

# DIVERSIONS

# - Editorial -

As the whole of the 8th batch eagerly gathered for our first class magazine meeting, we were segregated into separate groups. All the groups were given a part to contribute in the newsletter.

However, just as we started working on the newsletter, we were all sent back home on the threat of a potential COVID-19 wave. We would be lying if we said we weren't deeply disappointed. The newsletter was put on hold, and we thought we would never finish it. But that clearly isn't the case, as you are reading this. We were called back and given another chance.

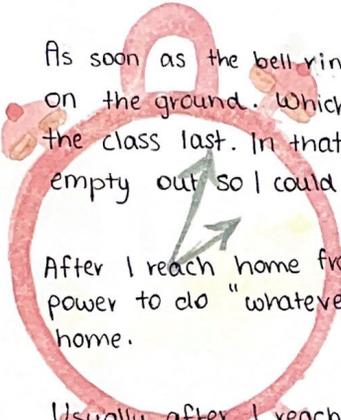
The groups, now a little rusty and facing harsher deadlines, had to work together to finish this magazine before it was too late.

It was only after countless meetings on the Chinar porch, frequent procrastination, using questionable methods of coercion, creative ideas that bordered on crazy, and some more procrastination, that we started writing the final pages. All the groups, at least in the last two weeks, worked in harmony; like the gears of a clock. It was a great feeling, holding the first complete page of the magazine, and it was an even better feeling to hold all the completed content. And so, on behalf of the 8th, we present to you, "Diversion".

- class 8 (2021-2022)

# The Usual

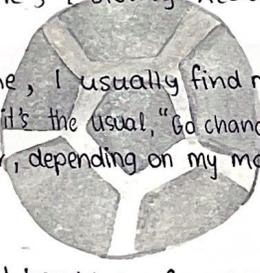
Yadunandan



As soon as the bell rings, I notice that it is impossible to find a place to step on the ground. Which is why it had become a habit of mine to leave the class last. In that time frame, while I'm waiting for the hallway to empty out so I could leave in peace, I plan the rest of my day.

After I reach home from school, it is a wholly different world. I have the power to do "whatever" I want "however" I want, but only if mom is not home.

Usually after I reach home, I eat some food and watch T.V. After a while my friends knock at my door and, the next thing I know, I'm on the field. We play for about two hours until the first person leaves. After the first, everyone slowly starts leaving and I'm always the last to leave. After a while, I slowly head back home, perished.



When I reach home, I usually find my mom cooking dinner. As soon as she hears my footsteps, it's the usual, "Go change and do your homework." Sometimes, I actually listen to her, depending on my mood; otherwise, I go bug her in the kitchen.

Ever since my mom had bought my favorite dark chocolate, which I preserved and ate one piece a day, I had developed this habit of checking her shopping bag after she returned from work. But nowadays there are only some highly repellent greens in the bag.



Today the bag was all greens as usual, and so I bug her again about it until dinner. After dinner, I make my mom's bed and mine. I had to since it was one of my chores.

Within minutes we both are in our beds.

My favorite time is bedtime talks. I always ask my mom many questions, some of which she answers and some she cannot. After a while, her only response is, "Why don't you search this on Google when you watch T.V.?"

I didn't say anything to her, but I thought to myself, these questions just don't come to your mind during the day. I find the questions fun when I don't know the answers and I just wonder about them.

After a while we say "Good Night!" to each other and I'm soon asleep.

# The Swing in my Backyard.

- Nanaki -

I walked into the garden stomping my feet and heard the metal mesh door clang behind me as I rushed towards the swing that hung from the banyan in the far corner. As I ran, the thick, lush grass turned the loud thuds of my feet into soft pats.

The swing swayed gently with the cool wind and swung from side to side. I think it was trying to cheer me up and maybe, if I hadn't been so adamant on sulking, it would have succeeded.

I was grateful that the canopy of the banyan was wide enough to shield my face from the harsh sun. The bright sun pierced the sky playfully as its rays marched around in bands, grinning as they scorched all life to the ground. The grass, however, seemed to be taking the sun's heat just fine. Even as the sharp yellow rays beat down upon it, it reflected only a golden glow and swayed to and fro in the breeze.

I extended my legs across the swing and rested my back against the armrests. Just as I closed my eyes, I heard the sound of Nike running towards me. I opened my eyes and saw him sitting beside the swing with his greedy, jet black eyes staring right at me. I saw his long, golden brown coat reflect the sunlight and his tongue hanging out of his mouth as he seemed to desperately try not to huff and puff. I laughed as he whimpered at me and tapped my thigh. Without a second thought, he jumped onto my legs, making the swing move violently side to side. Once the swing calmed down, and so did my dog, I decided to close my eyes and doze off to the sound of the summer buzzing silently, for all the birds had refused to sing.

"The best and most beautiful things in the world cannot be seen or even touched. They must be felt with the heart."

- Helen Keller

# WHERE IT ALL GOES...

with Reena akka

Q. The waste segregation in school has been a long journey. What made you start it and how did we get here?

→ Originally, we had started by simply segregating the waste to wet and dry waste, but soon we realised it wouldn't be enough. We had then further segregated dry waste to paper, hard plastic, plastic wrappers, and soon. We were happy with this but when everybody went home in their vacations, the teachers and support staff had to put their hands into the trash and separate the waste further. This <sup>was</sup> when we realised that the waste segregation we had then just wouldn't be enough, while everyone was away at home, we created the current system.

Q. What happens to the hard plastic?

→ Hard plastic is given to a vendor for recycling along with paper, cardboard, and metal.

Q. Where does the recycleable waste go?

→ Tinker shed is a space in school where certain kinds of discarded material gets utilised. A project of building a mud house was undertaken in which we used bottles tightly filled with wrappers as building blocks.

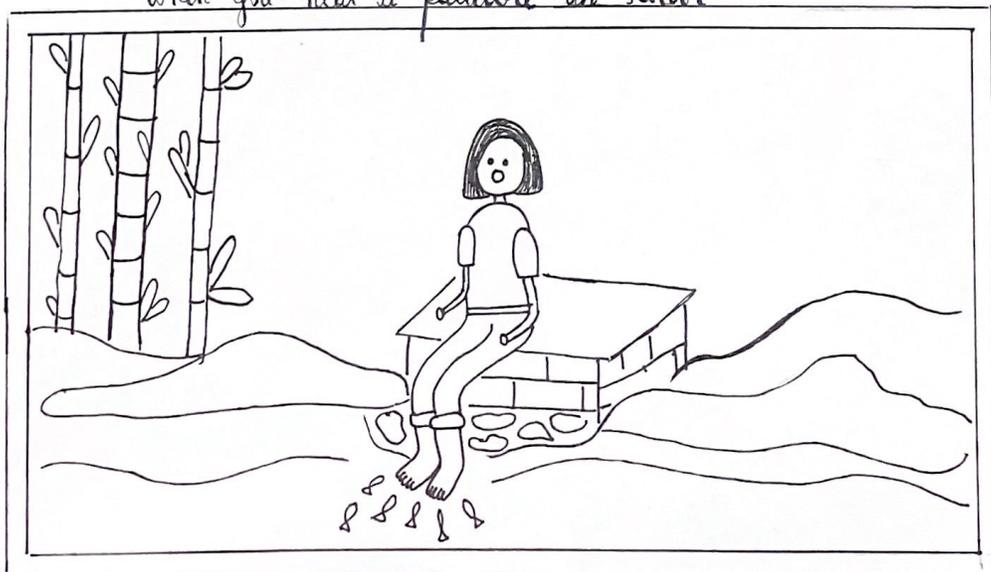
Q. Where does the discarded wet waste go?

→ The fruit peels and vegetables either go to cowshed or the farmland and the leftover cooked food waste is mixed with soil and compost to be deposited on the farmland.

Q. What happens to the sanitary waste?

→ Medical waste along with unrecycleable waste is burnt in the incinerator behind the dhobi ghat.

When you need a pedicure in school



# • Bird Watching •

Anuja . G

Unlike many other schools, Sahyadri is set far away from the noise and hustle of a city. It's green most of the year, is situated right next to a river, has various types of forests and kinds of grass and offers a wide variety of fauna and flora for the students to explore. Around 500 different bird species are found in the western ghats, and even though there is no official club in school, birdwatching is a hobby ~~that~~ is done regularly.

There are a handful of students who hold weekly birdwatching groups. It is an admirable initiative from the students, a carry over from the more systematic club conducted by Prabath Kumar, an ex-teacher, which was discontinued years ago. Unlike some other clubs, even teachers pick up interest in the matter. Like Priyadarshini akka, for example; she discovered her interest in birdwatching while on campus. Or Anjali akka, who had been birdwatching for years, and has even started wildlife photography. Not to forget, all the biology and E.V.S teachers whose passion for nature seems to be a part of their profession.

Starting on the 8<sup>th</sup> of February and continuing for two more days, you could have seen hordes of students walking around campus, headed by teachers armed with binoculars and notebooks. They were participating in the global event called "The Great Backyard Bird Count". It is run by an organization by the name of Citizen science. In these events, ordinary people, who don't have any qualifications, can enter data about birds they spot. It is relatively easy to start and has many advantages. Wide-spread data, including data that is hard to obtain in a small team, can be gathered expensively. This project has already helped immensely in the monitoring of many endangered species. It has also helped uncover corporate scandals, like Sun Pharms' proposal to denotify 60% of Vedathangal Bird Sanctuary to allow commercialization on the basis of the claim that only 25 bird species were found there. All the nearly threatened and migratory species were excluded from the list, bird data, collected with the help of Citizen science helped falsify Sun Pharms' claim showing records of 191 species of which 6 are nearly threatened and over 50 are migratory.

While Citizen Science provides unbiased and otherwise unobtainable data, its biggest strength lies in the way it motivates and gives initiative for the common man to start birdwatching. Indeed, during the weekend of the Great Backyard Bird Count we saw a sudden boom in birdwatching. More than twice the usual number of bird-watchers took part in it, and it was the first time for a good number of them. All it takes is some infrastructural support and awareness to increase participation rates. Starting an official birdwatching club is definitely a step in the right direction.

At the end of the day, birdwatching isn't about just walking around with a pair of binocular around your neck, a notebook in the hand and a pamphlet in the other. It's about observing. Birdwatching isn't a hobby or a pastime or even an objective, it's a method; a method of connecting with nature. When do we make time in our day to simply observe? We have grown distant from our environment, and birdwatching is simply a means to establish a bond. Birdwatching was never about the birds, it was always about the watcher.

# getting to know Girish sir.

1. What were your parents' thoughts when you told them that you wanted to pursue a career in music?

→ They didn't want me to pursue a career in music. They felt like it was a talent I already had and wanted me to explore something different.

2. At what age did you start playing sitar?

→ I started playing sitar at the age of 6, but I started performing when I was 18.

3. Did you ever plan on being a sitar teacher or did you think you would be a performer?

→ My only aim was to play sitar well; that's what my dream was. Not to be a teacher, nor a performer. Just a good sitar player.

4. Did you ever question your decision of being a sitar performer?

→ I never questioned my decision of becoming a sitar performer. From the beginning, at a very young age, I always wanted to play sitar. That never changed.

5. For how long do you play the sitar in a day?

→ I used to play the sitar for 4 hours everyday, but now I play for about 2-3 hours everyday.

6. What is the biggest achievement in your career?

→ My biggest achievement and honour was getting to play in front of the President of India. I was also proud when I won the 1st prize 3 times consecutively in an all India competition.

# VIGNETTES

## Reluctantly - Anushka

As I stepped into the library, I could hear the rustling of paper turning and the quiet buzz that had settled into the atmosphere. The sweet, musky smell of the pages of ancient books hung in the air. I shifted my gaze to a corner, where I could see layers of dust on the untouched encyclopedias.

The librarian tried to make the students lower their voices so the others could focus. I could hear the snoring of the sleeping students and the hushed laughter from other people. I walked towards one of the tables, opened my textbook, and reluctantly started writing down the difference between prokaryotes and eukaryotes.

## The Void - Arya G

Arya was swimming in his pool. It was well past sunset, and it was dark enough for Arya to not be able to make out the 5-foot deep floor. He swam as he normally would, until he stopped and soaked around. It was completely silent except for the faint whirring of the motor a little distance away. He suddenly sensed. He was on edge, aware of the unknown in the dark, murky waters below him. He stared into the foggy water, and it stared back at him. Arya felt vulnerable. A dog barked in the distance, breaking the overwhelming silence. But he didn't pay attention to that. The sense of danger took hold of him and he wanted to get out of that pool as quickly as he could. He broke into a swim and reached for the edge. And then he scampered onto the grass floor and made his way inside where the tube light encompassed the room with light, and his family members' voices filled the void of silence.

## Cryin' in the Rain - Nanaki

My mind drifted away as my attention shifted to my surroundings. I saw the loud, bustling streets and crossroads. I heard the cars rushing in the monsoon traffic, trying to make it home as the rain tumbled down and washed the city in shades of blue and gray. I felt the smell of wet soil waft up my nose and send a chill down my spine as I sniffled and clutched onto my jacket. I was pulled into the moment as the shopkeeper placed my change and handed me the packet. As I walked home, I laughed at the fact that no one seemed to notice the sound of my tears perfectly synchronizing with the falling of each raindrop.

# • THE GREAT FALL •

- story by Kabir Rajale -

This incident took place when I was in the fourth grade. It was late in the day and my batchmates and I had just finished our dinner. After all the residents of Vishaka, which included the fourth and fifth grade boys, gathered in the common room; we started exchanging ghost stories, "Exchanging" wouldn't be the right word. It was as if all the fifths had united with the one intention of scaring us juniors as much as possible. Well, it worked. The names of all the recent horror movies were taken, and all their plots were recreated inaccurately, with twists that the seniors added themselves.

A little later, after thoroughly scaring us, they let us go. Though not before warning us about invading our wing in twenty minutes. With their words still ringing in my head, I stepped into our wing, a little dazed. All the fourth graders were looking at each other, as if expecting guidance. Until one of them said that we can't let the fifth graders get the jump on us, and another said that we should strike back. We finally settled on the idea of ambushing them when they invaded our wing to scare us.

We armed ourselves with all the weapons we could find: badminton rackets, table tennis paddles, torches and brooms. After spotting the oils and powder on my shelf, I could feel a brilliant plan formulating in my head.

I poured generous amounts of oil right in front of the wing door, and furnished it with a layer of powder for additional effectiveness. It was quite understandable, and I gleefully imagined the faces of the seniors, walking in confidently and falling prey to my trap. We all gathered around the door, ready to strike. I sat a little away, in front of the entrance, to act as bait for my trap and for a good view of their fall.

All we fourth graders eagerly awaited our oppressors: the fifth graders, <sup>who,</sup> having completely forgotten about their cryptic warning, went on with their life as usual, brushing, chatting, getting ready for bed. We, on the other hand, just sat there; awaiting an enemy who was never going to arrive.

Just when it occurred to me, after sitting on the ground for a good ten minutes, that maybe their warning was phony, the door slowly creaked open. We were all deathly still and had all of our eyes trained on the door, now half open.

But there wasn't a fifth grader behind the door, it was the night didi. She seemed to have found the unnatural silence, well, unnatural and had ambled over to check on us. But now, oblivious of the slippery mess in front of her, the night didi took a step forward. We could only watch in horrid fascination as my plan worked as brilliantly as it was meant to. For her, it must've been like the ground slipping beneath her feet, and her foot came back up much faster than it had gone down.

Fortunately, the didi caught the T-rod of the closest bed, and only lost his footing. However, she wasn't pleased at all, and after a short scolding in hindi, she went to inform our dorm parent. Before things could escalate further, I decided to confess that it was my idea. I didn't get into deep trouble, and the fifth graders were told off for scaring us. It was quiet some time before I pulled anymore pranks.

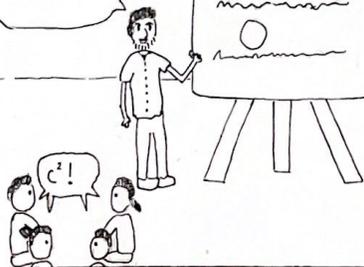
### Sahyadri explosions -

during assembly

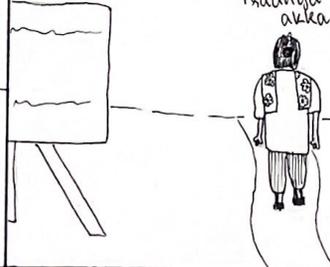


### When Praddy walks by -

$$a^2 + b^2 = ?$$



Pradnya  
aalka

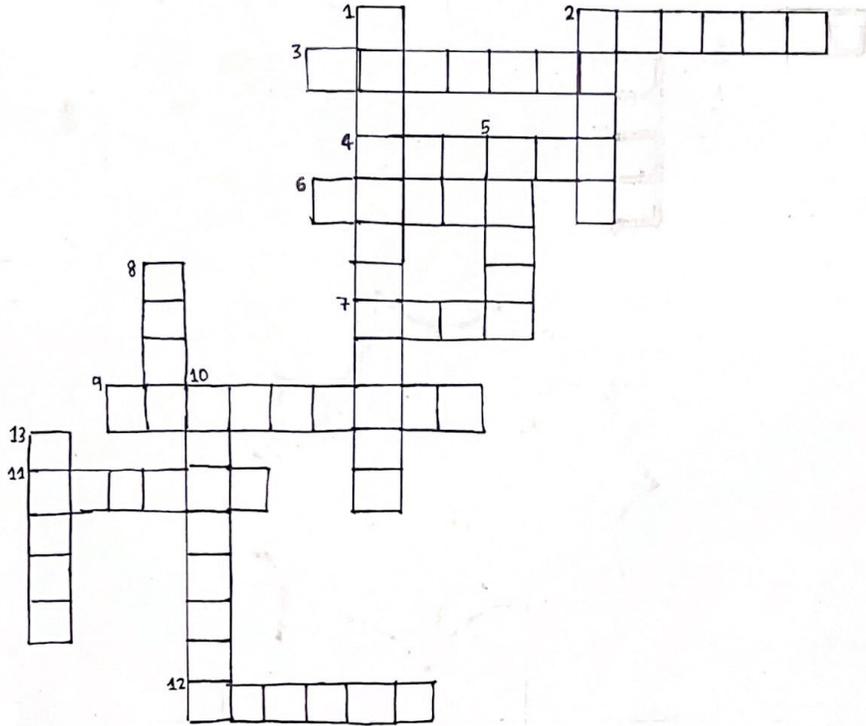


3

We all must  
wear a mask  
to keep safe!



# CROSSWORD



## DOWN-

1. The Founder
2. For the Bonobos!
5. Environmentalist from Odisha
8. Our own Wozniac
10. "Chalvayya Chalvo"
13. To Valley School & Back

## ACROSS-

2. Tremendous Amount of pressure
3. "No more homesick pills"
4. Chak De Teacher
6. Last person to get out...
7. Carols Commander
9. The youngest one
11. Submarine Man
12. Use "Arre", not "Abey", for musical reasons, of course

1. - 1. Krishnamurti, 2. Sarat, 3. Pradnya, 4. Sharma, 5. K. Khude, 6. Mitra, 7. R. Pushpaj, 8. Bhanu, 9. Sangeta, 10. D. Omana  
 11. - 1. Suresh, 2. Pradnya, 3. Pradnya, 4. Sharma, 5. K. Khude, 6. Mitra, 7. R. Pushpaj, 8. Bhanu, 9. Sangeta, 10. D. Omana  
 12. - 1. Suresh, 2. Pradnya, 3. Pradnya, 4. Sharma, 5. K. Khude, 6. Mitra, 7. R. Pushpaj, 8. Bhanu, 9. Sangeta, 10. D. Omana

# میں سے پہلی سی مہربانی میری مہربانی نہ مانگ

— فہم احمد فہم

مجھ سے پہلی سی محبت میرے محبوب نہ مانگ  
میں نے سمجھا تھا کہ تو ہے تو درخشاں ہے حیات  
تیرا غم ہے تو غم دہر کا جگھڑا کیا ہے  
تیری صورت سے ہے عالم میں بہاروں کو ثبات  
تیری آنکھوں سے سوا دنیا میں رکھا کیا ہے  
تو جو مل جائے تو تقدیرنگوں کو مل جائے  
یوں نہ تھا میں نے فقط چاہا تھا یوں مل جائے  
اور بھی دکھ ہیں زمانے میں محبت کے سوا  
راحتیں اور بھی ہیں وصل کی راحت کے سوا

ان گنت مویوں کی تاریک بہیمانہ طلسم  
ریشم و اطلس و کمقاب میں بنوائے ہوئے  
جاب جا بکتے ہوئے کوہ و بازار میں جسم  
جاگ میں لہکتے ہوئے خون میں نہلائے ہوئے

جسم نکلے ہوئے امدافس کے تنوروں سے  
پیپ پینتے ہوئے گنتی ہوئے ناسو  
لوٹ جاتی ہے ادھر کو بھی نظر کیا کیجیے  
اب بھی دل نش ہے تیرا حسن فکر کیا کیجیے

اور بھی دکھ ہے زمانے میں محبت کے سوا  
راحتیں اور بھی ہیں وصل کی راحت کے سوا  
مجھ سے پہلی سی محبت میرے محبوب نہ مانگ

Translation by Priya Akka-

My love, do not ask from me the love we shared.  
I'd Imagined life to be bright and glowing because you were in it.  
What cared I for sorrows other than the joys of pining for your love?  
Your beauty keeps spring time intact upon the world.  
What else remains to be sought in the universe but your eyes?  
I would conquer fate, were you to be mine.  
I had thought of it like this, if only like this, if only like  
a passing fancy.  
There are sorrows in this world, far beyond the anguish of love.  
There is more to happiness than the relief of reunion.

Blighted in dark magic, of years beyond count,  
Young flesh, draped in silk, satin and brocade,  
is up for sale in alleys and market places.  
Bodies emerge,  
from furnaces of pestilence, dragged in dirt, bathed in blood.



From leaking ~~eyes~~ pus flows untapped; my eyes cannot look away, what should I do?

Your beauty still allures, but what can I do?

There are sorrows in the world, far beyond the pleasure of love.

There is more to happiness than the relief of reunion;

So my love, do not ask from me the love we shared before.

×

The early poems of Faiz Ahmed Faiz spoke about love and loss. They spoke about shabaab which is the youthfulness of the poet and his muse.

This poem was published in his book "Naqsh-e-Aaryadi". Before this poem he quotes a Persian poet Nizami. "Dil-e-bo-farokhlam, jaan-e-Khaneedar." It translates to, "I've sold my heart and bought a soul."

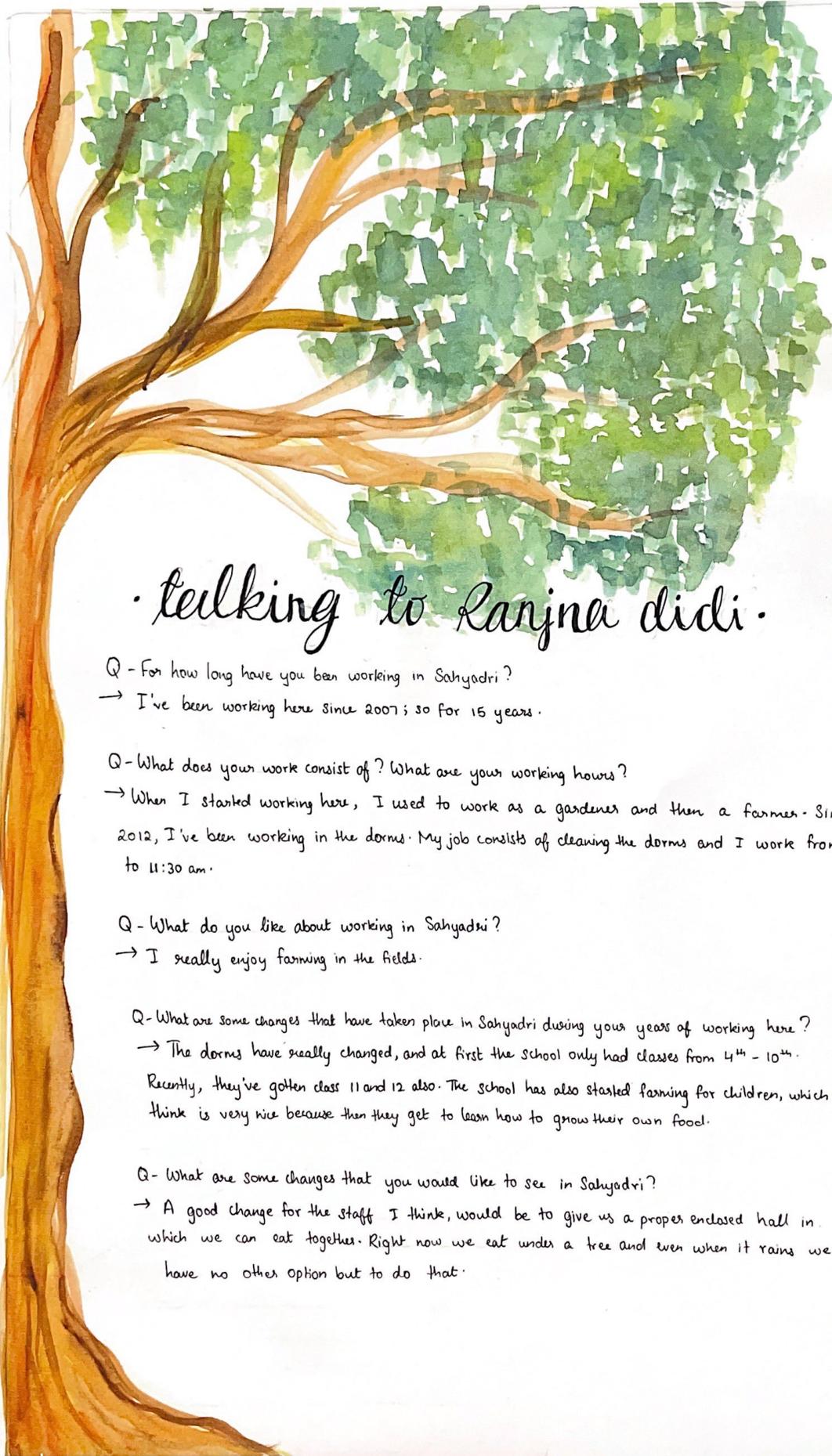
He makes a shift in his poetry from shabaab to inqilaab. Inqilaab is revolution. Faiz believed that love and revolution were two sides of the same coin.

There is a peculiar way in which Faiz talks about social issues. Like his other poems and this, Faiz starts with talking about the beauty of his beloved, the relief of being with the person he loves.

In the next stanza, he establishes that his love is revolution. He says that there are other sorrows in this world apart from the sorrow of love. These sorrows are the oppression that has been causing agony to people for centuries. He talks about women being sold in markets, people dying, poverty, and so on. These are sorrows that haunt him. The relief of people who are suffering is greater than the relief of being with his beloved.

Faiz was jailed in the Rawalpindi conspiracy case. After his release, Noor Jehan, the singer outside the jail waiting for him to appear. He composed the poem into a tune. They sang it at a party to celebrate Faiz's release. Faiz would listen to Noor Jehan sing on the radio in jail. When he heard Noor sing, Faiz credited her as the author. He never recited the poem again. He would say, "It's not my song any more, it belongs to Noor Jehan now."

Faiz was a Marxist revolutionary poet who had to face imprisonment for his communist ideologies. In spite of this, he never lost hope. He hoped for revolution in the most trying times of his life, just like he never gave up on love. For him love and revolution were two sides of the same coin.



## • talking to Ranjna didi.

Q - For how long have you been working in Sahyadri?

→ I've been working here since 2007; so for 15 years.

Q - What does your work consist of? What are your working hours?

→ When I started working here, I used to work as a gardener and then a farmer. Since 2012, I've been working in the dorms. My job consists of cleaning the dorms and I work from 8:30 to 11:30 am.

Q - What do you like about working in Sahyadri?

→ I really enjoy farming in the fields.

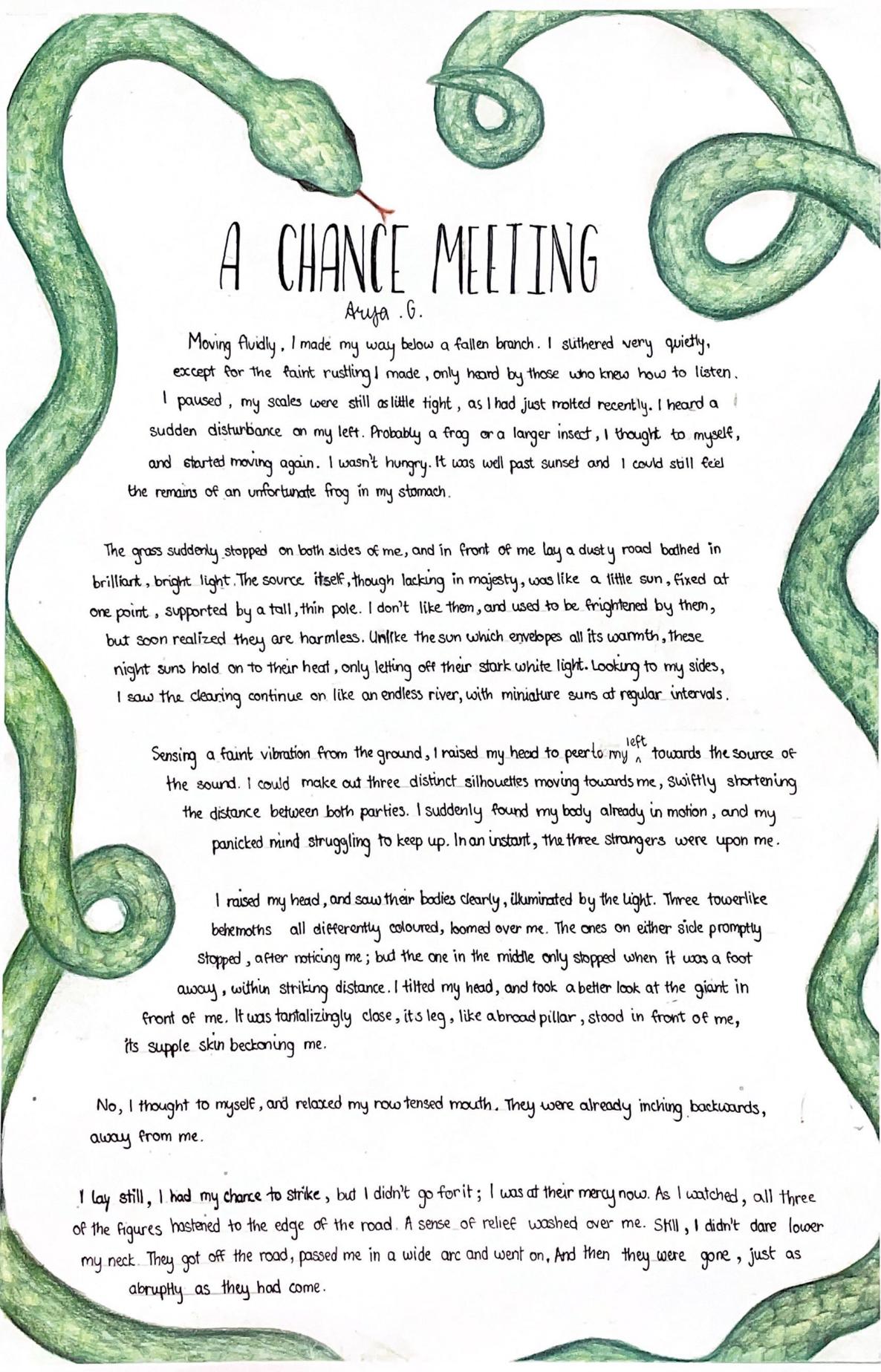
Q - What are some changes that have taken place in Sahyadri during your years of working here?

→ The dorms have really changed, and at first the school only had classes from 4<sup>th</sup> - 10<sup>th</sup>.

Recently, they've gotten class 11 and 12 also. The school has also started farming for children, which I think is very nice because then they get to learn how to grow their own food.

Q - What are some changes that you would like to see in Sahyadri?

→ A good change for the staff I think, would be to give us a proper enclosed hall in which we can eat together. Right now we eat under a tree and even when it rains we have no other option but to do that.



# A CHANCE MEETING

Arufa . G.

Moving fluidly, I made my way below a fallen branch. I slithered very quietly, except for the faint rustling I made, only heard by those who knew how to listen. I paused, my scales were still a little tight, as I had just molted recently. I heard a sudden disturbance on my left. Probably a frog or a larger insect, I thought to myself, and started moving again. I wasn't hungry. It was well past sunset and I could still feel the remains of an unfortunate frog in my stomach.

The grass suddenly stopped on both sides of me, and in front of me lay a dusty road bathed in brilliant, bright light. The source itself, though lacking in majesty, was like a little sun, fixed at one point, supported by a tall, thin pole. I don't like them, and used to be frightened by them, but soon realized they are harmless. Unlike the sun which envelopes all its warmth, these night suns hold on to their heat, only letting off their stark white light. Looking to my sides, I saw the clearing continue on like an endless river, with miniature suns at regular intervals.

Sensing a faint vibration from the ground, I raised my head to peer to my <sup>left</sup> towards the source of the sound. I could make out three distinct silhouettes moving towards me, swiftly shortening the distance between both parties. I suddenly found my body already in motion, and my panicked mind struggling to keep up. In an instant, the three strangers were upon me.

I raised my head, and saw their bodies clearly, illuminated by the light. Three towerlike behemoths all differently coloured, loomed over me. The ones on either side promptly stopped, after noticing me; but the one in the middle only stopped when it was a foot away, within striking distance. I tilted my head, and took a better look at the giant in front of me. It was tantalizingly close, its leg, like a broad pillar, stood in front of me, its supple skin beckoning me.

No, I thought to myself, and relaxed my now tensed mouth. They were already inching backwards, away from me.

I lay still, I had my chance to strike, but I didn't go for it; I was at their mercy now. As I watched, all three of the figures hastened to the edge of the road. A sense of relief washed over me. Still, I didn't dare lower my neck. They got off the road, passed me in a wide arc and went on, and then they were gone, just as abruptly as they had come.

# • CHATTING WITH BHOSALE DADA •

Q1. Where do you live?

→ I have been living in Dharakwadi ever since I was born.

Q2. What kind of work do you do in Sahyadri?

→ I do all the office work which I have been asked to finish. I sometimes do things like calling kids to the office or make xerox copies.

Q3. Why did you choose to work in Sahyadri?

→ As I live in Dharakwadi, it was convenient for me. Now, I can work in the school in the morning still meet my family for dinner. Also, now I don't have to go around looking for jobs in the city.

Q4. How long have you been working in Sahyadri?

→ I've been working here ever since the school was founded - 26 years.

Q5. How does it feel to be in Sahyadri?

→ I really like the nature and the culture of this place. I also like how well people treat me.

Q6. How do you travel daily all the way to Sahyadri?

→ When I started off at first, I used to walk and then reach school, but now I travel on my bike.

Q7. What are some difficulties you face working at the office?

→ When I started it was hard as I used to be alone and had no practice, but as I got used to the work it became easier. I now have my colleagues to help too. At times, I do get exhausted.

Q8. Do you have any advice for your co-workers in Sahyadri?

→ I would advise them to observe their colleagues work and then, if the work isn't satisfactory then ask them to re-do it.

Q9. According to you how has Sahyadri developed as a school through the years?

→ There are many things. The new dorms, classrooms, the library, the computer lab, Bamboo Hall and the Art Room have developed quite a lot over the years. We have also started using solar energy.

## Ordinary Wisdom

It was a busy day for me and I was very frustrated. At that point in time I thought, "Nobody can make me feel better." That frustration made me feel that the whole world was moving on happily except for me. It was some sort of time lag where I'm switched off and the world is on. I sat in my office car. The strength of positivity kept growing as the driver and I had a chat. He asked me about my day. He said, "My day was fantastic." I told him, "You are a lucky driver." He replied "I'm not lucky, I'm just not focusing on what's bothering me."

## • INNER WAR •

We humans,  
are conflicted beings  
Our beliefs,  
don't always harmonize with our  
instincts  
And our behaviour doesn't always  
reflect our beliefs,  
we wage war between

the person we are,

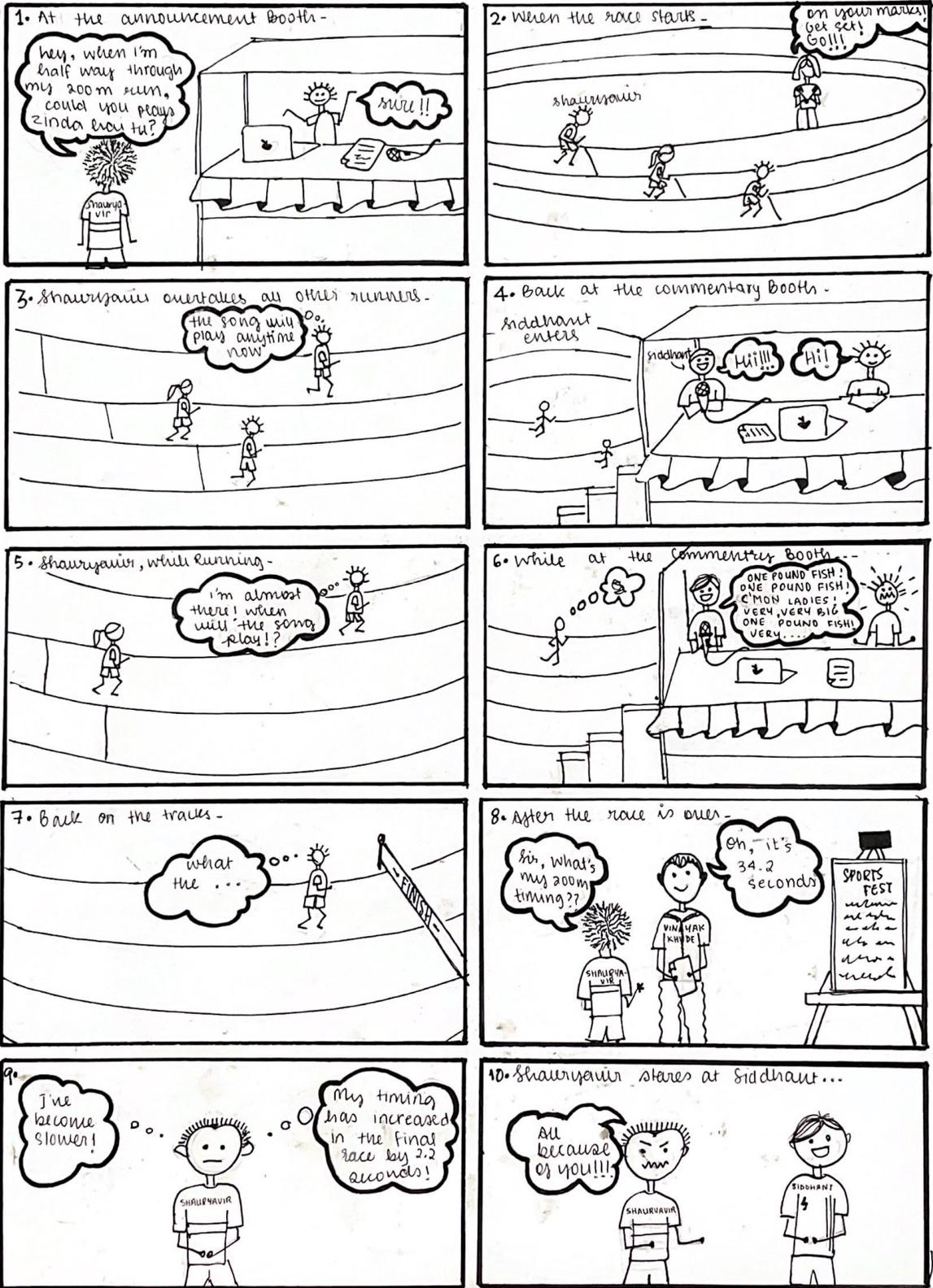


and the person we hope  
to be.

- Dhurr  
(2015/8)

# ONE POUND FISH!

On sports fest, a few minutes before the 200 m race started...



# What Madhav had to say...

Q. ~~What has been the history of Fitness club in school?~~

→ The club was initially started by one of the seniors back in 2018. Every year it gets passed on to one of the 11<sup>th</sup> standard for them to continue it for a year and the following one ahead. It was a pleasure for me to continue the legacy and, of course, to strengthen <sup>the</sup> fitness programme like it has been happening for the past few years.

Q. ~~Why did you decide to anchor this club?~~

→ Every morning I wake up for P.T., I see half the batch in all classes not coming for P.T. or children taking exemption chits for finger pain and other invalid reasons. Well, that was obviously because they were not enjoying what they were doing. I wanted to transform the way the kids thought about fitness. I didn't want anyone of them to feel as if it was a burden; rather, I wanted them to enjoy it. Because only if they would enjoy it, they'd want to come for it or do it with enthusiasm.

Q. ~~How is it so different from P.T.?~~

→ Well, during P.T. the teacher would make you do exercises, make you run, but may not focus on your form <sup>or</sup> your improvement. And it may also feel that there isn't any flavour of fun to the whole process. I am not saying it's the teacher's fault because it is impossible for one person to conduct P.T. for 50-60 people. Now, what I have put in the fitness club routine is a certain structure, by dividing people into groups, dedicating different days for different activities and so on.

Q. ~~What motivates you to conduct this club?~~

→ It was my seniors who motivated me in this part of my life. If it wasn't for them, I would have never progressed this much so quickly. Now as seniors, they did their part and I just think, now it's my turn to change the mindset of students towards physical fitness.

Q. ~~Future plans and expectations from this club?~~

→ I have no plan for this club. I mean, I know what to make people do and how to do it but I want all of it to go in a flow and that would only happen if I let it happen naturally. I want the kids to take this forward, I am just a gamemaker; they are the ones who need to play. When it comes to expectation, there is only one thing I'd say. The kids participating can set a benchmark for themselves, but not focus too much on the benchmark. They should thoroughly enjoy the process, the journey towards the benchmark. They don't have to feel as if it's a burden but just have fun and like what they are doing by their own choice and will.

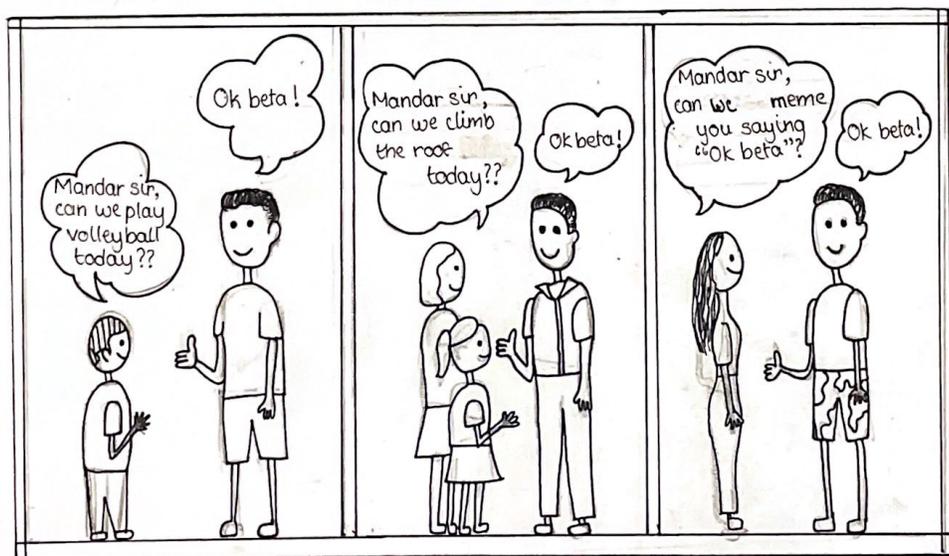
Q. Any advice for beginners?

→ Well, the only advice I have for beginners is that you need to start somewhere. If you think of starting by doing 100 push-ups in a row or running 25 km in a go just because others are doing it, it won't work. You have to start slow and be consistent and, the most important thing: be patient. Don't run after the result. Give it time, hang in there, and I promise you, you will get what you want, but not so quickly. No one is born with abs, muscles or speed. Everyone works for it. Some give it their life and some give up. One last thing which I always tell myself, "The battle (for fitness or for dedication or against laziness) has to be fought in your head before you actually go for it in your real life. And if you win it between your ears, nothing can defeat you outside."

Q. How did you discover your passion for fitness?

→ This might be the shortest answer you will receive but here it is, my seniors: JD, Gautam, Vedaant and Nithilan. They alone were the ones who pushed me through it, fought with me to get things done, woke me up at 5 in the morning, guided me through the whole process. Look, the more I say, the less it may convey. So yeah, that is all I have to say. Looking at them fulfilled my dream (still ongoing) and, most importantly, I enjoyed the whole process.

mandar sir when he is asked...



# A Close Encounter

- story by Sanat Sir -

After my masters, I was working for NCBS. There I was coordinating one of the field sites of the long term Forest Research Monitoring project. Our research plots were in Nagarjuna Sagar Kriscilam Tiger Reserve, where we would go twice a month for about 4-5 days to collect samples of soil, leaf litter, and other such things. It was on one such trip that I had one of the most memorable experiences of my life.

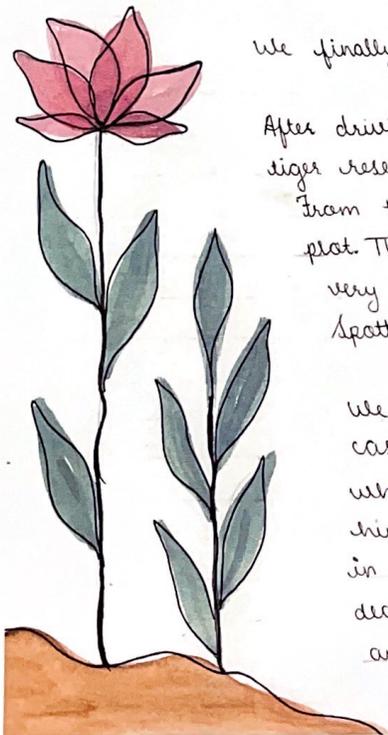
There was nothing special about that evening; the day was progressing as expected. Before sleeping we had decided to leave for the forest the next day, but when I woke up that morning, I heard the sound of raindrops beating down upon my window sill. As I looked out of the window, I saw dark grey clouds swirling in the sky.

Deciduous forests are dormant during the day because of heat and sunlight, but on a day like this the animals would be active even during the day, which is why I was doubtful about going into the forest. My colleagues, on the contrary, were rather confident and they somehow managed to persuade me to come along. However, my skepticism didn't allow me to be completely blind to the dangers of this situation. So, I sent our field guide, Venky, to buy a lighter and some matches to keep in reserve.

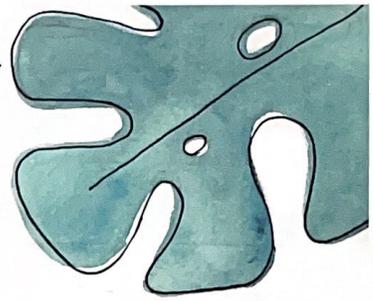
We finally collected our field gear and left.

After driving for about 2 hours, we reached the core zone of the tiger reserve and finally arrived at the forest officers' checkpoint. From there we walked for about 3kms and reached the research plot. The forest on that particular day, as we had suspected, was very alive. As we were walking, we saw a huge herd of Spotted Deer.

We went deeper into the thicket and were just walking casually when Venky hurriedly ran back, frantically whispering that he <sup>had</sup> spotted a sloth bear. After calming him, we carefully ventured forward until the bear was in view. It was around the size of a large dog. We decided that it was a cub, completely dropped our guard and started approaching it with our phones out.



It was when I was 10 meters away that I started hesitating. To make matters worse, the sloth bear seemed take offence at our curiosity and started walking towards us. The walking promptly developed into running and this was when we realised that all of us were in deep trouble.



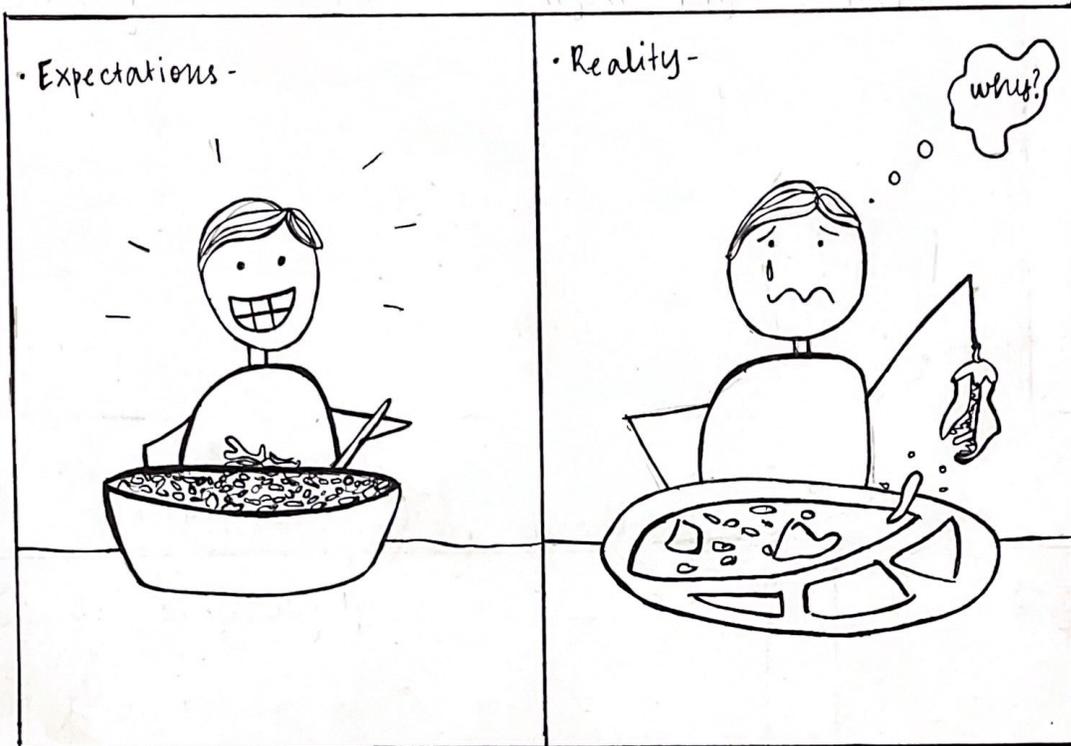
We immediately dropped all our equipment and ran along the first path we saw. Once we realised the bear was out of sight, we stopped and hastily started a fire as the smoke would dilute our scent and ward off the bear. I removed a few sheets of paper from my bag and threw them on the floor. I motioned at Venky to light the fire. He opened his hand and I cried in disbelief. Instead of a lighter or a matchbox on his palm lay 2 matchsticks and one side strip of a matchbox. I quickly regained my composure and optimistically asked him to light the match. Venky gingerly held the side strip of the matchbox and forcefully swiped against it with the first matchstick. Unfortunately, he was too forceful and broke it. It ceased being a matchstick; it was just 2 twigs now. Our consternation deepened and by now even the driver started panicking. Venky pulled out the last match, it was our last hope, the last defense between the bear and us. He swiped it against the side strip and the match burst into flames. We lit the paper on fire and began searching for dry leaf litter.



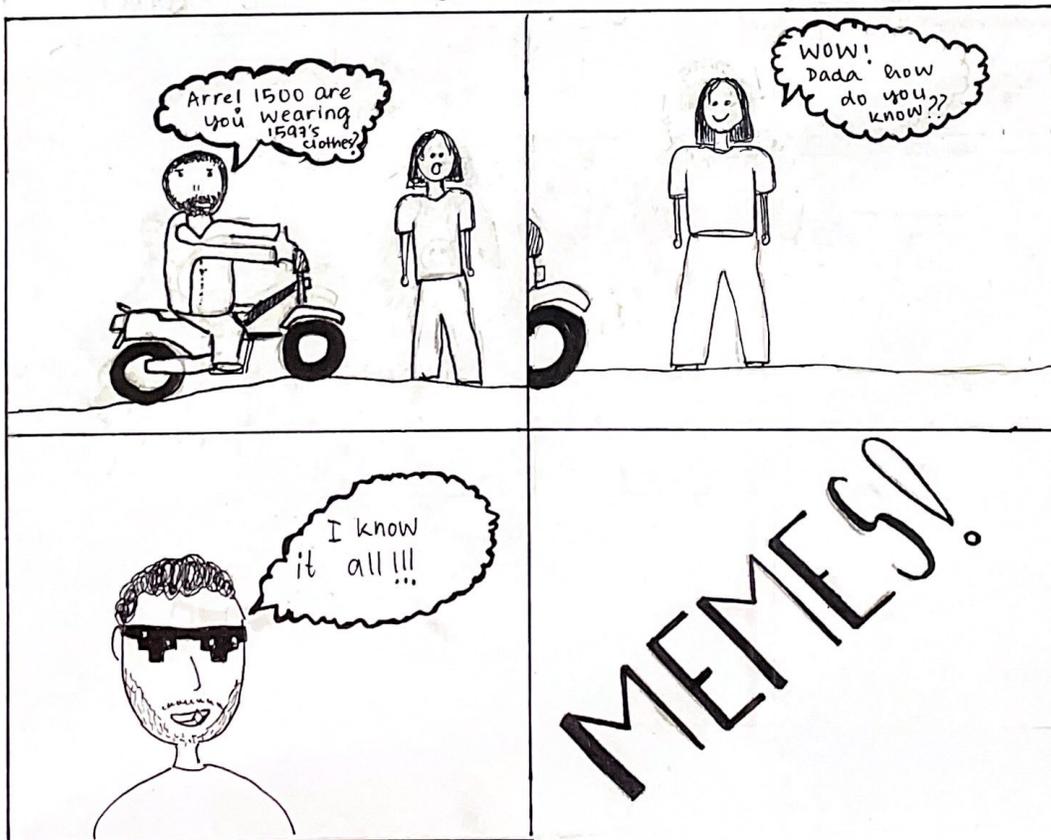
My first two handfuls were soggy due to the previous night's downpour. By the time the paper was halfway burnt, we still couldn't find any dry leaf litter, and started searching beneath trees and bushes with visible desperation on our faces. I finally found one patch of fallen leaves that wasn't completely wet. I grabbed as much as I could and hurried towards Venky, but it was too late. Our last hope was a small pile of grimy ~~soot~~. Just as I was about to plunge into the depths of despair, Venky said that the bear might have lost interest in us.

He was right. It had been a good ten minutes since we last saw the sloth bear. We gathered some essential stuff that we had scattered on the forest floor, neglected our heavy equipment and ran back to our jeep, safe beyond the reach of sloth bears.

When you are a fresher and dada says there's "biryani" for dinner...

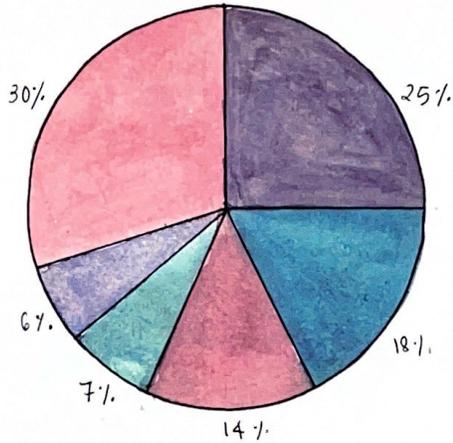


Dhobi dada on a daily basis...



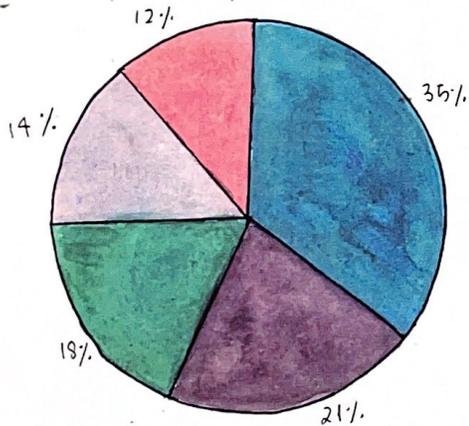
# WHAT THEY THINK...

Favourite Place to Hang



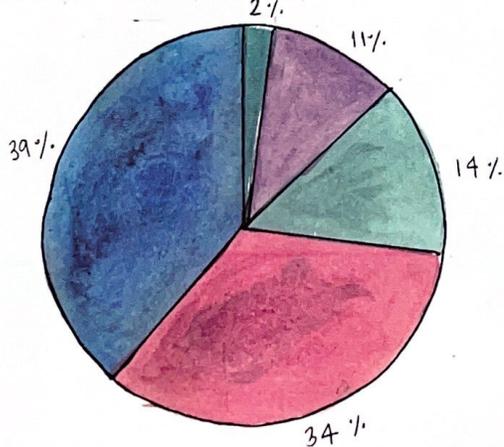
- Dorm
- Library Pond
- Outside DH
- Behind Vishakha
- Shivneri Swing
- HB Court

Favourite Sport -



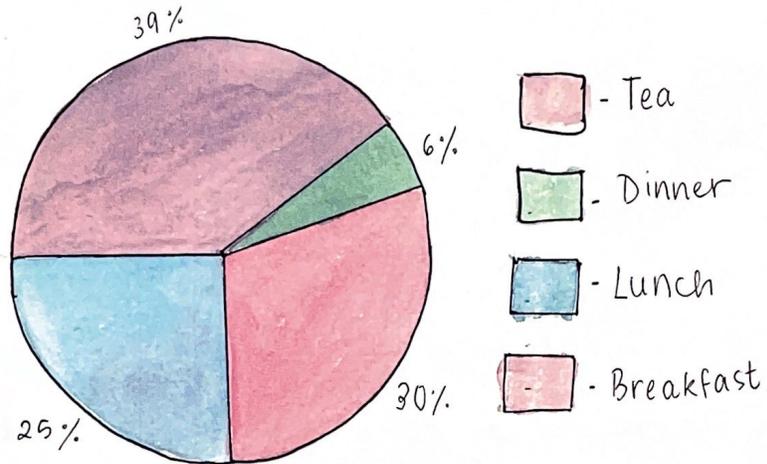
- Basketball
- Football
- Badminton
- Volleyball
- None

Favourite Author -



- Agatha Christie
- Y.N. Harrari
- Malcolm Gladwell
- Rick Riordan
- Roald Dahl

Favourite Meal -



Favourite Cartoon -

