the hour.

"Markets can climate panic; they cannot climate the absence of government,"

found a London broker after receiving reviews of avenue battles in Berlin.

For the Rothschilds, neutrality has been the doctrine — serving all, pledging to none. Yet in 1848, neutrality itself may be read as betrayal by way of both facets. A settlement signed these days ought to decide whether a regime stands the next day.

"In quiet instances, we're bankers,

"a family agent in Paris reportedly said.

"In revolutions, we're something else entirely — architects or undertakers of nations."

The revolts spread nevertheless — from Naples to Budapest, Paris to Prague.

Barricades upward thrust. Thrones fall apart. And in each capital, ministers and revolutionaries alike understand the equal fact: a king's army may keep a town, but a banker's loan can hold a continent.

"Power,

" one Vienna newspaper currently printed,

"no longer always puts on a

crown. Sometimes, it signs in ink what others sign in blood."

-THE WIRE

A LETTER FROM A 13-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER OF A VICTIM OF THE ADIVASI SAFAI ATTACKS ADDRESSED TO AN UNKNOWN PEN PAL, WAS INTERCEPTED.

I tried to believe that the noises of gunfire were thunder. Aai (mother) once said they were fireworks, a gift for my birthday. The house is silent today, except for the creaks of the floorboard beneath me. I have not seen my father in two days, ever since he went to the shrine. I struggle to feel the sun's warmth against my face.

I remember when Jharkhand was more than just a state of insurgency. My laughter used to mingle with the calls of street vendors as I raced through the markets, which are now soundless and boarded up. The stench of smoke has taken all colour from the world. Each evening, I look through my window to see men in dhotis, holding metal rods and incense sticks, patrolling the streets. They are not like the conquerors in our storybooks; they are men with battered faces and hollow eyes. They do not see us; they do not see what is left of our country.

I recall a tale aba (father) used to tell of the bird that soared high above, feasting on the ripe fruits of the sky, while the worms below fought for scraps of earth. The bird's song was a lullaby to those who could not see beyond their secluded burrows. It seems fitting now, as I watch the world turn a blind eye to the suffering that spreads like ink beneath the affluent feet of those who have never known want.

The world spins on a cruel axis. Each drop of blood lost has added to the riches of the Hindus who sit in distant, gilded towers. Your religion discusses the fate of us adivasis as if we are figures on a spreadsheet. The scale is weighted against us. We are but a smudge on their polished floors - a stain they wipe off with a careless sweep. I wonder if their dreams taste like the bitterness we are left to swallow.

Please do not forget me. Please remember the girl who danced in the rain and had big dreams. remember those who have been broken by these deaths. Today feels like the final chapter of our favourite book, slowly twisting into a nightmare.

Yours lovingly,
Sita.

- THE GUARDIAN

MYTHOLOGY AND MUN

MUN by nature is an entirely logical function. 10 minutes of moderated caucus, keeping in mind your countries foreign policy, after the conclusion of a GSL speech is the usual. But what happens when introducing stories and fables into this otherwise rigid and stern system? What happens when you attempt to weave the flexibility of fiction in an event usually dedicated to the unwavering rules of real life politics? You get ties as makeshift bandannas, the director in a captains hat, a warrior helmet situated between placards with 4 syllable names and necromancy as a valid solution. Each delegate is a member of the fleet, further divided into ships with each ship having a patron god. The E.B themselves represent Odysseus and constantly keep supplying information on incredibly detailed aspects of how the ships are functioning as well as challenging the delegates with crises every few minutes. These crises in fact include but are not limited to surprise boulders, loss of divine grace, pirate encounter and the presence of a mole in their midst. The directives in this committee mainly tackle complex offerings designed to please certain gods followed by the use of favours gained by pleasing these gods. For instance by sacrificing a bull, the delegate representing Euphradon managed to win Hades over and resurrect the dead son of Odysseus averting disaster. In most committees you could see a lot of unexpected things but definitely not a delegate's mother being discovered mid session. This committee's power structure is one of those that could change for numerous factors be it due to divine intervention or a delegate's simple preference, but as of the time of writing one could make out 3 main blocs, namely the pro Odysseus the neutral and the anti Odysseus blocs.



Pro odysseus consisted of the Pelagia or Athena(goddess of wisdom) affiliated delegates, led by the delegate of Dikaiamenes, a fierce and expressive debater. The neutral bloc is composed of the Ecliptor Ormenos and Aegis ships or the Hades(god of the dead), Apollo(god of prophecy and music) and Zeus(king of the gods) affiliated ships. This is led by the delegates of Kleomades and Euphradon who were coming up with some impressive paperwork and plans of action, such as the use of tamed birds to drop knives in some hostile cyclops' eyes. Finally the anti-odysseus bloc consists of the Daidala,Thymbra and Xanthos ships or those affiliated with Demeter(goddess of fertility, Ares (god of war) or Poseidon(god of the sea). The sentiment towards the xanthos ship and Eurylochos, its captain specifically, was not too high since the crew blamed them for their problem with the cyclops also known as children of poseidon. There is also some negative feeling towards the neutral bloc owing to its partial acceptance and rejection of the pallas prophecies, which were a set of prophecies revealed to Odysseus by Athena; however, many crew members questioned their validity. In essence the pro-odysseus bloc was being extremely aggressive initially towards the neutral bloc then switching to the against odysseus bloc forcing the xanthos ship especially on the defensive. The neutral bloc eventually did join in and an appeal was made to deviate from committee procedure to hold a trial for Eurylochos which was considered but denied.

The masterful blend between story telling and legislature really sets the OTI apart from other committees being of course the only committee where the adding of a delegate's mother to committee may be a valid consideration. There may be a lot of mispronunciation but this committee manages to bend the rules of MUN just enough for the fictional aspect to shine through while still keeping enough of the rigidity to make it a recognisable MUN committee experience. Other committees may be alright with their USA, UK and Russia alliance but I dare say these talented delegates feel right at home in their Ares, Demeter, Poseidon bloc.

-ARISTEGUI NOTICIAS

ARCTIC UNMASKED: THE COLD FRONT OF DECEPTION

In the icy theatre of the Arctic, masks have fallen.

What began as diplomatic discussion on stability and trade has quickly transitioned into backdoor deals, covert attacks, and blatant hypocrisy. Russia, which is a legitimate Arctic power with the longest northern coastline, just watched as seven Arctic Council members quietly formed a new treaty during the first crisis and consolidated all power without any consultation with any members, this is outrageous, not just for Moscow but for the larger community concerned with the issue

The Arctic is not anyone's backyard. It is a shared strategic zone, economically and geopolitically vital. When trade lanes were frozen and vessels attacked in the second crisis, Russia did not point fingers. Instead, we acted. Together with Norway, Sweden, and the United States, we initiated a joint ARNA investigation. But what followed raised eyebrows. An ARNA official caught on record assaulting a detainee. South Africa, DPRK, China, and even India began calling out the so-called preventive role of ARNA. India wanted to dismantle it altogether.

And now? China's ship capsizing, supposedly an attack, was planted. Staged. Beijing hoped to play the victim, avoid suspicion, and fan anti-Arctic narratives. Meanwhile, Saudi Arabia, UAE, and Egypt quietly cheered on disruption of Arctic trade, eager to reroute global commerce through their own waters. It's no longer about science or sustainability. It's about control.

Let's not pretend anymore. Military infrastructure disguised as research stations? Non-state actors infiltrating polar zones? Enough is enough.

The Arctic Council no longer represents the new Arctic reality. Governance cannot be monopolised based on proximity alone, nor twisted by states with hidden agendas. UNCLOS is outdated, full of loopholes. We need clarity, on trade, security, sovereignty. Equal representation must replace elitist coalitions.

Russia will not be sidelined in a region we helped define. The Arctic's future must be negotiated, not stolen.



China was unable to convincingly justify its absolute quote unquote necessity of having a say in the Arctic treaty framework because, as a non-Arctic state, its position conflicts with established norms. On the other hand, India struggled to justify its hasty military actions in the Arctic conflict zones during the crisis. This failure to justify and align its military actions with the broader goals of multilateral peaceful governance inherently decreased India's credibility in the Arctic governance debate. A lot of interesting and seemingly unconventional power dynamics were seen at today's session, with alliances and blocs changing constantly. WHAT IS HAPPENING TO THE COMMITTEE? WHY IS EVERYONE PLAYING THIS INCESSANT BLAME GAME? Is the question that is nagging every single delegate of the committee. However, it is commendable that the committee showcased remarkable energy and dedication, with a majority of the delegates being constantly engaged. This sort of quick and pragmatic approach of the committee as a whole certainly shows a lot of caliber.

-RUSSIA TODAY

KHUDA HAFIZ, ZIAD

Delhi, 1987 – As India grapples with twin tragedies, the devastating ambush of over 2,000 soldiers in Sri Lanka and the slow fragmentation caused by the Autonomy Bill, one letter, smuggled across borders and buried in a locked drawer in Amritsar, has resurfaced. Its contents raise a question that settles into the humanity we have managed to bury under ferocious patriotism: What if the men we condemn as terrorists were once just fathers trying to protect their children?

The letter belonged to Ziad, a name absent from intelligence files until now. Rumoured to have defected from the Indian Army in 1984 following Operation Blue Star, Ziad disappeared from Punjab's militant radar shortly after. The letter, addressed to a woman named Hooriyah—its edges singed, ink smeared, but words still aching with devotion.

‘What good is a husband if he cannot take a beating for his wife? What is the purpose of a father, if not to protect his child? I was useless, in the months before I left, I did nothing. I let myself stand by and watch, only to cry myself to sleep. How could I allow our child to enter that cruel world? I would not be able to live with myself. I thought leaving would make it better, better for you, for our child and easier for me. But it didn't, khayesta jaan (beautiful darling), I am ridden with guilt. Even sleep does not bring me peace, my thoughts are haunted by what our life could have been and I perish slowly thinking of how you must be.’

It reads like a goodbye. But not the kind left on a battlefield. The kind left by a man about to walk into the eye of history's storm.

Sources reveal Ziad may have fled to Tamil Nadu, possibly aiding separatist networks operating between Colombo and Chennai. His final whereabouts remain unknown. But what remains is the agony of choice—one not unlike those faced by today's ministers in the ISEC. Do we strike back harder or protect our own quietly? Do we crush dissent or understand its roots?

Ziad's letter doesn't seek absolution. It begs only to be understood.

I will wait for Yawm ad- Din (The Day of Judgement) and beg Allah to grant me Jinnah (heaven), so that I may see you again and then I will beg for your forgiveness.

Astafirughullah, astaghfirullah (I seek forgiveness in God), astaghfir-hooriyah.

Tar bio leedo (Until we meet again),
Ziad.'

And in a time where the line between soldier and insurgent blurs with each act of violence, that understanding might be the one thing we cannot afford to ignore.

For in these pages, we don't find a monster.

We find a man.

-SÜDDEUTSCHE ZEITUNG