

Ninad

The voice



Collage by Salim Sir

Editorial

To publish Ninad, our school magazine, one needs a lot of things: a team that has some ideas, a few computers with Indesign installed on them, a camera, quality sketches and written material and, most importantly, a perennial willingness and a dauntless enthusiasm for the publication in order to keep the wheels of the Ninad bandwagon turning.

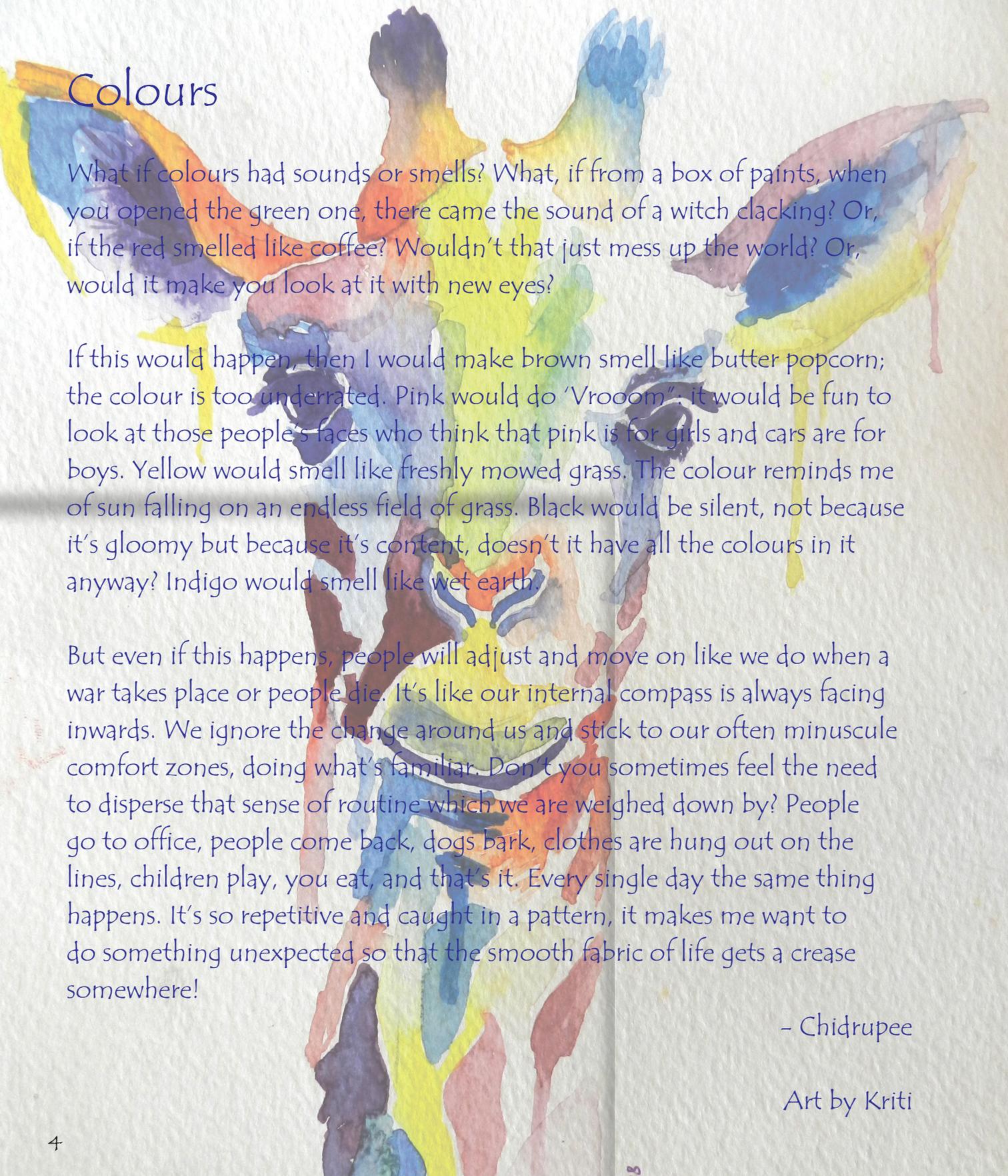
We were able to check some of these things off of our list, but some others we weren't. Inevitably, therefore, the scenery from the Ninad bandwagon changed excruciatingly slowly.

The process of collecting written material included conducting a Ninad assembly, begging people to write, and asking alumni to email their works. Some of our teachers also sifted through the collection of student articles they had stockpiled. We also interviewed a host of people, but most of these interviews did not filter into the magazine.

The part we gave the most attention and time to was the designing of the pages on Indesign. We took meticulous care in ensuring the pages had an aesthetic appeal and also gave the artists a brief acknowledgement.

We made (quite) a few mistakes, broke rules, hurt feelings and extended deadlines frequently. But, as you can see, dear reader, we managed to put it all together and, along the way, learnt a thing or two about the manner in which deadlines should be met.

We, the Ninad team, present to you the Ninad of 2019-2020.



Colours

What if colours had sounds or smells? What, if from a box of paints, when you opened the green one, there came the sound of a witch clacking? Or, if the red smelled like coffee? Wouldn't that just mess up the world? Or, would it make you look at it with new eyes?

If this would happen, then I would make brown smell like butter popcorn; the colour is too underrated. Pink would do 'Vrooom': it would be fun to look at those people's faces who think that pink is for girls and cars are for boys. Yellow would smell like freshly mowed grass. The colour reminds me of sun falling on an endless field of grass. Black would be silent, not because it's gloomy but because it's content, doesn't it have all the colours in it anyway? Indigo would smell like wet earth.

But even if this happens, people will adjust and move on like we do when a war takes place or people die. It's like our internal compass is always facing inwards. We ignore the change around us and stick to our often minuscule comfort zones, doing what's familiar. Don't you sometimes feel the need to disperse that sense of routine which we are weighed down by? People go to office, people come back, dogs bark, clothes are hung out on the lines, children play, you eat, and that's it. Every single day the same thing happens. It's so repetitive and caught in a pattern, it makes me want to do something unexpected so that the smooth fabric of life gets a crease somewhere!

- Chidrupee

Art by Kriti

An Ocean of Thoughts

A Monologue in My Mind as I Think about My Surroundings

“Hello?”

No answer. Thank goodness, I have the whole place to myself. Nobody to bother me, nobody to tell me what to do.

I'm free.

The rock I am sitting on is hard, but I welcome it. It's nothing compared to the pain of living within the walls of a city. All the tall, rising buildings and mobs of people moving about.

No.

It's quiet here. I am surrounded by trees, a forest, one of very few left untouched. The silence is like a buzz in my ears, louder than the honk of a car. This silence has enveloped all the sounds of the crickets, the voices of the birds. Everything is silent. The forest knows I'm here and believes that I might do something to harm it.

I need to prove myself.

There, a low whistle has escaped my lips. It moves through the forest, bouncing back and forth like the call of a songbird.

The forest has exploded. It's as if a fog has lifted. I can see everything. I can hear everything. There, the call of the cuckoo. And there's the laugh of the monkey. Even the crow high up on that branch is welcome here, because it is not a sign of evil - it is a part of the forest's life. I feel my body tense as something gray scurries past. Oh, it's just a hare!

I smile. This scene before me is comforting. I can say that nature trusts me enough to show me this vision of what it once used to be.

Dark buildings, smoke machines ...

No, I mustn't think about all that. That is a different world, in millions of shades of black.

What I am looking at and feeling right now? That is the mother of all mothers. It is the reason that I'm here, able to breathe and think. People have stopped appreciating this. We had a chance to be with it, but that chance has gone. I didn't even do anything to end up like this.

“I hate them!”

Oh no, why did I say that aloud? I have disturbed this peace. Everything is looking at me, expectant, wary. I must sit still, I must not move.

Is someone there? I'm pretty sure ... Yes, I heard a crack. Oh, someone's behind me.

“Rhea, it's time to go home.”

Father, of course. But no, I don't want to go back. This place is beautiful, a safe haven to all the birds and animals ...

“Okay.”

I should have rebelled. I want to stay, sleep here. Why am I throwing a tantrum?

I'm getting up now. My feet feel like cement, not willing to move. But the cement is crumbling now.

Up and away, and I'm walking.

Goodbye, nature, I promise to come back soon.

- Rhea Panat

To all my dearest young friends,

For a while now, there has been this talk of an impending resource crunch in this world. I, and you for a little while longer than I, will experience it, they say. Maybe on the surface it sounds convincing. Perhaps, we will be scrounging for scraps. Even so, it is worth looking at closely. For resources, though necessary, may not be what we most desperately need now and certainly not in the future, when we are likely to experience debilitating shortages, disparity and very challenging times. Whether it is man killing man or nature relieving us of our existence, either way we will most definitely have brought it upon ourselves. So, a very important question will have to be asked and the answer truly found and known.

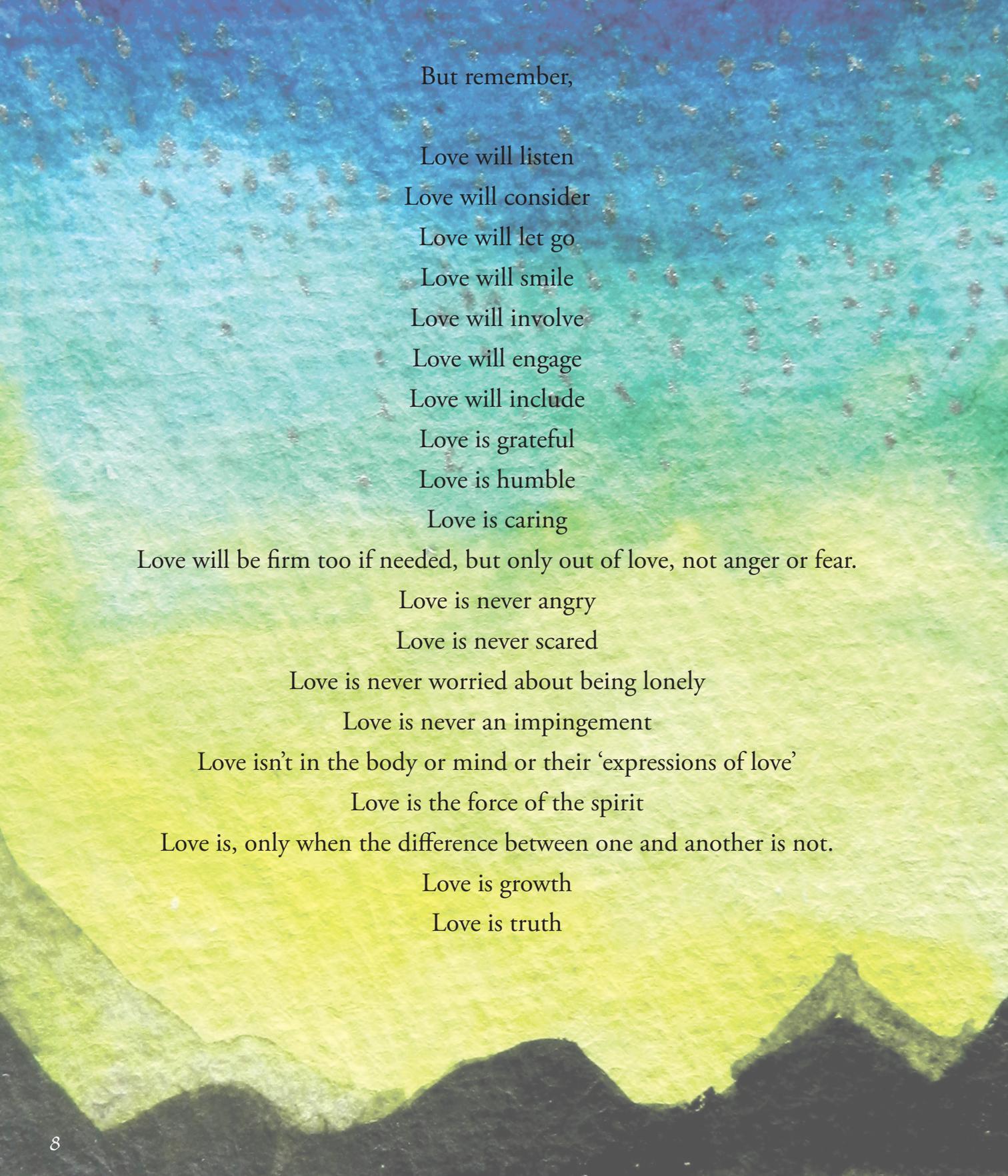
What do we lack as humans? The answer to that would have to be, “We really do not lack anything!” Sure, we do not see as well as a cat, or hear as keenly as a dog, or bite as hard as a crocodile, or run as fast as a cheetah. But the time has long passed when these used to be disadvantages to us. These very creatures, and countless more, are actually our victims now. We have managed to overcome nearly every such ‘minor disadvantage’.

We don't lack time for we are always able to make time for things we badly want or care about. We don't lack resources. It is obvious we have been careless with the resources we already have. There is always this talk of us falling short of water, running out of food and having to fight wars over them. Several wars have already been fought over oil. But we don't seem to lack food, water and other things. We just lack scruples in the way we use what we have so graciously been provided for by creation. So, evidently, we seem to lack some common sense and a lot of gratitude.

We sure as hell don't lack ingenuity. That is the one thing that helped us survive through everything. We do not lack intellect. In fact, in my opinion, if anything, we have far too much of it. And we do not lack intelligence either, for we display it every once in a while, knowingly or unknowingly.

Unfortunately, we also do not lack that which is the root of much of the evil in us, our ego. That, we have in good measure and it seems perennial and inexhaustible. Is there anything glaringly absent, other than common sense and gratitude? Or, let us try and ask the question a little differently. What, for us humans, is in real short supply? And it seems, the answer is love. No, we do not lack the capacity to love. But we just lack the conscious knowing of love. At times we seem to understand it and at other times we do not. It isn't hard for us to see that love is indeed, irrational. But then, something that is irrational can possibly never be understood, for understanding is a mental process, bound by thought and rational ideas. Love can only be experienced and known. And love can only be known within oneself for it does not exist outside of us. You can see light in your neighbour's study but only in your own room can you experience light for yourself. It's the same with love. And if you cannot illuminate your own room with love, there is very little you can do for anyone else.

But what about all the things that are bandied about as love? What about all the things you are expected to do in the name of love, the love of people, of communities or nations; and what about you disappointing those you love? To that I say, there is never disappointment in love. Because there can be no expectation in love. There is just love. Expectation is a very interesting manifestation of insecurity. When you are scared that you will not get what you desire, either for yourself or for another, you impose that fear as an expectation on yourself or the other. An expectation is a masked demand. But love does not demand. It isn't about taking. It is about giving. And receiving, of course. You do get much in return but never because you asked. You don't ask in love, you just give. You don't ask for someone to obey, to conform, to follow. Love shows the way and you follow, not my way or your way, but the way of love. And this is hard, because we know how challenging it is to overcome fears!



But remember,

Love will listen

Love will consider

Love will let go

Love will smile

Love will involve

Love will engage

Love will include

Love is grateful

Love is humble

Love is caring

Love will be firm too if needed, but only out of love, not anger or fear.

Love is never angry

Love is never scared

Love is never worried about being lonely

Love is never an impingement

Love isn't in the body or mind or their 'expressions of love'

Love is the force of the spirit

Love is, only when the difference between one and another is not.

Love is growth

Love is truth

And hence, love never allows for disappointment. It can only give joy; it can enliven and enlighten.

And the only place you can discover it is within yourself. Someone else may be of assistance in that discovery but each one must find it within. Can a diamond that is once discovered, stop shining? It will always flow through you, the love thus discovered. Allow it to find you, and when you find it, experience it fully.

And if you recognize someone who doesn't get this, leave them alone. Don't mind them much. Don't spend your time judging them or judging yourself. Just leave them alone. Let them believe what they want, say what they want. If it is love they feel, it must not disturb them, for love is harmony. Always. That is the test of love. No matter who fails the test, you can seek to pass it. And you will always find people who have passed it too. They may be few, but they exist nevertheless. May you be one among them.

With love,
Parth Phalke

Art by Sumedha

Memories

He gathers all there is,
holds all the dust he can,
He is not greedy but desperate.
He holds all the ashes of
forgotten moments, the tears of anguish,
the broken thoughts,
trying to protect them
from the angry winds of time.
His small wounded hands hold on to
them hungrily.
But they belong to time, and he knows it.
Time spares him merely a glance,
carrying the ashes with it.
All he can do is cry into the solace
of his small wounded hands
feverishly chanting,
'I am sorry ... I am so sorry.'

- N. Chinmayee

Art by Nethra

Stayin' Alive

The small blue car
Rusted and pitted over the years
Its glass shattered
Its seats ripped up with the stuffing
Spilling out, nursing two small eggs
Nestled amongst kindling.
The leftover bits of windscreen
Papered over with grit and dust,
The steering wheel swaying along
All by itself, ignoring the blinking red
Empty fuel indicator.
A warm breeze ruffles the crooked
Faux leather, stirring some of the
Dust that's gathered in all the nooks
And crannies of sliced wire and jammed ports,
Gently tugging at the plastic straws
Poking out of the cup-holder fitted to the broken door.
Wrappers with the names long since scratched out
Tumble restlessly about the still-warm floor
Catching at the frayed ends
Of the matting
That was supposed to stop the floor from getting dirty.
A croaky old wheeze
Throbs from somewhere inside the car's corroded innards,
Spluttering, but constant,
Pedalling over the faded tarmac
Like a demented marathoner on a tricycle.

- Siddhartha
(class 12, batch of 2019)

Art by Jahnavi J.

Photograph

Picturesque memory fading fast
freeze the instants into pixels.
Shake it hard till you see it,
cage them in dusty cupboards and invisible locket.
May your soul never forget.
Reminisce, through rainy days and starless nights.
Slips through like eye lashes
quicker than you know, quick sand.
Memory sinks like a stranded sailor, and
the void is without anchors.
Memorize all their idiosyncrasies
before you swirl the oceans.
Home will wait, but there's no way back.
In frozen smiles, wide eyed hopes
Even beyond the point of no return,
(there is no such point).
Mountains will crash, cities will burn
but home will wait, for
you were wrong all along,
it was never a place.

- Meghana
(class 12, batch of 2019)

Ward 107

As night became day, he started to understand the truth. As the sun came up and the moon went down and the twinkling stars ceased to be seen because the birds filled the sky, his heart raced and his mind collapsed.

'Ward 107' He'd been staring at those words for as long as he could remember... Three antsy nights and a stomach filled with coffee, to be precise. He couldn't relinquish the one last thing that he knew existed... His body balked at leaving the seat and his hands gripped the cold metal which had been succouring him.

Nothing at that point could bring him back to that harlequin hope and no one could convince him that there was still a chance. Out of 7 billion people, he had only one who fed him, played with him, cried with him and loved him, so it seemed callous and illicit to him that God decided to be sadistic towards his feelings today.

He could feel the waves crashing on his face as the silent tears ran down his cheeks. His grandmother cheered him to go dive in, but he was scared. He was scared that if he went alone, he would drown and his grandma would be alone, so he didn't.

"If you don't conquer your demons, my beloved grandson, they'll consume you and never let you breathe."

But still he didn't and now as the truth dawned upon him he realized that the demon he feared is losing his grandma and he's not brave enough to fight the death that envelopes her because it has eaten him alive. He knows that death is inevitable, but it didn't matter because he wasn't ready for it.

But he lets her go as the heart monitor too gives up on her, he let's her go as the doctors come out with their apologetic faces, he let's her go to a place where suffering won't touch her and only happiness would be known to her; a place which we all call heaven, he let's her go and doesn't look at her pale body even once. He didn't want to twist a knife into his already broken heart. He ran into the ocean waves now because, even if he drowned, nobody would be there to grieve for him anyway.

As night became day, he started to understand that his grandma is in a better place now.

Article and artwork by
Sumedha

July

*This is the time of trees creaking
in the silence after song
with days unfurling to the wind.*

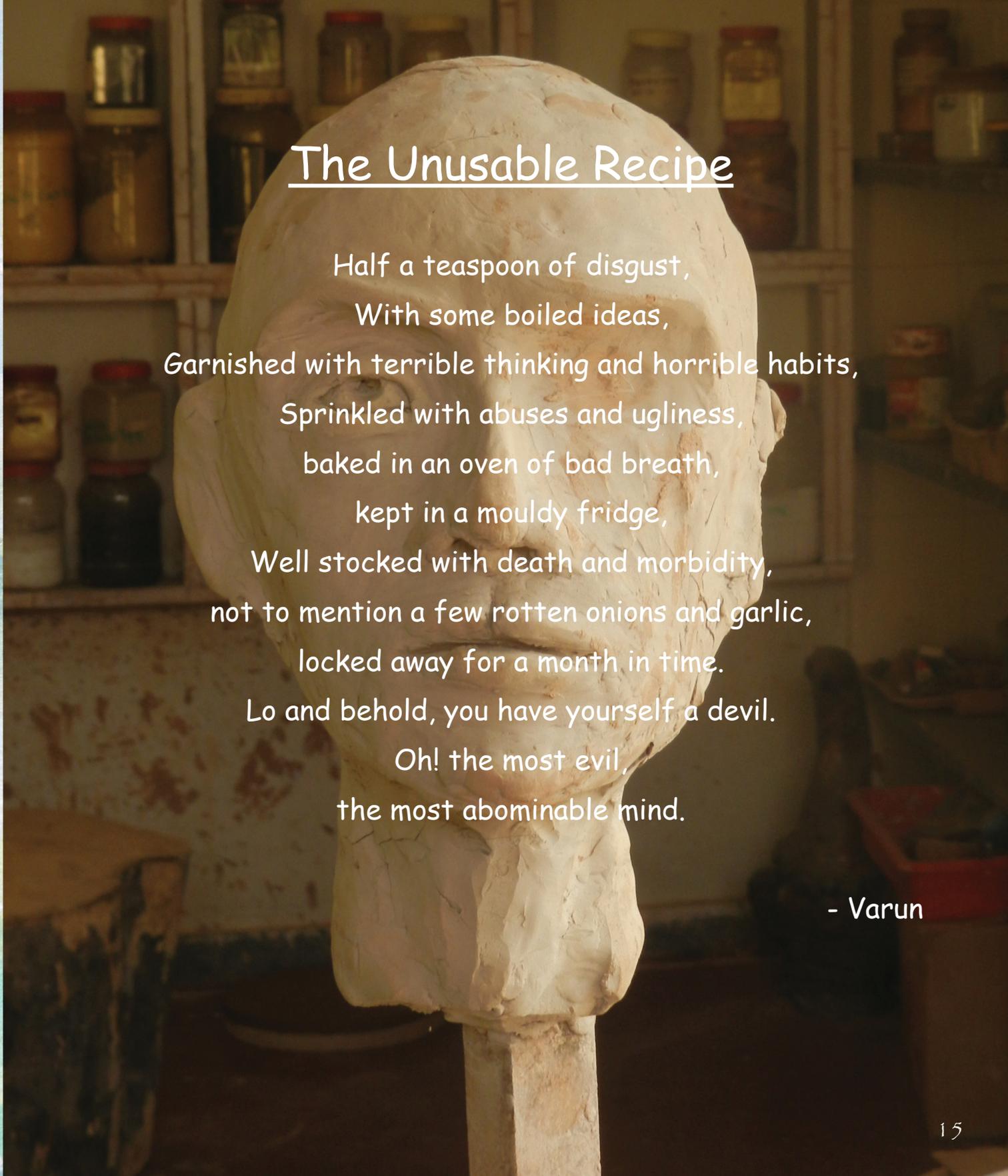
*Petals yellow purple and dead
bed the ground like a ceremonial carpet
that you step around.*

*Clouds are rolled out at all times
releasing old aromas
from cellars where they have long matured.*

*The earth is newly receptive but so
impressionable that you
have to watch your tread.*

- Siddhartha Menon

Art by Sampad



The Unusable Recipe

Half a teaspoon of disgust,
With some boiled ideas,
Garnished with terrible thinking and horrible habits,
Sprinkled with abuses and ugliness,
baked in an oven of bad breath,
kept in a mouldy fridge,
Well stocked with death and morbidity,
not to mention a few rotten onions and garlic,
locked away for a month in time.
Lo and behold, you have yourself a devil.
Oh! the most evil,
the most abominable mind.

- Varun

The Starry Night by Vincent van Gogh

I feel that this painting is one of Vincent Van Gogh's best paintings. I like his style of painting, the way he has painted a town under a sky full of bright stars and the moon. The type of brush strokes that he uses in all of his paintings is unique and gives a beautiful effect. Another thing that I like about Starry Night is the shades of blue he has used to colour the sky.

Looking at the picture makes me feel as if I were standing on a hill looking at a town from above, at night. I would look at the night sky and try to count the stars while enjoying the beauty of the scene.

Whenever I get to see this painting, a warm and soft piano tune starts ringing in my head. It gives me a pleasant, happy feeling. Somehow, every time I look at the picture, new thoughts arise in my head. What would have inspired him to paint a small town at night and yet make it look so beautiful? If I was in front of a scene like this, how would I have painted it?

I have read a book and watched a movie about Van Gogh. They tell me about his suffering due to poverty, his short and sad life and his mysterious death, but the paintings he made are beautiful.

- Navya

That night, it stayed there, so beautiful. So still. Shining brightly but, at the same time, so dull, so dark. And there, that tower standing tall and confident. But here, look at me, doubting my every decision, scared as ever. And that picture is perfect.

- Nanaki



AN ENCOUNTER IN THE JUNGLE

Last October I was with my family holidaying in this small Sri Lankan town called Galle, built by the Dutch a couple of centuries ago. It's a popular tourist destination because the city fort overlooks the sea and offers some breathtaking views.

We had been there for about four days doing nothing but moving from café to café and sometimes going to the top of the raised walls of the fort to enjoy the view. My mother and I wanted to explore the area but my father and my brother refused to move. They were content with doing nothing. Frustrated, my mother and I decided to embark on an expedition all by ourselves.

A couple of kilometers away from the town was this nice beach called Jungle Beach, nestled between a steep hill with dense foliage and the sea. When we reached the top of the hill on an auto, we found out that we would have to trek down to the beach, since no road led to it. We were trapped in the lethargy of the past few days and went down complaining about the path. We were convinced that it would take a miracle to take us back up.

The beach wasn't as great as Trip Advisor claims, but it wasn't bad either. It was really small, about the length of a basketball court. There was a small shack with a few people eating something. The sand was a little rough and some places were littered with garbage. Other than the people at the shack, there was no one to be seen. Okay, it was a bad beach but we didn't want to go back. We wanted to delay our ascent as much as possible. Since there was a lot of litter on the beach, we thought it wise not to go into the water. We occupied two deck chairs which were lying close to the shack and sat there for about half an hour.

When the sun became unbearable, we decided to head back. As we started the climb, two bulky men appeared behind us. We were soon exhausted and the men caught up with us.

'Are you local?' they asked in a friendly manner. 'No, we are from India,' my mother replied with equal courtesy. 'Nice. So you like our country?' 'Yes, it's beautiful.'

They asked a couple of more introductory questions to an extent that it was getting uncomfortable. 'Are you both married?' 'Oh! He's your son! You must be pretty young?' My mother's replies grew hostile, in order to convey to them to stop asking any more questions. She gestured me to walk a little faster. There was a brief silence.

'Where are you staying in Galle?', they asked in an icy tone. I saw a tense expression on my mother's face.

'Somewhere,' she replied and indicated to me to walk faster. Pretty soon we found ourselves walking so fast that it could have passed for running. We reached the top in no time. As we halted an auto, we saw the two men come up.

'Did we scare you?', they mockingly asked us.

We ignored them and quickly hopped into the auto and gave directions. We were soon speeding towards the town and in the meantime composed ourselves. We were relieved to be in the safety of the auto. While we cursed the men from the bottom of our hearts, we realized with some bitterness that they were the miracle we had hoped for. Had it not been for them, we would have still been climbing the hill!

- Aggam

(class 12, batch of 2019)

Interview with Bhau Dada



Bhau dada rescued Sahyadri from its technological backwardness as he set foot in Sahyadri and kick-started progress in tech development 19 years ago. He has been vital in setting up the call booth, the AV room, the Intranet and the Parent Portal on the school website, among other things.

Que - Where did you study? And how did you learn about computers and software?

Ans - After finishing my class 7, I went to Vigyaan Ashram Campus in Pabal in Maharashtra. There, I studied from 8th to 12th grade and completed a course in basic rural technology, after which I did an ITI training course in electronics and computer hardware.

Que - Do you think Vigyaan Ashram is a good option for children in your village?

Ans - Yes, Vigyaan Ashrams have been set up in rural areas and is run by an NGO. At the campus, students are trained in various activities, for example, farming, welding, electronics, motor-winding, etc. The fee is low and alumni of Vigyaan Ashram get a lot of job offers from the industrial sector.

Que - What did you do before you joined Sahyadri? And what were your first responsibilities here ?

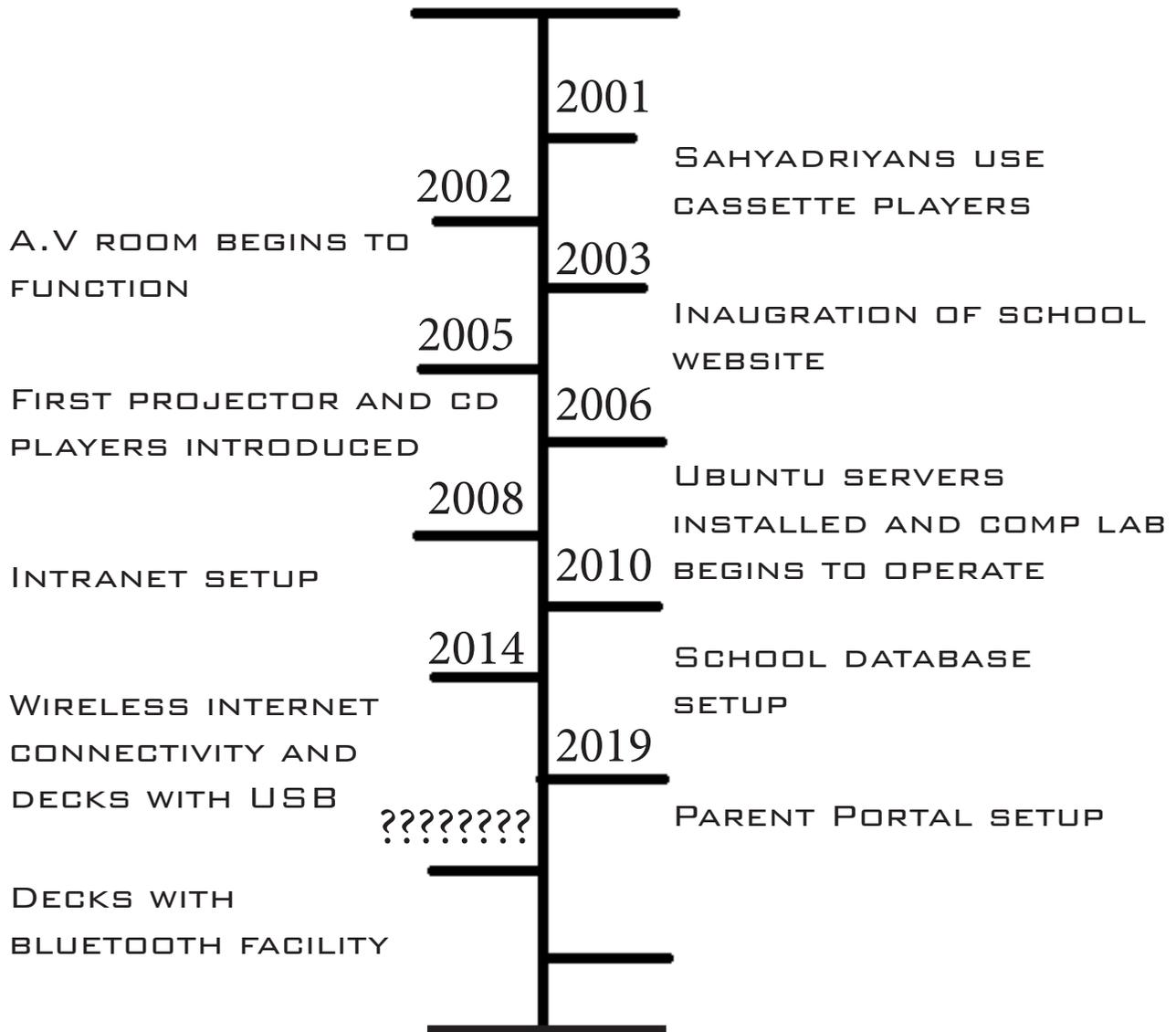
Ans - When I first learnt electronics, I used to repair television sets and I worked in BSNL through Vigyaan Ashram. I joined Sahyadri in 2001. My first task was to set up the phone booth and phone line maintenance. Vijay dada and I set up the UPS systems and I began to work on technological development in school, like setting up the AV Room and the Computer Lab. I also supervised outdoor events. Previously, the EPABX room functioned as the call booth and Sahyadrians lined up in the office area to make calls, usually at night because it was less expensive.

Que - What do you like to do in your free time?

Ans - I like to gain new knowledge about software and coding. Everything I know about software development, I have learnt from books and from the Internet.

SAHYADRI

TECH-TIMELINE



After Games:

**AY! BOOKED IN
THE SECOND
BATHROOM!**



#PHD in 6 months



God Is Probably Bad At Math

God is probably bad at math

And I'm sure she's clumsy.

And a terrible cook!

I'm sure the Book said we only needed
around a dozen stars

And she spilt "a little" extra in and thought
'Oh well there's no such thing as too many stars!'

Like my Nanna does with
cinnamon.

- Zara, Alumnus
(class 10, batch of 2018)

Art by Sampad



THE MAN WHO LIVED BY THE SEA

He dragged his surfboard onto the shore after another long day at sea. He lived in a room with a small bed placed at the corner, a kitchen, a bathroom, and about thirty surfboards. They were his most prized possession. He knew his place in the world, and that he was no more than a speck. He never understood how city people couldn't see the world for what it was. How could they spend their lives fooling themselves, thinking they are so important and trying to control everything they see? He couldn't fathom how they could be so oblivious to the power of nature. Unlike them, he was one with nature.

The only place he felt completely at peace was on his surfboard, surrounded by the waves. He always tells his students one thing. He tells them that surfing, in spite of appearances, is not a solo activity. You can't surf without the waves, you form a team with them. You wait for the right one, for your wave, and it takes you to the shore. He knows that surfing is often looked at as fighting the waves and he hates this. You can't surf unless you work with nature. In fact you can't fight nature, she is the superior being. She has her ways and she will only give back what she receives. He knows there is much more to the world than humans and their needs. He knows his place in the universe and that he is no more than a speck.

- Yamini

SAHYADRI

I remember being so exhausted and stressed that day. I wiped the beads of sweat from my forehead with the sleeve of my printed kurti. There was a mini crisis. Again. 'Let's fix this.' I sighed, as I promised myself for the thousandth time, not to be coerced into organizing these big school events.

Walking back from the big hall, barking out orders at everyone in sight, I made my way to the stairs. All the Plan B's in my head were buzzing by the time I had even managed to scamper down the flight of stairs and then, suddenly, I stopped. Right in front of the dizzying lizard-tessellated water filter. The chatter and chaos from the hall seemed to muffle off to a slight background sway. I stopped thinking altogether. I just looked.

Because right in front of me, right under the sheltering mango tree, right in the middle of the path, were two idle tablas, sitting fatly, as if there to catch the golden hour.

The mango tree usually covers most of the sun but sometimes, there are these little spotlights of gaseous gold and swirling dust that escape the claws of the beloved tree that faithfully held us every aam season. The little cylinders of light lazily spilled across the tablas to make them feel welcome.

And that was it. No trace of the owner. No covers. Just those two little tablas in the middle of the path, out to get some fresh air. I think I stood there for a good thirty seconds until I smiled a little. Then a lot. And then I was just standing there grinning at the darnedest thing I had ever seen, thinking, 'There's really no other place I'd rather be.'

- Zara

(class 10, batch of 2018)

WORDS

Lifeless creatures

How can you make me feel, anything? And yet you command
Who I am.

You, with your perfectly sculpted shapes
fragile ends and smooth bodies
in your grandeur are weak alone.
Dependent, helpless and weak.

You have no power -
easy to ignore, crush, destroy.
But then you transform and start
using dependency as a weapon,
becoming immortal.

You don't show it, but I know
how you erect
the most harmful barrier,
and become infallible.

And sometimes you don't even need a barrier.

You are enough.

And so it is that the sides change, we exchange roles.

You now have the power to
shake, crush, destroy my existence

Who I am.

- Tarini
(class 12, batch of 2019)

Art by Aviva

THE WORLD I SEEK

*The world I seek I cannot find,
A new earth, a new sky I cannot find.*

*A new earth, a new sky even if I did find
No trace of a new man would I find.*

*I have found the dagger that was used to slay me.
No one's fingerprints on it can I find.*

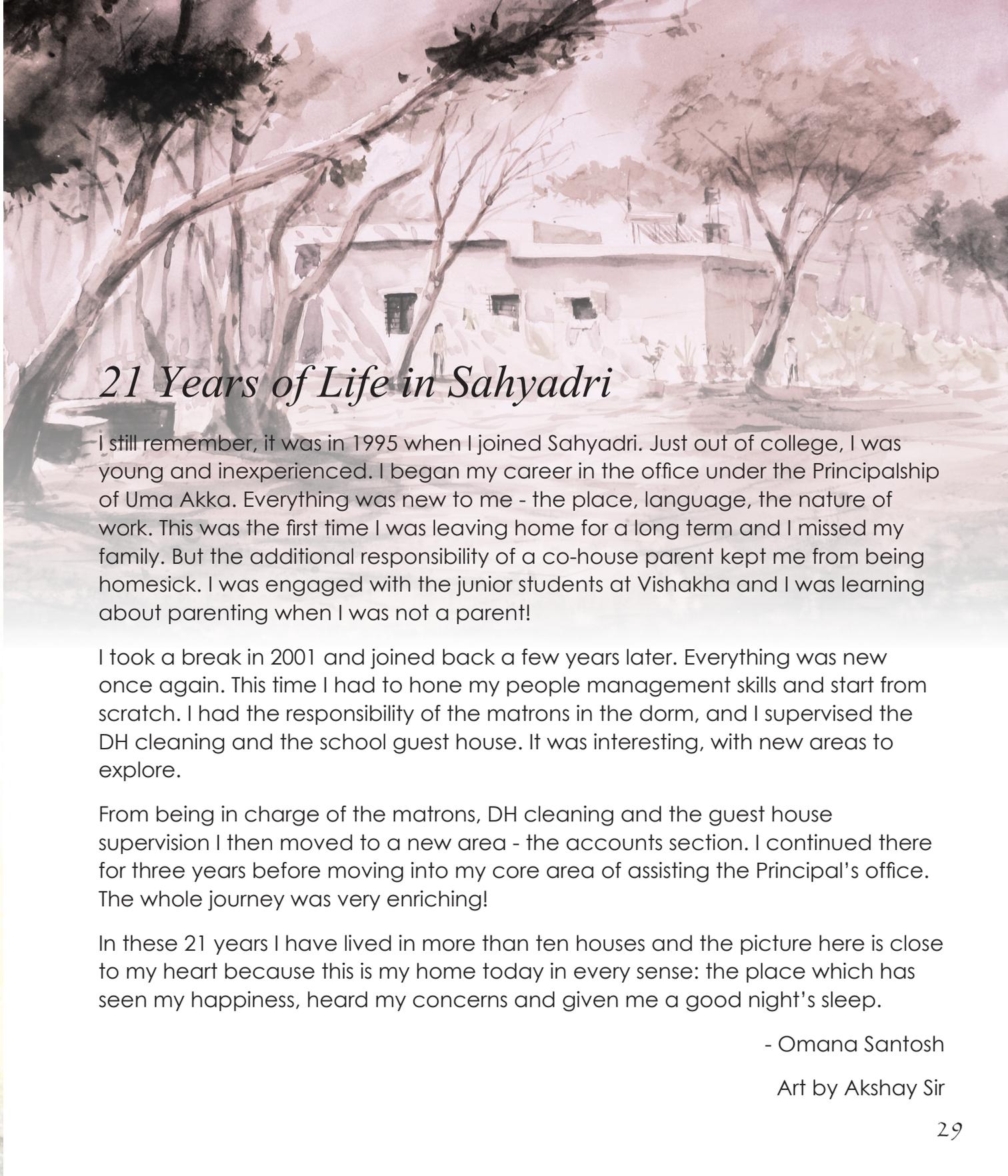
*That is my village, those my village hearths.
Let alone the embers, smoke I cannot find.*

*It is no great calamity if god cannot be found,
A trace of my own footprints I cannot find.*

*For eternity I have stood here among the crowds,
Not a trace of your face can I find.*

- Isha

Art by Arnav C. Reddy



21 Years of Life in Sahyadri

I still remember, it was in 1995 when I joined Sahyadri. Just out of college, I was young and inexperienced. I began my career in the office under the Principalship of Uma Akka. Everything was new to me - the place, language, the nature of work. This was the first time I was leaving home for a long term and I missed my family. But the additional responsibility of a co-house parent kept me from being homesick. I was engaged with the junior students at Vishakha and I was learning about parenting when I was not a parent!

I took a break in 2001 and joined back a few years later. Everything was new once again. This time I had to hone my people management skills and start from scratch. I had the responsibility of the matrons in the dorm, and I supervised the DH cleaning and the school guest house. It was interesting, with new areas to explore.

From being in charge of the matrons, DH cleaning and the guest house supervision I then moved to a new area - the accounts section. I continued there for three years before moving into my core area of assisting the Principal's office. The whole journey was very enriching!

In these 21 years I have lived in more than ten houses and the picture here is close to my heart because this is my home today in every sense: the place which has seen my happiness, heard my concerns and given me a good night's sleep.

- Omana Santosh

Art by Akshay Sir

Documentary Pitch

A small crowd has gathered under the village banyan tree. It is a chilly winter morning. At the centre of the crowd is Inder Bajwa, the sarpanch of the village. He speaks softly, but with the assuredness of a man fully in control. The camera moves in close. Inder is announcing that an inter-village kabaddi tournament is to be held in a few weeks time. "Now is the time," he says, "to assemble your teams." With that, he jumps off of the platform under the tree and sets out on his morning jog.

"My name is Inder Bajwa."

We move on to wide shots of Bajwa Kalan interspersed with close-ups of the subject of the documentary. Inder is very much a son of the soil. His narration continues.

Inder Bajwa knows fame. Hailing from a small village in Punjab, he managed to climb to the top of the Indian fashion industry and headlined for industry stalwarts including Raymond. It all began with a modelling contest he watched on TV. "I can be far better than these guys," he thought and decided to move to Mumbai without any real plan. At the time, Inder could not even speak a word of English. It was not easy for him to adapt to the fast-paced, alcohol-laced life of high fashion. Slowly, however, he settled into the groove of things and managed to land small gigs here and there. In the years that followed, Inder managed to make friends with some influential designers. He was soon walking the runway and appearing on magazine covers.

We go through a montage of photographs; Inder's first shoot, his first magazine cover, among others.

And then everything changed. In 2014, Inder, who was thirty-one at the time, decided to return to his village. For good. He was just coming off the back of a very successful 2013 where he had been the face of Raymond's 'The Complete Man' campaign and had starred in a Punjabi film. The turning point was the death of his 17-year-old cousin who had succumbed to a drug overdose. This is not uncommon in Punjab; the state's countryside has been in the midst of an opioid crisis for years. Bajwa had heard of the drug problem in his village before; the kabaddi team he had played for had folded recently as all its members were now heroin addicts. His cousin's death was just the straw that broke the camel's back. The first thing Inder

decided to do when he got back was forming a kabaddi team and enlisting players. This could be a way out for the youth of his village, he thought: a way to stay away from the opiates. Slowly but surely, he managed to garner a full team of dedicated players. In the meantime, Inder also managed to use connections he had built up over the years to secure funding for a village gym. A few months ago, he was elected the sarpanch of his village Panchayat.

This is the story at the heart of my documentary. Not only is it the story of a man who gave up fame and recognition to live a life for others, but it is also the story of a village that transformed itself under his guidance. The work that Inder is doing is far bigger than himself. He is, potentially, transforming the lives of generations. The aim of this project is not to tell a rags to riches and back story. Rather, it is to highlight a culture of selflessness. The idea of giving back to the community is deeply rooted in Punjabi and Sikh culture. One of our oldest traditions is the Langar, a free meal service open to any person that may wish to eat. Of late, however, this culture has lost some footing. Men and women like Inder are working to bring it back to the forefront.

This film is, in many ways, a *Recovery Boys* meets *Swades*. Because I plan to shoot it in the *Cinema Verité* style, I would have interviews with Inder, his family, and some of the villagers who have been positively influenced by his work. I also plan to have his voice-over over some of the shots, so we can almost live through things from his point of view. The film does not attempt to address the opioid crisis in Punjab from a political lens or an economic one. Punjabi politicians often try to talk about their programs and how they will address the crisis if elected. However, they never take the time to understand the situation on the ground; they never see how real people are being impacted. To them, it is merely an issue that, if taken care of, will bring them back to power again. That is why this film is an on-the-ground look at an all too real problem. It is a story about the many lives lost and the many more saved.

The sun is about to set now. Yet the village is the liveliest it has been all day; kabaddi has commenced. Shouts of "kabaddi, kabaddi..." fill the air, along with the dust being kicked about. Inder is in the thick of things, running, wrestling and grappling his way through the opposition. There is a big smile on his face. This is where he is truly happy.

- Amer
(class 12, batch of 2019)

The Leaving

They said tell us a story not of the battles fought by fairies, knights and demons, but of the battles fought by real people. I, though quite unsure of whether to expose them to the harsh reality, continued anyhow:

Two kids, one a 16-year old girl,
And the other a skinny boy who was
barely nine,
Were told to pack into small sacks,
What their hearts desired.

Hugging their mother's body,
Holding onto her emerald-bearing
finger,
He strutted along a street,
Amass with people.
In all the blackness, the boy saw some
gleaming shiny thing down the street,
And ran towards it;
His sister followed,
Afraid he might get lost;
And as she caught up,
she looked back to trace her mother.

All she could see was
The heads and backs of people running.
And so, they huddled against one another,
Bodies stationary,
Eyes frantically searching for a
glimpse of their mother.
Wailing and lamenting,
Yearning for her caress,
For a familiar touch,

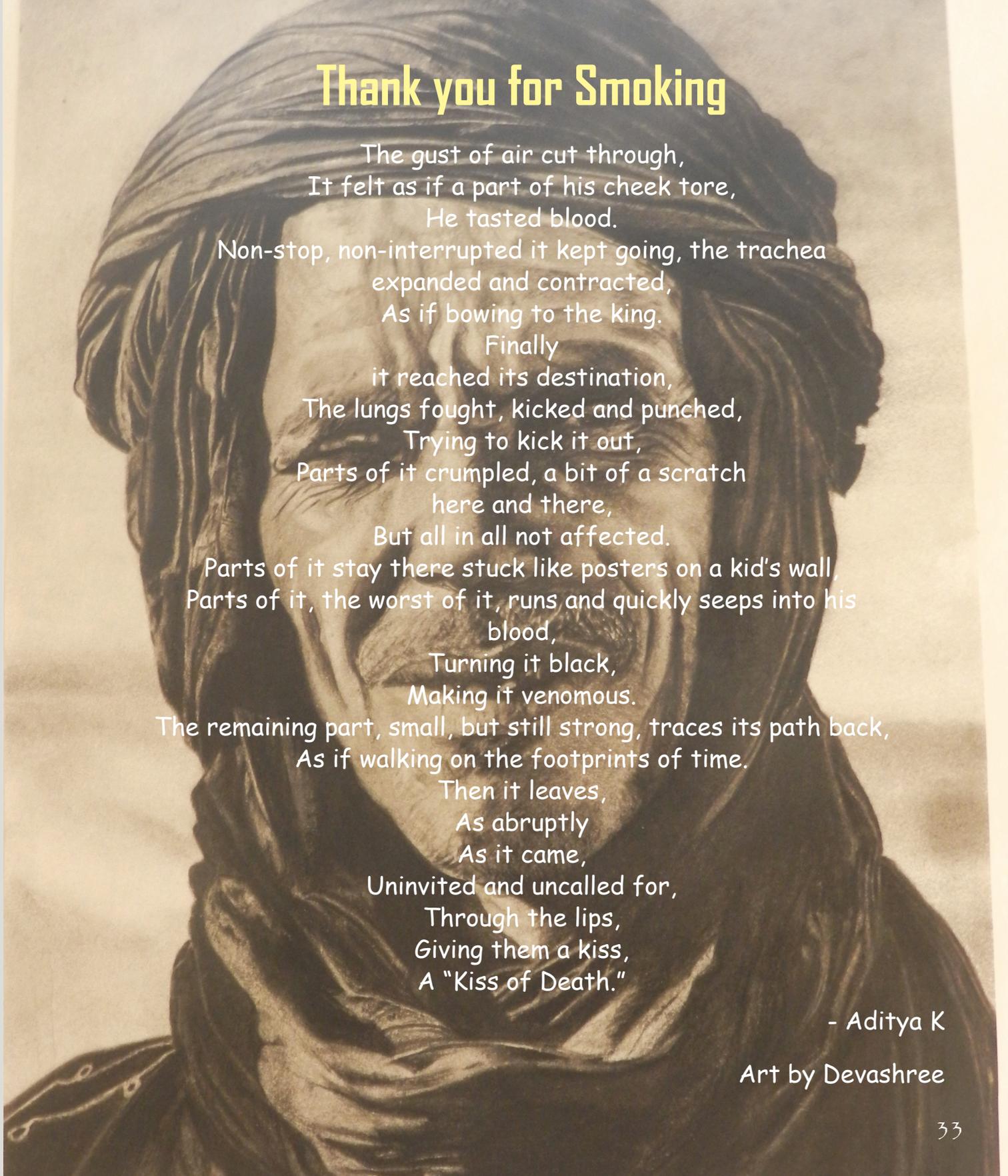


Hoping for her silhouette to come
into vision.
Holding onto a sliver of belief, trust and hope.

And as the dust crumbled,
And the blackness subsided,
A pool of redness came into view.
With fear etched into their hearts,
They inched closer to the redness,
And it turned out,
The redness...
was blood gushing out,
and on the finger, the source of redness...
lay a tiny emerald.

Their horror-struck visages
bearing resemblance to their shattered souls,
it dawned on them that they were alone.

- Ananya



Thank you for Smoking

The gust of air cut through,
It felt as if a part of his cheek tore,
He tasted blood.

Non-stop, non-interrupted it kept going, the trachea
expanded and contracted,
As if bowing to the king.

Finally
it reached its destination,
The lungs fought, kicked and punched,
Trying to kick it out,
Parts of it crumpled, a bit of a scratch
here and there,
But all in all not affected.

Parts of it stay there stuck like posters on a kid's wall,
Parts of it, the worst of it, runs and quickly seeps into his
blood,

Turning it black,
Making it venomous.

The remaining part, small, but still strong, traces its path back,
As if walking on the footprints of time.

Then it leaves,
As abruptly
As it came,

Uninvited and uncalled for,
Through the lips,
Giving them a kiss,
A "Kiss of Death."

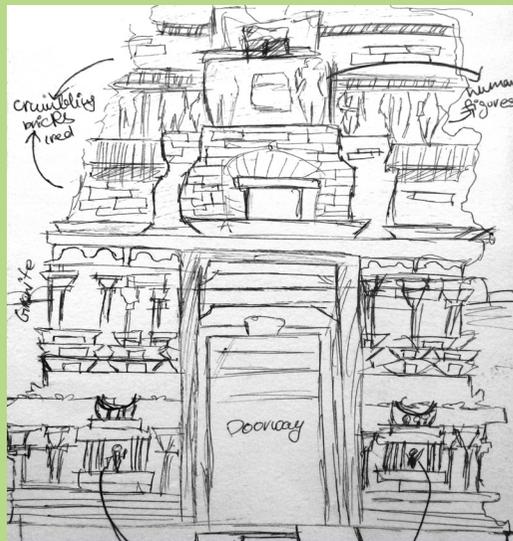
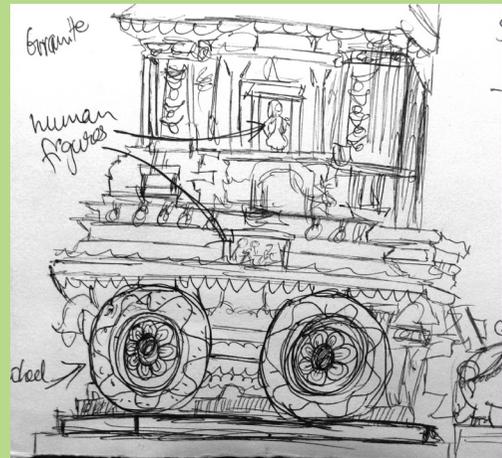
- Aditya K

Art by Devashree

From the 9th Grade Excursion

We were taking a break under a well-grown Frangipani tree near the simple yet intricate Lotus Mahal which is a two-storeyed open pavilion constructed in Indo-saracenic style with a curious addition of concentric arches which gave the twelve-sided entrances an appearance of multiple reflections.

A student stood, hanging on a low-lying branch, looking obviously tired and bored after half a day of sightseeing and a heavy lunch. I asked him if he was feeling tired and he said that he was a "bit" bored. I knew this student well enough to know that he was not one to mince words if invited to speak freely and decided to probe his statement. I asked him if he thought about why he does not feel excited about being out on an excursion with his friends roaming around outdoors in the ruins of an ancient city. He said that the excursion and friends part was exciting but history and architecture did not interest him much. I asked him again if he wondered why that would be so and he replied that he did not know why it was so.



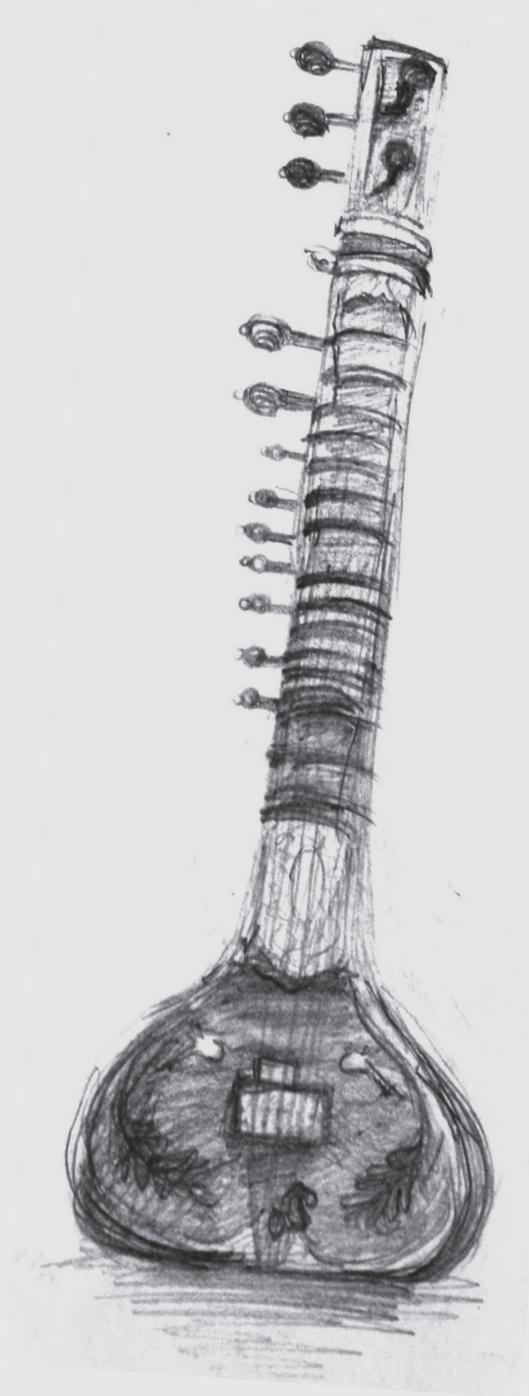
I offered that perhaps the experience was not serving as entertainment and that the excitement of History was of a kind that has to come from one's own sense of wonder. He nodded pensively and looked at his friends running around the lawn. I did not want to let him wriggle out so easily. I said, you are here and bored, are you going to accept that? Is it okay to feel unexcited at something so grand and ancient that people from all over the world come to this place? Are you not curious to understand why they would do so when the place is so dull and boring? He looked at me and said, "Sir, it is not the last time that I am going to go to such a place." I was struck by his answer and mumbled, "Of course!"

to myself for he had run off to join his friends on the lawn.

- Arun Kumar

Art by Laasya

सह्याद्री वाले



पी.टी. के लिए उठ ना पाते,
देर रात तक मैगी बनाते।
हर हिंदी शब्द में 'फाई' लगाके,
इंगलिश को हिंगलिश बनाते॥

PO के लिए लेट जाते,
फुटबॉल कैम्प का बहाना बनाते।
होमवर्क कभी कर ना पाते,
बाकी कामों में टाँग अड़ते॥

सह्याद्री वाले जो भी स्वाते,
गोलमटोल बन ना पाते।
जब तब अपने डौर्म से आते,
पेट की गुड़गुड़ सुनते जाते॥

मिल कर अपना काम करते,
हर चीज़ में एक हो जाते।
सह्याद्री वाले हैं निराले,
किसी बात पर रुक ना जाते॥

- Arnav Jain

Art By Kriti

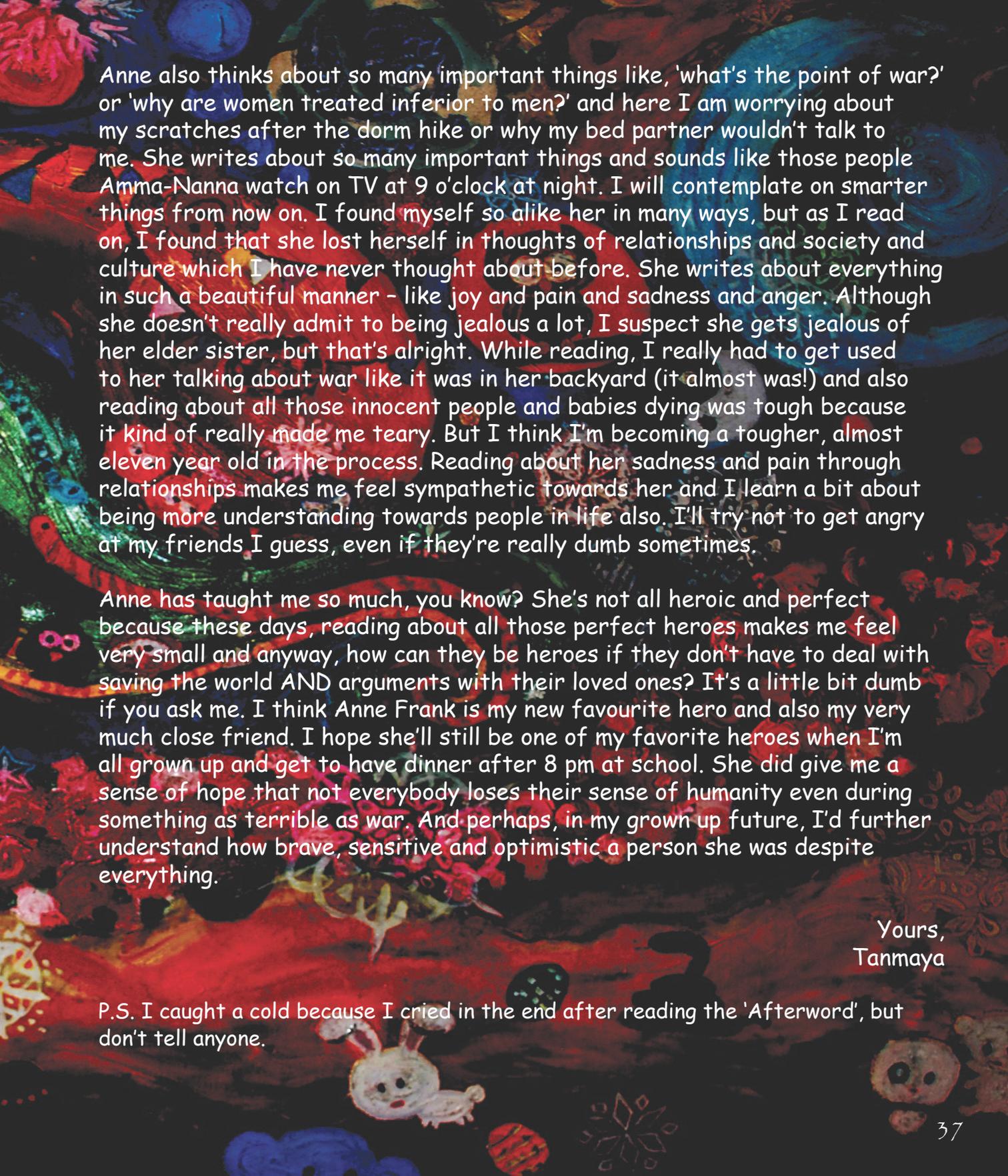
THE DIARY OF A YOUNG GIRL

Friday, 12 June 2014

Dear Diary,

I have finished reading the most delightful book I have ever set eyes on! It's about a girl who lived during World War II! And they published her journal! I came across the book because Nanna gave me money for exactly ONE book and, when I simply HAD to make the choice, I picked a book with a smiling girl's portrait on the cover because it made me happy.

Before I get carried away talking about small-small things of very little importance, I'll tell you about my favorite person from seventy years ago! Anne Frank (the main girl of this book) lived during World War II and she was a Jew. She had to go into hiding with 7 other people in a warehouse in Amsterdam they called Annexe. You know what surprises me most about her? It is that as I read her journal, one day she makes an entry on bombings in north Amsterdam and the next she makes an entry on how she can't stand Margot (that's her older sister, by the way) and what's special about this, of course, is that despite being in hiding and undergoing perilous dangers, she still wrote her journal entries similar to girls of our time. Like me, while I write my entries in the comfort of my bed without the worry of being packed off to be gassed. By this, I don't mean she didn't change through the course of her life AT ALL. In the beginning of her writing days before she had to bear the worries of war, she was always more easy going, amusing, and so free with her emotions. She lived a life of luxury, admiration and all her worries were those she created on her own. She's a little bit annoying in the beginning but I can hardly dislike her for that personality; we're all like that, aren't we? Through the course of her journal writing, while she doesn't change drastically as a person, there are of course those small things that tell me she's evolving into a more mature person. 'Mature', but not like our seniors who have classes till 3:10 pm and go for folk dance. It's a different kind of mature which made me like her more towards the end, I think. After the war began to affect her, her worries became greater in number but the little things in life became more important to her and made her happy. Isn't that nice?

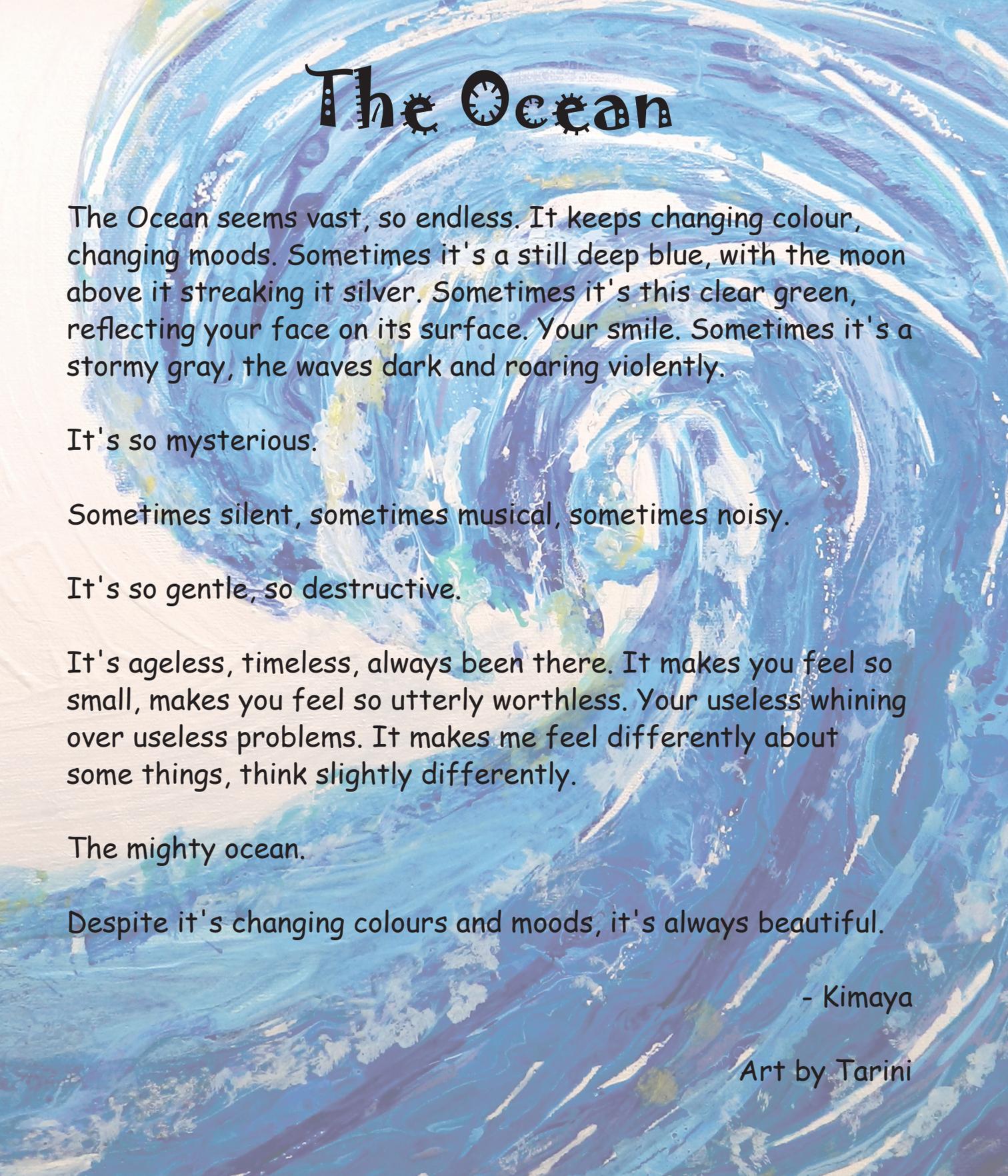


Anne also thinks about so many important things like, 'what's the point of war?' or 'why are women treated inferior to men?' and here I am worrying about my scratches after the dorm hike or why my bed partner wouldn't talk to me. She writes about so many important things and sounds like those people Amma-Nanna watch on TV at 9 o'clock at night. I will contemplate on smarter things from now on. I found myself so alike her in many ways, but as I read on, I found that she lost herself in thoughts of relationships and society and culture which I have never thought about before. She writes about everything in such a beautiful manner - like joy and pain and sadness and anger. Although she doesn't really admit to being jealous a lot, I suspect she gets jealous of her elder sister, but that's alright. While reading, I really had to get used to her talking about war like it was in her backyard (it almost was!) and also reading about all those innocent people and babies dying was tough because it kind of really made me teary. But I think I'm becoming a tougher, almost eleven year old in the process. Reading about her sadness and pain through relationships makes me feel sympathetic towards her and I learn a bit about being more understanding towards people in life also. I'll try not to get angry at my friends I guess, even if they're really dumb sometimes.

Anne has taught me so much, you know? She's not all heroic and perfect because these days, reading about all those perfect heroes makes me feel very small and anyway, how can they be heroes if they don't have to deal with saving the world AND arguments with their loved ones? It's a little bit dumb if you ask me. I think Anne Frank is my new favourite hero and also my very much close friend. I hope she'll still be one of my favorite heroes when I'm all grown up and get to have dinner after 8 pm at school. She did give me a sense of hope that not everybody loses their sense of humanity even during something as terrible as war. And perhaps, in my grown up future, I'd further understand how brave, sensitive and optimistic a person she was despite everything.

Yours,
Tanmaya

P.S. I caught a cold because I cried in the end after reading the 'Afterword', but don't tell anyone.



The Ocean

The Ocean seems vast, so endless. It keeps changing colour, changing moods. Sometimes it's a still deep blue, with the moon above it streaking it silver. Sometimes it's this clear green, reflecting your face on its surface. Your smile. Sometimes it's a stormy gray, the waves dark and roaring violently.

It's so mysterious.

Sometimes silent, sometimes musical, sometimes noisy.

It's so gentle, so destructive.

It's ageless, timeless, always been there. It makes you feel so small, makes you feel so utterly worthless. Your useless whining over useless problems. It makes me feel differently about some things, think slightly differently.

The mighty ocean.

Despite it's changing colours and moods, it's always beautiful.

- Kimaya

Art by Tarini

An interview with Aditya Kumar, one of the co-founders of Sahyadri's Fitness Club.

1. How has the club and fitness in general helped you?

I'm not exactly a social guy. The club has made me more sociable. I talk to people who are on the same journey as me. To tell somebody something that will help them because they're in the same place I was in a year ago is cool for me. I realized that these were my last few years in school and I wanted to help people in some way. About fitness, I would say clichéd stuff like it helps me lead a disciplined and healthier life. Every morning I get up with some muscle sore but it's about going out and doing something that's uncomfortable for you.

2. How do you generally do your research?

Usually, I follow a YouTube channel called AthleanX. I get 80% of my information from there. For the rest, I read scientific journals and university sites like Yale Medical and Harvard Medical.

3. How does fitness fit into you day?

Fitness is not something that fits in. My workout is my priority and I schedule my day around it. I put it first.

4. How do you keep up the motivation?

Sometimes it's hard. Some days I don't want to do a bench press or I can't do my best. I keep telling myself that at the end of the day what matters is that I fight the resistance and when I do that, I know I've achieved something. The hardest part is going to the gym or the field; once I reach, I know I won't turn back.

5. Why do you pursue fitness?

At first, it was about vanity: looking better, feeling better. It gave me a high, but after some time that reason went away and working out became as normal for me as brushing, since I realized that it was something that I had to put effort into everyday. In 8th and 9th grades, I believed I was good at all sports but in 10th I got a reality check when I competed with people who were way better than me. I recognized that I had to put in work if I wanted to improve.

6. How do you intend to take fitness forward after Sahyadri?

I plan on going abroad for college and becoming a varsity athlete. I don't know if I'm cut out for it but I definitely won't stop working on my fitness. I also plan on going vegan for fitness and for my well-being. I know that I can't talk about climate change if I consume meat every other day.

LOOKING GLASS

Clutching my extraordinary collection of drawing pencils in one hand and my sketchbook balanced precariously on my lap, I decided to draw myself. I took a deep breath as I looked at my groggy face in the mirror and set out with the first strokes.

I hadn't even bothered to pose properly. My hair was in a messy French plait and I looked as if I'd just woken up. Strands of my hair stood up like wild, rebellious activists. Grunting, I drew those too. Starting the face, I realised I wouldn't be able to draw something satisfactory if I didn't smile. So, plastering a smug look on my face, I continued. I hadn't looked at myself in the mirror so carefully before. Every stroke had to be redone at least thrice before I was satisfied. The lighting was stark. One side of my face was darkly shadowed. Sighing, I started alternating between an 8B and a 6B.

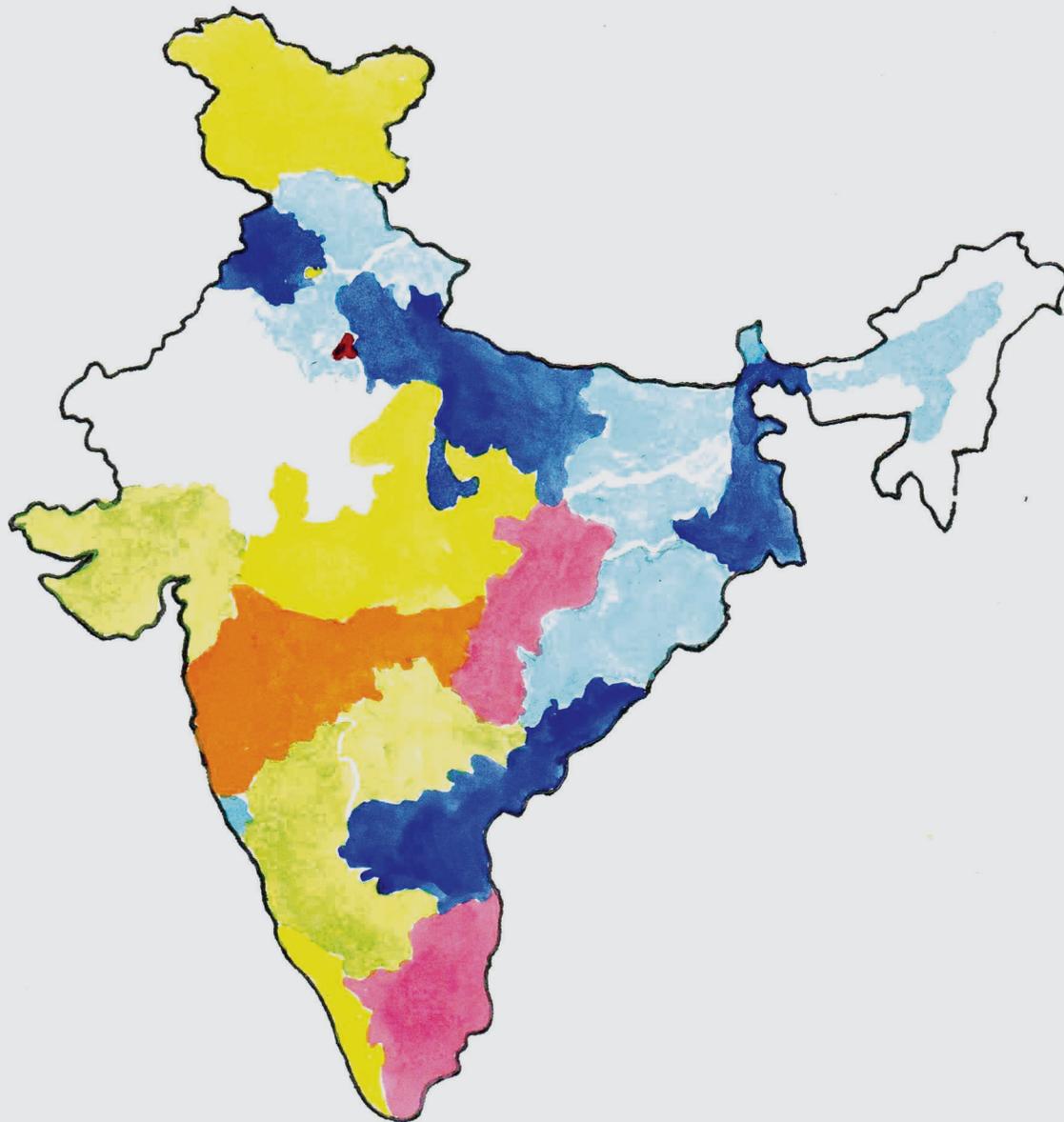
On the other side of my face, a 3B would do the job. There were barely any shadows thanks to bright, white light I was seated under. Almost done with the facial nuances, I had only the lips left. Nothing I would do to make my face look normal worked. Somehow it looked wrong. I looked like I was about to laugh. I stared down at my portrait and smiled. No, the lips needed a lot of work.

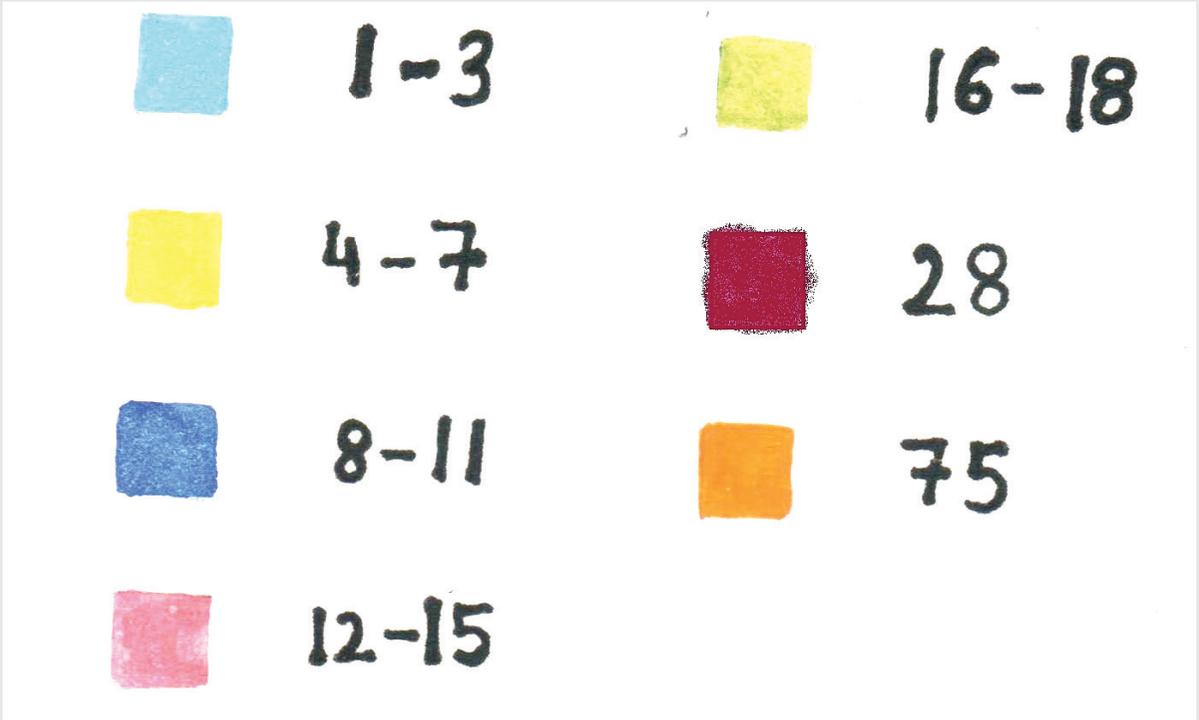
I tried opening them up and drawing my not-so-perfect teeth, but failed miserably. I looked at myself in the mirror skeptically and wondered what in the world I was missing. I looked straight into the eyes of myself in the mirror and then at the eyes of my graphite self. The shine was missing, I thought, as I redid the eye, creating that essential white spot in the middle for it to look real.

At the end of the day (quite literally, considering the time!), I had to accept that lopsided, smug grin on my face as I looked one last time into the glass mirror and then into the graphite one.

- Rohini

A look at where Sahyadrians come from





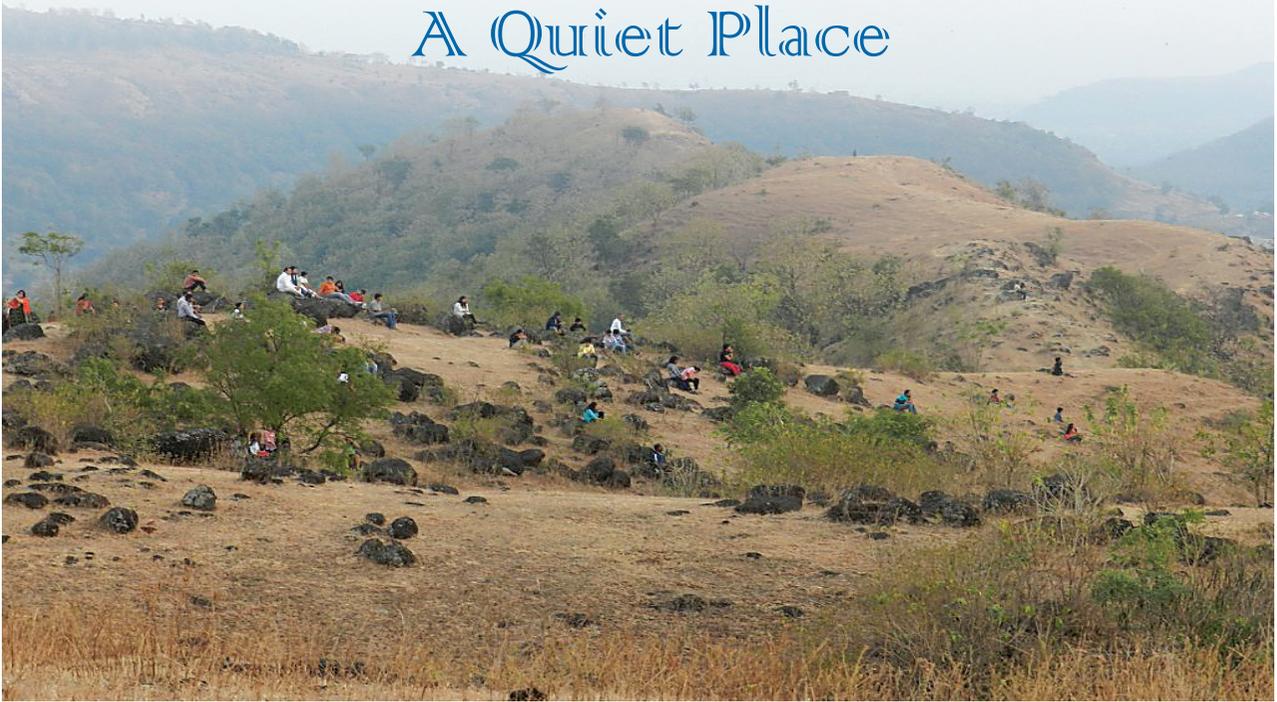
Non-Resident Indians



Australia, U.S.A., Qatar, Thailand, Nepal, U.A.E., Bhutan

Astachal

A Quiet Place



To the casual glance of the sudden visitor, the astachal hill - the near end of the Python Hill at dusk - would seem to be a very strange place indeed! Children and a few teachers sit in silence on the rocky outcrops scattered on the hill overlooking the peaceful Bhima river, the Chas-Kamaan dam visible a little southward downriver. Far below from where the school sits, the water is still, unless there is a strong breeze creating ripples that shimmer against the setting sun.

Often, the children ask, or wonder without asking, why they sit there every evening for fifteen minutes in silence. When they do ask, someone responds to the effect that it's quiet time meant to observe the outer and the inner, the natural environment, and one's thoughts and feelings. Say anything more, and their eyes tend to glaze over.

It's a bit of a thing in school that astachal often doesn't have full attendance. There is some fussing about this fact from time to time, without too much worry.

Sometimes teachers and senior students get organized and there is a surge in attendance, but soon enough it's back to what astachal tends to be – an extension of the school into natural wilderness. There are the stragglers who sit inside the gate leading to the hill, and then there are those who, their truancy undetected, stay away, until they're nudged, and go out again.

Children have a variety of things to say about astachal. A few of them feel restless and perhaps find the prospect of remaining still and silent a little worrisome: "Astachal is not that great because we can't keep quiet for a long time."

Others are not so inclined to look inwards, but still find something to observe: "I don't focus on anything during astachal time. I just sit quietly. I do not find sitting in silence useful, but it's interesting because I like watching people or what they are doing."

Some can be very specific about what they tend to do during astachal, perhaps in examining a problem: "You have some quiet time so that you can think of anything that is stuck in your mind."

There are those who find a gentle release from some preoccupation: "I sit quietly and try to think about nothing. I try to reduce the tension in my mind."

And a few others seem to echo things they may have heard their teachers say: "Throughout the day, thoughts constantly come to our mind, and we are engaged in activity. Astachal provides a little space in our day for inner and outer silence, a little time for us to be still and just observe the movement within our minds." Were these students repeating what they had heard? Or were they touched by some fleeting intimation, an inward turn through which they could "just observe," even if for a moment? It's hard to tell.

Krishnamurti's voice appears to reach us as if from a strange wilderness. It seems to ask us to look differently at what exists, both outwardly and inwardly. But this

different way of looking, he reminds us, cannot come about through control and cultivation. That is why it is so important sometimes to leave oneself fallow, to remain unoccupied.

Is silence to be cultivated, carefully nurtured and strengthened? And who is the cultivator? Is he different from the totality of your being? Is there silence, a still mind, when one desire dominates all others, or when it sets up resistance against them? Is there silence when the mind is disciplined, shaped, controlled? Does not all this imply a censor, a so-called higher self who controls, judges, chooses? And is there such an entity? If there is, is he not the product of thought? Thought dividing itself as the high and the low, the permanent and the impermanent, is still the outcome of the past, of tradition, of time. In this division lies its own security. Thought or desire now seeks safety in silence, and so it asks for a method or a system which offers what it wants. In place of worldly things it now craves the pleasure of silence, so it breeds conflict between what is and what should be. There is no silence where there is conflict, repression, resistance.

Commentaries on Living – Series 2, from Chapter 46: Silence of the Mind

During astachal, students and teachers often notice a bird on the wing: the black-shouldered kite is a frequent visitor along the slopes of the hill, often hovering stock-still, effortlessly navigating the breeze. How could the bird know what the breeze in the next second was going to be like? Or, was it somehow one with the breeze, without conflict?

Perhaps, there is indeed something strange in that quiet place which that casual glance of the sudden visitor might have caught. The astachal hill beckons students and teachers to a quiet place, a way of being with ourselves from where we may come upon a fullness that is uncultivated. No wonder that some among the alumni, when they visit school, want to sit at astachal again, in that quiet place. What had they sensed before that draws them back?

- Amresh

Whispers

'Let loose,' bellow the winds to me.

I become the leaves that rattle like drum rolls on the tree branches.

The dance of swaying branches, thundering skies and chanting winds become faster and faster, never once losing their grace.

I try to keep up.

In this swirling dance, I see.

I see the crashing waters of gigantic seas, the waves threatening to wash over all that's around.

With that, I see a tranquil pool of blue, white water lilies bobbing gently.

Next, there are ferocious flames of burning fire, engulfing the sky in swathes of red, orange and yellow.

Along with it is the safe promise of a warm hearth and comforting snuggles.

I see the constellations that blanket the blue velvet skies and the complex network of lines that mark the skin of every person, giving us each a unique distinction.

The dance is now falling, after having reached the crescendo I see the gnarled branches of trees, centuries old, witnesses to stories lost in the web of time.

In their twisted, willowy branches, I see beauty and pain.

The winds, carriers of time and existence, whisper to me:

'Seek balance, for all ceases to exist when the beam of balance is disturbed.'

All is quiet, the dance has ended.

Silence becomes the loudest sound and I hear a last whisper.

I see a flickering image of a dragon fly: the blue and the red blending its fragile wings, scouring the skies.

- Sahajo

The Reign of Umbrellas



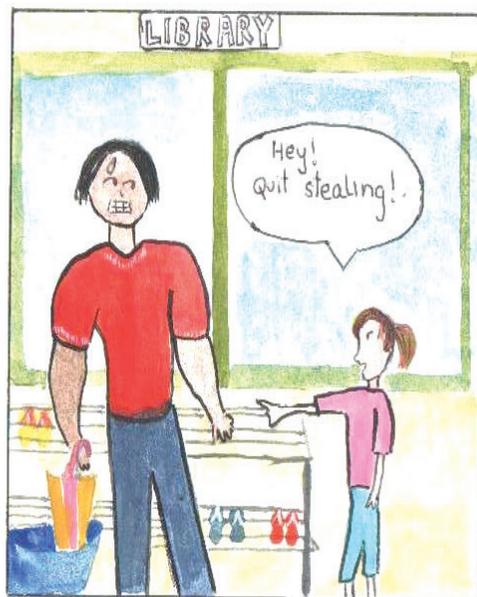
The quality of mercy
is not strained.



It droppeth as gentle as the rain from
heaven upon the place beneath.



It is twice blessed: It blesseth him
that gives and him that takes.



'Tis mightiest in the mightiest.

The Journey of a Plastic Bottle

There I was, after being used, just a dusty, flattened plastic bottle. I had been used, stamped on and left there in the sun. Eventually, I was picked up by the wind, tossed around a few times and then made to somersault right across the road straight into a drain. I landed with a light splash and floated for a while in this mucky, sluggish water. After a few days, I was carried by the flow of more water introduced to the drain into a larger area of this kind of water. There was always some sort of current here, so I was always moving with it. This happened for days until I saw a vast water body ahead of me. I was pushed into it roughly. After that, I felt myself slow down, all of a sudden, I was suspended in a vast world of water. Life went on slowly. I was introduced to a number of marine beings who brushed against me in rejection.

Months passed. I was getting a little bored. One fine sunny morning, a larger creature loomed up in front of me. It looked solemn. People say it was an Olive Ridley's turtle. This amazing being came up to me, brushed against me and decided to pick me up in its mouth. As soon as I had gone in, this majestic creature started to struggle violently. There was a coating of real blood on my front end and quickly, this movement stopped. It dawned upon me that this being was dead in his own house. Stuck there, I lived on, knowing I was a murderer.

- Rohini

Eye-Opening Pendulums

The 11-th grade me was convinced that the compulsory 80-minute art block was a waste of my time. As a science student, I had 'more important things' to do. I even asked for permission to be excused from art blocks so that I could "focus on more important things." I was told that art is an integral part of holistic education. Disgruntled me retorted: "You make the science students do art, why don't you have compulsory computer-programming classes for arts students?"

I was to choose one activity out of carpentry, batik, pottery, weaving and design. I knew that the design classes happened in the Tinker Shed. I had seen some multimeters in the Tinker Shed, so I chose design as my activity in the hope that I might get to do something "worthwhile". During my very first design class, the facilitator, Shikha Akka, asked me what I was hoping to learn from class. "You want me to tell you what I want? I'll tell you what I want..." and then rambled on about how art classes were a "waste" of my time and that there was nothing in art that could interest a "science-minded" person like me.

Shikha Akka patiently heard my rant. After I ran out of breath, she gave me a hand out. It was an instruction manual on building a 'harmonograph'. A harmonograph is a machine that uses the motion of pendulums to move a pen that traces patterns on paper. The handout had several patterns created by harmonographs and some mathematical analysis of each pattern. By tweaking the ratios, phases and amplitudes of the pendula, harmonographs could create a dazzling variety of exquisite patterns.

I was fascinated by these patterns. I had learnt simple harmonic motion in physics, so I knew that the equations governing these patterns were rather simple. The monotonous back and forth swinging of pendula were capable of producing intricate patterns. The emergence of such complex and beautiful patterns from such simple equations perplexed me. It was as if the harmonograph was possessed by the spirit of an artist! I spent the next few days drooling over YouTube videos of harmonographs. Watching the lifeless pendula move in perfect harmony to produce these exquisite patterns was mesmerizing. I decided to make my own harmonograph.

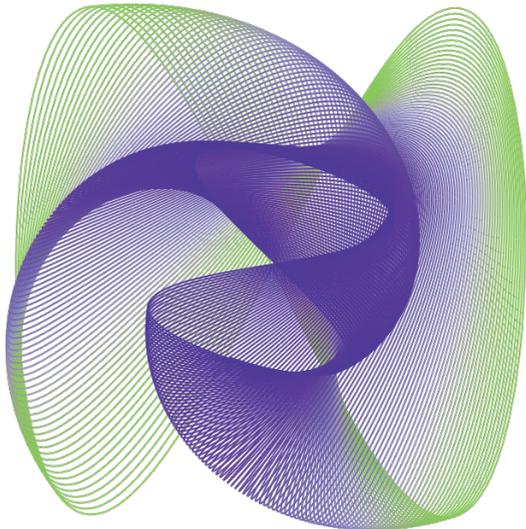
I started making my own harmonograph in the carpentry shed. For the next three months, I would spend my rest hour sawing, drilling and hammering in the carpentry shed. I was immensely proud of the finished product. I would fiddle with the harmonograph for hours. Most of the patterns were just scribbles, but once in a while, I would get an intricate and beautiful pattern like the one I had seen in the handout. I made a collection of these patterns and hung them around the Tinker Shed.

The patterns were appreciated by visitors of the Tinker Shed. Many people would congratulate me on making such beautiful patterns. I felt a little guilty taking credit for the patterns. I would explain to people that I didn't really make the patterns myself; I made a machine that makes the patterns. "Well, you made the machine, right? And the machine made the patterns; so in a way you made the patterns!" was the response I got from people. These comments piqued my interest on the nature of interactions between humans and machines. To some extent, it influenced my choice of courses and research projects in college.

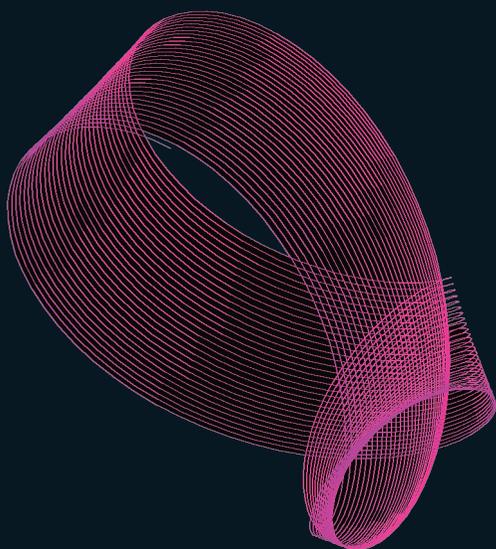
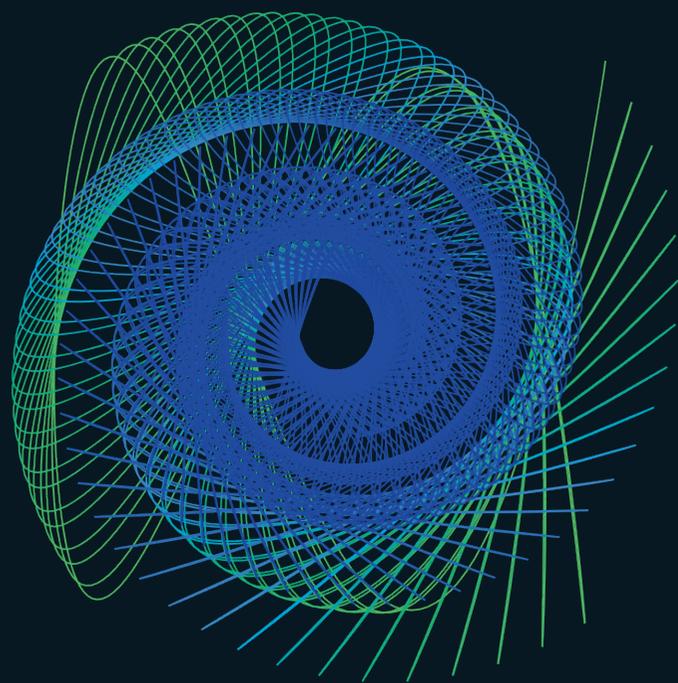
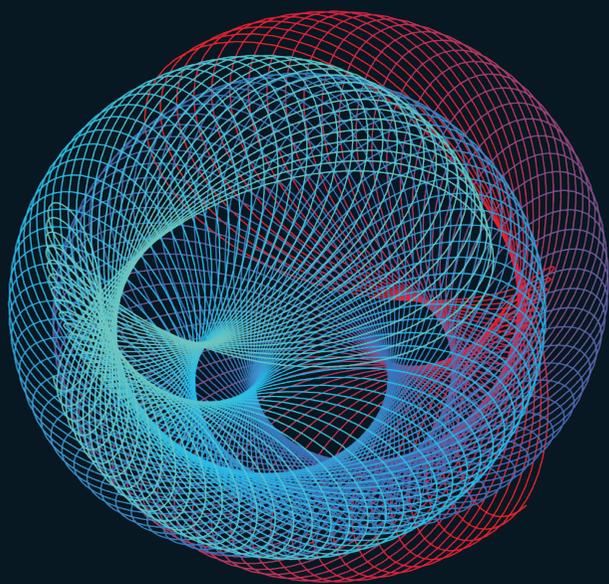
I wanted to share the awe of watching these patterns being made. Once I had learned enough programming in college, I ventured on to make a web application that allows users to make harmonograph patterns of their own. Just as to make the wooden harmonograph I had to learn the basics of woodworking, to make this virtual one, I had to hone my web development skills. You can find the application at <https://harmono.herokuapp.com>.

Working with harmonographs has been a wildly eye-opening experience for me. Down this rabbit hole, I learned trigonometry and harmonic functions; picked up carpentry skills, web development; and even contemplated on the philosophical question of who gets credit for the patterns. I feel surprised that before embarking on this journey, I was so opposed to it. The whole experience has taught me to seek unconventional opportunities and put myself in situations that are a little outside my comfort zone, so that I can grow and learn from these novel experiences.

I suppose teaching everyone programming might be a good idea, but I am convinced that teaching me art definitely was!



*- Parth Aggarwal
(class 12, batch of 2017)*



A COLD CAT'S COMPANY

A COLD CAT'S COMPANY,
I WRITE THIS IN.

SHE TWITCHES AND SHIFTS WHEN I NEAR,
AND IGNORES ME WITHOUT SHAME.

LOOKS AWAY AND LOOKS AGAIN,
BELIEVING I DON'T NOTICE A THING.

THEN SHE MEWS,
CAT-WALKING TOWARDS THE GATE.

SHE LOOKS BACK AT ME,
LIKE A DISAPPOINTED LOVER.

AND SASHAYS TOWARDS SHIVNERI,
BUT HALTS IN HER TRACKS,
AND GOES ASTRAY.

- AMIRAAH

ART BY SUMEDHA



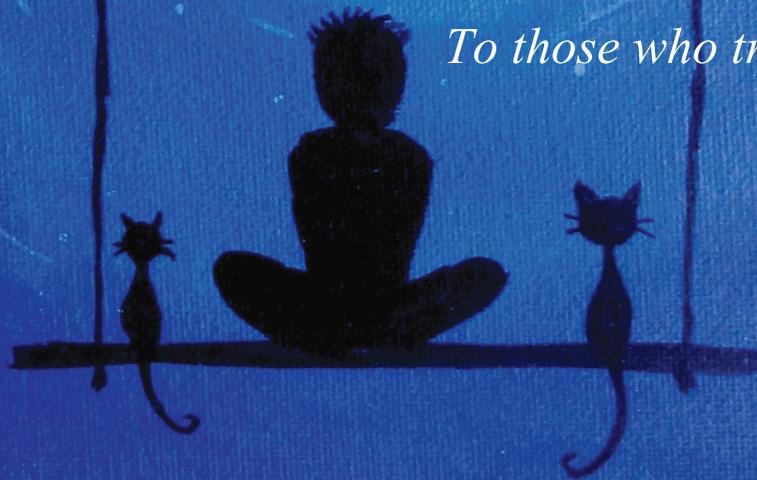
HAIKU

*At the high tree tops
A crow caws without knowing
How little it is.*

- Arya G.

*On top of a hill
The wind whispers its secret
To those who trust it.*

- Sarvajna



Farewell Speech

I'd like to say a few words on words. Words are strange and fascinating things to experience. Sometimes, you can't tell the difference between a few scribbles and a painting hung in a gallery, or yellowed print and the strains of an orchestra in a hushed concert hall. They take us to exciting and fascinating lands, far beyond the red-tape of mundane existence.

I've always been a creature of words. Far too many words, most would agree. When it comes to them, I'm like a kid handed a set of expensive power tools, without an instruction manual. I barely understand the tools in my grasp, and the power they have to affect the people around me, the ripples they can cause, unseen, that lurk in the dark of people's minds, unknown even to them. Words are extraordinarily powerful, with the ability to break minds, infect them with ideas, and shape the course of entire nations. Used properly, they are extraordinarily dangerous, twisting and bending reality to one's needs, provided one is skilled enough with them. People construct entire lives out of dictionaries, stitching skin-deep stories and fables that compose the fabric of their existence. Identity plucked in bits and pieces from people, books, and movies, like cereal off the aisles in a supermarket - never embraced, and always acquired. Never pay attention to words, they are extraordinarily dangerous. I am not above this at all. Do not pay attention to my words, because they're not what really matters here.

Focus if they stir anything within you, because that's what remains with the passage of time, not clever turn-of-phrase. Why do people say what they say? If you can, in Atticus Finch's words, climb into another man's skin and walk around in his shoes, see and taste and smell the world the way he does, you'll begin to understand the stories that lie hidden beneath our words. You'll understand the vast, churning, story-telling machines that power us, the engines that scramble and fit our jumbled reality into something that half-way makes sense.

But we aren't bit characters in someone else's movie, are we? Look around you, at the faces in the crowd. You're a face in the crowd too. You're a face for him, and her, and him as well. Watch the people around you, and see the fact that under the surface lie the same insecurities that you carry around inside, and quite



probably many of the same fears and dreams. We are far more complex than we're comfortable admitting, and it makes it easier assigning everyone bit parts in our existence. It's a far harder task navigating a world where everybody has real feelings. But it's a lot easier living in a world where most of it doesn't exist, and the bit you see doesn't feel as much as you do. You'll be picked out for the bits that'd add to an attractive story. Never let yourself be forced into one - it's an indignity, an offense I'd liken to slavery, a reduction of your humanity down to the few things that make you acceptable. It's okay to violently come into collision with your tribe. Conflict is only symptomatic of strong, genuine feeling, and a troubling indicator of real personality. Nobody likes fully-fledged individuals that you can't fit into a snug box. How can people be as insolent as that?

But we live and we breathe stories, and the air is dense with myth and legend, because those are the lives that resonate with us in ways we don't understand, the ones where we live and learn and grow stronger and slay dragons and save damsels in distress. Those are the far more real lives playing out in our heads, even as we attend class and grapple with everyday existence. It's okay to try and write your story. It's a far harder task to begin living it, a task that yanks you onto your feet and demands that you stare your existence in the eyes, wipe off the face-paint, and stop letting a few bumps and scrapes get in the way of the things you're excited about.

Because ultimately, those are the things that really matter, the values I'd like to uphold in the years to come. Terrible jokes, violent cartoons, toilet humour, swashbuckling pirates and samurai, great stories from far-off places and even better friends. These are not what I am, but I'd much rather that they be what gets me out of bed, in the place of the angsty Nation-State of ME ME ME... I'd get terribly bored, personally. I hope you figure out the substance of your lives, too - the things that you'll remember when the mundane and the in-between is stripped away, the things that you will carry to your epitaphs and your graves.

- Siddhartha
(class 12, batch of 2019)

How I Read Poetry

When you read a poem for the first time, nothing registers but isolated words and phrases. The complex concepts, the backgrounds and deep philosophies are not there to cloud your mind just yet. There are only words - disconnected, out of context, floating like debris in space. And yet, we may fall in love with poetry at first glance. It's been a mystery to me, how exactly this works. I'm tempted to believe that some part of us, deep in our collective consciousness, still manages to marvel at words. It's as simple as that. It's so fantastic that we can hear a bunch of sounds and our mind can associate countless emotions and images with them. And somehow these sounds are so loaded with history and anger and nostalgia and indignation and joy. Sometimes I don't need more than that. That's why I love most poems after the first reading. It's not as though the meaning or the analysis doesn't interest me, I quite love all of that. But it's that urge - to simply appreciate words, language - that's far too strong sometimes. I don't know why this is such a simple yet profound discovery.

- Meghana

(class 12, batch of 2019)

Since having completed my 12th grade at Sahyadri, I feel like there is a part of me missing. Something I left behind there and can't get back. At first I felt lost ... Broken ... Losing a space where you felt like you belonged can do that to you. Then came the part where I realised that I was losing friends as well, people seemed so busy with their own lives that I felt left out. I had written a quote on my white board about the simplicity of fixing broken things. But then my mom read it and asked me why I felt the need to fix things, what is wrong with being broken? It still took me a while, but I know now that I will always leave a part of me in every place I call home and in every friendship I lose. I learnt that it's okay. That sometimes we need to lose a part of ourselves in order to gain something new. We are the fragments that we leave behind in the memory of others and we can't leave those little pieces if we are constantly trying to put ourselves back together. So this time why not stay broken.

STAYING BROKEN

Not everything broken needs fixing.

*While I was walking through the streets of Leh,
I saw a man selling crystals by the side of the road.
At first, they didn't seem like much, insignificant dusty rock.
Well, insignificant dusty rock valued at up to three thousand rupees a pop.
Then, the man cracked one open and inside lay a shimmering wonder.
One that made my eyes wide
Like a child opening their first Easter egg.*

*So, I've come to see
Sometimes it's necessary
to break open that thick shell I make for myself.
I'm better at vulnerability.
I'm not a dust covered rock of insignificance.*

And neither is anybody else.

*We all have precious hearts and minds,
Waiting to taste the world;
And whom the world is waiting to welcome
with open arms.
I may no longer fit the same;
I no longer feel the need to.*

*Being different, being vulnerable
It's not so bad
It allows me to be me
A smiling, crying, sad, angry and happy
ME.*

*If only this time
I can let myself
stay broken.*

*- Dea Nair
(class 12, batch of 2018)*

Art by Tanya

FUSION FEST

The Student Council first proposed the idea of a “Fusion Fest” in 2017 to enable students to explore subjects that are not a part of their formal curriculum in school. Preliminary discussions led to the idea of a free format platform. Under the Fusion Fest, students (singly or in small groups) could take up a topic in an interdisciplinary area of study, identify the relevant resources (books, articles, videos) and make a presentation in school after adequate research and preparation. Each group would associate with one or more teachers for guidance, depending on their availability and interest.

After a gap of a year, three class 12 students took up the responsibility of organizing the events under Fusion Fest. Based on the previous experience, emphasis was given to the following aspects in researching and preparing for the Fusion Fest presentations:

- The work should involve a certain level of in-depth study, along with the honing of presentation skills and public speaking skills.
- This period of study should be an opportunity for students to apply themselves purposefully and closely to the relevant reading and research.
- The whole experience should enable students to bring rigour to their thinking about issues.

The following topics were taken up in Fusion Fest this year. Each topic below is followed by a brief write-up by the participating students.

➤ **Photography & Political Expression**

The Pixelated Revolution: a collection of videos of Syrian civilians filming their own deaths with their mobile phones woven together in a narrative by Lebanese artist Rabih Mroué.

One watches this film transfixed, through the eyes of the victim, through the camera of the mobile phone in his hand pointing right at the sniper who raises his rifle to aim directly at the camera, and its owner. Then, a bang! And everything goes black.

When I saw *The Pixelated Revolution* for the first time, I was overwhelmed. How could a single video have such a profound impact on me? It was as though I was actually there in Syria, in the midst of the conflict. I was immediately intrigued by questions about the role of the spectator and how visual media can in turn challenge the distant, aloof spectator. I recognized the power of visual media - how it could make a person feel, and how it has the power to reflect and shatter the political sphere that envelopes us as a society. With this realization, I thought I would work on this project - an exploration of how photography connects with political expression to create subversive and impactful works of art.

➤ **Nanotechnology**

When I initially started researching, I was captivated by the world of nanotechnology and its examples in nature, which had taken nano-engineering to the limit and created such a remarkable array of systems. From hydrophobic properties to structural color, from magnetic features to adhesive strength, nature had mastered this art. And the fact that these systems were all around us and that we could observe and learn from them seemed very exciting to me. I decided that I would cover two aspects: nano-systems in nature and some of its applications.

➤ **Behavioral Economics**

Conventional economic theory talks about how human consumers are rational creatures. It assumes that we make deliberate and rational judgments, whether in life or in the market. On the other hand, behavioral economics, an integration of psychology and economics, argues that this assumption of rationality is not true and that the brain, which is thought of as a complex and intelligent system, is actually quite irrational.

We decided to narrow our focus to the irrationality of the human brain (*The Story of Success* by Malcolm Gladwell), how the human brain actually makes decisions (Daniel Kahneman's research), and how snap judgments affect us and how they can be better than “thought out” judgments (*Blink* by Malcolm Gladwell).

➤ **Film & Poetry**

Ours became an exploratory process into film and poetry that tapped into the subjective interpretations of the participants. The selected poems and films illustrated the concept of an open-ended interpretation we had been exploring. The hope was that the audience would be able to engage with the whole experience in the manner we had envisioned.

The selected poems and films included:

- “This is Just to Say” and “Poem” by William Carlos Williams
- “In a Station of the Metro” by Ezra Pound
- “This is a Photograph of Me” by Margaret Atwood
- Loving Vincent
- Paterson
- Gully Boy

➤ **Food Facade**

Our food has been adulterated by substances which are toxic to our health as well as to the environment. During this Fusion Fest, we wanted to unravel and unmask some of the truths about what enters our bodies. Our sub-topics were “A Study on Sugar” and “Junk Food Genocide”.

➤ **Controversial Historical Personalities**

We took up this topic because we wanted to begin to understand the motives and actions of some historical leaders who have been controversial. In the course of our research, we closely examined the idea of authority and what it means to be a leader.

➤ **Music & Psychology**

This topic brought together two fields I felt drawn to and I thought it would be interesting to explore their connections. After the initial round of research, we identified and discussed the aspects that we wanted to explore further and eventually include in our presentation. These were:

- How music affects mood
- Music therapy
- The neuroscience of music
- The music industry

➤ **Magic & Psychology**

It was quite natural for me to take up this topic for Fusion Fest as I had been practising and performing magic for about 3 years. I felt that I had never really explored the field in depth in order to understand what really made a magic trick work. I wanted to understand why certain characteristics of a trick made it more deceptive and what kinds of psychological impact they had on the audience.

- Nethra, Sunidhi, Aditya K., Radha, Ekam, Ahana, Rhea, Akshat, Amresh

**Nobody:
Not a soul:
Not even the cameraman:
Parth Goru:**



Class Photos (2018-19)



PRESCHOOL

Row 1: Vibha, Tejas, Vidneyha, Om G., Rudraraj

Row 2: Madhuparna Akka, Shaurya, Arya, Riya, Ria, Sarthak, Vedant



4

Row 1: Panav, Mudit, Riddhim, Kasturi Akka, Vedika, Disha, Tanvi, Reena Akka, Aanya

Row 2: Ardith, Rachit, Ved



5

Row 1: Shreyansh A., Dhairya, Samruddhi, Purna Akka, Arya, Shreyansh J., Mayur,

Toshaan, Sridhan, Nikhil, Ruhi, Devanshi, Nanaki

Row 2: Hriya, Avika, Jiya, Amudha, Kritika Akka, Yuga, Shreya, Anushka,

Sarvajna, Magi, Chaifanya



6A

Row 1 : Indira, Ananya J., Sarthak, Yajnesh, Kabir R., Sohann, Madhavi Akka

Row 2: Aadhira, Ananya S., Anindita, Shiv, Ishan, Vashist, Vishal, Aashi



6B

Sitting: Namit, Pratham, Shreyaan, Sreechita, Rishabh, Prakriti, Smita Akka
Standing: Niloufer, Ahona, Snehashish, Atharva, Kailash, Amrita, Siddharth G., Ruhani, Anavi



7A

Row 1: Rishit, Aryan, Sumedh, Bhavya, Pratyush, Akshay, Deeta, Rithin, Anang, Smriti Akka
 Row 2: Ratul, Neeraj, Karuna, Meher, Parikshit, Mahi, Aryaki, Kimaya



FB

Row 1: Shravani, Vinayak Sharma Sir, Adavay, Aaditya S., Vikram, Mohnish

Row 2: Nandan, Navya, Yati, Sana, Tanisha D.

Row 3: Aryaman, Manya A., Jahnvi K., Jija, Kabir R.



8A

Row 1: Isha, Ashwath, Pranav, Ishan K., Darshan, Mallika Akka, Avneesh, Barsha, Harshita
 Row 2: Kian, Darshin, Anjali, Avantika, Ishrat, Parisha, Aanya K., Abhineet, Diva, Sidhaant,
 Madhav, Shreyansh, Aks, Yagya A.



8B

Row 1: Ayaan, Semzes, Suhruth, Keerti, Varun, Tanvi, Jigmet
Row 2: Soumitri, Mouli, Chaitanya, Shrawan, Darpin, Padmapriya Akka, Ami, Manya, Rohini
Row 3: Rudraneel, Hardik, Patanjali, Aarav, Vaishnavi K., Krishna P., Sonia



9A

Row 1: Laasya, Amiraah, Chidrupee, Sufii, Krishna, Danica

Row 2: Alok Sir, Abhiraaj, Nithilan, Srinivas, Aayush P., Alex, Gautam G.,

Jaidhar, Pratham A, Tara, Parth G., Sanskriti, Dhruv, Mansi



9B

Row 1: Lakshmi, Stanzin, Meera, Arun Sir, Arnav J., Naman

Row 2: Sumedha, Prarthana, Piya, Yamini, Aanya S., Vedaant M., Sanvi, Akshay, Sampad

Row 3: Mudit, Sujay, Prisha, Shashank, Ayam



IOA

Row 1: Tanmaya, Jahnvi, Shailesh, Siddha, Vaishnavi, Tanya
Row 2: Vishwas, Harsh A., Praapthi, Seema Akka, Yashvardhan, Dwijesh
Row 3: Siddharth S., Jaleel, Shiven, Harsh B., Arnnav R.



LOB

Row 1 : Nitya, Aarsalan, Ubanisha, Aashray, Parth A., Ekam, Abhigyan, Amresh Sir, Siri,

Aditya A., Krishang, Adi, Vedika

Row 2: Kriti, Devrat, Archit, Dhanika, Khushi



||

Row 1 : Ahana, Adhya, Zesdan, Radha, Chinmayee, Sunidhi, Sakshi

Row 2: Yerik, Vedant M., Aditya K., Vedant D., Yagya P., Akriti, Rhea, Aviva, Sahajo,

Arjun, Nethra, Aditi Sethi

Row 3: Sreekar, Hari, Abheepsa, Aditya M., Kishan, Akshat, Devraj, Arzoo, Divya Akka



12

Row 1: Rakshan, Siddhartha, Meghana, Anoushka, Niervan, Chaitley, Aarya, Aditi Singhal, Ravin

Row 2: Tanisha, Ayush T., Tarini, Elizabeth Akka

Row 3: Rishi, Kushal, Preeti, Amer, Aalokaa, Aggam, Raahil, Devashree, Fatch, Deepak, Gautam



TEACHERS

- Row 1 : Sudesh, Kritika, Jolsy, Reena, Deepa, Smriti, Arun, Vinayak Sharma, Kasturi, Divya
 Row 2: Rama, Mira, Ragini, Akshata, Vandana, Padmapriya, Raghunath, Bheem, Lakshman, Shailesh,
 Ramesh, Amresh, Alok, Vinayak Khude
 Row 3: Madhavi, Rekha, Suchithra, Mallika, Seema, Purna, Shubhang, Ashima, Nibedita, Upasana,
 Sandeepa, Madhuparna, Sabitha, Elizabeth, Smrita, Milind



STAFF

Row 1 - Nandkishor, Gopal, Sandip, Deepak, Shantaram, Ramesh, Padmapriya, Shailesh, Omana,

Usha, Reshma, Surekha, Milind, Amresh

Row 2 - Bhanudas, Bhandari, Kisan, Dilip, Pravin, Arjun, Sandip B., Sushila, Rupali, Sunita J., Sunita

W., Bhagirathi, Shaila, Sangita, Amruta, Pradnya, Kavita

Row 3 - Bhau, Vinayak, Raju, Babaji, Mangesh, Nilesh B., Kishan P., Shankar, Bharat, Bashir, Sunil W.



TEAM NINAD

ROW 1: SAMPAD, AMIRAAH, PARTH, SUMEDHA, JAIDHAR, PRARTHANA

ROW 2: YAMINI, VEDAANT, MEERA, PIYA

On the Ninad

Everything comes to an end. Life, food, even exams. Similarly, there shall come a time when the last Ninad will come out and for whatever reason, that will be the end. Decades of carrying this partially cool and mostly terrifying legacy will vanish. There won't be a team that everyone can keep bugging with tireless nudges, all asking the same question: "When is the Ninad coming out?" Amresh sir won't have a tiny army of inexperienced soldiers flailing their arms about in unified chaos. There won't be anticipation in everyone's subconscious that keeps reminding them that yes, the Ninad is soon going to be out. No class photos, no interviews, no boring surveys. No endless essays about God-knows-what, no hilarious Where-I'm-Froms and absolutely no lame comics.

Maybe the Ninad will get replaced by a more advanced, digital version called the Artistically Realistic Incredibly Extraordinary Biography of a Sahyadrian. Maybe all that will happen and maybe it isn't so far away in the future but the one thing that can be said is that it'll be nowhere as great, we can assure you. The Ninad, meaning the Voice, is a school magazine that entrusts a group of high-schoolers with the responsibility of producing a fun-packed, thrilling page-turner. In the process what the team gets is experience - loads of it and, most importantly, patience - the patience to handle absolutely idiotic colleagues and to keep it in when your favorite article is recklessly shredded into infinitesimal pieces and cast into the Reject pile.

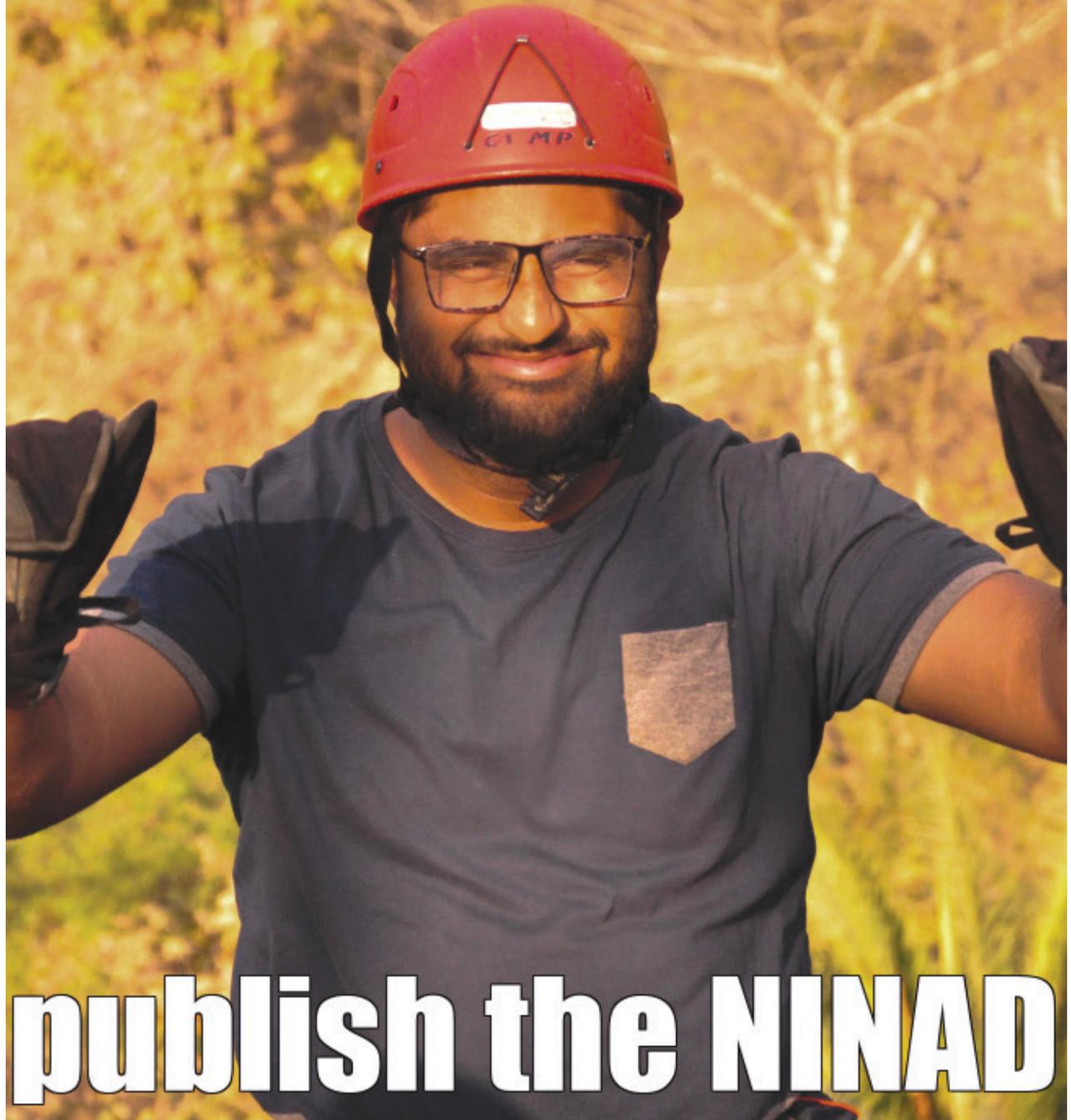
People might be happy to welcome a change in the orthodox Ninad - eager as we are for betterment. On the other hand, the alumni of the plodding Ninad editorial board might be resentful. But no matter how many cool innovations, moving pictures (or GIFs, as they're called), touch-screen quizzes, the replacement (emphasize replacement) might come up with, the true Ninad will never be forgotten. The Ninad, with its hand-drawn covers, meticulously drafted pages and well-thought out themes, will never die.

...Or so we believe. Maybe it will die and soon only the teachers would get to write educational pieces for it, attached with informative graphs, stats and a long list of sources at the end. But calm down, mate, it was never said that this is the last Ninad (Oh dear, the very idea that this could be the one to end the legacy is tormenting!).

On this note of appreciation, let's go back and read this new edition of the Ninad again!

- Prarthana

When you FINALLY



publish the NINAD



*"Two roads diverged in a yellow wood ...
and I - I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference."*

~ Robert Frost, The Road Not Taken

Sahyadri School
Krishnamurti Foundation India



*"Two roads diverged in a yellow wood ...
and I - I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference."*

~ Robert Frost, The Road Not Taken