



SAHYADRI SCHOOL
A Krishnamurti Foundation School

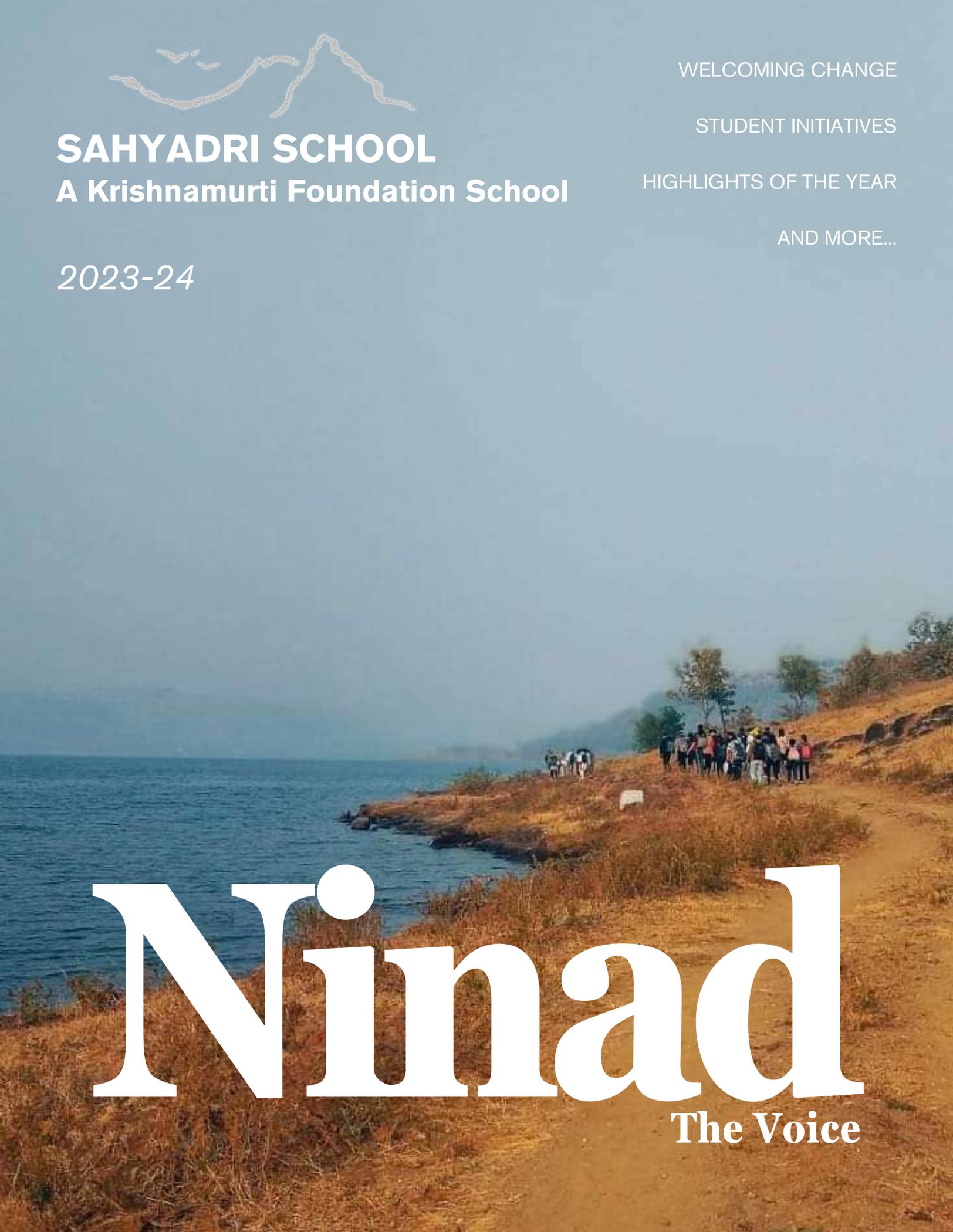
2023-24

WELCOMING CHANGE

STUDENT INITIATIVES

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE YEAR

AND MORE...



Ninad

The Voice

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Ninad Team

2023-24

ANAYA ARORA

DAHAM MANSINGKA

PAHUL BHAMRA

REYA SHAH

RIDDHIM INAMKE

TANVI MANE

VEDIKA MOHAN

ZOYA MEMON



SPECIAL THANKS TO

BHAU DADA

SHAILESH SIR

SACHIN SIR

SARASWATHI AKKA

SAHER AKKA

MALLIKA AKKA

PRACHI AKKA

JAGADEESH SIR

SALMAN SIR



EDITORIAL NOTE

Hi everyone!

The Ninad is back this year. Let's just say this ride has been a bumpy one. We first set out in early Jan. We thought we had all the time in the world, until we didn't. In all honesty, we totally forgot.

We had four meetings in total. In four months. All of this took place in January. Then after our exams, after Saher Akka took leave, when our DLTGH was 16, we decided to do it. It wasn't until we had one week left to go home that Prachi Akka took over and lifted us from the ground up. It has taken 4 days of tireless work and multiple quarrels for us to get here. And still, we're sitting here 50 minutes before our due date, writing this. We've tried our very best and we hope you enjoy this issue of the Ninad, The Voice. We hope you feel your voices are heard here.

LOVE,
TEAM NINAD



DIRECTOR'S NOTE

It's always a wrench to leave a place, particularly when you have stayed there for many years. The effect is that much more when the place is small and you feel intensely related to it.

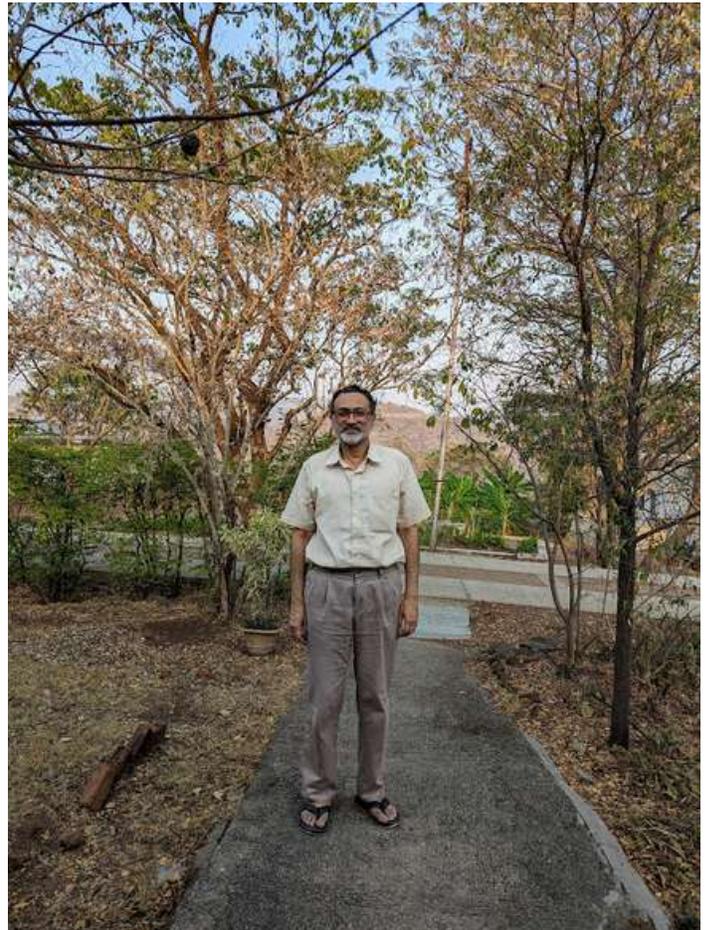
That's the way it is for Padmapriya and me; we will soon be moving to Valley School (Bangalore) where we will be engaged in teacher education, in different ways and at different levels.

Krishnamurti has pointed out to us that learning is one of the most important things; not just new skills or new subjects (though that can be exciting enough), but learning the intricacies of living and the subtleties of relationships; learning about oneself; learning the art of listening and the art of seeing. The art of living has infinite subtlety and infinite depth. As the years pass by, one begins to realize just how great this depth is, how much there is to learn, and how necessary it is to keep the flame of learning burning brightly – not just for the light it shines in our lives, but also for what it burns down – one's identity, one's attachments, one's assumptions, one's psychological crutches. It is humbling and deeply moving to realize this for oneself. The last few years at Sahyadri have allowed me to explore these depths, and it is something I feel deeply grateful for.

Sahyadri is a deeply beautiful place. It is not even three decades old, but in this brief span, so many individuals have worked hard at making it what it is now. I pray that those who are here will always feel gratitude at being able to spend a few years here, and a desire to take care of it.

By Shailesh Sir

DIRECTOR,
SAHYADRI SCHOOL



GRADES 4, 5 & 6



Grade 4-Snehamoy Laskar, Om Ghadge, Dharam Ranch, Shardul Chawade, Alesh Karkal, Aradhya Acharya, Arihant Bhosale, Dhimeera Shah, Arnav Singh, Hrigtshad Pandey, Riddhi Rajalwal, Rudraraj Bhosale, Vibha Virnak

Grade 5-Abhinav Dhabu, Akshath Aileni, Anuraj Dhabu, Aradhya Singh, Atharv Agrawal, Avaneesh Shendage, Dishant Thapa, Eklavya Gupta, Jash Gupta, Kahaan Doshi, Kunwang Gyatso, Laksh Goda, Nishka Bhattar, Oomm Karthikeyan, Reyansh Sawant, Rheya Maroo, Ritwik Agrawal, Shreya Mannava, Varun Rakshe, Yug Ranch

Grade 6-Adhyaa Subashri, Aarav Nishankakaraao, Aariya Purohit, Ahana Ghosh, Aksh Modi, Anish Malshette, Asha Karkal, Darshana Birududkota, Ira Akode, Jash Rathod, Krishiv Khetan, Palash Patade, Riya Yadav, Zain Padder

WHEN I GO TO SLEEP

Vrishti Thakur (Grade 6)

When I go to sleep, the worries of the day go away.

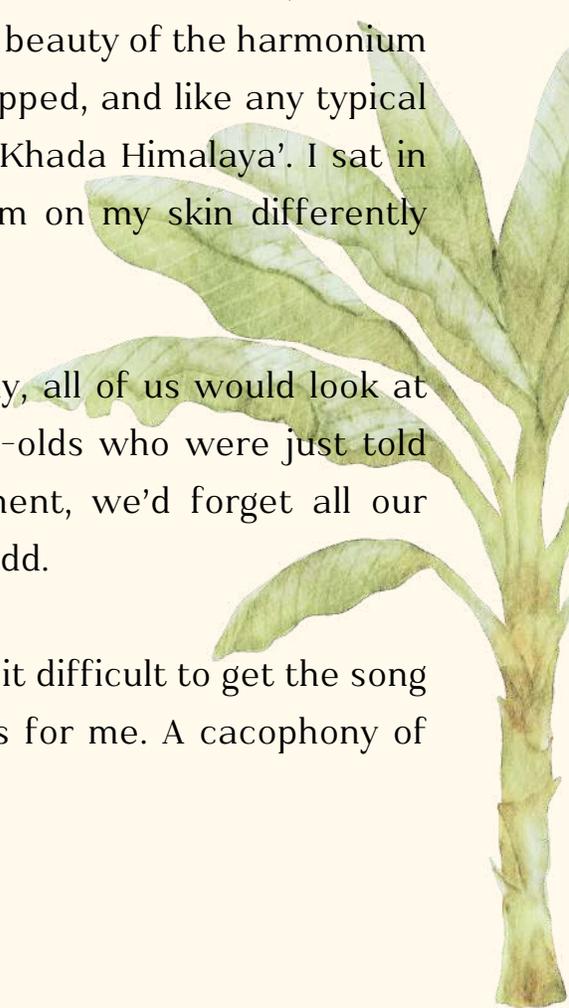
The warmth of my bed and the Bournvita I drink while reading my book is how my body winds down to rest for another day of hard work. The way we start the assembly with a gentle, slow hymn, succeeded by a carefully selected group of songs, often our favourites.

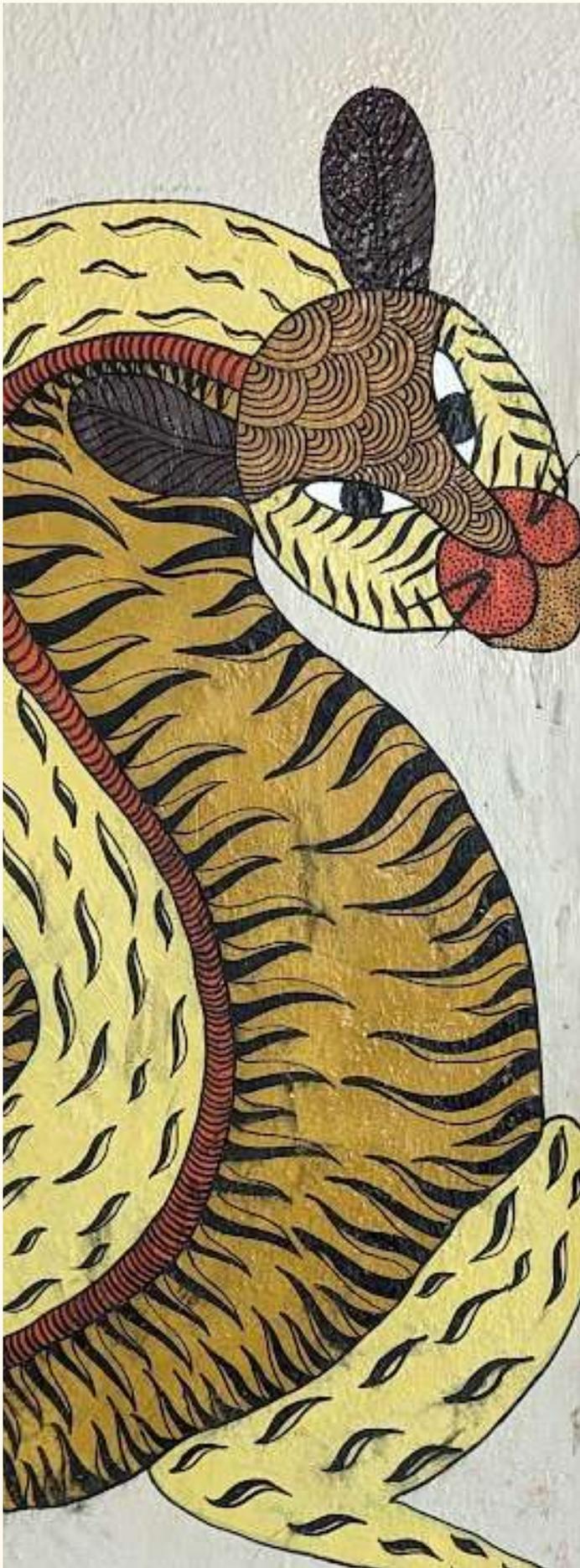
On my first day of school, I was completely lost. I remember wondering how these people around me were singing the unknown songs with impeccable rhythm. Consequently, I began to pretend that I, too, knew the songs. That's how I learnt the songs. I made mistakes, found people staring at me, and hid my face in embarrassment, like every other normal 'fresher'.

I looked around the assembly hall. How we, as humans, could unite everyday to sing songs, half of which we didn't even understand, is something that left me fascinated. Sometimes, when I would stop in the middle to take a breath, I would feel the strength of music. Of unity. Of solidarity. Of the beauty of the harmonium and the harmony of our voices. It felt like time had stopped, and like any typical Indian drama, there was a chorus of children singing 'Khada Himalaya'. I sat in different spots in the Senior Audi, and felt the rhythm on my skin differently everywhere.

If Nikhil Sir had chosen a very popular song for the day, all of us would look at each other with excitement, like a bunch of five-year-olds who were just told that they were getting a special treat. At that moment, we'd forget all our problems, and sing those songs, quite hoarsely, might I add.

Even today, if we sing 'Sadho Sadho' or 'Ae Malik', I find it difficult to get the song out of my head. These songs make Sahyadri what it is for me. A cacophony of melody, a harmony of noise.





ART EVERYWHERE

Samved (Grade 6)

There is art everywhere,
Look around and notice
Look around and observe

A leaf, a flower

It is all art.

Art is not merely paintings,

Art is ideas,

Art is emotions,

Art is passion,

Art is life.

A bird, a nest.

A fish, an ocean.

A buffalo, a marsh.

All can be expressed,

All in art,

All in paintings,

All in pottery.

There is art everywhere,

Look around and notice,

Look around and observe.

DON'T CRY

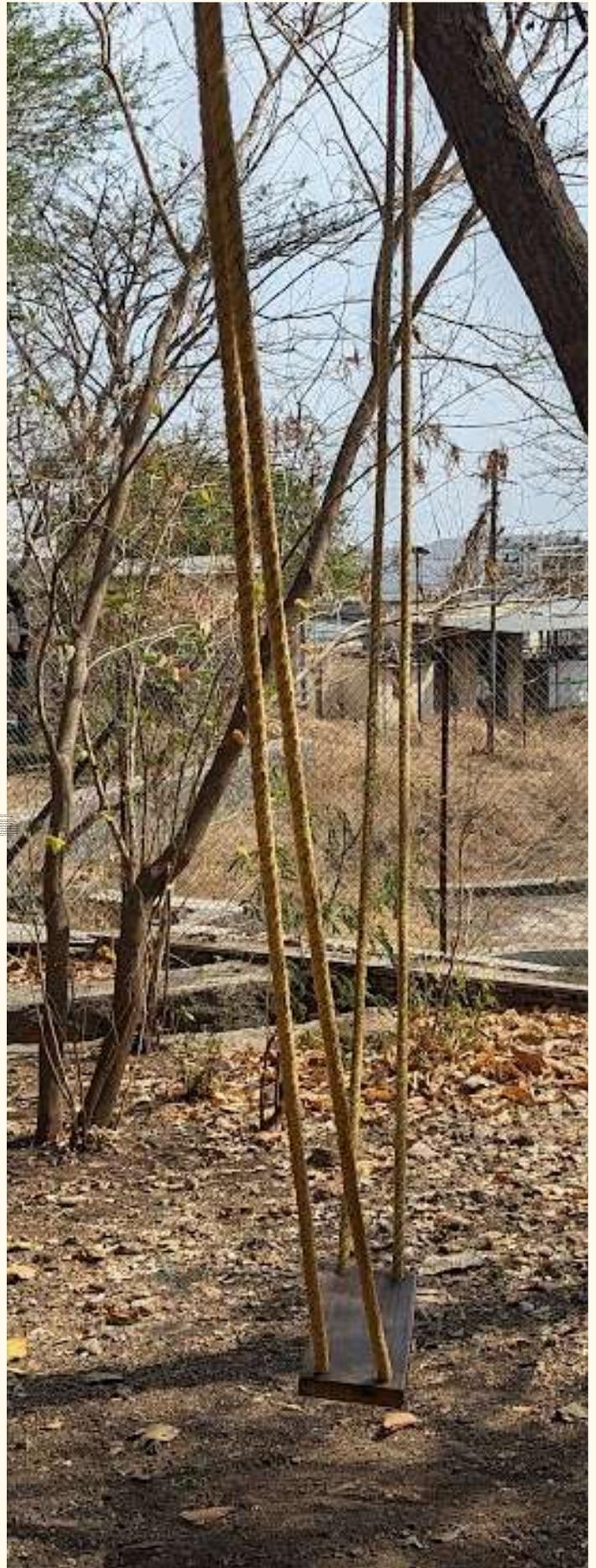
Riya (Grade 6)

Don't cry, Don't cry,
Please laugh and be happy.
Don't cry, don't cry,
Don't be homesick.
Don't cry, don't cry,
Don't ask why,
Don't ask how.
Just don't cry
Don't cry.

THE SHIKRA

Arjun Patel (Grade 6)

A flash of silver beside your head,
birds cry out in fear,
there a green bird flutters in its talons.



CHARLOTTE'S WEB

Grade 4



Fern Saves Wilbur



Bad News for Wilbur

Summary

One fine morning, a little girl named Fern rescues a runt and names him Wilbur. But then Wilbur is sent to live on a farm, where he meets Charlotte, a beautiful, large grey spider. They became the best of friends, and when Wilbur is faced with the usual fate of nice, fat little pigs, Charlotte must find a clever way to save him. Since Charlotte was very clever, she quickly thought of a plan. She decided to use a trick to save Wilbur's life. She convinced Templeton, a local rat, to bring words such as 'some pig' and 'terrific' for Charlotte to write on her web to trick the farmers into believing that Wilbur is a sacred and special pig so that he would be kept alive for the rest of his life. When the time for the fair came, Wilbur and his owners, the Zuckermans and the Arables, went to the fair. Charlotte and Templeton snuck into the crate Wilbur was in. At the fair, Charlotte wrote one last word on her web, which was 'humble'. After people see that, Wilbur gets an award. Charlotte turns old and dies. Because of this, Wilbur takes her egg sac and raises three of her children, who stay with him after they're born.

CHARLOTTE'S WEB

Grade 4



Worried Mrs. Arable, Cool Dr. Dorian!



The Hour of Triumph!

Wilbur Wins a Special Award

I read Charlotte's Web because it was about the true friendship between Charlotte and Wilbur. When Wilbur first met Charlotte, he did not think they would be friends, but they eventually became friends. I think Charlotte was a very good friend, as she was always ready to help Wilbur whenever he needed it. Charlotte even sacrificed herself for him. I think Charlotte liked Wilbur because he was an amusing and determined pig and because he never gave up. Wilbur was generous in the last chapter, as he would let Templeton eat before him every day if he would climb up and get Charlotte's egg sac. I think Templeton was a very misunderstood rat, as he did a lot of favors for both Charlotte and Wilbur. But he also only did those favours for his own benefit, so I do not know if he was actually a good rat. I hope I can figure it out one day.

(Anonymous)

We first started reading Charlotte's Web in January, and then we started working on the project in February. It took a lot of hard work, but it all paid off. We all liked the book, as the way the author wrote was very nice and meaningful, and all of it came together in the end. The story speaks about friendship and self-sacrifice. The best part is to see how the friendship between Wilbur and Charlotte gets stronger and they become closer towards the end.

- Arnav

CHARLOTTE'S WEB QUIZ



- 1. Who threatened Wilbur's life when he was a baby?**
 - a. Mr. Arable
 - b. Mrs. Arable
 - c. Avery
 - d. None of the above
- 2. How many eggs were in Charlotte's egg sac?**
 - a. 3000
 - b. 60000
 - c. 250
 - d. 514
- 3. At the fair, who goes on the ferris wheel with Fern?**
 - a. Char Smittingten
 - b. Jeremy Frimp
 - c. Michael Mates
 - d. Henry Fussy
- 4. Who adopted Wilbur?**
 - a. Fern
 - b. Henry Fussy
 - c. Mr. Arable
 - d. Dr. Adrian
- 5. What is the name of Fern's mother?**
 - a. Edith Zuckerman
 - b. Mrs. Arable
 - c. Mary Poppins
 - d. None of the above
- 6. Which one of these words did Charlotte write on her website?**
 - a. Candies
 - b. Humble
 - c. Disgusting
 - d. Decent

Key: 1. (a), 2. (d), 3. (d), 4. (a), 5. (b), 6. (b)











GRADES 7 & 8



Grade 7—Agastye Jain, Amyra Soni, Anvi Bharti, Dhuvi Prattipati, Gatik Sirohia, Jayaditya Shah, Kavya Raikar, Kriti Kale, Malhar Oak, Nigama Akkapelli, Om Khandge, Parth Vohra, Prisha Gawri, Purvi Kashyap, Rannvijay Khandelwal, Shaurya Gurung, Thea Nathani, Vinaya Aggarwal, Yash Ranch, Aayra Vikkam, Abhinav Vustala, Abhinaya Anand, Advik Jalan, Akshitta Acharya, Arnab Wadhwa, Jai Gawande, Kianaa Zaveri, Krapa Rathi, Krishang Shah, Leia Francis, M.S Sanjay, Nibheesh Makhija, Nivedita Singh, Samaira Shah, Saras Kaware, Veda Aggarwal, Vedansh Agarwal

Grade 8—Aarav Ali, Aarna Lingam, Aarna Subhedar, Aarya Kobal, Aayush Kalyanpur, Arya Dedhia, Aryaman Mahanti, Ekaarth Murada, Hridaan Shah, Kaeya Riva Gautam, Minza Shabir Shah, Naga Nischal, Nehal Gupta, Nirzar Amte, Om Dhoble Iyer, Pranuthi, Prisha Shah, Reyansh Gambhir, Ruhi Kalpa Kotak, Sara Gorai, Sarthak Gundal, Shail Kshirsagar, Sidhartha Jain, Sonam Jourden, Vivaan Sheth, Zaara Boothipalli, Aarna Gautam, Adviti Mehta, Arham R Shah, Atharv Mittal, Chandreshwar Singh, Dhaivat Shah, Disha Shelar, Ishita Pinnamaneni, Mahi Mehta, Naina Chaudhary, Neil Goli, Nitin Kondepoti, Preksha, Prithvee Chheda, Punol ONG Pazo, Raashee Modi, Rida Noormohamed Halai, Riyan Kundalia, Shachi Jain, Shaurya Pandey, Siddham Jain, Vedant Khude, Vihaan Das Maskara, Yuana Garg



-Art by Ruhi (x)

HOPE **Anonymous (8A)**

As she sits in a dark corner,
Regretting all the things she has done
A small ray of sunlight falls on her face
And she thinks to herself,
“If the Sun can fall on the darkest corner
of the room,
Why can't I be the sun, and shine the
dark corners in myself?”
She gets a little hope
Maybe not a lot,
But it is hope

'FRAGMENTS'

Anonymous (Grade 8)

Little fragments of bitter-sweet
memories

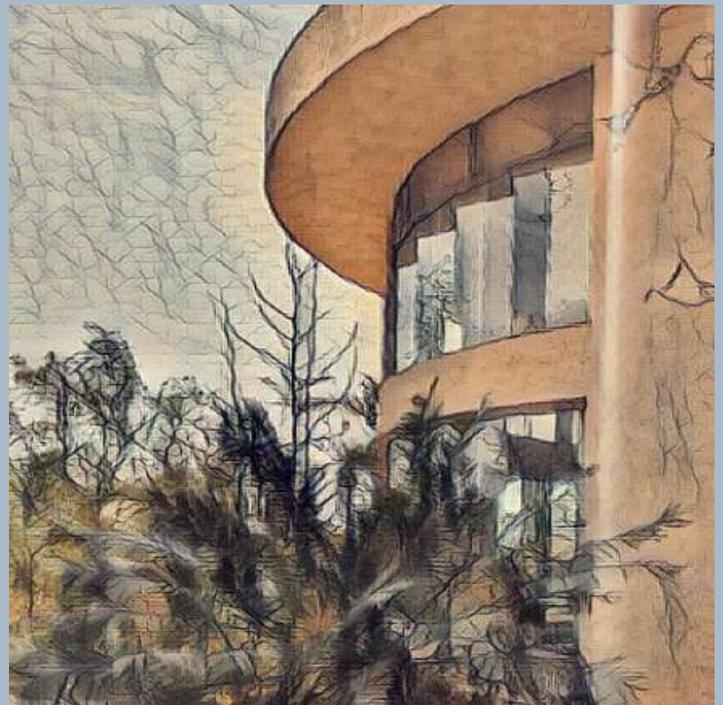
Recreate a particular time

Upon recall,
Regretted, re-lived, remembered
Or resonated with us

The things we do
Confine, corrupt, collaborate,
communicate, conceive
They correlate with us

For we are creators
Of our image, imagination, integrity
And our insane personality

These fragments,
Hidden under guilt
Or placed on a pedestal of importance
and respect
Become who we are





IN THE SILENCE **Anonymous**

In the silence, I realise
That the birds are chirping,
The trees are dancing,
And the slow, cold breeze brushing against
my face
In the silence, I realise

In the silence, I look around
To see the beauty of the hill,
Casting its shadow on the Bheema
And the vast, clear blue sky
In the silence, I look around

In the silence, I change
Into a different person
Contrasting with who I am meant to be,
Forms who I am
In the silence, I change

In the silence, I hope
That this hilltop stays as it is,
Untouched by the outside world
The paradise that I'm lucky to be a part of
Where I can be myself

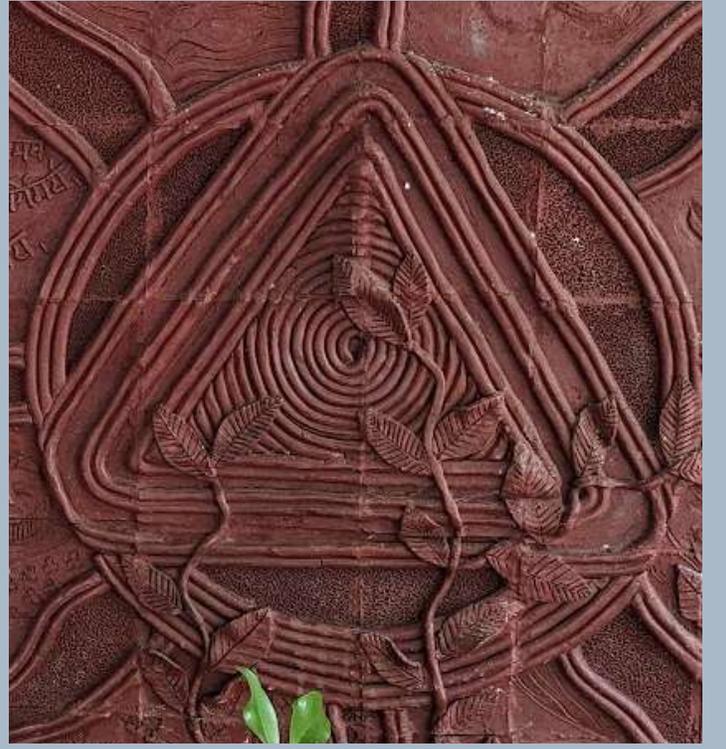
मास्तर

Saras Kaware (7)

आमच्या वर्गात एक काका येतात
बोलताना त्यांच्या पांढरा मिश्या हलतात

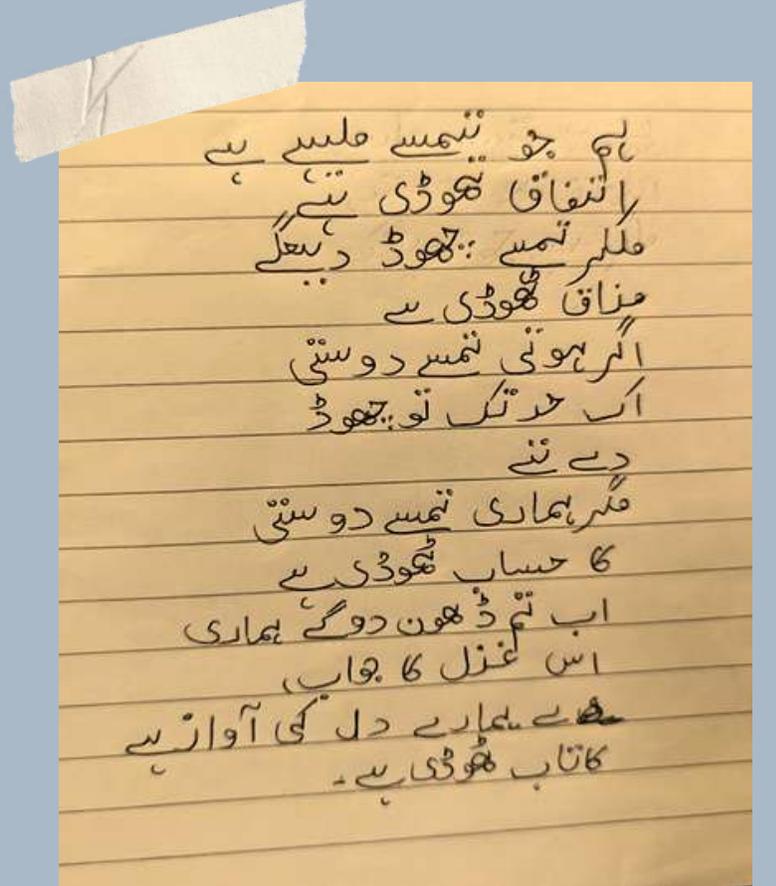
काका आहेत खूपच जाड
चालत येतात धाड धाड

काका देतात जोरात टोले
हात दुखल्यावर कसेकाय खातील छोले



Minza Shah (8A)

Hum jo tumse mile hain
Ittifaaq thodi hai
Milkar tumhe chhod denge
Mazaaq thodi hai
Agar hoti tumse dosti
Ek had tak
Toh chhod dete
Magar humari tumse dosti ka
Hisaab thodi hai
Ab tum dhoondo ge humari
Is ghazal ka jawab,
Ye humare dil ki aawaz hai
Kitaab thodi hai.





THE DIAMOND THAT LOST ITS WORTH **Kaeya (Grade 8)**

I was admired.

I was praised.

They picked me up and said they've never seen such a beautiful thing before.

“My Little Diamond. Oh how you'll shine when you grow up.”

They said.

I was wrapped around people's fingers.

I obeyed and complied.

I had to shine.

I needed to shine.

But slowly, my polish wore off, and people didn't maintain it.

“You were supposed to shine, Why aren't you shining?”

They polished me roughly.

Until my sides chipped off and I lost my shine.

"My Little Diamond. You have lost your worth.

Why?

After everything we have done for you,

Why?"

They asked.

I tried to shine. I tried everything.

I chipped myself more trying to do so.

My Little Diamond.

You are useless.

You have lost your worth.

Go, for you aren't needed anymore.

Run as far as your fragile little legs can take you.

My Little Diamond.

It is the end of you.



LIFE IN SAHYADRI

Anonymous (Grade 7)

Open google maps and zoom in on Maharashtra till you get to Pune. From there zoom in till Rajgurunagar, then zoom somewhere near Tiwai Hills. A small spot named Sahyadri School, KFI will be visible to you. This is where we live, it is our second home. By us, I do not only mean the students, teachers, staff but also the variety of birds, animals, plants and even fungi. Sahyadri is surrounded by flora and fauna. We live amidst nature. Despite this being my first year, I already love this school. The teachers are friendly, their teaching style is great and my batchmates, dormmates and other students are amiable as well and help me a lot too. One of the things I love most about Sahyadri is the huge Library with a variety of books. You will find any genre of books you want to read, from fiction to nonfiction, from action to classics, from comedy to thrillers. Another thing that I really like over here is that the academics and co-curricular activities are given equal priority. Apart from subjects like Math, Biology, History, we also learn farming, different types of art, music, instruments and much more. We also have a very different kind of assembly, a music assembly. In this, everyone sits together in a circle and sings songs. Some people also play instruments during the assembly. We have one hour of games time in which we can play any sport. We also go to a sunset point for Astachal. Apart from that, we have a lot of fun, from playing games in our dorms to just goofing around and going on walks. We all live in a group, work in a group. This is our life in Sahyadri.



ON A SUMMER EVENING IN 2023

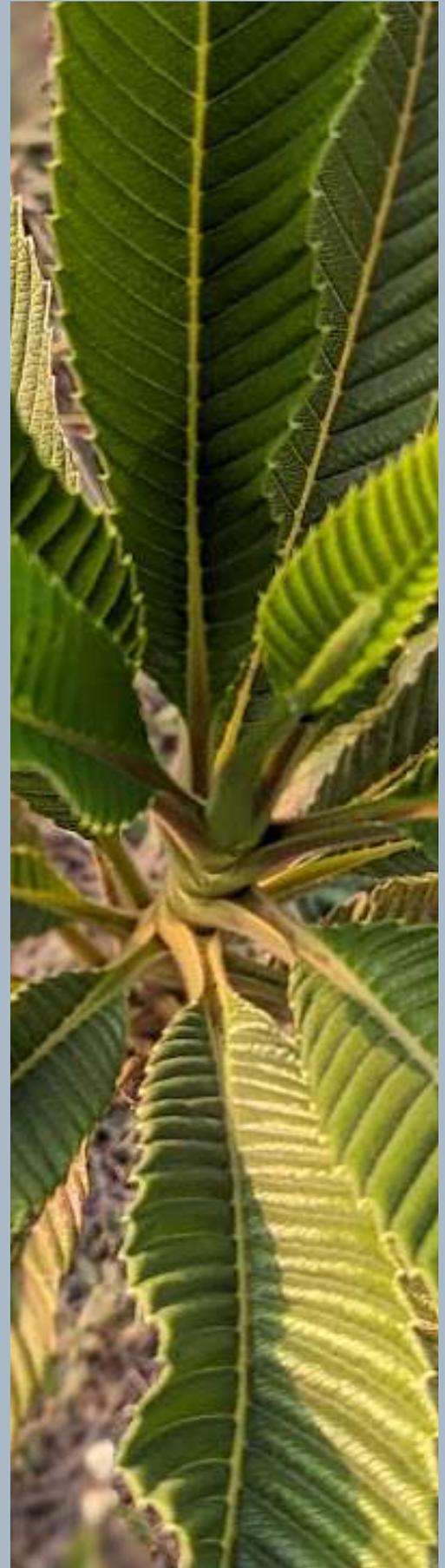
Anonymous (Grade 7)

When I look up towards the sky, I see nothing but a fading pink. The sun setting over the hills and the moon rising orange. It smiles at me, making my day better, while the sun says goodbye. The dark has come. And the sky shimmers, as if pearls were thrown into it. It feels never ending, as though I sit here all night long looking up at the stars. But that's not it. I am sleepy because I have to get up another day, see a smile, and look at prettier pearls in the sky.

Yuana Garg (Grade 8)

As the golden rays of sun fell on the stone bridge, it glowed, surrounded by the majestic trees and the shimmering pond below, it truly looked like paradise. In the distance a grand castle was visible, made entirely out of glass it shimmered like a diamond. As the warm sunlight fell upon her, Mioke made her way back to the palace. "This getaway helped me a lot, " she thought. As she neared her home, she closed her eyes for the last time and listened quietly to the clip-clop of her horse, the chirping of the birds, and the gushing of the steam below. She loved coming here early in the morning even though her parents insisted she stop, it gave her the few moments with herself her busy life otherwise wouldn't permit.

As always.



ASTACHAL, A TIME WITH NATURE

Aayush (Grade 8)

As I sit quietly near the culture hut, I see the slow-moving Bhima in its reddish hue because of the evening sun. Nearby, I hear the sound of birds chirping, the crushing of dried leaves and the folk music coming from the nearby villages. Although everyone is sitting away from each other, I sense some unity, like ripples on the water. As I observe, I feel connected with nature through the leaves, rocks and everything around me. But as soon as the bell rings, everything is disrupted. The silence, the unity, our connection with nature, and our hilltop becomes just like the world below, where everyone is busy, cities are crowded, loud music is playing, and the world is erupting in chaos.



WHEN MOMENTS BECOME OCCASIONS

Aarna Gautam (Grade 8)

People everywhere are running. They spend their lives like lab-rats, scurrying to places for meagre rewards. Often, life withers away under pressure of his luer-constant movement. People don't even realise it, but in the blink of an eye, they're old and dead. Sometimes, something happens to make one question the real purpose of their life. But by that time, it's too late to do anything else but try and find meaningful moments in the years you have lived. Because, what is life, if not moments? We give it our all, sacrifice everything, give up our very selves to life but for what? For moments of happiness, moments where you feel bigger than you really are, moments where you feel like you actually belong to something. Sometimes, people see the truth in how useless it really is to find a generic purpose for everyone's life. They see how infinitely impossible it is for every individual to have the same meaning. They see how it defeats the entire point . They see how the only way to triumph over life and control these moments is to find your own meaning. They see how it really is.

That is why Sahyadri appealed to me in the first place. It is full of scintillating moments that you can actually enjoy. In the outside world, moments fly past us, they're just outside reach and we spend our lives trying to grasp them but it's very rare that we actually can. In school, the moments we experience stay with us forever. It never fails to amaze me that in this magical place, moments linger. Moments become momentous occasions.

And that's the way it should be. When you can sit quietly in the sun, with your mind at peace, collecting and seering moments. That is when you know you have joined the elite group of individuals, who know the truth and who see it how it is. Sahyadri offers you and opportunity to do just that. As cliché as this sounds, I hope we all learn to live in the moment. To confidently reach out and grab those seconds of happiness. To always have the strength to keep ourselves in those places, and around those people who give us moments worth treasuring.



















GRADES 9 & 10



Grade 9–Shriwaas Aadharsh, Ashrith Reddy, Pahul Bhamra, Jiya Shah, Aadya Tyagi, Sahasra Rayala, Aarush Badruka, Veer Jobanputra, Riddhim Inamke, Anaya Iyer, Gaayatri Dahanukar, Divyam Bansal, Naineishia Aileni, Mekhla Gupta, Ved Soundattikar, Reya Shah, Taarisha Manda, Siya Kedia, Atreya Pande, Rachit Agrawal, Temet Norbo, Rhugved Salunke, Vedika Mohan, Sahityaa Gaded, Sailesh Mucheli, Rajeev Reddy, Adwita Chaturvedi, Heeya Vohra, Daham Mansingka, Lalith Saketh, Anaya Arora, Aanya Dhoble-Iyer, Sharayu Chawade, Tanvi Mane, Ayaan Sanghvi, Naiima Kamath, Panav Golyan, Aryaman Datt, Hemant Kamalia, Meghana Saripalli, Zoya Memon

Grade 10–Durgaa Patil, Sohm Contractor, Artham Jain, Uddhav Kedia, Dhirr Haria, Shauryevir Chaudhary, Yogya Arya, Nanaki Vasisht, Anushka Khandelwal, Aleinna Zaveri, Aarshia Sinha, Toshaan Gill, Nirvaan Khullar, Arjun Reddy, Siddhant Melant, Shreyansh Jaiswal, Ruhi Patel, Aanya Gupta, Devanshi Agrawal, Hiya Singh, Arnab Choudhary, Nayanika Chauhan, Avika Bhattar, Samruddhi Gundal, Yadhunandan Karthi, Kartavya Shah, Ronith Das, Mannat Chola, Aadya Gupta, Riya Ahuja, Shreya Ghadge, Yashvir Vansia, Nikhil Kondepati, Ashutosh Dongre, Chaitanya Makhija, Gaurang Singhania

WHEN I LOOK AT HER

Heeya Vohra (Grade 9)

When I look at her,
She is happy, pretty and fierce
I want to be her,
I have longed this for years.

When I look at her,
She reminds me of the stars
invincible and stronger,
than anyone I have met so far

When I look at her,
She reminds me of perfection,
Her hair, her clothes and her
complexion

When I look at her,
She shines like the sun,
Even in her slumber,
Or when she goes for a run.





CHAOS AND ORDER

Heeya, Rachit, Vedika (Grade 9)

Chaos and order,
Work hand in hand
Just like our class,
Strong and grand

Chaos and order,
They're not black and white
They're like shades of grey,
Some dark, some light

Chaos and order
Why must we always differentiate?
Pulled apart by luck,
brought together by fate

Chaos and order
not yours to contrast
United minds,
And connected souls

Chaos and order.
Like two sides of a coin,
If they're not together,
what's the point?
Chaos and order,
Our lives they mould
If one of them falls,
Destruction would unfold.

Their paths sometimes differ,
Their paths sometimes cross,
The journey is different,
But the destination is not.

PICK A SIDE

Gaayatri (Grade 9)

Being neutral in a situation doesn't always mean you have a neutral opinion, it merely means that you are too afraid to take a side. Being neutral means you are afraid to take a stand because you are afraid of judgement. It is crucial to take sides in any matter be it race, religion or gender.

Why is it important to take a side? For one, being neutral doesn't really help the oppressed, moreover, it helps the oppressor. Just because you are silent doesn't mean you don't have an opinion, it means you don't care. What are the issues being faced by the world because of neutrality? Well, in 2019 a campaign started in the US; Black Lives Matter (BLM). A couple of months later another one started, All Lives Matter (ALM). Most people supported the ALM campaign. Although, people forgot that ALM started because of Black Lives Matter. The campaign practically did nothing for the black community, other than instilling riots. It was because of the neutrality of people, that black people don't have a 'place' in today's society.

There is proof that when one isn't neutral it helps the minority that is looking for recognition and respect. The L.G.B.T.Q.+ community wouldn't have a place in the world nor would millions of people express their sexuality if the stonewall riots wouldn't have happened. It is because the community stood bold and countless others stood with them, that the L.G.B.T.Q.+ community is not bound by social chains.

It is crucial to take sides in matters of race, gender, sexuality, religion or anything, because if you do, you will help so many communities from suffering. Only if you take a stand and have a voice.





TRUE LOVE

Pahul (Grade 9)

Is it friendship I feel,
Or is it something more?
My feelings towards you...
They aren't supposed to be normal
But to me they aren't unknown
Is this acceptable?
Is this right?
Or is it some disease that I should fight?
"I am not in love"
I tell myself
But is it really true?
The lie I've created all my life
I would make it shatter
Just to see you smile...
At last I've realised
This is love
And all is right

THE REALISATION

Kartavya A. Shah (Grade 10)

Driving up to the school on a pleasant day,
Seeing the old canopy swinging their shades of green and grey,
The old rocks and herbs and how they stand their place
Made me realise the mistakes I've made

Entering the gate of the school
Got me smelling the mist of last night's dew
And the old faces, doing the same thing that they do
Made me realise of the grateful thoughts that I don't provoke

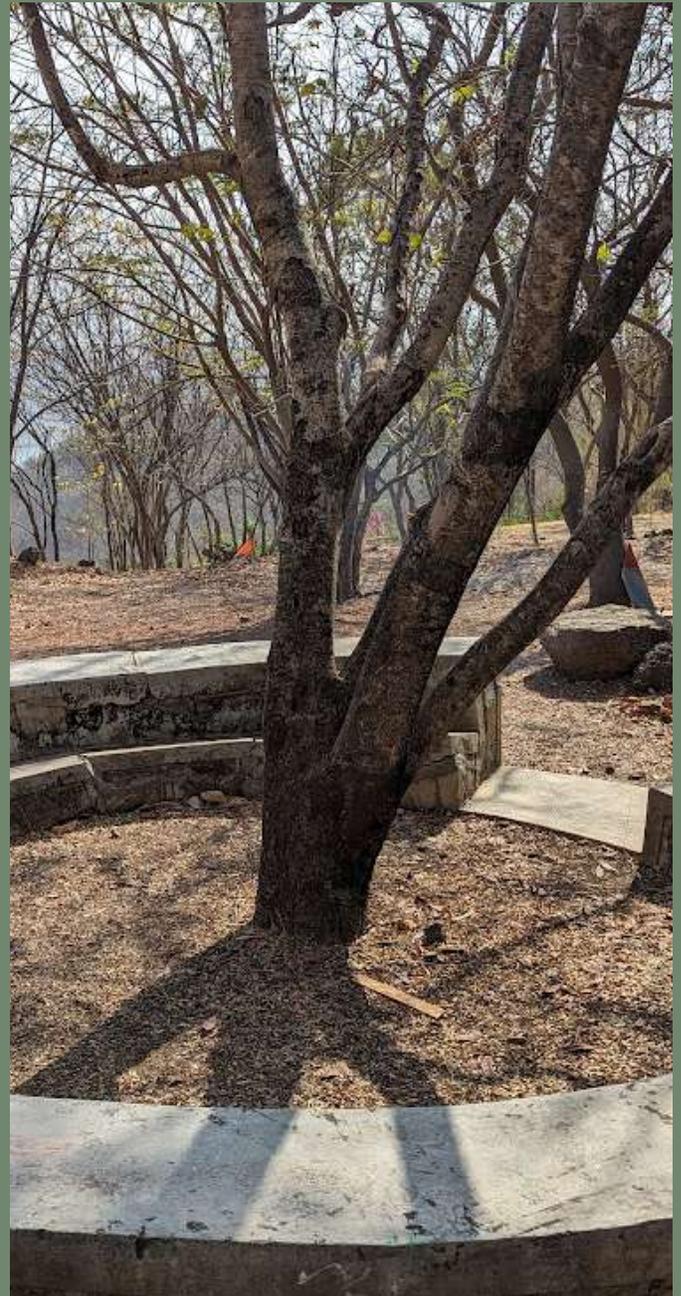
Walking on the road from the office to Kritika
Inspecting the condition of the playing ground,
And how the old memories don't kneel down,
Made me realise the opportunity that I've lost\

Seeing off a familiar face,
With the thought that we are going to part ways,
Soon in 4 months,
Made me realise what real friendship is...

CREEPERS

Aanya Gupta (Grade 10)

Creepers,
Trying to climb up
To other expectations,
All they do their whole life.
But it doesn't matter,
Because in the end,
They fall down again.



WHERE DO I BELONG?

Mekhla Gupta (Grade 9)

It's spring
And the birds are chirping
I was roaming around
Careless of my surroundings
I spot a magnificent tree
Which made me feel so happy
There I was with beauty all around
Didn't know where but away from the crowd

As the wind blows through my hair,
I run around this majestic place with feet bare
The trees and flowers are so bright,
I just can't let them out of sight
The sun sets but there's always a
freshday that rises
It's time for me to leave but this feeling
tells me this is all I need.
I might not live here but this is what i
found
The feeling of love
This is where I belong.





THE ENEMY

Sahasra (Grade 9)

When you lay awake at night, you think about all kinds of things. Relationships, Ambitions, Dreams etc. I wonder if this is common among everyone, to dwell on things obsessively. When I cannot sleep, I end up setting a lot of goals which are hard to accomplish. Trying once or twice in a week is not enough, regular dedication is required. But I would rather laze around, listening to music, reading novels, talking to friends etc. So how do I overcome this distraction filled environment and focus on how to grow as a person?

Well, I feel like the enemy who I am on bad terms with. The quality that I need is DETERMINATION. The superpower which is out of my reach.

LIFE ON THIS HILLTOP

Aleinna (Grade 10)

Birds singing and humming melodiously
Branches swaying with the gentle breeze,
Worshipping the sunset seen from the hill,
Is what life on this hilltop is.

The excitement for Pav Bhaji on Wednesday,
Coming together to dance on Saturday,
And singing in assemblies every other day,
Is what life on this hilltop is about.

Deep conversations throughout the day,
Relationships with people around,
The memories that will be tattooed on my heart,
Is what makes life on this hilltop unforgettable.

LOOKING AT THE STARS

Avika Bhattar (Grade 10)

Some say it gives you everything you desire
And some say it's the jewel of the afterlife
Haunting, taunting and yet so beautiful
Omnipresent, yet clouded
Concealed, covered and hidden



Aarshia Sinha (Grade 10)

I sat beneath the tall tree that almost forms a canopy over my head. I'm absolutely clueless about what to write. What if they judge me for it? The ecstatic feeling I initially felt is slowly dying out. The sounds of birds chirping and leaves swaying with the gentle breeze seem to make me nervous too. I proceed to look back at the rest of the people writing, of which some are, some aren't, and the rest appear to be just as distracted as I am. The voices of the Dadas and Didis at the D.H., as they clean up after morning breakfast and start preparing for the next meal, echo in my head.

My eyes wander, lost in the pale blue sky that adds contrast to the rest of the surroundings-- the newly painted dorms, the lush trees and the dry ground that is covered in pebbles and lifeless, day-old grass, that had probably been by the reckless juniors and occasionally, the child-like seniors. I watch, as an almost metallic blue sun-bird dances in the warmth of the morning sun, in search of the perfect flower with the sweetest nectar. Maybe observing the little things isn't so boring after all.



DEAR MUMMA

Mannat (Grade 10)

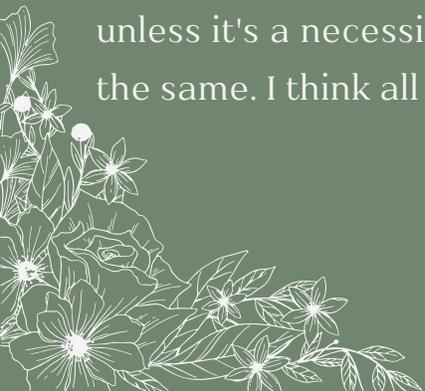
Dear Mumma,

It's been two weeks since you left and this is my third letter to you in the past week. I was not planning on writing this one because you have not replied to my previous ones, but Papa says that you have a lot of work up there. This short trip to heaven has extended its limits more than the word short itself. However, being the good kid I am I will wait for you and the letter, patiently. I forgot to add this to the previous letter but Papa and I have made it a habit to visit the terrace everyday before we sleep, to give you a little sneak-peek of our day on Earth. Papa claims that you are the brightest star in the sky with sore eyes sometimes. Weirdly, all I see are bright white rays coming through the stars, so I don't really believe him (don't tell him that). I think you are far beyond the stars, maybe neighbours with God himself.

To give you some gossip about the house, it has been utterly quiet since you left, especially with Papa. He would only say a sentence or two when it was absolutely necessary. Another rather peculiar habit which he developed is drinking some yellow fizzy liquid in a glass bottle after I go to bed. He sits on the living room sofa with the bottle in his hands, staring at the TV screen all night long. I sometimes wonder when he'll open his eyes and realise that the world exists outside of the TV screen. He has not held his briefcase in a long time. Is everything okay with Papa???

I think he really misses you. Even with those bulging eyes, he looks through your pictures all day long. You should write to him sometime, it will be nice to see a smile on his face for once, instead of the Grinch, who I see all day.

As I was saying, the house is silent more than half the time during the day. Noone talks unless it's a necessity. Dadu & Dadi came to stay with us for some time but it was still the same. I think all of us are used to the silent treatment now.



A ceremony was held in your name, probably to wish you a comfortable and joyful stay. But there are 2 things that did not make sense to me. Firstly, the fact that everyone wore white (I thought violet was your favourite colour) and secondly that everyone was crying. This incident made me realise how popular you are. It may also be that people love you a little too much. I understand that they miss you but you're going to come back, aren't you?!?

I just don't understand what is taking you so long. I am sure that you are busy but don't you miss us, because we miss you terribly. I miss your voice, your laughter, us watching Ben-10, how we always made Papa get us ice cream and also sleeping in the middle of you two. I miss all of it. I don't want to sound mean, but I especially miss your breakfast because Papa doesn't even know the C,O,O of cooking. Rita didi cooks the lunch and dinner but she is unavailable in the mornings so Papa takes over our kitchen. Half-burnt bread a non-salted omlet is quite demanding to gulp down in the throat.

I will continue to be "Mumma's best boy!!". I will not let the house become a haunted house or let papa drink that fizzy yellow liquid often. All I want from you is a letter, even if it is a few scribbles on a paper. I want to know how you are, if you are buddies with God or Angels. I just want to know bits and pieces of your life up there.

It feels lonely down here without you, even your scoldings were better than this. Something feels wrong though, as if everyone is trying to hide something from me. I don't like any of this, I don't know how I will survive without my partner in crime.

All I want is to be surrounded by your warm hugs all day long and to never let go but I also know that you are doing great up there. So, quickly finish your work and come home.

Love you,
Missing you.



કુદરત નું આ જગ (THE WORLD OF NATURE)

Jiya Shah (Grade 9)

આ ઉશા કાળ માં રાતોડ આકાશ,
આ મધુર મીઠા અવાજ માં ગાતા પક્ષીઓ,
અને આ વહેતા નીર ની સુંદરતા,
આ કુદરત નું સુંદર, લીલું છં જગ...

આ હલકો-હલકો પવન, જેનાથી વૃક્ષો ઝૂમતા રહે છે,
આ પાણી માં કૂદતી-ઉછળતી માછલીઓ.
આ જગ માં મળતો પ્રેમ અને વહાલ,
બીજે ક્યાંય જેવા નથી મળતા, આ કુદરત નો ચમત્કાર...

હવે તો આકાશ કાળા ઘૂમાડા થી ભર્યું છે,
આ ખીલ-ખીલતા ફૂલ મુરઝાઈ ગયા છે,
આ પક્ષીઓ ના જગા પર, ગાળિયો નું આવાજ સંભધયે
છે,
આ વેદતું પાણી કાળું-લીલું પડી ગયું છે...

ના કી શુદ્ધ હવા, ના કી સાફ પાણી,
ના કી શુદ્ધ મન, ના કી સાફ હૃદય,
આ જગ હવે સ્વાર્થી બની ગયું છે,
કુદરતની સૌમ્ય શરૂઆત માટે આપણે જે તૂટ્યું છે તેને
સુધારવું જોઈએ...

The dim sky while the dawn is nearly breaking,
Birds singing in this sweet and melodious voice,
And the beauty of this flowing stream,
This beautiful, green world of nature...

This gentle breeze that sways the trees,
Fish jumping around in the water,
The love and affection found in this world,
Like nowhere else, this miracle of nature...

Now the sky is filled with black clouds,
These blooming flowers have withered,
In the place of these birds, there is the sound of
the bustling cars,
This flowing stream has now turned dirty...

No clean air, no clean water,
No key to a pure mind, no key to a clean heart,
This world has now become selfish,
We must mend what's broken, for nature's
gentle start.



THE TALE OF TWO TULIPS

Arjun Reddy (Grade 10)

Two twinkling tulips,
Swiftly swinging under the sunlight,
Been waiting to bloom since eternity,
Both the tulips stood as buds.

A few days passed by,
A tulip had bloomed
And the other lay waiting.

It waited patiently,
Yet there was no result.
One early morning,
It had finally bloomed.

As happy as it was,
Its happiness hadn't lasted,
As its friend was gone,
Once and for all.











GRADES 11 & 12



Grade 11—Saranya Akshintala, Akriti Mittal, Shivalika Jhunjhunwala, Isha Reddy, Gagana Saripalli, Aadhira Vimalakannan, Aarav Sultania, Aashi Goyal, Paridhi Bansal, Vidushi Biyani, Ahona Pan, Prakriti Maithil, Niloufer Kaur, Amrita Kumar, Saeed Gujare, Ahaan Contractor, Shiv Sawhney, Nitin Reddy, Siddharth Singh, Akshat Mittal, Kabir Rajale, Vedika Dhir, Nishta Nandagopal, Simar Ahuja

Grade 12—Aashvi Agrawal, Anshuman Das, Vikram Karthi, Arnav Kuppachi, Akriti Pandav, Anika Varughese, Srishti Kodeboyena, Kimaya Singh, Kalandika Bhati, Akshay Vemulapalli, Naren Potla, Pratyush Agrawal, Ved Joshi, Krishna Abrol, Bhavya Pandey, Mahati Kalidindi, Tanisha Magdum



Kabir Rajale (Grade 11)

Emptiness is often seen as a negative thing. Is it a bad thing though? I don't know. In our everyday life we have things to do, places to be, and people to meet. In this daily hustle-bustle our mind is filled with worries, anxiety, excitement, ambition etc. We seem to be anxious about the future, regretting or reminiscing about the past. It is hard to even sit still in this flow of life.

Perhaps, one of the things I enjoy the most about Sahyadri are my solitary Sunday morning walks. The greenery of the campus is perfectly complemented by the orange glaze of the sun. The orchestra of chirping birds, and the occasional contrast of flowers go hand in hand. Oftentimes on these mornings, I feel nothing. Absolute nothingness. Hollowness inside and out.

The funny thing is that I actually enjoy that feeling. I feel that it allows me to see and think more clearly. When I think and I see, I have no emotions. Emotions are like strong winds, each one blowing in a different direction. When filled with them, one gets swayed away. Depending on which emotion we feel and their magnitude, our perception completely changes.

When we see with emotion or with intent, we do not truly see. Preoccupied by the leaf, we miss the tree. I believe emptiness allows us to see things in their entirety. In the same way, we think without bias. It is important to see without concluding or judging. We should not see and make a conclusion. I think I have that ability to “truly see”, perhaps that is why I enjoy emptiness.

THE LAST GOODBYE

Vedika Dhir (Grade 11)

Still but not motionless,
We stood at the edge
At the edge of it all
Trying to summarise
Everything we felt
But the words always
Feel short,
Instead we just opened our
Hearts for one last time
Allowing it to pour and
Feel the end to creep in.



WHERE I AM FROM

Namit Rajoria (Grade 11)

I am from Monday morning singing assemblies
And post dinner story sessions with Anjali Akka

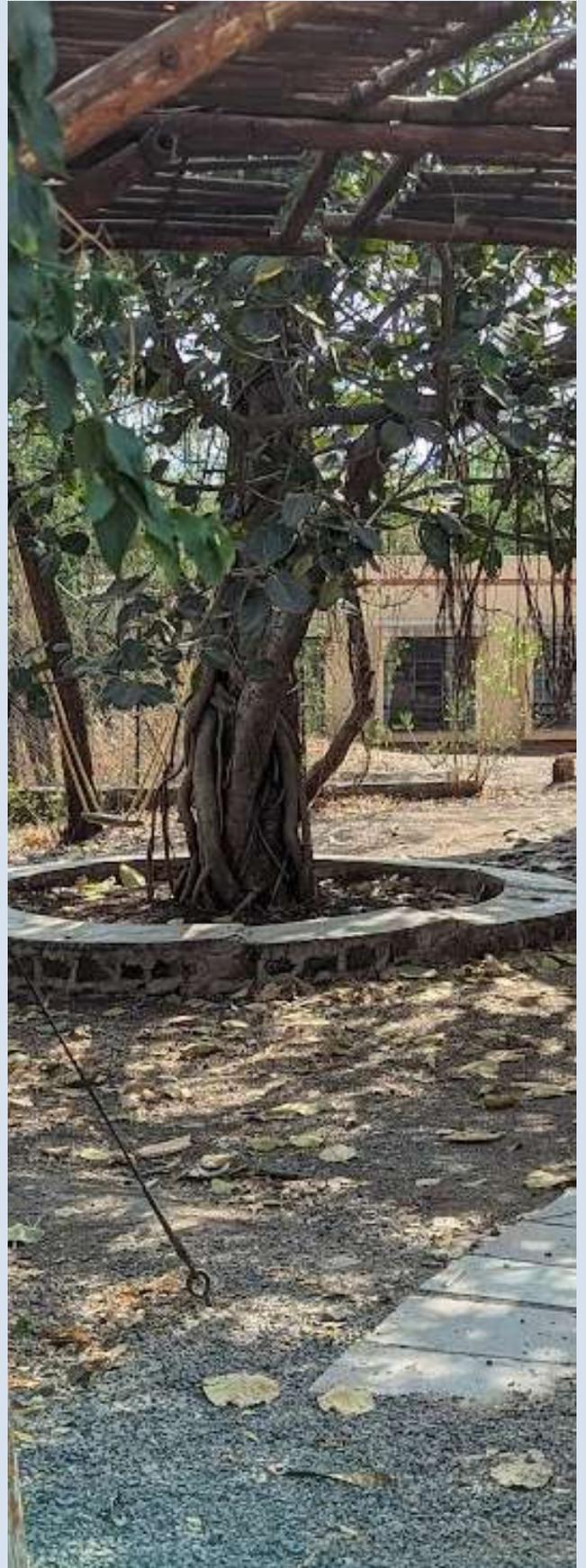
I am from the random conversations with DH
staff
And going late to every P7 class

I am from Saturday night maggi sessions
And Sunday morning bird walks with Reena
Akka

I am from Jinpachi's late night meows
And Nagarjun sir's 'wake up boys' call

I am from an isolated hill,
A hill in the middle of nowhere

I am from Sahyadri,
A place I will always know as home.





~Art by Tanvi (Grade 9)

LETTER TO A ROADSIDE PIANIST

Kimaya (Grade 12)

The people kept walking, as people do
The rain kept falling, kept falling,
It was only I who noticed you.
It was just an ordinary Thursday,
But I went up to the sky that night
And I danced with the moon.
He held hands with me,
All silver and ivory,
And we spun around the shadows and the stars,
Aimless planets and far flung galaxies,
And then the music stops and
There is only the dirty street and the dusty rain and
Your old piano on the footpath,
And sounds of people who never noticed
The rhapsody, the symphony, the brilliance of the sky above.
And I vanish as the music does,
Another lost shade in this Asphodel of ghosts,
Invisible but in the dark of your music,
And then we fade with the dawn,
The moon and me...

AFTER DARK

Anshuman (Grade 12)

The Night is a special time. It's different, it's intimate and vulnerable. The night is tender. The city isn't the same at night. It's much more visceral but gentle at the same time. All the demons come out at night but within the scene there's a movement of love, of poetry. Demons only come out when they feel safe after all.

Perhaps it is something about the way the streetlamps bathe the deserted asphalt. The way crimes are committed while new lovers dance in deserted alleyways under the light of the pastel moon.

New Delhi is not New Delhi, the polluted, crowded nightmare at night. It is a clean and empty daydream, populated sparsely by college students drunk on youth and the light of the streetlamps. The trees take a new form, they shed their shields and stand naked and open as the night drapes a warm blanket of darkness over them.

The people walk slowly, the dogs sing, the chai wala brews a fresh pot of midnight chai. What a delight midnight chai is! The few cars rush home to greet their families or their empty bedding.



AFTER DARK (CONTINUED...)

The streets of Bhubaneswar take on an ethereal form at night. The light mist paints hues of blue and yellow. The paintings on the walls come alive conversing with each other. A beggar sleeps, safely. Nobody wants to sleep on the pavement but sometimes that is just the most comfortable place.

Nights in the silver hills of Maharashtra bring in music hiding adult pain. As rural folk settle down at the end of a tiring day and rub their knees and cover their surroundings in velvety music. They clap, they cry, they laugh enjoying life at the bottom. Their laughs disguise their pain, the pain they feel everyday, the pain they keep locked away, even from themselves.

Your mind is always aerial at night as you sit down and take a sip of coffee. You know the night like the palm of your hand, you know that when the lights are out, it's less dangerous. Thoughts of her frequent your brain as the cool night air hugs you, you can feel her breath on your skin.

With love in your heart and love flowing through your veins, you take coffee. As you walk the empty streets of Delhi, the vast playground of Bhubaneswar or sit in the forest in the silver hills, you are enveloped by the same night in different costumes. As you tie your shoelaces or lower your guard, you give in to the tenderness of the night. The dark half of the blue reminds you of how her beauty beats the stars and they shy away, embarrassed, hiding behind clouds.



AFTER DARK (CONTINUED...)

You think of the streetlamps doing their best, the open door at Hauz Khas inviting you in to sit at its yellow stairs. The crowded airport but the sleepy light. The soft purple light that takes over you as your eyes close and as the flight takes off. You decide to put on your disguise as the morning is about to come. Only after dark, can you take your skin off.

Nothing remains itself at night. Nothing stays the same, people change, trees change, the weak lamps of the evening become halos; under naked lights people sit and sleep, naked, completely devoid of the business of morning.

You look out the window ignoring your clumsy form, birds sleep, thoughts of her persist, the coffee cups lay empty, ignored, the invisible light of the night takes over you as you step into your bed, sleep may or may not come.

As you walk into the middle of the road in Gulmohar Park, you see college students returning to their prisons after a night of depravity. Shops finally close, the midnight chai pot has been consumed, the maggi shop serves its last plates, the sweepers finish collecting fallen leaves and the last bunch of the city departs into the light of their homes as you stay, take a seat on the cold, hard pavement, as your sloe eyes make the usual stares at the leaves, the occasional autos, the orange light of the city. Close your eyes and step into nowhere, where nothing is happening.



Photos by Anshuman (Grade 12)

MY SAHYADRI

Bhavya (Grade 12)

Sahyadri in its literal term means “companion”, and this hilltop school located along the Western ghat has not failed to live up to its name. Because this school for sure has been my companion all throughout my journey here. Two days back as I lay under the open night sky waiting to make a wish at a shooting star, I realised that there is only one thing that I want to wish for, a never ending Sahyadri journey.

I realised all I want to wish for is that I wake to Saraswati akka’s constant wake up calls, Khude’s attendance sheet, Kiran dada’s “chai chahiye kya?” and late running to the class. All I want is that every Wednesday as soon as the clock ticks 7p.m, hot pav bhaji appears in front of me. I want to forever be able to sit where other people walk and not be judged, because all this means Sahyadri.

If I could describe Sahyadri in a song, it would be:

"किसी की मुस्कुराहटों पे हो निसार
किसी का दर्द मिल सके तो ले उधार
किसी के वास्ते हो तेरे दिल में प्यार
जीना इसी का नाम है "





THE END

Ved Joshi (Grade 12)

I walk down the street
Lights blazing in my face
The inky sky,
turned alive.

Lives strewn everywhere
As far as the eye can see
So much loss
In sight.

They had so much to live for
And so much to give
But alas, it's all
extinguished.

I lie down on the sober asphalt
Grieving for them all
As my eyes finally droop
The end.

Jolted awake by a nudge
Only to get curtly told
To haul my drunk self
Off the road.

MAUDE

Kimaya (Grade 12)

Old books and dark photographs
Pianos by midnight and the sea
Crashing against the rocks,
Typewriters and the rain and thorns and
My heart spun in barbed wire.
I am not the kind to dream.

But, oh, she was so beautiful.
She had eyes like the hour before dawn,
And she had a laugh like
The coming of summer
And i should also mention
She loved another.

She sat with me in the dark
When i cried and she laughed at my jokes,
And she liked to waltz.
I used to pretend she was in

An abandoned ballroom, in address like the ocean and
The stars in her eyes.
I loved her as the rain loves my city,
As a villain loves to lie,
As a sailor to the terrible beauty of the siren's song.
I loved her as the icarus loved the sun.



Art by Naiima (Grade 9)

THE VAST INTRICACIES IN A MODERN AIRPORT

Anshuman (12)

I

the peculiarity of travelling alone,
the tactful glances during
security check-ins,
smiling at wounded souls, startled faces
people smile back?
The breath of the crowd,
a father and son, a mother and her mother,
the starving cups of overpriced coffee,
gentle dreams of six pence and you.
child crying, the lights on the ceiling, greyer
than the sky of England
A cup of
instant noodles, lips smacking, an armada of
unread books ready to face abandonment at
home.
The enormous amount of eyes, the
unintelligible number of stories. Hopeful
boyfriends
Exit wounds.
Seeing you in my eyes, as there's no other
way.
The shadows casted by various nondescript
items.
How come shadows interest me more than
the real thing?

II

Could the real thing be the one being
described, by its shadow?
Remove its shadow, no
tonal variation,
uninteresting.
Feeling like an individual with your own
story, pretending that people look at you
as you frantically sketch
substandard sightings with a sea green
pencil.
Smiling at a crying child.
Frowning at a smiling child,
those are rare.
Thoughts of you frequent my airport of
thoughts, they never miss their flights.



Art by Vedika (Grade 9)

III

When I have rings around my eyes,
nondescript,
Illegible handwriting.
As the fox comes out of
the woods, it is invisible,
it is somewhere locked away in a yellow
sketch book where
nothing is happening.

IV

Will the stars come out
tonight? Aisle seats
prevent your view
but do they really?
Are you stuck?
do I feel low?
I feel good travelling alone.
Pretenses for myself,
frenzied hair, rosy smile and red cheeks.
Yet another passenger going towards you
boards the flight.
So many thoughts of
you.
the feel of your skin, the air that you
breathe out, the air that I breathe in.
the strands of hair which have left you and
attached themselves to me. The strands of
hair that join me, the smell which is lost,
you're so far away.
Aerials.
Back to people's faces, smiles, cries,
tears.
Shadows.
Your shadow.
A man beside me

Makes a tissue paper boat and
unfolds the air hostess moving,
smooth carts and glasses of water.
The woman beside me and her cough
coloured cutting machine.
My mind's in aerials.
Travelling alone, falling down with a plan.
I hope I land safely.it again.
Will it ever float?









COMMUNITY



UNDER THE NIGHT SKY

Bindu Akka

The best part of growing up was to experience the vast sky with all its glittering beauty every single night. As I lay on the concrete floor, spreading out my arms and legs while relaxing my entire body, my thoughts went out wandering to farther lands. It felt as if the vast universe was out there just for me. It wants me to share my happiness, my childhood griefs, my feelings to a classmate, my heartbreaks, my aspirations, my insecurities and every single conflict without judgement. There were many such nights where I just dozed off while the cool breeze felt like a lullaby.

As I grew, my encounters became rare. It felt as if the stars in the growing moonlight peeked out from my window into my room to check why I'm missing meeting them every single time. I hoped they would understand that their little earthling is going into adulthood with all the pressure that comes with it. And, I was right. The twinkling stars, the crescent moon, the cool night breeze always made me feel that they are there for me every single night and that they are just one gaze away.

I still remember the day I fell in love. It was a night with a crescent moon. A beautiful night sky assuring me that I did the right thing. It made me feel that I am the luckiest girl in the entire universe. As I danced to my heart's content that night, all my celestial friends, too, joined me. Of course, the first breakup post was nothing short of a drama. The moon empathised with me while covering itself in a dark blanket, the stars cried along with me. But finally, we overcame the gloomy feelings together and once again life felt like full moon days.



Art by Grades 9 and 11

मैगी Sudesh Sir

कभी कभी मेरे दिल में खयाल आता है,
कि ज़िंदगी तेरे साथ गुज़र पाती तो डॉर्म नाईट पार्टी हो भी सकती थी ।

यह रंज-ए-गम की सियाही जो दिल पर छाई है
मैगी कॉन्फिसकेट होने से रुक भी सकती थी ।

मगर यह हो न सका और अब यह आलम है,
कि तू नहीं, तेरा गम नहीं, तेरी जुस्तजू भी नहीं ।

गुज़र रहीं हैं कुछ तरह रातें डॉर्म में जैसे
न कोई टक (P.T.), न मैगी, न मैजिक मसाले का सुराग,
भटक रहीं है अंधेरी रातों में ज़िंदगी
मैगी के बिना ।



*When you use geyser water















Interview With Vasu Sir

What did you do before coming to Sahyadri?

I worked as a chemist in a cement company which was a private sector industry. Later, I joined the National Council for Cement and Building Materials under ICSR (Indian Council for Scientific Research) where I worked for 6 years. After that, I resigned and established my own lubrication company with some friends. At this time, Saraswati Akka and my son were at Rishi Valley, and I would visit them every month. During my visits, I would interact with some of the staff members, whom I ended up befriending. I also took time out of these visits to learn and explore things like music, birdwatching, and literature. After a few years, I sold off my company to potential buyers, as my son was not interested in taking over.



Since you mentioned your love for literature, can you tell us more about how you started your writing journey?

I've been interested in literature since childhood, but I began my writing consciously in 8th grade, when I was first introduced to Telugu literature by a prominent figure, Dr. Somasundar, who also happened to be my neighbour. He was the one who further developed my interest and encouraged me to write. My first poem was written at thirteen years old, which was published in my school magazine. Dr. Somasundar really played a significant role in my life.

Can you tell us about your other interests, starting with your passion for music?

While Saraswati Akka was at Rishi Valley, I got an opportunity to learn Hindustani Classical Music and understand the structure of Raags. In fact, I think music and cooking are very similar in multiple aspects.

Can you elaborate on that please?

What I meant by that statement is that when one cooks, the flavour depends on not only the ingredients, but also the mood. This is why home-cooked meals taste good even though they are simple, as the one who cooks the meal, cooks it with love. Similarly, while playing an instrument or while singing, the song sounds good only if the artist does what he/she is doing with love and passion.

Can you tell us a bit more about your passion for cooking? What do you think makes a good meal?

As a child, I would often help my mother in the kitchen, which gradually led to the development of my interest in cooking. While Saraswati Akka was at Rishi Valley, I would also contribute in the kitchen on my visits. If you had to ask me, “What makes a good meal?”, I would say that the right proportions of every single ingredient.

How do you think that the Dining Hall’s food can be improved?

I personally think that the food is not that bad, in fact, I do not think that the food is bad at all. From my experiences, I can say that Sahyadrian food is one of the best kinds of food one can get in a boarding school. Sahyadri has actually done a great job at satisfying the culinary aspirations of all regions and age groups as the school represents a huge spectrum.

What do you think about Krishnamurti's philosophy, and what is its contemporary relevance according to you?

I first learnt about Jiddu Krishnamurti when I was posted in IIT Madras as a part of my job in NCBM. Over there, they would organise meetings and discussions about Krishnamurti's life and philosophies, in which I would participate. Later, I also read 'Biography Of Krishnamurti' by Pupul Jaikar and 'Krishnamurti For Beginners'. Krishnamurti never allowed people to call him 'guru', which drew me towards his notion of questioning oneself instead of questioning society. This taught me that one should not play the 'blame game' all the time, otherwise one would end up being hypocritical in the process of proving oneself right/innocent in a particular situation. Questioning oneself also helps build a better society. The inward journey that we all depart on from the moment we have a set conscience later blooms into love and appreciation for nature and the finer details of life. It separates us from the materialistic reality the world has now become and that is the root cause of all our suffering. Suffering is an innate part of our nature as human beings. Hence, as long as there is desire and suffering, Krishnamurti's philosophy is relevant

Do you have a message for the students?

One thing I want every student to know is that this place is one of a kind. Everyone here is so supportive, welcoming and very friendly too. Every single member contributes to creating a non-hostile environment for newcomers and goes to great lengths to make them feel at home. I want the students to realise this, and not take it for granted. Most students are also probably unaware of the lives of some of the teachers before coming to Sahyadri, and how interesting they were. What I am trying to say is that not all teachers were teachers before coming here, they were doing professional jobs. I would advise the students to take advantage of this and discuss things about their career, what life in the real world is like, and get guidance from these teachers. So my only advice to all the students is- use the time you have outside the classroom to interact with the teachers and staff members. This will help you all in the future.

We would like to conclude this interview with a poem by Vasu Sir for all the students -

LOSS OF SPRING

We slowly fade in to the twilight
Painful routine, while the sun
Nestles in the warm bosom of
The western ghats after a bath
In the fading river

Whispers float In the air sublime
Notes of falling leaves, children
Leave the campus packing the
Spring, blooms the loud laughter
In the colourful suitcases
Memories sweet and sour in search of
New shores with dreamy teary eyes
Love lost, to find new love in the forlorn shores

Once green and full of hope trees awake
From the nightmare of lost spring
Parched, impoverished stand naked
Thirsty and with pangs of hunger
Vincent for brother Theo's word
A small shower, a money order to buy
Paints, brushes, may be a a drink to
Quench the thirst
Extends their boney hands, dry finger
Twigs to paint and fill the vast blue canvas
With symphony of colours bright and pale

We wait patiently and painfully
To leave, but to come back with
An eternal hope of another monsoon
The playful dance of peacocks and children!!



HUMANS OF SAHYADRI



Our school is like a mini city that services so many of our everyday needs. Behind making the school run the way it does are many people who work day each day to make our lives manageable in what is a home away from home for us. Some of these people we know well, and some we are often unaware of. Grade 8 interviewed twelve people who work behind the scenes, to explore their dreams, aspirations and struggles and present to you the stories of those who can inspire us to tread this earth with greater gratitude, humility and empathy.

Grade 8

SANJU DIDI: AN OPTIMISTIC FORCE OF NATURE



Nestled on the lush green hilltop of the Tiwai Hill, in a bustling school called The Sahyadri School (KFI), lives a caring, determined and passionate dorm matron, who is always there to give you a patient ear with a cheerful smile. Sanju didi welcomes every student she meets for each new academic year. Even when the year gets tedious and hectic, her smile never wanes, and her helping hands are always ready to care for the needs of the students. Carefree, optimistic and generous, she never fails to warm your heart with her unwavering attention and empathy. While she is a giver of joy and happiness on campus, her own path was not always a bed of roses.

Born in a modest village in the agriculturally fertile land of Bihar, little Sanju was a free-spirited child full of dreams in her eyes. She grew up in a traditional close-knit family along with her twin sister, 3 other sisters and 2 brothers. Despite her family's financial limitations, Sanju didi had an insatiable hunger for learning - saving money, buying second hand books, and working hard - to finish schooling to become a business woman or a nurse. However, her family's condition took a turn when her brother survived a heart attack which left him partially paralyzed. This incident brought Sanju didi's academic journey to an abrupt halt. The need to support her family bought her to Sahyadri, where her brother was already working.

Taking responsibility of her family's situation, she faced her life head on, slowly getting accustomed to her new hilltop life at the residential school. Waking up to bird calls, the feeling of dewy grass under her feet, she felt a sense of calm in her new home. The liberal atmosphere of the school allowed her to discover her own self and voice, without the judgment of gendered expectations of the traditional society she had left behind. However, the relentless pressure of getting married eventually caught up to her. She finally agreed to get married, hiding her reluctance. Forced to follow the traditions of her family, the strong woman in her still finds it difficult to come to terms with practices like dowry. These issues about being a woman in a patriarchal society bother her to this day.

After marriage, Sanju didi had not given up on her passion for learning and planned to continue her educational voyage by studying in a nearby village. Unfortunately, her tiring schedule and the distance to the village school forced her to abandon her studies. Despite frequent obstacles that held her back, such as her family's financial limitations and health issues, society's prejudices and beliefs that she needed to overcome, and numerous failed attempts at reaching her dreams. Sanju didi remains as sweet as honey, as strong as a mountain and an absolute inspiration of resilience to us all.

~ By Rida, Adviti, Siddham and Chandreshwar
Class: 8B, 2023-24

SACHIN DADA: A STORY OF RESILIENCE



Lying on my dorm bed, I can hear the chirping of the crickets, the howling of the dogs far away from downhill, and the pitter-patter of the raindrops on the foliage that surrounds my dorm. This nocturnal symphony is interrupted by a shrill whistle. The night security guards are taking rounds, braving the possibilities of leopard visits, snake bites, and the boredom of long silent nights. One of these unknown names that protect us day and night, keeping us safe on this campus, is Sachin dada.

A medium built, mustached security guard at the Sahyadri school, Sachin dada was born in Chikalgav, a village near Rajgurunagar in Pune district.

In this small village dotted with ponds, Sachin dada and his brothers loved to go fishing in the clear waters. They also treasured playing cricket together in the vast clear fields of the village, where they were considered the cricket legends of their times. They thoroughly enjoyed the relaxed and playful environment of their village, bringing Sachin dada and his brothers remarkably close.

As his life proceeded, his family had to relocate to the busy and posh city of Mumbai, where his brother had a job in a bank. His brother's salary provided for the family and gave them a satisfactory life without Sachin dada having to take up any big responsibility other than some chores around the house. But Sachin dada's life took an unexpected turn when his brother passed away in a tragic car accident. This incident formed a void in his life as his closest confidant was cruelly snatched away. He was heartbroken and devastated and his faith in God faded away. He couldn't even seek comfort in his family members as they too were grappling with grief. After sulking around aimlessly for four months, he realized he needed to face his responsibilities and hardships in order to pull his family and himself out of the cracks. He pushed himself to his limits to find a job that would earn him enough to support his family but he couldn't have enough money to support their lives in a costly and exorbitant place like Mumbai, so they had no choice but to shift back to his childhood home, Chikalgav. Here, he raised his cattle and toiled in his fields to collect enough milk to sell. During this time, Sachin dada's uncle had already been working at Sahyadri School and suggested that he too could try to work on the Sahyadri campus as a security guard. Grateful for this job, Sachin dada gladly took it up as he also needed the extra money to provide a better life for his family.

Three years later, Sachin dada continues to work as one of the guards who protects Sahyadri School students, despite the lengthy working hours and various dangers that lurk each night. His love and dedication he receives from his family motivates him to face a new day, but the scar in his heart that lingered after his brother's demise, throbs and burns every now and then till this day. Moreover, if one carefully observes, one might get a glimpse of the unmistakable, dark and endless void that sometimes resides in his eyes.

Prisha, Sidhartha, Arya D, Nischal

Class: 8A, 2023-24

IRFAN DADA: A SAVIOUR OF SEEDS



As you walk up the path leading to the Sahyadri School's main campus, you might notice a small cottage housing the Rural Outreach Department of the School. As you enter this cozy office, you are greeted by a mix of aromas of rice, herbs and grains. You might notice a staggering variety of seeds displayed neatly along the walls, documenting the various species of rice, millets, beans and vegetables grown on campus. In a quiet corner at the back of the office, you may notice a man diligently working away on the computer. One of the quiet forces behind the amazing work done here is Irfaan Dada.

Irfaan Dada was born in 1989 at the foothills of Tiwai Hills in Gundalwadi, Maharashtra, on the occasion of Ganesh Chaturthi. Though he was born in a muslim family, his grandfather gave him the nickname Ganasha. Growing up, he was not blessed with luxuries, and had to go through many struggles just to get his basic needs met. Irfaan dada was an ambitious child. He wanted to become an IAS officer. Growing up, he enjoyed playing with his two close friends - Praveen and Machindra.

When he was a young child, he was never really interested in academics and felt it was quite pointless. In 10th grade, he lost interest and dropped out of school. During that time, he did various different jobs around the village and realized how important education was. His family was constantly encouraging him to rejoin school, and he eventually gave in and rejoined school. In his board exams he scored astonishing 52%, which was highest in the whole village. He continued schooling and eventually graduated from college and went on to teaching accounting to students .

In 2019 he applied for a job at Sahyadri because he had read a lot about Krishnamurthi while growing up. At first, he did various odd jobs across the school campus, and eventually, he started working at the Rural Outreach Department. Here, he collaborates with 32 farmers who have farms around the school, who give some of their crops in exchange for seeds. He has been trying to gradually develop a seed bank (a place to store different kinds of seeds from a local area) along with Deepa Akka. While the seed bank might be small, they have big plans for it.

Irfaan Dada had many different experiences in life, but he wants to continue learning. He has a motto in life that states: "Life itself is challenging, but we need to face every challenge head-on and there is no running away from it ." With this in his mind, he continues to live life to its fullest.

Aarav, Aarna L., Pranuthi, Nirzar, Aayush
Class: 8A, 2023-24



KADAM DADA: AN INSPIRING FARMER

Near the bustling dhobi ghat of Sahyadri School, lies sprawling fields of lush greenery and thriving crops. These farms are supervised by a hardworking, influential and helpful person known to us as Kadam Dada. Kadam Dada is known for his incredible ability to go with the flow and handle problems resiliently and easily. His farms are organic, productive and each task is handled easily under the friendly and patient supervision of Kadam Dada. However, his life has gone through its own twists and turns.

Shankar Dashrath Kadam was born in Wada on 1st April, 1985. From a very young age, Kadam Dada was very interested in physical exercise and invested a lot of his time in it. He was a diligent student until 10th grade, chasing his dreams of becoming an IAS Officer.



Unfortunately, his family had to pull him out of school because of financial constraints. He had been helping his parents manage their farms and remained interested in agriculture, amassing a vast wealth of knowledge through a wide variety of experiences. In 2001, he decided to start earning and financially contribute to the family. Eventually, he joined Sahyadri as a security guard. After 20 years of sincere hard work, he was offered a job at the farms because of his skill and impeccable work ethic. Finally, Kadam Dada had found a job he was passionate about. He began to put his creativity and knowledge to good use. He, along with other farmers, began to think of various new ideas to increase their farm's yield. An innovative idea of making 'Jeevamrut' emerged from the collaborative discussions they had with Deepa Akka. Jeevamrut is a mixture of many different ingredients, including cow urine, manure, ghee and gud (jaggery). This unique plant supplement is used to nourish the crops with the extra nutrients they require, and it is completely natural. This brings us to another one of Kadam Dada's convictions - of not using chemical supplements for farming. He strongly opposes the use of pesticides on his crops and is working hard to find an organic alternative.

He is well respected in the surrounding farming community and attends various Indian farming forums, online and offline. He likes to share his experiences, knowledge, solutions and advice with other farmers around India. He is often invited to online agricultural webinars and also joined the discussion as a guest speaker at the All Indian Farmers Conference at Mysore and Nasik. However, his love for spreading awareness doesn't just stop at farming. He often talks to his community about the importance of various social and political issues such as voting and the abolition of child marriage.

Kadam Dada has a lot of things to do, and is a very busy man. However, the little time he gets at home, he uses it well. He helps his children with their education and spends time with his animals. He has two children - a daughter who is gearing up to be a chartered accountant and a son, who wants to follow in his father's footsteps, spending his days on the farm. Kadam Dada has many pets and animals on the farm such as dogs and cows, who he tends to lovingly.

Kadam Dada and his team are the ones behind some of the food on our plate. We must extend our most sincere and heartfelt gratitude to them. As for Kadam Dada himself, he is a true inspirational character to those around him. His influence radiates not only on the fields, but also in the other aspects of life for his village and community. We too, can be inspired by his simple and hardworking nature. As a community, we can strive to change the world around us positively, one step at a time.

Aarna G, Vihaan, Nitin, Disha
Class: 8B, 2023-24

VIJAY DADA: HEPHAESTUS OF SAHYADRI

“We The People” – Our 8th-grade play.

It went great not just because of the people who acted in it or directed it, but also because of the people who worked in the background. One of these many hardworking people was Vijay dada. He used his technical skills to put up a projector on the ceiling of the vast senior auditorium. This is his inspiring story which was sometimes like a rollercoaster ride. From plucking and stealing mangoes from a neighbor's orchard as a kid, he is now a grown man who can balance his life at home and work really well.

Enclosed by the green hills, in a quintessential Marathi village called Gundalwadi, Vijay dada lives in a cozy house filled with warmth and comfort of his loving family. However, Vijay dada's life has not always been comfortable and easy.



On the 7th of May, 1993, Vijay Shankar Dore was born to a caring family who supported his dreams. But unfortunately they did not have the resources to fund his education. They supported him in school until Grade 7, then his academic career collapsed when he had to undergo an unfortunate appendix surgery. His parents, still steadfast in their commitment to provide for his development, sent him for free residential school in Rajgurunagar for further education. Unfortunately, he failed his 10th grade math board exam and his dreams of becoming a banker came crashing down. This was the turning point of his life when his priorities became clear to him. He decided to take a job at the Sahyadri School, sharing "My motive to work here was to not end up like the farmers in my village, who in my opinion, spent every penny on alcohol."

His job requires him to have qualities of a problem solver and a skilled craftsman. His solution depends on the cost, complexity and human effort required. His work can range from assembling complex systems to replacing wires which have been worn out due to heat, water or other natural conditions.

Along with being a diligent worker at Sahyadri, Vijay Dada is also a loving father who will go to great extents to ensure the well being of his children. He shares a deep bond with his two children and is motivated to work hard because he does not want them to suffer the same problems he did as a child. He has dedicated his free time to helping his children in aspects such as education and pursuing their hobbies and interests.

He believes in helping others in his village by teaching a few interested people in his village about basic electronic maintenance which can fetch them a good salary, and is also a skill that is in demand in the modern world. He believes that the most important thing in life is to have fun and enjoy life to the fullest. To conclude, he is one of the many people who may not be well known to us but contribute significantly to the Sahyadrian community in their special way.

Punol, Aradhya, Mahi, Preksha
Class: 8B, 2023-24



ASHA DIDI'S CARING SMILE

As the rays of the early morning sun trickle into a fresh, sunny day, Asha Navnath Talpe, a tall woman with a calm demeanour and a patient smile starts her daily trek up the hill from Gundalwadi to the Sahyadri School, nestled on top of the Tiwai hill.



She was born on the 10th of July, 1987 in the simple and traditional village of Mohkal surrounded by the hills of the Western Ghats. She grew up in a close-knit family consisting of two older sisters and two younger brothers. Her father was a farmer and her mother was a housewife. Little Asha's time was split between school and her siblings. She studied until 8th grade but couldn't continue her education due to her family's financial constraints. Her big aspiration of becoming a police officer was shattered as she needed to stay home to help her family with chores at home and on the farm.

In 2004, at the age of 17, Asha got married to an acquaintance of her uncle named Navnath Talpe. The newly married couple shifted to her husband's childhood village, Sakhudi, and in no time she got adjusted to her married life with her loving in-laws and husband. After the birth of her first daughter Priyanka, she and her family were compelled to move from village to village in search of better education for her daughter. Over the course of the next four years, they had two more daughters - Pooja and Divya.

In 2014, she applied to Sahyadri after 10 years of laborious work in the farms, so that she can provide more for her daughters. At first, she was asked to work as a maid at teacher's houses and then was shifted to the guest house where she had to do night duties. She was then asked to work in the preschool and the phone booth, where she is currently working. She really enjoyed working with little children.

Even though life did not turn out as planned and her dreams remained unfulfilled, she always remained resilient and cheerful, focusing on the things which she can control. Today, her daughter Priyanka is a loving housewife, Pooja is a determined 12th grader aspiring to be a nurse, and Divya is a 10th grader following her mother's dreams of aspiring to become a police officer. She believes that no matter how old you may be, you can still learn new things, just the way she is now learning how to stitch and read English. For us, this is what makes her such a remarkable role model.

Shaurya, Varad, Ishita, Riyan, Naina
Class: 8B



BABITA DIDI: A BRIGHT LIGHT



On a foggy morning at tiwai Hill, stands the Sahyadri school. As you walk through the misty patha of Sahyadri you can hear the noisy children getting ready for classes. Within the clamouring of the students you can also hear a firm but kind voice reming the students "Bed banao, Baal banao". This voice could be of Babita Yadav's, as she constantly reminds us of the chores that we forget to do and keeps us on our toes.

On February 9th ,1992 in a small village in Bihar called Jaisinghpur, a family of farmers were blessed with a baby girl named Babita Yadav. Growing up in a supportive environment Babita made joyfull memories with her siblings and friends such as banterting with her siblings or playing games and sports with her friends. Being an average student, the studies of grades 11th and 12th were a struggle for Babita.

Grades 11th and 12th can be hectic, especially when you can't give your entire attention to it. Imagine having to do household chores and study for board exams at the same time. Wouldn't that be a challenge? Yet, determined Babita worked her way through it. Passing her board exams was the greatest feat Babita says she has achieved, but with it arose a question, would she go to college with the prospect of marriage on the horizon?

Being the only one girl taking the path to college that year, both literally and figuratively, Babita hoped going to college would help her pursue her dream of becoming a Hindi teacher. But a marriage proposal from Devidas dada came knocking at her door, and both she and her family agreed to it.

Devidas dada's new job required them to travel to Sahyadri School - a new place where she knew no one. Feeling homesick, scared and lonely, Babita did not leave the house for a month. Eventually, Babita learnt to open up to the people around her and got a job in the Medical Unit. Three years passed by, Babita had settled down and made a home for her family here in Sahyadri, but life had other plans for her.

On a gloomy morning, the air hung heavy when a pleasant morning turned distraught, as Babita rushed her husband to the hospital. Early that morning Devidas dada had fallen from his bed paralyzed due to a brain haemorrhage. Babita did not know about the workings of a hospital or how to help her husband. She felt lost and devastated. The whole time Babita kept telling herself that all would be fine and her husband will get better. In the end, she pushed through these rough times with the support of the people at Sahyadri, without whose help she would not have been able to navigate those rough seas. This incident taught her to be independent and made her the person she is today.

Babita Yadav is a person to whom most children look up to for comfort and advice. Currently, the only thing she wants is happiness for her children, and hopes that they don't go through the same struggles in life that she did. This is the story of how she stood fearlessly through the challenges that life hurled at her.

Zaara, Nehal, Aryaman, Jourden, and Shail
Class: 8A, 2023-24

AARTI DIDI: STEADY THROUGH STORMS



As the morning sun hits my face, I am awakened by the usual weekend announcement of “Dhobi-bundle banao” by Aarti didi forcing me to get up. As I stretch my arms and try to open my eyes (quite futilely), I ponder upon the fact that most of our lives we have lived like sleepwalkers not aware about the environment around us, the people working in the background day and night to make our school a better place. One of these people is Aarti Didi. She tirelessly reminds us of the chores we forget and makes our dorm life easier, with her positive attitude. So here is the story of this patient and caring lady who has touched so many of our lives, here at Sahyadri.

Aarti didi was born in the village of Jinar, and was brought up there along with her siblings. Unlike her peers, Aarti didi had the privilege of attending school and living the life her parents never experienced.

She was blessed with caring parents and siblings who taught her basic life skills that would help her in the future. Her daily routine thus consisted of going to school, helping her parents with chores and playing with her friends. She never shared any special memories with her parents but was grateful and in constant gratitude that her parents provided her with basics in life. Her simple and content life was rocked by her mother’s sudden surgery, forcing her to abruptly end her education to care of her family and run the household. After her mother’s successful surgery, she continued caring for her family till she got married at the early age of 18 in 1994. Marriage was a new experience for her, yet she faced everyday with a smile.

During the mundaneness of life, Aarti didi found art as a creative outlet, making paper crafts, weaving, etc. The more she explored her newfound passion, the more her hunger for learning grew. She had a sparkle in her eyes and excitement in her heart to chase something she enjoyed while her husband was away working. She spent her days making envelopes and experimenting with paper. She was encouraged to sell her crafts and was appreciated for her hard work. Even though she had the responsibility of household chores, she always made time to follow her passion. She soon gave birth to her son in 1999. She lived a relatively comfortable life providing for her family as a housewife until her husband tragically passed away in 2005.

She tried her best to strike a balance between managing her grief and coping with her new responsibilities. She was sad and heartbroken, but faced her new role as a breadwinner of the family with determination. She suppressed her emotions to put on a brave face for her son and his happiness. She gradually got accustomed to her new life and had the constant support from her parents and in-laws. Her in-laws were extremely supportive and got her a job in a company that made fan capacitors.

Although she did not have any prior work experience, she still excelled at her job. Her brother-in-law, a supportive figure in her life, lent a helping hand by setting her up for a better job opportunity, at the Sahyadri School. The job offered her an opportunity to care for young children as a matron in a residential school. Coming to Sahyadri was like a soothing salve to her aching heart. Children's laughter filled the void in her heart. She took great pleasure in discovering her place as a helper who took care of children living away from their parents.

She has been through a lot, but she still goes through challenges with her head held high. Her life shows us that the story of an ordinary person around us can be extraordinary, one that inspires us to persevere through tough times, to be courageous and to remain loving and caring even after battling storms and climbing over rugged obstacles of life.

Sara, Vivaan, Aarna S., Hridaan
Class: 8A, 2023-24



VITHAL DADA: MASTERCHEF SAHYADRI



As one inquisitively enters the dining hall of the Sahyadri School, an explosion of flavourful aromas fill the air. As we take a spoonful of the spicy, tangy and mouth watering biryani, the delicate and lazeez taste makes me want to devour the entire pot of biryani up. The culinary wizard behind the creation of five meals that 300 people at Sahyadri have each day is Vitthal Shantaram Kadam. He is the invisible force that churns out food preparations, day after day, that fills our stomachs. Yet, his story remains unknown to many of us.

Vitthal dada was born in Wada in the year 1978. When he was a youngster, his parents shifted to Bombay in search of work. In the cut-throat, bustling life of Bombay, they had to work very hard and face many hardships to find work, a place to live, and make the ends meet.

His mother started working as a domestic help in homes and his father found a job as a plumber. He also owned a road side paan stall. Vitthal dada's father worked in poor conditions and was an alcoholic. Dada's mother didn't want her son to live in an unhealthy environment, so when he was in grade five, his mother sent him to his mama's house, where he stayed for most of his childhood.

His life drastically changed after he started living with his mama. Being a very active child, he enjoyed going swimming and playing cricket. He also liked to cycle. Vitthal dada's mama is the one who made Vitthal dada the kind, hardworking, honest and humble person he is today. His mama taught him many important values of life that shaped his personality. His mama taught him to value education and hard work. Vitthal dada studied till grade 10, but due to shortage of money he couldn't continue his education. He found out about a school that was offering jobs. This school was the Sahyadri School. It's surprising that when Vitthal dada joined the school, he didn't know how to cook. He did other jobs like washing dishes in the dining hall. He learnt cooking by observing the chefs working at that time. Today he is the main chef at the school.

In 2002, when he was still working here, he got married to a young woman named Rupali. Three years later, when their son, Sunny, was just 6 months old, his wife went through a tragic incident. On the night of Navratri, when his wife was dancing, she felt a sudden pain in her neck and fainted. She was on bed-rest at home for a week, but each day her limbs got weaker. By the eighth day she was completely paralyzed head down and they had to rush her to the hospital. The doctors told Vitthal dada about her neck paralysis. The doctors had traced this condition back to a spinal injury that she had as a child. This caused a clot in her spine, which had been triggered after so many years because of vigorous dancing. He was told that they would have to perform a surgery, and the chances of survival were very low. Vitthal dada was at his wit's end. He didn't know what to do. Sunny was very young and he had to handle all of this by himself. The only thing he had was his faith in god. Rupali's brother helped in paying for the surgery, and the surgery took place. The surgery was done, and Rupali survived, but it was not completely successful as during the surgery the capillaries in her neck were displaced. Vitthal dada was devastated. His wife was in so much pain and he could do nothing about it, but there was still a spark of hope in him that his wife was alive and recovering. Everyday he to pray to god for her recovery and his prayers didn't go in vain! She recovered completely in a few years and now is in able to move around and perform simple tasks.

Today, Vitthal dada lives a very happy life with his wife and son in Wada. As the chef of Sahyadri School, when he enters the dining hall each day he says "The D.H is my temple, I might get tired or bored at home but I never get tired in the dining hall."

Aarya K., Minza, Sarthak, Ekaarth
Class: 8A, 2023-24



HARDIK: A STORY OF SELF DISCOVERY



As we entered our school for a new academic year, we were pleasantly surprised to find that our classrooms were renovated with a new floor made of beautiful Kota stone, and well-crafted wooden chairs and tables. There were many hard working hands that went into making that possible, but the story we want to tell is about Hardik Suthar.

As a child, Hardik never wanted to learn his family's ancestral craft of woodworking and never considered it a good enough respectable job. Only when he started depending on it for his livelihood, did he realise the importance of the craft tradition he had inherited. Hardik was born in the sandy, dry and arid region of Kutch, in a beautiful village called Manjal. He had a childhood filled with memories of playing cricket, spending long hours at his farm, swimming in ponds and enjoying fried street food, which he still enjoys greatly.

Being an inquisitive and bright student, Hardik managed to join 'Polytechnic Engineering College' in Bhuj where he got a diploma in mechanical engineering. After acquiring the diploma, Hardik became restless since he wanted to start earning for his family. Hardik dropped out of his further studies and started a business near Surat with his friend. Their business of home loans, hardware, carpentry and home designs started doing well enough for them to open a small mall near Surat. Sadly, luck was not on Hardik's side. His partner who was the financial backbone of the business passed away due to Covid-19 and what came next were the three most trying months of Hardik's life

The business he had built with his friend collapsed due to the lockdown, and demise of his friend. Hardik had to move back to Kutch. Even through these hard times, Hardik did not give up and continued to provide for his family by doing physical labour work in Bhuj. The heat of the scorching sun and the personal loss he was trying to come to terms with competed in equal force, making life impossible for Hardik. However, the only silver lining that kept him going during these times was his father's unrelenting support and advice.

The traditional craftsmanship or woodworking that he had inherited from his family came to his rescue. His uncle, Chandrakanth Bhai, introduced him to Hunarshala, an NGO that is dedicated to sustainable architecture and preservation of traditional building techniques. Only when he started working with this NGO did Hardik truly respect woodworking. During his journey with woodwork, Hardik had many injuries and incidents where he wanted to give up. There were even times when he was looked down upon for his choices. Hardik took it all with a simple smile. Deep down he knew that no kind of work was big or small. Now he lives with an optimistic attitude and a hope to be able to make the craft of woodwork more respectable.

Hardik knows the challenges that craftsmen and artisans face on a daily basis due to insufficiently equipped work spaces and societal biases. He wants to do his part in making their lives better by opening a private limited company that employs artisans from different parts of the country. Here they can get accustomed to the modern machines while working with dignity and respect.

Stories like Hardik's continue to inspire us to acknowledge the people working in the shadows for our benefit, that deserve our sincere appreciation, support and respect.

Raashee, Dhaivat, Yuana, Prithvee
Class: 8B, 2023-24



RUPALI DIDI: A LIFELONG LEARNER

“Wake up, wake up!” cut through the silent mornings of Sahyadri as the winter breeze passed by the hilltop. Rupali didi’s kind voice echoed through the walls of our dormitory as her hazel eyes swept their gaze over us. As she woke us up, she was filled with enthusiasm and a focused mindset towards the upcoming tasks of the day.

As the sun peeped over the horizon, the flowers on the farms of Kadadhe blossomed. In the distance, a cheerful laughter of Rupali Gundal rose over the sweet chirping of the birds. After a full day of work, a temptation for something sweet arose in her which was fulfilled by her mother cooking ‘puran poli’ with all her love and lots of ghee. As much as she yearned to eat her ‘puran poli’, she also had an urge of not keeping her book down which she was engrossed into.

Her education and learning had stopped abruptly at the age of 15 when she was in grade 10 because her parents were not financially stable enough to support her studies. For one year she worked under the heat of the scorching sun in the farms that were owned by her family. Her determined and hardworking nature led her to continue her studies directly from grade 12. Seeing the ambition in Rupali, her brother filled the form for her college. During her first year of college, she got married and this was a new phase of her life. She continued studying with enthusiasm and determination, earning her the degree of B.A.. Utilizing her gap year, she studied hard with dedication to prepare for the B.Ed. This perseverance led her to passing and finally achieving the degree of B.Ed. As storms don't last forever, her brother filled the form accepted by Sahyadri for her job as a “dorm didi”.

Now as a “dorm matron”, she wholeheartedly helps us in our day to day lives with a lot of love, care, friendliness and kindness. She is teaching herself English to communicate better with the Junior School as she aspires to teach Marathi in Sahyadri someday. To improve her English, she has been reading short stories by Sudha Murthi and it has been useful to her.

There have been wonderful moments where we have seen her love and care towards us. One of our favorite memories is when Rupali didi had planned to keep her birthday a secret but this clearly didn’t go as planned. Our dorm parent leaked this classified information to us and in an hour, we were all set for a full-fledged party. We celebrated throughout dinner until it was time to sleep. We will continue to cherish these memories throughout our life.

Shachi, Atharv, Neil, Krithi
Class: 8B, 2023-24



SUREKHA DIDI: A CARING HEART



The rhythmic pitter-patter of the rain, the soft sway of the trees, and the persistent cawing of the crows can be heard outside my eighth-grade classroom window. This memory brings me back to Vishakha, the hostel where my friends and I lived in fourth grade when we would return to our hostel after playing a delightful game of football in the pouring rain. We would be all covered in mud, and Surekha didi would be waiting by the courtyard tap to wash us off, gazing back at us with her empathetic eyes.

Sometimes maternal, sometimes strict, 36-year-old Surekha Ghadge is a dedicated matron at the Sahyadri school. She is one of the most loving and compassionate people you will ever meet. Surekha Didi was born in Peth, Maharashtra, and spent her early years surrounded by the love of her family.

Her mother was a housewife, while her father spent years working as a driver in Mumbai. She had four sisters and is the second oldest of the sisters. After a while, her family made the decision to move to Gundalwadi. Didi helped her mother clean the house, wash dishes, and take care of the home and yard.

When she was young, learning to ride a bicycle was one of the obstacles she encountered. Didi would attempt to ride her bike but would always crash. She became very discouraged by this experience and stopped cycling. However, she returned to cycling after constant prodding from her father and cousin.

Surekha Didi was fortunate enough to have the opportunity to attend her local school till grade 12. She was not able to continue her schooling. She married Bhau Ghadge, who is currently in charge of the I.T. department at Sahyadri, when she was twenty years old. They have a son who is in fourth grade and a daughter who is in grade nine at Sahyadri School.

After marriage, Surekha Didi discovered that she enjoyed caring for people, especially children. She came to the realization that taking care of and nurturing was a task she really enjoyed doing. She was able to pursue her aspirations here at Sahyadri, when in 2006 she began by taking care of junior students. She balanced this work with taking care of her own kids. One day, her son Om, was racing through one of the boy's dorms when he tripped and fell from a six-foot high corridor, onto the courtyard below. Without stopping to think, didi hurled herself under her son saving him.

I believe that Surekha didi has one of those personalities where, upon first glance, you find her quiet and reserved, but as you come to know her more, you begin to see that there is much to learn from her. She is patient, dedicated, understanding, organized, very particular and punctual. She works silently, and is always ready to help, listen and comfort others. This is what I find remarkable about Didi, and I believe that if we learnt a few things from her, it would make the atmosphere of our school truly something to marvel.

Ruhi, Kaeya, Reyansh, Om
Class: 8A, 2023-24



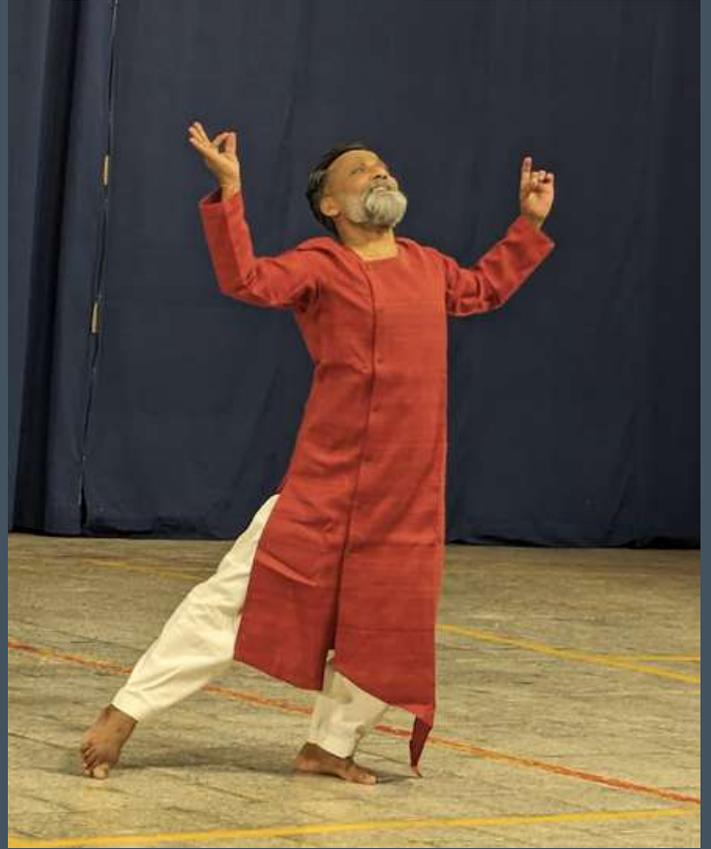
HIGHLIGHTS OF THE YEAR



VISITING ARTISTS



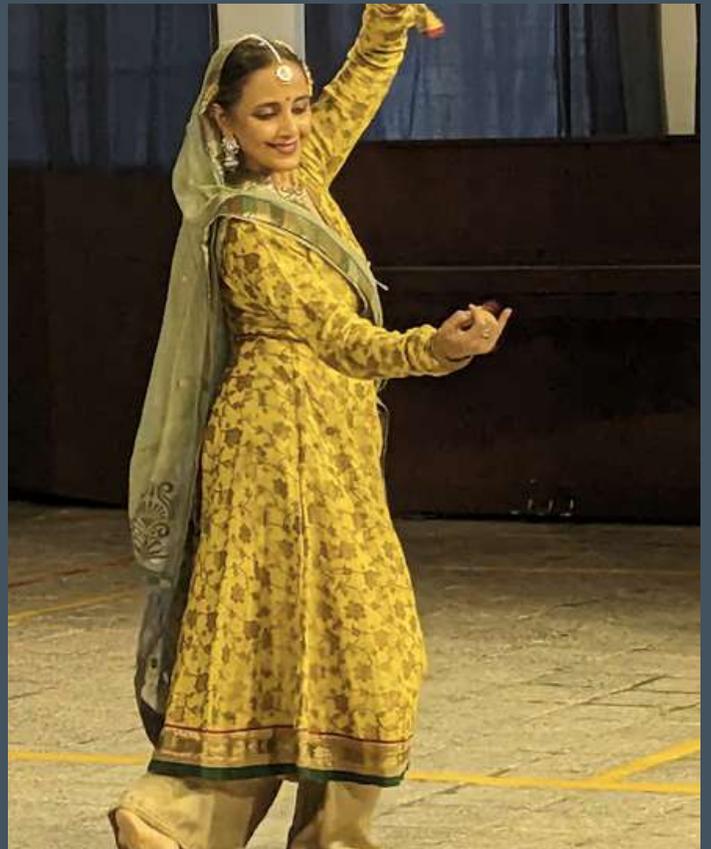
Rishiraj Kulkarni, ex-student and musician



Pappan Dance Company, Kalaripayattu and physical theatre



Vipul Rikhi, writer and musician



Pallavi Raisurana, Kathak artist

STUDENT PERFORMANCES



STUDENT PERFORMANCES



FAREWELL



SPEECHES

Anushka Khandelwal (Grade 10)

When everyone said Sahyadri is the best, I was willing to argue with every inch of energy inside me about why we should consider school a golden cage and how we ought to receive reinforcements to study. I went on and on about how I wanted to go outside and have this place behind me. It took me seven years, millions of assignments, hours of doing nothing, hundreds of friends, tons of chit-chats, wasted preps, amazing teachers, singing assemblies and peels of giggles to realise that I completely agree. Sahyadri is the best. How lucky I am to have something that makes saying goodbye so hard. Sahyadri has seen me growing and shaped me into the person I am today.

The last few months of school are insane, countless emotions are swirling around that one can not tell the difference between excitement, nerves or grief. Nobody wants to admit it but the truth is each one of us is swimming in our emotions. We're all escaping our small town and peers that we've "hated" for all these years but now we are realizing that a family is formed after these long seven years of school. Scrambling to make amends, reconnect and make new connections. It's all we know. It's all we've ever known. Now we're expected to create a whole new life for ourselves for the first time, which is exciting but scary. We're clutching on to the endless laughter with old friends, the late night talks, dinner dates with the girls and every last moment that's familiar. These bonds that I've made here have become an integral part of who I am.

In three short months we're expected to look back and say this is the past...The past. Hold on until the very last second of this. Do adventurous things and have no regrets later. Make mistakes. Live on.

It's as if we blinked and this year was over. How I began to take every second for granted by telling myself that there is still a lot of time left but nothing lasts forever and my time here is certainly coming to an end. I don't want to leave just yet. This bubble that I am in is going to burst open soon and now matter how exciting the outside world sounds, Sahyadri is always going to be home.

I would like to sincerely thank everyone here who has been an important part of my Sahyadri life,

Grade 10

Batch of 2024



SPEECHES

Kimaya Singh (Grade 12)



I could start this speech the way I've seen so many people do over the years, say that I had never dreamed I would be standing on this stage, fourth grade was just yesterday, it was only a few days ago we were all children. But that would be a lie.

I've been thinking quite a lot about what I'd say when I finally got here. I could tell you about my memories - that time in fourth grade we got lost downhill at night, and we sat throwing sticks into a stranger's bonfire, the sparks flying up into the sky to do little dances with the stars. The endless hours I've spent in the library, or watching the lights on the other side of the river, or laughing in thunderstorms. I could go on about my friends, each one crazier than the next, and all the stupid things we did.

Let me tell you, you will not find such mad people anywhere else in the world as you will in Sahyadri. I once met a person who spent one hour of her time ransacking the library for a book that had been in her hand all along, another who thought he could obtain grey watercolor by mixing pink and yellow, one who could pick locks with hairpins, and another who liked to paint on the walls of his dorm's common room with his nose.

And that brings to mind the thoughts of my teachers - Anjali Akka laughing and running on the Naval Road with all her might, smelling of aakashneem flowers, the sky like muted gold above her, Mira Akka's relentless sarcasm, Salim Sir saying 'Looking at a piece of art is like having a conversation', Amresh Sir's baritone voice in the dark, reading *To Kill a Mockingbird* by torchlight, and the haunting, beautiful sound of Girish Sir's sitar.

If stars could make sounds, they would sound like Girish Sir's sitar. There is no end to the stories I can tell. That's one of the advantages of being the 'rotten oldie'. I can remember all these things.

But sometimes, it gets lonely. In singing assembly, I'll laugh at a joke no one understands because everyone who understands it has left. Every day, I walk past my best friend's house, and I look away, because she's gone now. For seven years, I spent every evening there and now all the places we played are covered with cement, and I have to close my ears against the windy silence that is no longer filled with her voice.

And this place was not always kind. I have lost nearly as much as I have gained here. Sahyadri gave me all my dreams, but it gave me all my nightmares too. There were times when I wondered, 'Where did it all go? What happened to all your pretty words about sensitivity when it mattered? Where is this sensitivity now?'

In its own way, Sahyadri taught me the ways of the world, in all its beauties and cruelties. It taught me to be kind, but also to be firm. I have done many things wrong in my time here, but there is still very little I would change.

Yes, the loneliness will not leave. It kills me sometimes, that some of us are here, and some of us are not, that all of us went our separate ways but I am still here, that everything has changed and nothing will ever be the same. I like to think that I have made the most of my time here, and I hope you will too, and one thing that I do keep learning, over and over again, is to value what I still have. I took my friends for granted. I did not know how tenth standard would end. I took Python Hill and astaachal for granted.

I was so surrounded by old ghosts that sometimes I could not breathe. Many things I loved are no longer here, but so much still is. I will love my book club and my dorm and all my mad classmates, the topmost stair of the library balcony just before the roof, the cosmos flowers that shoot up through the pavement, and every last DH meal until I have to lose them too, and I say goodbye to them, like Shirali Sir said, 'with dignity.' And who knows? Soon I will be just a memory too, like all these stories, reduced to nothing but an old name in a library card. Aren't we all just stories in the end, scattered by wind and time? What matters is that we made our story the best possible one we could, we had the time of our lives, we made each moment count.

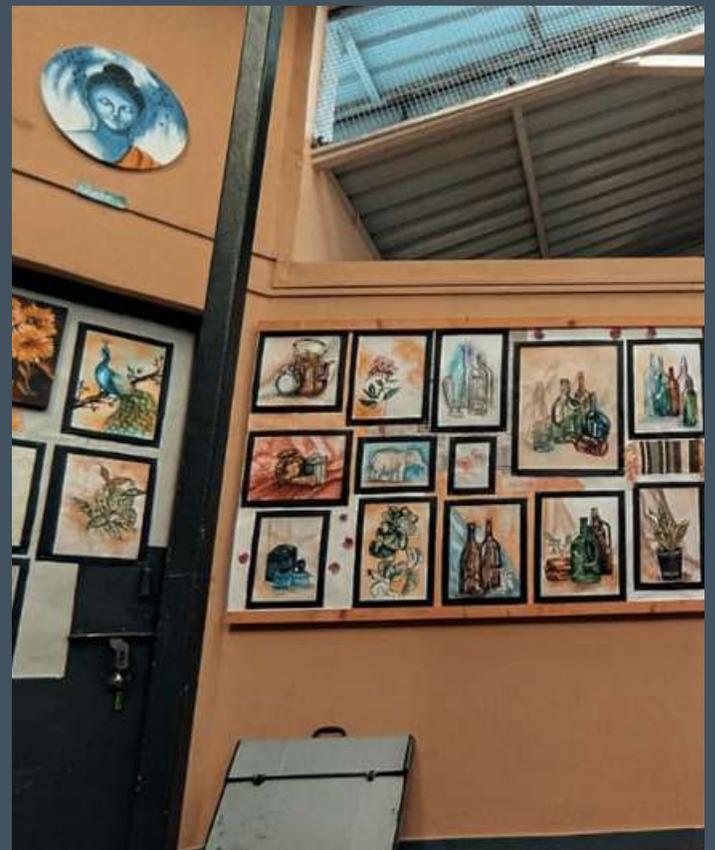
We will all go our separate ways now, and to those who are here, and to those who are not, I hope our paths cross again, and I wish you the best of luck. I'd like to end with a quote from Winnie the Pooh. 'But wherever they go, and whatever happens to them along the way, in that enchanted place on top of the hill, a little boy and his bear will always be playing.'

Thank you.

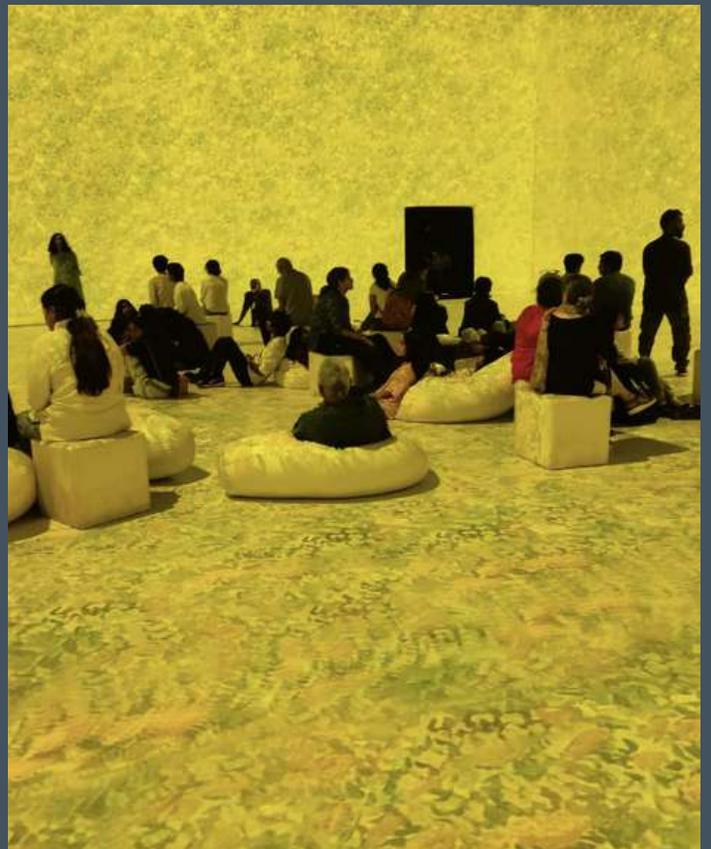
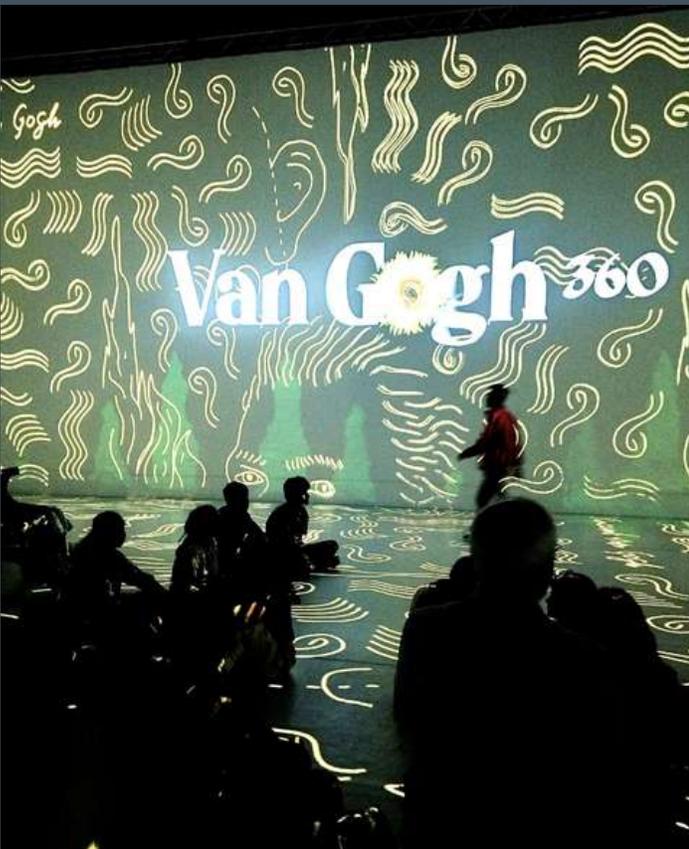
Grade 12
Batch of 2024



ART EXHIBITION



ART TRIP



ESD PROJECTS



SCIENCE FAIR



CHRISTMAS



RURAL OUTREACH & FARM



CAMPUS CLEANING



POST-DINNER POETRY

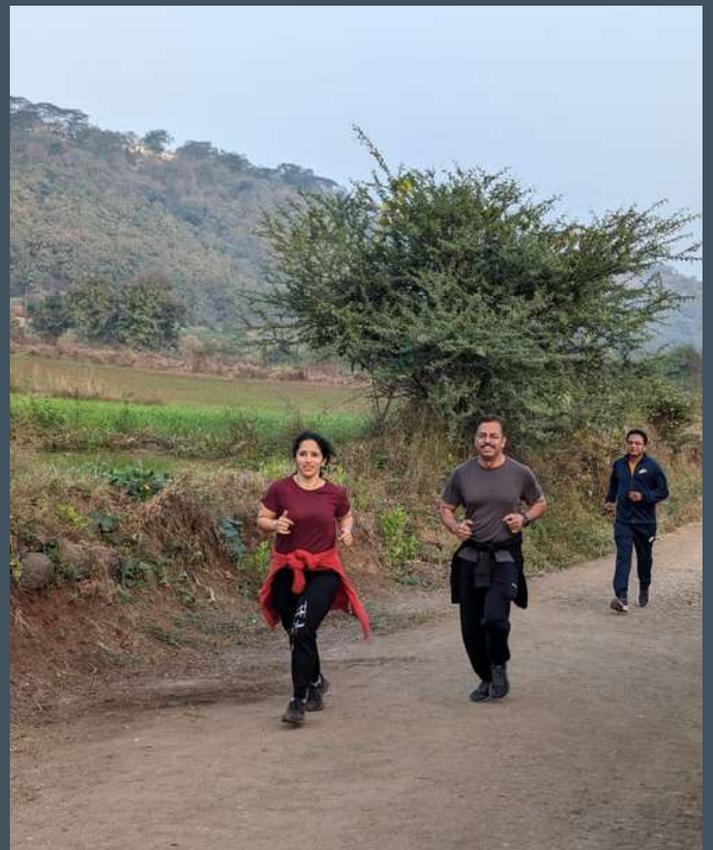
Poetry has always been a fundamental form of human expression, ingrained in our cultural heritage since ancient times. Sahyadri, a place where art is deeply woven into the fabric of education, provides an ideal setting for initiatives like Post Dinner Poetry. Listening to new voices each week, pouring out their emotions through verse, has been a profoundly rewarding experience for both the presenters and the audience alike. It has also allowed us to connect with a diverse array of poets, from romantic figures like Keats and Shelley to more revolutionary voices like Pash.

As we look forward to the second season starting in June, we aim to enhance the experience further by introducing new dimensions. Post Dinner Poetry has already expanded beyond the confines of a single language, embracing diverse languages such as Hindi and Urdu. In the future, we aim to further broaden its inclusivity by adding more languages into the mix. We also plan to diversify the selection of poetry to represent different voices, making it more inclusive and engaging. Additionally, we hope to continue welcoming fresh faces in each subsequent session.

- **Abhishek Sir**



CROSS-COUNTRY

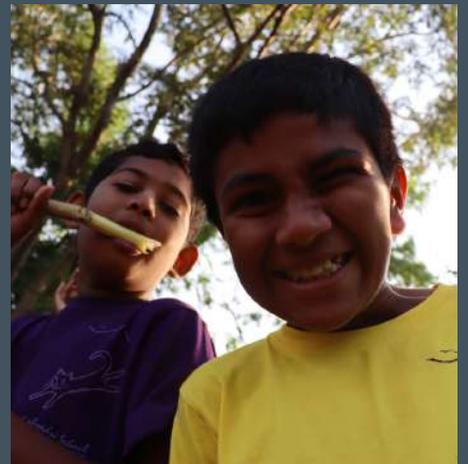


SPORTS FEST



SPORTS FEST





Grade 12 Yearbook



Pratyush Agrawal
"Teaching is the biggest
form of Donation."



Mahati Kalidindi
"I have a free class"



Tanisha Magdum
"When the wind starts
talking to you, everything
will be fine."



Akriti Pandav

“My Personality makes up for my height”



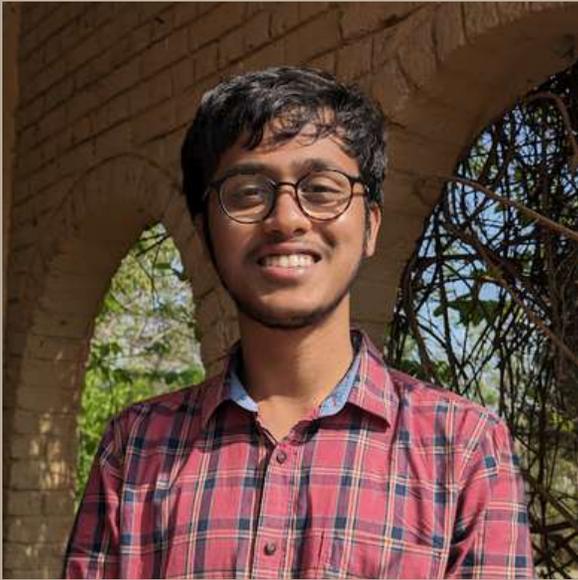
Ved Joshi

“My Personality makes up for my height”



Kimaya Singh

“I have loved the stars too fiercely to be fearful of the night.”



Akshay Vemulapalli

“Kumbasthalanni
Baddalakodadam.”



Naren Potla

“I think the middle is the
best place to be.”



Vikram Karthi

“The school is mine.”



Kodeboyena Srishti

“Sahyadri mountains look better from the roof, but I wouldn’t know!”



Aashvi Agarwal

“Either you live a life of love and die in pain, or you live a life of pain and die in love.”



Anshuman Das

“We aren’t made up of particles, but of ripples that connect us to the universe. Let’s create happy ripples.”



Arnav Kuppachi

“No. 1 Worldstar!”



Kalandika Singh Bhati

“Life is really simple, but we insist on making it complicated.”



Bhavya Pandey

“Soyachunks meri jaan.”



Anika Varughese

“Sahyadri means a lot of different things to everyone. For some it’s home, for some it’s an experience and for some it’s a lesson.”



Krishna Abrol

“Delhi boy turned Sahyadrian”

SOCIETY IS AN ABSTRACTION

Society is an abstraction.

Abstraction is not a reality.

What is reality is relationship.

The relationship between
human beings has created
what we call society.

Krishnamurti in Bombay 1981

