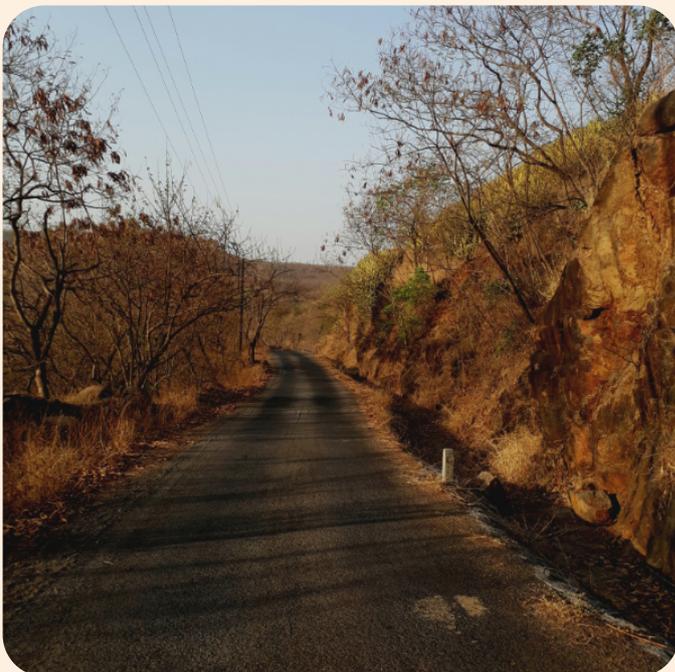




SB



Sahyadri School - KFI



The  
online  
issue

## Contents:

1. <i>Editorial</i> .....	2
2. <i>A School For Me</i> by Anavi Jagadeesha .....	4
3. <i>बादल</i> by Nandan Agrawal .....	6
4. <i>Interviewing Shaurya</i> by Anindita & Kailash ----	8
5. <i>The Follower</i> by Prakriti Maithil .....	11
6. <i>Love Isn't Acquisition</i> by Upasana Akka .....	17
7. <i>Haiku</i> by Sreehitha Pinnamaneni .....	18
8. <i>Tea, Biscuits and Bodily Harm</i> by Adi Shyam --	19
9. <i>The Universe</i> by Hia Mehta .....	22
10. <i>A Survey</i> .....	23
11. <i>Religion</i> by Nandan Agrawal .....	28
12. <i>Deception in the Desert</i> by Rishabh V. ....	30
13. <i>Crossword Sahyadri!</i> .....	36
14. <i>Self-Control</i> by Siddharth Gupta .....	37
15. <i>Comics</i> by Prakriti Maithil .....	40
16. <i>In Pursuit</i> by Anjali Akka .....	41
17. <i>Interviewing Jyoti Akka</i> by Niloufer & Prakriti-	43
18. <i>Tomorrow Can Only Be Better</i> by Anindita K. -	48
19. <i>Crossword Sahyadri! - Answers</i> .....	50
20. <i>Credits</i> .....	51
21. <i>Class Illustration</i> by Prakriti Maithil .....	52

# Editorial

8th grade's Class Magazine was something of a tradition, and every batch in the past few years had managed to string one together. How hard could it be? Well, it turned out to be pretty hard. Maybe even as hard as getting a second serving of *gulab jamun* from Sheetal Didi.

Making it online had its pros and cons. We weren't getting much work done in the meetings, mainly because everyone was on mute the entire time. It was almost like people had decided to listen to each other for once. The only problem was, when everyone was listening, no one was talking. But eventually, things started making more sense, and before we knew it, we had made considerable progress. Each group had something to show and our classes were spent discussing, making changes and corrections. Our class had actually decided to take something seriously. There were good and bad experiences along the way, including this gem of a conversation in the Fiction group -

Rishabh: Guys!

Ruchira: Yeah, bull?

Rishabh: Eh?

Anindita: Bull?

Rishabh:?

Anindita:?

Hia: Cow.

Rishabh: No u!

Ruchira: Doesn't "rishabh" mean bull, and "gais" mean cows in Hindi?

Everyone: Left speechless because Ruchira made a Hindi joke.

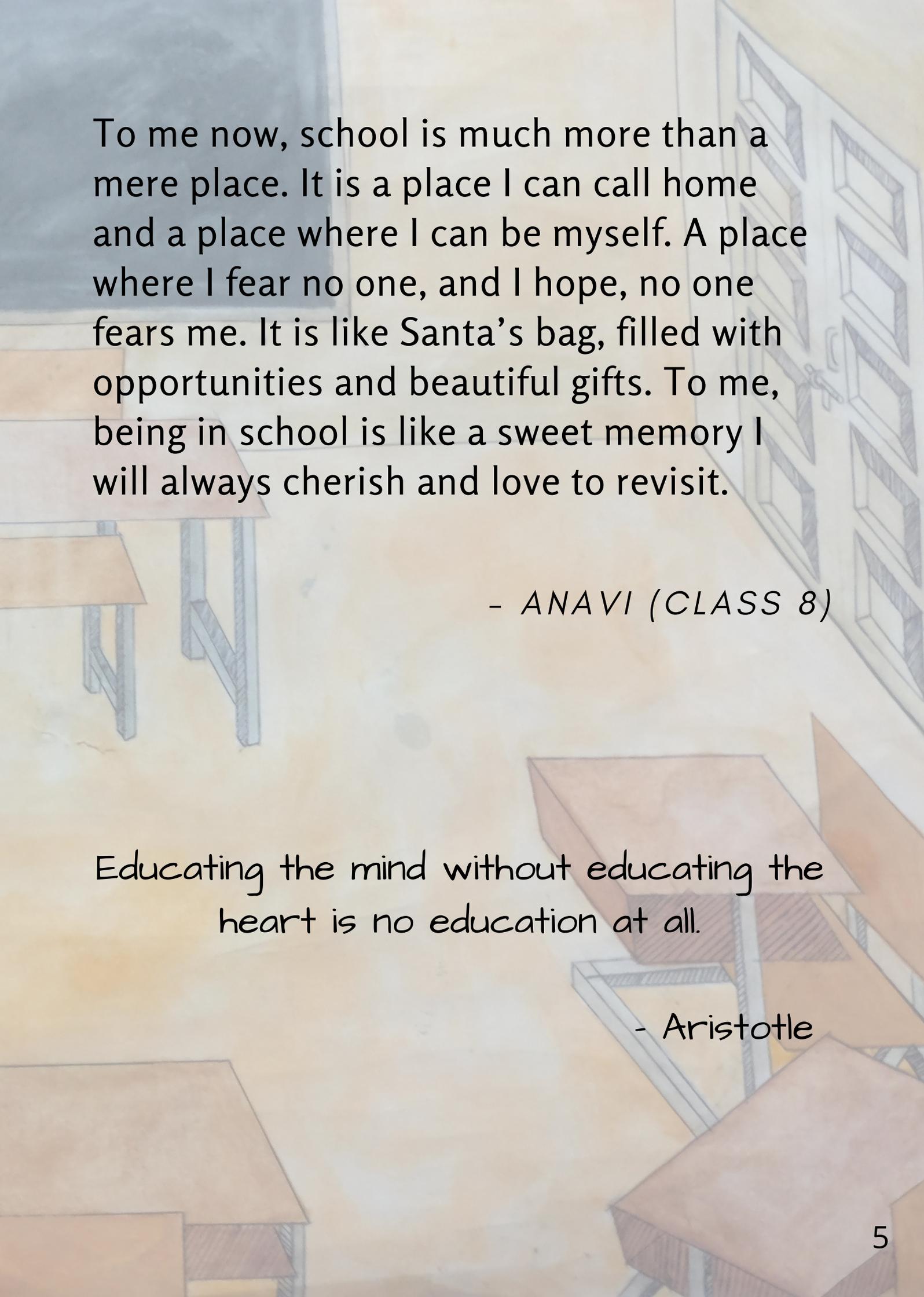
However frustrating it could be at times, it was fun working on this magazine, and it helped us come together as a class. I hope you enjoy reading it as much as we enjoyed making it!

- Rishabh Venugopal (Class 8)

# A School for Me

Initially to me, a school was a mere place. A place where we were getting ready for our future, but only academically. At that time, an ideal school for me was a lot of buildings, teachers, students and books. Having always been a good student, I did enjoy going to school, but I was never attached to it.

Then I joined Sahyadri. My whole life was changed and so did my idea of an ideal school. In my initial days at Sahyadri, I was almost shocked at the relationship between the students and the teachers. But slowly I got used to the different yet nice environment. And, in no time I was a Sahyadrian.



To me now, school is much more than a mere place. It is a place I can call home and a place where I can be myself. A place where I fear no one, and I hope, no one fears me. It is like Santa's bag, filled with opportunities and beautiful gifts. To me, being in school is like a sweet memory I will always cherish and love to revisit.

- ANAVI (CLASS 8)

Educating the mind without educating the heart is no education at all.

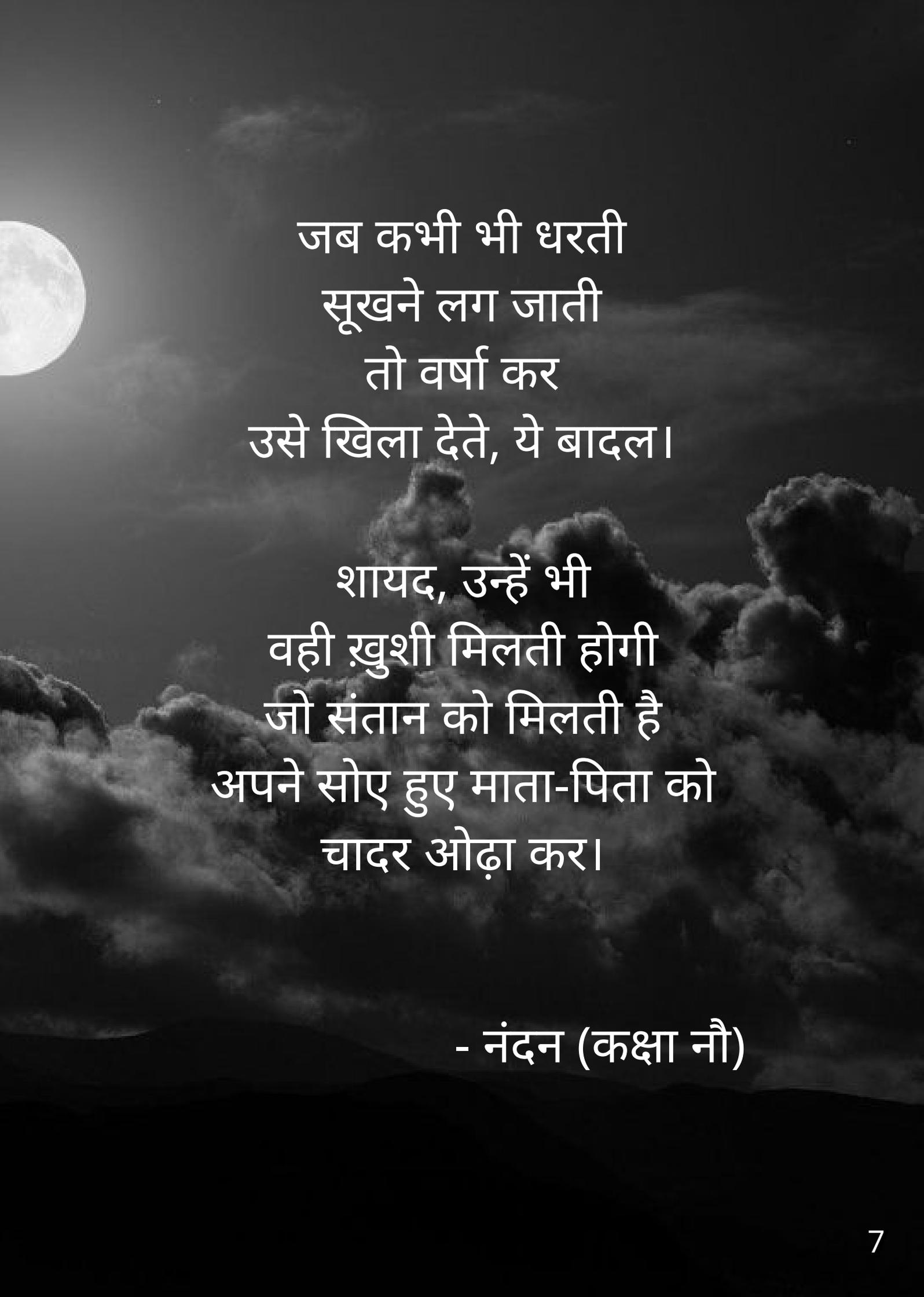
- Aristotle

# बादल

बादलों पर सब है लिखा,  
फिर भी लोग कहते हैं,  
कि उन में दम नहीं।

वही छाते हैं और गरजते भी,  
ये बादल भी, ऊपर  
वाले से कम नहीं।

जब कभी कड़ी धूप आ जाती,  
तो छा कर राहत देते,  
जैसे मानो किसी ने  
गैस की आँच धीमी कर दी हो।



जब कभी भी धरती  
सूखने लग जाती  
तो वर्षा कर  
उसे खिला देते, ये बादल।

शायद, उन्हें भी  
वही खुशी मिलती होगी  
जो संतान को मिलती है  
अपने सोए हुए माता-पिता को  
चादर ओढ़ा कर।

- नंदन (कक्षा नौ)

# Interviewing Shaurya

Q: We have heard that one of your hobbies is Go-karting, which is an unusual sport, and many have not heard about it. Could you tell us what exactly it is?

A: In the sport you're supposed to be very fit to handle the Kart. And it has one engine.

Q: It's something like formula one?

A: Yeah.

Q: But it's an unusual sport, right? How did you get into something so unusual?

A: One day, my dad took me to the track and then I just drove a few laps. I liked it, so I decided to continue it.

Q: How old were you when your dad took you to the track?

A: I was six.

Q: Oh, so you have been continuing for a while now. It shows how much you like it. Is there something you like most about it?

A: The speed!

Q: A hobby like this would have involved a lot of traveling and meeting new people. Have you visited many places? Could you name a few?

A: Yeah, I have gone to Malaysia, Singapore and Sri Lanka, and Thailand.

Q: Oh, that's a lot! You have been traveling and meeting so many people from different teams. Speaking of teams, have any sponsored you?

A: Not yet, no.

Q: Apart from the pandemic and online classes which are going on, are you still into go-karting?

A: Yeah, I am still racing.

Q: Could you tell us if you have any other interesting hobbies that fill your free time?

A: I play football.

Q: Lots of people play football in school, you'll have many people to play with!

Q: I heard that you were going to go for the Nationals and represent India. What are your thoughts about that?

A: For right now, I don't know if I will be able to go for it, because it's been postponed twice. But I have been preparing for it.

Q: Wow! I really hope you do go.

A: Representing India must be so much fun! Doing all those laps and racing with others.

Q: There must be pressure too, right? Do you ever feel pressured when you race? The pressure to win?

A: Sometimes.

Q: It was very interesting listening to you. We learnt so much about Go-karting. I never knew what it was. Thank you for talking to us, Shaurya!

A: You're welcome!

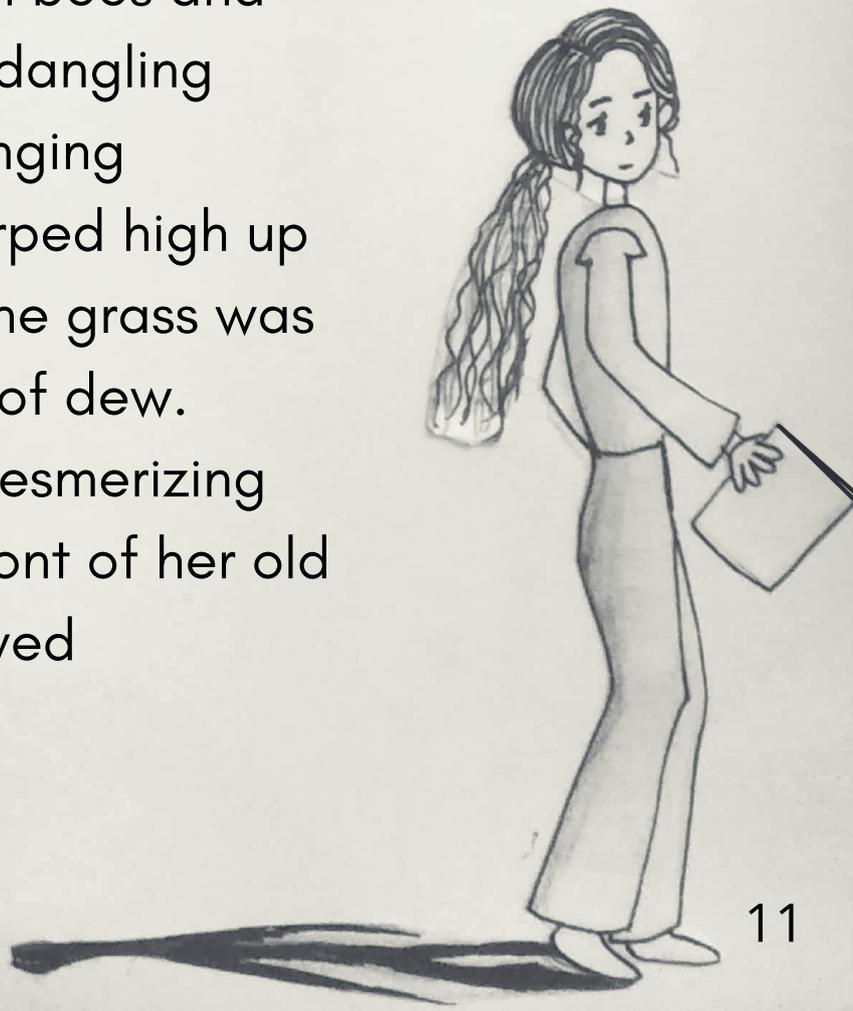
- Anindita & Kailash (Class 8)

# *The Follower*

It was seven in the morning and the sun already seemed to be at its brightest. The trees oscillated in the south-west winds flowing through the city of Seattle.

Instinctively, Zen decided to take a stroll in the garden. Leaving the comfort of her bed, she rambled out. Half a step out of the door, she discerned things that had always been there but had never caught her attention.

The garden was vivid with bees and butterflies hovering over dangling flowers like they were clinging together; a few birds chirped high up on some branches, and the grass was shining with a few drops of dew. Wondering how such a mesmerizing garden existed right in front of her old rickety house, she perceived something more alluring.



Far-left from the flower bed, some trees arched over the grass forming a dense canopy of leaves. It looked so beautiful that without thinking she walked over. The brightness disappeared as she stepped beneath the canopy, bringing some amount of discomfort, but the rays which peeped through the gaps, 'the rays of hope' as her dad called them, held her back. She closed her eyes and sat there, imagining. She had started feeling the warmth again, when she heard a crackling sound right behind her. She froze. Her parents had gone to work and she usually didn't have any companions around. Then thoughts like "Is there someone else around? A cat? a monster? A ghost? Were the stories about someone in the woods true? Was she going to die?" started popping up in her head. Gathering some courage, she turned.

There was nothing, no one, no cat (she didn't have one!), no monster, no ghost, and hopefully she was not going to die. She sighed, realizing how ridiculous her thoughts were and got up to leave. She felt a sudden tug from behind when she took a step forward. There was nothing except her shadow behind her. Trying to convince herself she was imagining things she took another step, but this time something strange happened.

There was a sudden change in temperature, the sun got brighter and the wind moved slower. The bees and butterflies disappeared along with the singing birds and the bright flowers seemed rather dull. After physically freezing for 1/25th of a second, her brain started to analyze the situation and, intuitively, she ran as if her life depended on it. She would've won the school race if she had had this pace that day.

Slamming the house door shut, she realized it felt much better inside. Her plan of having a great day was marred, she thought, as she strode over to her room in order to get back in bed. It was quite dark and suffocating inside the room, which led her to open the window. Now that there was enough air to breathe and light to reflect, she rushed to her bed

and sank into the soft and airy mattress. The window behind her bed was soon able to manifest some light and cast a long and dark shadow right in front of her. It was a dark reflection of her, her hair bound in a ponytail and her body half sunk into a dark reflectionless mattress.



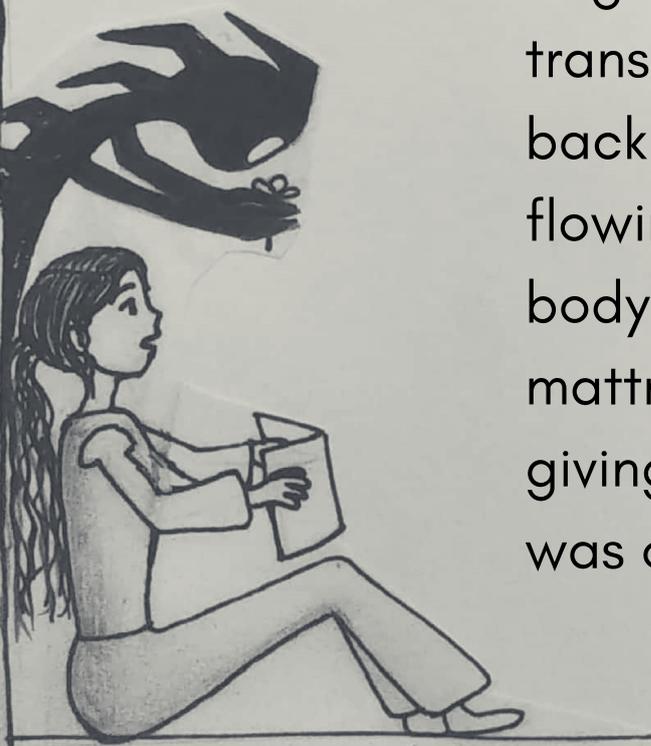
For a moment she felt secure as she gazed at the shadow, the hair now flowing in the almost-moving draught, her head buried in her bent knees and the dark puff of cotton mattress still. She was not able to comprehend what had just happened, but her mind was distracted by the beauty of the shadowy form. She told herself, "Wonder how much you can make out of that dark reflection! For a moment I am a princess with dark-dark hair and then I become a phantom soul waiting for someone to haunt."

She would have continued to feel comfortable had she not seen her shadow move! Zen was quite sure her imagination was running wild. The shadow started shrinking and after a point turned into a tiny pitch-black dot which, in turn, developed into a wispy cloud-like shape. "Ah! What is this?" she screamed. As if in response to her question, the shadow turned into the word "Sombracreat." Zen was petrified. "Sombracreat?" she thought. "Does that mean you're a spectre who waits in the dark woods for innocent people like me and follows them to later devour them!?" she finished speaking in a tremulous voice.

There was no reply, but the shadow moved off to Zen's bookshelf and, as if it were solid, prodded one of the untouched books, "Criaturas de la luminosidad," which meant "creatures of brightness." Noticing how unfair it was of her not to have read a book so curiously titled, she took it out and asked, "Do you want me to read this book?" The Sombracreat then transformed into the word "Yais" which she understood to mean yes.

After 5 hours, when she finished reading the book, she was in a state of disbelief. When she eventually looked away from the book, it had gotten slightly dark and Sombracreat had started to fade. Sprinting to the table lamp she hurriedly switched it on and said, "I can't believe this. You were the reason for all those peculiar things! Are you indeed a creature of

brightness?" The Sombracreat transformed into a smile and turned back into Zen, strands of her hair flowing in the now moving wind, her body still sunk into the pitch-black mattress and her head straight up, giving a feeling of firmness. Today was over.



Zen woke up the next morning, and even though it was much warmer outside, she ran out to stand in the sun. As soon as a shadow was cast, she crossed her fingers. "I hope it comes!" she then said. Surprisingly, now there was indeed a change in temperature, the sun became brighter and the wind got gentler. She turned. There it was, her state-of-the-art best friend, the Sombracreat. She later said to him, "Seems like the book wasn't wrong after all. You are a constructive, dark part of me who is always there! I just have to find you. Will I never be alone then?" The Sombracreat, who couldn't reply, instead turned into the sentence: "You were never alone."

- Prakriti Maithil (Class 8)

"The world is big enough for us.  
No ghost need apply."

- Sherlock Holmes

# Love Isn't Acquisition

*There is a green pool  
Glimmering with sunlight and  
Swimmers  
In the middle of this heart*

*Earth waters this pool  
And I make it muddy  
Clouds rain on the pool  
Without consent*

*I allow because love allows  
I look at my own green muddy reflection  
And learn forgiveness  
Beginning with my face and body*

*I can let go upon seeing  
That love isn't acquisition  
Thought disappears  
Breath is dead*

*I am a swimmer glimmering in a green pool.*

*Life is colourful  
It sometimes glows and darkens  
Like a waning moon.*

*- Sreehitha Pinnamaneni  
(Class 8)*



## Tea, Biscuits and Bodily Harm

*It was a bright, sunny day and we were all feeling the post-lunch laziness that one usually feels as we trudged along the pathways and grassy plains of a small village in Kutch. We were on our 11th grade excursion and had split into groups that travelled to different villages. My group had the good fortune of staying in a village where cloth dye artisans and weavers were plentiful. I could go on and on about the mastery of their art and the beauty of the cloth their rugged yet precise fingers created, but unfortunately this story has nothing to do with them.*

*As I said, we were trudging along the pathways and grassy plains, trying to digest the highly fibrous lunch we had eaten. Our group was slightly scattered, with quite some distance between the first person and the last. I was somewhere in the front.*

*We veered off the road and bravely began to tread the grassy path, bringing out our inner Bear Grylls. Hardly had we set foot on the turf when a shriek pierced the air and struck our ears. We saw a woman clad in dark, worn clothing, flailing her arms and yelling at us. She was commanding us to do something but we knew not what, due to our challenged comprehension of her language.*

*Perhaps, she was inviting us for refreshments - tea and biscuits? Unsure and a little lost, we wandered closer to her to try and understand her strange commands.*

*To our surprise, her yelling intensified and a man appeared from behind her. To add to our befuddlement, he yelled at us too. Noticing a sharpened stick in one of his hands and a stone in the other, we began to realize that we were not in for a friendly welcome.*

*Even as all our hopes of tea and biscuits faded, the man began to advance upon us, poising himself in a stance meant to show that he was very much interested in inflicting bodily harm upon us. The audacity, I thought! Now I'm not aware what else went on through my head precisely at that moment, but I must have had a loose bolt or so, because I found myself giggling a little, diffusing the gravity of the situation. One of my friends stared at me in disbelief but, it turns out, laughter is contagious. She started laughing too, probably at my stupidity and not my good sense of humour, much as I would like to believe the latter. Amidst all the laughter, the teacher accompanying us, in visible consternation now, began to usher us away from the enemy and we beat a hasty and ungraceful retreat, the shame of a defeated military general in our eyes. That is how I like to remember it.*

*Back in our hosts' comfortable and welcoming house, we were informed that we had encountered members of a local tribe on whose land we had encroached. It was only then that it all made sense, finally. What had started out as a simple walk through the countryside had turned into a battle of life and death in which we masterfully escaped the enemy and returned home safely, even though the odds were against us.*

*Or so we told the rest of the batch when we finally reunited and had one of our daily chit-chat sessions. This wondrous tale saved us from the awkward silence one would have faced during that session when asked how one had spent one's valuable time and what one would take away from the learning experiences of the day. And for that I shall be eternally grateful to that respectable but hostile lady and her excitable companion.*

*- Adi Shyam (Class12)*

*An opportunity is like a biscuit dipped in tea;  
a little delay and it's gone!*

*- Anonymous*

# *The Universe*

What is the universe? For me it consists of what I see, and not the same information I receive from books and articles. The universe was what I used to imagine it as - vast, cold and infinite. Now it has become what I can sense, see, touch, hear and smell. For me the universe can be my room, my backyard or even a dustbin. It's anything that has an ambience that I can experience.

Right now the universe for me includes the chirping of the birds, the stench of my dog that roams the expanse of my house, the smooth keys that I pressed to write this piece and the sights of hungry people roaming the streets begging for the tiniest morsel of anything edible; and where there should be trees, I see buildings and construction sites for metros and stations.

I never said it would be happy and problem-free, but at least it is something I can bring myself to fathom or, sometimes, try to rationalize away.

*- Hia Mehta (Class 8)*

## The Survey

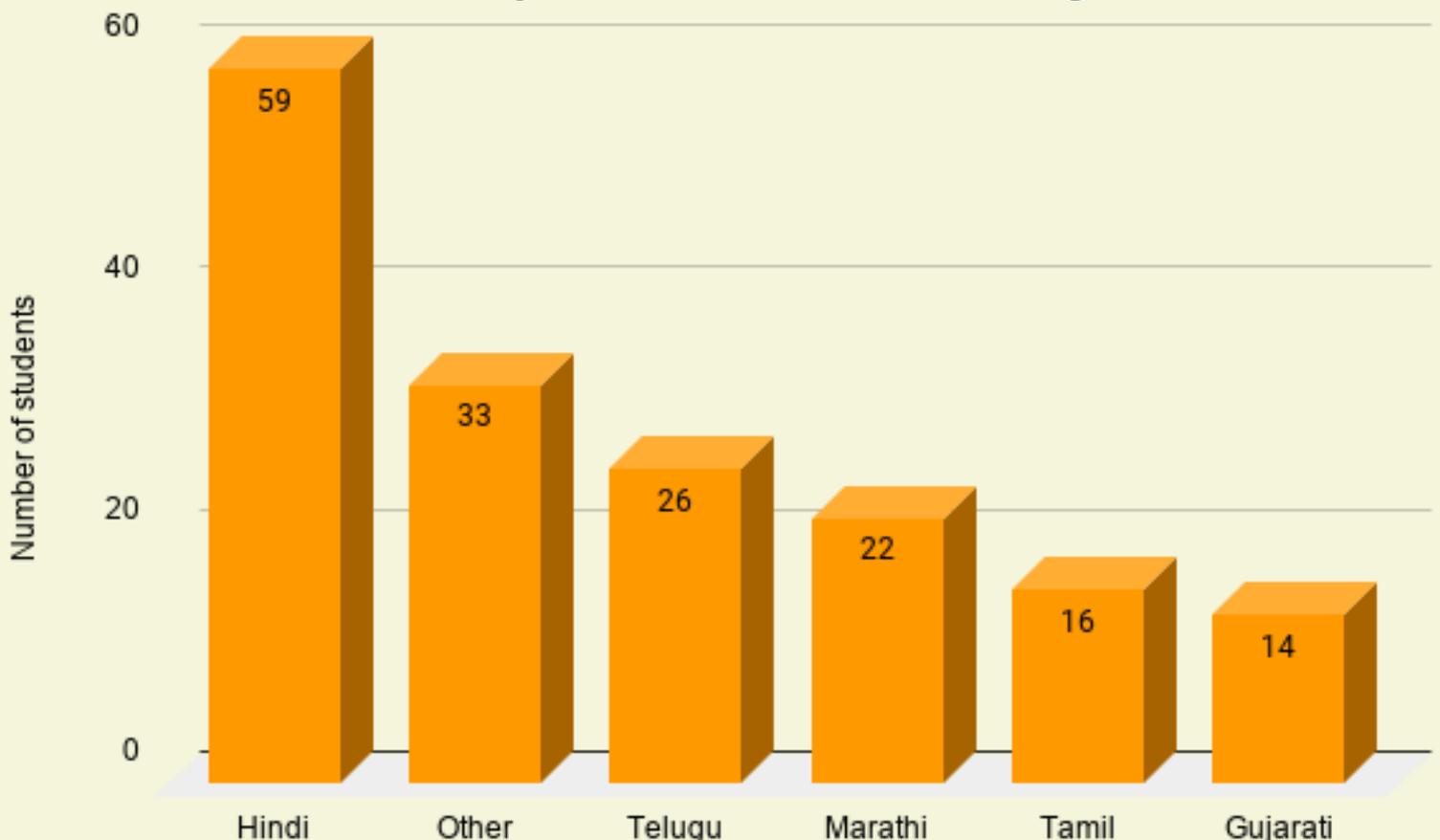
Getting the survey together was hardly easy, just like everything else in the magazine. We kept running into roadblocks and bottlenecks, but we managed to get our act together each time.

This survey is the creation of 7 students who racked their brains to come up with interesting questions that wouldn't bore the survey takers out of their wits! Eventually, 170 students in the school from classes 4-12 responded to the questions in the survey.

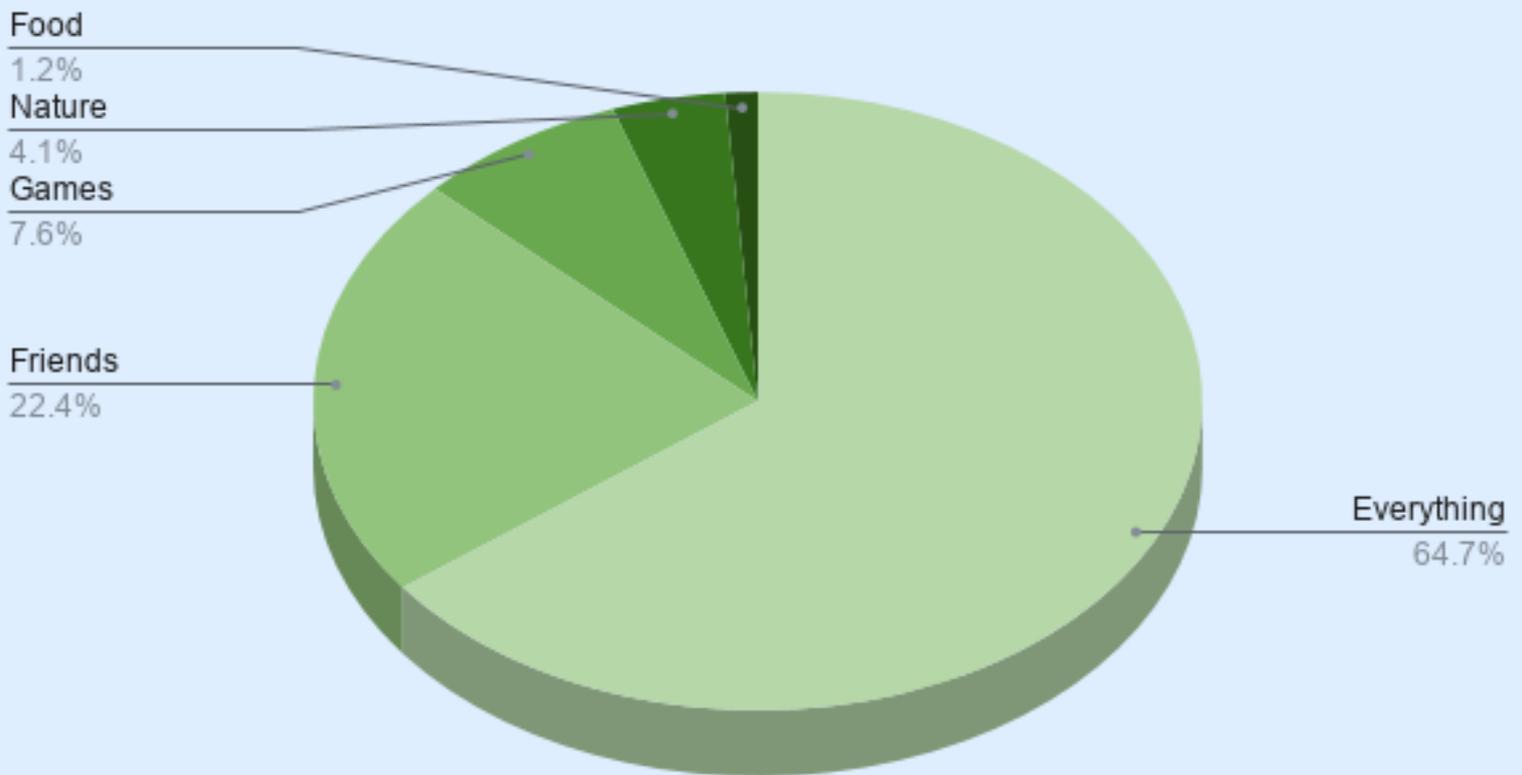
We're hoping you'll think we managed to pull it off pretty well. Hope you enjoy reading the survey findings below!

- Nitin, Siddharth, Uday (Class 8)

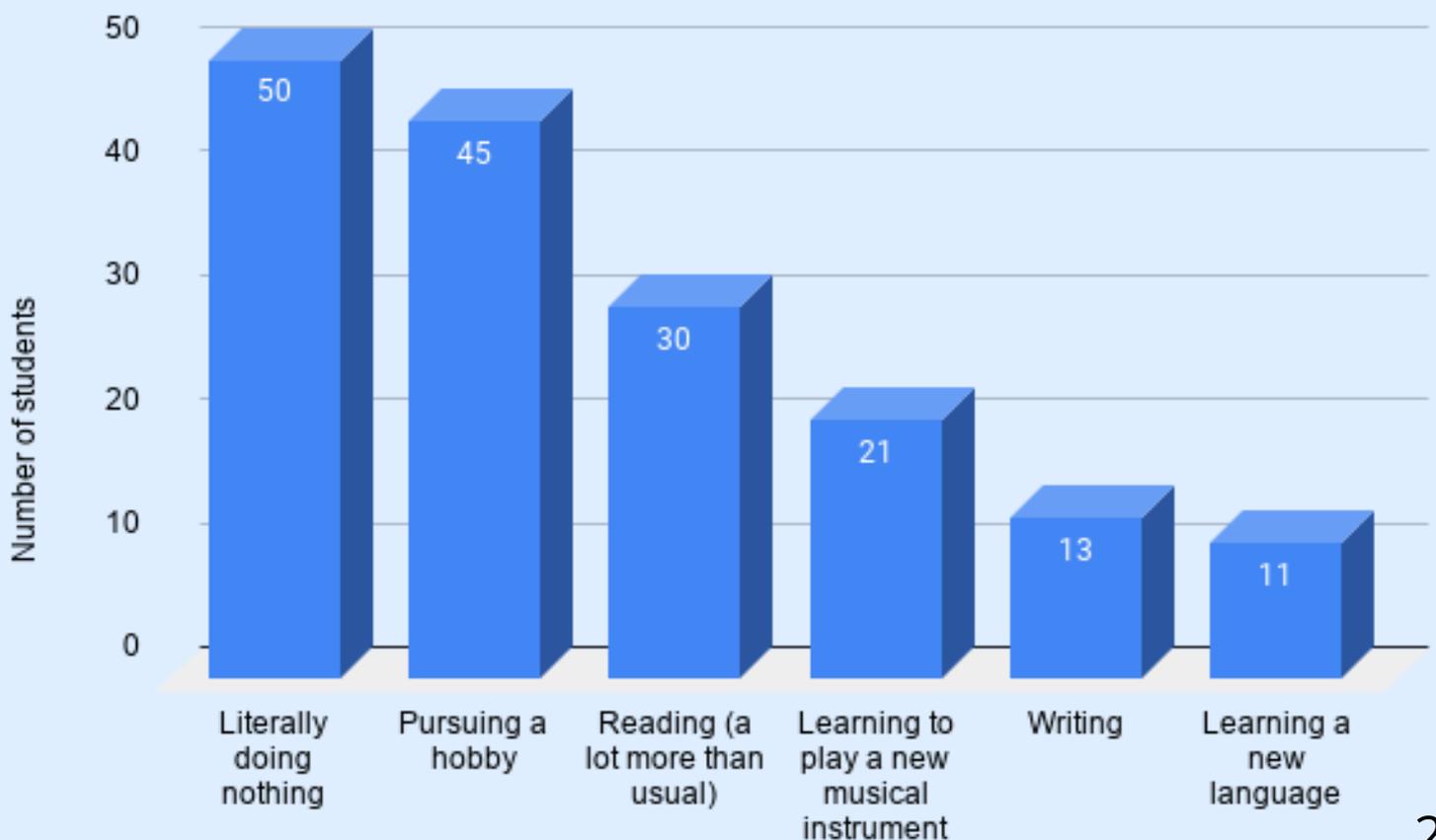
### What is your mother tongue?



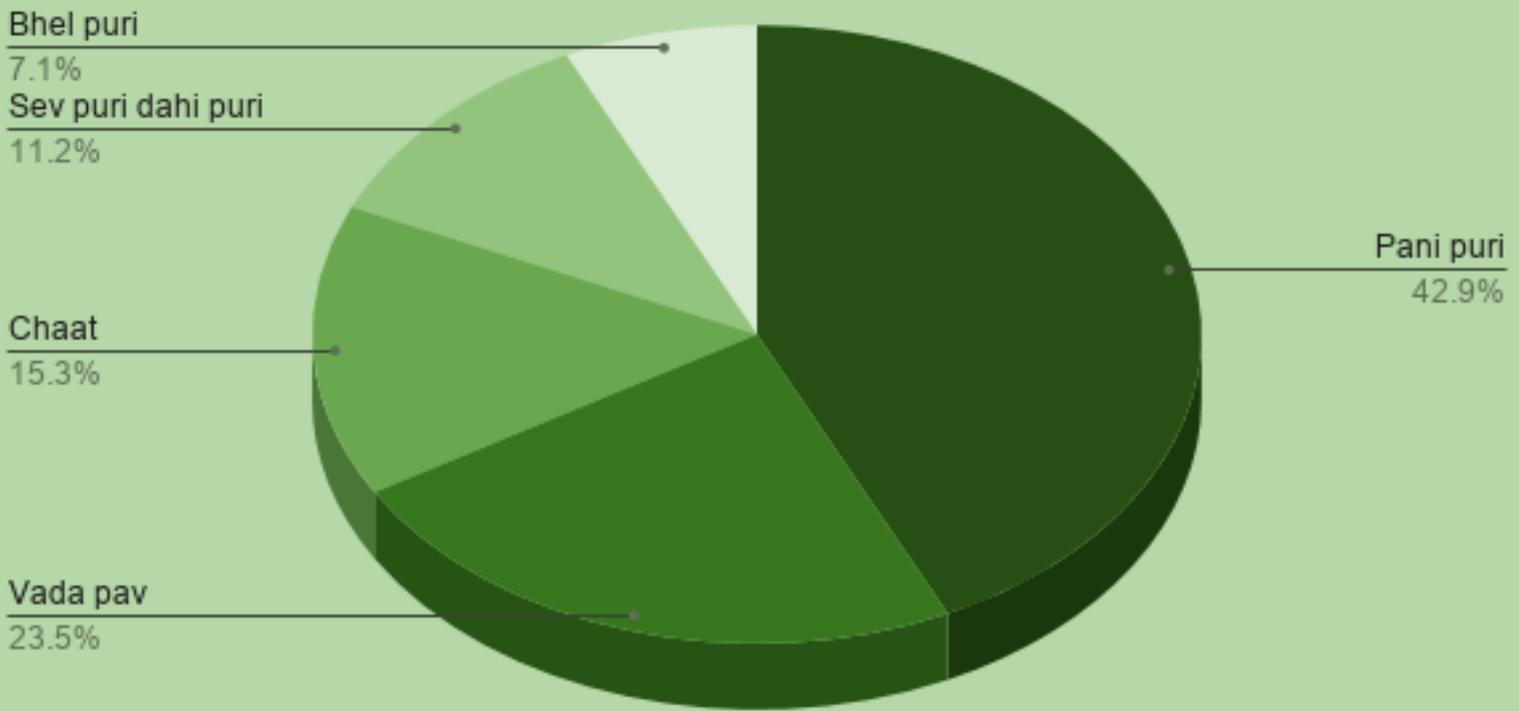
# What did you miss the most about school?



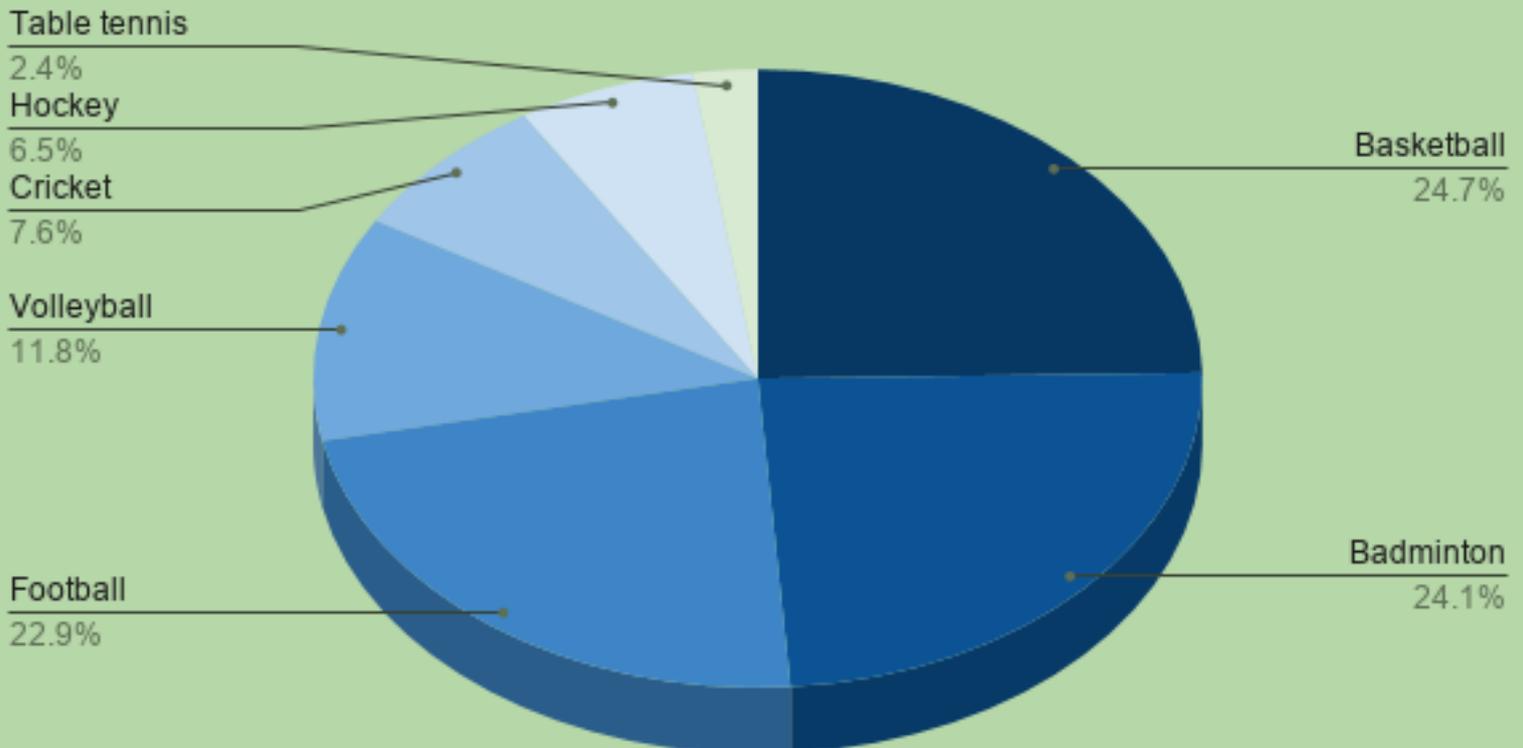
# How did you spend the lockdown?



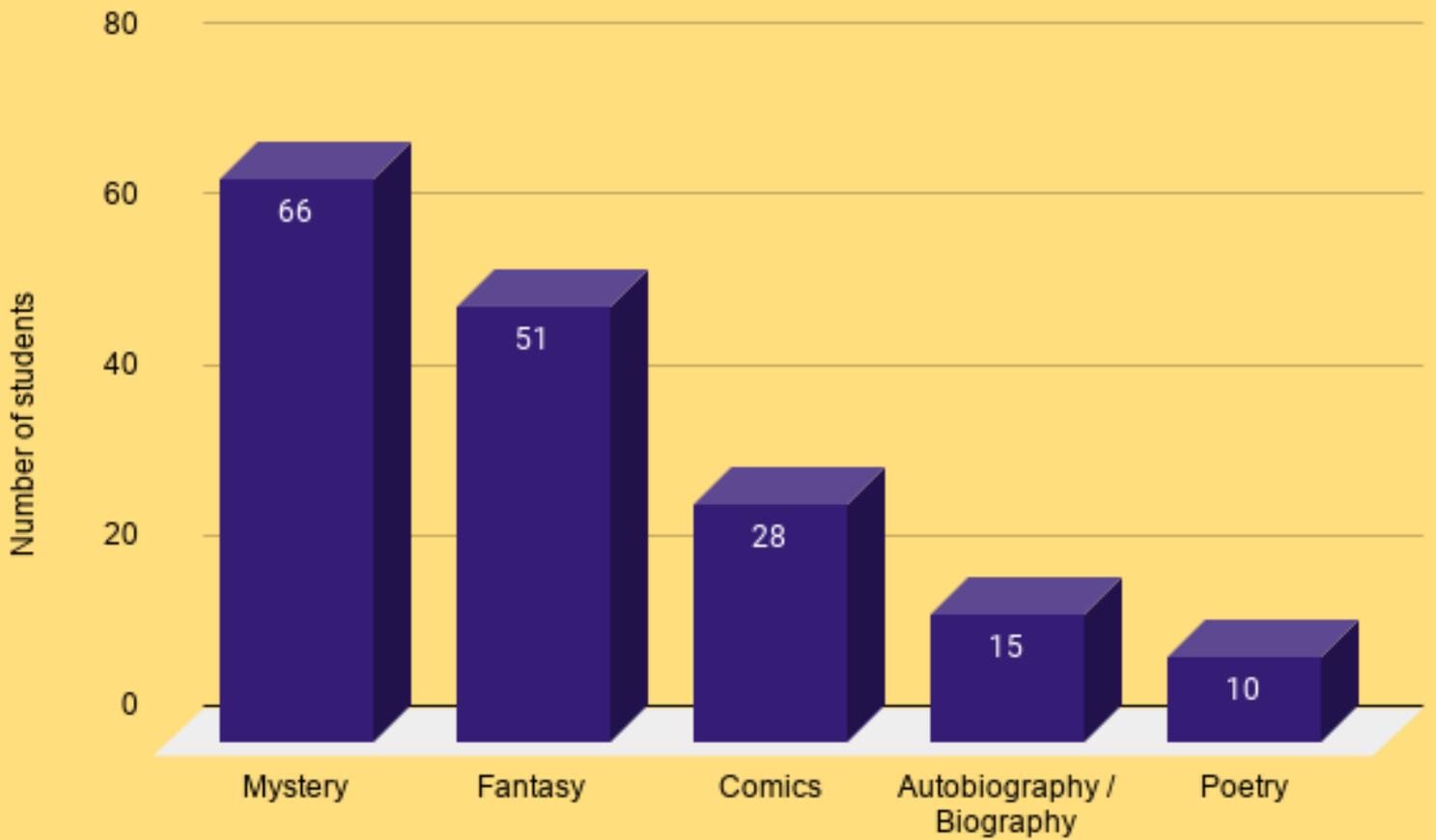
# What is your favourite street food?



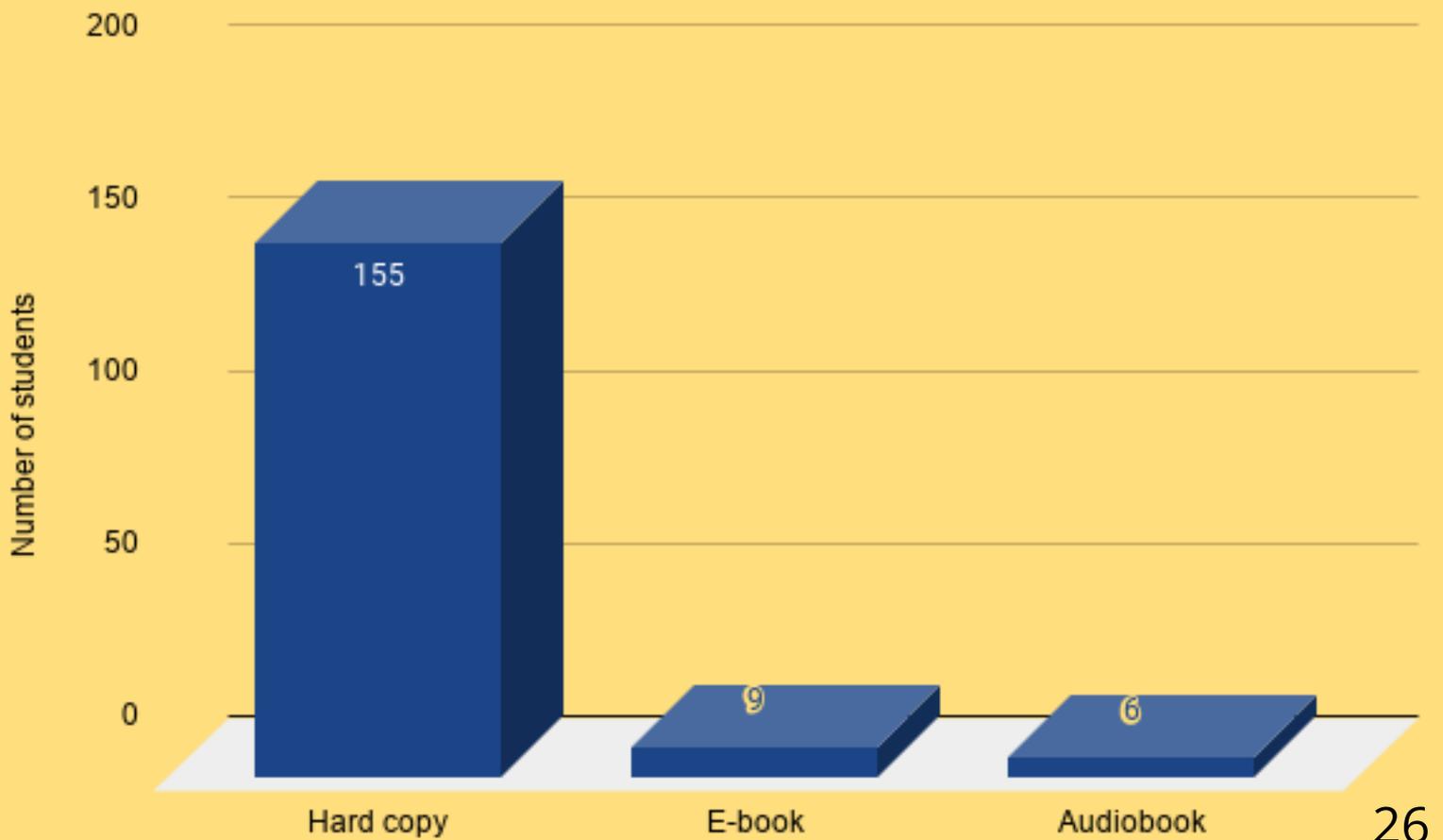
# Which sport do you prefer?



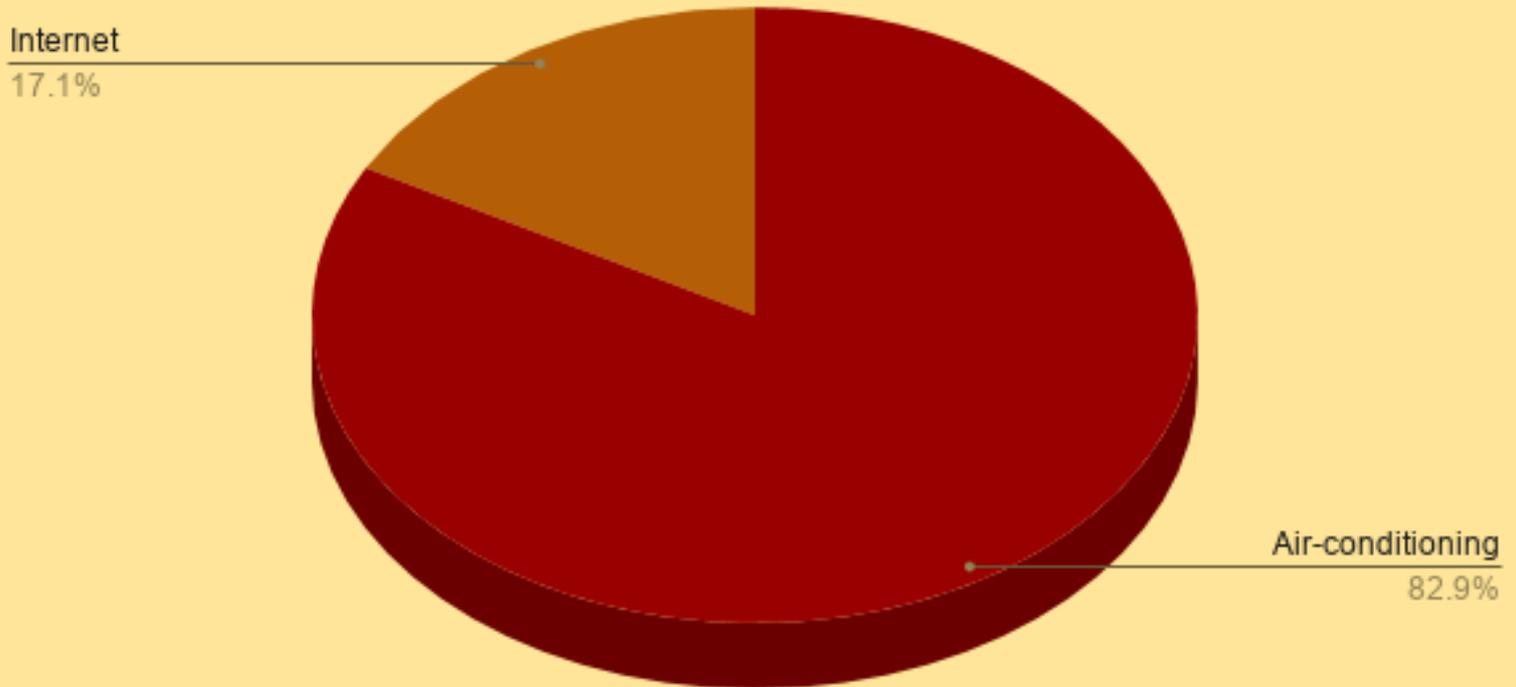
# Which genre of books do you like?



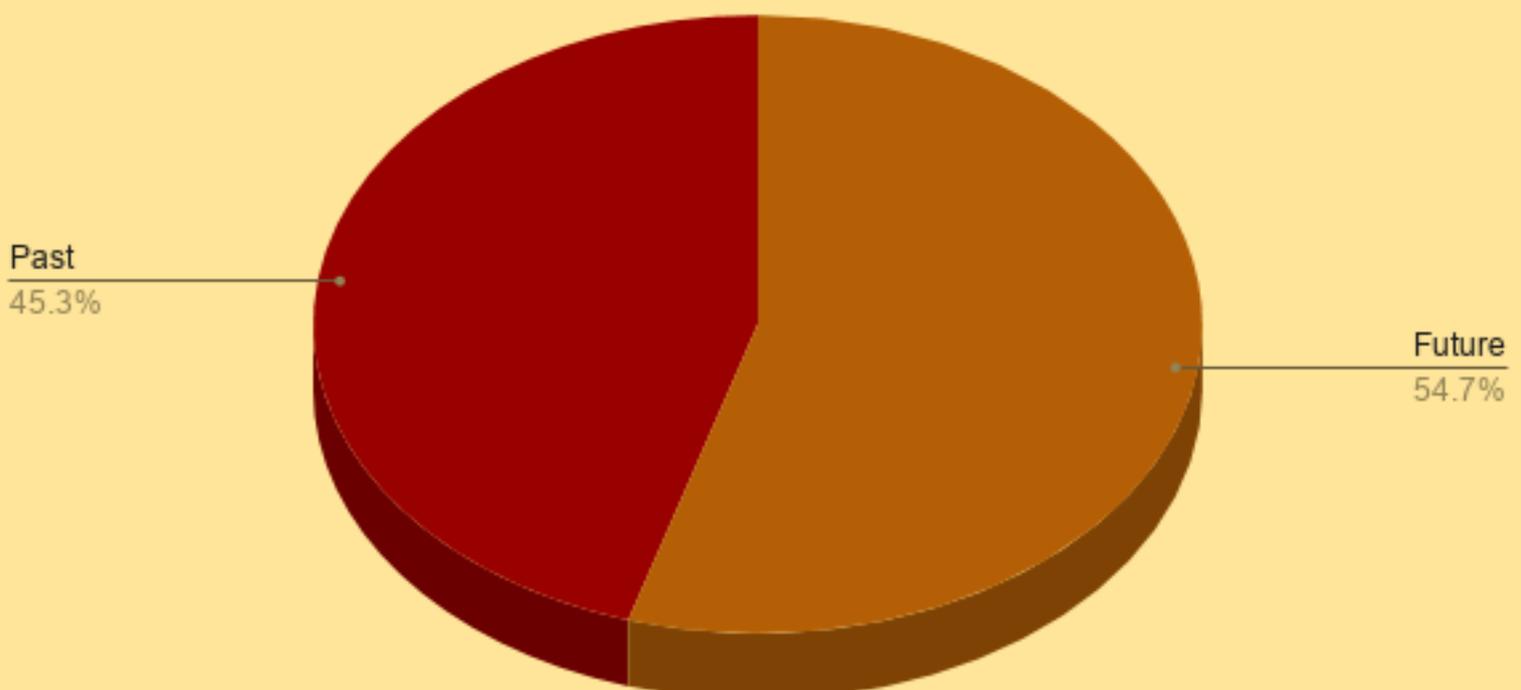
# What would you prefer?



# If you had to choose, which one would you live without?



# If you had an option, would you travel into the future or the past?



# Religion

The roots of religion lie deep in the soil of fear. Fear of God, a supernatural being who has the power of giving and taking away life, the power to bend any moment and change the world. Fear of things that might happen to you if you do not please him enough, or disregard Him, or do not submit to Him. Fear of people who call themselves 'messengers of God,' the 'saints' and 'priests.' You fear that they have a boon from God and can perform supernatural deeds but all they do is plant little seeds of fear. They nurture these seeds of fear so that they grow and take root in your subconscious.

People hold grand ceremonies, pujas, religious gatherings, and spend a lot on them. Instead, they could donate that money to orphanages and NGOs. This way, at least they know that their money is going for the betterment of the underprivileged. They would've realized, surely, what money can do, and how it can affect the lives of poor people.

Some people want everyone to follow one religion, their religion. This creates conflicts in the world of men. People are being killed in the name of religion because people of one faith do not like people of another. They start believing that their faith is supreme and should be the only one, single faith that people should follow; this then leads to bloodshed.

I believe that our ancestors would have come up with the idea of a community with one philosophy, one faith, one belief, so they had someone they could look up to, someone whom they could hold responsible and blame for their deeds, someone who could listen to them, and someone who they knew would always be there to share their burdens.

I guess they did all this because they wanted to have some sense of security. I guess with this belief they felt the way we would feel being with an extremely strong friend who can lift cars, but can nonetheless dress your wounds as gently as a nurse.

- NANDAN AGRAWAL (CLASS 9)

## *Deception in the Desert*

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

Or at least that's what I wanted to believe, but the lurking suspicion that the nameless face was, in fact, Omar's had been haunting me ever since I fell to the barren desert ground, bleeding. I wasn't sure whether I had imagined it, but for just a second, I had seen Omar's face when the blood-stained rag that was hiding his face slipped. It was just for a moment, but I would have recognized that face anywhere in the world. The pitch black eyes that seemed to penetrate through your soul. The sharp jaw, the stubble. That was definitely Omar. I recalled the incident.

We were riding on camelback to Alexandria when suddenly Omar got off his camel. We had stopped in front of a country inn.

“What happened?” I asked.

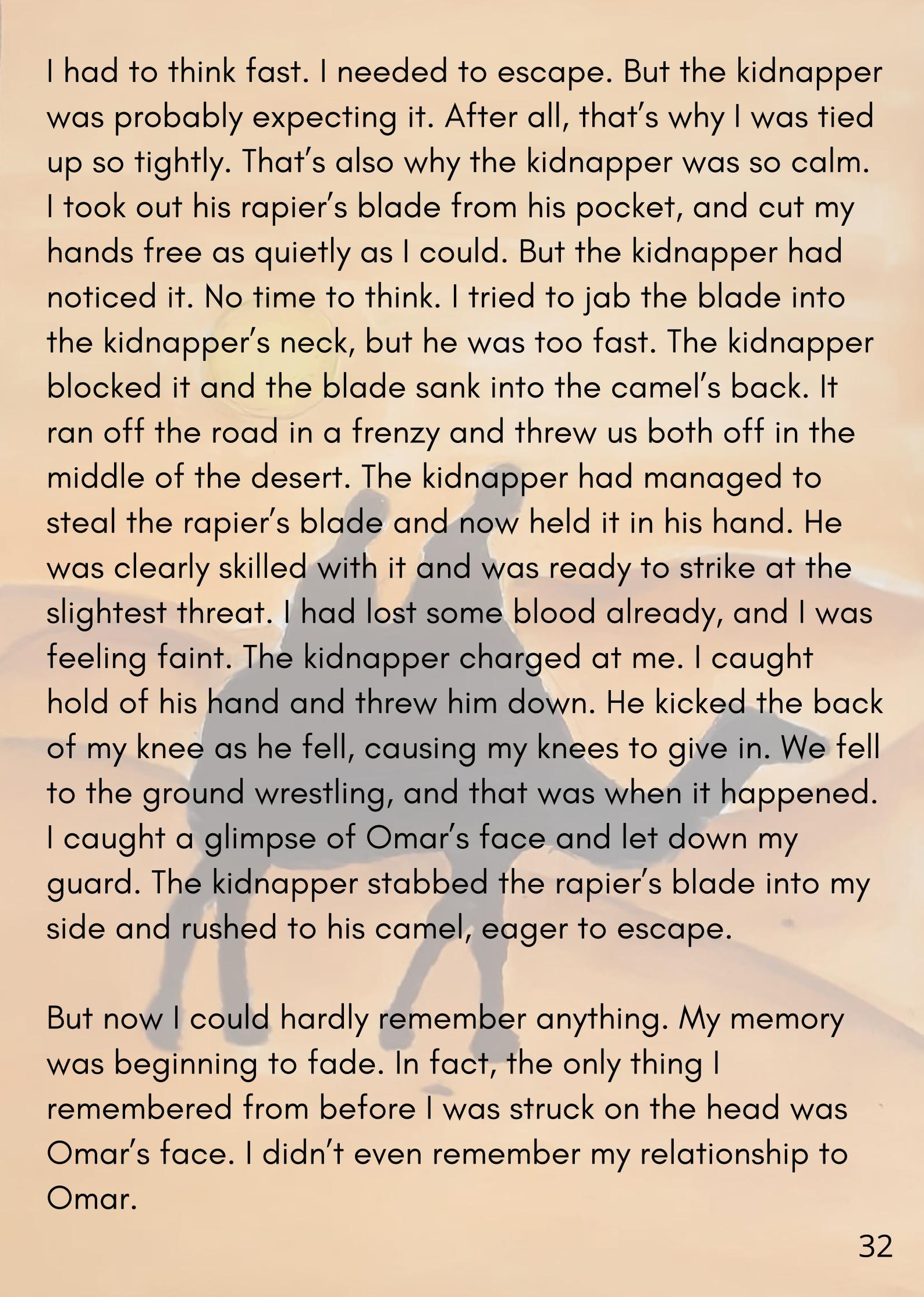
“I'm going to grab a drink. Shall I get you something?,” Omar replied.

“No, I'm alright. I'll just wait here.”

I turned away and stared into the distance, wondering how far from home we were. We had been traveling for five days and five nights. Then, as I was about to turn back, there was a sharp pain on my head and I was thrown off my camel. I started to see red. Another blow to the head and I passed out. I hadn't been able to catch a glimpse of my kidnapper's visage. I awoke to the slight tapping of a camel's hooves. The warm sands of day turned into the cold, unwelcoming grains of night. In one hand, my kidnapper held a torch.

“Awake already? Well this is troublesome. I'd hoped to have a quiet ride.”

I could hardly make out the words. My head was pounding.



I had to think fast. I needed to escape. But the kidnapper was probably expecting it. After all, that's why I was tied up so tightly. That's also why the kidnapper was so calm. I took out his rapier's blade from his pocket, and cut my hands free as quietly as I could. But the kidnapper had noticed it. No time to think. I tried to jab the blade into the kidnapper's neck, but he was too fast. The kidnapper blocked it and the blade sank into the camel's back. It ran off the road in a frenzy and threw us both off in the middle of the desert. The kidnapper had managed to steal the rapier's blade and now held it in his hand. He was clearly skilled with it and was ready to strike at the slightest threat. I had lost some blood already, and I was feeling faint. The kidnapper charged at me. I caught hold of his hand and threw him down. He kicked the back of my knee as he fell, causing my knees to give in. We fell to the ground wrestling, and that was when it happened. I caught a glimpse of Omar's face and let down my guard. The kidnapper stabbed the rapier's blade into my side and rushed to his camel, eager to escape.

But now I could hardly remember anything. My memory was beginning to fade. In fact, the only thing I remembered from before I was struck on the head was Omar's face. I didn't even remember my relationship to Omar.

Friend, brother, enemy? Nothing was clear anymore. Was this it? Would I die like this, with so many questions unanswered? I had lost too much blood already. All I saw before I fainted was a pale yellow light against the moonless night, traveling closer and closer.

I woke up back at the country inn. Was it all a dream? No. But I still couldn't remember clearly what had happened. I felt by my side for the bag of coins I always kept with me. It was gone.

"Sir. You're awake. What happened?" asked the innkeeper.

"That snake, Omar!"

"Who?"

"I was kidnapped!"

"Oh, yes. There are goons who make a living out of it. On lonely roads it's a very common thing.

"But it was right in front of this inn!"

"Sir, I saw you ride out of here on your camel alone. If

you want to know more you can ask them." The innkeeper pointed to a group of travellers sitting across the room.

I went over to them.

"Who are you guys?"

"We're the ones that brought you here. We saw you jump off your camel and stab yourself in the middle of the road. We brought you here as fast as we could.

"You expect me to believe that?"

"With all due respect sir, we could have left you to die in the desert. This is just what we saw."

"Then how do you explain this?" I pointed to the back of my head which was caked with dried blood.

"The innkeeper said you got into a drunken brawl. Your head was badly injured and that's probably why you're hallucinating. You refused to let them treat it."

These people weren't going to talk without a scare. I

reached into my pocket for my rapier's blade. Instead I found a picture. It was Omar. I could find out who he was after I caught him. He couldn't have gone far.

"Have you seen this man"? I asked in a tone scarier than any blade. The travellers remained unfazed. Instead, they burst out laughing.

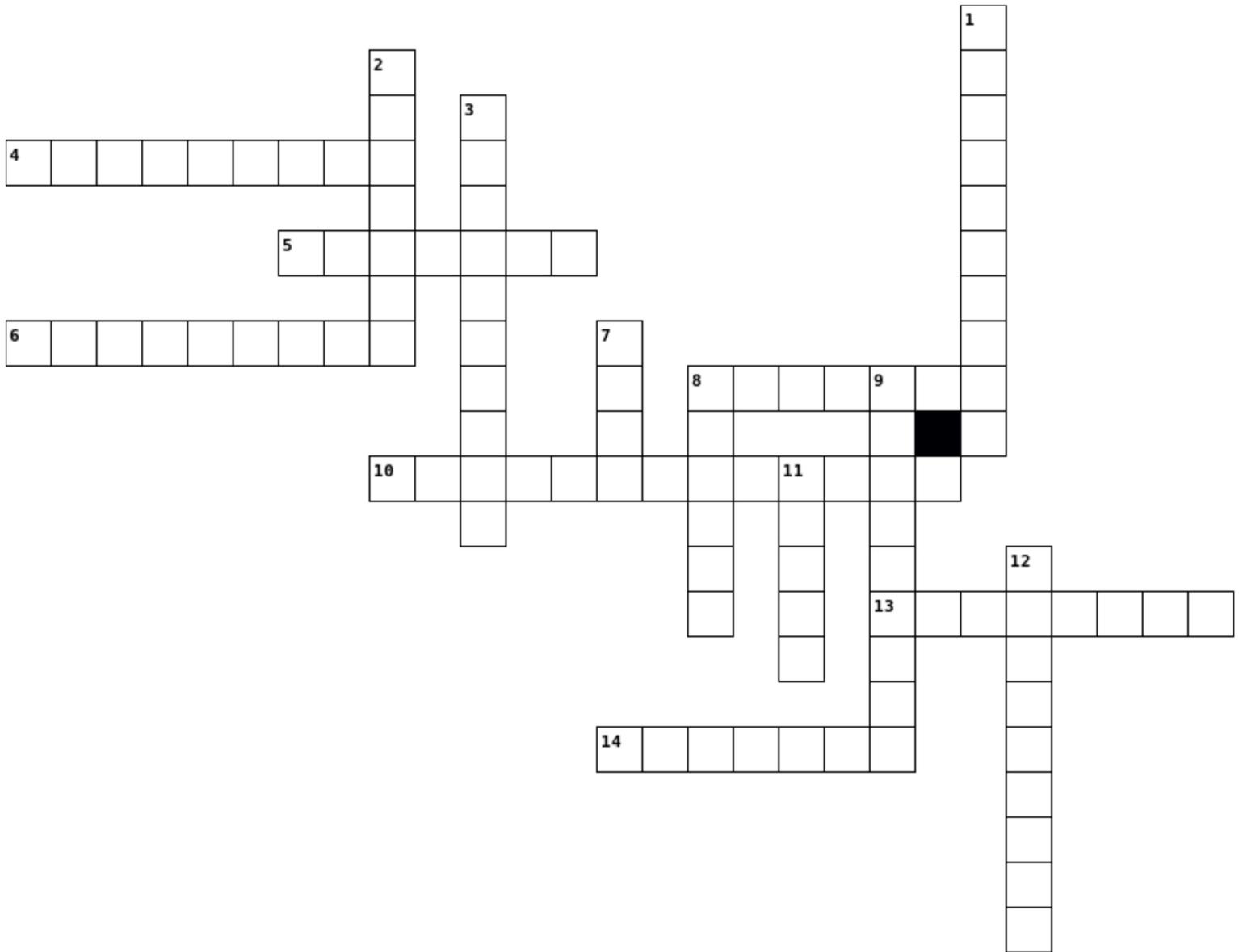
"You haven't happened to look into a mirror yet, have you, Mr. Omar."

- Rishabh Venugopal  
(Class 8)

You don't remember what happened.  
What you remember becomes what happened.

- John Green

# Crossword Sahyadri!



## Across

4. The much-awaited trip once in 2 years (9)
5. The exclusive accessories worn during Sports Fest (6)
6. A dam near the school (9)
8. The name on the board at the football field (7)
10. A place used for everything except its built purpose (13)
13. The hill behind which the sun sets (8)
14. A building with a secret room (7)

## Down

1. The song collection (10)
2. Tuck shop (7)
3. The only occasion when you are legally allowed to climb the library roof at night (10)
7. Dinner before the cross country (4)
8. Saturday evening frolic (6)
9. End of term masti (9)
11. The Sahyadrian suffix (5)
12. The 2.5 km perimeter of the school campus (9)

\*Answers on page 50

# Self-Control

Online classes have been a huge change for all of us. But since we are humans we have learnt to adapt. Now that we aren't able to give physical copies of our homework, we give them virtually. This may be a bit hard for those of us who aren't "tech savvy". Many submit their work and gradually learn to adapt; some of us adapt faster than others. Instead of using this to our advantage, unfortunately, we misuse it.

Occasionally, some of us don't submit our homework. We may apologize and state our reasons, but what happens to the ones who don't state their reasons? Nothing!! They may get scolded if they don't have a good reason or, if not submitting homework is their usual thing, they may be asked to leave the class and rejoin when their homework is completed. Maybe, in the worst case, an email is written to their parents. What else can the teachers do?

Some of us may be used to some scolding when we don't submit our homework. Others may feel that being asked to step out of the class is in our favour. We may treat unfinished homework very lightly, even after repeated warnings. By all this who is it that stands to lose? We ourselves, of course!! In our generation, it makes us look "cool". We think it is cool, but it isn't. We are wasting our time. After a point in time, even the teachers can't do anything.

Have you ever wondered why we aren't able to submit our homework? It is because we have been lured into the world of social media. We usually access it through our phones. Phones are useful gadgets, but not during classes. Many of us use them, as we seem to have the freedom to do so. Or is it that we misuse our freedom? Why did we go to that remote place called Sahyadri, if we are not learning how to resist our temptations. When we are in school, we don't have access to gadgets, which helps us to remain away from social media.

Now, when we are at home with gadgets, social media suddenly plays a tremendous role in our life. Online classes need to be done on a device; we can't do anything about that. But the things we have in our hands, we can, and we should do something about it.

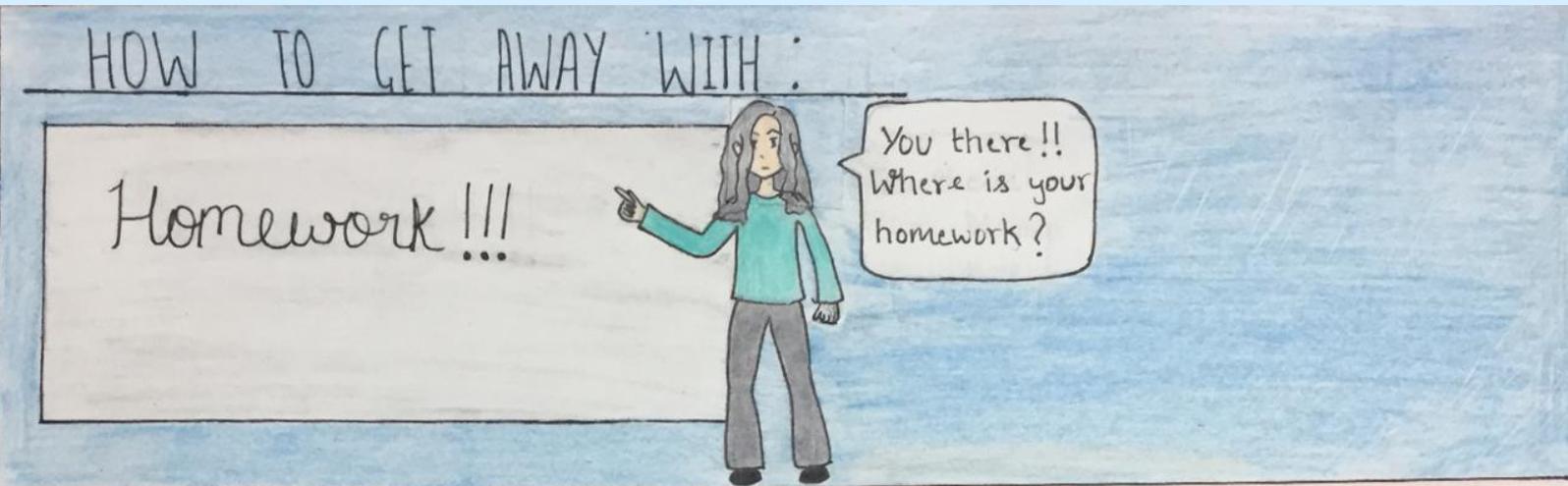
- Siddharth Gupta  
(Class 8)



He who controls others may be powerful, but he who has mastered himself is mightier still.

- Lao Tzu

# Comics!



PAST (IN SAHYADRI)

V.S

PRESENT (ONLINE)



"...one must lie under certain circumstances and at all times when one can't do anything about them."

- Scout, in *To Kill a Mockingbird*

# In Pursuit

Astride the green spine of the hill  
he stood -  
a blue-necked peacock,  
gazing eastward.

He let out his emphatic, open throated call,  
spread his rust wings,  
and rode the winds down,  
bearing the full train  
of his graceful, feathery tail.  
His queen followed.

The mind, that weaver of webs,  
spun its own tale -  
non-fiction and fiction  
its warp and weft.

I had been pursuing this peacock  
to capture its image.  
He showed himself now,  
a glorious shimmering vision,  
when I was unarmed,  
for once.

The sun was warm on my cheek,  
my shadow flitted over a small neem;  
each step entered a new portal  
of what is.

One black brown bunting sang atop a tree.  
Another sat silent on a rock,  
surveying the scene.

Amidst the misty hills,  
and in the symphony of coucals,  
a seductive secret lies shrouded.

Subtle whisperings shy away  
from the intrusion of a deliberate eye  
and the weight of utterance.

Like bush quails,  
they whirr and vanish  
into the undergrowth.

- *Anjali Akka*

## *Interviewing Jyoti akka*

Q: In one of our classes, you had mentioned that you had stayed in Korea. So the most basic question that pops up in my brain is why did you go to Korea and what was the duration of your stay?

A: At the beginning of 2008, I was looking for a Ph.D. I was applying to Indian Institutes as well as abroad. I got a positive reply from Korea so I went there to do my Ph.D. In all, I lived there for almost seven years.

Q: That's a long time. So, over there in Korea, where did you stay?

A: I stayed in 3 different cities, mainly. During my Ph.D. I stayed for four and a half years in Daegu, the fourth largest city in Korea. Then during my postdoc, I lived for one and a half years in Pohang and then in Busan, the second largest city of Korea.

Q: So Akka, learning to adapt to living in a whole new environment is usually difficult for people. How did it go for you?

A: At first it was so difficult for me because of the language, which was the first major concern. In the laboratory, I used to manage in English, but outside the campus I had to use Korean.

I learned a few Korean words and a few small sentences. Without learning at least a little bit of Korean, it's quite hard to manage there. But it was not so difficult. I enjoyed my life there.

Q: Korean cuisine is quite different from Indian cuisine. How easily did you adapt to the new kind of food?

A: It was quite difficult to adjust to Korean food. In the beginning, I just started with rice and yogurt, and things like that, because in the beginning I was living in the dorm and I was not able to cook. So I discussed this with my professor and he suggested that I go outside of the campus and start cooking. Outside the campus, you can buy almost all vegetables. The food was not such a big concern for me when I was living in Korea. My professor used to take the lab group for lunch every Saturday and he had to find a restaurant where I could get some vegetarian food, or he would maybe take us to a buffet restaurant where I could select the food. That was the beginning for me.

Q: We have heard that “Kimchi” is a very important dish. You must have tasted it. How did it taste?

A: Kimchi is a Korean traditional side dish. It is made up of one kind of cabbage mixed with many other ingredients and fermented for a long time. As it is fermented, it contains a lot of good bacteria, so it's quite good for your health. It's also very tasty and quite spicy!

Q: In India we celebrate a lot of festivals, like Holi, etc. Could you name some Korean festivals?

A: Mainly, Korea celebrates two big festivals; which are Seollal and Chuseok. Seollal is Korea's New Year. It's the first day of the Korean calendar. Chuseok is a Thanksgiving Day like the American Thanksgiving. During this festival, all the family members gather together. They bow to their ancestors, and cook and eat together. Younger people take blessings from the elders and spend some time with their family. Even the government arranges a lot of festivals during this holiday, like mud festival, mass festival and Korean dance. They spend time playing Korean chess and other games, and telling stories of their ancestors.

Q: We've heard that cherry blossom (sakura) season is a very important time of year in countries like Korea and Japan. How did you feel when you were able to witness these beautiful flowers?

A: In Korea, you don't have to go anywhere to witness the cherry blossom trees; you can see them all across the country. It's very, very pretty. It starts blooming, usually at the end of March or the first week of April, and it just lasts for about 15 days. You can see all the roads, mountains, everything, as if it's all covered with snow, pinkish-white snow.

Q: Akka, so when you lived there, did you learn any interesting, new things?

A: I don't know if what I learned would be interesting to others, but I really explored many things in Korea. I started my independent research work over there; Korea's research facility is amazing. Second, I learned to play Korean chess. I explored other things too, like ice skating, ski jumping and rafting.

Q: K-pop culture is very famous around the world. We were wondering if you have heard any K-pop songs or seen any K-dramas?

A: Frankly, I was not aware of K-pop songs and dramas earlier. I remember hearing one K-pop song in 2012 or 2013; it was Oppa Gangnam Style. I think it's very famous all over the world. Wherever you used to go, for a gathering in a college or in a university, they would call some K-pop singers and all those famous bands to play music.

Q: Could you share a few anecdotes from Korea, or interesting experiences?

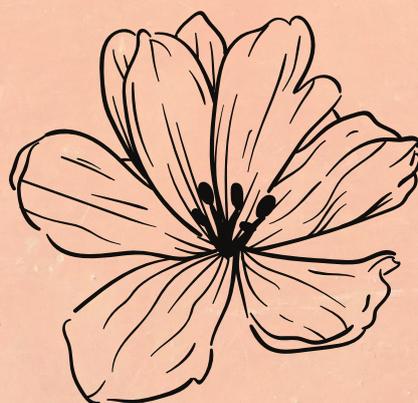
A: Yeah, once I was traveling from Incheon to Pohang from the airport to another city. I think I must have mispronounced something or maybe the driver heard something different. As a result, the bus took me in the wrong direction for two hours to another city. When I reached there the driver asked me where I'd wanted to go. When he saw I couldn't communicate in Korean, he called the airport and booked the proper ticket for me. That was a very good experience because I was traveling alone. I never

really felt unsafe over there. No matter how or when I travelled, at midnight, in a taxi, on the Metro, in buses, I always felt very safe. Korea is a very safe country for girls.

Q: Now you're back in India, teaching in Sahyadri. Why did you come back, and why to teach at Sahyadri?

A: My husband was working here in Hyderabad and my daughter and I were in Korea. So I just planned to come back, to settle in India. I was looking for a quiet place far from the city. Then I was not aware of the Krishnamurti Foundation, but when I applied for the position and went through the website, I thought this was the place I was looking for. When I spent a day in Sahyadri, I really liked the freedom the students get here, the way of teaching, and especially the relations between the teachers and students. So everything went well, and I joined Sahyadri.

Click on the flower to watch the interview



# *Tomorrow Can Only Be Better...*

*Weak, tired, lost,  
Almost hopeless.*

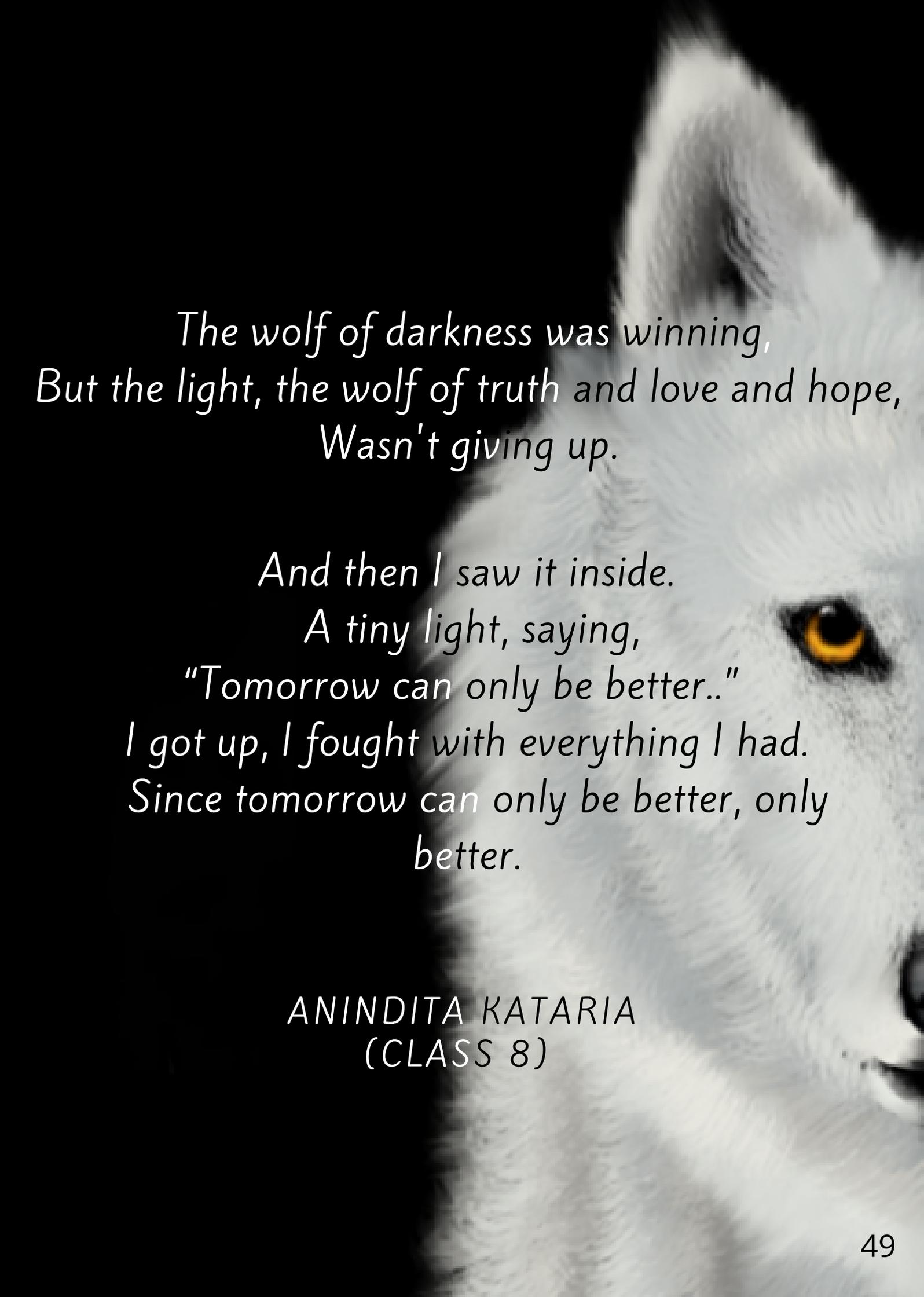
*The only one who could save me  
was myself; I wanted to fight,  
But I was helpless.*

*I would have walked through hell,  
to not be here. But I was in another hell,  
A different type.*

*I took another step,  
another time I failed.*

*Failing and falling,  
Lost and hopeless.*

*I was alone. I longed to give in,  
To give into the darkness.  
To give up.*

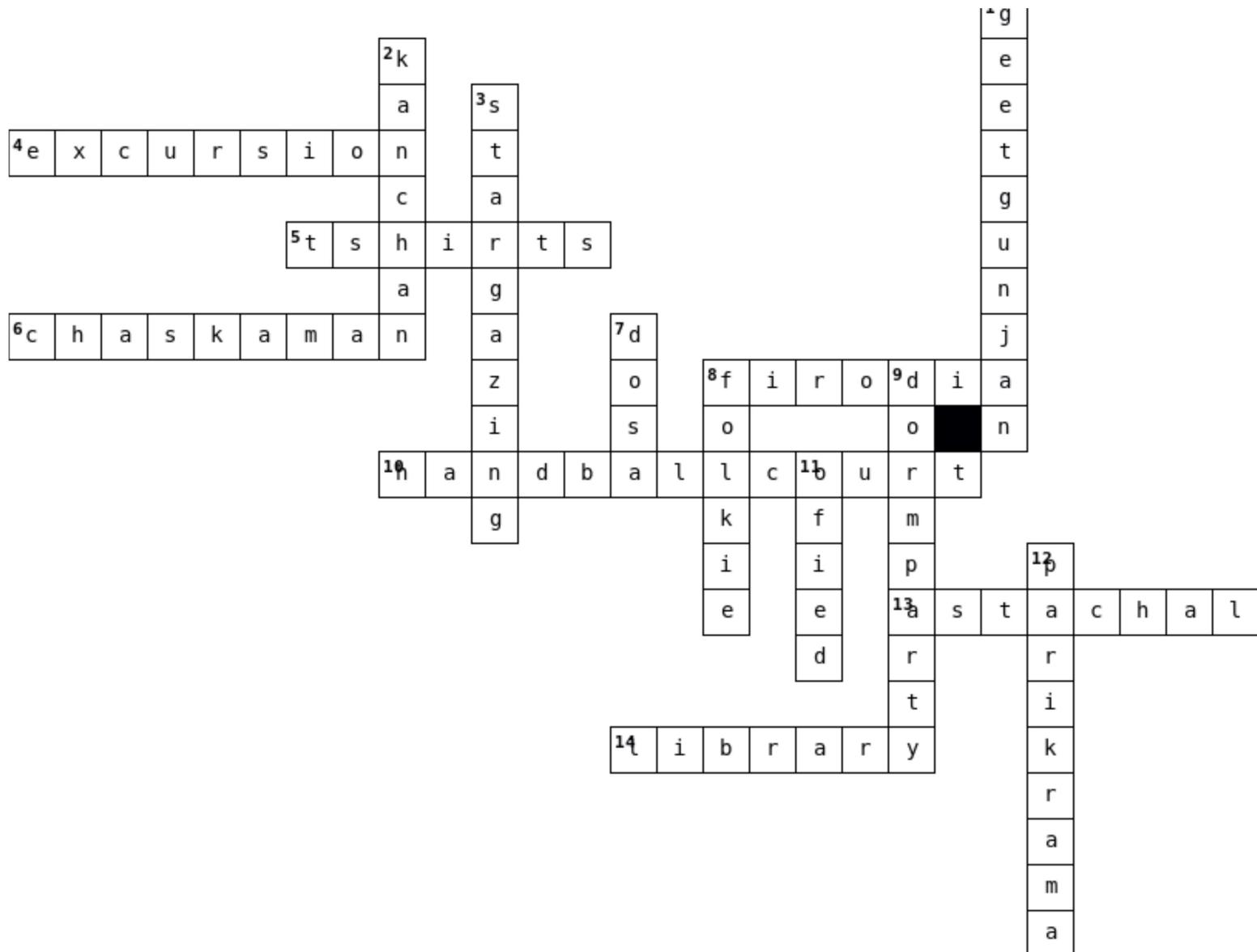


*The wolf of darkness was winning,  
But the light, the wolf of truth and love and hope,  
Wasn't giving up.*

*And then I saw it inside.  
A tiny light, saying,  
"Tomorrow can only be better.."  
I got up, I fought with everything I had.  
Since tomorrow can only be better, only  
better.*

*ANINDITA KATARIA  
(CLASS 8)*

# Solution to Crossword Sahyadri!



\*Crossword Puzzle on page 36

## Credits:

Making a magazine was so much harder than we thought and the path to finishing it was full of bumps. Here is a list of people who worked behind the scenes to make it all come together.

1. Fiction: Aadhira, Anindita, Hia, Kailash, Rishabh, Ruchira

2. Nonfiction: Anindita, Kailash, Niloufer, Nitin, Prakriti, Siddharth, Snehashish, Uday

3. Recreation - (Crosswords and Comics): Aadhira, Hia, Namit, Nitin, Rishabh, Ruhan, Shaurya, Yajnes

4. Design & Artwork: Ahona, Namit, Prakriti, Ruhan, Snehashish, Sohamm, Sreehitha, Uday

5. Timeline - (Keeping track of deadlines): Ahona, Hia, Niloufer, Prakriti, Rishabh, Ruchira, Siddharth, Sreehitha

We would like to thank Amresh sir for all the support and inspiration in creating and publishing this magazine.

# Us!!!



Row 3 (last row, left to right) – Shuarya, Sohann,  
Sreehitha, Amresh sir, Uday, Snehashish

Row 2 (middle row, left to right) – Aadhira, Prakriti,  
Niloufer, Siddharth, Ruchira, Anindita, Ahona

Row 3 (front row, left to right) – Hia, Nitin, Rishabh,  
Kailash, Ruhan, Namit, Yajnesh

A landscape photograph showing a hill with a temple on top, set against a sunset sky with scattered clouds. The sun is low on the horizon, casting a warm glow over the scene. The foreground shows some bare branches and a valley with small buildings.

*Just as light dispels darkness,  
may wisdom dispel our ignorance...*

*The end of an era*