

MAMA

NINAD

2015-16



Editorial

After two years of mostly failed attempts at dispelling our sluggishness and trying to actualize what was on paper, we have published this edition of Ninad. Admittedly, when we had taken on the onus of publishing the school magazine, we had not realized how much of a Herculean task it would be to complete it, with merely the iota of experience we had about designing a magazine. In retrospect, our dreams of publishing Ninad would have probably been shattered had it not been for timely intervention by our teachers, which helped us to re-organize and get on with Ninad work in a more “focused” manner.

Learning about the desktop publishing software was a Sisyphean task in itself, but after Prabhat Sir’s help we got the hang of it, and work progressed. The Computer Lab became our meeting den where we would feign authority over others working there. Once in a while, when we would chance upon a perfect picture for an article or design a page successfully, we would feel a thrill akin to a feeling of triumph. Amidst the constant criticism and banter, we would occasionally applaud another for their brilliant craftsmanship, which would almost instantly dissolve into more badinage. When there were discordant views about a certain matter, there would be a vehement debate, which would mutate into jest and laughter. But along the way we also realized how arduous the vocation of a magazine designer is, having to juggle between numberless aspects of a magazine in a short period of time. We also faced skeptical jibes inquiring when the magazine would come out, but we mostly chose to ignore it and, if anything, they helped to keep us going.

Clearly, the arrival of this magazine has long been anticipated. Here it is, finally, a collage of thoughts, figments of imagination, and colours, which are perhaps representative of the spirit of Sahyadri. Welcome to Ninad 2014-15-16 ...

~~This Ninad is a sure.~~

Trying to publish the Ninad is like trying to drive a sputtering, run down scooter uphill. The meetings were chaotic with procrastination and laziness to be found in heapfuls while pressure continued to mount with incessant demands for the Ninad to be published.

Meanwhile a menace, ^{upstart} surfaced in the form of the 'Hilltop'. Luckily it went underground with the same speed as it came up, justifying the old adage, "He who laughs last, laughs the longest."

Apart from these distractions the slow, archaic machinery of the Ninad made progress impossible ~~at~~ ^{as} all ideas were used as target boards, seemingly serving the only purpose — of being shot down. Amid the cross fire safety lay in ~~I~~ staring at the ceiling and pretending not to hear as the sharp shooters went about their task, ^{with} an accuracy enough to dishearten the stoutest optimist [Here, I would like to pause and ^{apprise} inform the readers of Anishkar's fate. He attempted to restore some law and order even though the aforementioned optimist would have discouraged him and was ^{as a result} ~~thus~~ sent flying.].

~~Amid the cross fire safety lay in a ^{retreat} manoeuvre which~~

Thankfully, law and order ensued as Amresh sir stepped into the ring. While the United States Marines did their bit by rescuing the beleaguered garrison which was still staring at the ceiling, ~~trouble~~ trouble reared its ugly head elsewhere.

TEAM NINAD 2015-16



Jai (persona non grata), Avishkar, Daksh, Neha, Saumya, Ritwik, Siddhi, Mansi, Madhur

As progress ^{finally} seemed to be heading in the right direction we had run-ins with the fearsome triumvirate of Mansi, Neha and Vedika as they demanded that we portray Shirali sir as Dumbeldore.

The last straw ~~be~~ was the angst caused by Anjirey's "one-legged gang" as they kept hobbling out of dark alley's accusing members regarding their articles. And if these dregs of the underworld were not enough to contend with, the culture classes lately revolved around the selection of the Nirad team. As we squirmed uncomfortably the demand for the Nirad grew.

Touching upon the "skeptical inquiries" issue we recieved ominous warnings from Pashuram who threatened to flatten us all. Thus, it would be an understatement to say, "it helped us get going". Spurred on by Pashuram's shadow looming threateningly, we unanimously decided to finish it after all. [I, for my part, wish to make it abundantly clear ~~to~~ that ^{was} being part of the group staying at the ceiling and thus distance myself from whomsoever one wishes to flatten.] And this was just the tip of the iceberg.

[To ~~the~~ ^{is} bewildered Nirad 'team'] It ~~will be~~ too late to do anything ~~to~~ about this as I have replaced the original editorial with mine in order to throw some light on this monster called Nirad in a frank, fearless and forthright manner.

Jai.C

English Vinglish

Sometime last year, I traded an over-cluttered life of a journalist and blogger/author in Bombay to teach English to grade seven and eight students at Sahyadri School. I was as untrained as they as they come, but I knew one thing. I had always been thrilled about words coming alive on paper. I figured teaching would involve spreading a bit of that disease.

On day one, in an attempt to “know my audience”, I asked the students to share their favorite word and say why they liked it. They quickly came up with words like music, joy, peace, love, happiness and others. My heart sank. It felt frugal. This is not going to be fun, I thought. Was this what they meant by the economy of language, I wondered.

Then I told them I was making word soup and needed something chunkier - words with more gravitas, more texture, more back stories. I sent them off shopping for words that would make for a hearty word soup.

The results were delectable. On day two, we had words like askew, malevolent, punctilious, extol, prevaricate, misanthrope, apoplectic, inexorable, formidable, recalcitrant and more. My initial fears of dealing with an auto-correct, tweet-ready generation were soon dispelled.

On day five, they were using formidable in a sentence. A month later, they were itching to use inexorable.

A recent Wall Street Journal article blames technology largely for the fade out of big words. The article points out that we are being conditioned to communicate faster and in shorter bursts. There isn't room for big words in a text or a tweet or even a quickly dashed-off email. We're communicating across so many different channels that by sheer necessity, our language is becoming abbreviated.

I wonder if this frugality with words makes us frugal in other places too. In our senses, our feelings, the way we live and love. Words are to make friends with. When we have enough words, we have company. Words are a way of making a little seem a lot. If we always take the easy way out, big words will never find the love they deserve. As long as we shield ourselves from big words, we will never make the next move on them. All they need is a little bit of demystifying and they are reduced to their smaller, less intimidating forms, the familiar, the known.

Parenting is a big word too. I still don't know what it means. But when you get it right, it's like using a nice word in a sentence. You can go into tricky areas, follow your heart, take a road less travelled. Or you can play safe, live by the book and do what everyone does and no one will really know the difference, except you.

My dad used to constantly quiz me on spellings when I was little. The words had nothing to do with what I was learning in school, but it was always a thrill when I got them right. "Spell exorbitant," he would say. Or entrepreneur, itinerary. Years after I chose writing as a career, he continued to throw word challenges at me. He still does.

My son Re, who just turned five, has graduated from his hippopots-rhinopotis days to use words like emergency, disaster, soggy, ridiculous, permission, impossible and incorrigible with nonchalance. I miss his babble and the growing up bit hurt a little, but I love the fact that soon, I will be able to share chunkier, more delicious words with him.

Last week, we returned from home to find that our cat Bravo had yet again wandered off into the wilderness while we were at school. Re knows his hideouts, and I asked him to look for Bravo.

"Bravo is your responsibility. You have to ensure he is safe all the time," I said.

"Whatity mamma?"

"I mean job," I replied, quickly realising that it was a mouthful.

"No, what did you say?" I could sense he was hungry for the word.

"RESPONSIBILITY."

"Oh. RESPONSIBILITY!" he said, tasting, savouring a new word.

I know he'll get there sooner than I imagine. We are just richer by another word. And that's what it's all about, isn't it?

Lalita Akka

A

B

C

D

E

What do you want to become?

High school students are often asked this question by people who think they have transcended the mentality that there are only two respectable professions. (Those who think there are only two ask this or that). Most students answer coyly, “I don't know”. The ambitious ones give a confident answer. The ubiquity of this question prompted me to think of a cogent and witty answer.

What irked me the most about this question was the insinuation: You must become something; those who do not have a professional tag such as 'doctor', 'engineer' or even 'teacher' are worthless. My opinion diverges from this narrow mindset. After all, a bookie can be branded as a 'turf accountant'. Does the tag make a person more respectable?

To me the action matters. Call it what you want, behind the bombastic titles and fancy degrees, people are what they do. It is more important to know what you want to do, what you want to become is just a name others give to generalize that field of work.

When someone asks me the question, I snap back, “What I become is irrelevant, ask me what I want to do!”

Parth Aggarwal (Class 11)

The World is Not Enough

*There is enough nuclear power
to destroy the world,
enough military power
to blast each other sky high.*

*There are enough bullets
to massacre everyone,
enough anger
to kill one another.*

*There is enough creativity
to make machines that kill,
enough hatred
to break hearts.*

*There is enough inhumanity
to loot the poor and needy.*

*Is there world enough
for all this?
Is there love enough
to end all this?*

Lakshman (Class 9)

Cunning

Cunning promises to help you when you are in big trouble. He is the master of sly tricks. He plays evil music in people's minds when they are desperate. He has a powerful magnetism.

A hundred foxes, each clever than the other, guard his humungous mansion. Cunning is a wily politician with a devious mind. He looks innocent, but has his mind working on his malevolent plans.

Cunning has the eyes of an eagle, scouring every inch for prey, always ready to strike.

Lakshman (Class 7; 2013-14)

Curiosity

Curiosity is always there, anywhere, anytime. He goes to unmapped jungles and mysterious caves. His favourite holiday spots are the Bermuda Triangle and Mt. Vesuvius.

His complexion is well tanned. His hair is the colour of melting gold. He has blue eyes. He smells like wildflowers. He is always in a mischievous mood, and is quite restless. He often goes out with his pal, inquisitiveness. His faithful companion is imagination, the clouded leopard.

His house is, well, very curious! It is made totally of glass, so he doesn't feel shut in, but the best thing is that it is a teleporter. When he wakes up, he has a nice, new patch to explore!

Gautam (Class 7; 2013-14)

All the World's a Stage!

Not a long time ago, a little boy and his family went to a local theater to watch a play. The play was based on the life of King Harshvardhan and his heroic deeds.

The little boy was amazed to see all the actors perform live on stage. When the play ended, his mind was full of questions. How do they act so well? How can they remember their lines? How many characters are there? And so on. His father answered all his questions patiently. "Is life like a stage too? Are there actors in real life?" the little boy asked again.

Not knowing what to answer the father asked his son to stop thinking and go to sleep. And soon, the little boy slept. But his father could not sleep. This question intrigued him. Are we all actors too? We all have our parts to play, don't we? He kept on thinking.

Life does seem like a huge stage and we are all actors. We have our parts to play, and the trick is to play one's part really well.

Kunjika (Class 11)

Limits

I tried hard,
harder than I ever did.

The more I tried
the harder it looked.
It was a bit, you'd say,
beyond my limits.

I tried again,
again and again, harder this time.

Every time I lifted it,
it hit me harder as it fell -
the thought
that I couldn't do it.

I did not expect it,
the disappointment they showed.

But I tried,
didn't I?

Harder every time.

Adhya (Class 8)

Breaking Free

Have you ever seen a bird,
fly away from a cage
or have you ever felt your thoughts
turn to another page?

Unfold every bit of your insides,
like paper trying to come to life.
If we're walking freely on this ground,
how could this be?
There's only one reason;
we're breaking free.

Don't only hide,
you can also seek.
Don't try to be like someone else,
just be yourself.
Now I'm not like the person I was before
because I've already broken free.

Ruhi (Class 7; 2014-15)

Patience

Waiting,
just waiting to grow
to another stage
in the course of action,
it lies
in the luminous radiance
of the sun,
without mates
or nurturance.

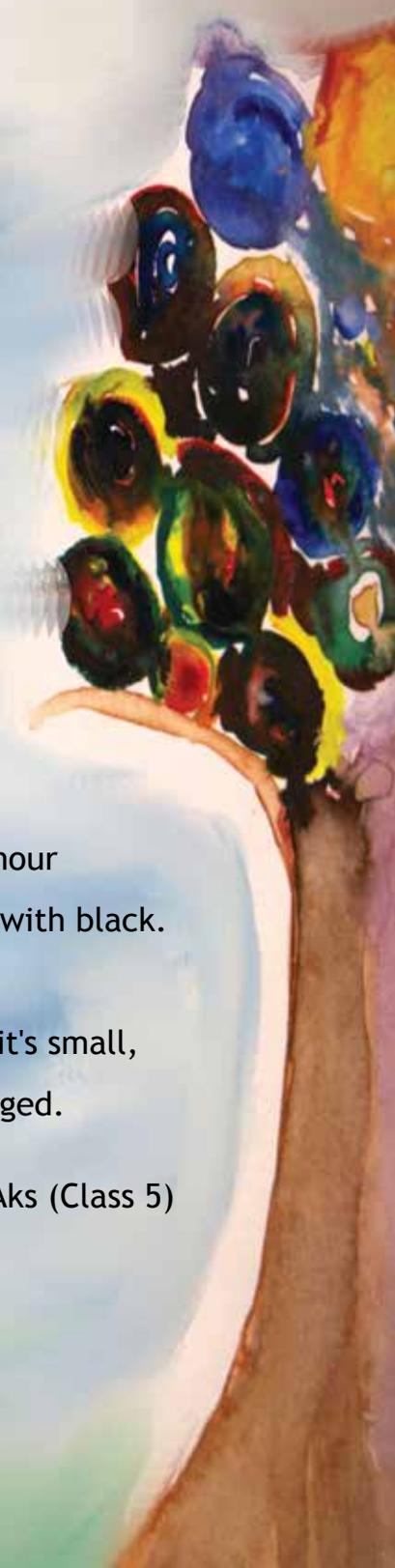
Freedom

Spreading its black wings,
it soars through the wind.
Taking sharp turns,
it flies swiftly.
All at once, it alights on a perch,
like a butterfly
settling on a flower.

Ashwath (Class 5)

There it lies,
alone, serene,
its beige armour
tinged with black.
Even though it's small,
it's rugged.

Aks (Class 5)



Thank You, Everyone

Thank you, earth,
for teaching me
the beauty and goodness of nature, for teaching me
how to take people's faces and moods,
for teaching me
how to use my hands, legs, face and the five senses
just like monkeys, chimpanzees, and gorillas, who are part of us.
For teaching us, each of us, to have
an amount of anger, and an amount of wisdom.

Thank you, friends, for not ever letting me down,
for being my best friends and backing me up.
For reminding me
when I am sad that I am not the only person
in the world.

Thank you, teachers, for correcting
me when I am wrong,
for showing me my mistakes,
for encouraging me
when I am doing
something good...

Thank you anything,
and everything.

Jahnvi (Class 4)

*"You Can't Be That!
You Can't Be That!"*

*I'm not going to be a doctor,
A designer, or a teacher.
No, rivers will start in me;
I will wear trees as my dress;
Birds will make their home on me;
Deer will run in me.
I'm going to be a forest.*

*I'm not going to be a mathematician,
A beggar, or a detective.
No, water will be scarce in me;
Illusions will appear in me;
Many interesting creatures
will live in me.
I'm going to be a desert.*

*I'm not going to be a CA,
An archaeologist, or an engineer.
No, trees will depend on me;
I will fly with the autumn wind.
I'm going to be a leaf.*

Kimaya (Class 4)

My Teachers

*From clouds
I learn different shapes.
From parents
I learn to be energetic.*

*From millipedes
I learn unity.
From the sun
I learn to be happy.*

*From tigers
I learn to be courageous.
From ants
I learn to do hard work.*

*From birds
I learn to be free.
From grass
I learn to dance.*

*Thank you earth,
for letting me see all this!*

Aryaman (Class 4)



Nature Talk

The beautiful voices of birds fill the air. The red Hibiscus flower is about to bloom. Two sparrows stand on the path, eating some orange powder. A small white flower has fallen down. The leaves move to and fro, giving me air. The birds are calling each other. A grasshopper hops and creeps about. The clouds are growing black. Some leaves drop down from the trees. Brownie is running after the crows.

Sonia (Class 4, 2007-8)

Flowers

Flowers like parijat and jasmine are white,
They look as if they glow in light.
Flowers like rose and hibiscus are red,
Beautiful in their flower bed.

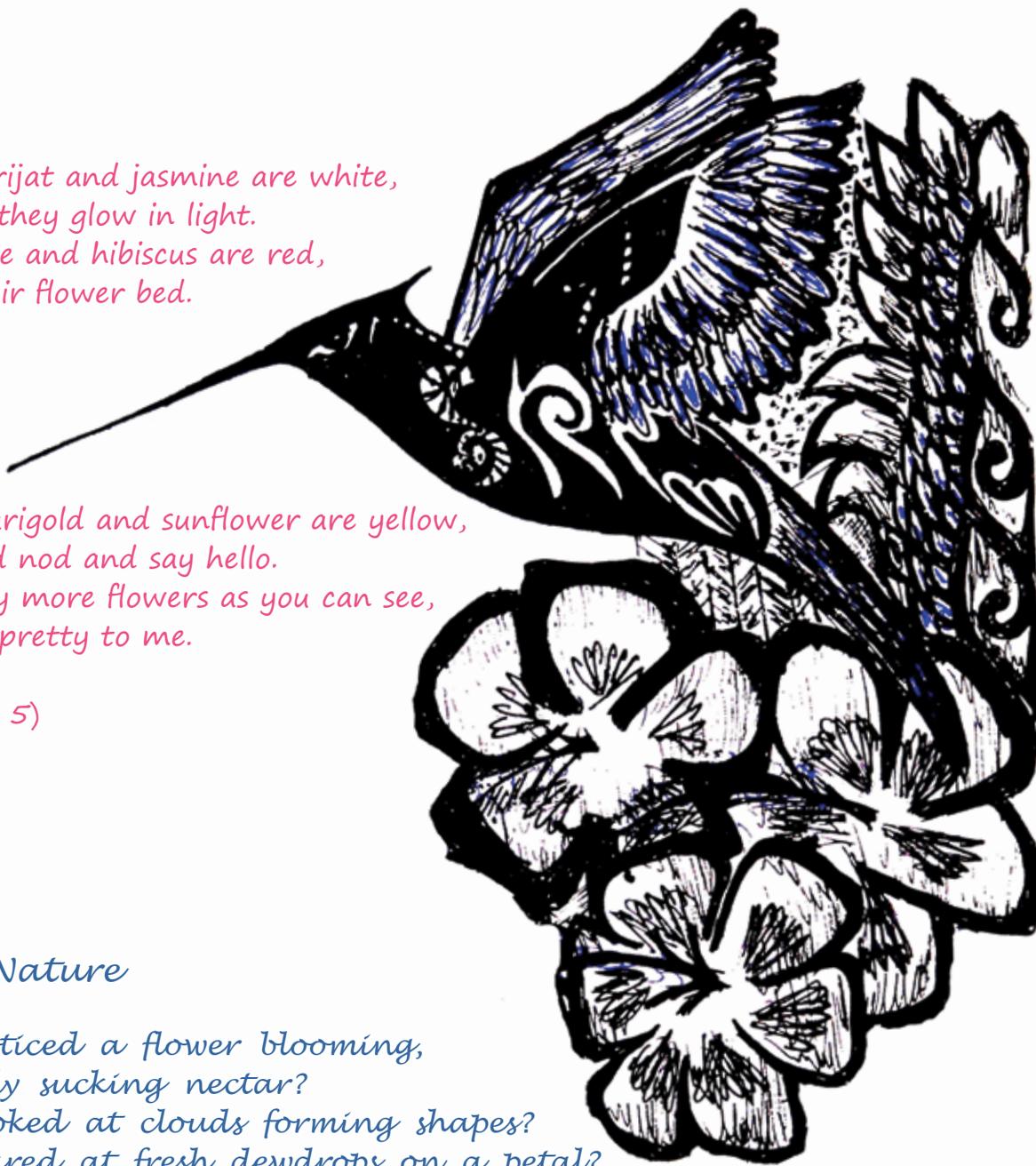
Flowers like marigold and sunflower are yellow,
They dance and nod and say hello.
There are many more flowers as you can see,
All flowers are pretty to me.

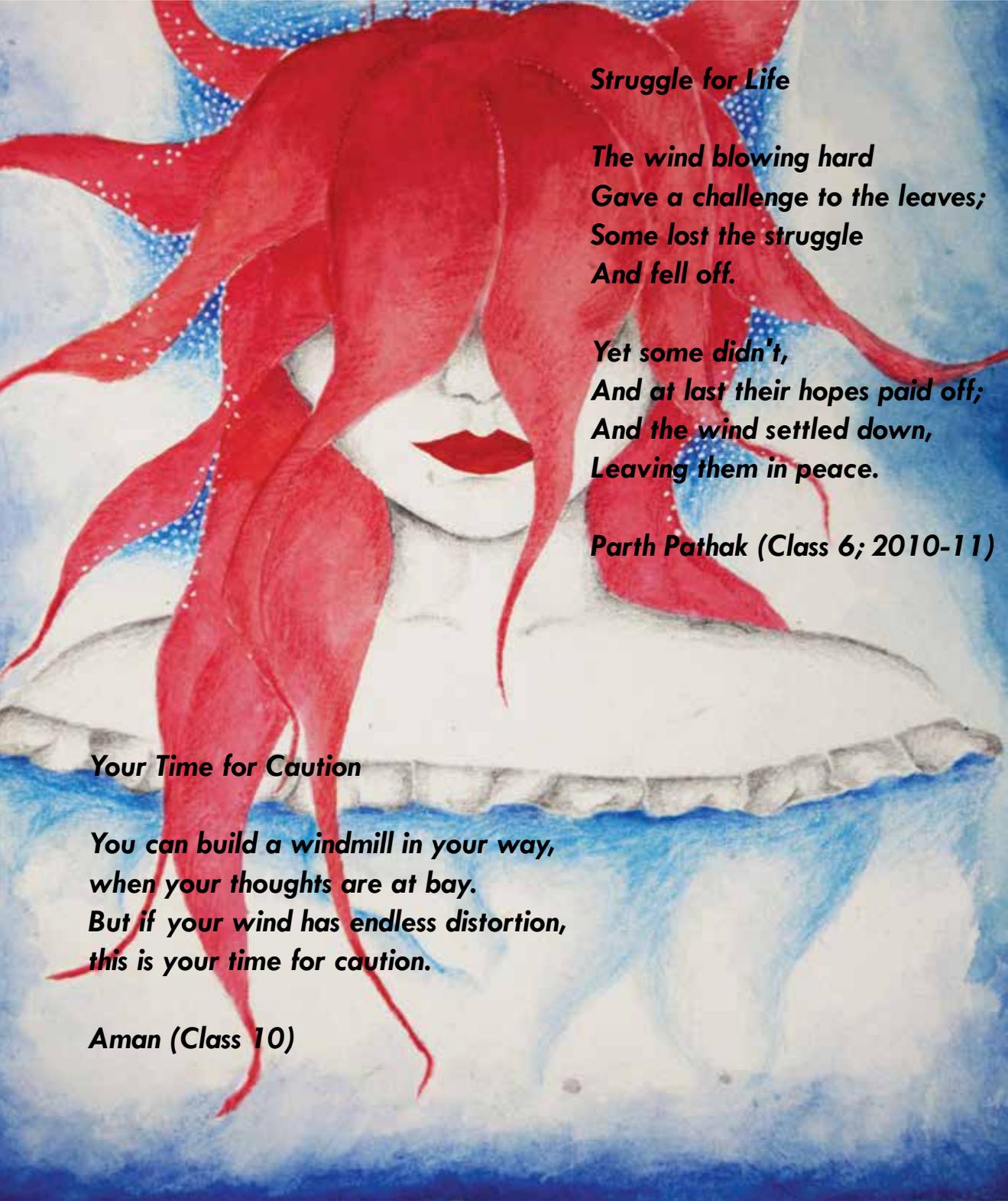
Avantika (Class 5)

Stories in Nature

Have you noticed a flower blooming,
Or a butterfly sucking nectar?
Have you looked at clouds forming shapes?
Have you stared at fresh dewdrops on a petal?
Have you ever wondered where the rainbow starts?
Have you seen a bulbul feed its baby?
Have you ever seen a dog play with a frog,
Or a garden lizard, as it leaps upon a tree?
There are endless stories in nature
That can't fit on this tiny sheet of paper.

Stanzin (Class 6)





Struggle for Life

**The wind blowing hard
Gave a challenge to the leaves;
Some lost the struggle
And fell off.**

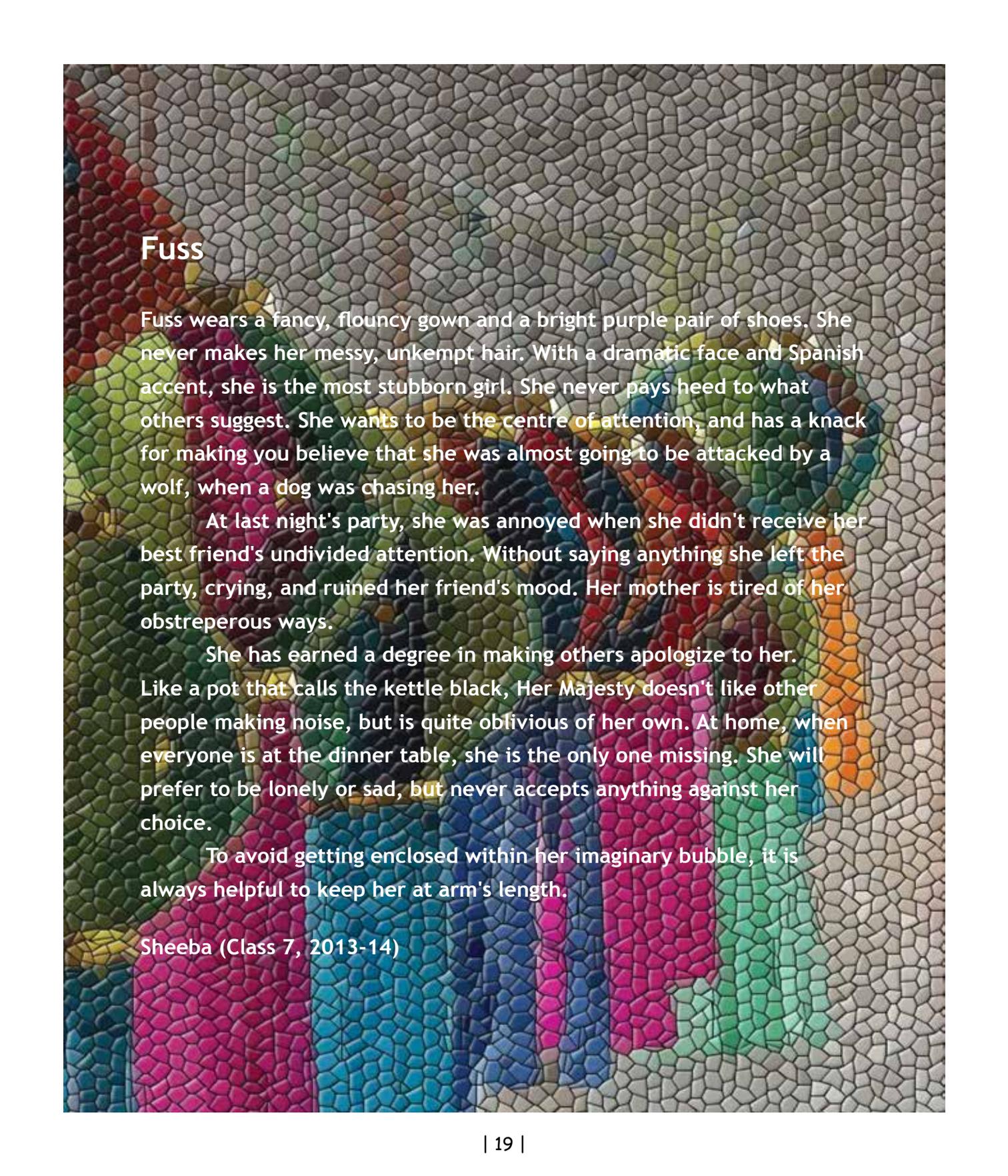
**Yet some didn't,
And at last their hopes paid off;
And the wind settled down,
Leaving them in peace.**

Parth Pathak (Class 6; 2010-11)

Your Time for Caution

**You can build a windmill in your way,
when your thoughts are at bay.
But if your wind has endless distortion,
this is your time for caution.**

Aman (Class 10)



Fuss

Fuss wears a fancy, flouncy gown and a bright purple pair of shoes. She never makes her messy, unkempt hair. With a dramatic face and Spanish accent, she is the most stubborn girl. She never pays heed to what others suggest. She wants to be the centre of attention, and has a knack for making you believe that she was almost going to be attacked by a wolf, when a dog was chasing her.

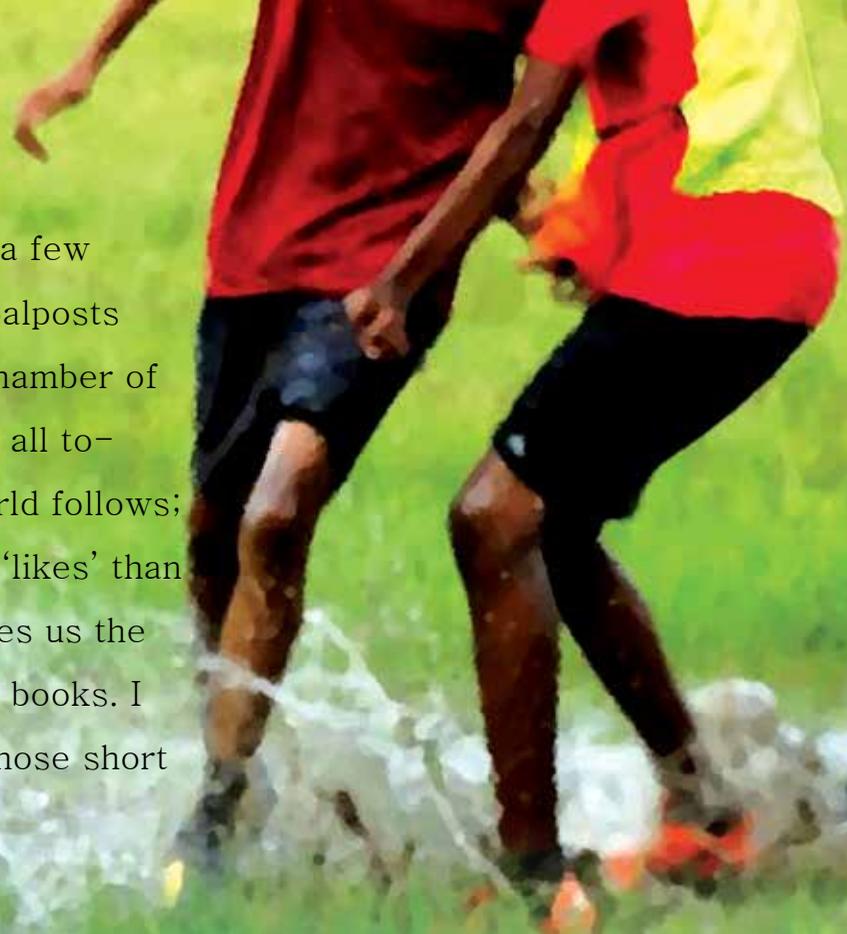
At last night's party, she was annoyed when she didn't receive her best friend's undivided attention. Without saying anything she left the party, crying, and ruined her friend's mood. Her mother is tired of her obstreperous ways.

She has earned a degree in making others apologize to her. Like a pot that calls the kettle black, Her Majesty doesn't like other people making noise, but is quite oblivious of her own. At home, when everyone is at the dinner table, she is the only one missing. She will prefer to be lonely or sad, but never accepts anything against her choice.

To avoid getting enclosed within her imaginary bubble, it is always helpful to keep her at arm's length.

Sheeba (Class 7, 2013-14)

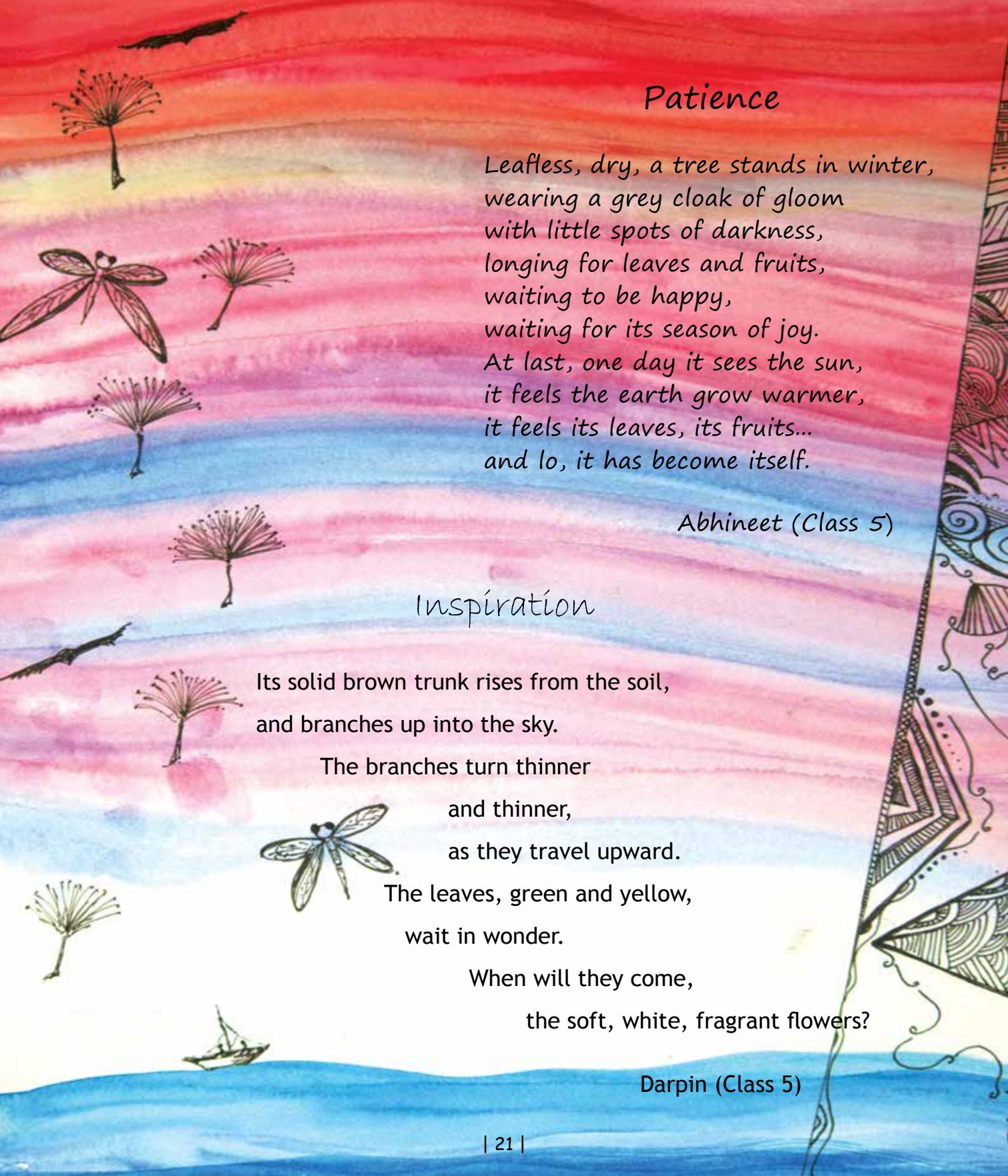
Football!



The football field is not just a few patches of grass with two goalposts on each side. In fact, it's a chamber of sentiments, joy and sadness, all together. It's a religion the world follows; the only thing that has more 'likes' than Facebook, probably. It teaches us the lessons of a lifetime, beyond books. I am about to tell you one of those short but empowering stories.

There are about two dozen tribes in Kenya. They used to have a lot of fights and a lot of bitter feelings towards each other. Strangely enough, the solution to this conflict was an “unbreakable” football. Chevrolet specially designed a football that wouldn't get damaged on harsh terrain, and made these tribes play football against each other. Soon, the number of football games increased, and the fights decreased. The tribes inspired other tribes, and in the next year, almost all the tribes became a part of this. The fights reduced to nearly zero, and the tribes rediscovered the art of love, respect and unity. This was one of the million ways in which the beautiful game has changed the world for good.

Shaurya (Class 10)



Patience

Leafless, dry, a tree stands in winter,
wearing a grey cloak of gloom
with little spots of darkness,
longing for leaves and fruits,
waiting to be happy,
waiting for its season of joy.
At last, one day it sees the sun,
it feels the earth grow warmer,
it feels its leaves, its fruits...
and lo, it has become itself.

Abhineet (Class 5)

Inspiration

Its solid brown trunk rises from the soil,
and branches up into the sky.

The branches turn thinner

and thinner,

as they travel upward.

The leaves, green and yellow,
wait in wonder.

When will they come,

the soft, white, fragrant flowers?

Darpin (Class 5)

*Life is an enigma
unfolding itself at every milestone
where wisdom seeps in
down to the very bone.*

*I don't comprehend what
my companions wish to seek
why they conceal their true selves
from the world or from me.*

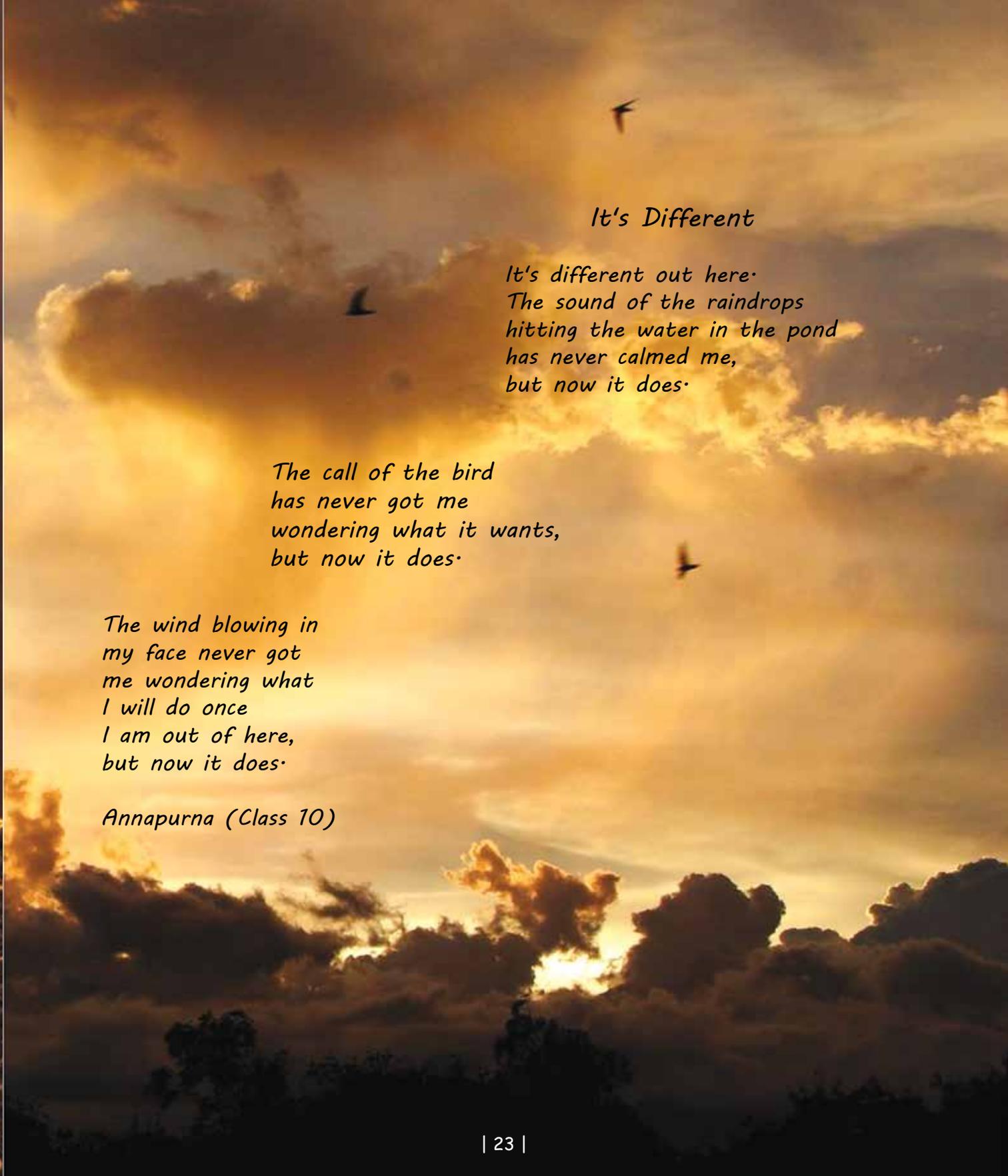
*I make several mistakes
I often misunderstand
but I want to rectify
and be as agreeable as I can.*

*Wish I could go back to my childhood,
filled with innocence and cheer,
where there was almost nothing
that I would need to fear,
where I was not condemned for follies;
neither am I inhibited to explore
I dance, I sing, where my world
is full of glory.*

*If only I could get back to where
my heart was filled with delight
and no matter how frivolous my ventures
or how bad my fall,
I would take it all in my stride.*

Rohee (Class 12)





It's Different

*It's different out here.
The sound of the raindrops
hitting the water in the pond
has never calmed me,
but now it does.*

*The call of the bird
has never got me
wondering what it wants,
but now it does.*

*The wind blowing in
my face never got
me wondering what
I will do once
I am out of here,
but now it does.*

Annapurna (Class 10)

I'm afraid of the dark side within me,
of the evil in me,
of the terror in human minds,
of taking the wrong path.

I'm afraid of breaking an innocent heart,
of crossing the boundary,
of the rhetoric echoing in the ears,
of the divisions separating us,
of breaking the connections,
of disturbing the peace.

I'm afraid of not observing,
of seeking psychological security,
of clinging to a dogma,
of the feeling of fear,
of destroying 'true kinship'

I'm afraid of false assumptions,
of losing the hand I depended on...
of a persuasive idea,
of uttering an unwelcome truth,
of the expectations which I reject,
of winning,
of losing the richness of nature,
of grasping the wrong wisdom,
of so-called 'civilized and educated people',
of dominating the meek.

I'm afraid of unnatural men,
who are unloved,
of greed, hatred and intolerance,
of good cheese rotting away,
of being lost,
of the indecent world, of inequality,
of supporting the unjust,
of the destructive power of thought,
of examining my negative aspects,
of ignorance,
of not understanding myself.

Apeksha (Class 7; 2013-14)

I'm Afraid...

I'm Not Afraid...

I'm not afraid of seas or oceans,
not turtle shells, or Nivea lotion.
I'm not afraid of plants or trees,
they hum so nicely,
like humming bees!

I'm not afraid of pens or pencils,
and I'm not afraid of scales or stencils,
I'm not afraid of anger or nations,
or even giant black trains
zipping past their stations.

I'm not afraid of flour or wheat,
or brown, no, bronze, no, even blue teeth!
I'm not afraid of mosquitoes or flies,
of truth, honesty, or even lies!

I'm not afraid of mats made of straw,
or donkeys who bray,
and shout hee-haw!

I'm not afraid of whales or birds,
of stupid people, or even nerds!
Not even of bags or sandals,
nor of fuming, burning scandals.

And now this poem will come to an end,
it will end quite straight,
without a curve or a bend.

Jahnvi (Class 4)

Where I'm From

I'm from 'Mumbai ki baarish'
(the city which never sleeps),
from the morning bell of Shishuvan Vidyalaya,
and Man vs. Wild, which stops me from playing.

I'm from Appa's sensible lectures
and Amma, who always tells me not to eat too much,
from Devansh's silly jokes and
Abhishek's unnecessary laughter.

I'm from the smoky smell of agarbattis and roll-ons,
from the horns of cars,
from Amma's shoutings,
and the sweetness of her kheer.

I'm from my lovely guitar,
whose tune makes my heart sing,
from the delicious doughnuts of MOD
and tasty Gelato ice-creams.

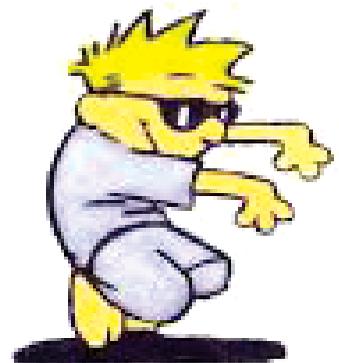
I'm from the awesome view from Tiwai Hill
and the freshness of the air
flowing on it.

Pranav (Class 7; 2013-14)

A Reason for Happiness

Sometimes, some days, you may feel so blue.
But someone out there is not as happy as you.
Somewhere, on the border, a soldier lies,
weeping to see his child, he slowly dies.
Somewhere, a child is forced to serve tea,
who is just wanting to be free.
Somewhere, an animal mourns for her baby,
who would soon be meat for gravy.
So, if you ever feel so blue,
remember this poem,
let it stick in your head like glue,
and let your sorrow fly to the Sun
where it would get fired, to form
crispy veggies of happiness
for me and you.

Rohan Sujeesh
(Class 10)



Memories

Should I hate the memories of times left behind,

Or should I love them, for being with me throughout?

Should I push them away, for they haunt me,

Or should I embrace them, for they give me a reason to live?

Should I erase their existence, for they bring tears to my eyes,

Or should I relive them, for they belong to me?

Should I close the doors, for they put me through pain,

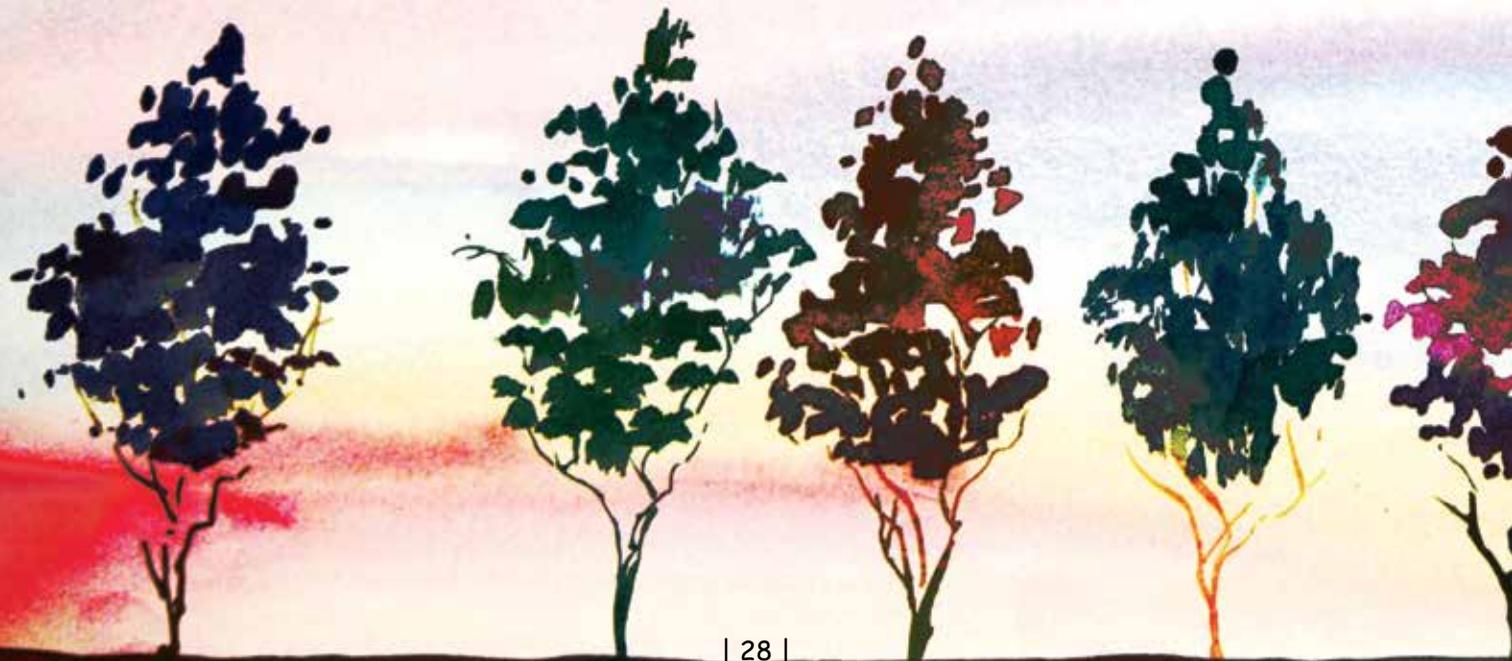
Or should I treasure them forever, for they tell me who I am?

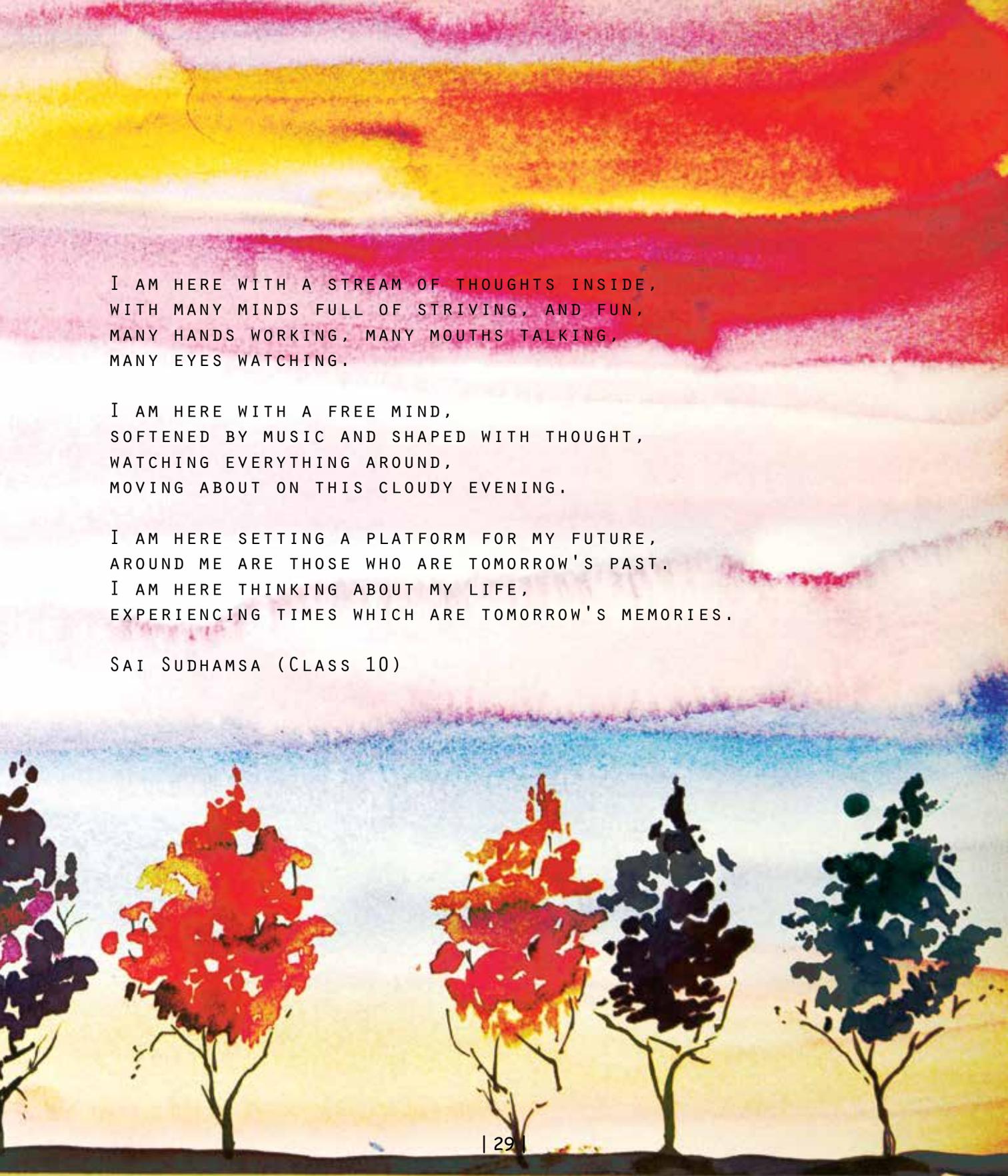
Yousra and Arbeena (Class 9)

Bliss...

The halls were filled. Each one trying to come up with an idea. The torches blazing. People monitoring. Escape was possible, but not probable. The guards had been heavily armed. The idea behind the gathering was forgotten. Each one doing his own thing. The rats were taking interest, since such gatherings ended up in a brawl. It was a long wait for those who had no ideas. Those who had ideas were merrily working along, and those without were listening to the band playing inspirational music. All this while the children were happily playing hopscotch, oblivious. Some people sketched other people, while the others goofed around. In short, it was bliss while it lasted.

Nandish (Class 10)





I AM HERE WITH A STREAM OF THOUGHTS INSIDE,
WITH MANY MINDS FULL OF STRIVING, AND FUN,
MANY HANDS WORKING, MANY MOUTHS TALKING,
MANY EYES WATCHING.

I AM HERE WITH A FREE MIND,
SOFTENED BY MUSIC AND SHAPED WITH THOUGHT,
WATCHING EVERYTHING AROUND,
MOVING ABOUT ON THIS CLOUDY EVENING.

I AM HERE SETTING A PLATFORM FOR MY FUTURE,
AROUND ME ARE THOSE WHO ARE TOMORROW'S PAST.
I AM HERE THINKING ABOUT MY LIFE,
EXPERIENCING TIMES WHICH ARE TOMORROW'S MEMORIES.

SAI SUDHAMSA (CLASS 10)

Winter Dread

We have woven a web,
you and I;
connected to this world,
but a separate world of our own invention.

We must cut the threads, or we will suffer.
And so let me go,
let me go, so I can suffer on my own;
because the pain will ever be more,
when I see you suffering.



And so don't say no.
Don't say you won't.
My heart couldn't bear it.

Just pretend, my beloved,
that I will return in spring.

Sayuri (Class 11)

Against War...

Against war I'll serve cups
filled with love.
Against war I'll water the flowers
in my garden.
Against war I'll give my share
to the dog
who looks up at me
from the kitchen window.
Against war I'll refuse to take the
medicine made
by testing an animal.
Against war I'll speak up
for the right thing
and confidently criticize
the supporters.
Against war I'll say no
to a partial favour.
Against war I'll observe myself and
unleash
the powerful force in me.
Against war I won't hide
inside my little room.
Against war I'll be discreet.
Against war I'll be disobedient.
Against war I'll lift the corners
of falling hopes.
Against war I'll carry the message -
'Peace is Patriotic.'
Against war I'll whistle
with the wind.

Sheeba (Class 7; 2013-14)

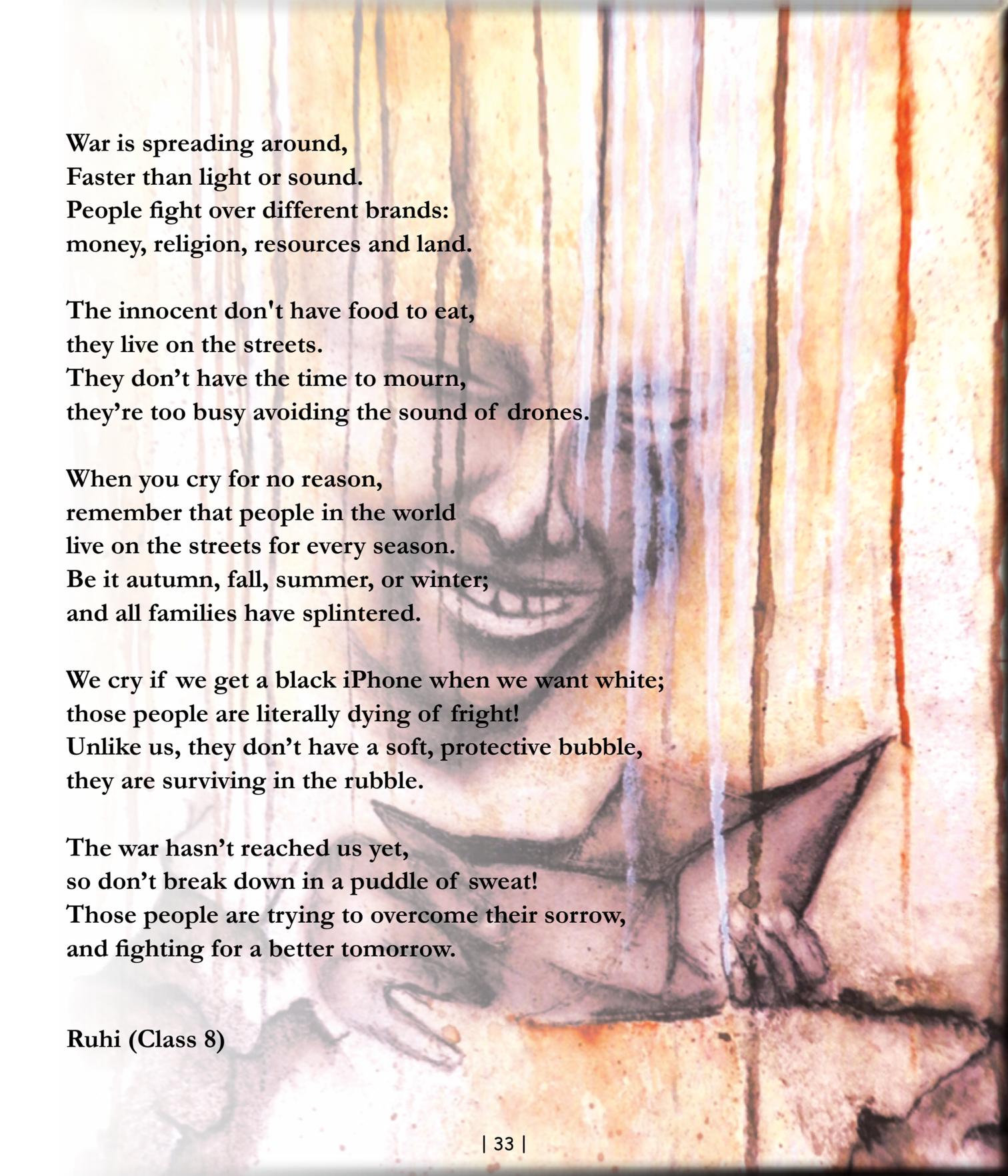
Against war I'll
shake hands with a stranger.
Against war I'll
refuse to be part of any group.
Against war I'll
apologize to Krishna.
Against war I'll
look at the shadows
covering in my mind.
Against war I'll
wipe the slate of bad thoughts
clean, and make a fresh start.
Against war I won't let
Siddhu get scoldings
when he hasn't done anything.
Against war I'll
spread the message of love.
Against war I'll
keep the candle of hope
burning in me.
Against war I'll
do my bit
for peace in the world.

Hemali (Class 7; 2013-14)

(Ode) To a Vulture

Flying overhead, you gaze
in your foul, repellent ways.
Your intrusive neck has grown
with your currency of flesh and bone
And yet do you not atone
the seeds of greed that you have sown?
No, I do not despise, but pity
you of dwindling numbers in the city.
You have many a person worried
for the fate of the corpse unburied.
But me? In slightest I do not fret
over matters of no regret.
From you as I borrowed, I may not lend
for to my own corpses I must attend.
Stow them somewhere out of sight
and so gain more out of their plight.
Man trumps beast, as you know;
beast trumps you, and so it goes.
Since you, ragged cleaner, in your stead
do nothing more than reap the dead.
What'd you say? Man's the same?!
Nay, man's greedy, but much more tame!
It is of just numbers we talk,
not decaying bodies, macabre and dark.
We are past masters of apportioning blame;
Culprit, Victim, all the same.
Ramrod straight we're cultured folks;
the pompous stick in nature's spokes.

Parasuram (Class 12)



War is spreading around,
Faster than light or sound.
People fight over different brands:
money, religion, resources and land.

The innocent don't have food to eat,
they live on the streets.
They don't have the time to mourn,
they're too busy avoiding the sound of drones.

When you cry for no reason,
remember that people in the world
live on the streets for every season.
Be it autumn, fall, summer, or winter;
and all families have splintered.

We cry if we get a black iPhone when we want white;
those people are literally dying of fright!
Unlike us, they don't have a soft, protective bubble,
they are surviving in the rubble.

The war hasn't reached us yet,
so don't break down in a puddle of sweat!
Those people are trying to overcome their sorrow,
and fighting for a better tomorrow.

Ruhi (Class 8)

Enchantment Of The Seas

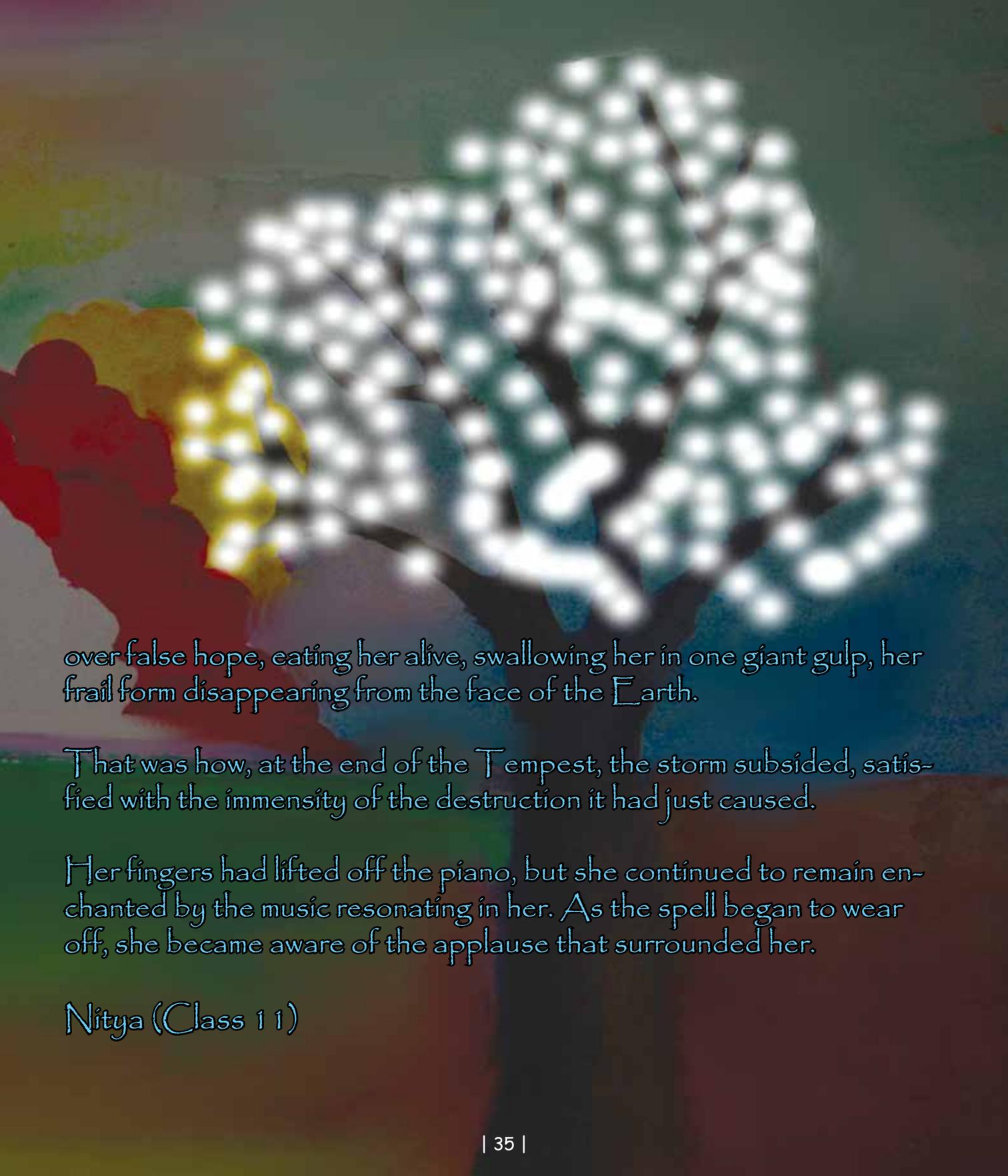
Maude would play the Tempest, as it perfectly suited her stormy mood. While playing this piece, she imagined herself in utter despair stranded alone on a ship. In the middle of a stormy, raging ocean, with no one to help her, waves crashing all around her, the sky in complete darkness.

Her fingers slid across the piano, the low pitched notes sounding like thunder underneath her fingers. She saw the waves willfully smash the boat into pieces: wood, mast and ropes, raining all around her as the boat started to disintegrate into nothingness, creating an apocalyptic atmosphere. The loud roar of the ocean covered her pleas, enjoying the debacle of the poor soul. She felt the salty water mix with her tears, the boat jerking uncontrollably. The wind howled a long strident complaint that pierced her ears.

She no longer saw the room that was around her or the people that were in it. She barely felt the piano as her fingers flew on the keys as they rang with terrifying beauty.

However, in the middle of the allegretto, hope seemed to prevail, light seemed to shine through as she played the high-pitched notes of the sonata. The light seemed to break through the threatening, menacing clouds.

But the peaceful moment in the Tempest was just a lie. It wasn't real. The storm came back even more menacing, joyfully rejoicing



over false hope, eating her alive, swallowing her in one giant gulp, her frail form disappearing from the face of the Earth.

That was how, at the end of the Tempest, the storm subsided, satisfied with the immensity of the destruction it had just caused.

Her fingers had lifted off the piano, but she continued to remain enchanted by the music resonating in her. As the spell began to wear off, she became aware of the applause that surrounded her.

Nitya (Class 11)

To feel new and lost in a place so familiar is a frightening experience, I myself experienced this feeling a few months back. I started seeing Sahyadri, my home for over 7 years, in a different light. The same road lined with shrubbery on either side, the same faces, the same surroundings, greeted me in a manner unfamiliar to me. It felt so different to be in the same place.

Each time we come back to school, it's different. Just as the thoughts and emotions experienced differ while reading a book or listening to a song for the second time, no moment is the same as another, no year the same as the next. This time when I returned for my 11th grade, I came across not only excitement, but also anxiety, nostalgia and just a pinch of uncertainty about the coming two years of my life. At home, the fear of facing a place without most of my friends didn't sink in, but coming back to Sahyadri, I realized that this step was not only a beginning but also the acceptance of endings and of a bygone past.

Memories sometimes hold us back from loosening our grip on something in order to move to another, from truly letting go. It is difficult to

come to terms with the fact that one phase of one's life is over. Those who constituted everything, our batch, friend circle, our family, have moved on to explore a different future, and it is time that we embrace the past, and do so too.

When I think about it, I am glad to be back in Sahyadri. I had felt till the last semester that all there was to know was known, but it was surprising to see how wrong I was. There is just so much more to learn and to extract from a place like this. I am lucky to get another chance to be here, to be home.

I would sometimes wonder how different life would have been, if I hadn't decided to come back. How would I have changed? I decided it was futile to ask such questions because I am here now, and I am happier than I have ever been before.

Akshata (Class 11)

Sahyadrian In Aeternum

Two years. Maybe the two fastest years one experiences as a young adult. Faster for those who shift worlds. These are the years after the 10th grade. Transitioning during this vulnerable phase is quite a big deal.

When people hype the apparent importance of “board exams”, they hope that you realize how it “shapes your future”, and want you to gulp down your textbooks. Standing where I do today, I can only laugh at that approach. Having been through the 10th grade with the pressure of my first ever board exams, managing a decent score and sailing through to the apparently ‘best’ day school, again managing a decent score, and standing here today, dubiously enough, again at an important odyssey-to-start stage in my life: College (sounds big doesn’t it? a new life so to say!), I see all this as one hell of a ride.

Without undermining the significance of the scores you achieve, be it in the 10th or the 12th, what really and seriously matters is the character you imbibe. I have always dreamed big. One particular result should honestly not shake you up, however it turns out. These are probably the most trivial and basic exams life could heartily chuck at our faces. Our results may not be consonant with our efforts at times, but that’s the irony, there’s a bigger exam of your faith in yourself than the written papers you might cry foul over.

As you move ahead in life, there are always a few significant things told to you by significant others which continue to echo in your minds. There is one such, told to me by Rajan sir who taught me in the 8th. He said, “Scores are the reflection of ONLY your preparation, not your capability.” I believe this to be true.

A true Sahyadrian at heart, I passionately believe that one who graduates from this place at any of the exit points, MUST stand out. When we step out of our cocoon here and into the playfield outside, people should look at us and say “That one is different.” I might not share this opinion with too many, but this one thing matters to me dearly. Sahyadri is ‘Sahyadri’ because it aims to change the way we live. It wants us to understand and be aware of the elements of life, holistically. True, that at a tender

age it's not the easiest thing to ask for, but only when the seed is sown can a tree blossom. Sahyadri wants us to live without pressure, so please do that; don't run behind materialism because that is so ordinary and futile! Try and appreciate the customs here, because when you leave Sahyadri, you realize why your dorm parent might have laid emphasis on Astachal or sports or theatre or folkie! It's not just another school, I hope each one of us realises that. When we leave this place, I believe that Sahyadri would be so much prouder of us if we upheld any of what it tried to inculcate in our lives. Sahyadri works subtly, it doesn't coerce. Inexplicable as it is for me, I still feel it strongly. The simplicity of thought and action, the effort to do the right thing, the building of character, all of this makes us more aware of ourselves, and should be treasured. It is genuinely effortless to be one of the crowd, but it's harder to stand out as one who's different. Out in the towns and cities that we all come from, everyone looks alike. People dress alike, talk alike, think alike. But it always takes a 'different' person to cause a change. We think we have 'adjusted' well when we move out there, but what's adjustment if it's at the cost of one's identity? It's commendable to make friends and fit in quickly, but I reiterate that we of all should never let go of the Sahyadri spirit in us. Introspection is one great tool which brings a lot of insight to one's daily life. It's beautiful, when even after years we Sahyadrians think and believe similarly. Vulnerability in this phase of our lives can manifest itself in numerous ways. This is when our conscience guides us. The primary accountability is that which we have to ourselves. Honesty is essential in every step we take. These things might sound idealistic, but honestly it comes effortlessly if we wish it so. Standing up for the right thing, and doing the right thing is essential.

In conclusion, I do hope every Sahyadrian realises what a heaven this place is, and how lucky each one of us is to be a part of this family. It's honestly the best place ever and you can do it justice by having all the fun here and learning what it has to offer. Don't ever leave school if you have a chance to stay. Grab every opportunity you get here, stay relaxed, and be true to yourself. All the best and lots of love.

Abhiruchi Rathi

[Alumnus: batch of 2013]



Growing Up in Sahyadri (Farewell Speech)

Tears rolled down my cheeks when I saw my parents walk away from me...

Reena Akka gave me a welcoming smile and took me to the dorm. I found myself hesitant to talk to my friends. It was the first time ever that I was supposed to spend the next five months with people who I didn't know. It was difficult initially, but in a few days I found myself fairly well adjusted and that is how my sadness was gradually wiped away. Months flew by like days. Multiplication and division became interesting. Doing experiments in science class was something I always waited for. Batik, weaving, pottery and carpentry were completely new. I was taught how to use a potter's wheel. I always thought English was about grammar, spelling tests, question and answers and memorising poems.

But my new school opened many windows. Life was so much more than getting up, studying, going to school, eating, watching television and sleeping. In the evening, watching the sun set behind the hills, the sky turning pink, the moon rising from the other side, flocks of birds flying over my head, all of this would calm me down. The pleasant sounds made by the tanpura, sitar and tabla would get me thinking about what I would hear in the city - cars honking all day long. Suddenly it all felt like I was in a dreamland. I had completely forgotten the sounds of a rock falling into a pond and a waterfall falling with great force. Everything came back to life. Now I learnt to listen to birds chirping, watch a leaf falling down from a tree, a pebble rolling down a slope. I learnt how to appreciate other people's work. I am given the space to do what I love. I have the freedom to learn from my environment. But if I fall into a puddle, there is always a helping hand to support and guide me. My friends and teachers make up for my parents absence.

My parents kept telling me that they would send me to a boarding school, and I used to cry because I didn't want to go to one, but now I realise their intention behind it. I feel independent, strong, and I know how to express myself in front of other people. I stand out, because I can stand up for myself. The school atmosphere has to be given credit for this.

Dhara (Class10; 2014-15)



Interview with Shirali sir

One is always curious to know more about the school.

A conversation with the Principal is therefore worth sharing with everyone. Here's an interesting exchange with Shirali sir.

Q. What is your research thesis?

A. Operations reasearch-management science-combinatorics, from University of Texas at Dallas.

Q. Do you have a role model?

A. No role model in particular. There are many people who interest me, I love nature and people who love nature interest me. I was affected by many professors in university who helped me in my growth. I do not have many memories of school though.

Q. What drew you to Krishnamurti's philosophy?

A. I was interested in Krishnamurti's philosophy and knew about Rishi Valley. My interest in teaching existed since I was a teaching assistant during my PhD. I also liked being with nature and this drew me to Krishnamurti's philosophy.

Q. What differences do you find between Sahyadri and Rishi Valley?

A. Food is much richer and better here. Rishi Valley has simpler food. I have put on weight here! In other aspects they are not comparable as they both have evolved in a completely different manner. The way the world affects schools is very different. Schools were very protected spaces but now they are at mercy of the media. This media presence is a huge challenge in modern schools as the country has changed, students face greater challenges and must prepare to face a more complex world greatly affected by things like drug abuse, fundamentalism and terrorism.

Q. What changes would you like to bring about here in terms of culture?

A. People need to do more with their hands such as washing plates, cleaning common spaces, teachers and students need to take on more responsibility in general.

Q. Are there plans of starting a new board?

A. No, a new board is not possible but the idea of letting students pursue their interests and explore topics of their choice is good. The idea is desirable but will not happen easily as how it will happen is not clear and it requires more effort, preparation and resources.

Q. What are the School's plans for the future?

A. Many changes have happened such as the Tinker-shed, the plus-two programme, career counseling. Sustaining and stabilizing them and other such initiatives is more important now than further expansion. Renovations are important as the dorms are in poor shape. Cost of plus-two has cut into reserves making it impossible to demolish and rebuild the old dorms. Better water management, drip irrigation and a solar grid are also planned.

Q. What is your message to the students?

A. To live life to the fullest, and not be bothered by thoughts of choosing a career, the future, especially during the early years. Learning is important and choosing a career closes wider options. Today's violent competitive world has made learning simple things important. Learning to live, learning about oneself is important because the world outside closes all of this. People have to come together for this learning to happen.

Q. Do you have a message to the teachers?

A. To remain in touch with teaching, parents, students and not be bogged down by administrative work.

Q. Which books would you recommend?

A. Stories about humans that help understand oneself, books about nature, authors like Somerset Maugham, John Steinbeck and Charles Dickens.

Q. What advice would you give to the outgoing batches?

A. Keep in touch with the school and carry forward the spirit and beauty of the place. Explore the world, find out about life and not be smothered by a career.

Richard Feynman



Richard Feynman was arguably 20th century's most brilliant theoretical physicist and ardent popularizer of science. Through his numerous books on Physics he shared his joy with the masses. Feynman was also a great believer in scientific integrity. He spoke eloquently and passionately on this topic.

He also thought deeply on questions such as: the purpose of scientific pursuit, limitations of scientific methodology and what Science is. Exploration of the

answers he has provided to these questions gives us a profound insight into the mind of this legend.

In a commemoration address given in 1974, which is also included in the book “Surely You’re Joking, Mr. Feynman”, Feynman elucidates the meaning of scientific integrity, its importance and its value in a result-oriented society. He defines scientific integrity as “a principle of scientific thought that corresponds to a kind of utter honesty -- a kind of leaning over backwards.” He goes on to give an example: “If you’re doing an experiment, you should report everything that you think might make the experiment invalid -- not only what you think is right about it: other causes that could possibly explain your results; and things you thought of that you’ve eliminated by some other experiment, and how they worked -- to make sure the other fellow can tell they have been eliminated.”

Feynman’s insistence on meticulous observation and exhaustive study shows that he considered accuracy of empirical observations and repeatability of experiments to be crucial aspects of the scientific method.

Feynman distinguished scientific integrity from simple honesty by contrasting Science with advertising. In advertising anything which is not clearly a lie is acceptable, and an attempt is made to make the product as desirable as possible by highlighting the features and ignoring the shortcomings. In Science, on the other hand, one must be completely truthful, almost self-deprecating. The pros and cons must be explained in detail to provide an objective analysis to the reader. In addition to being truthful to the reader, one must be truthful to oneself

too. In Feynman's words, "The first principle is that you must not fool yourself, and you are the easiest person to fool." Observations should not be twisted, and failed experiments should not be ignored, to coerce the data to fit the hypothesis.

Feynman firmly believed that personal ambition was detrimental for the progress of Science. In "The Meaning Of It All", Feynman describes Science as an amalgamation of three things: "A special method of finding things out", "The body of knowledge arising from the things found out", and "The new things you can do when you have found something out." He describes applications of Science as "A key to the gates of heaven." However, for him, the true incentive in doing Science lies in the knowledge gained from it, not the applications. "The work is not done for the sake of application. It is done for the excitement of what is found."

Feynman regarded empirical data as the fundamental and incontrovertible bedrock of the scientific method. "It doesn't matter how beautiful your theory is. It doesn't matter how smart you are. If it [the theory] doesn't agree with the experiment, it's wrong." "Observation is the judge of whether something is so or not." He said, "If there is any exception to any rule, and it can be proved by observation, that rule is wrong." This also reveals Feynman's perfectionist nature. There is nothing like an acceptable exception, the rule being studied is wrong and must be modified to incorporate that exception. He describes Science as a continuously evolving body of knowledge, a process of refutation and modification of rules based on observation.

According to Feynman “He [a good scientist] does not try to avoid showing that the rule is wrong... He tries to prove himself wrong as quickly as possible.” Fear of being wrong should not deter a good scientist from making predictions on the basis of the empirical data. In *Cargo Cult Science*, Feynman gives the example of the gradual increase in the accepted value of the charge of an electron because scientists were afraid to propose a value differing widely from the accepted value. After an experiment, one must be bold enough to venture a prediction. “It is better to say something than nothing at all.” A guess, even a wrong one, will give other scientists a stepping stone.

In a letter to a student who had written to him pointing out a mistake in *The Feynman Lectures on Physics* that cost her points on an exam, he wrote “Your instructor was right not to give you any points, for your answer was wrong ... [he goes on to explain how the answer was wrong]. You should, in Science, believe logic and arguments, carefully drawn, and not authorities. You also read the book correctly and understood it. I made a mistake, so the book is wrong. I am not sure how I did it, but I goofed. And you goofed, too, for believing me.” It is heartening to see a world renowned scientist accept his mistake to a college girl and encourage her to believe only in reasoning and not authority.

Feynman's formula for being a good scientist seems to be impeccable scientific integrity, but not docility. A scientist must be bold and shameless in making predictions that are constructive. Historical trends should not intimidate us from making exciting claims. This kind of iconoclasm is essential for the progress of Science.

The other ingredient that makes a good scientist is an insatiable desire to uncover the secrets of nature. Feynman extolled, “Nature only uses the longest threads to weave her patterns, so that each small piece of her fabric reveals the organization of the entire tapestry.”

Takeaway for Students

Integrity:

Never fabricate empirical results even if they fly in the face of established theory. Chances are that you made an error while doing the experiment, but hiding the erroneous results will prevent you from understanding your mistake. You might even witness a new phenomenon but dismiss it because you think it’s wrong.

Documentation:

Record all your work meticulously and comprehensively. Your documentation should contain detailed notes on your work so that others might be able to repeat your experiment. You should highlight the salient features as well as the places you might have gone wrong. This will be very helpful for someone looking to improve your work.

Active reading:

Think critically and actively while reading textbooks. This will help you understand the concepts thoroughly. Remember, science is a logical subject: the textbook is right not because it’s the textbook but because it makes sense.

Lookout for concepts:

Concepts and visualization are more important than terminology. Although buzzwords might help you memorize for exams, ultimately, it is the concepts that matter most. Feynman emphasized greatly the need to understand the meaning over just knowing names.

Fearlessness:

After doing an experiment, be bold enough to venture a guess, even if you know it's wrong. The focus should be on making logical conclusions from the experiment rather than its conformity with known facts. Do not be intimidated by the works of others.

Parth Aggarwal (Class 11)

परिवार, परिवार, परिवार

माँ, पापा, भाई, बहन, दादा, दादी का संसार
माँ, पापा का भरपूर प्यार,
भाई, बहनों के साथ खेल-कूद को जाओ
खेल-कूद कर हाथ-पैर तुड़वाओ
फिर एक-दो महीने के लिए पछताओ।
हमारे बजाए हमारी माँ रोने लगती,
तब भाई-बहन को अपनी गलती समझती
और फिर आते हैं दूर के रिश्तेदार, लेकर कुछ काम
जब आए तो पूछे जानते हो मेरा नाम,
तब हम बोले नाम से नहीं चेहरे से जानते हैं,
तो होते है वे उदास।
यह हैं मेरा परिवार



भाग अक्षत भाग !

सुबह के तीन बजे कपड़े बदल कर और थैले में काम की चीज़ें रखकर हम (मैं, गीता अक्का, भीम सर, विनायक कर और अक्षता अक्का) गाड़ी में बैठकर पुणे मैराथन के लिए निकल पड़े। गाड़ी में हम सब सो गए और जैसे ही हम पुणे के एक गेस्ट हाऊस पहुँचे हमने कमरे में कपड़े बदले और खाना खाकर हम गाड़ी से मैराथन स्टार्टर लाईन तक पहुँचे हमें लाईन में बिठाया गया। पंद्रह मिनट बाद एक मराठी न्यूज़ रिपोर्टर मेरी तरफ आया अरे बेटा! आज तुम यह मैराथन दौड़ोगे, क्या लग रहा है तुम्हें? क्या तुम पहले दस लोगों में आओगे? मैं कैमेरे की तरफ देखकर बोला कि हाँ। मैं अपनी पूरी कोशिश करूँगा। यह कहने के बाद हम रेस शुरू करने चले। वहाँ उन्होंने कहा एक, दो, तीन भागो! हम भागने लगे और सारे लोगों के बीच में से भागते हुए आदित्य ने कहा भाग अक्षत! भागते हुए मैं रेस के अंत तक पहुँचा जहाँ मुझे पता चला कि मैं पहले पचास लोगों में आया।

Akshat (Class 8)





बालदिवस बच्चों को प्यारा

बालदिवस बच्चों को प्यारा,
हर बच्चा होता है न्यारा।
नाचें-गाएँ, मौज़ मनाएँ।
देश की आन और शान बढ़ाएँ
दुनिया में खुशियाँ फैलाएँ।
बालदिवस बच्चों को प्यारा।

Sirí Chandana (Class 7)

तारे

आसमान में चमके तारे,
लगते कितने प्यारे-प्यारे।
छोटे-छोटे नन्हें-नन्हें,
झिलमिल-झिलमिल करते तारे।
रात अंधेरी जब होती है,
राह दिखाते हैं ये तारे।
आते हैं जब काले बादल,
छिप जाते हैं तब ये तारे।

Ishrat (Class 5)

होमवर्क मॉडल

मैंने होमवर्क किया,
लेकिन मेरे कुत्ते ने उसको खा लिया।

मैंने होमवर्क बेन्च पर छोड़ा,
लेकिन मेरे भाई ने उसे मरोड़ा।

मैंने होमवर्क अपनी पतलून में पॉकेट के हवाले किया,
लेकिन मेरी माँ ने उसे धोने के लिए डाल दिया।

मैंने होमवर्क किया
लेकिन पापा ने कुरिअर में भेज दिया।

इतना सोचते सोचते तक
अक्का ने आकर पूछा
होमवर्क किया ?
मैंने बोला घर पर छोड़ दिया।

Kishan (Class 8)





घड़ी (समय)

घड़ी में घड़ियों को गिनते हैं हम,
सारे जीवन में पलभर को चुनते हैं हम।
पल, लम्हा, क्षण, साँसों की
लड़ी में पिरोने चले,
कभी खुशी तो कभी
आँसू में भिगोने चले।
आस है साँस के लम्हे चुनते हैं हम,
हर घड़ी है हमारी सपने बुनते हैं हम।

Dr. Alok Tripathi

समय मूल्यवान है

सदा समय से सूरज उगता,
समय से होता अस्त।
चाँद सदा समय से निकलता,
समय पर वह भी चला जाता मस्त

आसमान में तारे सदा समय से विराजते,
समय पर हैं वे छिप जाते।

हैं ये पाबंद समय के।
ठीक समय पर सोते हैं,
ठीक समय पर जग जाते हैं।

यही समय की है पाबंदी,
हमें भी सिखनी है सभी
फिर वह दिन दूर नहीं,
जब सफलता होगी हमसे दूर नहीं।

कहता है समय हमसे,
करो मत बरबाद मुझे।

मेरा परिवार

मैं यह कविता अपने परिवार के सदस्यों के बारे में लिख रही हूँ।

पापा सबके हीरो हैं।
मम्मी सबसे प्यारी है।
मैं सबकी राज दुलारी हूँ
मेरी बहना सबसे न्यारी हैं।

दादा पेड़ों की करते देख-भाल
दादी खाने में बनाती रोज नया माल
नाना पशुओं की करते देख-भाल
नानी सिखाती मातृ भाषा का ज्ञान

चाचा सबसे मज़ेदार हैं।
बुआ की दमदार बात है।
मामा सबके दोस्त यार हैं
मामी को तो सबसे प्यार है।

मेरे परिवार की दुनिया बहुत बड़ी
खुश रहते हम हर घड़ी
कविता खत्म होने को चली
और अब है तुम्हारी बारी भली।



Rhea (Class 8)

मेरे पिताजी

जीवन जीना इन्होंने है सिखाया,
'जीने' का अर्थ है समझाया।

चाहे हों कितने भी परेशान,
पर हमेशा देते हैं हम पर ध्यान।

सही और गलत में फ़र्क हमें समझाया,
इन्होंने ही हमें यह गणित भी सिखाया।

चाहा है हमेशा हमारा भला,
हमेशा दिखाई है हमें सही राह।

हमें अन्याय के खिलाफ लड़ना है सिखाया,
पिता होने का फ़र्ज है निभाया।

दुनिया में आप हैं सबसे अच्छे,
हम हैं आपके प्यारे बच्चे।





शिक्षक

शिक्षक वे होते हैं जो आपको मस्ती-मज़ाक से सिखाए,
जो आपको अपने दोस्त की तरह माने,
आपके माता-पिता से बढ़कर हों,
जो आपकी हर कठिनाई का हल निकाले,
अगर आप ऐसे एक शिक्षक की तलाश में हैं तो वे सहाय्यत्री स्कूल में हैं।

Kishan (Class 8)

युग जाहिरातींचे

सत्ययुग, त्रेतायुग, द्वापारयुग आणि शेवटचे कलीयुग मानले गेले आहे. पण मला वाटते एकविसावे शतक हे जाहिरातींचे युग आहे. म्हणून जाहिरातयुग हे पाचवे युगच आहे असे वाटून जाते. हे जग जाहिरातींनी झपाटून गेलेले आहे. वर्तमानपत्रात जाहिराती, रस्त्यावर जाहिराती, टीव्हीवर जाहिराती, चित्रपटच काय बातम्यांच्या मध्ये सुद्धा जाहिरातींनी आपलं अस्तित्व व्यापून टाकलं आहे. जाहिरात ही आता आपल्या नित्याच्या परिचयाची झाली आहे. अशी एकही जागा दाखवता येणार नाही की जिथे जाहिरातीने शिरकाव केला नाही.

मानवी स्वभाव व गरजा यांची मर्मस्थाने नेमकी हेरून या जाहिराती तयार केल्या जातात. आणि यातून कुणीही सुटलेले नाही. अबालवृद्धांना यांनी आपल्या जाळ्यात खेचून घेतलं आहे. परवा माझ्या भावाने मला एक कोडं घातलं. "ताई, एक झुरळ खड्ड्यात पडलं आणि त्याचा पाय मुरगळला. ते रडत रडत आईकडे गेलं तर त्याची आई त्याला काय सांगेल?" मी विचारात पडले... तर खदखदून हसून तो म्हणतो, "अगं आयोडेक्स लाव असे सांगेल." मी तर अवाक होऊन पहातच राहिले. खेडेगावातील पायवाट असो की शहरातले हमरस्ते असोत, मोठमोठे मॉल असू देत की रेल्वे स्टेशनचे प्लॅटफॉर्म असू देत, क्रिकेटचे मैदान असू देत किंवा छोटी छोटी मैदाने. नजर टाकू तिथे जाहिरातीच जाहिराती.

या जाहिरातींनी मानवी जीवनावर फार मोठा परिणाम केला आहे. जाहिरातींचा फार मोठा प्रभाव समाजावर पडतो. नीट विचार केला तर या सगळ्या जाहिरातीत जे दाखवतात ते सत्य नसतं हे अनुभवाने आपण सहज समजू शकतो. पण अनेक कलांपैकी जाहिरात ही एक कला होऊन बसली आहे. अत्यंत कमी वेळात अतिशय आकर्षक, वेधक जाहिरात तयार करणं हे काही सोपं नाही. पण बारकाईने बघितले तर कित्येक जण हे काम अतिशय कौशल्यपूर्ण व अगदी सहजतेने करतात. कोणत्याही व्यवसायाचा जाहिरात ही केंद्रबिंदू झाली आहे. केवळ जाहिरातींच्या जोरावर आपल्या मालाचा खप जास्तीत जास्त कसा वाढेल याचा जाणीवपूर्वक प्रयत्न केला जातो. प्रत्येक गोष्टी बरोबर काय व किती मोफत द्यायचं याची तर वेगवेगळ्या कंपन्यांची चढाओढच लागलेली असते.

पण कितीही आकर्षक जाहिराती केल्या, आपला माल ग्राहकांच्या गळी उतरवायचा निकराचा प्रयत्न कंपनी करत असल्या तरी आजचा ग्राहक सजग झाला आहे. तो जागरूक झाला आहे. 'जे चकाकते ते सोने नसते' याची त्याला जाणीव झाली आहे. आपण फसलो जाणार नाही याची खबरदारी तो घेत असतो. ग्राहक फसला जाऊ नये यासाठी विविध कायद्याची पण तरतूद केलेली असते. जाहिरातींमुळे अनेक गोष्टी सुलभ झाल्या आहेत. कोणती वेगवेगळी उत्पादने बाजारात उपलब्ध आहेत, कोणकोणत्या सोयी, फायदे आहेत हे समजल्याने खरेदी करताना चांगली निवड करता येते. माहिती ही बरीच मिळते. ही जरी जमेची बाजू असली तरी या भुलभुलैयाच्या दुनियेत सावधानतेनंच पाऊल टाकावं हेच खरं.

Sakshi (Class 10)

ही कोथरूडला जाणारी गाडी आहे का ...

“ही कोथरूडला जाणारी गाडी आहे का?” सोनाली दचकली आणि वळली. तिच्या मागे एक उंच, रूबाबदार आणि तिच्यापेक्षा थोडाच मोठा दिसणारा माणूस उभा होता. त्याच्या चेहऱ्यावर प्रश्नचिन्ह होते. “हो तुम्ही पुण्यात नवीन आहात का? तसं जाणवतं.” “लवकर ओळखलं तुम्ही! हो, मी बंगलोरहून मागच्या आठवडयातच इथे बदलून आलो. माझे नांव अवनीश... आणि आपले?” “सोनाली! मी लहानाची मोठी इथेच झाली आहे. याच कारणामुळे मला पुण्यातला रस्ता न रस्ता माहित आहे.”

आतापर्यंत बस आली होती आणि दोघे सोबतच बसले. प्रवास गप्पागोष्टींमध्ये छान गेला. सोनालीला अवनीश आवडला. संवाद खुलवण्याची कला त्याला चांगलीच अवगत होती आणि त्याचे वागणेही सौजन्यपूर्ण होते. बस थांबली आणि तिचा स्टॉप आला. तिने अवनीशचा नंबर घेतला, पुन्हा उद्या इथेच भेटुया असे सुचवले आणि उतरली.

तिच्या ऑफीसात ती नवीन असल्यामुळे तिच्याकडे जास्त काम काही नव्हते. दोन चार तासात तिचे काम आटोपले आणि कॅबिनचे दार उघडून ती बाहेर कॉफी आणायला गेली. बाहेर पडताच वरच्या पट्टीतील संभाषण तिच्या कानी पडले. ‘काय झाले असेल’ या उत्सुकतेने ती आवाजांच्या रोखाने वळली. पण इथेच माझी मीटींग आहे! इथे ‘श्रीराम लॅबोरेटरीज’ लिहीलेले आहे. आणि तुमची ऑफीसची पाटीही तेच दाखवते! काय आहे हे प्रकरण?

तिच्या मित्राच्या चेहऱ्यावरचे भाव ओळखून ती पुढे सरसावली.

“चला, मी दाखवते ते कुठे आहे.” तिला बघताच त्या व्यक्तीचा चेहरा खुलला. “तुमचे नांव काय आहे?” तिने सहज विचारले. अभिषेक! आपले? सोनाली! मी इथे काम करते. तिने दाखवलेल्या रूमच्या दिशेने तो चालू लागला. मिटींग संपवून तो बाहेर आला आणि सोनालीच्या टेबलजवळ जाऊन विचारले, चला, आपण एकत्र जेवायचं? इथे जवळच एक छान हॉटेल आहे.



अभिषेकने आमंत्रण दिले. सोनालीनेही आढेवेढे न घेता ते स्वीकारले. मनमोकळेपणाने गप्पा मारत जेवण कधी झाले ते समजलेच नाही.

दुपारचे चार वाजले. सोनाली आवरा-आवर करत होती. साडे-चार पर्यंत तिचे झाले आणि ती बाहेर पडली. ती तिच्याच तंद्रित असल्यामुळे तिला समोरची गाडी दिसली नाही. पण जेव्हा गाडी वाटेतच हॉर्न वाजवत उभी राहिली, तेव्हा तिने दचकून समोर पाहिले. आणि अचानक आपल्या नव-याला अशी गाडी घेऊन उभा बघितल्यावर तिचा चेहरा खुशीने फुलला. "सोनाली, काय हे? मी दहा मिनिटांपासून इथेच थांबलो आहे, आणि तू माझ्याकडे पाहिलेही नाही?" राहूल गंमतीत म्हणाला. "अरे, आज दिवस मिटिंग्जमध्ये खूप गडबडीत गेला. त्या मिटिंग्जचाच विचार करत होते." दोघेही गाडीत बसले आणि राहूलने गाडी सुरू केली. बोलता बोलता ती सहज म्हणाली, "आज घरी काही बनवू की टेकअवे घ्यायचा? टेकअवे! आज लवकर झोपायचे आहे." राहूलने गाडी 'पिझ्झा हट' च्या समोर थांबवली.

खाऊन-पिऊन दोघेही लवकरच घरी पोचले. झोपायची तयारी केली. गाडीत पडल्या पडल्या राहूल म्हणाला, मी खूप खुष आहे, कारण ... सोनालीने वाक्य पूर्ण केले. कारण तुझा बालमित्र अवनीश उद्या येतो आहे. दोघेही हसू लागली.

थोड्या वेळातच राहूलला गाढ झोप लागली, सोनाली हळूच उठली आणि स्वयंपाकघरातून पाण्याचा पेला घेऊन बाहेर बालकनीत गेली. तिला ते संभाषण अजूनही आठवत होते... सोनाली, राहूलला मल्टिपल पर्सनॅलिटी डिसॉर्डर झाला आहे. अपघातात मेंदुला मार लागला आहे. जेव्हा तो सकाळी उठतो, त्याला आपण बालमित्र अवनीश आहोत असे वाटते. रागात तो अभिषेक होतो. आपण त्याला एका चांगल्या सॅनॅटोरिममध्ये ठेवले तर त्याची चांगली काळजी घेतली जाईल आणि तो बरा होईल. नाही डॉक्टर. मी स्वतः त्याची काळजी घेईल. मी ते करू शकते, कारण माझे त्याच्यावर प्रेम आहे.

आणि तिने ते केले होते. ती ते यशस्वीपणे करत होती आणि त्याचा तिला अभिमान होता. विचारांच्या प्रवाहाबरोबर भरकटत गेल्याने वेळेचं भानच उरलं नाही. बाराचे टोले कानावर पडताच ती भानावर आली. उद्या येणा-या दिवसाचं खुशीने स्वागत करण्यासाठी तिला आता गाढ झोपणं गरजेचं होतं.

Mugdha (Class 11)

मुखवटे

परवा वाचनालयात पुस्तके चाळत असतातना एक पुस्तक माझ्या हातात आलं. 'पहावे आपणासी आपण'. मी ते हातात घेतलं आणि त्या शीर्षकाबद्दल मनांत उलट सुलट विचार यायला लागले. नेमकं काय म्हणायचं असेल? काय सुचवायचे असेल या लेखकाला? आपण तर रोजच स्वतःला आरशात पाहतो. मग??? बराच वेळ काही समजतंच नव्हतं. पण हळू हळू उत्तर उलगडायला लागलं. लेखकाला असं तर सुचवायचं नसेल की आपण आपलं वागणं, आचरण, विचार नेहमी तपासून बघावेत. आपण जसं बोलतो तसं नेमकं वागतो का याकडे सातत्याने लक्ष देणे गरजेचे आहे?

आणि हळू हळू एक वेगळाच मी मला दिसायला लागलो आणि खूप सारे विचार मनांत यायला लागले. जसा मला मी वेगळा दिसतोय तसा प्रत्येक जणच दिसतो, वागतो त्यापेक्षा वेगळा असतो का? मग आपण असं का वागतो? एक प्रकारचा मुखवटाच प्रत्येकाने स्वतःवर चढवलेला असतो का? तो का चढवलेला असतो? का बरं चढवलेला असतो? रंगमंचावरील नट काही तासांसाठी एखादी भूमिका करतो आणि नाटक संपलं, मेकअप पुसला की एक वेगळीच व्यक्ती बनतो. प्रत्येकाच्या बाबतीत हे थोड्याफार फरकाने सत्यच असते. आयुष्य रंगमंच असतं आणि प्रत्येक जण नट असतो. आपण प्रत्येक जण वेगवेगळे मुखवटे घालूनच आयुष्य जगतो.

मुखवटे घालून वावरणं हे जगणंच होऊन बसलं आहे प्रत्येकाचं! काही काही वेळेस हे मुखवटे जाणीवपूर्वक घातले जातात व काही काही वेळेस हे लक्षात सुद्धा येत नाही. असं का होत असेल? बरेच विचार मनांत येतात. आपली कमतरता झाकण्यासाठी? समाजाच्या प्रवाहाबरोबर जाण्यासाठी? आपण एकटं पडू नये म्हणून? आपल्याला जे मनापासून वाटतं, पटतं, तसं वागण्याची हिम्मत आपल्यात नसते म्हणून का आपण हे सारं करत असतो? लहानपणापासून जे आचार, विचार, संस्कार आपल्यावर बिंबवले जातात तेच खरे आहेत असे आपल्याला वाटते. मोठं झाल्यावरही जागरूकतेने या गोष्टींकडे आपण बघत नाही आणि प्रथा, परंपरा सहज स्वीकारतो. असे मुखवटे घालून सतत वावरल्यामुळे शेवटी तो मनुष्याचा स्वभाव बनून जातो.

कधी-कधी आपल्याला जाणवतं की आपल्याला वाटतंय एक आणि आपण वागतोय एक. हे वागणं योग्य नाही. आपण स्वतःला पण व इतरांनाही फसवतोय. पण खरं सांगण्याचं धाडस आपल्यात नसतं आणि आपण समजून उमजूनही त्याच मार्गावर चालत राहतो. आज काल तर हे मुखवटे वैयक्तिक पातळीवरच मर्यादित नाहीत, तर मोठमोठी राष्ट्र देखील वेगवेगळे मुखवटे घालून आपला स्वार्थ, सत्ता, इतर देशांवरील आपलं वर्चस्व कसं टिकेल याचीच धडपड करताना दिसतात आणि मग तीव्रतेने जाणीव होते की आपला स्वतःचा आणि इतरांचा बुरखा फाडणे किती आवश्यक आहे ते. प्रत्यक्षात ते किती शक्य होईल हा मोठा प्रश्नच आहे.

Omkar (Class 10)

वक्तृत्व

आपल्या संस्कृतीत चौसष्ट कला मानल्या गेल्या आहेत. चित्रकला, गायन कला, अभिनय कला, नृत्यकला, वादन कला, लेखन कला अशा उदाहरणादाखल किती तरी कलांची नांवे सांगता येतील. पण मला सगळ्यात प्रभावित करते ती वक्तृत्व कला. कारण त्यामधून वक्त्याचे परखड विचार मांडले जातात, त्याचा उपयोग समाज प्रबोधनासाठी चांगला होतो. एक वक्ता आपला विचार एकाच वेळी शेकडो लोकांपर्यंत पोहोचवू शकतो. लोकमान्य टिळक, बाळासाहेब ठाकरे, व. पू. काळे, आचार्य अत्रे, पु. ल. देशपांडे, यू. म. पठाण, नरहर कुरुंदकर, शिवाजीराव भोसले, प्रताप पवार यांच्या सारख्या प्रसिद्ध वक्त्यांनी व्यासपीठ गाजवले आहे. समाजातल्या प्रत्येक व्यक्तीचा स्वभाव आणि मत भिन्न असू शकतात. काही जणांना वक्त्यांचे विचार पटतात तर काहींना पटतही नाहीत. कालांतराने अशा व्यक्तींना ह्या वक्त्यांचे मत पटूही शकते. अशा रितीने वक्ता समाजमने एकत्र आणण्याचे महत्त्वाचे काम करतो. पण मला वक्तृत्व म्हणजे भाषण करणे या विषयापुरते मर्यादित ठेवायचे किंवा बोलायचे नाही.

प्रत्येक व्यक्तीत सद्गुण-दुर्गुण असतात, नाना कला असतात. त्यातलीच एक म्हणजे वक्तृत्व कला. अशी कला जी तुम्हाला बोलकं करते किंवा त्याला तुम्ही इतरांशी सुसंवाद साधण्याची कला म्हणा. या जगात अशी कितीतरी माणसं आहेत ज्यांना ही कला अगदी सहज जमते. पण बाकीच्यांना ती जाणीवपूर्वक, प्रयत्नपूर्वक अंगिकारता देखील येते.

संवाद साधणे म्हणजेच आपल्या मनातील भावना बोलून दाखवणे. आपले विचार इतरांसमोर मांडणे आणि वक्तृत्व म्हणजेच आपले विचार आणि भावना सर्वासमोर मांडण्याची कला. या कलेचे अनेक फायदे आहेत जसे की आपल्याला इतरांशी संवाद साधून त्यांना आपलेसे करून घेता येते, आपल्या मनांत भीती राहत नाही आणि इतरांना आपला विचार पटवून देऊन आपली कामे करून घेता येऊ शकतात. मुळातच, ज्या व्यक्तींना ही

वक्तृत्व कला लाभलेली असते त्यांचे अंतरंग निर्मळ असते. ते मनमोकळे असतात आणि कदाचित त्यांच्या मनमोकळेपणाने आपल्याला त्यांचा स्वभाव ओळखता येऊ शकतो. असं म्हणा ना की, हे लोक जिथेही जातात तिथं इतरांचं मन जिंकण्यात यशस्वीच होतात कारण त्यांच्याकडे लोकांना आपलंसं करून घेण्याची आणि आपले विचार पटवून देण्याची कला असते. असं म्हणतात की बोलणाऱ्याचे मूग विकले जातात व न बोलणाऱ्याचे सोनेही विकले जात नाही. थोडक्यात काय तर तुमच्याकडे संवाद साधण्याची कला नसेल तर तुम्ही सर्वांत मौल्यवान गोष्ट जरी विकायला गेलात तरी ती विकली जाणार नाही पण तेच तुम्ही तुमची कला वापरून अगदी माती जरी विकलीत तरी त्यात तुम्ही यशस्वी व्हाल. ही कला त्याच्याजवळ नाहीये त्याचे काही तोटे होतात जसे की तुम्ही संवाद न साधल्याने तुमचे विचार व्यक्त होणार नाहीत. तुमच्या भावना मनातल्या मनांत राहिल्याने मनावर दडपण येईल. पुर्वी उल्लेख केल्याप्रमाणे ही कला जाणीवपूर्वक अंगिकारता देखील येते. त्यासाठी तुम्ही इतरांशी बोलायला, वाचायला आणि मनसोक्तपणे जगायला शिकलं पाहिजे. हे तेंव्हाच शक्य होईल जेव्हा तुम्ही आनंदी असाल व आयुष्याच्या पलीकडे जाऊन विचार कराल.

Vaishnavi (Class 10)

कायदा पाळा गतीचा

‘कायदा पाळा गतीचा! थांबला तो संपला!’ कवी माधव ज्युलियन यांचे हे वाक्य खूप काही सांगून जातं. आपल्या जीवनाचे, प्रगतीचे, यशाचे मर्मच त्यांनी नजरेस आणून दिले. वेळ महत्त्वाचा असतो हे खरे पण तो काही स्थिर नसतो. वेळ कायमच प्रवाही असतो. फक्त वर्तमानातला क्षण आपल्या हातात असतो. वेळे बरोबर आपल्यासुद्धा वाहायला लागते. जसा जसा काळ बदलतो, तसा तसा माणसांचा व्यवहार, राहण्याची व काम करण्याची पद्धत सुद्धा बदलते. वेगवेगळ्या गोष्टी वेगवेगळ्या पद्धतीने केल्या जातात. ह्याचा अर्थ असा की, काही वर्षापूर्वी माणसं जे करायची, त्याचं आपल्याला अंधानुकरण करून चालणार नाही. तो मूर्खपणा ठरेल. कोणत्याही सृजनशील कामात स्वतःची ओळख पण फार महत्त्वाची असते. इतर सगळे कोणती ही गोष्ट करत आहेत म्हणून आपण सुद्धा ती करायची हे वागणे फार चुकीचे. ती गोष्ट एखाद्या वेळी व्यवहारी ठरू शकते. काळानुसार बदलणे व वर्तमानकाळ पूर्णपणे स्वीकारणे गरजेचे असते. ही आता २१ व्या शतकाची गरज आहे. कला, नाट्य, संगीत, विज्ञान अश्या कित्येक क्षेत्रांमध्ये नवे, वेगवेगळे प्रयोग होत आहेत, शोध लावले जात आहेत. या नव्या शोधांचा, तंत्रज्ञानाचा वापर करणे आवश्यक आहे. हा काळ, ही वेळ आपल्यासाठी थांबणार नाही. जर कोणती नवी, सर्वांसाठी योग्य, उपयुक्त अशी कल्पना, विचार पुढे आला की आपण स्वीकारला पाहिजे.

आपल्याकडे वेळ भरपूर असतो पण आपण त्याचा वापर करत नाही. उद्या करू, परवा करू असं म्हणून जबाबदारी आपण पुढे पुढे ढकलत जातो. वेळ आणि परिस्थिती प्रत्येक वेळेस एकमेकांना पूरक असतीलच ह्याची खात्री कुणीपण देऊ शकत नाही. वेळ जो गेला तो गेला व पुढचा कसा असेल हे आपल्या हातात नसते म्हणून, वेळेचा वापर करावा.

गती हा आपल्या जीवनाचा स्थायीभाव आहे. म्हणूनच दिवसानंतर रात्र व रात्रीनंतर दिवस हे चक्र चालू आहे. उन्हाळा, पावसाळा, हिवाळा हे ऋतुचक्र सुरू आहे आणि त्यामुळे जीवन सुसह्य

होत आहे. आजच्या या आधुनिक तंत्रज्ञानाच्या, संगणकाच्या काळात टिकाव धरून ठेवायचा असेल तर बदलत्या काळाची पावलं ओळखली पाहिजेत. जेट युगात बैलगाडी वापरणं म्हणजे गती नाकारणं. कॉम्प्युटर, कॅल्क्युलेटर सहज उपलब्ध असतानाही जर आपण बोटं घालून आकडेमोड करत राहिलो तर जे अत्यंत वेडेपणाचं ठरेल.

जुनं ते सगळंच सोनं असतं असं म्हणून चालणार नाही. वाईट प्रथा, चालीरिती टाकून दिल्याच पाहिजेत. भेदभाव, अंधश्रद्धा, खुळचट समजुती, निरक्षरता यांनी होणारे अपरिमित नुकसान आपण समजून घेतले पाहिजे. 'कालाय तस्मै नमः' असे म्हणून बदलत्या काळाचे सूझ प्रवासी आपण झाले पाहिजे. जुने ते टाकून सतत नाविन्याचा ध्यास घेतला पाहिजे.

Saloni (Class 10)

भूतदया

मी 'फेसबुक' वरून तृप्तीशी गप्पा मारत होते. ती म्हणाली, तिला कसल्यातरी कामासाठी बाहेर जायचे आहे, आम्ही एकमेकांना 'बाय' म्हणालो. मी तशीच 'फेसबुक'वर सर्फ करत होते, तर मला एका पक्ष्याचा फोटो दिसला. त्या पक्ष्याच्या पंखावर रक्त होते. ह्या पोस्टबरोबर लिहिले होते की संक्रांतीमुळे या पक्ष्याचे पंख कापले गेले. ही पोस्ट 'शरण' म्हणून एका 'पेज' वर होती.

मी 'शरण' या नावाने फेसबुकवर शोधले. ते पान काढल्यावर खूप सारे प्राण्यांचे फोटो होते. जास्त पक्षी आणि कुत्रीच होती. काही आजारीही होते. मला कळले कि हे केंद्र 'शरण्या शेव्ही' या महिलेने चालू केले होते आणि हे सगळे प्राणी एका इमारतीच्या गच्चीवर होते. मी ही सगळी माहिती बघत असतानाच आई खोलीत आली आणि माझ्याबरोबर ती पण माहिती बघायला लागली. बघितल्या बघितल्या तिने मला सांगितले 'शरण्या शेव्ही' तिची मैत्रीण आहे आणि तिच्याबद्दल वृत्तपत्रात आले होते.

वृत्तपत्रात त्याच पक्ष्याबद्दल आणि 'शरण' ने त्या पक्ष्याला कसे सोडवले याबद्दल आले होते. मी हे वाचले आणि शरणमध्ये जायचा निर्णय घेतला. एके दिवशी मी आणि आई चालत दुकानातून काही तरी आणायला गेलो. दुकानाच्या जवळ एक अस्वच्छ कुत्रा बसला होता. मी जवळून पाहिले तर त्याच्या शरीरावर वाळलेलं रक्त होतं. मी दुकानादाराला विचारल्यावर तो म्हणाला, की हा कुत्रा दोन दिवसांपासून इथेच बसला आहे आणि पाणी, चपाती, बिस्कीटं दिलं तरीही तो काही खात नाही. मी आईच्या फोनवरून 'शरण'चा फोन नंबर काढला, त्यांना फोन केला आणि पत्ता सांगितला.

पाच-दहा मिनिटांनी तीन लोकं आली. त्यांच्यातली एक 'शरण्या शेव्ही'च होती. तिने आणि दोन माणसांनी दुकानदाराचे ऐकले, कुत्र्याला पकडून एक इंजेक्शन दिले आणि त्याला उचलून एका व्हॅनमध्ये ठेवले. त्यातल्या एका माणसाने शरण्याच्या लोकांना फोन केला आणि त्यांना 'रेबीझ'चे

व्हॅक्सिनेशन घ्यायला सांगितले. त्या कुत्र्याला रेबीझ होण्याची खूप शक्यता होती. या लोकांनी प्रेमळपणे त्याला खाणं द्यायचा प्रयत्न केला पण त्याने खाल्ले नाही.

मी आणि आई त्यांच्याबरोबर शरणला गेलो. त्या गच्चीवर दोन भाग केले होते आणि पत्र्याची छोटीशी खोली केली. या कुत्र्याला त्या खोलीत नेलं आणि तिथे त्याला नीट साफ केले. या कुत्र्याला दुसऱ्याजवळ ठेवलं तर त्यांना ही रेबीझ होऊ शकतो. तो साफ झाल्यावर शरण्या त्याच्याशी खेळू लागली. तिने व्हॅक्सिनेशन घेतले होते. कुत्रा आणि ती खेळतांना मला माझा भाऊ आठवला. त्याला ही कुत्र्यांची भयंकर आवड आहे, पण तो कुत्र्याशी खेळला नसता कारण हा कुत्रा रस्त्यावरचा आणि आजारी आहे.

मला कळलं की शरण्या खूप चांगलं काम करत आहे. ती प्राण्यांना बरं करायचं म्हणून करतेच आहे; पण ती ह्या प्राण्यांवर खूप खूप प्रेम आहे. असे ही नाही की फक्त आजारी प्राण्यांशी तिचं असं नातं आहे, सगळ्या प्राण्यांशी ती अशा प्रकारे वागते. आणि ते ही लोकांना ही सांगते आणि खूप लोकांनी, जास्त म्हणजे तरुण कॉलेजच्या मुलांनी 'शरण' च्या ह्या कामात भाग घेतला आहे. मी ही या सुट्टीत 'शरण' मध्ये काम करण्याचा निश्चय केला आहे. माझा किती तरी दिवसांचा मानस पूर्ण होईल.

Sagun (Class 10)



Pre School

Samruddhi, Sarthak, Vedant, Disha, Shreya, Mitali, Aarya, Shreyaan, Raina akka



Class 4

Row 1: Reena akka, Shantanu, Aryaman, Kimaya, Adavay

Row 2: Rishit, Laksh, Neeraj, Meher, Jahnavi



Class 5

Row 1: Isha, Mariya, Shreya, Avantika, Anjali, Sonia, Aks, Sidhaant, Anjali akka

Row 2: Aarav, Shrawan, Darpin, Hemant, Rudraneel, Abhineet, Diva, Keerti, Malhar, Vaishnavi,

Ishrat, Parisha, Pranav, Ashwath



Class6

Row 1: Krittika akka, Chidrupee, Krishna, Sufi, Stanzin, Mudith, Dhruv, Naman, Sampad, Srinivas, Ishaan, Sujay, Alex, Parth

Row 2: Sanvi, Nithilan, Aayush, Mrinali, Shreya, Piya, Vedaant, Abhiraaj, Meera



Class 7A

Row 1: Aashray, Vishwas, Krishna, Archit, Rishika, Kriti, Geeta akka, Siri Chandana, Bhuvi, Vedika, Tanya, Abhigyan, Siddharth

Row 2: Vaishnavi, Arin, Nitya, Siddha, Yashvardhan, Khushi, Devvrat, Arya



Class 7B

Row 1: Tanmaya, Shreya, Ekam, Sita, Jahnavi, Ubhanisha, Krishang, Rishi sir, Harsh, Aditya , Parth, Harsh, Arnab, Arsalan

Row 2: Praapthi, Ayaan, Dhanika, Jaleel, Aaman, Shailesh, Shiven, Aaditya, Saahil



Class 8A

Row 1: Vedant, Zeenat, Arjun, Vedant, Yagya, Nethra, Padmapriya akka, Akriti, Advayee, Sharvari, Riddhishree, Rahul, Meher, Zara, Meka

Row 2: Aditya, Soham, Devraj, Chaitanya, Hena, Chinmayee, Akshat, Zesdan, Hari



Class 8B

Row 1: Ruhi, Sakshi, Rhea, Anoushka, Gunjan, Sunidhi, Ahana, Dhruv, Shreyas, Saravana, Aditya, Saujas, Saksham, Malhaar, Rishil

Row 2: Manav, Abdul, Ashwin, Adhya, Mehar, Sahajo, Arun sir, Kishan, Yerik



Class 9A

Row 1: Nandan, Smit, Amresh sir, Aasif, Rahil, Siddhartha

Row 2: Pranav, Manpreet, Krishna, Riddhi, Aditi, Karishma, Prisha, Muqadas, Preethi, Anushka

Row 3: Aryaman, Aashutosh, Aggam, Hemali, Sagun, Arbeena



Class 9B

Row 1: Gaurav, Niervan, Aaksha, Apeksha, Lakshman

Row 2: Aarya, Tarini, Bheem sir, Trupti, Shivang, Banshi, Rashi, Gautam

Row 3: Rishi, Anoushk, Fatehbir, Srotriyo, Deepak, Aayush, Neer, Yousra, Sheeba



Class 10A

Row 1: Smriti akka, Avishkar, Sudhanshu, Shaurya, Jai, Madhur, Rhea, Rohan, Nandish

Row 2: Sakshi, Vaishnavi, Parth, Somya, Sophia, Mahima, Mansi

Row 3: Arsh, Kiren, Purnima, Ikshita, Neha, Dhruv



Class 10B

Row 1: Manichandan, Visishta, Anjali, Krishna, Deepak, Aman, Vedika, Gurneet, Omkar, Abhiram, Siddhi, Shraddha, Daksh, Elizabeth akka

Row 2: Annapurna, Sudhamsa, Saumya, Ritwik, Pranav, Nivethan, Saloni, Rhea



Class 11

Row 1: Nivedita, Sameer, Smriti, Koustubh, Mugdha, Akshata, Veeren, Freya, Ajay, Shaurya, Parth, Manjari, Omsantosh, Poojit, Ashish, Hussain, Subho, Omkar

Row 2: Mallika akka, Faariha, Nitya, Noor, Kunjika, Archana, Ramachandran, Vedika, Sayuri, Rinchen



Class 12

Row 1: Sumukh, Annika, Samarth, Parasuram, Sagar, Sneha, Varsha, Jai, Urvi, Kritika, Anjaney, Sachin,
Sonia, Sumanth

Row 2: Prabhat sir, Savannah, Rohee, Neha, Jhalak, Hetvee, Nishil

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'To be really creative means to be free, psychologically,
inwardly. Can this be done in the school: cultivate knowledge and at the same time
bring about freedom from knowledge? And both of them operating harmoniously
together in the field of living.'

Jiddu Krishnamurti



