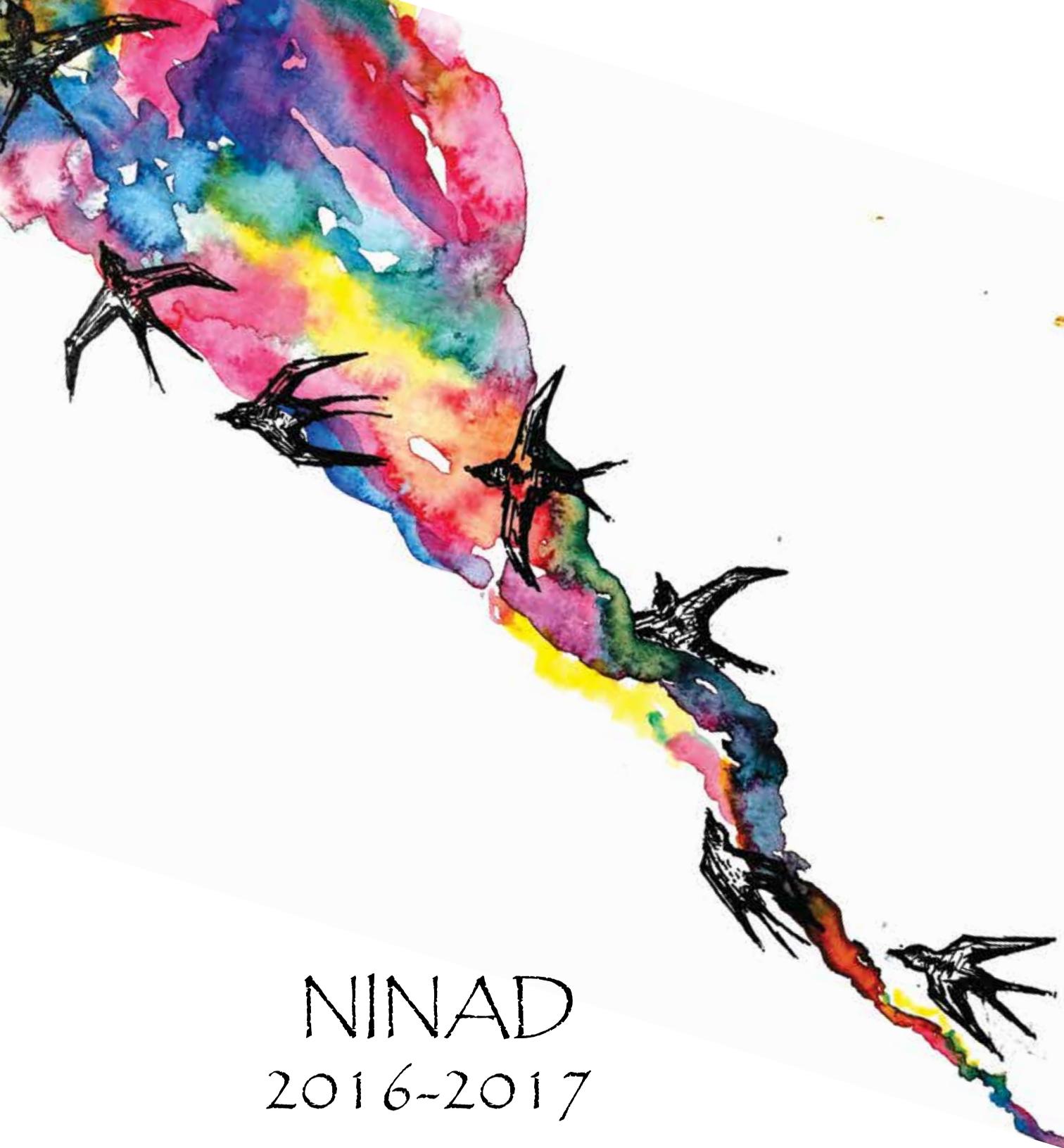
A watercolor illustration of a stone archway. The archway has a window with vertical bars or a screen. Below the archway are several steps leading up to it. The drawing uses dark ink outlines and brownish watercolor washes. There are stylized trees on either side of the archway. The overall style is artistic and somewhat somber.

NINAD

The Voice



NINAD
2016-2017

NINAD EDITORIAL



'Piece of cake!' we said. 'How hard could it be?' we said. 'Four months is enough,' we said. We were too ambitious for our own good. Endless Ninad meetings were spent aimlessly. Either we were twelve frustrated adolescents screaming our lungs out at each other, or we were twelve hysterical children who still didn't understand why we were the chosen ones. Clearly our Ninad wasn't going as expected.

Maybe it was Rahul's constant shushing or the newly found maturity that decided to pay us a visit, or the fact that it was a term too late, that made us pull up our sleeves and get working.

And finally when we actually started working we expected the whole school to co-operate and give us Cristina Rossetti-style poetry and Rembrandt-style artwork all on a silver platter.

But sadly, our hopes came crashing down when we received atrociously depressing pieces. Case in Point:



Roses are red, Violets are blue, Rhyming is hard, I'm Batman.

(Thanks a lot, Dhruv! You were really helpful!)

After such deeply enriching pieces, we realized that Sahyadrians could produce the required pieces only with some clever nudging. And that's how the Ninad assemblies came into the picture.

After conducting these assemblies, we received a 100 pieces or so and our next challenge was to select print-worthy pieces.



Being the noble, egalitarian people we were, we decided to vote unanimously, with the "everyone's opinion matters" spirit. This meant that even if ONE member disagreed on publishing a piece, which was invariably due to certain members (*cough "Nethra" *cough), we would hit a roadblock. We ended up wasting around twenty meetings abiding by this terrible idea.



When we realized how impractical our idea was, we decided to select pieces with a simple majority and it looked like team Ninad would finally live happily ever after. (*sigh "We wish").

Like all fairytales, this one too had an evil witch who destroyed the happily ever after. For us, Miss Zara happily took on that role.

Zara: Guys!

Everyone ignores her

Zara: GUYS!

Everyone ignores her

Zara: How dare you not listen to the Queen Bee! You're so dead!

Empties the carefully sorted Ninad file containing all the precious articles and very conveniently mixes them up

Everyone: NAHI !!!!



After this memorable and heartbreaking incident we decided to have more orderly meetings. We actually had a chairperson for each meeting to avoid accidents by 'some people' (we're guilty of copying this "chairperson" idea from the student council). We hoped this system would work but most of our meetings ended up being somewhat like this:



Everyone talking

Zesdan: Guys we have to finish the Ninad in two days!

(Umm ... we have a month left!)



Bunty : Shu ... shu (you tried really hard boy!)

Meher: I have some thing to say (you always have something to say!)

Sunidhi: Listen to me! I'm the chairperson (when did that happen??)

Rishil: Can I leave?

Ruhi: Why did the chicken cross the road? (not again!)

Sahajo: *laughing* (the only one laughing, by the way)

Rhea: Guys can I say something? (just ignore her)

Adhya: Sorry guys, only half an hour late (oh, she's dead. wait for it ...)

Hena: *dhishum dhishum (R.I.P. Adhya)

Nethra: Violence is not the answer. (boo!! goody two shoes)



Zara : Guys, I don't approve of the idea. It's not happening (all hail to the queen bee!)

Everyone tears their hair out.
(curtains drop. and bow.)

THE END

FREEDOM

It's so good to see something free;
The leaves dancing in the wind
or rustling harshly on the hard ground,
The birds singing whatever they wish,
Grass growing wherever it wants,
Fish splashing anywhere
Dolphins leaping all the time
Birds soaring in the sky
Flowers blooming in the spring
Winds blowing slowly or swiftly
Rivers moving in their own course
Mountains with all their trees
Valleys with all their blossoms
and here I am,
Bound with rules from head to toe,
Filled with wishes.
When I see these things
I hope all the world
would be free one day
No one has experienced freedom yet
and I wish everyone does one day.

~ Kimaya, Class 5



Life

Walks around in bodies,
Not his;
Multiple personalities,
Still one single soul.
One step inside of you,
and you fluttered open those eyes.
They say he belonged to them,
If only they knew,
they were the ones that he possessed.
The only loyal friend one would ever have,
and even he shall have to say goodbye,
One day. When the time came.

Generous.
He sometimes gives the demon
inside of you another chance
to revealate your angel.
Selfless,
Sometimes he lets himself
get wounded,
lets himself bleed
so you can learn to dodge the bullets.

They say that he,
will do what you want him to.
The truth?
He. Makes. The choices.
We all want to be remembered.

But really ... It's him that
keeps you unforgotten.
And as he lifts his foot,
from your soul,
when it is time to say goodbye,
he shall pick you up
and place you into the arms
of another spirit
just like him,
and you shall be forgotten.
Forgotten and lifeless.

~ Zara, Class 9



... LIFE IS

Snakes and ladders my life is
Climb the ladders of the age

Swallowing the Sun my life is
Oh, it burns! "Can I have some water, please?"

Fishing on the Moon my life is
Until my breath extinguishes the candles of the night

Stitching the sky up my life is
So more rains fall

Swimming in my conscience my life is
Till I reach the shore

Sweeping the oceans my life is
"Get me some more bottles, please"

Walking in the sand of time my life is
"Don't worry, they will follow your footprints"

Waiting for her my life is
"Wait a while, maybe I will sing a song"

Life is ... last time I thought ... it was.

~ Aasif,
Class 10

Eavesdropping

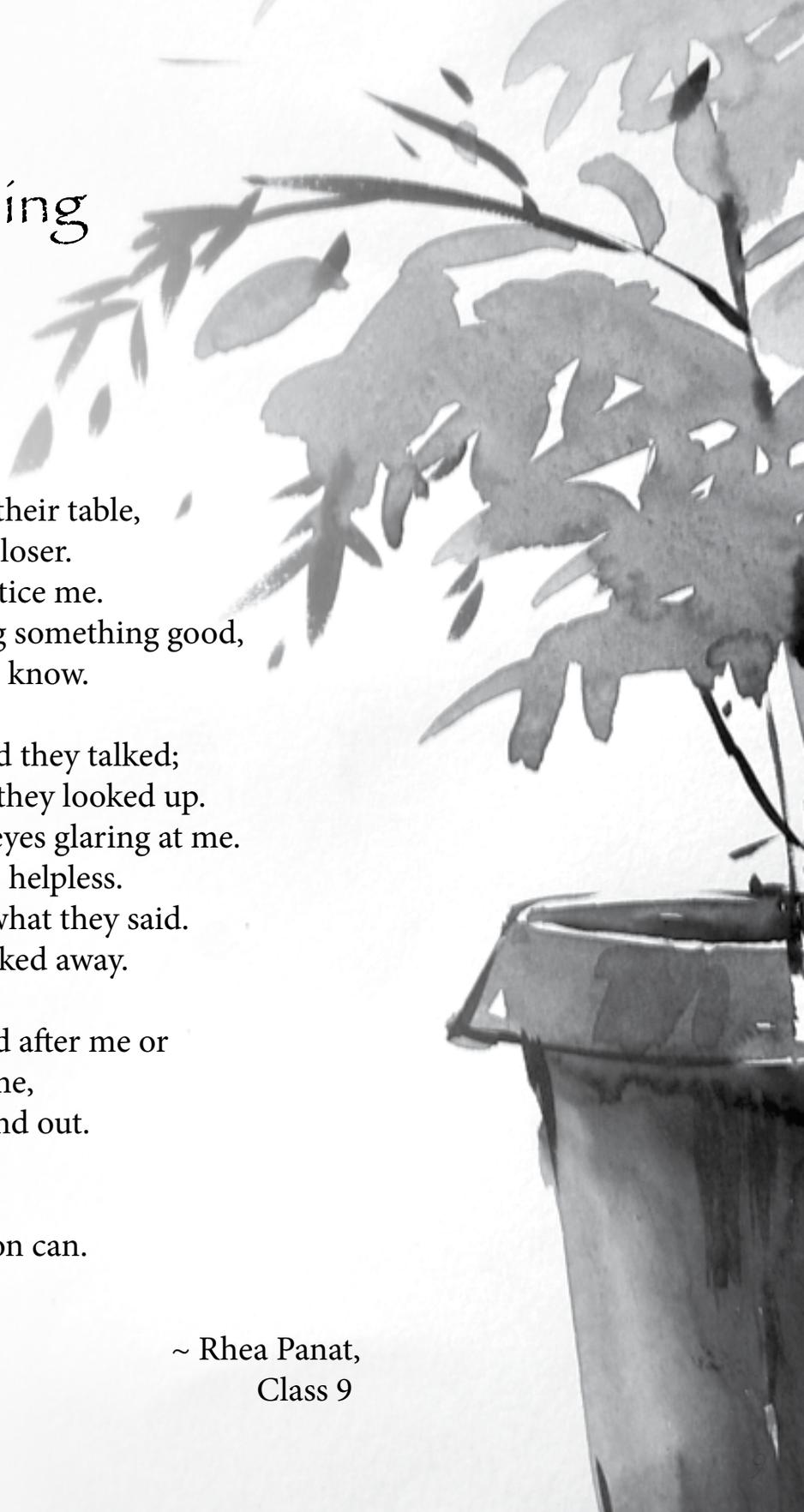
I edged closer to their table,
Closer and closer.
They didn't notice me.
They seemed to be saying something good,
But I couldn't know.

Their lips moved and they talked;
Realizing I was there, they looked up.
Their lips moved again, eyes glaring at me.
I stared at them, helpless.
I didn't understand what they said.
Shrugging, I walked away.

Whether they yelled after me or
Ignored me,
I will never find out.
Never.

No deaf person can.

~ Rhea Panat,
Class 9



**SEVERAL YEARS OF
SHARED SPACES
LAUGHTER TEARS AND LOST
AND FOUND MAGGI**

~ Pushpi Bagchi, Alumnus 2006

मेरी मैगी

तुझे देखा तो ये जाना सनम
पीले पैकेट ने किया दिल को नरम
पहले तो ऐहमियत नहीं थीं पता
यहाँ आके कीमत पता चली

देर रात तक पढते रहे हम
तूने हमारी भूख मिटाई।
जब खाने को कुछ था नहीं ।
तूने अपनी दया दिखाई।

जो आनंद तेरा ढाबे में आता है
वो आनंद होटल के नूडल में मिलता नहीं।
बस मसाला थोडा और डल जाए
तो तेरे सिवाए किसी की जरूरत नहीं।

~ Jaidhar and Shailesh
(Classes 7 & 8)

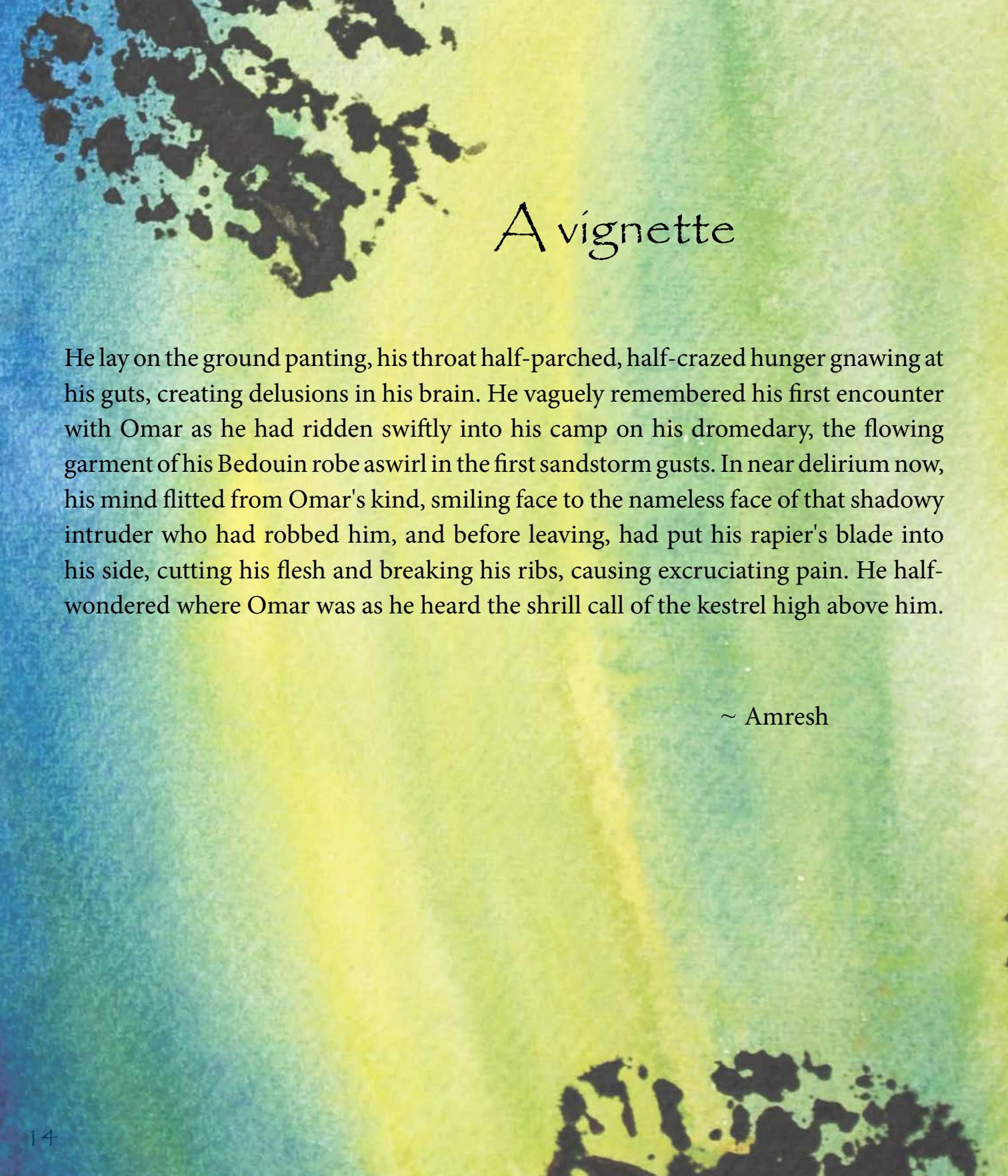
HOMECOMING

The more places you see in the world, the more you think about where or what home is. I think there are two kinds – your material home: where you store your earthly possessions, it's the place where you often amuse and entertain yourself, where you eat your meals and sleep. Then there is your spiritual home. That is where you rest. This is the home you carry with you. It's a home where you find complete acceptance for yourself. It's the home you seek when you feel lost. If you're lucky, your spiritual and material home are one. Sahyadri is and always will be that home for me.

When I visited School the first time after graduation, my friends and I were excited to meet our teachers and juniors, and visit every old spot on campus that held some remote memory of us laughing or crying, or doing something that we shouldn't have been doing. We were ex-students, and there are few experiences that rival the anticipation of re-visiting School for the first time after you'd left. You feel like a veteran. You want to be everywhere and with everyone, and pretend like you never left in the first place. At the same time you have an air of having had a taste of the "outside world", so you patronize your juniors and tell them how lucky they are, and how easy they have it.

As more time has gone by, and our visits to School have decreased, I see the difference in what my visits used to mean and what they mean now. We show up in smaller groups, sometimes just by ourselves. We still feel a sense of homecoming but now we cast around for the quiet. The excitement has been replaced by a sense of calm. We yearn for the stillness that School always reassuringly provides us with. We look for perspective instead of our “old spots” and gaze so incredulously at the landscape around us, asking ourselves if we were ever really here? Did we actually witness these glorious sunsets every day? Were we so lucky to be surrounded by a host of the most supportive and understanding adults in the form of our educators? I think, that’s the beauty of School. You keep learning from every visit you make, long after you’ve left. You reflect on past experiences and keep growing from them. You think back upon conversations with friends and teachers and draw more meaning than you did before. It’s the intense and perpetual experience of moving outward in the world and moving inward in the mind, as the years wear on. And you see yourself being lost and found, failing many times before succeeding, stumbling about for purpose and eventually finding a way to do everything purposefully; but mostly it becomes clear that you will forever belong to a special place in the world and when you need it most, you can always come home.

~ Zahabia Rajkotwala,
Alumnus 2011



A vignette

He lay on the ground panting, his throat half-parched, half-crazed hunger gnawing at his guts, creating delusions in his brain. He vaguely remembered his first encounter with Omar as he had ridden swiftly into his camp on his dromedary, the flowing garment of his Bedouin robe aswirl in the first sandstorm gusts. In near delirium now, his mind flitted from Omar's kind, smiling face to the nameless face of that shadowy intruder who had robbed him, and before leaving, had put his rapier's blade into his side, cutting his flesh and breaking his ribs, causing excruciating pain. He half-wondered where Omar was as he heard the shrill call of the kestrel high above him.

~ Amresh

WHEN I FEEL AT HOME IN SAHYADRI

When the birds sing
When people laugh
When trees grow
That's when I feel at home in Sahyadri.

When my friends tease me
When they laugh at me
When I look with my binoculars
At the faraway hills
That's when I feel at home in Sahyadri.

When I swim in the Bhima
When I listen to music
When I read a book
That's when I feel at home in Sahyadri.

When I climb a roof
When I eat personal tuck
When I see the cake my friends have made
For my birthday
That's when I feel at home in Sahyadri.

When I watch the Sunday movies
When I play dodgeball
When I feel a throwball
Leaving my hands
When my basketball scores a basket
When my shoes win a race
That's when I feel at home in Sahyadri.

~ Jahnvi M.,
Class 5

THE WORLD IN ME

Oft the sky embraces me in its warmth,
stardust alights on my cheek;
The moon forms a crescent on my lips
and from its craters do emotions speak.

I cup my ears to hear the ocean's hum,
close my eyes to see the outer skies;
The winds caress the ridges on my forehead,
and the sun reflects the fire in my eyes.

My veins throb with the city's vibrancy
heartbeat as one with the Earth's deep rumble

The time I feel small,
I know I am so much more ...

The grand universe in itself -
Ageless, timeless, limitless.

~ Nitya Somaiya,
Class 12



SOMETIMES

Sometimes,
the lies that you see
aren't true anymore -
reality become an illusion;

The love that you have
beomes unknown.
Time drains away
like the sand clock
losing its way.
No doors, no paths, no escapes no
complaints
light existing only on a candle stick
fire igniting inside our souls
burning for something,
hungry for life.

Sometimes,
it all changes.
From an infinity to zero;
countless things
disappearing from
ashes into nothingness.

Sometimes,
it all does.



~ Mehar Arunika,
Class 9

THE SPARKLING WATERS

The waves splash up,
Then down,
And I swim
With them in joy.

A blue you have never
Seen before,
A small little squeak,
A large, giant roar.

The current pulls you along
As it swims rapidly,
The joyful river,
Laughs happily.

Then you get out
And you look at the view,
And the waves feel sleepy,
So the tide goes out too.

~ Jahnavi K.,
Class 5

THE THINGS I RUN FROM

I run from things which carry Doubt
I run from things which also contain the solid Truth
I run from Illusions
I run from stark Reality
I run from stories with uncertain Endings
I run from tales with awkward Beginnings
I run from Mystery
I run from cruel Reason
I run from Abnormality and I think I am running towards
the perfect yellow brick road every one must take to reach
Perfection.
And sometimes I stop running and think
'I am running with Life,' only to realise I am
running away from it ...

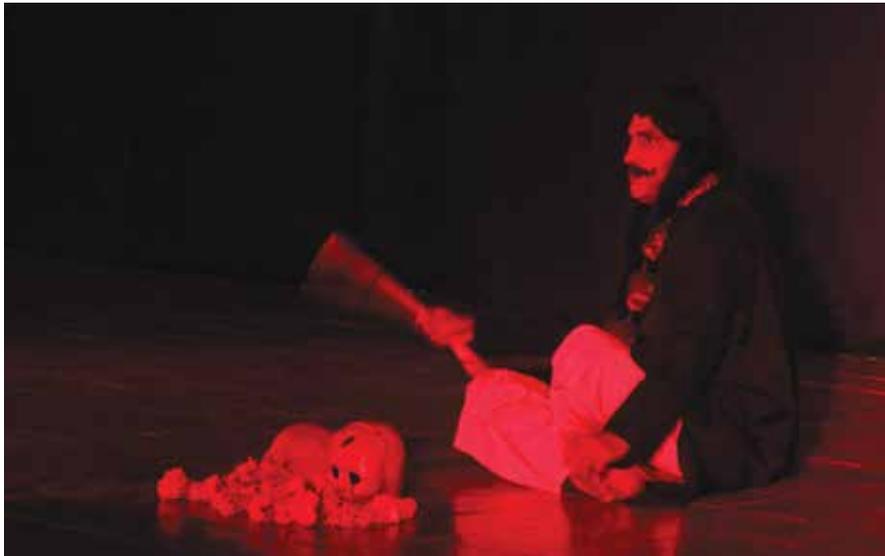
~ Chinmayee,
Class 9



LIT FEST



The library was the hub of most of the activities during the Lit Fest.
It also hosted a book talk.



'Navras' was a Hindi play enacted by class 8, 9 and 11 students, and Telang sir.
It truly evoked in the audience a whole range of emotions.



‘Us And Them,’ an English play, presented by Class 7, depicted the walls we create around ourselves, against others.



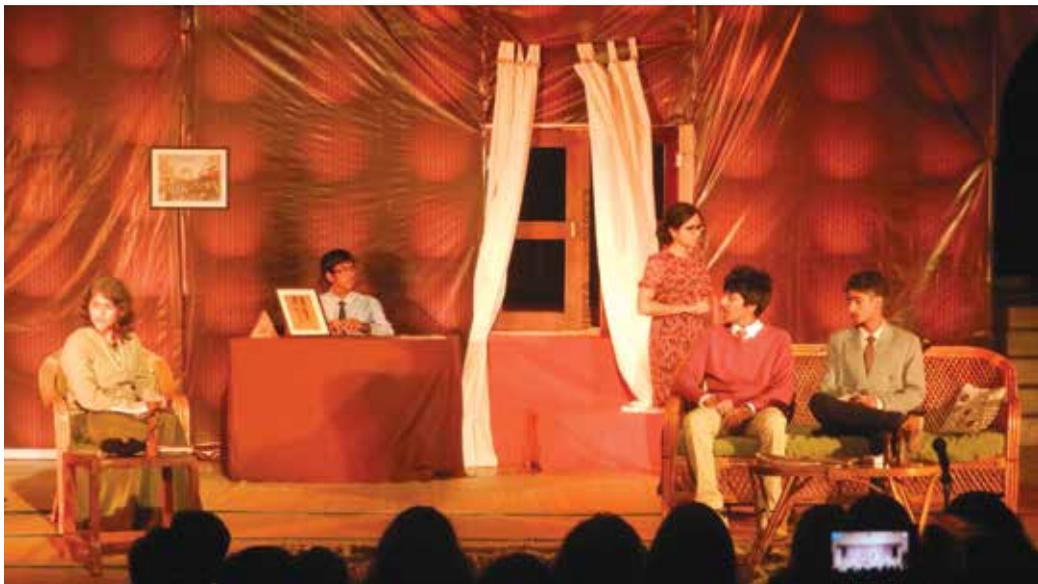
Sahyadri had never seen anything like the ‘Living Statues’ before. From the minor details to the ability of Class 11 students to step into their characters’ shoes, the event was novel enough to capture all our attention.



“Will Amaze!” a production by Class 10 students aimed at providing a flavour of Shakespeare’s works.



The puppet show was put together by students of Class 10. Although it was meant for the junior classes, people of all age groups loved it.



‘The Mousetrap’ was truly one of a kind. Presented by Class 11 students, this Agatha Christie whodunit kept us at the edge of our seats. It was the perfect end to a captivating Lit Fest week!

TYGER

Once there was a village near the edge of the deep forest. At least the forest had been deep to start with but this village, and that one on the other side of the forest, and that town on the east, and the men who were hungry for trees, ate away the forest bite by bite. So this village sat besides the forest and shared the river and maybe some of the fruits of the forests with the animals that lived there. They shared the moon in the night and the sun in the day and the wind that whispered its secrets. But in the forest the language of the sun and the moon and the wind changed and became the language of the trees. So in the stories that the village told, the sun and the moon and the wind were different from those in the stories of the forest; and the stories that the village told of the forest was in a different language from the stories that the forest told about itself. As the forest got eaten up and began to shrink, so did the stories. But at least there were stories still.

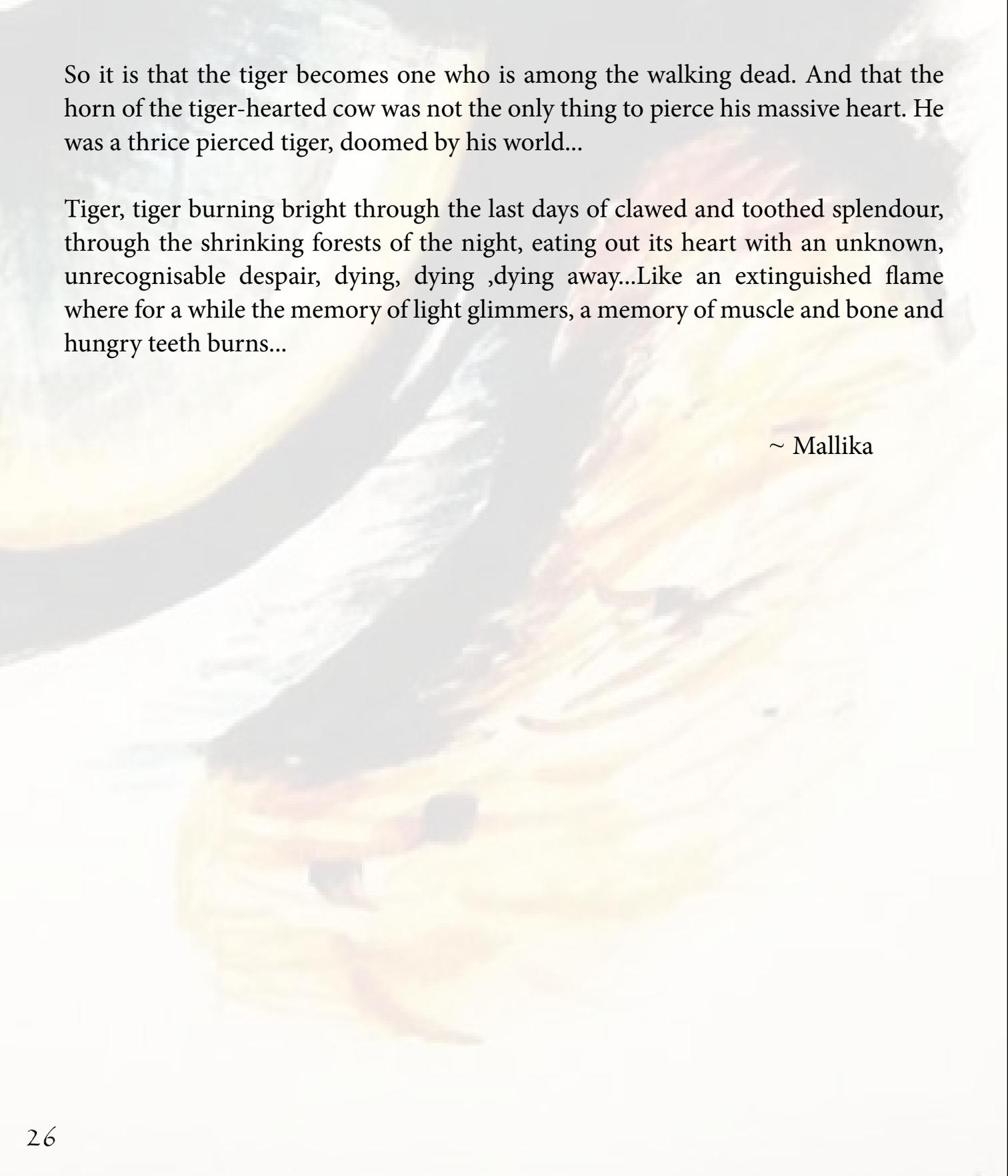
One of the stories that they told in the village was the story of a cow and the tiger. Such stories are usually the kind in which the tiger writes the script. In blood and hunger. The cow doesn't get to do much more than be a hearty meal. But not all cows – or tigers, are alike.

She was an ordinary brown and white cow, not very big, not very small, with a mind full of sweet, green grass. She had no heroic thoughts, no aspirations of glory or history; she dreamt of and lived for that green grass. But she did have a little white calf. One day when the brown and white cow was chewing her grass as usual, she heard her calf mooing in fear. She raised her big brown eyes and saw a monster, a creature savage of maw and claw, a creature of ravenous hunger, a creature that asked every instinct in her to flee, flee, flee as far away as possible. But there was that little mooing calf. Like Moses parting the red sea, the green grass in the cow's mind parted - an arrow shooting out, a clear path, not thought but felt, lending wings to hoofed feet. Then it was that the ordinary cow became tiger-hearted, the cow of the valiant horn, desperately battling

the hungry hunter, as her child bellowed in fright. Even as the fearful hunger flowed through the muscles of the beast and he made to leap, she charged. Wounded and bleeding, she yet pierced the heart of the hunter. The little calf was safe. The mother had stolen her back from the flaming jaws of death.

A story of a hero and a villain ... or was that the story they told? Do all stories have heroes? Do all stories have villains? And can the two be distinguished from each other, or might they be one and the same? Or neither? Who decides? And what of the tellers? What role did they play in the story - passive narrators, or were they woven into the story too?

In the forest, another story was told. A tale of a great beast woven of fire and bone and blood, a creature of speed and power, who walked as silent as a shadow and roared as loud as thunder, part dappled sunlight, part moon shadow. Few were there in the forest to match the strength and beauty of the tiger. Death, the ultimate hunter, was his constant companion. And life burgeoned in the forest, green and gold and blood red. The light of life and the dark of death were balanced on the point of a claw or the tip of a tooth ... For centuries, with eyes that saw far ahead and eyes at the back to guard its every step forward, the tiger watched over the forest fearlessly. Who was there to fear? But destiny had a new story to tell. Even the fearless may fall. Strength and speed and skill may not save you. An enemy may not have claws or teeth to strike the killing blow; an enemy might be a weak and puny thing and yet destroy you. Without touching you, an enemy might lay siege and eat away your world. So it was that the forest was worn away to a nub. The trees decimated one by one, the creatures fading away with the forest and the noise of the other world getting louder and louder, drowning the heartbeat of the hunter. In such a time and space, even a tiger may despair, if tigers knew of despair. Searching, the tiger finds only emptiness and hunger everywhere. Driven, he attacks a porcupine, who small in size but armed and brave of heart, fights back shooting a sharp arrow of despair into the giant, an arrow that travels slowly but surely to the heart of the beast.



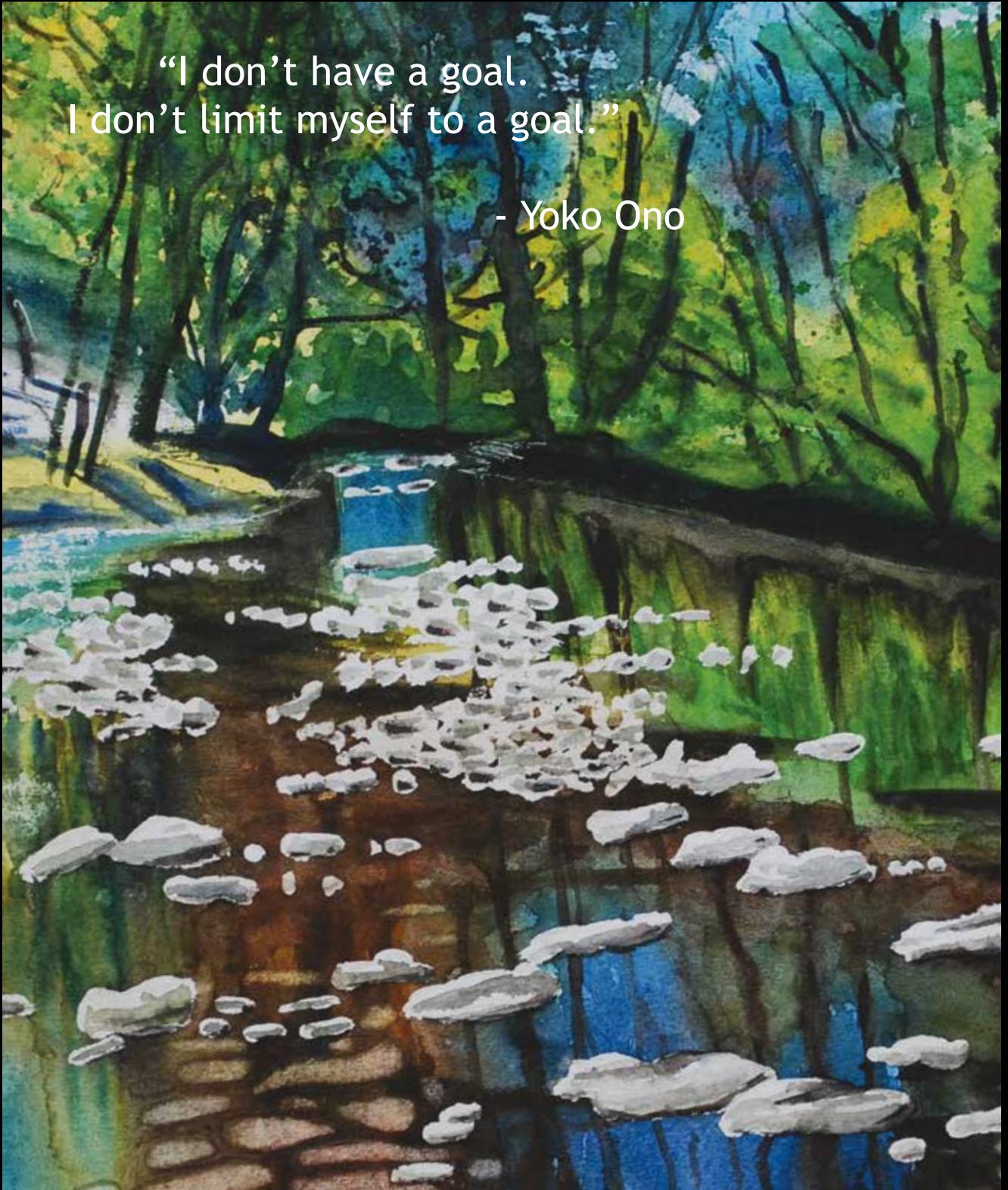
So it is that the tiger becomes one who is among the walking dead. And that the horn of the tiger-hearted cow was not the only thing to pierce his massive heart. He was a thrice pierced tiger, doomed by his world...

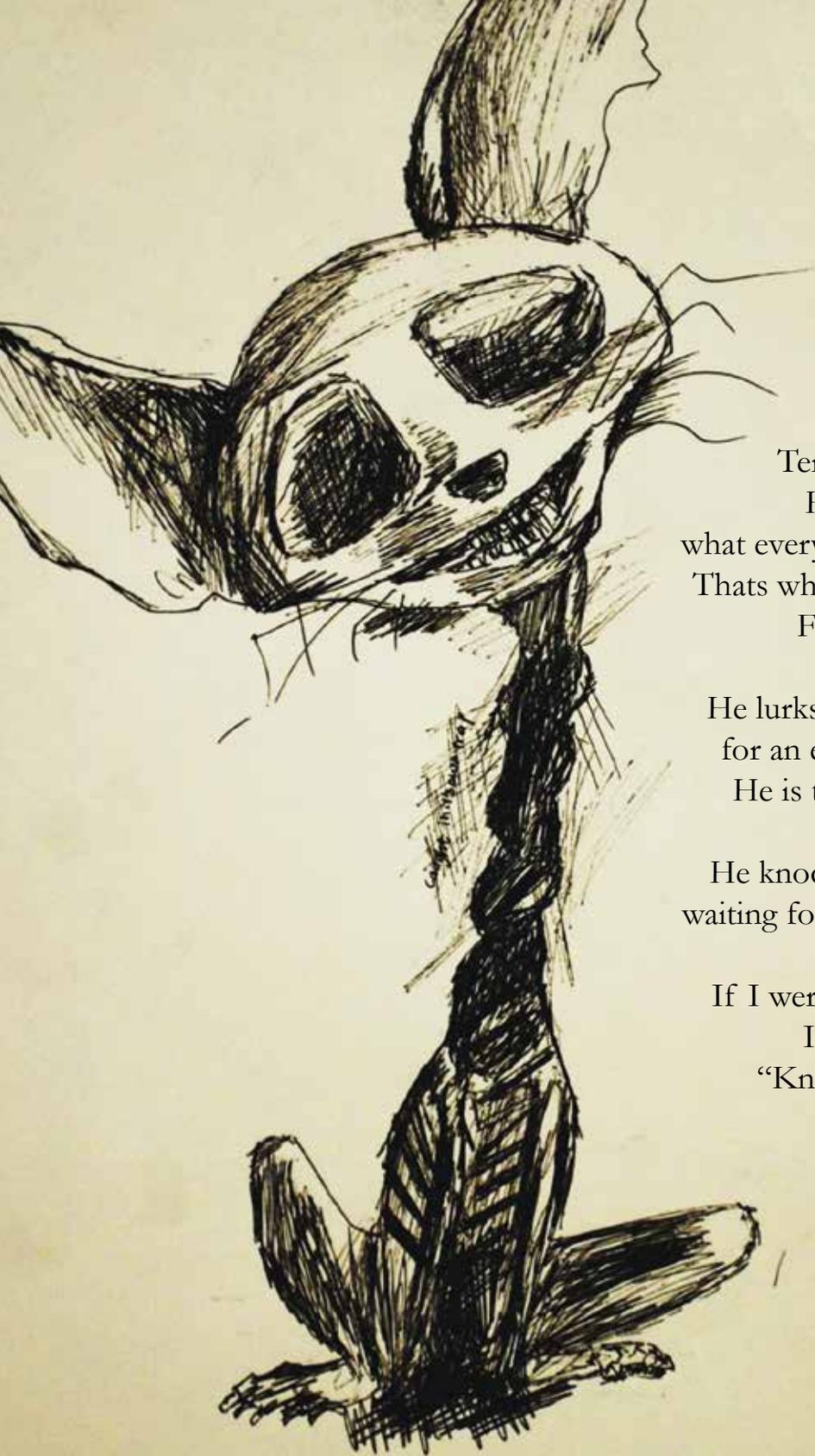
Tiger, tiger burning bright through the last days of clawed and toothed splendour, through the shrinking forests of the night, eating out its heart with an unknown, unrecognisable despair, dying, dying, dying away...Like an extinguished flame where for a while the memory of light glimmers, a memory of muscle and bone and hungry teeth burns...

~ Mallika

“I don’t have a goal.
I don’t limit myself to a goal.”

- Yoko Ono





TERROR

Terror has many faces
His description is:
what every individual fears the most.
That's why, when Terror is the king
Fear is his minister.

He lurks in the shadows, looking
for an empty heart to conquer.
He is the enemy of Courage.

He knocks on every tender soul,
waiting for a chance to take Control.

If I were to award Terror a title,
I would name him
"Knight of Nightmares."

~ Nithilan,
Class 7A

DECEPTION

Deception is a mischievous deck of cards, always destined to win a royal flush. Um, what can we say? He is nothing but exceptional. Well, if you don't know what deception is, you shouldn't be too curious because he can be everywhere. You might want to look behind you! You don't see him quite often, but when you do, you'll see nothing but a black hood and a blank face. You'll always have him as your shadow, but he is actually slurping on the juice of lies, somewhere in good heaven, laughing at us all!

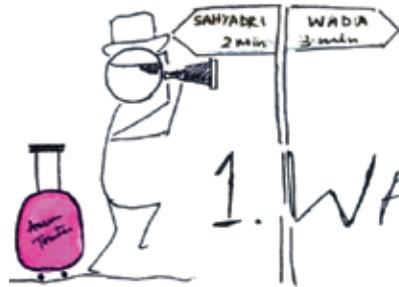
Deception doesn't communicate much; he only talks through his burning flame of illusions, creepy enough to scare you! He arrives like the wind, wooing the victim, and leaves the stage with dust, ashes, and of course, a jawdropping trick. He fakes death like he's strangling a cat, and is always on your shoulder, waiting for you to give your best shot. The next thing you know, you are his puppet. He's simply performing the act of pitch-perfect misdirection. Deception is usually a weird lad, as he cheats the legal way. He will build your confidence to win in the flick of an eye, before you realise that you have already lost.

He could be called the malicious chap. As a matter of fact, he also has his own beauty, so-called "cunning intentions". You might know, he has a student called 'Magic', to whom he passed on his mantle. He vanishes like flash paper, leaving no residue, and the people ... they can't just watch! Deception is nature's taste bud, as he can change your taste with only something sweeter. He is the dream you can never imagine, because he dunks the ball from halfway, without you even knowing.

You won't know what's "reality", after a while. If he is in town, seeing won't be believing anymore!

~ Jaidhar,
Class 7A

YOU KNOW YOU'RE A TRUE SAHYADRIAN WHEN...

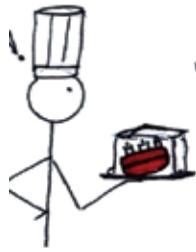


1. WADA seems like ABROAD.

2. It's normal to see **7** PEOPLE UNDER AN UMBRELLA.



3. INSTEAD OF BAKING a CAKE, YOU FREEZE IT.



4. YOU'RE sure SAHYADRI HAS

WON! a  LOTTERY WHEN **YOU** 'get' OREO FOR JUICE BREAK.



5. YOU RAISE YOUR HAND in a RESTAURANT and say 'DADA' 

6. YOU **BOOK** EVERYTHING IRRESPECTIVE OF **WHETHER** IT'S  LIVING OR NOT.

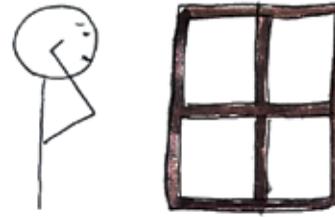
7. YOU KNOW **THE** MEANING OF **LONG SHORTS**. 

8. YOU KNOW THE **NUMBER** ^{kinare lagao... kinare} OF 'kinare' IN **KINARE LAGAO**. 

9. Before ENTERING THE D.H.

You CHECK YOURSELF  OUT IN

THE WINDOWS.



10. YOU  FOOD SOOOOOO... MUCH YOU



 DOGS AFTER **THEM**.

11. TEACHERS **HAVE** NICKNAMES like

PK, SUDO, AK47, P².

12. **You** drop HALF a HIDE & SEEK

AND CONSIDER IT **A WASTE**.





13. EVERY SUNDAY MORNING

is a ~~WAR~~ BETWEEN GOING FOR
DOSA OR **SLEEPING**.

14. a STOMACH ACHE lasts for
2 MONTHS STRAIGHT & **ONLY** in
THE MORNING.

15. **You** do WHATEVER IT
takes to GET **2nd** TIME.

A BRIEF RETROSPECT OF A HILLTOP

When I think about the days I spent on the Sahyadri hilltop, I remember different aspects through different senses. The greens and blues of the landscape, the taste of some fruit we'd find and eat off the tree and the scent of the art room with all its batik wax. Of course, I do not want to miss out the people who make the hilltop inhabitable, the many dadas and didis who have taken care of us all, silently and invisibly. All of our teachers and mentors who were more of parents during our stay there have had an equally important hand in our upbringing and have influenced us in more ways than we had then imagined.

Although the essence of Sahyadri as a school, a space of learning and co-existing is consolidated through these nostalgic sensory triggers, we have walked out of that space with a great sense of respect and achievement of having been part of a community that stands together.

We have been able to build this community in smaller pockets even beyond the borders of the hilltop as we carry a certain sense of this Sahyadri spirit with us even today. The kinds of exposure that the hilltop provided despite being secluded and cocooned has helped us realize what the world outside is without really being physically present in it. As we grow and move from one space and time to another, we realize that the whole world is made of these tiny bubbles of space that we inhabit for a certain period of time. Moving out of Sahyadri was a struggle to break

free of the comfort and challenge ourselves to face new people, and hopefully arrive at a new hilltop. This impermanence of time and space that we all have experienced over the years is essential to growing as a person, as a human being. Impermanence only enhances our ability to remember, to feel nostalgic about our many pasts and to create and inhabit many such spaces. Our interests evolve to find more scope and meaning as we struggle to find our passion and calling. This struggle is probably the most meaningful part of this journey of life, where we set out to make sense of it all.

Personally, this journey has been a series of close shaves and blind hits. Sometimes there was a definite lack of clarity and then there were those occasions when plans and aspirations seemed to fall back into place. The sun occasionally rises to a new day, brings warmth to a numb mind that is lost reminiscing about a bunch of friends, a room in the dorm, a river in the distance and a home on a hilltop. Each one of us carries a living part of Sahyadri that now and again finds itself crawling back into our stream of consciousness to evoke a mixed, incomprehensible feeling of sadness, warmth and nostalgia.

~ Savyasachi Anju Prabir
Alumnus 2010

BHAG BASANTI BHAG

The rain had stopped. The platform was still wet and itinerant peddlers made their way through the mass of hurrying commuters. The morning rush hour had begun and incessant announcements and train horns defined the station. Everyone pushed - people who got on the train and those who got off.

As I forced my way through the jostling crowd on the platform, I realised a train was pulling away from the station. I could have easily waited for the next train but I made a run for it. An onlooker from the train compartment screamed, 'Bhag Basanti, Bhag!'

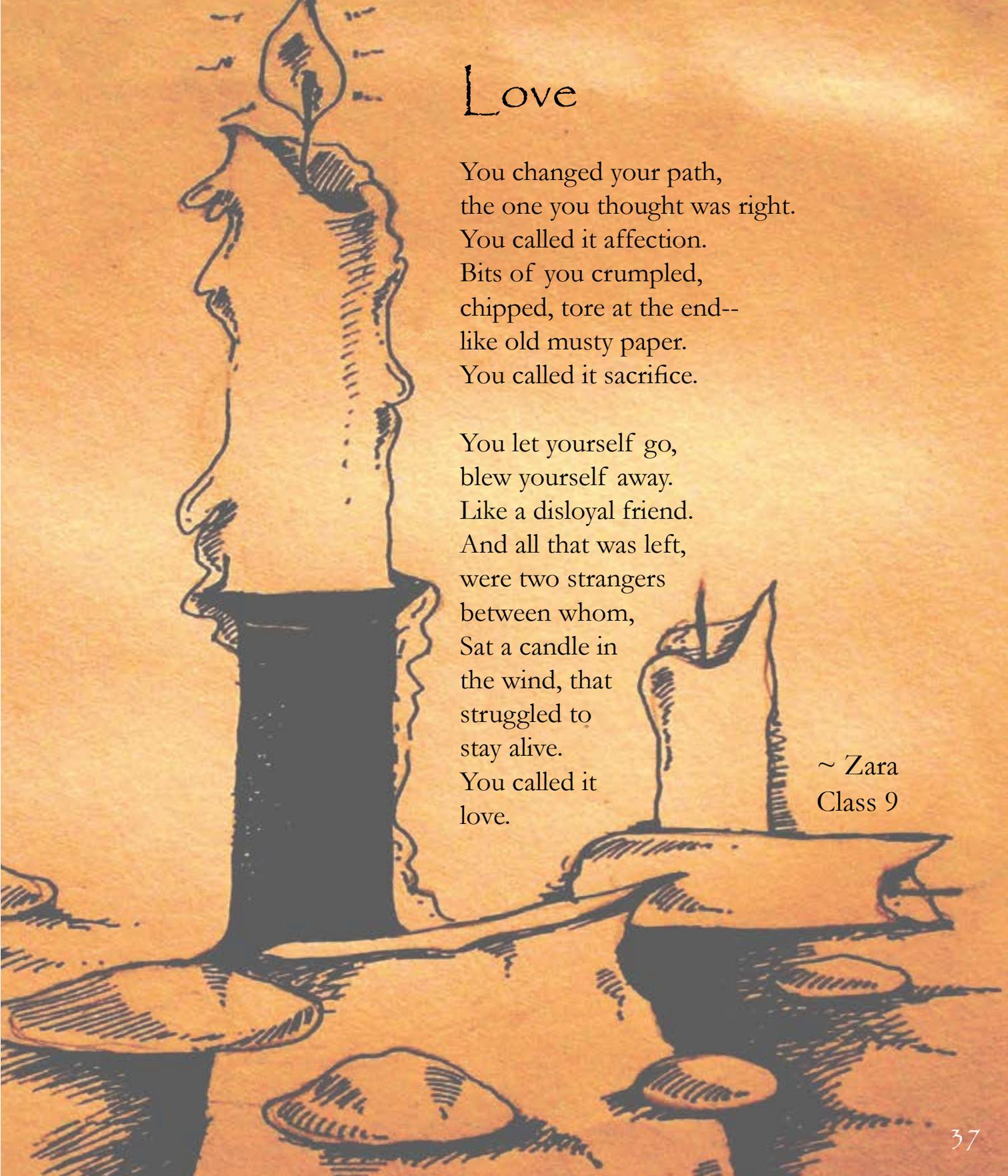
The rush of a metropolis could grow on someone, like it did on me.

However, school was different. Time was measured by the bell. Many a time, though the bell would ring, thoughts would continue - sometimes, even conversations.

School gave us time and space.

School gave us time and space to be ourselves.

~ Savannah,
Alumnus 2015



Love

You changed your path,
the one you thought was right.
You called it affection.
Bits of you crumpled,
chipped, tore at the end--
like old musty paper.
You called it sacrifice.

You let yourself go,
blew yourself away.
Like a disloyal friend.
And all that was left,
were two strangers
between whom,
Sat a candle in
the wind, that
struggled to
stay alive.
You called it
love.

~ Zara
Class 9

In the moments of intense silence, with each person peering intently at the other's face, a space is created where we are free to look upon each other, not with attraction or repulsion, nor with the intent to emotionally or intellectually 'tackle' the person and what they represent to us, but simply as one person looking at another. It was heartening to hear a student reflect, "When I drew my partner, I could not judge him, I just had to draw him as he is."

Exercises over the next few days explored the relationship between the individuals and their surroundings. We delved into the world of sound, texture and space, exploring how these elements interact with our bodies and thoughts. One of the exercises required the participants to draw a map of the space around them, marking the positions of windows, walls etc. as well as the various people sharing the space. Participants then labeled the map as parts of their own body. And so windows became eyes (and eyes, windows), door-hinges were elbows and ears, flaky wall-skin rose over the empty-stomached floor.

Conversely, in another exercise, the participants visualized a carefully observed location as situated within the body—calm waters in your mind, the hills and skies and corridors inside the boundaries of your skin. Skin is textured like the Earth, isn't it? And so porous, blurring the notions of 'inside' and 'out'.

In this way, I wanted to lead the participants to expand their sense of self. Sometimes we need to remind ourselves that there is more to being than our daily anxieties, our likes and dislikes, and that our sense of exclusion and inclusion need not have anything at all to do with popularity or groupism, or what we casually refer to as 'batch politics'.

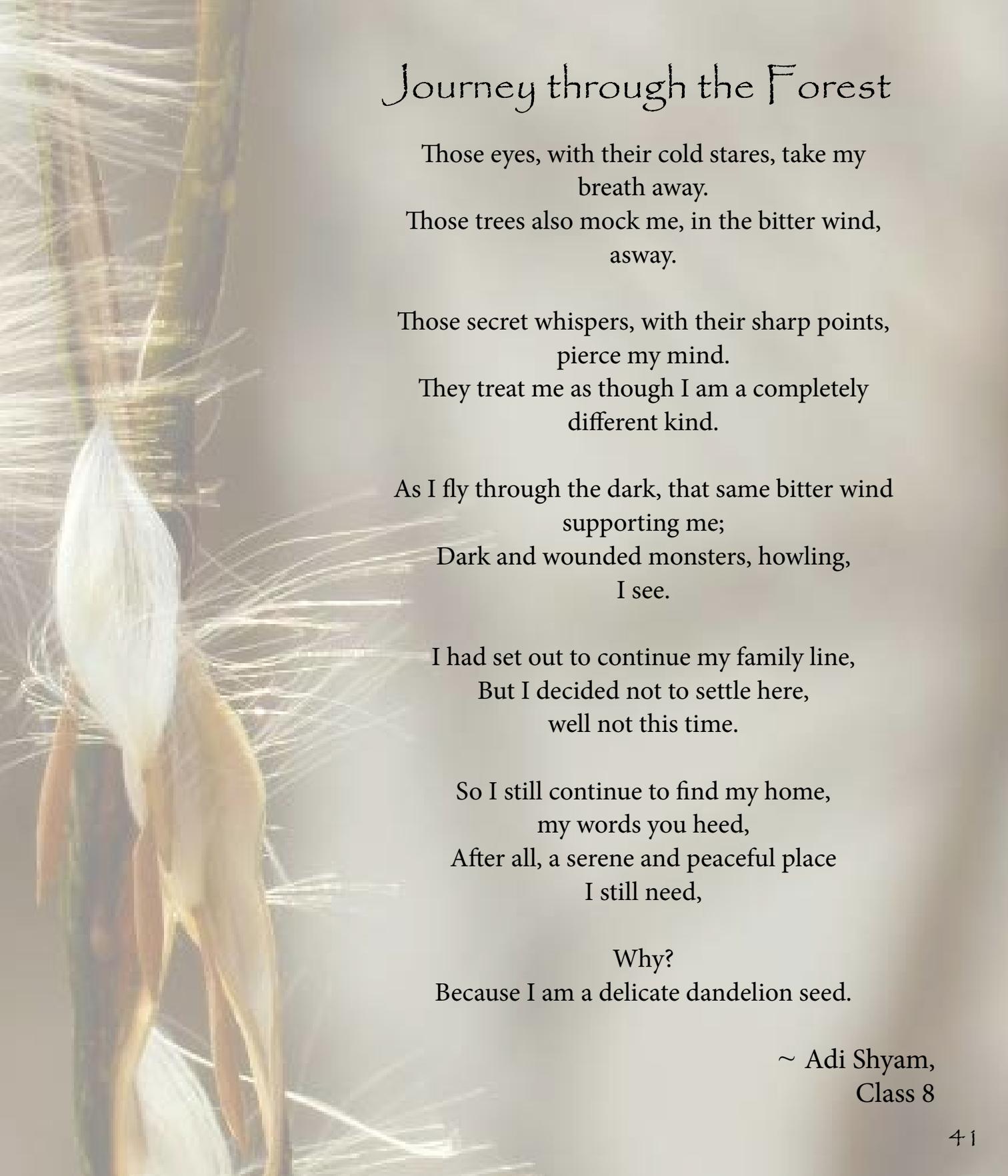
We wandered around blindfolded, feeling surfaces and documenting them, we drew and colored sounds as we heard them, and wondered about the 'materials', the bones and incidents and environments that make us.



The last few days of the workshop were dedicated entirely to creating individual self-portraits, which became an opportunity to visually articulate many of the themes we had been discussing over the week. Who am I? What are the parts of me, and what am I a part of? We looked for ourselves in charcoal, in paint, in balancing glass jars and bits of twig, exploring a variety of materials and techniques. It was good to get to the real stuff, our naked fears and hopes, and our senses, and especially to be able to do it together, to hold and respect that space of vulnerability for each other.

It was immensely moving and exciting for me to see the students take up various concerns and make it their own, staying up nights and waking up early, collaborating with each other to put together the display. The discoveries of the workshop helped me to reaffirm my belief in the effectual power of creative intervention as a means to empower the individual and bring together a community.

~ Rahi De Roy,
Alumnus 2014



Journey through the Forest

Those eyes, with their cold stares, take my
breath away.

Those trees also mock me, in the bitter wind,
asway.

Those secret whispers, with their sharp points,
pierce my mind.

They treat me as though I am a completely
different kind.

As I fly through the dark, that same bitter wind
supporting me;

Dark and wounded monsters, howling,
I see.

I had set out to continue my family line,
But I decided not to settle here,
well not this time.

So I still continue to find my home,
my words you heed,
After all, a serene and peaceful place
I still need,

Why?
Because I am a delicate dandelion seed.

~ Adi Shyam,
Class 8

पिंजरा

पिंज-यातील एक पक्षी
आज कैदमुक्त झाला.
खुल्या आभाळी उडण्याचे
स्वप्न पाहू लागला...

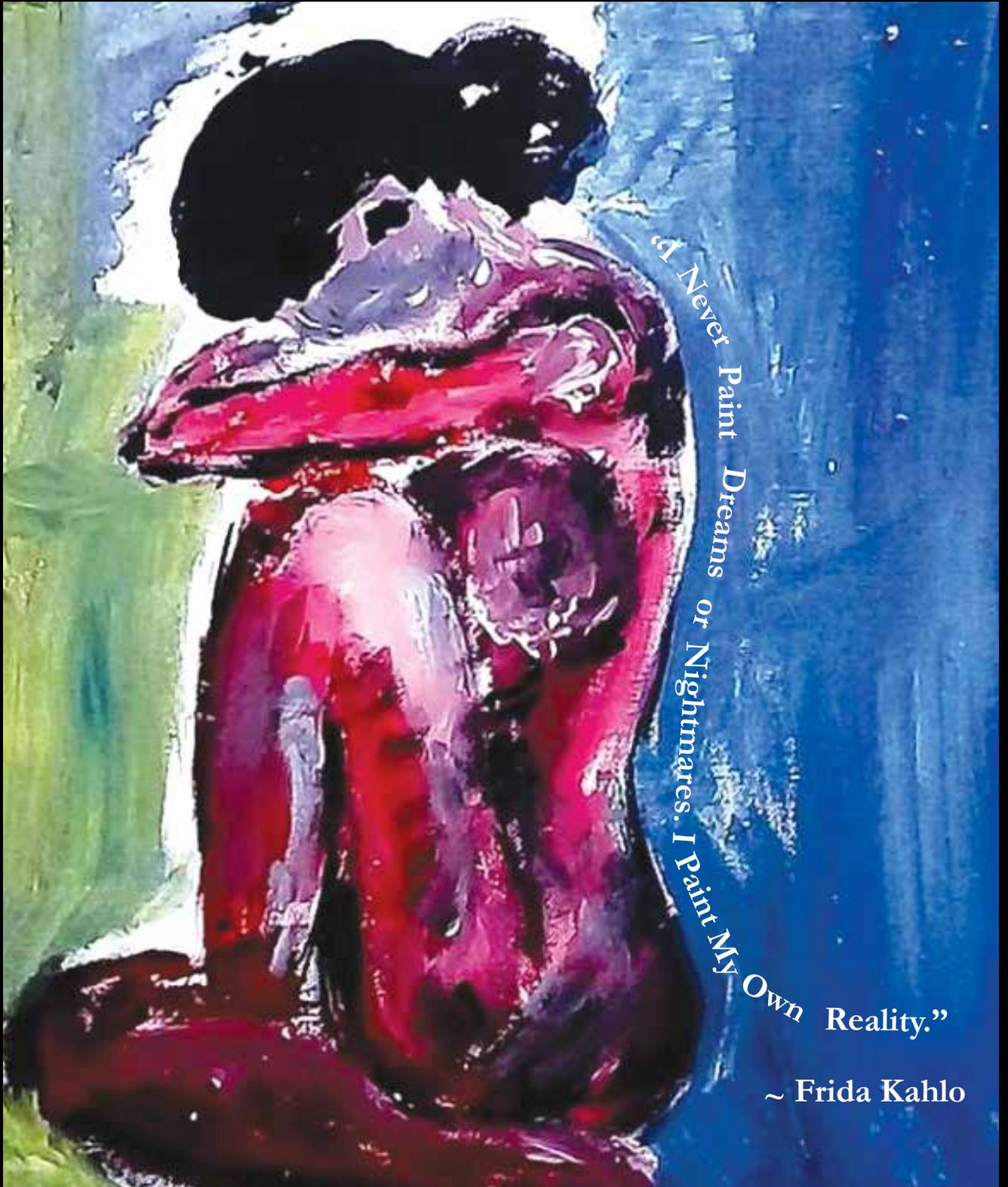
खुल्या निळ्या आकाशात
मनसोक्त उडू लागला.
श्वास खरा मुक्तीचा
तो अनुभवू लागला...

डोळे मिटून गच्च तो
ऊंच उडू लागला.
घेऊन स्पर्श वा-याचा
तो मोहरू लागला...

ओळखीच्या शिटीने मात्र
त्याचे डोळे अलगद उघडले
पुन्हा पिंज-यात पाहून त्याचे
मन मात्र हरवले...

खुल्या आभाळी उडण्याचे
स्वप्न त्याचे स्वप्नातच
राहिले...

~ सचिन लोंढे



"I Never Paint Dreams or Nightmares. I Paint My Own Reality."

~ Frida Kahlo

मैं एक घड़ी हूँ

मैं एक घड़ी हूँ। मैं थाइलैंड के एक बड़े कारखाने में बना था। मुझे एक डिब्बे में बंद किया गया। वहाँ से मैं हिंदुस्तान आया। यहाँ आकर मुझे एक लड़के ने खरीदा। शुरु में उसने मेरा इस्तेमाल बहुत अच्छे तरीके से किया। कुछ दिनों में वह मुझे लेकर कहीं चल पड़ा। वहाँ पहुँचने के बाद उसने मेरा कभी भी ठीक से इस्तेमाल नहीं किया। वहाँ और भी लोग थे। उनके पास भी घड़ियाँ थीं। घड़ियों के मालिक अपनी घड़ियों का बहुत अच्छी तरह से इस्तेमाल करते थे। मेरा मालिक सबसे अलग था। उसने मुझे न जाने कितनी बार फेंका और पटका। न जाने कितनी बार वह मुझे छोड़कर भी आ गया। मुझे समझ में नहीं आता कि उसे कब मेरा महत्व पता चलेगा? उसे कौन बताए कि मैं कितना महत्वपूर्ण हूँ। मैं समय दिखता हूँ। मेरे बिना दुनिया चल नहीं सकती। मैं आशा करता हूँ कि वह जल्द ही मेरा महत्व समझ जाए क्योंकि उसके ऐसा समझने से उसका समय अच्छा हो जाएगा। उसकी जिंदगी भी अच्छे से कटेगी।

~ मुदित

मेरा सपना

मेरा यह सपना दो साल पहले का है। मैंने सपने में देखा कि मैं अपने स्कूल के भोजनालय के पास खड़ा हूँ। भोजनालय के पीछे बड़ी-बड़ी इमारतें हैं। सभी लोग अपने-अपने छात्रावास में हैं। तभी दूर से एक आदमी दौड़ता हुआ मेरे पास आया। उसने मेरे पास आकर मुझे जल्दी से भागने के लिए कहा। मैंने उससे पूछा, मैं क्यों भागूँ? उसका जवाब सुनकर मैं हैरान रह गया। उसने कहा कि आतंकवादी आ रहे हैं।

उसकी बात सुनकर मैं और मेरे आस-पास के सभी लोग छुप गए। हम लोग बहुत डर गए थे। हमने सोचा कि कहीं भाग जाएँ। हम एक-एक कर बाहर आने लगे। हम धीरे-धीरे आगे बढ़ने लगे। हम सीनियर ऑडी तक पहुँचे। जैसे ही हम सीनियर ऑडी के अंदर घुसे वैसे ही दरवाजे अपने-आप बंद हो गये। तभी हमारे सामने १० गुंडे जैसे दिखने वाले लोग आ गए। उन्होंने हम सभी को घेर लिया। उनके पास बंदूके थीं। अचानक उन लोगों ने हम पर गोलीबारी करना शुरू किया। मैं गोलियों से बचने के लिए नीचे की ओर झुक गया और आँखें बंद कर ली। फिर मुझे पता नहीं कि उसके बाद क्या हुआ?

जब मैंने अपनी आँख खोली तो मैं एक कमरे में था। मेरे दोस्त मुझे जगा रहे थे।

~ श्रीनिवास

पुस्तक की आत्मकथा

मैं एक पुस्तक हूँ। मेरा घर है राम का डेस्क, जिसमें मेरे और भी दोस्त मेरे साथ रहते हैं। राम मुझ पर अपना अंग्रेजी का काम करता है। एक दिन उसके अध्यापक नहीं आए तो वह अपने दोस्तों के साथ मेरे पत्रे फाड़कर हवाई जहाज बनाकर उड़ा रहा था। अध्यापक के आने तक मेरे अंदर एक भी पत्रा बाकी नहीं था। अंत में मुझे रिसायकिल बिन में डाल दिया गया। मैं एक कारखाने में गया और वहाँ एक नए रूप में मेरा फिर से जन्म हुआ।

इस बार मेरे मालिक का नाम था लक्ष्य। उसने मेरा अच्छी तरह से इस्तेमाल किया। मैं उसकी व्यक्तिगत डायरी बन गया था। वो मुझे बहुत सारे राज की बातें बताता था। पर एक दिन उसके दोस्त ने मुझे चुराकर कूड़ेदान में फेंक दिया। एक गाड़ी आई और मुझे उस कूड़ेदान के पास से ले गई और एक कूड़े के ढेर पर फेंक दिया। आज तक मैं उसी कूड़े के ढेर पर पड़ा हूँ।

~ अक्षय

मेरा नाम जूली है। मैं एक कुत्ता हूँ। मेरा जन्म कहाँ हुआ था मुझे याद भी नहीं है। एक बार मैं सड़क पर एक गाड़ी की टक्कर से घायल होकर पड़ा था। तब एक छोटे लड़के की मम्मी मुझे अपने घर ले आई। उस समय मैं एक छोटा सा पिल्ला था। वह छोटा लड़का कुत्ते से बहुत डरता था। एक बार उसने मुझे गिरा भी दिया था। उस दिन मैं बहुत डर गया था। उस दिन के बाद मैं और वो खूब मस्ती करते थे। इसी तरह से मैं बड़ा हो गया। उस घर में मुझे बहुत प्यार मिला। मेरे उस दोस्त का नाम अश्वत्थ था और वो मेरा बहुत ख्याल रखता था।

~ अश्वत्थ

Haikus

The silver at night
The beautiful moonlight glints
off my bloodstained sword



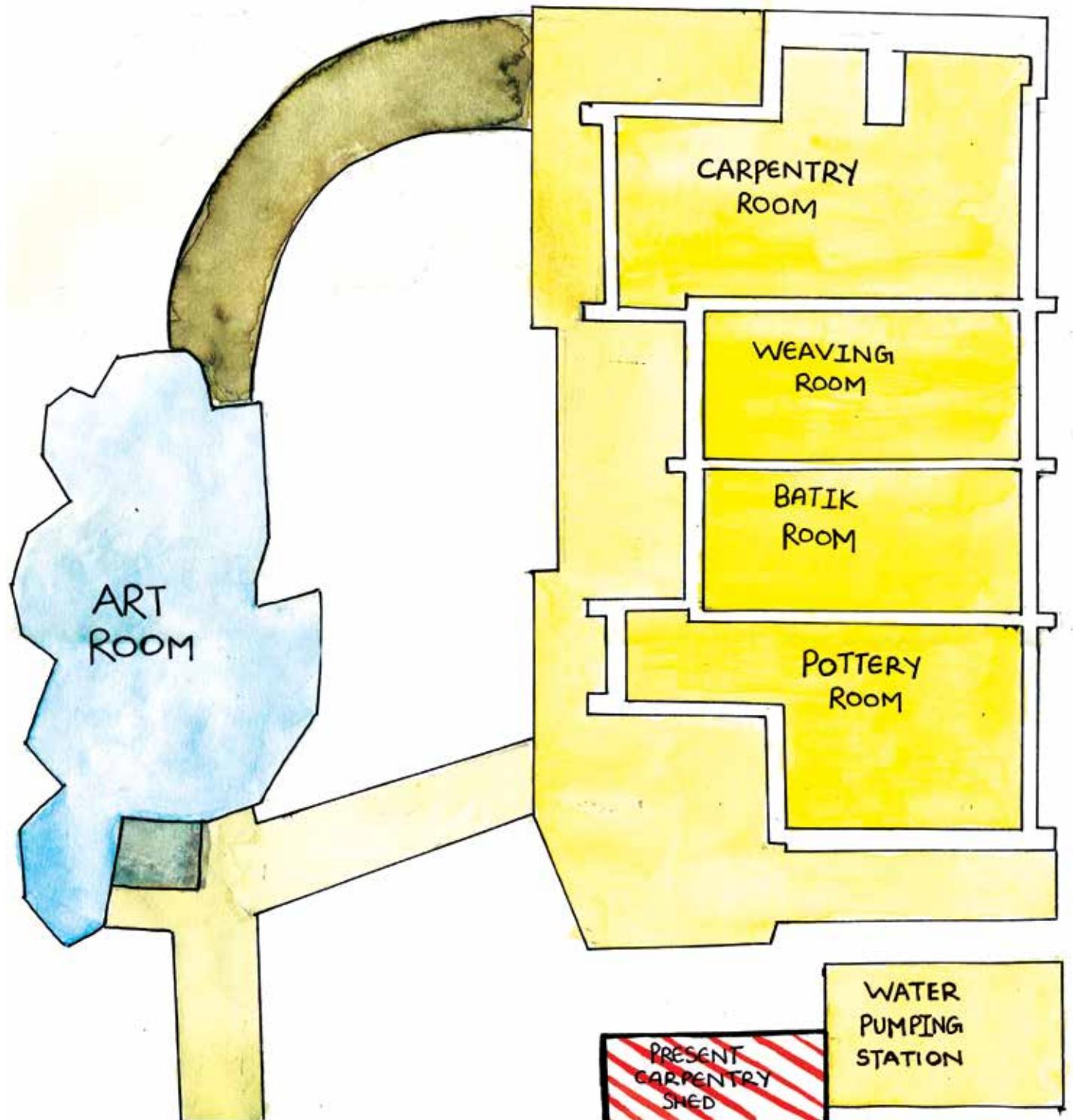
The horseshoe harbour
Where the tides turn randomly,
I finish my bath.

~ Rishil, Class 9

“Art is a lie that makes us realise the truth.”

~ Pablo Picasso





Looking Ahead

As the school enters its 23rd year, we look back at the most recent constructions on campus and recognize how much the new classrooms and dormitories (for the ISC students) have added to our hilltop. However, there is scope for still further development. We present here a brief account of the infrastructure work being envisioned for the future.

- (a) Art Block Extension: The Art Block is being expanded by using bamboo as construction material along with rammed earth construction for walls. Four rooms will house the sections for Batik, Weaving, Pottery and Carpentry. The area between the old and the proposed extension is being developed as an open amphitheater for performing arts and concerts. A common verandah will connect the old and new structures. The Hunnarshala Foundation will integrate the constructed features with appropriate art work. Overall, the structure will be eco-friendly with sloping roofs.
- (b) Examination Hall / Hobby classes: A new examination hall will be built on top of the 11th and 12th cluster with bamboo as the building material. These rooms would double up as space for hobby classes.
- (c) New Junior Dorms: Two new dorms are expected to be constructed for juniors between the Kaveri and Chandan dorms. The designs are expected to be native in character, with interconnected elements. The buildings will be eco-friendly, energy efficient, and spacious with mezzanines and sloping roofs.
- (d) Indoor Sports Facility: A multi-purpose indoor sports facility, which may possibly house a basketball court, 2-3 badminton courts, a gymnasium and a squash court, could be erected parallel to the football ground. This will be a covered sports facility and would therefore be available during the monsoons as well.
- (e) Waste Water Recycling Facility: A 60,000 liters (per day) capacity waste water recycling plant will help in recycling water for gardening, farming and plantation and in reducing the fresh water requirement on the campus.
- (f) 100 KW Solar Power Project: A 100 KW Solar Power project is in the process of installation. The roofs of three dorms – Chandan, Kaveri and Krishna – have been utilized for installation of the solar panels. This would take care of the greater part of our energy requirements in school.

~ With inputs from Milind Sir

THE EMPTY HOUSE

Nothing ever happens in the old bungalow. Its day is over and night has fallen on its decrepit walls and empty rooms; tombs of a former life. No footstep echoes on the cracked stone floors, nor any voice calls out, either gladly or otherwise. No dreams reside here, no hope blossoms forth, no tear drop falls. Spiders build munificent cobweb castles in the air and the lightless lamps hold only lizards in search of insect feasts. In the dim interiors, snakes take refuge and slumber during the hot, steamy summers, nothing more than silent ribbons of warm breath.

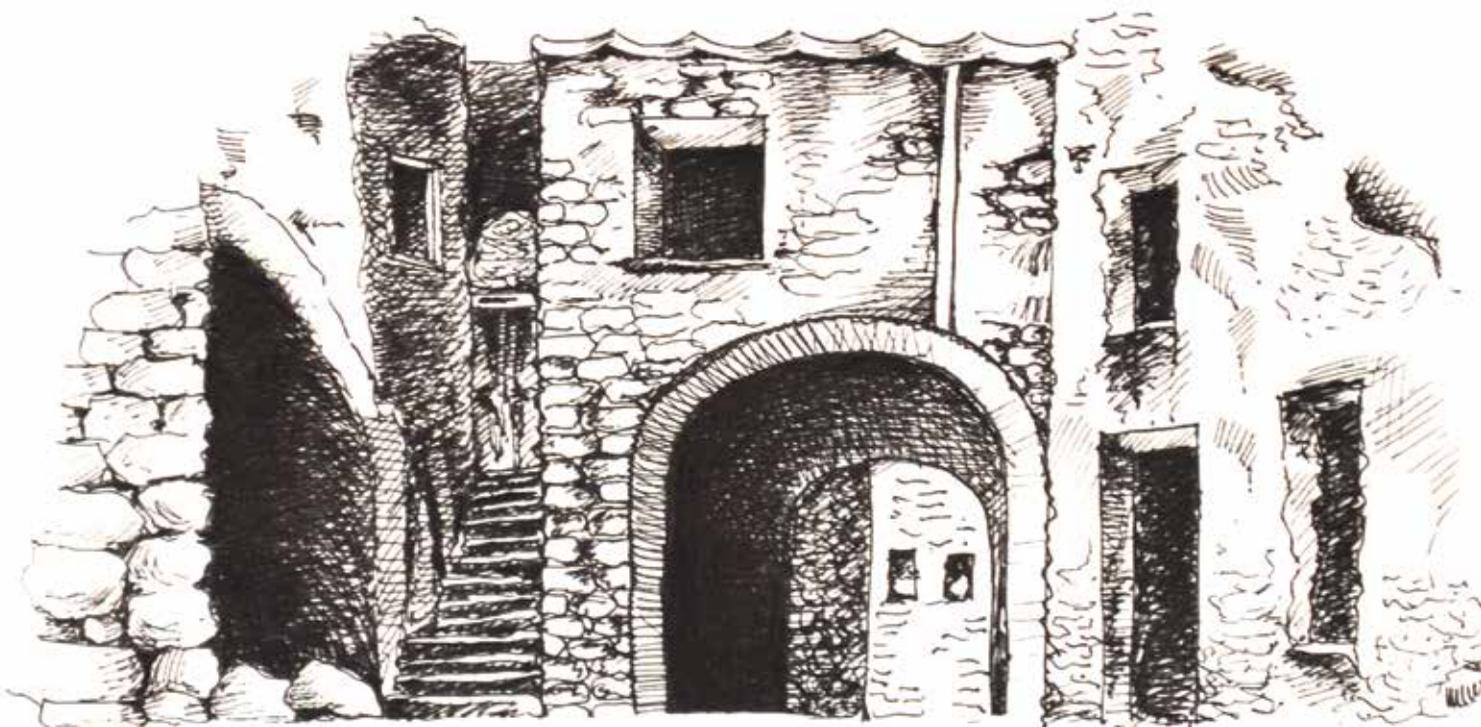
Sometimes a drunk or homeless wanderer kicks out at the locked door, then giving up thoughts of entering, makes do with squatting there for a lingering while, maybe for hours, sometimes days, cloaked in the darkness and the monsoons. It may be that once these wayfarers were as settled and respectable, as wanted even, as the bungalow had been. Changes of fortune occur to all manner of houses, palaces and humble abodes alike; even bodies housing a living spirit.

In the corner of the old stone porch, a raggedy mutt occasionally gives birth to pups. It is a dispiriting experience, for the poor little things rarely last long and drain their skinny mother of nutrition and love, along with her thin supply of milk. However, she loves them to the best of her ability. But how many times can a doggy heart be broken? The last pup was hit by a boy and his brother, who, unaccustomed to dogs, threw a stone when the tiny scrap came close, and never saw the beautiful black liquid eyes ready to be friends with anyone that offered it a bit of love. They congratulated themselves on the hit and moved on while the pup lay dying on the broken bit of pavement outside the bungalow's rusty old gate. It lay dying a long time, whimpering and suffering, every breath an immeasurable sigh of pain. Even a tiny pup, hardly bigger than a teacup can take a long time to die ... All the while, the mother guarded it jealously, allowing nothing or no one to come near it. Human, crow, cow, no matter what size or manner of creature came that way, she bared her teeth and held vigil. Who can tell what the mother's heart holds? Perhaps it is as empty as the bungalow.

In the cracked wall near the top of the bungalow is a small hollow space that a faithful bird couple make into their nest every year. It is filled with cheepings and chirpings of hunger and newborn life. Not all hollow spaces are as empty as a grieving heart. There are other cheerful sounds; the perpetual chatter of the squirrels. They scamper everywhere; jumping from tree to tree finding ways inside the bungalow, chasing each other through tiny cracks and leaping from branch to ledge, and ledge to branch, with scarcely a thought for the spaces of air beneath their flying feet. Squirrels are irrepressible, if slightly hysterical, and have a habit of being loud and excited in all their doings.

Their chattering and hysteria increases whenever a stray cat with its unblinking eyes and hunter's heart winds its hungry way into the house or up a tree. Like silent ghosts they haunt and hunt the unknown, unnamed citizens of an empty shell of a house. Cats are experts of secrets and silence and here is a territory that they are perfectly at home in, but who would ever know? After all, nothing ever happens in the old bungalow.

~ Mallika



DARKNESS

Darkness is an omen
for terror and tears;
in the darkness creeps out
a human's innermost fears.

On the darkest of nights
there is no hope, no chance,
for on the night of the new moon
lost souls of the earth gather to dance.

The ghosts whisper their secrets,
their stories from hell,
their journey as they gyrate
in the abyss they dwell.

Against the shadows of the moon
beat all the raging hearts
their crescendo screaming vengeance;
revenge, a fiery dart.

Their unheard voices fade away,
as dawn brings along its golden spark; and
the ghosts vanish into thin air,
waiting again for the deep and the dark.



~ Sahajo, Class 9

History For Laundry

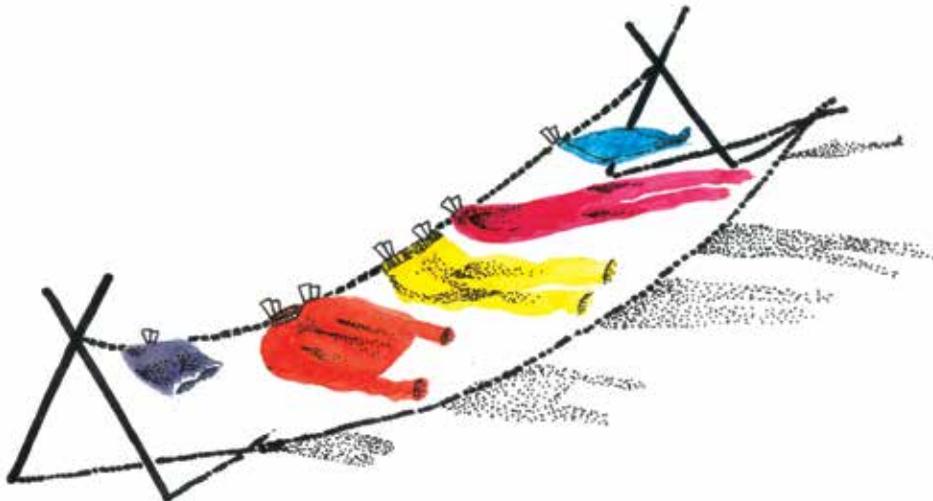
If I were doing my laundry, I'd take the Crusades,
Wash out the Blood and violence, Bleach the red out.
I'd put Wars Of Roses in, Whiten the Red, Red Rose,
Lift a big bucket of water, Douse out the Great Fire Of London.

I'd soak a clean rag, wipe down the Layers of
Grime from the Industrial Revolution,
Wash out the Colonies thoroughly to get rid of the filth of Europeans.

I'd take Extra Strong Soap (even that might not work)
And scrub vigorously, the World War, Wash away
the Guns, Rub out Disease, spruce the soldiers up.

I'd dump Churchill, Nixon, Stalin, Hitler,
Oh! And let's not forget Truman! Into the Washing Machine.
A few turns may do them good...get the coat of violence out,
Though I'd have to Repair the Machine afterwards.

P.S It's for the Greater Good!
But (let's be frank here) I don't think even the
Repaired Machine
Would be able to handle Humanity today.



~ Mughda,
Class 12



Growth of the Artist

“It was very real for me.”

That's Salim, a cryptic man, a gentle soul. His smile betrays his heart's gladness as he speaks of his childhood home in Kothamangalam.

All around him, as far as eye can see, flat paddy fields stretch on and on. It is a landscape with green fields and white egrets, no trees. In this old world, still without electricity, the boy Salim looks, and listens. At dusk, as notes of a flute waft their way to his home from the workers' huts kilometres away, his mother whispers, “Quietly listen.” And so he does. The simple music and unbroken space evoke an imagery all their own. The peak of a hill is a blue elephant in the bright skies. *“You see rain in a different way.”* On the long walk to school he notices little things: a leaf moves in a peculiar way. He wonders why. *“Everything was interesting.”* He observes a roadside plant, streaks of light, shadows...the furrows in which seeds are planted. Nothing escapes his watchful eye; there is never a sense of boredom. It becomes his nature – watching, observing, seeing, listening. Hanging upside down from a wall, he tries to see the underside of a particular leaf more closely. Stories of ghosts and heroes are all around him. Painted advertisements in the city catch the schoolboy's eye; he stands and stares. The headmaster of his school notes the boy's gift for drawing, and mentions it to his father, who brings home a good pencil. Salim begins expressing himself in painting. Even as a young boy, he has a touchstone. *“When you're looking at something, it evokes a feeling in you; if the painting doesn't reproduce that, it isn't a good painting.”*

In the sixth standard, he shifts to his uncle's house, also set amidst paddy fields. His uncle's family is orthodox; the boy himself carries no awareness of caste or

religion. Here, workers are not permitted to enter the kitchen. To the adults' dismay, the growing boy starts spending time moving about with the workers, enthralled by the vital work their hands do, their gentle consideration and care -- "*They wouldn't disturb or cut other plants when planting a tree.*" The clean, well-kept houses of the workers attracted him. His paternal grandfather, a tehsildar who has lost his sight with age, tells him stories from the Ramayan and the Mahabharat. They strike a deal: the boy will bring him a paan for every story he tells.

A teenager now, the boy moves to a Christian boarding school in the city, where his warden and boarding master are both priests. Although there is no compulsion to do so, he visits the church every day, drawn by its atmosphere; the choir music replaces the strains of the flute. The boy starts to sketch the folds in a piece of cloth. His warden, himself a college student, is impressed, and requests the boy to teach him to draw. Encouraged by this recognition, the boy thinks to himself, "*I want to go for Fine Arts.*" Around this time, his interest in Art is nurtured by a Malyalam magazine, each issue of which carries a European painting on its cover, with a little note inside, providing details of the artist. So far, the boy hasn't taken his own abilities seriously; he feels "*Painting is something more than what I'm doing.*"

It is only when he joins the Fine Arts College in Trivandrum and receives new exposure to the classics screened by the Film Club, that he first starts to take a serious look at Art. During his four years as an undergraduate in Fine Arts, he makes studies – still life and models, as well as compositions.

With every change of location, he gains a new dimension. While studying Art in Baroda for his Masters, the young man is struck by the realization - "*...what I was doing so far was not painting.*" Immersing himself in the world of painting, he ignores other aspects of life. Now he becomes silent, sensing that speaking will dissipate what is essential, and prevent its portrayal in his painting. "*Let it all come into my painting.*" In this phase, he pores over the paintings in the college archives for two or three hours every day, reconnecting with his experience of being alone

and observing things in his boyhood. *“Painting never came to me with any sense of fear. I never painted for marks.”* Surviving this way is difficult.

After that, painting hasn't happened. Today, Salim has moved beyond painting, into teaching. About his work today, Salim says:

Why paint? What I was getting from painting, I'm getting from being a teacher also. You can't just paint on the side. You need to be with that, while eating, sleeping. Otherwise you won't be happy with that. What I am trying to do in the Art Room as a teacher is very similar.

Painting is a kind of mirroring of yourself; you can understand yourself better when you look at your painting. Looking at things, you always relate with yourself. You can understand your feeling better when you see your own painting. You paint, and in your painting you find something related to you. You realize what it is; it brings you a better understanding of what happened to you. Whatever you're doing goes in through the eyes, and comes out of the hand...

Painting has its own way of making you sensitive. It can teach you how to eat. You can't just do anything any which way. You find that strong words can make the stomach ache. You can't do things roughly, noisily. Through the childhood experiences, the being acquires a sensitivity; you learn to understand what your feelings are. Everything in your environment goes in and produces a response in you. Once such direct awareness has grown -- awareness of the effect of things, of one's feelings, of the impact of actions on the environment, and so on -- there is no longer the need to respond through painting, to portray experience as a painting, which was just a medium.

I no longer experience the organic need to paint, the way I used to. I still never feel bored. Painting is a kind of experiencing that is not essential any more; painting is not needed to reveal oneself.

When I teach, what is very important for me is that the children also need to watch, to experience certain things, then paint; painting should not be just at a technical level. I try not to teach children drawing in that (technical) way. In two years, they begin to show some learning. You have to see their work every day. Each student is different. Sometimes I show a child certain ways of doing things. Sometimes demonstration is needed. You have to be careful how each one is working. You realize what a student is doing, and adjust your teaching and instructions accordingly. Now, more students say, 'Show me, teach me.' I like to see children finding out by themselves. It is a creative process. I try not to harm that.

And the journey of the artist continues...

This article, penned by Anjali Krishna, is based on an interview with Salim Madhavan, who has been teaching Art at Sahyadri School for over fourteen years.



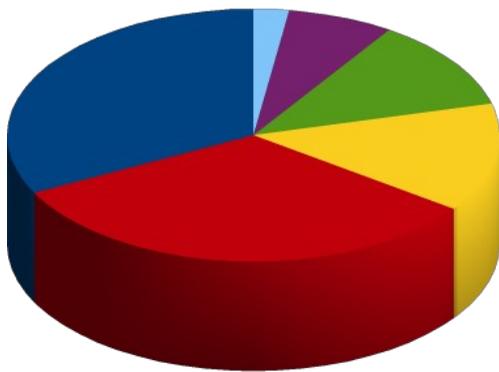
“If you could say it in words, there would be no reason to paint.”

~ Edward Hopper

SCHOOL SURVEY

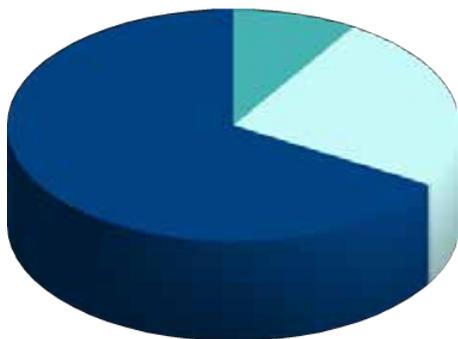
Simple silly questions when asked can produce the most unexpected results. This survey was an attempt to know where we stand in our ordinary day to day activities.

What's your favorite hangout spot in the school?



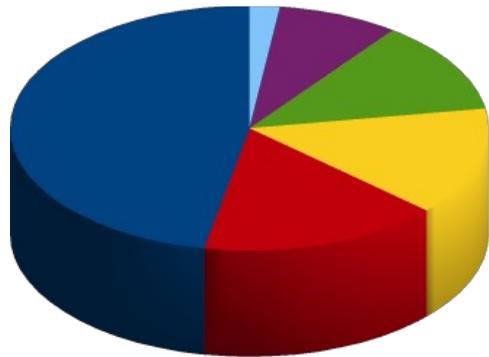
- 1 Dorm
- 2 Senior Cluster(11th and 12th)
- 3 Bench near handball court
- 4 Library
- 5 Culture hut
- 6 Computer Lab

What's your most preferred Sunday breakfast line (dosa)?



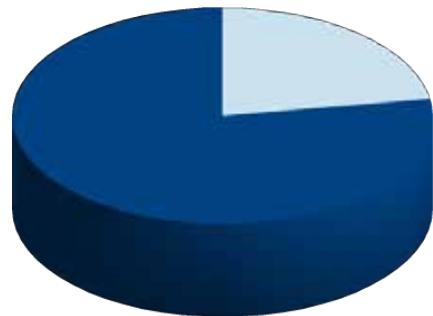
- 1 Nearest to the entrance
- 2 Near the DH manager's cabin(near visitors' sitting area)
- 3 Farthest from the entrance

What's your favorite folk dance?



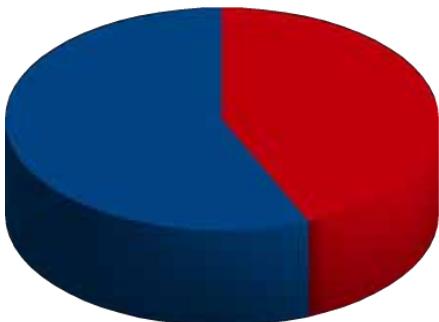
- 1 Doll Dance
- 2 Family Waltz
- 3 Fire Dance
- 4 Humok Dan
- 5 Zadik Dama
- 6 Drunken sailor

What would you rather do?



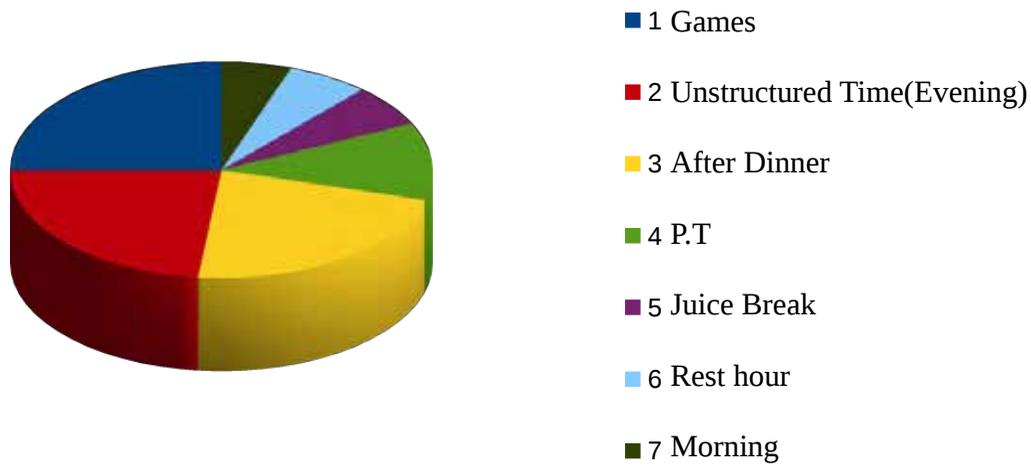
- 1 Jump into the bhima on a very cold winter morning and stay there for half an hour
- 2 Run 5 rounds of a very slushy football field when it's still raining heavily

Which assembly do you prefer?

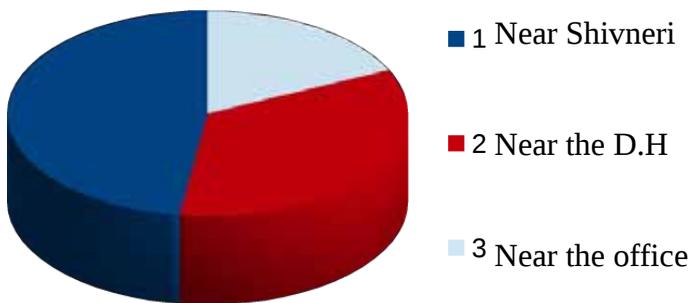


- 1 Singing
- 2 A.V

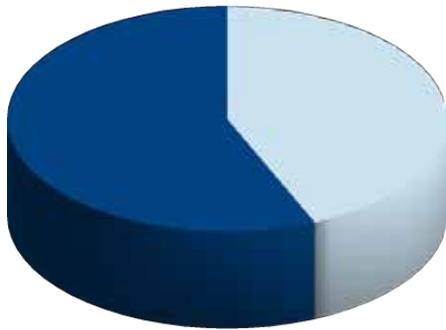
What's your favorite time of the day?



Which is your favorite swing in the school?



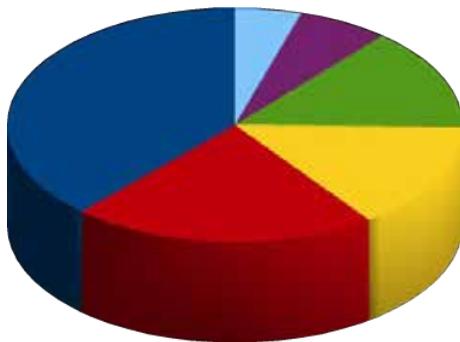
Which do term do you like better?



■ 1 Spring

■ 2 Monsoon

What's your favorite chocolate in the tuck shop?



■ 1 Munch

■ 2 Milky Bar

■ 3 Dairy Milk

■ 4 Kit Kat

■ 5 Five Star

■ 6 Perk

स्पर्धा

चढाओढ या शब्दाचा अर्थ आपण किती उलटा लावतो
कोणी वर चढताना दिसला की लगेच खाली ओढायला धावतो.

चारच ओळी पण आपल्या मानसिकतेचे किती मार्मिक वर्णन केलं आहे चंद्रशेखर गोखलेंनी. स्पर्धा, चढाओढ, हेवा, आत्मकेंद्री वृत्ती या व अशा अनेक नकारात्मक गोष्टी स्पर्धा या शब्दात अंतर्भूत आहेत. लहानपणापासून आपण नकळत तुलना या पिंज-यात अडकत जातो ते मला वाटतं शेवटपर्यंत. भावंडांशी तुलना, मित्रमैत्रिणी, शेजारी-पाजारी, वर्गमित्र अशी एकमेकांची सतत तुलना केली दिसते आणि आपणही आपल्या नकळत तेच करायला लागतो. आपल्या लक्षातही येत नाही की, म मी अमुक गोष्टीत चांगला, तमुक गोष्टीत वाईटफ अशी आपलीही मते बनायला लागतात. यामुळेच स्वप्रतिमा तयार होतात. या प्रतिमा निर्मितीतूनच आत्मविश्वास गमावणे, दबून राहणे, सहन करणे आणि दादागिरी करणे अशा गोष्टी वाढीस लागतात.

आपण जर आजूबाजूला घडणा-या गोष्टींचे शांतपणे अवलोकन केले तर, ताण, तणाव, चिंता, निराशा यांनीच प्रत्येकजण ग्रस्त झालेला दिसून येतो. मनुष्य आपला मुळचा आनंदी स्वभाव विसरून चालला आहे. प्रचंड वेगाने परिस्थिती बदलत आहे. या वेगाशी, या स्पर्धात्मक जगाशी जुळवून घेणे खूप अवघड गोष्ट होत चालली आहे. या सगळ्या गोष्टींमुळे आपण कोणत्याही गोष्टीचा गाभाच विसरत चाललो आहोत. साध्या साध्या गोष्टीतूनही आनंद घेणे विसरत चाललो आहोत.

लहान मुल शाळेत जाते, नवीन, नवीन गोष्टी शिकायला लागते. हळू, हळू त्याचा खेळकरपणा कमी होतो, शिकणे ही गोष्ट मागे पडते. आणि ते मार्क्स मिळवायच्या मागे लागते. नकळत परिक्षेत पहिले येणे हेच त्याचे ध्येय बनून जाते. खेळातली मजा, संघभावना, खेळकरपणा हरवून जातो आणि मी किंवा आम्ही जिंकलं पाहिजे हीच भावना प्रबळ होते. मग त्यासाठी कोणताही मार्ग अवलंबायला आपण तयार होतो. स्पर्धा आपल्या जीवनाचा अविभाज्य भाग आहे यात शंका नाही; पण यातला नकारात्मक भाग वगळून सकारात्मक रूप देणे फार कठिण गोष्ट आहे का? नाही! जर या नकारात्मक गोष्टी इतक्या प्रखरपणे दिसत असतील तर, अंतर्भूत अशा सकारात्मक गोष्टी पण ठळकपणे जाणवायला हव्यात. पण यासाठी प्रत्येकाने विचारपूर्वक प्रयत्नशील असणे गरजेचे आहे.

स्वतःची उन्नती तर प्रत्येकाला करायची असते; पण त्यात आपण इतरांना हानी पोचवत नाही ना इकडे सहज लक्ष देता येईल. मी हरलो तरी चालेल, पण तुला जिंकू देणार नाही या वृत्तीपेक्षा मी जिंकेन आणि तुलाही जिंकायला मदत करेन असा सहकार्याचा भाव आपण वाढीला लावू शकतो ना? तुलना करून न्युनगंड किंवा अहंगंड निर्माण करण्यापेक्षा आपण कुठे आहोत याची जाणीव करून घेऊन, स्वतःला आणखी किती पुढे जायचे आहे याचे भान आपण नक्की आणू शकतो. हा बदल घडवून आणायचा असेल तर विद्यार्थी, पालक, शिक्षक, समाज या सर्वांनाच आपल्या विचारात आमलाग्र बदल करावे लागतील. स्पर्धेकडे बघण्याची आपली वृत्ती, मानसिकता व दृष्टीकोनच बदलावा लागेल. तो बदलण्याशिवाय गत्यंतर नाही.

- प्रीती परमार

यशापयश

अपयश ही यशाची पहिली पायरी असते, जीवनातल्या अनुभवांची डायरी असते त्यातूनच प्रत्येकाचे घडत जाते भविष्य मग कळून येते, किती सुंदर आहे आयुष्य.

मुबारक शेख यांच्या काव्यातील ह्या काही ओळी. त्यांनी अपयशालाच हरवून टाकले आहे, नाही? अपयशाच्या तत्वज्ञानाबद्दल बोलणे सोपे आहे. पण अपयश आपल्या ताटावर आले की पचत नाही. वरील ओळी लक्षात राहत नाहीत. आपण हात पाय गाळतो, रडतो, अंगावर आभाळ कोसळल्यासारखे वागतो. काही फक्त अंग गाळत बसतात आणि तसेच बसून राहतात. पण काही-काही ज्यांच्या आतली जिगर जागी होते. बर्बाद वेळी कोणतरी जागे करते. हे जे उठतात, प्रयत्न करतात, ते एक एक पाऊल यशाच्या जवळ टाकत असतात.

ग. दि. माडगुळकर मॅट्रीकची परीक्षा नापास झाले पण ते अपयशापुढे खचले नाहीत. त्यांनी उदबच्या विकल्या. मग गीतरामायण लिहून यशाच्या टोकाला पोहचले. लता मंगेशकर, एक फार प्रसिद्ध गायिका.. वडील वारल्यानंतर, वयाच्या बाराव्या वर्षी कोल्हापूर स्टुडिओत नोकरी केली. कष्टात दिवस काढून घर सांभाळले. विविध भाषेत पन्नास हजार गाणी गायिली. भारतरत्न या सर्वोच्च किताबाच्या मानकरी ठरल्या. चार्ली चॅपलीन प्रचंड गरीबी अनुभवली. विद्यार्थीदशेत फुले विकण्यापासून अनेक कामे केली. अपयशाला सतत मात दिली व सगळ्यांना हसवले. आजपर्यंत चॅपलीन सारखा माणूस जन्माला आलेला नाही. अपयशाच्या वादळातून वाट काढत हे सगळेजण यशाच्या पायर्-या चढले.

अपयशाचा विचार करताना साहजिकच मनात विचार येतो.... यशस्वी जीवनाचा, मानवाचा नेमका मापदंड कोणता? पैसा कमावला नाही, किंवा उत्तम डिग्री मिळवली नाही किंवा एखादी व्यक्ती स्पर्धेत टिकली नाही तर एखादी व्यक्ती अपयशी ठरते का? अपयश म्हणजे तेवढेच का? लहानचे मोठे होत, आपण अपयशाचा हाच अर्थ लावतो. समाज आपल्याला असेच शिकवत जातो आणि आपण मानतो. डोळे मिटून मानतो. जिवनाच्या या जिवघेण्या स्पर्धेत आपण अपयश मिळाले की हातपाय गाळतो, रडतो. आयुष्यच जसे काही संपून गेले असे वागतो. पण यातून उठता येते. हे अपयश भौतिक गोष्टींचे आहे. परंतु, एक मनुष्य होण्याच्या नाते, जे अपयश आपण प्राप्त करतो, त्यावर आपल्याला नुसते वाईटही वाटत नाही !! ह्या अपयशावर विजय मिळवण्यासाठी, त्याची जाणीव तर असायला हवी. पण, खरेच बघितले तर, आपल्या ह्या धावपळीच्या आयुष्यात आपण माणुसकी या विषयात नापास होत चाललोय, याची आपल्याला जाणीवच नाही. एखादी शर्यत हारलो तर ते आपल्याला सारखे टोचत राहते. त्यातून उठून आपण सराव करतो, तो पर्यंत, जो पर्यंत, ती शर्यत आपण जिंकत नाही. पण अशी मानसिकता माणुसकीकडे का नाही?

अपयशाच्या या अधिकृत प्रकाराला आपण मानतो, मग या दुस-या अपयशाकडे दुर्लक्ष का? या कठोर जीवनात अपयशाला भिडून, यशाच्या पायर्-या चढताना, किंवा पैशांचे ढिग लागताच, ते अवघड, कठीण

दिवस विसरतो. वर जाताना माणुसकी विसरतो, तर या यशाचा काय फायदा? म्हणूनच पोट तिडकीने बहिणाबाई म्हणतात, माणसा माणसा, कधी होशील माणूस? या ओळीत, मनुष्य म्हणून आपण यशस्वी ठरलो नाहीत आणि फार मोठे अपयश प्राप्त केले आहे, हेच सांगितले आहे. अपयश वाईट असते असे नाही, पण तो अपयशाचा काळ न विसरता, माणुसकी लक्षात ठेवता आली नाही, तर ते आयुष्याचे सगळ्यात मोठे अपयश असेल. ह्या दृष्टीने बघायचे म्हटले तर, बाबा आमटे आणि त्यांचे कुटुंब, अभय आणि राणी बंग, मलाला योसोफजाई, कुमार सत्यार्थी या सारख्यांची अनेक मोठी उदाहरणे आपल्यासमोर आहे. ह्या सगळ्यांना त्यांच्या प्रयत्नात अनेक वेळा अपयश आले, जीवावरची संकटे आली पण त्यांनी माणुसकीची कास कधीही सोडली नाही आणि यश संपादन केले. बाबा आमटेंचे कुष्ठरोग्यांसाठी अहोरात्र केलेले मदतकार्य सगळ्यांनाच माहित आहे. मलालाची इस्लामी आणि जगातील सगळ्याच मुलींच्या शिक्षणासाठीची लढत, कुमार सत्यार्थींचे बालमजुरांसाठीचे प्रयत्न, खूप कष्ट, अपयश ह्या सगळ्यांतूनच पुढे गेलेले आहेत. माणुसकीच्या अपार कळवळ्यापुढे त्यांना ही सगळी संकटे कवडीमोल वाटली आणि त्यांनी माणुसकीसाठीची ही लढत चालू ठेवली. काही प्रमाणात जिंकली आणि अजुनही ते लढत आहेत. कर्तृत्वात माणसांचे वैभव दिसते. त्या ऐश्वर्याच्या मागे दडलेला अंधार कुणाला दिसत नाही. अंधाराला छेद देऊनच माणसे मोठी होतात.

- हेमाली धांडे

दुःख

दैव ज्यात दुःखे भरता दोष ना कुणाचा
पराधीन आहे जगती पुत्र मानवाचा

आधुनिक वाल्मिकी ग. दि. माडगुळकर यांनी किती सुंदर ओळी लिहिलेल्या आहेत! दुःखाचं इतकं सुंदर शब्दांकन कुणीच केलं नसेल. दुःख म्हणजे काय? व्यक्तिपरत्वे दुःखाची व्याख्या बदलते. कुणाचेच दुःख हे कायमचे नसते. दुःख कमी-अधिक प्रमाणात सगळ्यांनाच असते. दुःखात लोकं जवळ येतात. महत्त्वाचे म्हणजे सगळ्यांनाच दुःख असूनही प्रत्येकाला स्वतःचे दुःख मोठे वाटत असते. आपल्याला ऐकायला विचित्र वाटेल पण कुंतीने कृष्णाकडे अशी मागणी केली होती, की जर तू दुःखात आम्हाला साथ देणार असशील, सोबत करणार असशील तर मला कायमच दुःखी ठेव. सुखाने, यशाने माणूस हुरळून, हरखून जातो, त्याचा अहंभाव वाढीला लागतो पण दुःखात त्याचे पाय जमीनीवरच राहतात. वास्तवाचे भान सातत्याने राहते.

दुःखाचे प्रकारही वेगवेगळे असतात. ह्याच प्रकारांवर दुःखाची तीव्रताही अवलंबून असते. एखाद्या तान्ह्या बाळाचे दुःख म्हणजे त्याला आईने जवळ न घेणे, नुकत्याच शाळेत जाणा-या मुलाचे दुःख घरापासून दूर राहणे, एखाद्या किशोरवयीन मुलीला परीक्षेतले अपयशाचे दुःख, एखाद्या तरुणाला नोकरी न मिळाल्याचे दुःख, एखाद्या नवविवाहित तरुणीला विरहाचे दुःख, अपंगाला त्याचे दुःख, वृद्धाला आजारपणाचे दुःख, कुणाला जवळची व्यक्ती गमावल्याचे दुःख. कोणतीही व्यक्ती दुःखाच्या वेदनेतून मुक्त नसते. फक्त ती त्या दुःखातून बाहेत कशी आणि किती लवकर येते यावरूनच त्या व्यक्तीची मानसिक जडण-घडण दिसून येते.

सगळ्या दुःखांवर काही-ना-काही उपाय असतोच असतो. उपाय जेवढ्या लवकर अमलात येतो तेवढ्या लवकर ती व्यक्ती दुःखातून बाहेर येते. दुःखाच्या तीव्रतेनुसार उपायही वेगवेगळे असतात जसे की दुःख आपल्या जवळच्या लोकांमध्ये वाटून घेणे. दुसरा उपाय हा स्वतःला चांगल्या कार्यात गुंतवून घेणे. दुःख हे मनाशी निगडीत असल्यामुळे एखाद्या मानसोपचारतज्ञ (Psychiatrist) ची मदत फार उपयोगी पडते. शिवाय दुःखाची तीव्रता ही कमी करण्यासाठी आनंदी वृत्तीच्या लोकांसोबत राहणे किंवा मनोरंजनात्मक कार्यक्रमांना जाणे हे आहेत. परंतु दुःखावर सगळ्यात चांगला आणि परिणामकारक उपाय म्हणजे काळ. जसजसा वेळ जातो तसा तशा वेदनाही कमी होतात.

खूप लोकांचं मत आहे की दुःख हा मानवाचा सगळ्यात मोठा शत्रू आहे, पण हे खरे नाही. दुःख हे आपल्याला सुखाचे महत्व जाणवून देतं आणि आपल्याला मानसिक दृष्टीने अधिक कणखर बनवतं. दुःखापासून दूर जाण्यापेक्षा त्याला सामोरे जाणे हे अधिक परिणामकारक व योग्य आहे. प्रत्येक गोष्टीला अंत असतोच असतो. अगदी तसेच दुःख ही दीर्घ काळ टिकणारे नव्हे; कारण जशी अंधःकारमय रात्र सकाळी सूर्याकिरणांची झळाळी घेऊन येतो, तसेच दुःखानंतर सुद्धा सुखाची आशादायक किरणे जीवनात येतातच.

- मुग्धा त्रिफळे

Where I'm From

Students from various classes have explored their personal histories and experiences in responding to the topic “Where I’m From” through poetry.



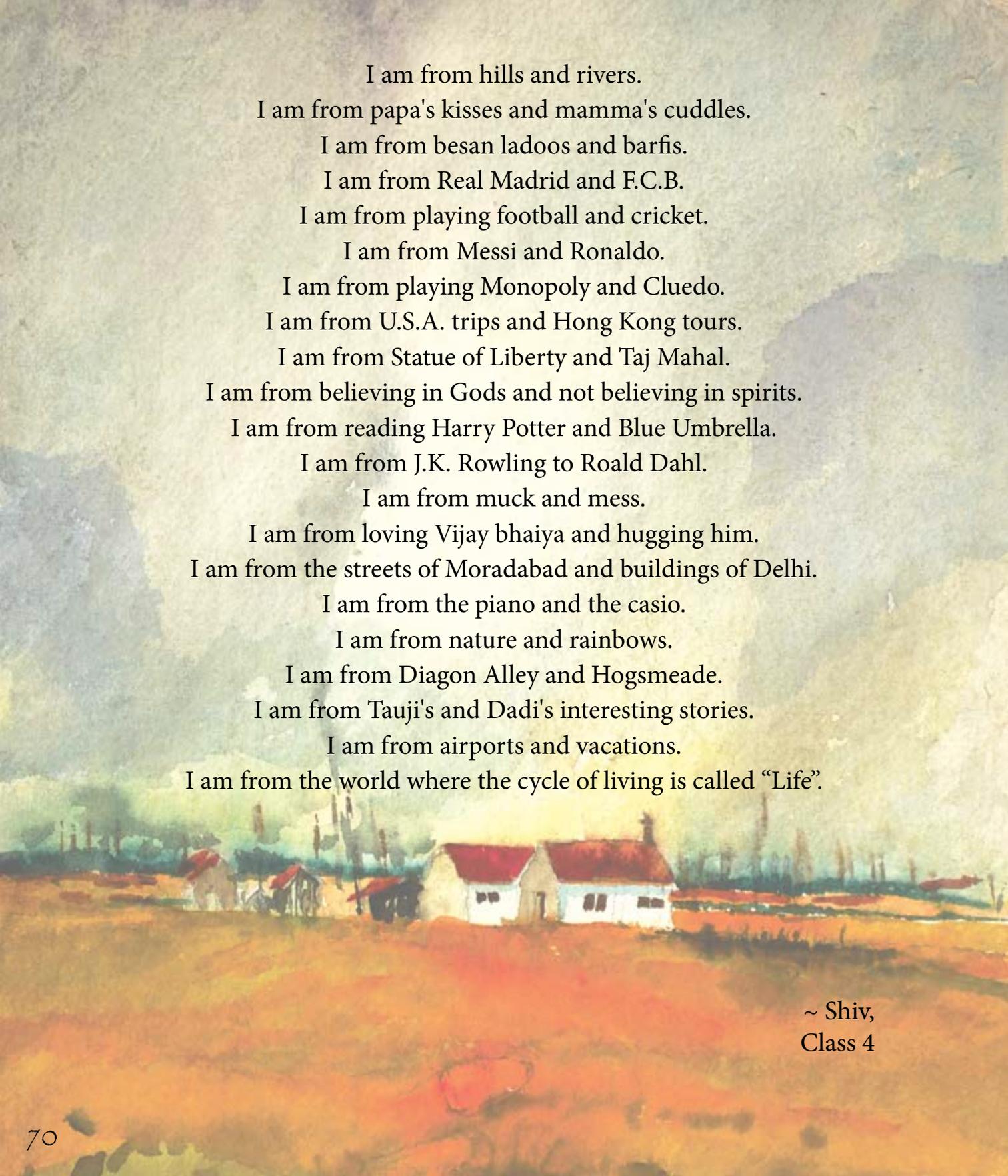
I am from climbing my dad's back,
to running races on the track.
I am from Saturday morning cartoons,
to late night games in the park.
And I will never forget
how terrified I was of the dark!

I am from "Toys R Us,"
to never having to stand on tippee toes,
because I was never small.
I am from McDonald's happy meals,
to the little toys inside.

I am from playing hide and seek,
and always forgetting to hide.
I am from famous musical shows,
and Saturday night funny videos.
I am from the side kicks
to the old school heroes.
I am from midnight snacks
to late night chats.
I am from having all my friends
being referred to as 'lads'.

I am from coming together
and falling apart,
and knowing how it feels
to mend a broken heart.

~ Arsh,
Class 12



I am from hills and rivers.
I am from papa's kisses and mamma's cuddles.
I am from besan ladoos and barfis.
I am from Real Madrid and F.C.B.
I am from playing football and cricket.
I am from Messi and Ronaldo.
I am from playing Monopoly and Cluedo.
I am from U.S.A. trips and Hong Kong tours.
I am from Statue of Liberty and Taj Mahal.
I am from believing in Gods and not believing in spirits.
I am from reading Harry Potter and Blue Umbrella.
I am from J.K. Rowling to Roald Dahl.
I am from muck and mess.
I am from loving Vijay bhaiya and hugging him.
I am from the streets of Moradabad and buildings of Delhi.
I am from the piano and the casio.
I am from nature and rainbows.
I am from Diagon Alley and Hogsmeade.
I am from Tauji's and Dadi's interesting stories.
I am from airports and vacations.
I am from the world where the cycle of living is called "Life".

~ Shiv,
Class 4

I am from the warm summers of Bangalore,
to the endless rains of Sahyadri.
The loud splash of my legs hitting the
icy waters of the swimming pool.
From being the most realistically cynical person
in the room to
Being the target when my friends have nothing
to do.

I am from one-minute crushes,
to two minute noodles.
From hide and seek to chor police.
From Rasam rice to Quesadillas,
From early morning drills to late night thrills.

I am from picking strawberries from the lush
green fields of Belar.

To playing our own version of cricket in
rest hour.

I am from late night conversations that
lead nowhere.

I am from staring into space, questioning
my very existence.



~ Yamini
Class 7

I am from the Dirt,
From Petrichor drifting through the air.

I am from the Light,
that filters through Trees.

I am from my Destiny,
For I don't control events.

Events control me.

I am from my Foolishness,
For fools rush in where Angels fear to tread.

I am from my Friends,
for if some great misfortune were to portend,
no Enemy can match a Friend.

I am from my imperfections,
For Roses have Thorns and Silver fountains Mud,
Clouds and Eclipses stain both the Moon and the Sun.

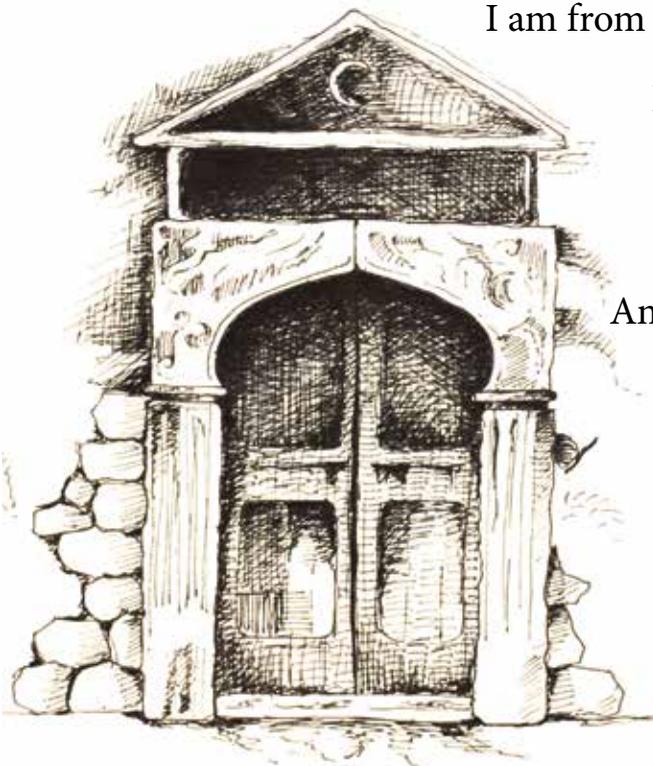
I am from my Mother,

For the hand that rocks the cradle,
is the hand that rules the World.

I am from my Mind,
for the mind is its own place
And in itself can make a Heaven of Hell
And a Hell of Heaven.

I am from Wisdom,
for Knowledge may come and go,
but Wisdom lingers.

~ Aditya Murdeshwar
Class 9



Where I'm From
Cold winter dawns,
Clutching a warm drink,
The distant sun streaming through the leaves,
Fog enveloping my senses.

Crimson heat, dark dirt and dust,
Luxuriant greens and gentle blue streams,
Sweeping bays bronzed by the sun,
Regal palms drooping in the summer rains.

Poles apart, and yet -

Cartoons blaring on the television,
Scraped knees on soft grass,
Cackles of glee ripped from our throats,
Breathless contentment drapes itself over us.

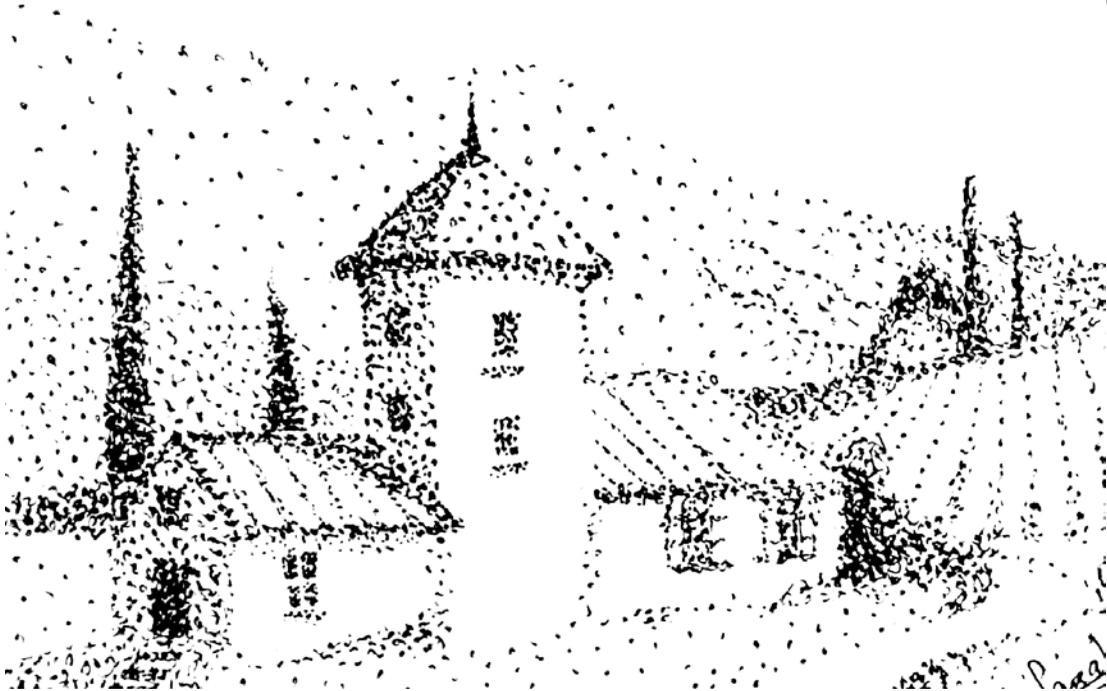
Rootless, a slain sapling,
I belong to neither of those worlds,
And yet I make merry within bright Asphodel,
Glimpsing the verdant fields of Elysium.

~ Siddhartha,
Class 10



I am from endless ideas on tiny pieces of paper,
And a constantly diminishing supply of refills.
I am from the daydreams of alternate universes,
And vain attempts at becoming a realist.
I am from catching stacks of toppling books,
and hours spent 'organizing' study material.
I am from hours of picking the right journal,
And from remembering lyrics, forgetting formulae.
I am from letters I had never sent,
And stories I never did tell.
I am from a present that has just begun,
And a life that's yet to be lived.

~ Tanmaya,
Class 8





Farewell ~2016





I learned to do things that were not expected of me, without being told to do them. I could explore new vistas without the desire to succeed or the fear of failure. This approach led me to novel experiences and experiments: the harmonograph, Fusion Fest, amateur rocketry and most recently the Hello World Club. Some worked out quite well, others not quite. Even the rockets, despite the debacle on New Year's last year, were a satisfying experience.

In this process of exploring new things, I became more aware of my learning and made conscious, proactive decisions instead of just being passively carried along with what was happening. I learned more about how I learn, "meta learning", in this process.

This is, I believe, just one aspect of my growth in school. There are many more personal lessons I have learned: the value of companionship and camaraderie, collaborating in a team; apologising when I am wrong and sometimes, even when I am not.

~ Parth,
Class 12

Suddenly, I wonder what I have been up to these years. What is this education I have managed to receive sitting on the last bench in the classroom? Funnily, I just can't remember all the History, Geography or Maths I've tried drilling into my brain, although school is primarily about academics. I don't remember what marks I got in 5th grade or even in the 10th, but I can tell you I was never extraordinary ...



What I remember is that I always wanted to be this perfect kid who did things on time and did them well and was well liked by all. But really, I don't usually do things on time and when I do, I don't do them well. I've finally managed to understand though that I can never be that perfect persona I expected myself to be, and I've finally realised I don't want that either.

When I think of it, school taught me much more than Physics or Maths or any other subject. School taught me lessons in friendship; it taught me that things don't last forever. It's taught me to acknowledge traits of intolerance, arrogance, loneliness and everything negative there is within me, and has been helping me on my journey, learning about these issues and building myself as a human being.

~ Noor,
Class 12



There was a dark green plaque at the door, on which was written the poem 'kitaabe karti hai baath' by Safdar Hashmi. It was put up in grand style next to the old fashionable wooden doors, stately and important looking. Quite understandable, because they guarded a building not only consisting of bricks and concrete, but also thousands of stories waiting to be told. A hallowed hall of learning and yet an atmosphere of acceptance and friendly enquiry.

I stood transfixed at the sight of a slice of true heaven. This one even trumped the British library on FC Road, my usual haunt as a book haven. It was then that I truly fell irrevocably in love with Sahyadri.

~ Mugdha,
Class 12

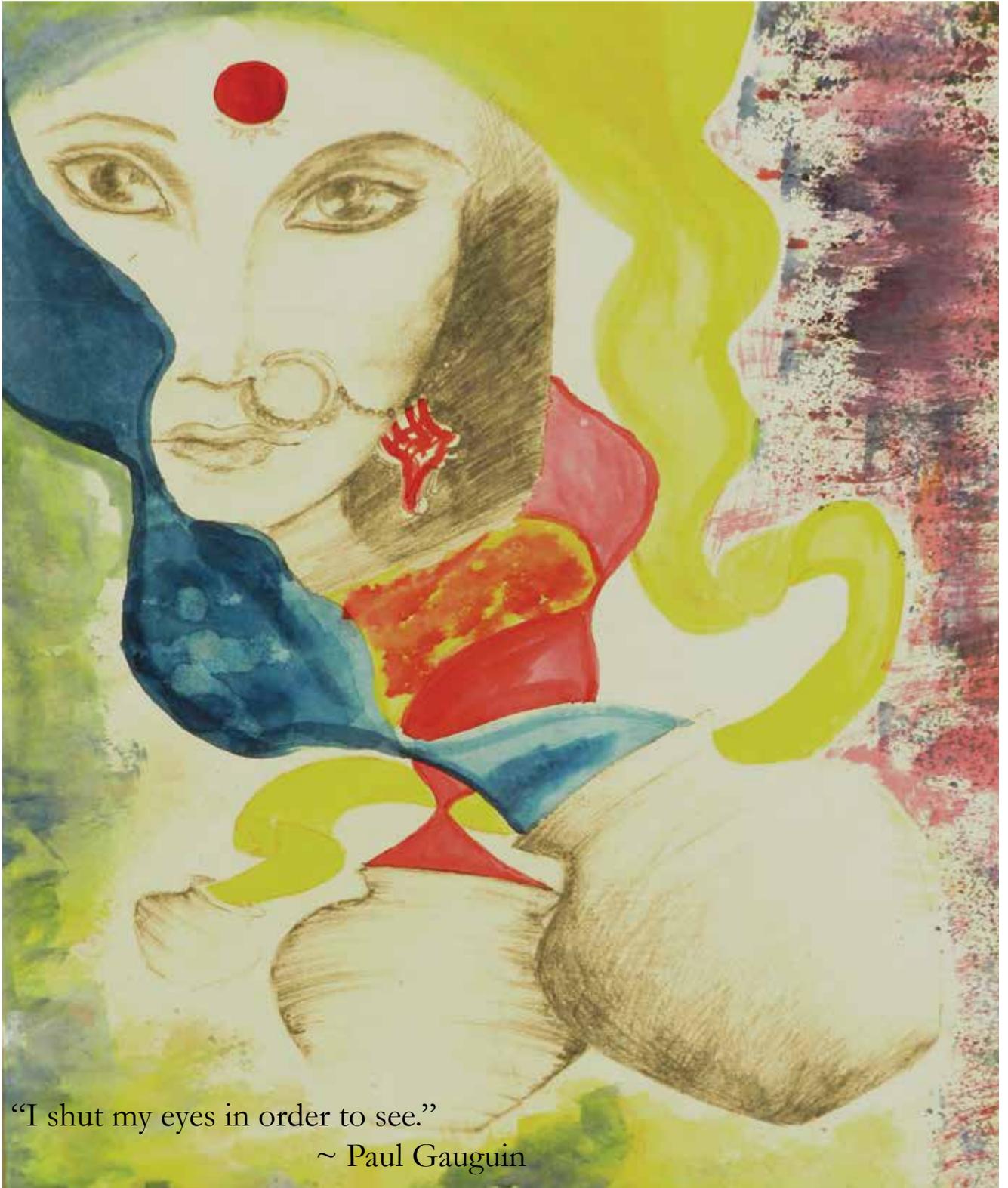


Many times over the past two years, I have felt like a little tuft of sea weed floating around in the endless ocean. So free, without direction, without roots. Memories are like a still life painting by a hundred different artists: some are blue based, some red. Some will be stark, like Picasso, others as rich as Rembrandt. Recollections are in the eye of the beholder, to be held together side by side; still they never quite match.

The very memories we guard so fiercely sometimes hold us back from loosening our grip on something. When you turn down the wrong street, when you find yourself at the dead end of a chain link fence or a road that turns to sand, you are Somewhere; just not where you expected to be.

There is so much to extract from these beautiful hills that surround us, the river, the people around us...

~ Akshata,
Class 12



“I shut my eyes in order to see.”
~ Paul Gauguin

Questing...

words, scattered across a page, spidery ink crawling over pristine white.

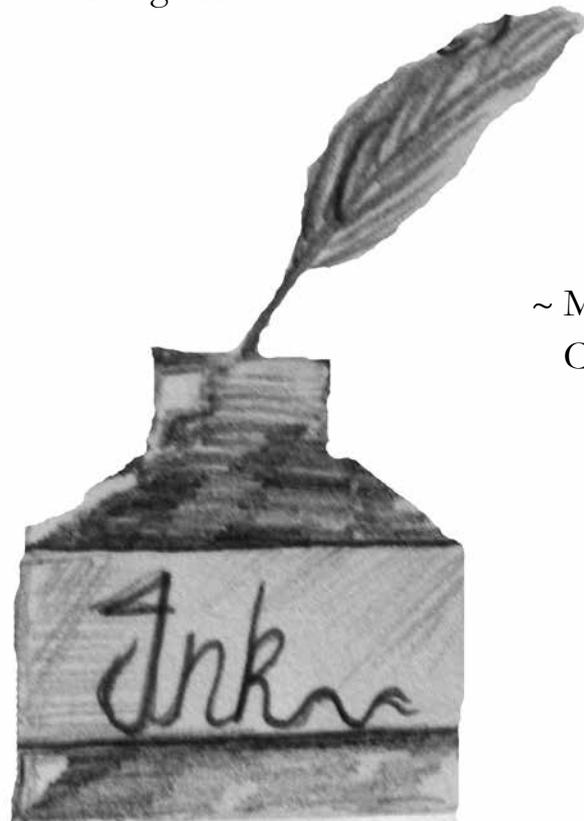
a blank sheet waiting to be painted on, a bridge connecting words and colours in a composition willed by the elusive gods of creativity.

a range of shades, colours of the rainbow mixing with ordinary Black and White, to create a profusion of expression on a blank slate.

it is love and curiosity that pours out of the Pen and Paintbrush; an exploration of previously uncharted territory venturing out into the grey areas of creativity.

a certain feel of discontent pervades as the work is approaching its end. will this exhilaration of expression ever come again? will the pen and paintbrush dance to the tune of those gods of creativity? i wonder.

the piece is completed, intent on finishing itself.



~ Mughda
Class 12

Class Photos



Preschool

Row 1: Menaka akka, Raina akka

Row 2: Amudha, Shreya, Samrudhi, Disha, Sarthak

Row 3: Shaurya, Aarya, Mitali, Rishit, Riya, Vedant



Standing: Akshata akka, Aashi, Indira, Purna akka, Ahona, Sangita akka, Namit, Shiv,
 Sandeepa akka, Anindita, Roopika akka, Ananya, Sreehitha, Reena akka
 Sitting: Vishal, Shreyaan, Kabir, Yajnesh, Vashist, Pallavi akka, Rishabh



Left to Right: Rhian, Shantanu, Siddhanth, Adavay, Jahnavi, Neeraj, Aryaman, Sumedh,
Kimaya, Meher, Ratul, Jiya, Kritrika akka, Deeta, Rishit, Laksh



6A

Back row: Shreya, Parisha, Ishrat, Pranav, Rudraneel, Devang, Kishore sir
 Middle row: Barsha, Siddhant, Aks, Abhineet, Darshin, Kian, Anjali
 Front row: Harshita, Semzes, Isha, Diva, Soumitri



6B

Top to Bottom: Darpin, Mariya, Jigmet, Madhavi akka, Avantika, Keerti, Ishan, Ami, Krishna, Vaishnavi, Suhruth, Malhar, Varun, Patanjali, Darshan, Ashwath, Sonia, Shrawan, Mouli, Arav



7A

Standing: Sampad, Danica, Mudit, Sanvi, Jaidhar, Shreya, Dhruv, Sufi, Prisha, Srinivas, Mansi
Sitting: Nithilan, Lakshmi, Piya, Anjali akka, Sanskriti, Tara, Abhiraaj



7B

Back Row: Aayush, Devyani, Smriti akka, Mrinali, Sumedha, Akshay, Parth, Vedaant, Manskit, Naman
Front Row: Yamini, Sujay, Chidrupee, Krishna, Arnay, Alex, Meera, Aashna, Shashank, Pratham



8A

Standing: Dwijesh, Shiven, Jaleel, Siddharth, Arnav, Abhigyan, Devvrat, Siddha, Siri,
Padmapriya akka, Khushi, Vedika

Sitting: Aashray, Praapthi, Shreya, Kriti, Parth, Archit, Vishwas, Arya



8B

Standing: Vaishnavi, Nitya, Saahil, Arun sir, Harsh B., Yashvardhan, Arsalan,
Krishang, Harsh A., Ekam, Aditya
Sitting: Adi Shyam, Shailesh, Dhanika, Sita, Jahnavi, Tanya, Ubhanisha, Tanmaya



9A

Top to Bottom: Sreekar, Rahul, Yagya, Amresh sir, Arjun S., Kishan, Yerik, Hena,
 Chinmayee, Anoushka, Rhea, Meher, Zara, Chaitanya, Adwayee,
 Nethra, Abdul, Aditya M., Zeenat, Saksham, Zesdan, Meka



9B

Back Row: Arjun A., Rishil, Malhaar, Aditya A., Sunidhi, Sahajo, Dhruvajay, Sakshi
Middle Row: Hari, Sharvari, Ahana, Devraj, Ashwin, Akshat, Gunjan, Riddhi
Front Row: Akriti, Manav, Bheem sir, Mehar, Adhya, Vedant D., Ruhi, Vedant M.



10A

Standing: Siddhartha, Rishi, Smit, Anushka, Neer, Aashutosh, Pranav,
 Manpreeth, Aryaman, Karishma, Hemali, Sagun, Aggam, Preethi, Riddhi, Nandan
 Sitting: Arbeena, Krishna, Ayush, Aditi, Muqadas, Seema akka



10B

Standing: Apeksha, Aaksha, Srotriyo, Aasif, Rahil, Gautam, Anoushk, Bansil, Lakshman, Trupti,

Gourav, Fateh, Elizabeth akka, Niervan

Sitting: Rashi, Shivang, Tarini, Prisha, Arya, Sheeba, Yousra



11

Back Row: Siddhi, Deepak, Ritwik, Krishna, Manichandan, Pakhi, Shirali sir, Dea, Sakshi,
 Shrisiva, Jai, Sophia, Vaishnavi, Jolsy akka
 Front Row: Rohan, Zeel, Arsh, Daksh, Piyush, Avishkar, Anjali, Saumya, Shraddha, Shamita, Sai Sudhamsa



12

Top to Bottom: Parth, Sameer, Ashish, Omkar, Veeren, Archana, Nibedita, Sayuri, Faariha, Manjari, Omsantosh, Poojit, Shaurya, Kunjika, Noor, Koustubh, Mugdha, Prabhat sir, Rinchen, Vedika, Smriti, Ajay, Nitya, Hussain, Ram, Akshata



Teachers

Back Row: Vishvanadhan, Salim, Parth, Milind, Divya, Vandan, Sangita, Rekha, Madhavi,

Raiyna, Suchithra, Mira, Rama, Seema, Padmapriya, Smita, Ragini

Middle Row: Sai, Geeta, Mallika, Arun, Jolsy, Purna, Smriti, Krittika, Sandeepa, Bheem,

Reena, Deepa, Kishore, Vipul, Shubhang

Front Row: Ritesh, Vinayak, Alok, Amresh, Lakshman, Anjali, Prabhat, Shailesh,

Sudesh, Pallavi, Elizabeth, Hareshwar

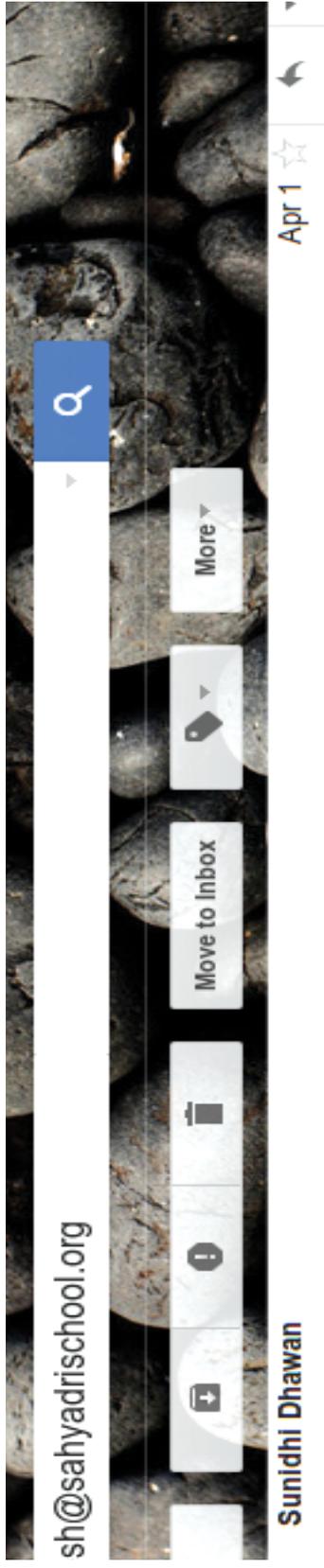


Staff

- 1st row: Bhau, Bhosale, Govind, Ranganatha, Sandip, Gopal, Dilip, Siraj,
Nandkishor, Deepak, Arjun, Ramesh , Satish.
2nd row: Amresh, Deepa, Milind, Suresh, Vishwanadhan, Shirali, Devi,
Mangesh, Sahebrao, Bhanudas, Prabhat.
3rd row : Aarti, Sangeeta, Sanju, Karuna, Surekha, Amruta, Omana, Usha, Rupali,
Babita, Chetana, Kavita.

THE PRANK !

On April 1st, Team Ninad decided to play a prank on Amresh sir.



Sunidhi Dhawan

to Amresh

Dear sir,

I know this may seem abrupt or out of the blue but it has been happening gradually and its too much to take now

The Ninad team is not working out..we all are just too angry or frustrated with each other for any actual work to happen

Nobody is cooperating with each other and everything seems to drag on and on ...

We met regularly in the last few weeks of the term but as you observed we didn't get any work done because we wasted most of our time arguing over small things and blaming things on each other and it was a mess..

We tried to ignore it at first as we thought it was just a phase but we've realized Ninad is no longer creative and fun but quite like a burden weighing down on us and i think it would be better if the 8ths take over and pick up from where we left

I know it will be hard for you and the new ninad team to start again but honestly we tried working together and its really not working out

So on behalf of the whole team ninad which includes zara,sahajo,meher,zesdan,thea,hena,rishil,rahul,nethra,ruhi and me ,we would like to quit the ninad

We hope you understand

Sincerely,

team Ninad

Dear Sunidhi,

Teamwork is not always easy, and sometimes, for a student editorial group especially, the going can be slow because you are still learning to use the software, and also learning to work as a group. This has been the experience of each and every batch that has published the Ninad, and every time they were able to turn it around!

I believe in this Ninad editorial board you are all, put together, a very creative and capable group, and I have no doubt about this. I also have no doubt that behind these feelings of frustration lies the desire to do things well, and beautifully. The frustration is a response to factors that you need help to sort out, I think. I intend to address these factors and promise that I will take full responsibility for them.

I do sympathise with the feeling you all seem to have had, of not being able to be together enough in making decisions, feeling like you were being pulled in different directions, and so on. I should also take responsibility for not having been more available for your meetings. I should have realised this earlier on, and I regret now that I did not do so.

May I suggest that we don't take any decision now? It would not be fair or right for us to take such a major decision over email, and without sincerely and frankly hearing each other out. I hope you appreciate the spirit of my suggestion, which is of course not being made to force you and others against your natural inclinations.

I feel we must face what looks like a challenging situation without reacting totally from feelings of frustration and helplessness, for that is too easy, and not the true expression of our real intelligence, our human capacity. Let us pause and take the time to ask ourselves whether we have done all we could to resolve the ongoing difficulties. I shall do so as well, for myself. I request that we get back to this matter in June.

I have one suggestion:

It is not at all easy for some of you to be acting on the promise of creating InDesign pages during the vacation. I think it may not matter if Adhya and Rhea decide not to work on them for now, and take it up with others after school begins.

All of you please enjoy the vacation now.

With all my best wishes,
Amresh sir

Dear Amresh Sir, happy april fool's day !



Okay, you April foolers, back to work!!

Amresh Kumar • Apr 1, 6:09 PM



Team Ninad

Standing: Rhea, Ruhi, Sunidhi

Sitting: Meher, Zara, Rahul, Zesdan, Sahajo, Rishil, Hena, Adhya, Nethra

Acknowledgements

This is to thank all those juniors who kept reminding us that we had to finish this magazine, with their endless questions ... “Ninad kab aa rahaa hai?”

To all those who contributed their articles, their art work and their precious time.

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Team Ninad
2016 - 2017

One is never afraid of the unknown;
one is afraid of the known
coming to an end.

~ Jiddu Krishnamurti



