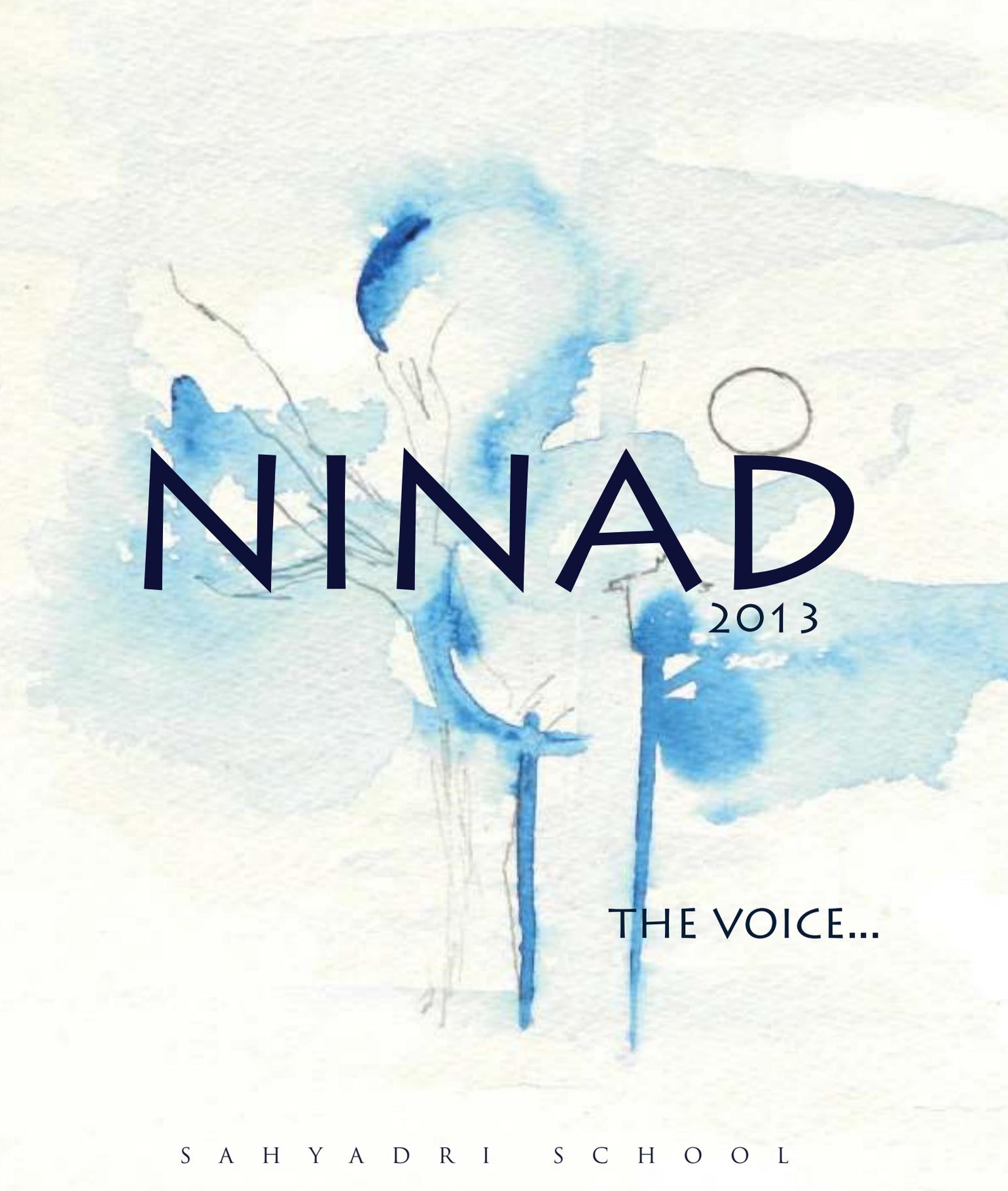




minad

REBORN



NINAD
2013

THE VOICE...





CARPENTRY HUT

LABS

MANGO GROOVE

STAFF MEETING ROOM

7.5 & 6th

9 & 10th

Sr. Au

OFFICE

ASTHACHAL HILL

HANDBALL

HOCKEY COURT

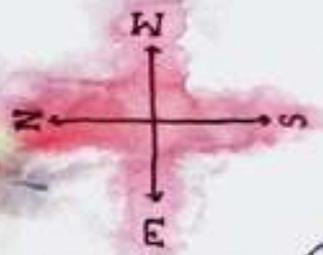
TEACHERS' QUARTERS

FOOTBALL COURT

TUCK SHOP

STORE ROOM

BASKETBALL COURT



- GIRL DORMS
- BOY DORMS
- LOO FOR BOYS
- LOO FOR GIRLS

THE NINAD EDITORIAL ...

(Team Ninad gets senti MENTAL ...)

As a group of ignited minds and incarnadine hearts, we have attempted to make this edition of Ninad colourful – both literally and metaphorically. Admittedly, our grand dreams of movie-making and other virtuous enterprises were shattered after we frittered away the first term on certain unsuccessful pursuits; not to mention other editions of the school magazine in the form of a poetry edition or a 'Black Edition'. Then again, the body that encompasses the mind seems to be smaller than the mind itself!

Well, what does it take to publish a magazine like this one? You need a bunch of creative, egoistic, lazy, contrasting and disastrous adolescents. Imagine a group of twelve teenagers trying to make one magazine happen – to compile, edit and design; all without an ounce worth of experience. After striving for months to dispel laziness, we finally came out with this minimalist magazine.

Gradually, we came up with these 80 odd pages for our school magazine after learning how to scale an image, pestering students and teachers alike for content, wishing that the 'Undo' key worked in real life, scheduling meetings and generally strutting around the Computer Lab feeling 'professional'. At one point, finishing the Ninad seemed as improbable as finding a unicorn! It looked as though the Ninad had truly been delivered the coup de gracé. However, we managed to straggle through, and seem to have successfully pulled to shore, with the vehicle none the worse for wear. We would love to enthrall you with stories of the perils of this venture, but we desist.



Rajas apologises again!



Hetvee & Savannah compiling ...

a meeting with Anresh Sir...



guys get to work!



Raja

There she goes again...

"Parshuram working?"



PARSHURAM

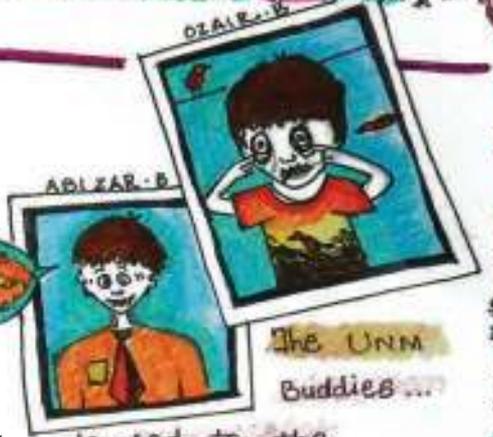


ADARSH

Done with the book yet???

It enriched our school experience (cliché. We realize). It showed us that maybe, while looking through a textbook, no matter how drab, we ought to give a little thought to the person who designed it. As we wonder over these and other grave matters in our final Editorial Group meeting, any microscopic trace of focus vanishes as a horse calmly trots by with two enthusiastic 9ths in tow. The ensuing excitement and chaos (akin to entertainment) ends rather violently with a chair in the bush and Rajas in the dustbin. The horse is led back towards the Medical Unit (what is it doing here anyway?). Sigh! We suppose, this is as close as we'll ever get to spotting our unicorn!! Bon Voyage, readers!

- Team Ninad



devoted to the Purpose.....?

The UNM Buddies...

Current time: 9:35 p.m

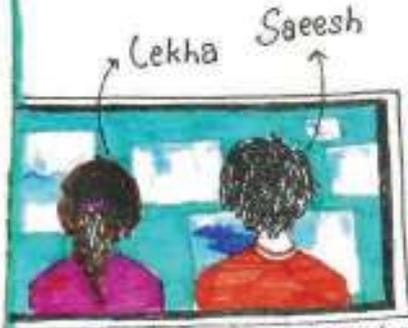


deadline time:

9:30 p.m

Oh! and this is for all you hopeless romantics who expected sentimentality...

The Ninad was a fire whose flames eventually subsided. We picked up its ashes, gave it life, turning this formless Entity into what lies before you. It has given a professional perspective to our lives, which on retrospect shall colour our memorabilia. And now this fire burns brightly once again...



Finally - The Sketchers...

[ADARSH-B]

[DHRUVE GALA]

[LEKHA-P]

[RAJAS DE ROY]

[PARSHURAM]

[SAVANNAH]

[ADARSH-B]

[SAEESH-M]

[SONIA-A]

[RAJAS-C]

[NETVER]

[ADARSH]



[Sonia has Buddhani]

New School.....

The change, over the years, in my old school was enormous. I was walking down the familiar paths, rooms and grounds, but was surrounded by entirely different people, a totally different culture. I felt lonely and started looking for someone familiar. But I guessed that would be difficult, seeing how much the people of the school had changed. I had missed school after I had left.

Finally, I saw a familiar face, my previous dorm-parent Neela Akka. She was surrounded by some girls.

I gazed at the old, kindly face. I walked up to her, trying to absorb the shock of realizing how much she had aged. While talking to her, the previous comfort washed away. I felt more and more like a stranger. The wind felt colder.

I realized that not only had the teachers changed, but many other aspects of the school, too. As I looked around, I did not see what I had seen earlier, seen for all of the six years I had lived here – new goalposts on the football field, the hockey court renovated, new houses near Shambhu Kailash. I suddenly realized that nothing stays the same for long – “The only thing that is constant is change.” The full meaning of the statement hit me. I realized that when I had walked into the school earlier this morning, I had not walked into my old school but into a new one.

– An ex-student

The Times, They Are A Changin'

OLD

NEW



LIBRARY



DINING HALL



ASTACHAL
HILL



ART
ROOM



d a s a v a t a r

अजूबों से बड़ा अजूबा है
Sr. Audi यह दरबार
है जिसके दशावतार
है यह तो प्रिय मित्र हमारा
सब कुछ सहता कभी न ।
रैन से बिछड़ने पर



जब बच्चे आते हैं
सपने और नींद भरी साँसें लिए
तब एक उबासी के साथ
Sr. Audi स्वागत करता है एक अंगड़ाई लिए
शुरू होता है अलसाई आँखों का
बंद कर ओम करना, साँस अंदर खींचना
बाहर करना ।



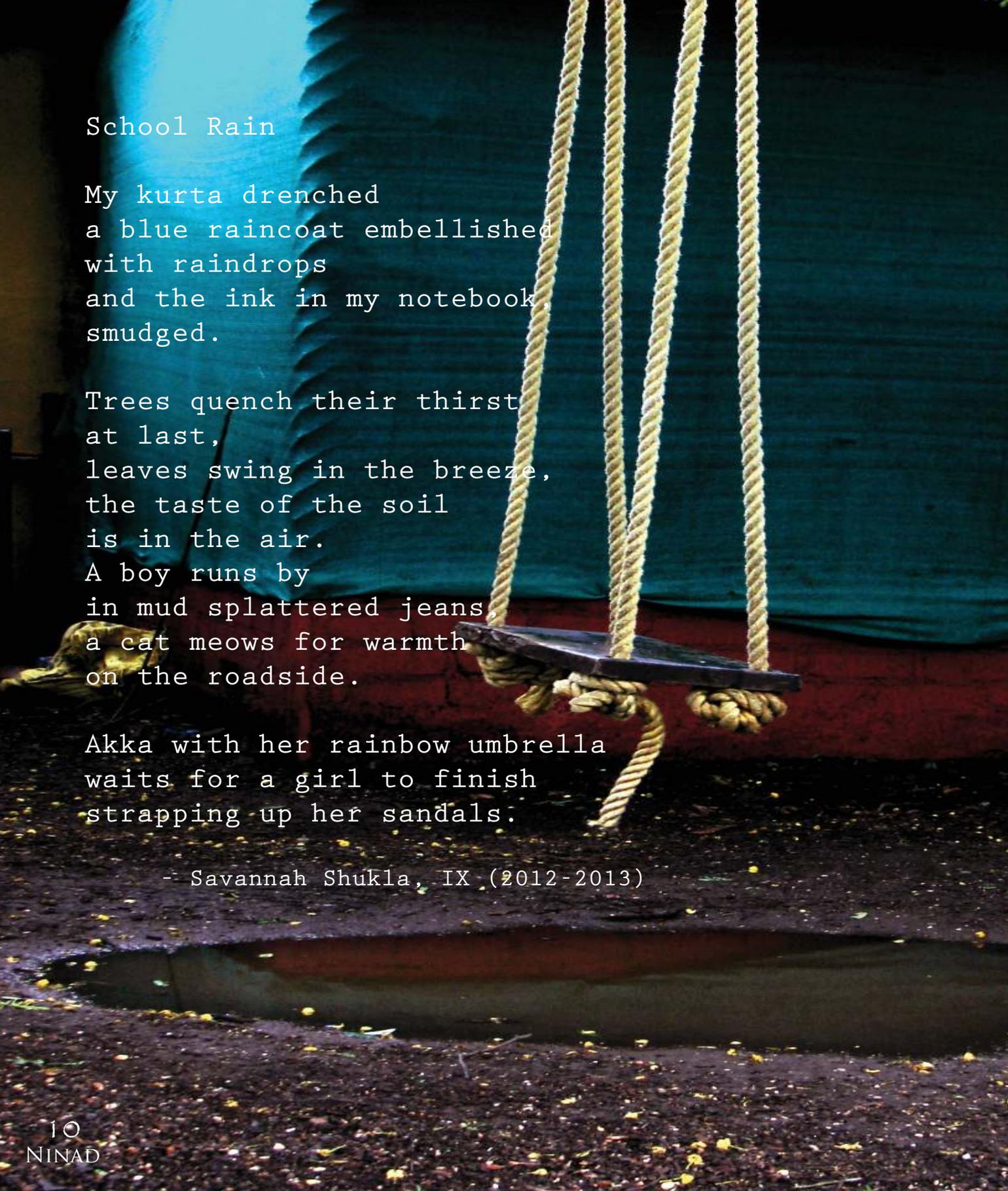
फिर थोड़ी देर के लिए
अकेला हो जाता है ।
तभी चहचहाती हुई चिड़ियों की तरह
आने लगती है बच्चों की चहचहाट
खुशियों का दमान फैलाए
बच्चों का स्वागत करता है
अचानक सब चुप क्यों?
हाँ! असेंबली शुरू होगी
जो सुरों की तान संगीत की मुस्कान भरी होगी ।
असेंबली खत्म कर दिन किया शुरू
लोग आते हैं अचानक फिर
एक लंबी उबाऊ न निर्णय कर पाने वाली
एक सभा शुरू होती है
सभा का विषय खोजने की सभा होती है ।
कभी नाटक, कभी गीत, कभी संगीत,





कभी विज्ञान, कभी ज्ञान की कार्यशाला होती है
अब शाम होने को आई अचानक
लोगों की दौड़ उनके रैकेटों की आवाज
आह! सब badminton खेल रहे हैं।
और खेल के अंत में, जब मैं रह गया अकेला
कुछ पलों के लिए हो गया सन्नटा
तभी संगीत की ताल पर
जीवन की मुस्कान पर, बच्चों के लोक नृत्य में
मेरा मन मयूर नृत्य करने लगता है,
लगता है शनिवार है
मुझे इसी का तो इंतजार है
अब भोज के बाद की रात होगी
अपनों से बात होगी
रंगमंच की कला सीखेंगे
मन को रस से सींचेंगे
फिर साल के आरंभ और अवसान पर
सांस्कृतिक कार्यक्रमों का मज़ा लेता हूँ।
जो सुरों की ताल सितारों की झनकार
तबले की थाप, नृत्य और शृंगार
इन सब से भरा होता है
मुझको आनंदित करता है।
कभी कभी बीच में जब सोया रहता हूँ
सुरों की कुलबुलाहट Piano को मधुर आवाज
अचानक मुझको जगा देती है।
मैं नींद को भूलकर अपनी उनींदी में ही
सुरों के मजे लेने लगता हूँ
फिर नहीं सोता हूँ।





School Rain

My kurta drenched
a blue raincoat embellished
with raindrops
and the ink in my notebook
smudged.

Trees quench their thirst
at last,
leaves swing in the breeze,
the taste of the soil
is in the air.
A boy runs by
in mud splattered jeans,
a cat meows for warmth
on the roadside.

Akka with her rainbow umbrella
waits for a girl to finish
strapping up her sandals.

- Savannah Shukla, IX (2012-2013)



Going Home

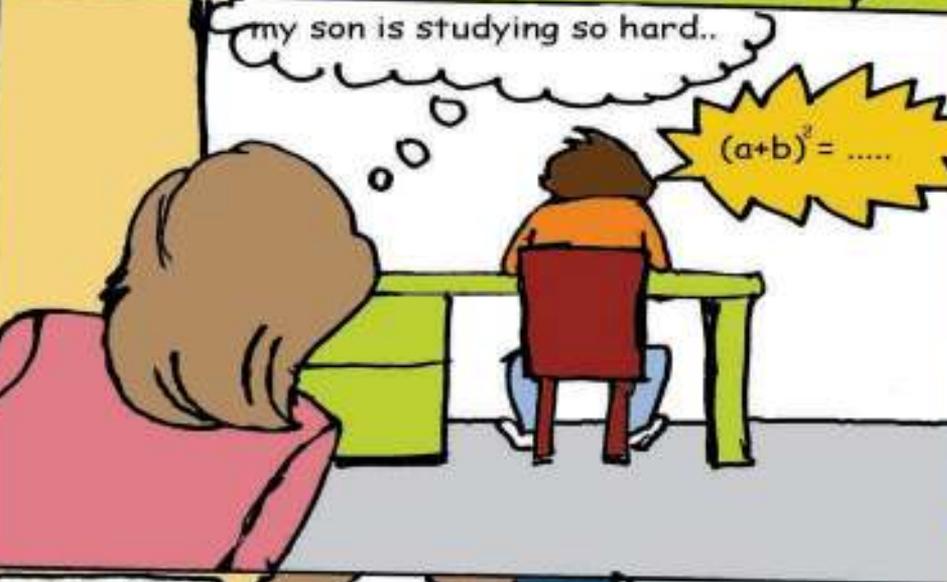
Going home to Mumbai
Meeting my cousins, aunts, grandmother
Playing with my dog, Sasha
Celebrating Diwali with joy
Bursting colourful crackers
Surfing game sites
Eating chocolates and pizza
Viewing the cool blue sea
Shifting house
Unpacking bags 'n' boxes
Making new friends
Having dinner at a Chinese restaurant
Watching 'Ajab Prem ki Ghazab Kahani'
Doing fractions every morning
Playing Scrabble with mom
Shopping at Lifestyle
Searching for jeans and kurtis
Spilling juices and drinks
Eating ice cream at Gelato's
E-mailing my school friends
Getting a haircut
Waiting to come back to school



S
C
R
A
B
B
L
E

– Tanvi Chitre, VI (2009–2010)





Friendship

Friendship is a chamber which can change its
colour any time, anywhere
It can be the root of everything, or just the leaf of
the tree.

Life without friendship is:
A cloud lost in the sky,
A bird waiting to take flight,
A torn piece of paper,
A dry leaf in summer,
A petal separated from a flower,
A word waiting to find its meaning.
- Avishkar VJ (2011-2012)





... Sahyadri A-Z



A is for **Astachal** time :
a peaceful space to dream, to think,

B is for the **Bhima River**...
by day - flowing, faded blue ink.

C is for **Curious** juniors
crowding 'round a newfound creature

D is for **Di** - bundle days
where towers of dirty clothes feature.

E is for **E**mailing time -
writing home to Moms + Dads,

F - **F**ootball on the Hockey Court
played by thy Sahyadri lads.

G is for the **Geet Gunjan**
a book of songs we sing together

H is for the **homesick** tears
shed late at night by a lonely Fresher.

I is for irritating mosquitoes
that let you neither sit nor stand

And for the Sahyadri idiolect
that only we can understand.

J is for **Juice** break -
time to fool around and chat

K is for adopted **Kittens**
each growing up into a KFI cat!

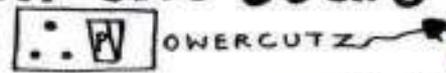
L is for the **Leaky** roofs
bane of every **Monsoon** season

O is for **Obnoxious** seniors
who scream and shout
without a reason.



N is for nightfall - dusky sky
cool and dark in fading light

N is for  Nature; all around us
to sit and watch the stars at night

P is for frequent 
and morning P.T in the cold 

Q & **R**; your **Qu**arelling **R**oommate,
who you'll miss when you are old.

S is for Sunday dosa
- a breakfast you wouldn't want to miss,



S is for Sunday  sleep
simple, precious, weekly bliss :)

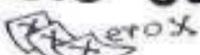
Talking, teaching, eating tuck,

T is the  that waits for none;
And school  is the threshold

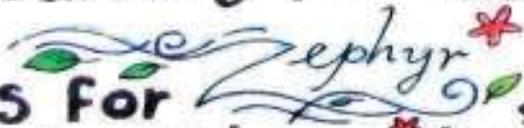
Ü & **I** are on, before we leave to
join the run.

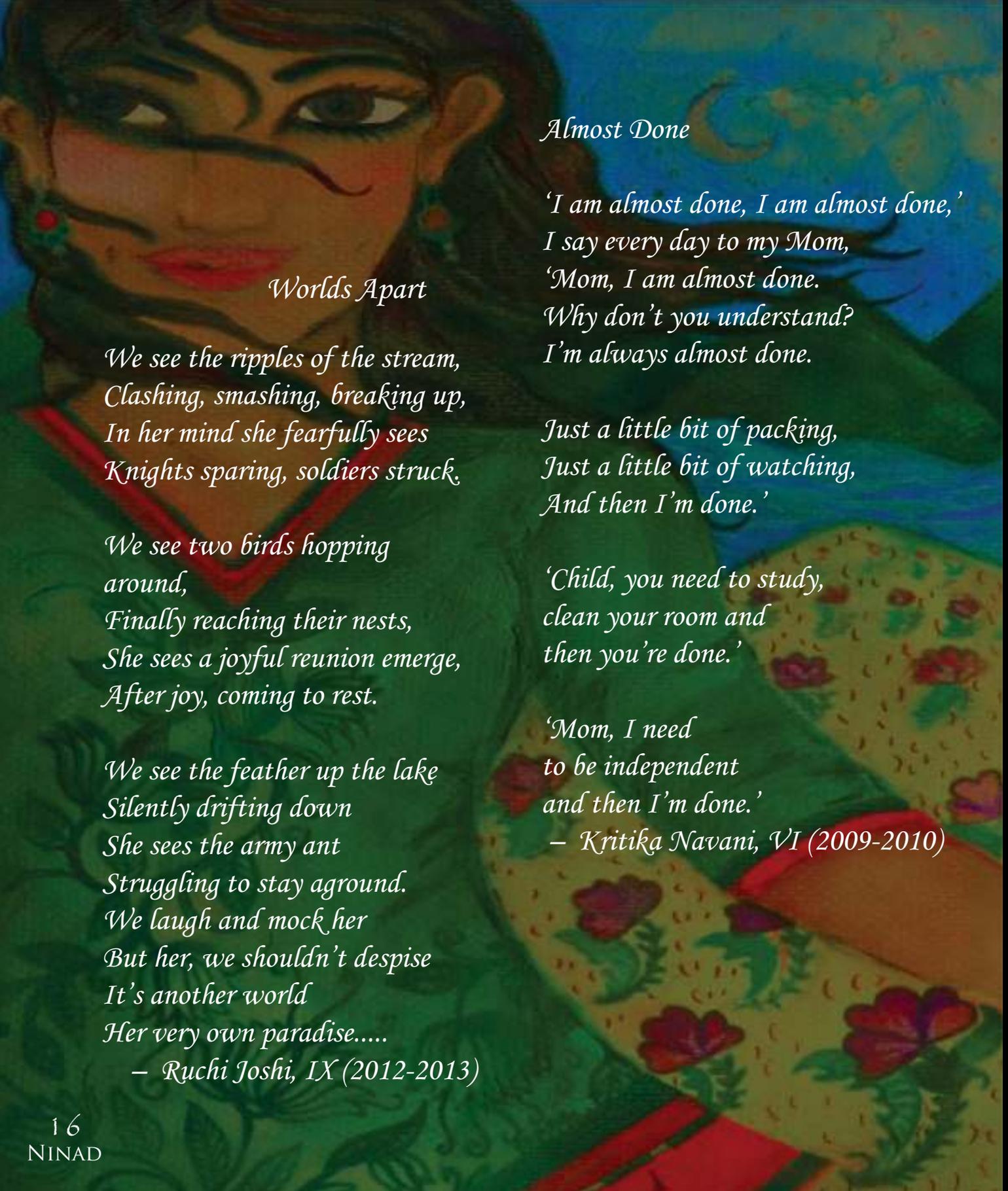
V's Vacations, welcome break

Warm moments, or should I call them  vacation
Watching each paper turn out memories?

as I stand beside the  machine.

Y is for the last year... gone
a yearning for the hills and trees 

Z is for  zephyr, forever blowing
cool and sweet; happy childhood breeze.



Worlds Apart

*We see the ripples of the stream,
Clashing, smashing, breaking up,
In her mind she fearfully sees
Knights sparing, soldiers struck,*

*We see two birds hopping
around,
Finally reaching their nests,
She sees a joyful reunion emerge,
After joy, coming to rest.*

*We see the feather up the lake
Silently drifting down
She sees the army ant
Struggling to stay aground.
We laugh and mock her
But her, we shouldn't despise
It's another world
Her very own paradise.....*

– Ruchi Joshi, IX (2012-2013)

Almost Done

*'I am almost done, I am almost done,'
I say every day to my Mom,
'Mom, I am almost done.
Why don't you understand?
I'm always almost done.*

*Just a little bit of packing,
Just a little bit of watching,
And then I'm done.'*

*'Child, you need to study,
clean your room and
then you're done.'*

*'Mom, I need
to be independent
and then I'm done.'*

– Kritika Navani, VI (2009-2010)

Change

I was on my way back home. After a four month long term, I was sure my brother would be delighted to see me.

I could recall my brother's image: he was tall, brown eyed, had cropped hair and wore spectacles. We had always had great fun watching T.V. and attending tuitions together. As Abhijay was my only brother, I was very fond of him. I hated the thought that he might change; that was what I feared the most as I rode home that day. Someone had once told me, "People change as they grow older". I kept wondering, "Will this change also happen in Abhijay?"



The next morning, I was home. As soon as my mother saw me, she rushed to give me a hug. Eager to see my brother, I hurried to his room as soon as my mother released me.

Very silently, making sure that I would not wake him up, I sneaked up to his bed. The moment I flung the blanket away, I was astonished to see a huge body in front of me. He had huge eyes, hands and legs. Dumbstruck, I wondered what had happened to him. Unable to bear the shock, I burst into tears. I could not believe that my dear brother had turned so huge. I sat still near my brother, overwhelmed, wondering if I would ever again see the old, familiar Abhijay, as he had looked in the old times. It was as if someone who had been with me for years was suddenly lost.

Just then my father came in and saw me crying. In a trembling voice, I asked him, "Papa, will he ever change back to the way he was?"

Papa replied in a soft voice, "Look at him. Has he really changed? He's all the same except for his size and voice. This change happens to everybody, and one day you will also change."

My father's words consoled me. That day, I learnt something.

"Changes are inevitable. Some we take in our stride, but some shatter us..."

~ Satyajay Jagdev, VI (2009-2010)

FIBONACCI NUMBERS – AN ETERNAL SOURCE OF PATTERNS SHAILESH SHIRALI

Mathematics is full of patterns, and natural patterns are to be found all around us – in flowers, in leaves, in trees, in clouds, in feathers Perhaps that is why mathematics is so ‘useful’ in physics and other sciences. In this article I will dwell on some patterns involving a famous sequence of numbers – the Fibonacci numbers. It is surely the most famous sequence in all of mathematics – it even starred in a best-selling novel, The DaVinci Code.

The Fibonacci numbers have been known for a very long time. The name links the numbers with Leonardo Pisano, also called Fibonacci (‘son of Bonacci’), who lived in Italy from 1170 to 1250. He was a trader who travelled a great deal across the Mediterranean countries. In the course of his travels he learned about the Hindu-Arabic number system which had originated in India and was widely used in India and the Arab countries; he wrote about it in a book called Liber Abaci. This book had great influence in Europe. The numeral system slowly became popular, and today it is in use everywhere.

In his book, Fibonacci posed a problem about a rabbit population with these assumptions (which are very unrealistic, but that does not matter – it’s only a puzzle): A newly born male rabbit and female rabbit are put in a zoo; a rabbit pair produces a new pair of rabbits every month starting with their second month – always one male and one female; rabbits never die. Here is the puzzle posed by Fibonacci: How many rabbit pairs will there be in one year?

By simple computation we construct the following table:

start of the month	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
no. of rabbit pairs	1	1	2	3	5	8	13	21

The numbers in the second line are the Fibonacci numbers. The fact that a rabbit pair produces a new pair of rabbits every month, starting with their second month” means that starting with the third number, each number in the sequence is equal to the sum of the two numbers just before it: $2=1+1$, $3=2+1$, $5=3+2$, $8=5+3$, $13=8+5$, and so on. So the defining property of the sequence is an additive one. Mathematicians use symbols to denote the numbers: they write $F(n)$ for the n -th Fibonacci number, so: $F_1=1$, $F_2=1$, $F_3=2$, etc. After the ‘21’ the next five Fibonacci numbers: 34, 55, 89, 144 and 233.

The Fibonacci numbers grow surprisingly fast. Have a look:

- Twentieth Fibonacci number: $F_{20}=6765$
- Thirtieth Fibonacci number: $F_{30}=832040$
- Fiftieth Fibonacci number: $F_{50}=12586269025$
- Hundredth Fibonacci number: $F_{100}=354224848179261915075$.

Well.

Since the Fibonacci numbers are defined additively, it should not come as a surprise that there are many additive relationships to be found among the numbers. Here is one such: The sum of any consecutive number of Fibonacci numbers, starting with the first one, is always 1 less than the Fibonacci number which comes two steps after the last one. In other words,

$$F_1+F_2+F_3+\dots+F_n=F_{(n+2)}-1.$$

For example:

- $1+1+2=4=5-1$
- $1+1+2+3+5=12=13-1$
- $1+1+2+3+5+8+13=33=34-1$

See if you can explain why this relation will always be true.

Here is a divisibility relation which is somewhat more surprising: Every fifth Fibonacci number is a multiple of 5. For example, we see that $F_5=5$, $F_{10}=55$ and $F_{15}=610$. Try to explain why this is true.

There are other divisibility relations you may be able to find by yourself. But the most surprising relationships are the ones involving multiplication. Here are three such:

1) Among any three consecutive Fibonacci numbers, the square of the middle one differs from the product of the outer two by 1. Thus we have:

- $1^2 - 1 \times 2 = -1$
- $2^2 - 1 \times 3 = 1$
- $3^2 - 2 \times 5 = -1$
- $5^2 - 3 \times 8 = 1$

And so on. Note the results: $-1, 1, -1, 1, -1, 1, \dots$. Not only is the answer always ± 1 , the sign is alternately minus and plus. So we get a pattern within a pattern!

2) Among any four consecutive Fibonacci numbers, the product of the middle two differs from the product of the outer two by 1. Thus we have:

- $1 \times 2 - 1 \times 3 = -1$
- $2 \times 3 - (1 \times 5) = 1$
- $3 \times 5 - 2 \times 8 = -1$
- $5 \times 8 - 3 \times 13 = 1$
- And so on. Note the results: $-1, 1, -1, 1, -1, 1, \dots$. Once again the sign is alternately minus and plus. Yet again we get a pattern within a pattern!
- The sum of the squares of any two Fibonacci numbers is itself a Fibonacci number – somewhere down the line. For example:
 - $1^2 + 1^2 = 2$
 - $1^2 + 2^2 = 5$
 - $2^2 + 3^2 = 13$
 - $3^2 + 5^2 = 34$
 - $5^2 + 8^2 = 89$
- We can check that each answer is a Fibonacci number. Understanding this pattern can pose a pretty challenge.

Are there any interesting relationships to be found among any five Fibonacci numbers or among any six Fibonacci numbers? There are – but we shall not take away from you the pleasure of finding them out! Go at it!

Here is one last example of the richness of patterns within the Fibonacci sequence. Let us divide the Fibonacci sequence into two sub-sequences by listing every alternate term. So we get:

1, 2, 5, 13, 34, 89, 233, 610, 1597, 4181, ...

'and'

1, 3, 8, 21, 55, 144, 377, 987, 2584, 6765,

We may call these the 'odd' Fibonacci sequence and the 'even' Fibonacci sequence. What is striking is that each of them has properties very similar to the ones listed above:

- For each sequence, if a, b, c are three consecutive numbers of the sequence, the value of $b^2 - ac$ is ± 1 , with the sign alternately plus and minus.
- For each sequence, if a, b, c, d are four consecutive numbers of the sequence, the value of $ad - bc$ is ± 3 , with the sign alternately plus and minus.

It is obvious that there are many, many more such properties waiting to be mined.

Brother
loving, caring
encouraging, playful, lazy,
fun to be with
devil

Sister
affectionate, sweet,
naughty, funny, active,
full of new ideas
angel

– Yogika, Aanya, Suprabh,
V (2009 – 2010)

The Sneeze

There's a little tickle in my nose,
As fluttery as you please,
I think I know what's coming on,
An enormous sneeze!

I know I'll have to concentrate,
As the tickle travels upwards,
If I'm to sneeze the kind of sneeze,
That'll scare off all the birds.

I pray my sister Sarah
Doesn't appear by my side,
For she'll scream "BOO" and that'll send
The sneeze back inside.

The tickle's almost there now,
I know what I must do,
So I screw up my eyes and nose and all,
And here it comes
AACCHHOOO!!!

- Saachi Pimprekar VIII (2012-2013)



It was a lonely Saturday at my house in Bombay, as my tall, quiet brother had just joined a boarding school. As I passed the kitchen, I remember the time Harshit and I had tried to make a chapati. He rolled the chapati in a shape not yet known to earth, not like the one my mother made, round and perfect. Then, he put the chapati on the stove and calmly walked off. After a few minutes, we smelled something burning and rushed back to the kitchen. The chapati was as black as night.

“What will mummy say now?” I asked in a scared voice.

“I have no idea” he replied, “maybe God will save us.”

Another day, I found a tall figure holding up my yellow teddy bear dangerously close to the fan.

“Bhaiya, please give it back!!” I pleaded,

“I want to play with it!”

“Not till all of this mess is cleared up.”

“But Bhaiya...”

“AND put the puzzle pieces back into the cupboard!”

Soon, he came back for his Diwali vacations. In my opinion, he hadn’t changed a bit. Just that he was taller than before and with longer hair. As usual, I bombarded him with questions.

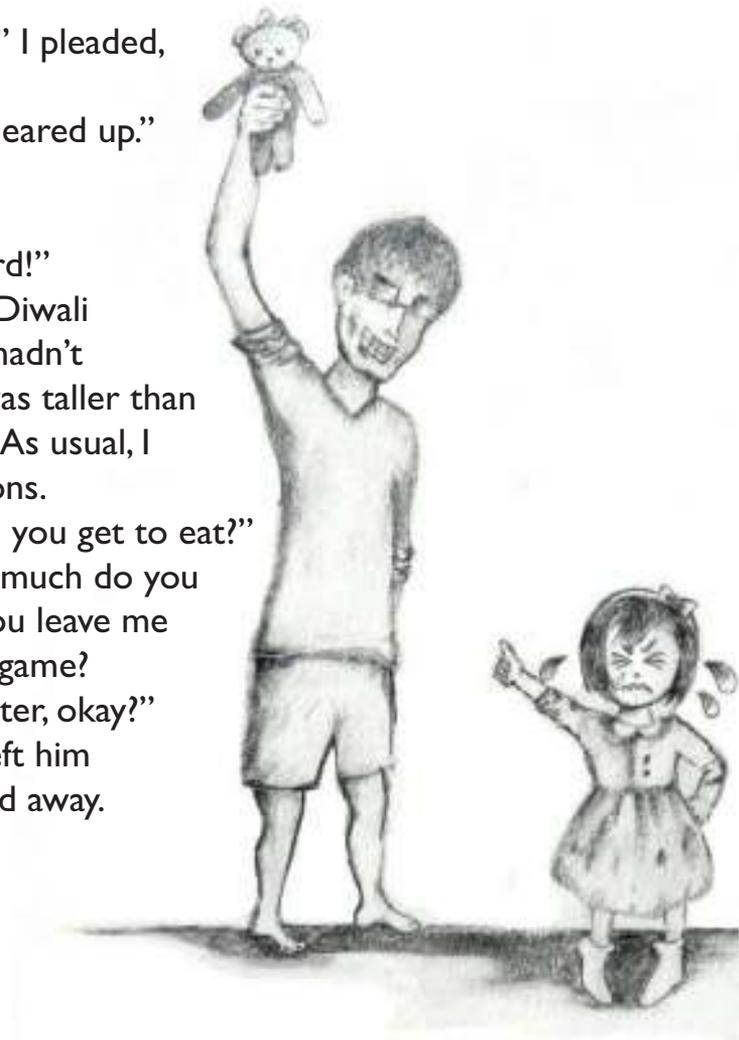
“How is it there?” “What do you get to eat?”

“What do you play?” “How much do you study?” “Did you....” “ Can you leave me alone, so I can complete my game?”

I’ll answer your questions later, okay?”

he snapped. Taken aback, I left him alone in his room, and walked away.

- Rashi, VI (2012-2013)



पाऊस

जून, जुलै, ऑगस्ट, सप्टेंबर
पाऊस धारा, झरझर झरझर
नाद पसरला चोहिकडे
टपटप टपटप, रपरप रपरप.

मंद हवा ही इकडे तिकडे
नभ हे दाटे चोहिकडे
हिरवेगार रान हे दिसते
टवटवीत ते सगळीकडे.

ढगांच्या गडगडाटात
लखकन विजा चमकतात.
घाबरून लहान मुले
आईच्या पाठीशी दडतात.

खळखळ खळखळ, झरे वाहता
सळसळ सळसळ, पाने बोलता
पाखरांची ही किलबिल किलबिल
मनास वेधून घेती.

वेगवेगळे रंग असे हे
इंद्रधनूतून दिसून येती
कलत्या उन्हात हिरवळ सारी
नहालेली दिसते.

- वैष्णवी पसारकर, 7अ



अज्ञाताची भीती

अनेक बालकांच्या मनात, "देव आम्हाला का नाही दिसत?" "पृथ्वीच्या पलिकडे जीवन आहे का?" "सृष्टी किती मोठी आहे?" असले प्रश्न अनेकदा येत असतात. मोठ्यांना विचारले की ते सांगतात, "तू जितकी कल्पना करू शकशील त्याच्यापेक्षा किती तरी मोठी आहे. ती असीम आहे." आणि मग त्यानंतर ते स्वतः पूर्णपणे गोंधळून गेलेले असतात. मुलांच्या त्या प्रश्नांना उत्तरे मिळतातच असे नाही. हळूहळू ती मोठी होत जातात आणि मग त्यांना जाणवायला लागते की आपण त्या विशाल सृष्टीच्या समोर अगदी क्षुल्लक आहोत. जगात कितीतरी गोष्टी मानसिक आकलनाच्या आणि आवाक्याबाहेरील असतात. या अज्ञात गोष्टी मनात अनेक भावनांचे आणि विचारांचे वादळ निर्माण करतात. या सगळ्यातील सर्वात मोठे वादळ म्हणजे भीती.

भीतीमुळे मनावर वेगवेगळ्या तऱ्हेचे परिणाम होऊ शकतात. परंतु अज्ञाताची भीती अंधाराची भीती किंवा बंद खोल्यांची भीती यापेक्षा कितीतरी वेगळी असते. अज्ञाताची भीती मनात चिंता, अस्वस्थता, हुरहुर अशा वेगवेगळ्या भावना निर्माण करते.

जगभर करोडो मुलांना सारखी चिंता असते. माझे पेपर कसे जातील? मी नापास झालो तर? आई, बाबांना काय वाटेल? भविष्यात मी काय करणार? मुलांना आणखी एक भीती असते, की जेव्हा ते मोठे होतील तेव्हा त्यांना पैशांची किंवा कामाची कमतरता तर पडणार नाही ना? भविष्यात घडू शकणाऱ्या अज्ञात घटनांची आणखी जास्त भीती वाटते.

ही वेगळी भीती फक्त बालकांनाच नाही; पण मोठ्यांनाही त्रासदायक असते. जर मला विचारलं की मला सतावणारे सगळ्यांत भीतीदायक विचार कुठले? तर माझं उत्तर नक्कीच 'मृत्यूचे हे असेल. तरुण लोकांपासून ते वृद्ध माणसांपर्यंत सगळ्यांना मृत्यूची भीती असते. मृत्यू केव्हा आणि कसा येईल? असले प्रश्न मनाला अस्वस्थ करतात. आणि हे प्रश्न अज्ञात भयाचे प्रमुख कारण असतात.

अज्ञाताची भीती, लोकांना सर्व प्रकाराने घेरून टाकते. त्यांचे जिवलग व आवश्यक गरजेच्या वस्तूंच्या संरक्षणासाठी असणारी सावधगिरी एका सीमेपर्यंत चांगली असते; पण अतिशय सावधगिरीही हानीकारक ठरू शकते. माणसाने अज्ञातापासून पळण्याऐवजी त्याचे रहस्य शोधून काढायला हवे. भविष्याची चिंता सोडून, त्याच्या परिवर्तनासाठी तयार राहायला हवे. आपण थोडच सत्य लपवून ठेऊ शकतो? एक ना एक दिवस ते ज्ञात होईलच. अज्ञाताच्या भीतीच्या काळोखाऐवजी जिज्ञासेची किरणे प्रकट केली पाहिजेत.

नातं-गोतं

मी खूप लहान होते; तेव्हा रोज सकाळी माझी आई आणि माझे बाबा दोघे कामावर निघून जायचे. त्यामुळे अगदी लहानपणा पासून मला बऱ्यापैकी एकटं रहायची सवय आहे. पण तशी मी खरी एकटी कधी नव्हतेच, कारण माझ्या सोबतीला होती माझी प्रेमळ आजी. आमच्या दोघांच्या वयात साठ वर्षांचं अंतर असले तरीही ती माझी सगळ्यात पहिली आणि सर्वांत जवळची मैत्रीण. अशी ही माझी आजी.

आईला देवाचे रूप समजतात. पण आजीला कोणी देवाचे रूप का म्हणत नाही? मला नेहमीच हा प्रश्न पडतो. कारण मी आणि माझ्या सारख्या आणखी असंख्य लहान मुलांना लहानपणी आई पेक्षा आजीचाच सहवास जास्त घडतो आणि तिचंच प्रेम अनुभवलं जातं.

काय-काय नाही केलं मी आजी बरोबर! ती माझ्या बरोबर खेळायची. अगदी भातुकली, डॉक्टर-डॉक्टर पासून ते पकडा पकडी आणि लपंडाव पर्यंत सगळं खेळायची. ती कधी डॉक्टर व्हायची तर कधी पेशंट व्हायची. कधी-कधी पोलीसही व्हायची. माझ्या तब्येतीची आणि खाण्यापिण्याची तर तिने कायमच विशेष काळजी घेतली. बारा वाजले की गरम गरम वरण-भात आणि तूप समोर यायलाच हवं. माझे सगळे नखरे सहन करून, मला तेल लावून आंधोळ घालायची आणि सकाळभर खेळून मी दमले की जेवण भरवून झोपवायची. लहानपणी मला नेलकटरची प्रचंड भिती वाटायची. कायमच तिने मी झोपलेली असताना माझी नखं कशी काय कापलीत हे देवच जाणे. पण कापली खरी.

पावसाळ्यात आजी आणि मी एकाच छत्री खाली तळ्याकाळी बसून एक एक दगड वेचून तळ्यात फेकायचो.

शाळेत जायला लागल्यावर मला बस स्टॉपवर सोडणे आणि चार वाजता तिथून परत घेऊन येणे हे काम माझ्या हट्टापायी खास आजीचेच. कधी उशीर झाला तर ते मला खपायचं नाही. पण मी रागावले तरी ती फक्त हसून, बरं बाई, Sorry इतकंच म्हणायची.

गोष्टी ऐकत आजीच्या कुशीत झोपण्यात किती सुख असतं ते मी वर्णन करू शकत नाही. उपभोगल्याशिवाय ते नाही कळायचं.

आजीचा देवावर खूप विश्वास आहे. ज्याचं अस्तित्व सिद्धच होऊ शकत नाही त्यावर तिची इतकी का श्रद्धा ते मला नाही ठाऊक. पण तिला बघून वाटतं की नक्की कुठे तरी देव असावा. मला मात्र तो माझ्या आजीच्या रूपातच दिसून येतो.

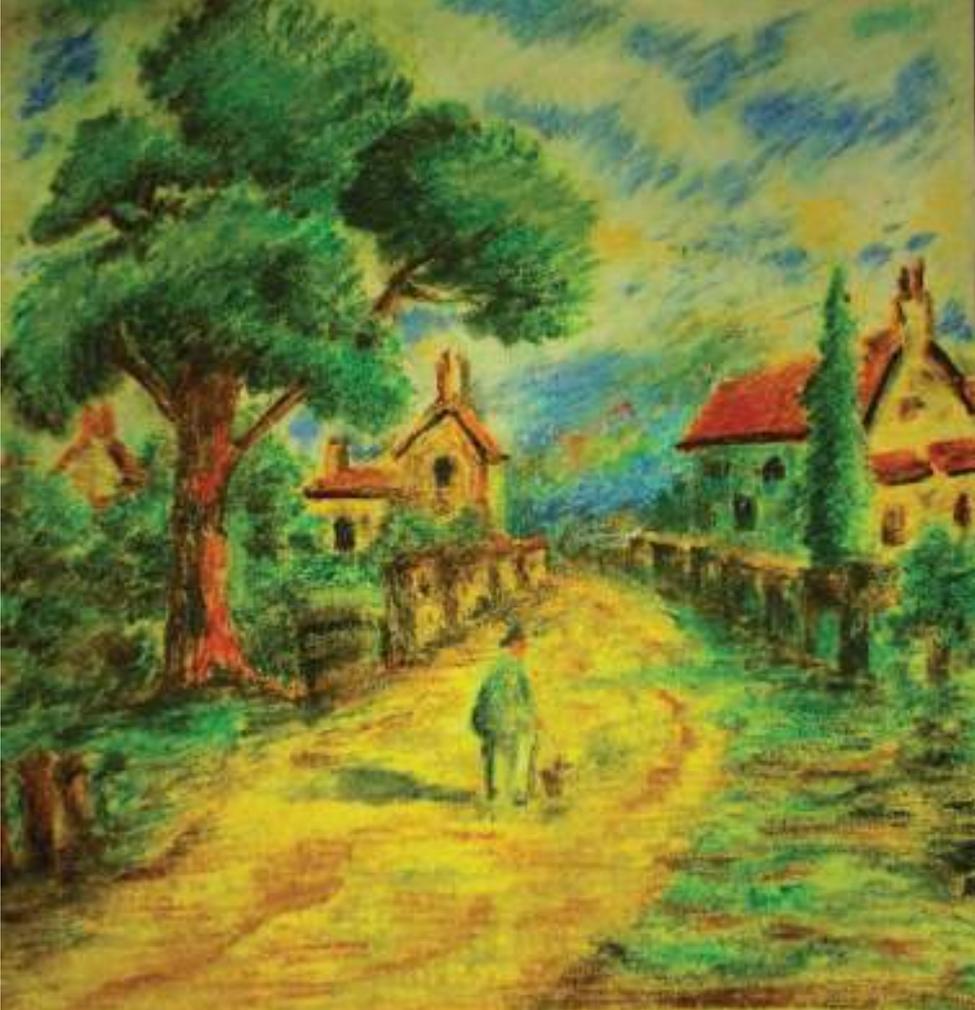
- दामिनी

एक गाव असे असेल...

एक गाव असे असेल,

जिथे खूप माणसे असतील. त्यांच्यासाठी सगळ्या सोयी असतील. सगळीकडे हिरवेगार असेल. खूप पाणी असेल, खूप घरे असतील, सगळीकडे झाडंही असतील. सगळे लोक मजेने राहत असतील. कोणीही कोणाशी भांडणार नाही, कोणालाही पाण्यासाठी लांब जायची गरज पडणार नाही. गावात विहीर बांधलेली असेल, विहीरीत गावासाठी भरपूर पाणी असेल. सगळे लोक एकत्र राहतील, एकमेकांना मदत करतील. नदीचे पाणी स्वच्छ आणि थंडगार राहिल. असा दिवस कधी येईल?

- हर्षिनी, 6अ



मैत्री

लहानपणी आपले आई-बाबा, आजी-आजोबा आपले खूप कौतुक करायचे, प्रेम करायचे, काळजी घ्यायचे तेव्हा आपल्याला मित्र-मैत्रिणींची गरज फारशी जाणवत नाही. मग मोठे झाल्यानंतर आपण स्वावलंबी बनतो, शाळेत जायला लागतो. तिथे मग आपल्याला मित्र-मैत्रिणी मिळतात. आपण मनाने एकमेकांच्या खूप जवळ येतो. एकमेकांवर विश्वास ठेवतो. आपल्या मनातल्या खास गोष्टी मैत्रिणींना सांगू शकतो.

मैत्री.....मैत्री म्हणजे स्नेह किंवा दोस्ती. सह्याद्रीत मैत्रिणी म्हणजे अगदी जिवलग. मैत्रिणींबरोबर किती मजा येते हे सांगताच येत नाही. त्या असल्यामुळेच एकटेपणा जाणवत नाही. मैत्रिणी आनंदात व दुःखात साथ देतात. आपण कधी-कधी खूप आनंदी असतो तर कधी उगीचच उदास वाटायला लागतं; तेव्हा मैत्रिणीच आपल्याला आधार देतात. समजावून सांगतात आणि हसवतात.

खोडकरपणा प्रत्येकाच्यात असतोच, पण सगळ्यांत जास्त मजा येते जेव्हा आम्ही एकत्र येऊन एकमेकांच्या खोड्या काढतो. मला असे वाटते की निवासी शाळेतील मैत्रिणी समवेत केलेली मजा म्हणजे एक अमूल्य ठेवा असतो.

मैत्री फक्त माणसांशी होत नाही, पण प्राण्यांबरोबर, संगीताबरोबर, पुस्तकांशी आणि निसर्गाशी पण होऊ शकते. मला मांजरी खूप आवडतात. त्यांच्याबरोबर पण माझी मैत्री आहे. त्यांच्या बरोबर मी तासनतास रमू शकते.

सह्याद्रीत येऊन मला 3 वर्षे झाली. सह्याद्री म्हणजे माझं दूसरं घर. माझ्या मैत्रिणींमुळेच मला इथे रहायला आवडतं. शनिवारी सतारीचा क्लास झाल्यानंतर मला माझ्या मैत्रिणींबरोबर फिरायला आवडतं. आम्ही खूप विषयांवर बोलतो. जसे की घरी काय-काय होतं, पुढे काय शिकणार, भारताच्या बाहेर जायला मिळाले तर कुठे अशी चर्चा होत असते. मैत्रीमध्ये रूसवे फुगवे पण असतातच. भांडणे पण होतात. पण जेव्हा भांडणे होतात तेव्हा शांतपणे सोडवण्याची समज पण आम्हाला आलेली आहे.



माझे उडणारे मित्र



मी छोटा असल्यापासून मला पशु-पक्षी आणि निसर्गाबद्दल ओढ होती. मी जसा-जसा मोठा झालो तसं माझं पक्षांबद्दलचं ज्ञान वाढत गेलं. चौथीत मी एका निवासी शाळेत शिकायला गेलो. ही शाळा एका डोंगरावर आहे. खालून एक नदी आकाशाचे प्रतिबिंब पोटात घेऊन वाहत असते. चहुकडे हिरवेगार डोंगर आहेत.

मला अशीच एक जागा पाहिजे होती. रोज रविवारी सकाळी काही मुलं पक्षी निरीक्षणासाठी जायची. मी पण त्यांच्याबरोबर जाऊ लागलो. मला नवीन पक्षांची माहिती कळू लागली. आता मी बऱ्याच पक्षांना ओळखू शकतो.

इथे कावळे, बुलबुल, चिमण्या असे पक्षी खूप आढळतात. कधी कधी सुतार, एशीयन पॅराडाइस, फ्लायकॅचर, ससाणा, मोर दिसू शकतात.

माझा आवडता पक्षी सातबाया आहे. इंग्रजीमध्ये त्याला जंगल बॅबलर म्हणतात. हा सहा-सहाच्या थव्यात राहतो आणि जास्त करून जमिनीवर, पाण्याखालील किडे खाताना दिसतो. करड्या रंगाचा हा पक्षी मैनेपेक्षा मोठा असतो. त्याला एक लांबडी शेपटी आणि पिवळी चोच असते. दोन्ही मादा आणि नर एकसारखे दिसतात. मला हे पक्षी खूप आवडतात कारण ते एकत्र राहतात आणि सगळे मिळून संकटाला सामोरी जातात. जवळून निरीक्षण केल्यावर आपल्यात आणि त्याच्यात साम्य जाणवतं. त्याची सतत किलकिल चालू असते.

पक्षी बघताना मला खूप मोकळं वाटतं, वाटतं की आपण पण त्यांच्यासारखं उडावं. पक्ष्यांच्यात आणि माझ्यात खूप जवळचं नातं असल्यासारखं वाटतं.



Reena akka, Siddarth, Krishang, Ubhanisha, Shreya, Siddha, Arin, Yash

class 4



(Standing) - Sharvari, Aum, Hari, Malhaar; Akshat, Vedant, Ashwin, Mira Akka, Arjun, Kabir, Aareeb, Rahul, Saujas
(Sitting) - Rhea, Meher, Meka, Sakshi, Aditya, Sahajo, Ruhi, Ridhishree, Gunjan

class 5



(1st row) - Arjun, Rahil, Smit, Nandan, Janhavi, Riddhi, Muqaddas, Aasif, Anoushk
 (2nd row) - Ayush, Arbeena, Krishna, Sagun, Anushka, Preethi, Aryaman, Manpreeth
 (3rd row) - Harshini, Hemali, Aditi, Madhavi akka, Pranav

class 6A



(1st row) - Rishi, Sheeba, Tarini, Aksha, Rashi, Neer, Apeksha, Yousra
 (2nd row) - Mithil, Kaavya, Anjali akka, Niervan, Shivang, Srotriyo, Sarhaan, Gautam
 (3rd row) - Trupti, Aarya, Banshi, Ansh and Lakshman

class 6B



(1st row): Shruti, Rhea, Sakshi, Soumya, Saloni, Shraddha, Sayogita, Purnima
 (2nd row): Mansi, Gurneet, Avishkar, Sudhanshu, Nandish, Kalpita akka
 (3rd row): Vaishnavi, Jai, Deepak, Willoughby, Parth, Shaurya

class 7A



(Standing) Visishta, Siddhi, Neha, Vedika, Nishtha, Annapurna, Saumya.P, Krishna, Anjali, Ikshita, Devarsh
 (Sitting) Nivethan, Riddhi akka, Pranav, Daksh, Madhur, Sudhamsa, Ritwik, Abhiram, Abhishek

class 7B



Saachi, Nandita, Aishwarya, Varsha, Akshata, Shaurya, Vedika, Aara, Jash, Suprabh, Padmapriya Akka, Ramachandran, Pranjay, Mughdha, Parth, Poojit, Hussain, Sravani, Srishti, Kishan, Ashish, Utsav and Kushal

class 8A



Leela, Shubho, Rinchen, Vivek, Freya, Shubh, Maria, Ajay, Kaustubh, Parth, Viren, Archana, Dhara, Parth Sir, Dhairya, Aanya, Joeita, Nikita, Aditya, Rayha and Raghav

class 8B



(Standing) Ruchi, Mehak, Rajas, Arun Sir, Ananya, Rishika, Rohan, Jai, Sidharaj, Shruti, Kritika,
 (Sitting) Bhavik, Hetvee, Tanvi, Oran, Sachin, Damini, Dharamadev, Ritwik, Manas and Sumukh

class 9 A



(Standing) Savannah, Anjaney, Shamin, Samarth, Rishabh, Priyanshu, Harshit, Rahee akka, Pratiksha, Nishil, Heloise, Saeesh, Rahi
 (Sitting) Lekha, Anwasha, Varsha, Aarohi, Abizar, Sonia, Dhruvi, Parasuram, Ozair, Aman

class 9B



Nihali, Natasha, Satyajay, Regina, Nishi.I, Shubhankar, Unmeshha, Abhishek, Hast, Runali, Saharsh, Pareen, Atharva, Kishore Sir, Abhiruchi, Sanskruti, Arnav

class 10A



Unnati, Radhika, Nritya, Prakalp, Dipti, Ram, Sashank, Eniyan, Vedant, Navjot, Nishi P., Siddharth, Rajvi, Anshuman, Prabhat Sir, Aditya, Preetha, Garima

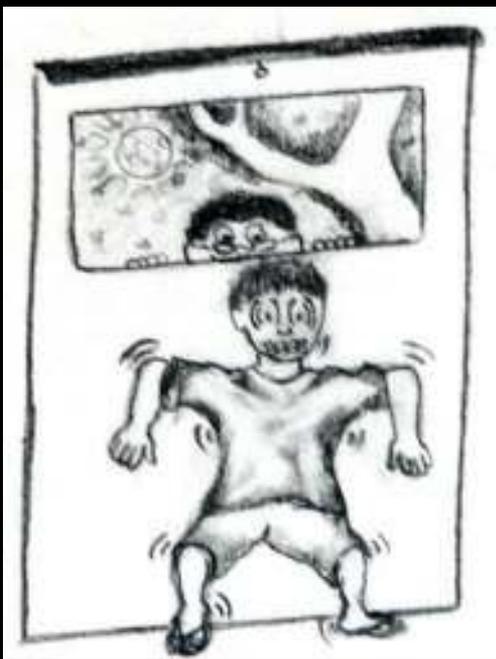
class 10B

Help!

It was dark, and really silent. Abba asked me to help him to get some water. The kitchen is at least 50 metres away from my house. I told him that I was really scared of the darkness, and that the kitchen looked very scary. He started laughing. He said that he would go by himself if I didn't come along. I obeyed, because if he went off alone, I would be left all by myself in the house. It feels very scary in the house, especially when alone at night. So I went with him. On the way, I was sure I could hear some faint sounds. My heart was beating very fast. The trees were like giants dancing in the night. It felt as if I was never going to reach the kitchen. Not letting me hold his hand, Abba muttered, The bushes were rustling as if some one was in them. Actually, I didn't want to know what was in them. Scary thoughts gathered in my mind.

At last we reached the kitchen. In the kitchen, the spoons were hung on the wall. Because of the wind, they made a sound like ghoongroos. It reminded me of the movie 'Bhool Bhulaiya'. I asked Abba to give me the bottles. No answer. I turned back and looked. Nobody! I started trembling like a leaf. I couldn't think. I shouted at the top of my voice but not a single answer came, except for the low whistle of a cricket, which made it even more spooky.

Suddenly, the lights went off. Everything became dark. Seeing the moonlight pouring in through the door, I went towards it. I felt like I couldn't breathe, but I knew that wasn't true, because I wasn't feeling dizzy. I wanted to close my eyes, but for some reason, I couldn't. I opened the door.



BOOOOOOOO!!

My heart came up to my throat. I tried to scream and run away, but something had stolen my voice and legs. My body turned to stone. My eyes went shut. I heard someone laughing. The voice was familiar. Wait a second - it was Abba!!! My eyes flew open. Abba was laughing. It was the scariest moment of my life.

– Oran Jain, VI (2009-2010)

A Taste Of Childhood

One blazing hot morning I awoke in my cosy apartment on Maharshi Karve Road. I brushed my teeth and went out of my room. I could smell the aroma of food all over the house. My mouth started watering. Soon there were all kinds of animals jumping in my stomach. I went to my Mom but she was busy ordering Malpua Rabdi from Kailas Parbat. By the time she had finished I was reduced to chewing my collar.

Walking up to me, my mother said, "Good Morning! And please stop chewing your collar. Germs will go in your body."

"I'm hungry", I said

"Fine, I will give you some chocos and mixed fruit juice. What do you want to do first - eat or have a bath?" she asked.

"Eat first" I replied.

Later, while eating, I asked her what she was doing. She told me that she was cooking for a party we were going to host later that evening. Eagerly, I asked her what was on the menu. She was making dum biryani, salad, butter chicken and stuffed bhindi. I said "yum" and slouched away.

When I came back after playing in the evening, the party was already in full swing. My mother looked worried. "What should we serve as drinks?" she asked me, "I can't think of anything!" I was enthusiastic to help. I said, "Make that recipe I learnt in my science class! It's good and everybody will like it!" "No. It is not such a good recipe", Mom said without even asking what it was.

I went to my room feeling a bit glum. A question arose in my mind: why do adults underestimate children?

When I came downstairs, my Dad was pouring the drinks as my Mom got the starters ready. They were completely different from what I had suggested, and one look at them brought an indignant huff to my lips as I retreated back to my room.

- Rajas Chitnis, VII (2009-2010)



Don't!!

“Don't do this! Don't do that!” Why does it have to be like that? Why do your parents live your life? If you're eleven, like me, you might be thinking like that. I used to too, but not any more.

I never paid attention to my elders. But after some bad experiences, I learnt my lesson.

I never really took cat scratches seriously. My parents were very worried, because I had already gotten lots of scratches from Poppy, our family cat. Appa was always warning me, “Sonia, don't get Poppy too close to you!” but I never listened to him.

There was the day when I was seven years old, playing with water in my backyard.

It was 6 pm, which is quite dark in Pondicherry, so a bright bulb was burning over me. Amma warned me, “Kuttimaa, don't play with water with a hot bulb close to you.” I just nodded and continued to play. Leaving me alone outside, Amma went in for a bath.

I enjoyed splashing water up on the ceiling and watching drops of water fall all around me. As I threw some water up, I got scared. I suddenly remembered my friend who had got an electric shock, and I ran inside. When the panic died down, I again went outside and saw that nothing had happened. Feeling bolder now, I threw up a whole jug of water, for fun. Suddenly the bulb blasted, and a chunk of glass fell right in front of me. I got very scared. Right then, the door bell rang. Running, I opened the latch, and started dragging Appa to the backyard.

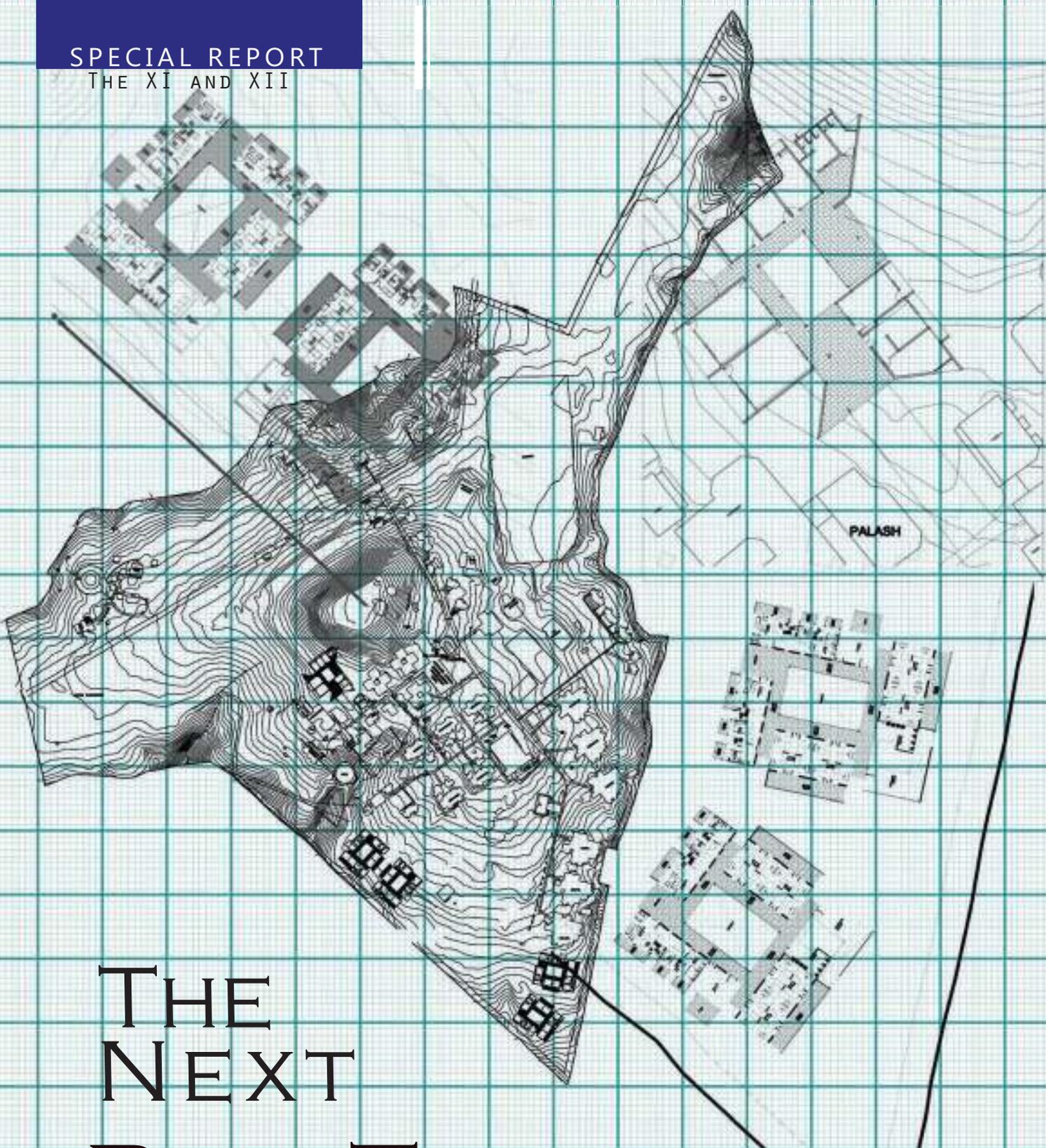
Rather annoyed, he shouted at me, “Can't you see how tired I am? And do you know how my boss shouted at me? And...” I interrupted him and said, “Just come with me!” I showed him the mess I had made and started to cry.

Appa waited for Amma to come out of the bath and then showed her the blasted bulb.

I was still crying. As soon as I saw Amma, I ran, hugged her, and said, “I will always listen to you!”

– Sonia, VI (2009-2010)





THE NEXT BIG THING

YEARS AGO, SAHYADRI STUDENTS WERE PROMISED A +2 PROGRAMME, TO ADD TO THEIR SAHYADRI EXPERIENCE. WELL, THESE STUDENTS AND MANY MORE PASSED OUT WITHOUT EVER SNIFFING IT. EACH YEAR STUDENTS AND PARENTS ALIKE ASK, “HOW HARD CAN IT BE?” WELL AMRESH SIR WOULD CLAIM THAT IT IS NOT A CAKE WALK, AND THAT IT IS A TIME CONSUMING AND TEDIOUS PROCESS, ONE INVOLVING HOURS OF MEETINGS WITH THE KRISHNAMURTI FOUNDATION, ARCHITECTS, ENGINEERS AND THE CONCERNED BOARD FOR AFFILIATION. IT ALSO INVOLVES FUND RAISING SINCE THE KFI IS A NON-PROFIT ORGANIZATION, TO ADD TO THAT, THE INFRASTRUCTURAL DEVELOPMENTS REQUIRED ARE LARGER THAN ONE MAY PRESUME AT FIRST GLANCE. THESE ARE NECESSARY IN ALL CORNERS OF THE SCHOOL. WE THOUGHT THE BEST WAY OF PUTTING THIS ACROSS, WOULD BE STRAIGHT FROM THE HORSE'S MOUTH. AFTER CONDUCTING A SERIES OF INTERVIEWS WITH THE 'SENIOR FUNCTIONARIES' OF THE SCHOOL, WE CAME UP WITH A FAIRLY CLEAR PICTURE OF THE ENTIRE PROJECT. THIS SPECIAL REPORT AIMS TO TAKE YOU THROUGH PROJECT +2 – ITS CONCEPTION, PLANNING AND CREATION.

INFRASTRUCTURE

ADDITIONS

The ruthless killing of trees is not the order of the day in a nature-loving place like Sahyadri, so when it does happen, it must be for a 'great' cause. This great cause is the pursuit of higher education so that children can have a more guided and fruitful secondary school and junior college experience. Shirali sir is aware of the fact that children spend the better part of their classes in the senior school worrying about ICSE board exams in order to get into a good junior college. The purpose of this article is to give an insight into project +2, which has solely been a concept until now.

The school is planning to build four new dorms and a classroom cluster. However, these are not the only structures under construction. The Dining Hall, Medical unit and the Library also had been previously or renovated built keeping in view the forthcoming classes XI and XII, depicting the foresight school has had.

If the DH, MU and Library were modified earlier, why wasn't the +2 initiative taken up? Well, expanding a structure and building one from scratch is different; the latter being more expensive. Nevertheless, the Library was added in spite of the cost merely because of the value addition. However, answering the question of why *now*, is a different matter entirely. Did the funds just appear out of thin air, or were the stars just in an auspicious position for batch 2014? The latter could be true but the former surely not, because genies do not exist. This needed planned, well executed ideas. For batch 2014, what can be said? They will be in the right place at the right time.

"Money does not grow on trees" goes the saying. This is proved when you come to Sahyadri School, because funds needed to make a building are not found amongst the natural setting. One may ask, "how much?" The answer to that question is: approximately Rupees seven crores. To procure this amount, Shubhang Sir went to Jabalpur to talk to the parents there and Amresh sir visited Mumbai for the same reason. The school is also getting in touch with Alumni and other well wishers through the internet, more specifically through Facebook.

If you are wondering what it is going to be like to

stay in Sahyadri's XI and XII dorms here is a teeny peek. First of all – no ugly tiles. The dorm wings will have polished Kota stone, better bathrooms and only four people in a wing, with each wing having its own balcony. If only this vision had been in the driving seat a decade ago!!

So when is all this going to get done? It is supposed to be in place by March 2014, with the foundation for the boy's dorms and class clusters ending before the monsoon 2013. The girls' dormitories will soon follow. It may or may not get done, we wish them luck, but after all, only time will tell.



general dorm layout

OVERVIEW

THE BIG PLAN

The most OBVIOUS person one would interview for an article like this, would undoubtedly have to be the man at the core of Sahyadri School: Amresh Kumar (principal). The principal helped us see the big picture.

Jai: When did the school originally conceive the plans for class XI and XII?

A: There was no particular date on which this idea came up. I think for many years it has been a promise to parents and students alike that the school will take this step into the '+2'. There are various reasons for taking this step, but the school hadn't been able to really move ahead. It was only two years ago that the KFI Foundation made a firm call and told Sahyadri School to go ahead with the +2 project. The school has taken some steps in getting an architect, employing a contractor to execute the whole project and finalizing its views on what should be the affiliation for the exams and so on. Many of these decisions have been taken in the last year or so and now we are ready to go ahead.

Jai: Why did the KFI push for this '+2' project? What was the intent?

A: There were several factors, one is that the students who are interested in staying in this school have a couple more years to stay in this familiar environment, rather than leave after 10th. Students face considerable hardships as they enter the '+2' outside as there is a great psychological and cultural shift. An even greater jump in intellectual rigor is also required. Of course parallelly it was also for the parents who are very often anxious about finding a good junior college or higher secondary school for their children. For the school also it was high time that we took that step and prepared to engage with students of a higher age group. The XI and XII would mean young boys and girls of 16 and 17 years of age just entering adulthood, with their own questions about the world and the future; with their own philosophical and intellectual interests about relationships and the world at large, which is a natural development at that age. These are times of great ferment in their thinking and feeling about themselves and the world. To bring that climate into the school, the teachers and the school as a whole would have to stretch themselves in order to establish a meaningful relationship with that age group.

Jai: What about the academic program, what is the board for affiliation?

What are the fields/streams being offered?

A- The board for our school is going to be CISCE which offers the

isc examination for +2. we also considered the Cambridge board like the (A) levels but opted for CISCE.

Rajas- Like the IBs?

A- No, not the IBs. The IB was prohibitively expensive. Then we felt that the change from one board to the other board may not be the best thing to do when the program is just beginning. You have to work harder to make that happen, and we didn't want to take on that additional uphill climb. We all felt that we'll start with the +2 and we want to make the board change a little later, with So ISC is our choice and we will be sticking to that. In terms of the streams, ultimately we would like to have all three. But I think, in order to be realistic we have to tell ourselves that we might be able to start with not more than two and maybe just start with one.

“FOR THE SCHOOL ALSO IT WAS HIGH TIME THAT WE TOOK THAT STEP AND PREPARED TO ENGAGE WITH STUDENTS OF A HIGHER AGE GROUP.”

Rajas- And those two might be?

A- I think Commerce is a very high likelihood because we already have teachers who can simply walk in and take those classes even today.

Rajas- Ramesh sir was saying that Humanities will be a very high likelihood.

A-. We may have the Humanities or Science, but that will be determined by the teachers and staff that we can get.

Jai- Who are the architects, contractors and other related personnel who are not part of the school faculty but who have been hired especially for the '+2' project?

A- There are basically three entities, one is the architect himself, his name is Mr. Khushru Irani and his firm is based in Pune. The contractor is Prashanti Constructions and the man in charge is Mr. Jayanto Bose. There is a structural engineer as well who, on the basis of the architectural design prepare the structural design drawings for the columns, beams, the strength of the concrete and so on. So they all have to design, plan, and execute the constructions. The structural engineer works under the architect and their architectural and structural drawings will be comprehensively taken together by the contractor, who will mark and clear the ground, lay the foundations and begin the work.

That work is expected to begin now in this week.

Jai-What are the major infrastructural changes that are planned to come up for the '+2'?

A- The main ones are going to be four dormitories with two staff residences attached to each, which makes it eight staff residences. Two of them beyond Palash for the boys and two of them at the site of the current Dhobi Ghat as it stands, which will be shifted somewhere else. Then there is the academic block built together behind the astachal hill. These are the main infrastructural additions, there may be some additional staff residences, maybe some games courts and fields like a new basketball court, the football field, relaying of the handball court and so on.

Rajas- So will all four dorms and classrooms be built together?

A- Yes, together.

Rajas-Will it first be two classes?

A- No, together... the more delayed the process, the more extended it is in time; the more the cost will go up. With the passage of time, the inflationary effects are going to raise the costs. So its in the interest of everybody to get it done quickly.

Rajas- So all four dorms...

A- All four dorms and classes will be built in 10 months.

Rajas- ...and does everybody in the team think that this is possible?

A- Yes, yes.

Rajas- Is it very much possible?

A- Yes, yes very much possible.

Rajas- Do you have full faith in these contractors?

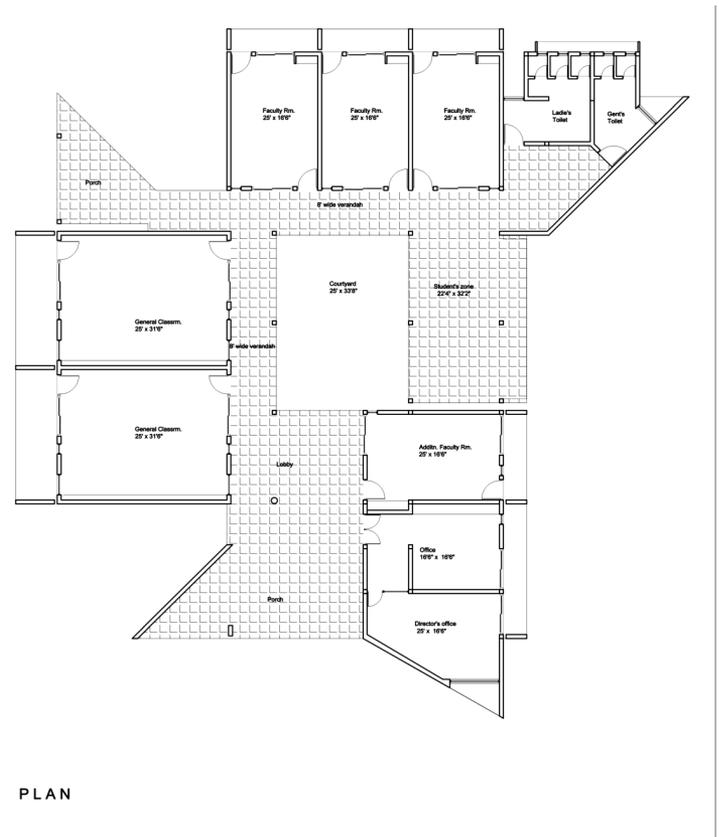
A- Yes, we have no reason to doubt their ability.

Jai- How is the school going around acquiring funds for this +2 project?

A-We have just begun fund-raising over the past 10 days. We will be reaching out to parents and the alumni by email and they will be asked to come to a landing page on the school website where they can enter their data and we can then communicate with them more systematically. We are visiting various towns and cities; Shubhang sir has visited Jalgaon and met all the parents there. Rahul sir and I were in Mumbai last weekend where we met a few parents as well...

Rajas- So when you do go out, what do you do? Do you have a fund-raising dinner held?

A- No, we are not doing it in that style because we don't want to do it in terms of reaching out to money. That's not the spirit with which we are reaching out. What we are trying to do is to reach out to parents who support the school, who have a sense of the journey their children have made. Many of them might feel that they would like to get on board this whole venture and help the school with ideas and maybe with establishing some connection between the school and potential donors. We are also in touch with other prominent people around us like Rahul Bose, we might be in touch with people in the field of construction, materials and so on who might be able to provide us with materials at concessional rates. So these are some strategies we have been trying out. Parents may not have that much time, but they could network amongst themselves in their respective cities and arrange for periodic meetings with people from industries, companies and so on, who might have some form of donation available for an educational project like the +2 in Sahyadri School.



PLAN

Academic block layout

EDUCATION PROGRAMME

THE DETAILS

The best way to understand the education programme planned for the +2 would be by interacting with one of the people in charge: Shailesh Shirali, the Director of the Sahyadri Education Centre. This interview covers more than just the +2.

Jai: What made you come to Sahyadri? Do you intend on staying here after the +2 will be over?

Shirali sir: Yes. I will stay here. It's a part of my intention to not just start it but to also make it a good program.

Rajas: But have you only come here for the +2? Are you a man on a mission?

Shirali sir: No, no. I have come here to participate in the growth of the whole school... +2 is not an isolated component of the school. It is my intention to stay here for a long time and help make it a great institution. It's a very complex task.

Jai: What have your past experiences with 11th and 12th been like?

Shirali sir: The 11th and 12th from a very important part of the school. I think it is the right time for Sahyadri School to start planning for 11th and 12th. It adds a great deal to the quality of the school, to the discourse taking place in the school, the kind of things which are possible to talk about with a +2. I'm happy that the +2 has finally come about. It has been in the air for a number of years now, and we have just managed to get the construction started; it should get over in 9-10 months. After that we have to make some appointments: 7 to 8 teachers will have to be recruited. Affiliation is still on the waiting list. We can apply for

affiliation only when the buildings are somewhat ready. There is an open question about the board we should affiliate to, but it will most likely be ISC.

Rajas: Do you think Sahyadri is ready for a +2?

Shirali sir: That's a good question. All I can say right now is we have to make it ready, by getting good staff and orienting them properly, so they can anchor the programme. But one thing we should keep in mind is that the +2 alters the culture of the place in an irreversible way. Currently, 10th is the senior-most batch here. That has an effect on the school. Their psychology changes here after they enter the 10th. But with +2 they are not the oldest anymore, so the mentality changes. There is much greater maturity in 10th without the +2. And it shifts afterwards, irreversibly. We must be prepared for that.

JAI: HOW WOULD ANY KFI +2 BE DIFFERENT FROM A +2 OUTSIDE?

SHIRALI SIR: WELL, ONE DIFFERENCE WOULD BE THE BREADTH OF EXPOSURE; ANOTHER WOULD BE THE IMPORTANCE OF A GOOD CULTURE CLASS.

Jai: Could you walk us through the +2 as you see it; in respect to the education programme and the streams?

Shirali sir: ISC does not have streams. We have to opt for subjects and they become the streams. The subjects we would like to offer are Maths, Economics, the physical and life Sciences, Commerce, Accountancy, History, Literature, Music, Hindi, Physical education and others. Some degree of mixing is possible as four electives have to be chosen (English is compulsory). A combination like English, Physics, Chemistry and Biology is considered heavy and generally people are asked to re-consider. So one of those could be replaced by Economics or Art or some other subject. A classical humanities



3D imaging of the school after construction of new dorms and academic block

SPECIAL REPORT

THE XI AND XII

combination would be Maths, Economics, Literature and History. Maths is likely to be common to many combinations. Another combination would be Maths, Commerce, Economics and Accounts that will be popular among those wanting to go into accountancy. We will probably not offer Psychology and Sociology. History may not be a mass subject here; the number of students opting for it may be small. Whatever it is, we will have to 'play it by ear'. Some things cannot be fully calculated.

Rajas: What about the faculty?

Shirali sir: We will have to get new teachers. Some existing staff may move to +2, but we will have to get many new teachers for various subjects.

Jai: Also what streams will be offered?

Shirali sir: Ultimately all streams will be offered. Probably for the first year the science stream will be the only one; or maybe science and commerce. It has yet to be decided.

Jai: What according to you would be an ideal +2? Name a few points.

Shirali sir: An ideal +2 first of all should have all three streams. Mathematics and sciences are a vital part of the +2. So too humanities, arts, literature and economics – they all play a

prominent role, in many ways.

Another important component will be the presence of a more active program of assemblies. At the moment Sahyadri does not have a diversified assembly program, though it is very strong in music. The music is of a high quality and the children sing with great gusto and feeling. But the number of assemblies at which people speak, is way too small. It needs to be doubled if not tripled. It is an important part of student life. We need to have more visitors speaking in assembly spaces, and we need some serious plays. These are considered important components of +2. So is a richer library.

Rajas: The assemblies by the students are also very few.... Do you feel so?

Shirali sir: Yes, exactly that's what I am saying; we have to raise that level too. So, my coming here is not only related to +2. I would like to participate in all of this.

There are other things too. For example, we are hoping to add a solar grid to the school and reduce our dependence on electricity. But that's an expensive project and we need to raise funds for it, over and above what we need for the +2 construction. We also hope to put up a drip irrigation system.

Rajas: Many people say that when there is a +2, students would need



3D imaging of the interior of the dorm; seen from the entrance



the exterior of the Boys' dorms beyond Palash



3D imaging of the interior of the academic block; seen from the entrance

internet access. What are your views on this?

Shirali sir: We may need to provide a little more access to the +2 than to the rest of the school. Yes, we probably will need it. But we will have to see how exactly it can be done. The internet has some inbuilt difficulties. We are thinking of a model where students have limited access to the internet in the sense that certain sites are made freely available to them. It will not be possible for the students to freely go and browse the web.

Jai: How would any KFI +2 be different from a +2 outside?

Shirali sir: Well, one difference would be the breadth of exposure; another would be the importance of a good culture class. In +2 there are some free spaces in your time-table. There is a possibility of utilising these free spaces and exploring subjects at a deeper level. This is unlike the ICSE where you have ten different subjects to study, and you cannot possibly go deeply into anything. A great difficulty in +2 is that the students start getting worried about college admissions and the question of training for various exams comes into the picture. If all this starts too early at the school level, it becomes practically impossible to do the things I am talking about. At some point we must make a conscious effort to not go into all that. What we want to offer here is good, classical education.

Rajas: It's not a KFI thing to sit and...

Shirali sir: It is not like that; you do not need a label like KFI or non-KFI. It just cannot be done in a two year programme. If you have a vessel there's only so much you can put into it. It's as simple as that. I know of some schools that offer a three year ISC programme instead of the two years. That way you get a whole extra year to do the 'out of curriculum' things. Sahyadri has not yet taken a call on that.

Rajas: Do you think that there is a board out there that may allow you to

explore more freely about what you are suggesting?

Shirali sir: Are you specifically referring to JEE and all that?

Rajas: No not specifically ... I was referring to what you are suggesting.

Shirali sir: A-level is regarded as more 'student-friendly' as compared to the others. In A-level it is not essential to take all your exams at one sitting, whereas in the Indian boards this flexibility is not available.

Rajas: Does the KFI have any plans of coming up with their own board?

Shirali sir: That is too complicated a process. I don't think we are big enough for that. We need many more people in our schools to work out such a thing. We are nowhere there yet.

Jai: Where do you see Sahyadri 5 years on?

Shirali sir: I would like to see a school doing well in all these areas. A place where people want to come and see what is happening here, the quality of the programmes on offer and the possibilities that exist here.

FIND A PLACE

Walking under a blanket of stars
Trying to leave all my problems behind
And deciding
Never to walk back
Help me find a place.

- Damini, IX (2012-2013)

CLICHÉ

They always say, it's just the same,
it is the author and the artist that you ought to
blame.
The exact same bird, passing by,
the exact same phrase that once caught the eye.
The exact same word used to explain
that all that's been done
is exactly the same.

- Revati, VII (2007-2008)

CONSCIENCE

I hear the same call again,
that distant call for me;
from the devil and angel
deep down within.
It's not an appeal
for righteousness or greed,
it's a call, to peep into
eternity.
A tug at my heart
drowns it in,
spins my head
somewhere which isn't.
It drags only my soul,
and leaves the rest behind
as it pulls me into
my darkest void.
Lost is my breath
and my mind's power,
deceptive darkness, a tall tower.
A soft glow warms the depths
as eternal ideas waft through darkness

- Jai Patil, VI (2009-2010)

“Straight out, drag!”

It was a lot of hard work. Pulling the nylon rope was no mean feat by any standards. Gajanan and Mahesh, two people whom we had helped net some fish, were now taking out a few special fish and showing them around to the tourists who had just come to see ‘cultivated nature’.

My attention was fixed somewhere else. I wondered how much of creation on Earth could be so completely powerless in the face of difficulty imposed upon it by a more powerful creature called man. Nature takes its own course all right. But what role does man play in this scheme of things?

There, one fish, almost a foot and a half long, weighing more than 1.5 kilos, was held in front for everyone to see. His body felt slimy and wonderful. How nature had done a perfect job with clinical precision!!

Its powerful fins that could, on any given day, beat the most skilful swimmer to the finish line, were now helplessly flapping, flapping to the beats of a ruthless mankind. It was painful to see it struggle for life like that.

As I stared at the glistening and delicate yet strong fins, something else caught my attention. The fish was shivering and breathing very heavily, with its mouth open, as though a person was being strangled, and one could see a little of its life escaping with every passing breath. The entire body of my little finned beauty went into contractions and convulsions.

This valiant figure was now showing signs of slowing down. Its fins flapped a fewer number of times and its breathing became intermittent. This is when my eyes homed in on its eyes. And they said everything that I could think of and more. His eyes, in the wake of so much attention, portrayed a kind of confusion that we may seldom or probably never know in our lives. The eyes again showed how helpless it was, wondering whether its time was really up, staring into death but hoping for life. I probably will never have words to describe what I saw in those eyes, those round pearly eyes that were full of a story untold. And a fish does not have the luxury of hiding them for those last traumatic five minutes of its life, hiding behind the curtains of eyelids. Nature does not hide anything without a good reason. Hiding things and then creating a purpose is the exclusive prerogative of us humans.

I sometimes wonder if Darwin forgot to take into consideration humans and human nature and tendencies when he coined the phrase ‘survival of the fittest.’ With humans in the picture it could possibly become the ‘survival of the fittest and the slaughter of the defenceless.’

– Parth Phalke, Teacher

MEMORIES

We can never go into the past, but memories always stay with us, fragile, like roses pressed into old books. In a wistful mood, I often think, “If only I could meet her! How wonderful it would be!”

Her hair was short and curly; her eyebrows were shaped beautifully. She was tall and thin. Her beauty spot was on the left side of her nose, near her eye, and mine is on the right. She used to smell just like a blossoming mogra flower. In the morning, before she left home for the office, a sweet smile played on her lips, and her eyes sparkled like dewdrops in the sun.

Once, when she left the house, I crawled behind her. She picked me up and brought me to the house again. I cribbed, and wouldn't leave her. She gave me a kiss on my face and gently helped me to understand. As I was a baby, I could never understand, but the look on her face convinced me to let her go; I just left her at that moment.

On my first birthday, as far as I can remember, I was dressed up as a fairy, with white jewellery and a pure white dress. It was time to cut the cake, I wasn't able to see her anywhere. My eyes searched the entire hall again and again; she had just disappeared. I started crying. My grandmother couldn't understand why. Suddenly, the one who I was searching for came from far away, and I was overjoyed. I just stopped crying. She came and lifted me on her shoulders. She cradled me in her soft arms. I felt grateful. I had cried for her when I couldn't see her for just a few moments!

Just eight days before my second birthday, I had gone with her and my father for a holiday to Karnala. I enjoyed the holiday. My father took us all over the place, and I rode on her shoulders. I saw many places. We came back and rested in the cottage, waiting for lunch. We left around eleven forty five for lunch. At twelve o'clock, when we had travelled half the way, an awful accident took place. She broke her spinal cord.

Somehow bearing her pain, she consoled me on her lap. My dad was continuously telling her, “Try and control yourself, try and control yourself, we are just reaching the hospital.” But she couldn't bear the pain for such a long time and she left us and went far away. I had cried for her when I couldn't see her for a moment; now I can't see her ever again for the rest of my life.

She was my own dear mother.

- Sakshi, VI (2007-2008)

Allured

Allured by the mystical froth,
The growing blue light,
She stood stil.
The water came rushing towards her,
tickling the contours of her toes,
leaving them silvery moist.
She welcomed it with open arms,
letting her mind absorb it all,
but then it was all gone, too soon.
The vast shimmering expanse
had snatched it back, roaring with laughter.
Now she craved, yearned it; her wild eyes searched frantically.
She raced forward, chasing the receding waves.
Tempted, they came back, nibbling at her feet,
crawling up her ankles.
Stealthily they climbed up her legs,
gnawing at her knees,
and then,
They engulfed her completely,
Whoosh! they took her in, down into their depths.
Devoured, she lay still

- Matreyi Gupta, an ex-student



परिवार

यह है मेरा परिवार,
करते एक दूसरे से प्यार ।
सबसे बड़ी हैं दादी,
करूँ मस्ती तो हैं चिल्लाती ।
फिर आते हैं डॅडी मेरे,
सबसे पक्के दोस्त हैं मेरे ।
अब तो आई माँ की बारी,
बड़े प्यार से समझाती बातें सारी ।
मेरी बड़ी बहन है चुलबुली,
नाम है उसका रंगोली ।
सलोनी मेरी छोटी बहन का नाम,
करती समय पर अपना काम ।
अब आती है मेरी बारी,
नटखट मैं हूँ खूब भारी ।

- शिवांग कुटे, 6अ

एक नई सुबह

रात गई सुबह आई,
खुशियों का नज़ारा लाई ।

रंग बिरंगे बादलों से
निकला प्यारा सा सूरज ।

देता सभी को संदेश एक,
भोर भई है उठो भैया ।

कर लो सुबह की तैयारी,
दिन भर है करनी मेहनत ।

फिर रात आयेगी सुहानी,
लेकर भोर नयी ।

- नंदन, 6अ

अस्ताचल

सरणारा दिवस

हुरहुरणारी सायंकाळ
मावळणारा सूर्य
सारं कसं शांत शांत.

लहान थोर आम्ही सारे

जातो विचारांमध्ये बुडून
अवती-भोवती डोंगर, घरे
मंद वाहणारे शीतल वारे.

निसर्गाने मन माझे

भावुक होऊन जाते
सूर्यास्त झाल्यानंतर आभाळ
नारंगी लाल होते.

आकाशात पक्षी कसे
किलबिल करीत असतात
संथ पाण्यावर
तरंग उमटत असतात.

अचल डोंगरांची साथ
दूरवर दिसते
नदीतले पाणी
आरशासारखे भासते.

इवल्याश्या रोपांवर असतात
कीडे दोन तीन
तुरू तुरू चालत असताना
आमचे लक्ष वेधून घेतात.

निसर्गाच्या सान्निध्यात
मन रमून जाते
घंटीच्या किणकिणाटात
अस्ताचल संपून जाते.

- सलोनी, 7अ



WHAT THEY SAID...

-RANDOM PEOPLE ANSWERED RANDOM QUESTIONS AT RANDOM TIMES

- UNM (UNDERGROUND NINAD MOVEMENT)

WE, THE UNM, STROLLED AROUND OUR SCHOOL CAMPUS AS WE HAD NOTHING BETTER TO DO. WE ENCOUNTERED MORTAL BEINGS ON OUR ADVENTURE, AND BOMBARDED THEM WITH VAGUE QUESTIONS. WE CORDIALLY COMPILED THE RECEIVED INFORMATION INTO A HOPELESS ARTICLE. HOWEVER, OUR IDEA DIDN'T SOUND APPEALING ENOUGH TO THE REST. DENIED OFFICIAL OPPORTUNITIES, WE DECIDED TO GO UNDERCOVER. AUTHORISED YET UNOFFICIAL AS WE WERE, WE CARRIED OUT THIS OPERATION LIKE MASKED VIGILANTES (WITHOUT THE MASK), THUS EARNING OUR CONTROVERSIAL TITLE, OR RATHER, SELF-NAMING IT. THE TEXT CONTAINING THE ANSWERS GIVEN BY OUR SUBJECTS (WRITTEN IN BOLD TEXT) HAS NOT BEEN TAMPERED WITH, AND ON THAT NOTE, WE BEGIN OUR ARTICLE.

P.S. - WE DO NOT MEAN TO HURT ANY LIVING (OR DEAD) PERSON'S SENTIMENTS, AND WE APOLOGISE FOR ANY SUCH DERIVATION THAT CAN BE MADE.

1 Today, we are where we are, and looking back, they were where they were. And to see how we are, we look back to see how they were. When we are how they were, irrespective of how they were and we are, they seem content and we attempt at denial. But is what we are really what we can be? To answer this, let's contemplate. What are we?

Describe our generation in one word.

And this is what our generation said - **different, modern, fashionable and stylish, versatile, corrupted, superficial, unique, spoilt, lazimpulsive** (compelled to use one word), **fast, yet slow, progressive, yet**

regressive (culturally), **eccentric, eventful, stupid, evolved and digital junkie** (oops! here the concept of one word was quite obviously not understood well enough).

2 Music, however neglected it was a few centuries ago, is now a revolutionary form of art. Nevertheless, music means different things to different people, with the importance differing from person to person. Music means a lot to our school (as we gathered from the 'survey') with the appreciated genres varying from Indian classical to folk to trance to rock (at times pushing into metal, for which some may hold us responsible.

Hmm...) The question remains open:

What does music mean to you?

Music is life, it's a part of us, it's entertainment, relaxation, love, peace (the protest songs?), nostalgia, calmness, pleasure, the best thing ever made, just a past-time, it's nothing (well, that's new), it's essential for life, it's classic, it's passion, it's the food of life, an incarnation of God (probably coming from a classical-lover or a non-atheist), it's everything, almost everything, it's a trip to the sky.

3 Hide inside a wardrobe. Wait for a by-passer. Slowly and steadily, out of the wardrobe comes a hand.

AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!! Scared yet?

What are you most afraid of?

As expected, quite a few are afraid of darkness, with open windows particularly scaring Sanskruti.

1. 'Complaint boxes!' says Kushal. (Very frightening indeed)
2. 'My Aunt!'- Anjaney.

4 made our specimens question their mortal existence. What if you were to die tomorrow? One day to live, what'd you do?

Sit back and wait for the Grim Reaper, till he sucks all life out of your detested being?

Ok, ok, we apologise for our stereotypical representation of the end of our lives. Moving on:

What's on top of your bucket list?

The apparently adventurous interviewees say: Skydiving, diving deeeeeeep into the sea, take a world tour, take a trip to Vegas (we wonder why...), Rahee akka, (as her name suggests) would like to travel the world, while Kalpita akka would like to backpack through India, Fly my own plane, says Siddharth; Sanskruti would spend time in school (emotion-driven indeed), go to a wild concert, go to jail (?), and especially adventurous Eniyan would like to sleep. And here's the "WAKE UP!!!" call...

3. A few juniors are afraid of their seniors. (Bad seniors)
4. Heights - Ram.
5. Ghosts - Oran.
6. 'Boogeyman!!' - Lekha.
7. For Malhar, there is nothing scarier than his mother.
8. We, the UNM, are most afraid of aliens. Yes, ugly dark-eyed creatures make us jump out of our skin.
9. Sachin says spiders.
10. 'Lizards', says Rahee akka. (The response didn't take very long...)
11. Toads - Apeksha.
12. 'Exams!' - Sarhan, Sayogita and Saloni. (It's ok little ones, you all aren't alone)
13. Veeren, for some odd reason is afraid of our friend Rohan.
14. Dogs and snakes seem to be the primary cause of prevalent fear. (animalophobia??)
15. Violence, bombs, assassins and terrorist organisations along with feelings of loneliness, failure and separation leave quite a few in fear.
16. Ajay is most afraid of death.

And to our dear friend's dismay, the next question



5 What is your primary motive to go for morning P.T?

Some go to put their tummy in, some to build abs (or rather, in hope of it), some go to gain overall fitness while some just want to build a good impression, some go to play or to practise for their P.E practicals, a few go to socialize, and the rest, well, they don't go at all...

6

Quickly, change the scene. You're now on barren land, alone, all alone, with nothing but food, water, shelter and of course, the extremely-important-highly-prized-life-saver, your toothbrush... (acknowledging one's deep affection towards his/her oral hygiene) you can ask for one more thing.

choose wisely, for this one wish is all you have.*

*asking for a genie is forbidden in the land of Forezire - as the genie says himself.

1. Pen and paper - Ram and Radha akka
2. An unlimited supply of books - Eniyan, Rahee akka
3. Oasis - Rohan
4. Computer - Vedant, Abhiruchi, Shamin
5. Phone - Sanskruti
6. A Mansion - Pranav (very particular about his shelter)
7. A true friend, a companion - Parth A., Ruhi, Saloni, Sayogita
8. All-in-one electronic device - Satyajay (what we gathered from his indecision. A sensible wish, however the availability could be an issue) And now for the hygiene freaks -
9. Toothpaste - Dharmadev (bet you never thought of that one...)
10. Body wash - Oran

7

Fashion, senseless yet sensational, has grown into a gargantuan industry. The young crave for it, the old see to it that the young crave for it, and magazines make the situation worse. It's a manifestation of manipulation of young and innocent minds... (Ok, no more of this!) what do you think is 'in fashion', but weird?

(Interested ones could use this as a keep-away-from-fashion-blunders list, while the disinterested could sit back and speculate)

- Boxer Shorts
- Low pants
- Shirt above a t-shirt
- Tiger print clothing
- Punk hairstyle
- Yellow coat with pink t-shirt (ouch...)
- Slim fit jeans
- Ramped clothing
- 2 different coloured shoes
- High heels
- Hair straightening for aunties
- Lady Gaga's meat dress
- and last but not the least, catching the Beiber Fever!!



8

Enough of ambiguity, it's high time we get a little serious now! What comes to your mind when you hear the word:

'pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanoconiosis?'

- Volcanic eruption???
- What?
- BRAIN DISEASE?
- Nothing. (-.-)
- Complexity double-fold!!
- Amitabh Bacchan's film? (that's by far the closest we got...)

9

And finally, to end with something thoughtful... what can you take back from your experiences in school?

- One begins to understand people better.
- Theatrical skills.
- How to overcome challenges.
- Memories, of all genres.
- Knowledge (says the enlightened one)
- 'You need to be a good liar to get away from situations.'
- The sea of energy all around
- The 'general view' about things which the school has.
- The 'bed-making skill'.
- Relationships.

IN DEFENCE OF SELFISHNESS

Be “selfish”

Be, for your own happiness

Be, because you are endowed with infinite energy, infinite potential.

Newton did what he did for he was supremely selfish

So did Picasso

So did Shakespeare

So did Gandhi

Being selfish is never at conflict with others

If you understand how to be truly selfish.

Being truly selfish is to do for the sake of doing: the highest form of detachment, abandonment, objectivity.

Doing, but not for reward, recognition, wealth, to hurt others, to rob others of their rightful or to amass what belongs to the others.

Doing, because you enjoy the process of engagement, of challenging yourself because you believe in your own self.

Knowing fully well recognition may never come
and very probably not during your lifetime

For, Picasso died a pauper – his successors became rich
Gandhi got a bullet – successor Indians breathed the air of freedom.

So,

Be “selfish”

Nay, truly “selfish”

every moment you live.

- SHUBHANG PANDYA

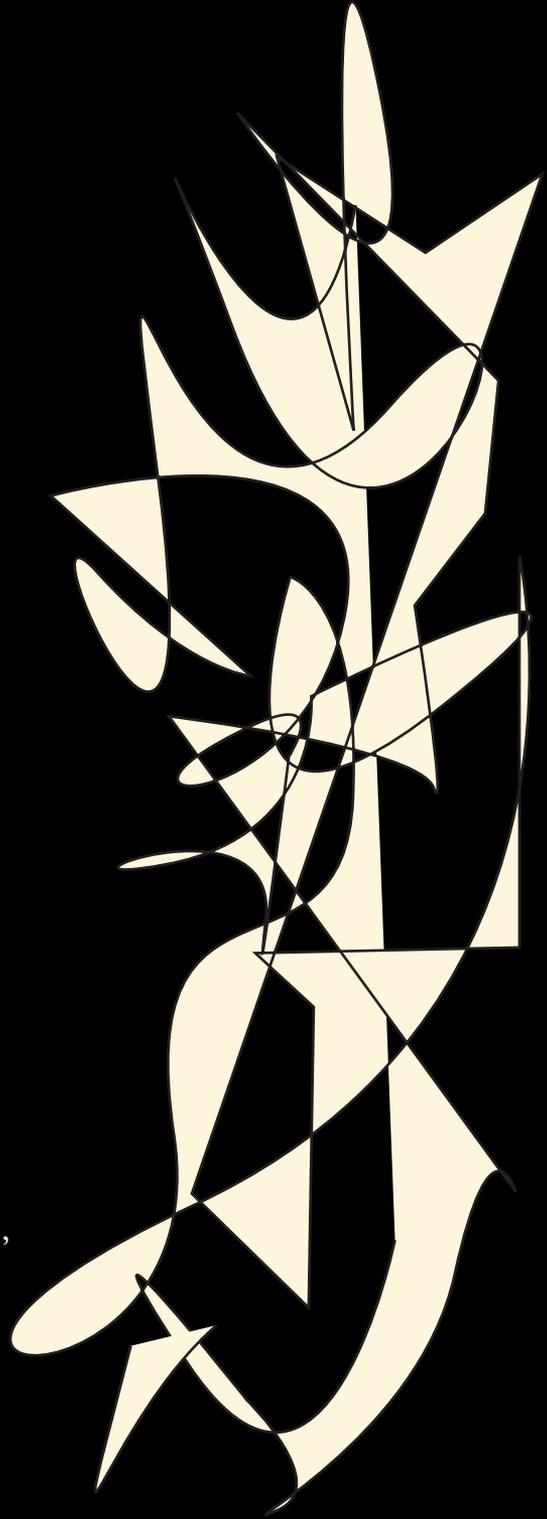
Cenotaph

In another world, on pristine sands,
An unearthly rosebush stands.
Thorns glimmering like polished metal,
Painted with blood, each crimson petal.
Washed ashore by sea, sleeping illusions rise,
Twisted, soul-less figures – they dance to silent lies.
Like an undead army, they amble forward in leisure,
And one by one surround their pretty treasure.
Snaking shadowhands pass every thorn,
Violently, the rose is torn -
Oh sweet flower! Ripped in half,
And into the sunset, rings their laugh.

– Rahi De Roy, IX (2012-2013)

Apocalypse

The golden bell tolls,
But no whoops or sighs of relief follow
For this ring isn't for the end of a class or
Lunch for the miners in niches and hollows,
No whispers but the sound of silence,
From Hawaii to the British Islands,
Anticipating and fearful is the world,
And then it comes.
It isn't as many believe, an army of angels
To drop those who drop acid, drop them down to hell,
But a destructive force that awaits that bell,
Ready to gain that immense power it craves
It strikes fear, right from cradles to graves.
Survival of the fittest ! They say, but a façade,
For none see the point
Of doing anything but prey
And so does the Devil.



Silhouette

Beyond calm waters,
And the willow trees,
Kneels a silhouette
Sobbing soundlessly...

His limbs are thin,
And his face is oblong,
His feet shiver -
Being alive feels wrong.

His beauty laughs;
Dances and sings,
A song of love -
A romance that stings.

Though when he opens
His sorrowful eyes,
He opens the truth
of his haggard lies...

The everlasting recoil,
The sound of bullets,
Put his love to sleep
in a matter of seconds.

– Savannah Shukla, IX (2012-2013)

Listen and you will hear

Listen, and you will hear
A thousand voices screaming in fear
- A world lost in endless trance,
Of redemption, not a chance.

A mere child in everyone,
Imploring to be heard by someone.
No outlet, no sympathy found,
Cynical paranoia does everyone hound.

Look, and you will find,
Behind each rugged exterior, a cowed mind,
Heads bowed by society - that obnoxious thing!
Broken thoughts and burnt wings.

Crying out is the Earth herself,
Reduced to a husk of her former self
And still she gives us what is left of her,
Her last vestige, a last chance to cure.

Just speak kindly, then look around you,
Untouched by your words, there will be but a few.
A new warmth spreading to every face,
Back to you, this line can trace.

This glorious Earth shall smile again;
Her laugh, for once, free from pain.
Listen again, and you will hear,
Those thousand voices, laughing with cheer.

– Dhruvi Gala, IX (2012-2013)

They fluttered in anticipation
They feared their demise
Holding on to their lives
Afraid to fall to death's side.
Amongst them all, one remained still,
Calm and placid, she knew it was time,
As the bond weakened, her life ebbed away
Broke away to oblivion, receded from reality.
The others watched her go, bidding a silent goodbye
Yet most remained unaffected "the fight must go on"
Some felt remorse, which faded over time.
Except for one, he watched and watched, a scar deep inside
A tiny dewdrop hit the ground, beside her lifeless self
As far above in the giant tree, a tiny leaflet he wept
Unwilling to accept this cruel fate, he helplessly watched her lie
Wandering the labyrinths of anguish and pain,
yet forced to move on with life.

- Saeesh, IX (2012-2013)



A desert, surrounded by wilderness,
Dry, empty, forlorn.
The voices grow louder- they crowd around, deafen;
Alone, helpless, you suffocate.

[The earth pulls us down,
it weighs down upon us.
One throws all at stake into the fire,
to resist the fall.]

Vultures arrive, hungry, merciless-
to rip your heart out.
stripped off your soul, lifeless, detested,
you turn into the beast itself.

The sky turns grey,
engendering dark clouds
which stare from above.
The creator weeps at His creation.

You look beneath, to find the world
you crushed under your feet.
You look above, to see the hand
you never saw.

hidden by nature's outburst,
a tear rolls down your cheek

- Abizar , IX (2012-2013)



Past Recall

Little one, I tried my best to do those paintings...
The window beside my bed,
The crescent moon on a cloudy night,
The dying fire beside the tent,
The gulmohar tree,
With its shades of golden, yellow, orange and green,
The flame-like branches of the akash neem,
Trying to touch the blue of the sky.

Everything I depicted...
The rainy day when the wet crow had lost its charm,
The lovely faded petals of the pink roses,
The tunes that set fire to my grey brain.

Suddenly I found
Those lost images
In my sketching pad,
Its pages turning yellow.
They are my joy,
My songs not sung...
Everything I have left behind -
My love forgotten.

- Purna Bannerjee,



Silence

Silence is a time when time is not to be cared for. Sometimes you want to adore the silence and sometimes it envelopes you. Everything hears a distinctive call, then it reaches you.

Sometimes, it is the symbol of calmness. Sometimes it is the symbol of an oncoming storm or a wave of anger. Your thoughts are like calm water slipping through your fingers, or a mighty tide crashing on you.

Silence is something I wish to hold on to and never leave.

The staircase ~
Creaking sound of soft feet
In the empty night.

A soft breeze blows,
Lightens the heavy heart.
A stone changes into a feather.

~ Eniyan, VII (2009 - 2010)

What is an essay?

What is an Essay? Why has it been around for so long? The literal meaning of the word essay is 'an Attempt'. There are mysteries contained within everything and they are waiting to be explored. An essay is not only a piece of writing meant to prove a point. Essays may reveal the truths of life in an unusual way. Someone has to open this box of truth...

– Madhur, VI (2011–2012)

Santiago sat in his apartment staring into the endless sky in deep contemplation. Darkness had fallen early. The moon stood with a triumphant grin, driven out of both emotion and imagination. The cloud cover smudged the stars of the southern sky, bringing back the blurry visions to his mind. Once again, he saw a hazy figure in the distance, waiting for him, calling him. Her skin was pale, her face sunken and she was clad in white.

A bare tree then caught the viewer's eye, bringing him back from the depths of his voyage into the realm of reality. He often observed the un-submerged remnants of the tree, of which he saw lesser every day. It probably appealed to him because it dwelled in lonely waters. He waited till he saw no more of the tree, which was when he knew what to do. This was the day he had been waiting for.

He then rose from the cold floor. Days of anticipation seemed like years. His eyes, now growing incarnadine with passion scanned the room with discretion. After some shuffling and scrambling of papers he finally found what he was looking for. He hurriedly scribbled in his diary and threw it on the floor. But as he turned around, the moonlight gave away a faint smile residing on Santiago's face. He then quickly collected his medicines, which he had been on for a year now. He was a patient of depression. He shut the door behind him, hiding the keys under his doormat as usual.

The elevator took him to the topmost floor, where he exited to find himself on the terrace. He walked towards the edge, his smile widening with each step. He stopped when he reached his destination. He then looked for one last time at the moonlit sky before dropping himself into the cold, thin air. The fall culminated with Santiago's body renounced and his face buried in the earth. A few days later, when Santiago's house was searched a note was found in his diary. It read:

'In a few minutes from now, my darling will be in my arms. I've taken a short trip to meet my dear Katherine. Yes, I miss her and it was this very day, a year back when she left me. It's getting late and Kathy will be waiting for me, I know she will. Farewell, my friends, although it won't be long before I see you again. I promise to return, unlike Kathy, who never did. Perhaps she was caught up with work, but never mind, as long as I can meet her now. My sincere apologies to all for living in solitude, but without Kathy, there was nothing to live for. Anyway, let's not dwell in the past. I am happier than ever, and will be so forever.'

- Santiago, 13th December, 1963

A N A D D I C T I O N

Some people consider it a vacation, a commute, or the once in a blue moon visit to the nearby hills. To me, it is a passion, a hobby, a pursuit. Travelling is an activity that millions all around the world enjoy. However for me, a journey to me is like an escape into the world that is away from this one. Some devour books, others clothes, I devour travelling. I pity those who have been going to the same holiday destinations for years. People must travel, visit new destinations and experience new cultures and lifestyles.

Travelling today is not as adventurous as it was in early times, when ships would take weeks to travel a distance that we now traverse in twelve hours. A trip to Britain from India would take three weeks at times and brave explorers would land on undiscovered shores; there was a great sense of adventure, with a tinge of unpredictability. After all, who could have foreseen that the world's largest and apparently unsinkable ship would slam against an iceberg and sink, taking a hundred thousand down with it. Today's 'safer' transport may be a relief for caring families, but not as much for the adventure junkie. An incident like the sinking of the Titanic would be rare today because one would be able to sense the iceberg a mile away by thousands of devices, a detour would be taken, and the calamity could be avoided.

You may, at times wonder about the best way to get to any given place. Well, that would depend on the place itself. To truly enjoy the place, one must first go around the place, with a practical mode of transport. After all, one does not go around a city in a 747. Personally I prefer going by air, simply because of the speed and comfort. Once I get to a place, a car seems to be the best way to go around, because you get closer to the country and cosy with the cities and towns.

For example, the time I went to America, I had already had a stereotyped view that it was a country ridden with skyscrapers. However, when my father made the decision to hire a vehicle for our travel, I saw much more than the skyscrapers and glass buildings. The sheer granite cliffs of Yosemite, the ramrod straight roads of Death Valley took me far beyond modern architectural mysteries to natural wonders.

Such experiences make every journey special. The best part about them is that one does not have to go around looking for them; they simply come out of the blue. All I can tell you is this; take your travel as it comes.

- Rajas Chitnis, IX (2012-2013)

I N T H E L O N G R U N

Even though I am from Pune, I had never thought I'd run the Pune Marathon. The first time had been a challenging experience - even the familiar streets of Pune seemed confusing and intimidating as I ran, clueless and out of breath. But you never know what new turn your life will take. Not only did I get another chance to run the Marathon, I can't believe I'm actually writing an article about it!

It was the first weekend of december and I was very excited about the Marathon and the fact that 38 of us were travelling to Pune at 3:00 am in the morning. The journey took a long time even though it was full of songs and chatter, We reached the assigned starting point at 7:00 am. The girls and boys were separated and they went to their respective areas. I was seated beside a group of Marathi speaking girls. They asked about my school, where we lived, how we spent the day. I met my old friend with whom I had run the marathon the previous year and we decided to run together again this time. I was astonished to meet her again amongst so many girls.

The gun was fired at 8:00 am and in a blink of an eye, the queue of girls turned into an unmanageable crowd. Everyone got pushed and pulled. Some were even stamped over. The bright morning had a horrible start. I got pushed and I fell hard on my knees and it started to bleed. I managed to get up and continued running. Four kilometers felt like ten. I met many of my school friends, all of them giving me confidence to go ahead. I realised just how much my stamina had improved. The last ten meters I sprinted like they were the last moments of my life and I did not want to lose them. I felt so strong. My joy knew no bounds when I was told that I stood fifth among the hundreds of girls who had participated in my category. Bleeding knees, hardly any energy left but still I did it! Standing in a line after the fourth person I felt as if I were on cloud nine!

This was one of the best learning experiences I ever had. Even though it was full of fun, I went with some kind of determination and achieved my goal. I achieved something which I thought was impossible, something which I thought I would never be able to do. It increased my self confidence and gave me the courage I needed. It was a stroke to my self belief like a painter adding colourful brush strokes onto a canvas. Forcing myself to run everyday in the morning, pushing myself to just two more rounds leaving behind the comfort zone of sleeping, Tightly snuggled under my blanket, it was difficult and everytime I ran was a marathon for me. Not thinking of the result, or the consequences, I realised that hard work and focus are never wasted.

-Shruti Rathi

THE LORD OF THE FLIES

a book review

The Lord of the Flies is an extremely complex and beautifully woven web by William Golding. The book is very symbolic, which becomes apparent as we follow it through.

What is unique about the work of Golding is that he has combined and synthesized all of characteristic twentieth-century human society and shown its destruction through his words. Not only do we see the resilience of human beings, including children who fight to survive, we also see the idea of survival of the fittest.

Soon after landing on a desert island, a group of stranded school boys start to form a society. They elect a chief and distribute work. But due to circumstances and hardships, things begin to fall apart.

The central symbol itself, the "Lord of the flies", is like any other true symbol, much more than the sum of its parts. The "Lord of the Flies" is a translation of the Hebrew Beelzebub, a name for the Devil. This devil is soon a part of every boy's mind, except for those who wish to be rescued.

The theme is an attempt to trace the defects of society back to human nature. The whole book is symbolic in nature except at the end where adult life appears, dignified and capable but in reality enmeshed in the same evil as the symbolic life of the children on the island.

The society breaks down into two parts – the ones who are keen on getting rescued and the others who only enjoy hunting and think they are capable enough to survive on the island by themselves. Unfortunately, Ralph, the previously elected chief who is keen on getting rescued, is left with only three boys, leaving the majority on Jack's side. Ralph and his friends try hard to get rescued by keeping a fire going at all times until Jack's party comes and steals the spectacles of a boy named Piggy, Ralph's most trustworthy ally. These spectacles are the only way to create a fire using the Sun's rays.

We also see division between people in times of trauma, when Ralph and his friends have to make compromises with the other clan on their side of the island and things get fanatical. Piggy gets killed in the frenzy and the other two boys on Ralph's side are forced to join Jack's clan. Ralph, with the whole clan hot on his heels and intent on eating him, is left with a slim chance of getting rescued.

Just when it seems that all is over, adult life appears. The officer, having interrupted a man hunt, prepares to take the children off the island in a cruiser. But who will rescue the officer and his cruiser?

– Rishabh Sharma, IX (2012-2013)

Double Trouble

If I were invisible, I can well imagine what I would do. Sitting on a chair, I wondered how I could become invisible. I was reading a book about an invisible man. I thought it was fictitious but a little later, as I read on, I realised that it was a fact. I arrived at a page which read – “If you read the following sentence loud and clear, you will become invisible.” I went on to read the sentence – “Peek peekaboo, I want to be invisible like you.” Suddenly, the house began shaking, which was when I realised that the book wasn’t fictional after all. Frightened, I stood up and reached for my mobile phone. I dialled the number zero and the house stopped shaking.

I was starving, so I decided to go to the supermarket, but when I went to the mirror to comb my hair, I couldn’t see myself! Oops, and that’s how I had become invisible. I was scared, yet happy. I went to the supermarket to pick up the things I needed. An old lady passing by saw a shopping basket floating in the air. She screamed and almost fainted. Suddenly my brain was recharged, like a cell phone. Oh! what a brilliant idea it was! I ran towards the exit with the shopping basket resting on my shoulder. The security guard looked puzzled. I smiled, a million dollar smile.

Next, I went to my friend’s house. It was midnight, but I was sure that she’d be awake. She was watching a horror movie, and I slipped in and switched off her house lights. She screamed out loud. She flashed a torch in my direction. Until then, I had no idea that in fact I was visible. “What are you doing here?” she asked. I was dumbfounded. Angry, she pushed me out of the house.

And that is how I fell into double trouble.

Astachal

I was delighted when I got to know about astaachal during Freya and Nandan's interviews. I am very happy to be a part of this exercise today as we are here for PTMs. Children from this tender age are being taught to spend time with themselves, to think about the day spent or simply to be quiet for some time. It is amazing to see how children sit by themselves for these 20-25 minutes...without anyone saying anything to anyone. Complete silence! May this become a part of their habits and stay with them lifelong!

The evening sets in
The sun floats through
That subabool tree

Bhima, surrounded by hills,
Looking serene and still.
As it looks frozen
From Python hill.
- Jai Chhaya, VII

The pealing dies away,
The glow, vanishing.
The wind takes a breath.
The sun says good bye,
It's time to end the day.
- Madhur Rathí, VI (2011-12)

“There are more than two hundred zebras around me... white kurtas on black rocks.”



नाम का इजाद

जब लोगों के नाम नहीं थे
कैसे पुकारते होंगे वो
एक दूसरे को?
कैसे बातें करते होंगे
किसी तीसरे की?
कितना मुश्किल होता होगा
ये याद रखना
कि कब किसने
क्या कहा था
किसी को।
रिश्तों के जोड़-घटाव,
नफे-नुकसान
का हिसाब रखना
लगभग नामुमकिन-सा
होता होगा।
बड़ी खूब सूझी किसी को
हर इंसान को
एक रजिस्टर में बदलने की तरकीब।
क्यों उसने
(जिसने भी)
किसी और को
(जो भी वो था)
एक नाम
(जो भी वो रहा हो)
के दायरे में
बाँध डाला
हमेशा के लिए?

- प्रभात

NATURE FEATURED

Out of good experience and a little bit of reading up, I would on this note, like to throw some light upon one of my favourite topics, nature. Wildlife is a major part of nature, with the animal kingdom being my focus .

Let me start with a little question for my readers. What strikes most of your minds on the thought of individuals who readily squander their time about bushes at odd hours of the day or night looking for something that could very much turn out be a frog! (remember that beauty lies in the eyes of the beholder). Surprisingly there is no scarcity of such people and regardless of your opinions, I am one of them. Wildlife, as far as I remember, has always been more than fascinating for me and as for what some others may say, I am often beyond reasoning when nature is concerned.

Now, from what I mentioned earlier about people like me (and that was honestly unexaggerated) this interest may seem a little boring but trust me, that does not make a difference to how adventuresome it can actually be. I myself have had perfectly beautiful moments of having been bitten by birds (including three kinds of parrots), chased by dogs and roosters, scratched by cats and even turtles, gnawed by a squirrel

(this could set your imagination loose but the fellow died of rabies soon after) and more (actually a lot more). After this, let me tell you that I am 14 years old. This might have shaken you a little, but remember that these actions are taken by animals as measures of self defence (animals will never cross their limits till we have crossed ours).

Getting close to animals might be something that I often do, but actually in my opinion, it is not of much importance (until there is a purpose involved). What really opens our doors of understanding to the natural world is 'observation'. It can easily change a person's perspective of their surroundings. Nature gradually unfolds its mysteries to observation and patience. There is a lot it can teach a person not only about the elusive life of our co-habitants but also about our own lives. Nature sets a beautiful metaphor for life. It carries on in a state of blissful equilibrium, neither happy nor sad, but peaceful, taking it's time and recovering from the biggest of storms and calamities; and most of all, accepting reality.

Nature is our reality (if Darwin was right at all) and I guess this is where all of us have to end. So how about starting with a little walk tomorrow morning, and seeing, what we can learn.

- Ozair, IX (2012-2013)



My Year – Class four students describe their year...

(2010-2011)

My year was like a few scattered pebbles,
some grey, some black, some small, some big, some of many colours, some dusty,
some bright,
each one curved and beautiful –
in it's own special way.

- Mithil

This is my year –
Closed here, open there,
as smooth as paper, hard as rock
bright yellow – like the sun,
dark brown, speckled and twisted
touching my heart.

Janhavi

In my art classes, I feel like a grain of sand turning into a pearl.

Rishi

Dear Mumma and Pappa,

I did not know Marathi before coming to school but now I have
learnt a lot

and I have improved. I can do all the exercises in my workbook
and hardly get any

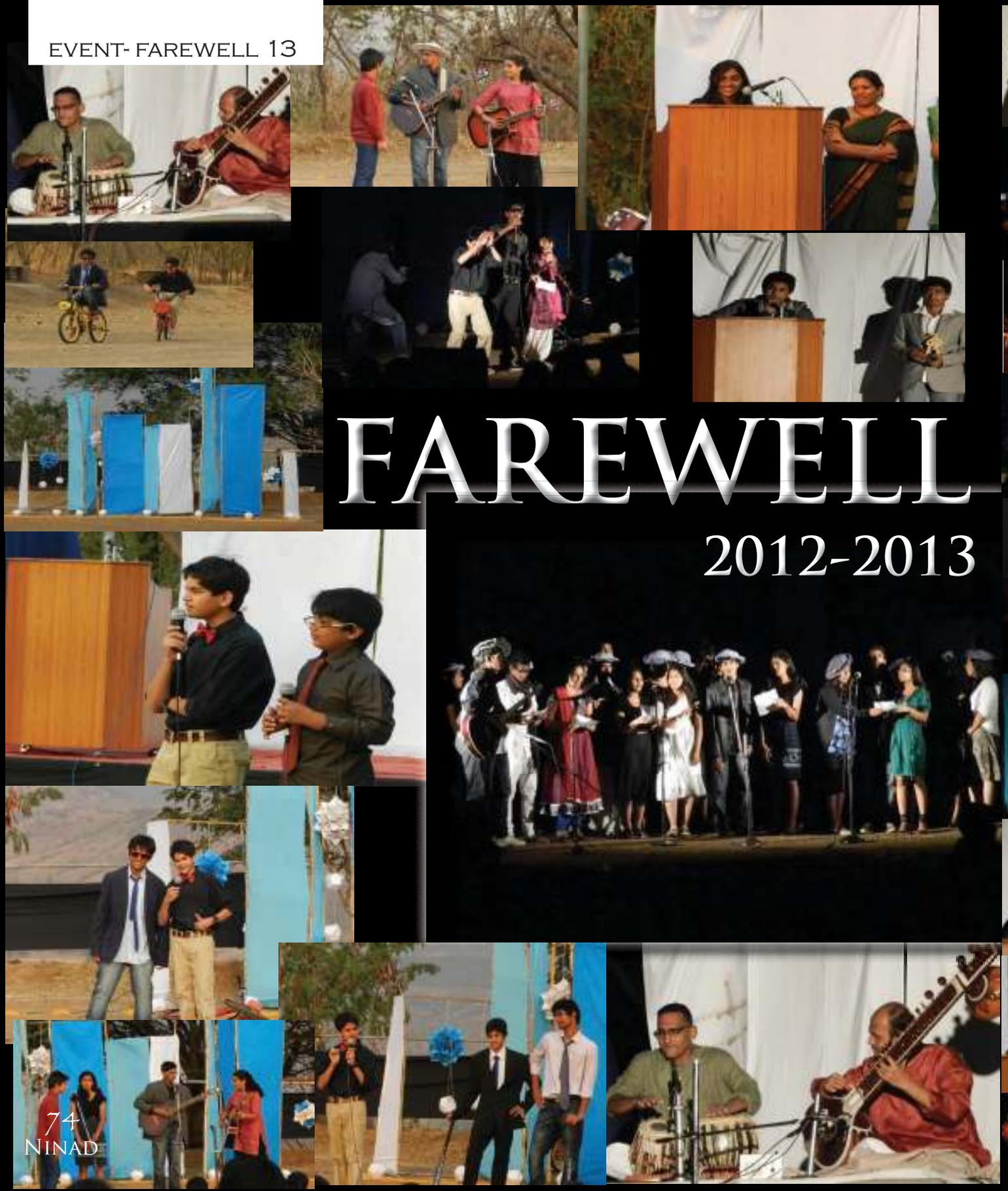
thing wrong in the dictations taken in class! I fell like a beetle
that was turned upside

down but has now landed on its feet.

Neer

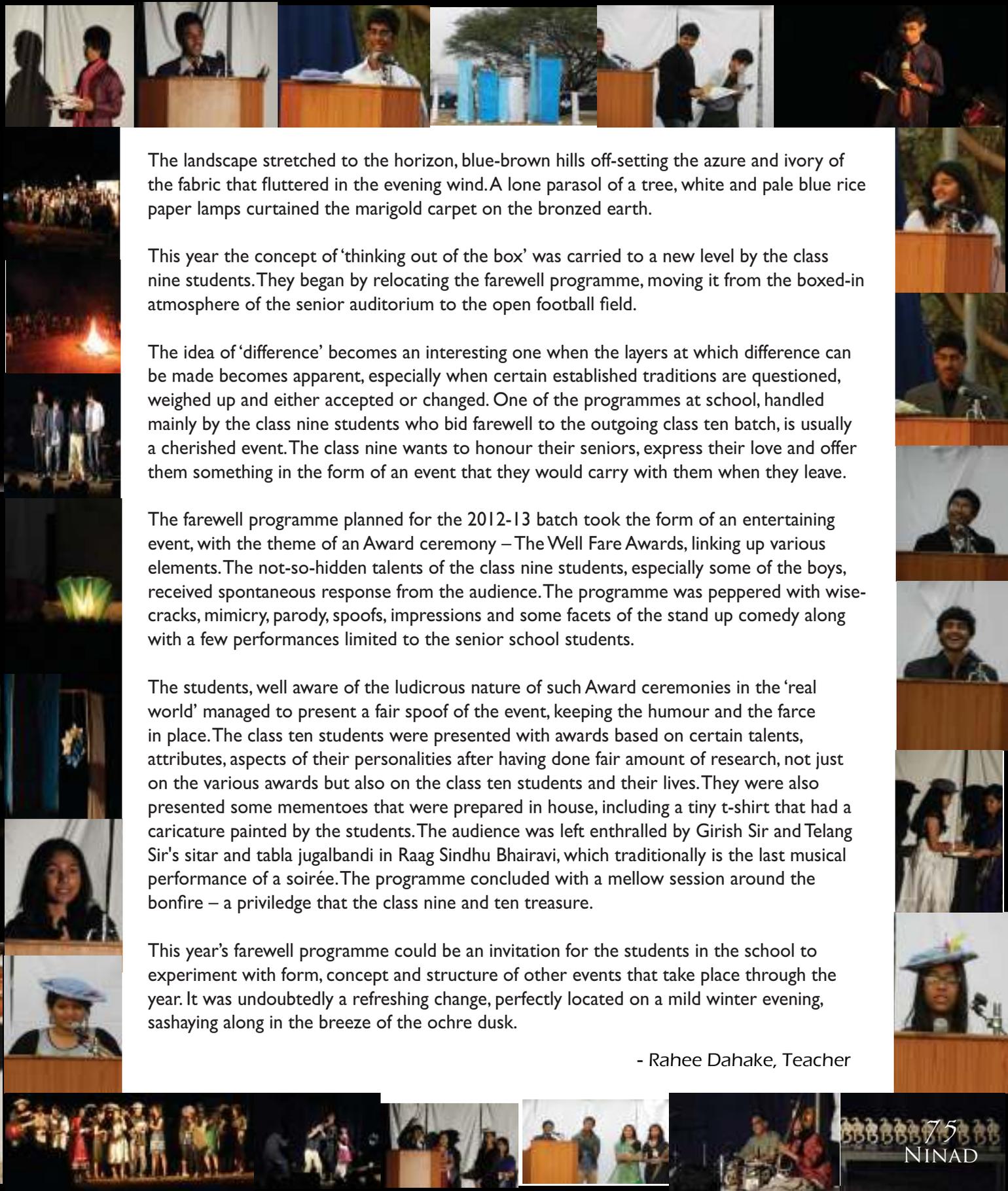
This is my year
a lovely fallen leaf,
curling up at the edges
like smiles in happy moments
turning rusty at the places where I had fights;
the flowing lines across it
tell the story of how full my year was.

– Arya



FAREWELL

2012-2013



The landscape stretched to the horizon, blue-brown hills off-setting the azure and ivory of the fabric that fluttered in the evening wind. A lone parasol of a tree, white and pale blue rice paper lamps curtained the marigold carpet on the bronzed earth.

This year the concept of 'thinking out of the box' was carried to a new level by the class nine students. They began by relocating the farewell programme, moving it from the boxed-in atmosphere of the senior auditorium to the open football field.

The idea of 'difference' becomes an interesting one when the layers at which difference can be made becomes apparent, especially when certain established traditions are questioned, weighed up and either accepted or changed. One of the programmes at school, handled mainly by the class nine students who bid farewell to the outgoing class ten batch, is usually a cherished event. The class nine wants to honour their seniors, express their love and offer them something in the form of an event that they would carry with them when they leave.

The farewell programme planned for the 2012-13 batch took the form of an entertaining event, with the theme of an Award ceremony – The Well Fare Awards, linking up various elements. The not-so-hidden talents of the class nine students, especially some of the boys, received spontaneous response from the audience. The programme was peppered with wise-cracks, mimicry, parody, spoofs, impressions and some facets of the stand up comedy along with a few performances limited to the senior school students.

The students, well aware of the ludicrous nature of such Award ceremonies in the 'real world' managed to present a fair spoof of the event, keeping the humour and the farce in place. The class ten students were presented with awards based on certain talents, attributes, aspects of their personalities after having done fair amount of research, not just on the various awards but also on the class ten students and their lives. They were also presented some mementoes that were prepared in house, including a tiny t-shirt that had a caricature painted by the students. The audience was left enthralled by Girish Sir and Telang Sir's sitar and tabla jugalbandi in Raag Sindhu Bhairavi, which traditionally is the last musical performance of a soiree. The programme concluded with a mellow session around the bonfire – a privilege that the class nine and ten treasure.

This year's farewell programme could be an invitation for the students in the school to experiment with form, concept and structure of other events that take place through the year. It was undoubtedly a refreshing change, perfectly located on a mild winter evening, sashaying along in the breeze of the ochre dusk.

- Rahee Dahake, Teacher

FAREWELL SPEECH

The winter is over, the summer is yet to come and the fresh smell of mud is everywhere. Every year at this time I have weird feelings and this year it is anxiety, attachment and detachment at the same time.

I had, long ago planned out for myself, my complete scheme of life: I understood that I was the best person to pursue my own ends and cater to my own needs and along with this I kept with me hidden, a very potent weapon: the knowledge of when to be a complete idiot.



The magic of this place, I think, exists with the speed at which things move. On my first day in school itself, I was very surprised to see how slow things move here, slow maybe, but everything has a rhythm to which every single thing moves. The flight of a bird, the buzz of an insect, the growth of a plant into a tree, the 'termly' contraction and expansion of the river, everything has its rhythm and I have seen it all. Here I am, lost in this rhythm and the beauty of the mountain.

So lost I was in this place, I built my own home here with the bricks of my imagination and sat inside for close to four years. This bit of personal space allowed me to explore unknown parts of myself like poetry, dance and art. I had a happy childhood here and along with simple arguments I had many childish crushes, which I enjoyed as much as I could.

A couple of years back, I began to feel bound and left my house to build a new one and come to terms with my new self. For now I believe I will keep doing this till I find my house and retire there.

Thus, it has been surprisingly clear to me for a while now that it's time to go. When I was a junior at a farewell programme one of the tenthies had told me that when you realise that the Sahyadri of your memories and the Sahyadri you live in are not nearly the same, you will know it's time to go. I now know that it is time to go.



- RAM SHARMA

A C K N O W L E D G E M E N T S

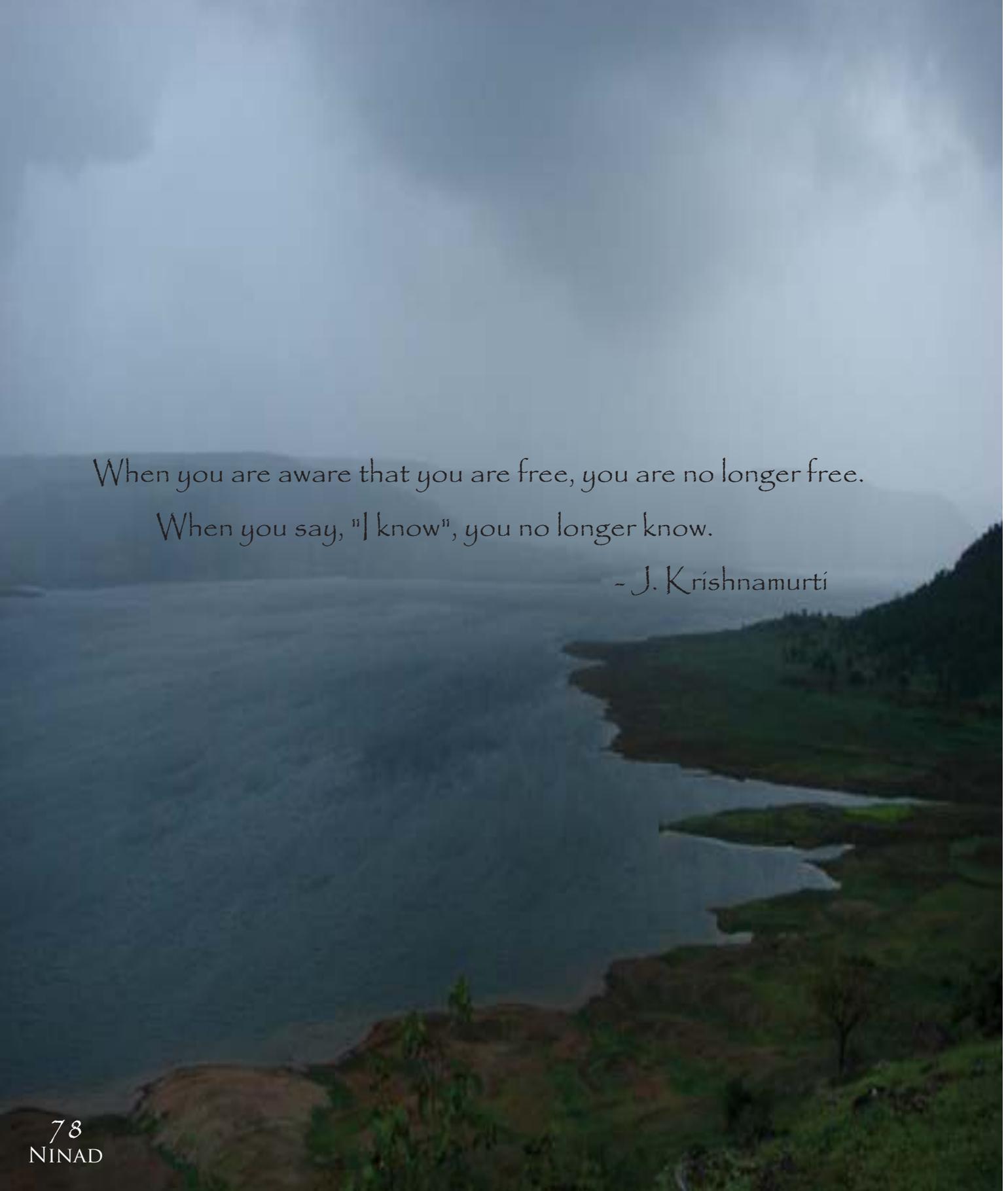
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Sincerely,

Team Ninad



When you are aware that you are free, you are no longer free.

When you say, "I know", you no longer know.

- J. Krishnamurti





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