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AVIATURE 2022

The Literary Journal





"I will tell the stars about you.

They will tremble

when they hear

of how bright you shine."

Inspira

The English Literary Journal



Editor's Note

We're intrigued by the question of where creativity comes from. We do believe that one creative act or work has a tendency to inspire others. When looking at the relevance and importance of literature, creativity is the first thing that comes to mind. Creativity plays an important role in our lives when it comes to connecting and expressing our unique ideas with others. Hence, we bring to you our next edition of Literary Journal which includes some of the best creative pieces of poetry and prose.

This publication wouldn't have been possible without the support of my peers who have joined me as editors. I am buoyed by their enthusiasm, their expertise, and their enthusiasm to read drafts of this journal. I am also indebtedly thankful to my teachers who kept me on my toes during this publication, and helped with everything from editing to designing. Peruse this issue and you will probably become interested in something you had never thought about before. Read cover to cover and you will certainly enjoy something that inspires or provokes you. It really needs no introduction, but it does need engaged readers through which to come alive and hopefully when you're reading, you'll forget all about me and this note, which means I've done my job.

Happy and Fruitful reading!

*Barsha Goel
Editor-in-Chief*



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THE RELICS OF JING

Her name was Jing. Her hair often looked like it had the prowess to swallow her whole, and her eyes shone so bright that the stars would feel as though they had competition. One April day, she decided to clean her room and the relics she found transported her to a world she was not sure she wanted to go to. She flipped through all her colouring books and concluded, "I am still a child."

She is cleaning out 'teen' magazines that have aged like milk with all the women tall and white and chiselled. She remembers looking at her thighs in the mirror for hours on end, believing that if she just tried hard enough she could look just like them. "I was eight years old," she recounted.

Jing found a photo from that one Sunday at her friend's. They loved going to the roof and pretending that they were on top of the world. They might as well have been, it sure felt like it. She strokes her friend's face in the photo and remembers how her mother fed her lunch and Jing walked home after saying her polite thank-yous, promising them she would call when she got home safe.

On the way back, Jing heard calls. Jing heard hoots. Jing heard shouts. Two men told her all the things they would like to do to her. She did not know them. She did not like how she felt. She didn't know how to feel, she didn't know what to say. Jing was afraid because she felt wrong and she didn't know why. But she got home safe and she forgot to call. Did she get home safe? She strokes her own face in the photo and recounts, "I was twelve years old."

The heat is getting to her. It is only April and the sweat causes her feral hair to cling to her skin. She heaves a sigh and tucks away the photos, organizing all the magazines. She could not throw them away. These were relics of pain. Broken relics that would sell at auctions—not because they were valuable, but because they were intriguing. They were the kind of relics one could make fun of and get away with it. But they were hers. Memories she would rather bury clogged the air with their collective dust, both on her fingers and in the recesses of her mind. These were the relics of Jing, to the rest of the world, worthless, but to her, a world so beautiful it hurt to visit often.

- By Hiyaneijemmy Das
Class XII

ALL OF IT AGAIN

March 3, 2022
Thursday,
Time: 8:00 P.M.

Dear Diary,

My childhood memory is still vivid. Sometimes I just sit in my room reminiscing about my childhood days, thinking how pleasant and stress-free those days were; we did not know what stress was).

We did not have to study, do chores, run errands and could just happily chit chat and watch television with the family without any pressure of having to do our assignments. Well, maybe I am just having a bad day today, everything is just overwhelming and these moments are coming back to me like a movie.

I still remember how my father and mother used to tuck me into bed after reading me a bedtime story, but sometimes my father would just send my mother away and let me watch some movies or cartoons! Well, I watched Frozen many times because of that. P.S. Elsa is my favourite Disney character, Ha! Ha! I remember those days when I would just run to my parents' room and ask to sleep with them because the other day my mother had told me that monsters under my bed would come and take me if I did not eat my vegetables and drink my milk; well they would let me sleep with them because my father would jokingly scold my mother telling it was her joke that made me scared and I had my rights to sleep the night there! There would be times when our whole family would dance together, my father would carry me and sway me around until I fell asleep. Now that I think of it, it was just a way to make me fall asleep and have a peaceful sleep. (if only, only I would have a chance to do it again).

My first day of school... was not very memorable but it was okay, everything is a memory. I remember being all excited to go to school but after they dropped me at preschool. Oh God! It was like hell for me. I didn't like the fact that I had to study and could not watch Jake and the Neverland pirates or Doc McStuffins whenever I wanted to. To be honest, I was not very social. I was very shy and scared to communicate with other people; so it was quite hard for me to settle in. My father would take me to amusement and water parks and make me ride the roller coaster, even though he was scared, because ultimately he was doing it for my sake. Then came the first day of middle school, I was honestly very scared because I heard it was very hard but it wasn't really bad. At least I passed middle school without having an F on my report card - thanks to my mom's inspirational speeches at our dining table during meal times. High school was not as bad as I had expected; I made really good friends and met some amazing people who I think I consider my lifelong friends. I remember my mother telling me how important friends are in life, but there can be some people out there who can leave you in your difficult times. We do not need imposters in our lives.

There were many bad days just like today but back then, I had people around me to console me and make me happy. I wonder how everyone is doing now? Are they happy? Are they sad? I don't really know, but I hope everyone is having their greatest time and I hope they have an amazing life without having any regrets. I really wanted to attend my high school graduation along with my friends and family and have a dance with them. I do not know if it will be possible now. To be honest, I would love to replay all my memories and go back to those days. And if someone would ask me to play a song to describe my life, "I would play a song which would never end."

Yours lovingly,
Uno

-By Kankana Saikia
Class IX

A Better Future : Free of Stereotypes

We do not need someone to tell us who we are or what we can do. I mean, what is better than being independent human beings who can both learn and earn for ourselves. The world is in need of people like you and me who believe in themselves and do not give up easily.

If equality is in demand it must be for everyone because everyone has the right to express themselves, to speak what's on their mind and to come out freely. We will be creating a world where everyone's opinion is heard and every decision is respected. The making of this new world needs a new you with new ideas and new beliefs. This new world of ours should be free of silly stereotypes like boys wear blue and girls, pink.

Speaking of stereotypes, it is the one thing that is actually stopping us from progressing in the right direction. What does 'stereotype' mean? I would say it is a fixed and oversimplified image of a particular thing. Just like how we simply often assume that all teenagers are rebels.

Stereotypes on the whole are mostly wrong, unfounded in bad assumptions, and create unnecessary misconceptions that are also hurtful. This makes an absorbing case for why we must open our minds and oppose such stereotypes.

It is causing a big problem in our modern society as it labels how a person should act or live according to their gender, race, personality and other factors. This could affect individuals who perhaps like different things or do different activities but feel ashamed of doing so because of these menaces of society. To make this world a better place for everyone, we first need to understand and then start changing our perceptions.

Humanity has fallen to a level that a morally wrong culture is alarmingly normalized. It is now time for us and our generation to learn from our findings and unlearn the things we saw in the past. Everyday is an opportunity to learn something new. So, what did you learn today?

- By Mahiya Khemani
Class X



THE DAY I MET THE CRANES

Once upon a time, there was a magical plant which could heal all diseases and make a sick person healthy again. I was always fascinated to find that plant but I never knew where and how to find it.

One day, my grandfather got very sick and all the doctors said that he wouldn't survive..I was devastated. But then the thought of the magical plant came to my mind and I decided that I would find that plant no matter what. So I went searching for the special plant. I continued looking for it but I hadn't had any luck yet. After some time, I heard some voices coming from a distance. I looked around and saw something unusual under a tall tree far away. I moved nearer to the tree to get a closer look at it.

When I moved close enough, I saw cranes! I started running immediately. When I thought I got rid of them, I stopped. But just then the cranes flew down and landed right in front of me. I was terrified and without taking another chance, I started running again. I stopped when I finally saw...the plant and so did the cranes. Now the cranes and I were facing each other. "Let us see how capable you are, little girl," said the cranes. We glared at each other. In the next three seconds we all ran towards the special plant. Before the cranes could even touch it, I caught hold of the plant and ran away in the opposite direction covering my head thinking they would attack me.

"That is how capable I am!" I said to myself. After going home I gave the plant to my grandfather but I kept everything I went through, a secret...forever! My grandfather got better and I was pleased with myself for not giving up and being so brave and most importantly saving my grandfather's life.

-By Inaya Bora
Class VI



My Life Line: Friends

What man does not have ups and downs in his life? While some people feel that their life is imbalanced, mine feels like it stays balanced on a beam-balance because the number of times I have had my downs, the ups were always waiting next in line! The reason why my ups were always so special has its own sanity. The cause is simple, yet special. It is 'FRIENDSHIP'!

My ups and downs have always shared one thing in common, the presence of my friends. They feel sad but give me courage when I am discouraged and are always there as supporters of my achievements. I would regret not showing them gratitude for their loyalty which they deserve. My mistakes turn into achievements because I have always had friends as pillars to support me. Weirdly, it feels worse when I feel like my friends do not want me rather than not getting selected for an inter-house event or when they stop talking to me suddenly out of the blue. The distance gets bigger, I feel sadder but I realise that I have always misunderstood the situation as at the end of the day, they always want me around for the smallest of things or want to tell me all about that later. These things might be insignificant but the moments are not.

Growing apart from them feels like a nightmare every day because every moment spent with them is never wasteful. Instead, it turns into a cherishable memory. Be it sharing a small candy or a box of pizza together, having late night conversations every single day yet the happiness is the same because, it is them- the same old people who you can never get bored with!

They are there for me when I need and always will be and quite honestly, that is enough.

*-By Urvee Rathi
Class IX*



Body Positivity

Dear Body,

You were never a problem. there is nothing wrong with you, please do not feel insecure about yourself, you are good enough already.

Love,
Me

Body positivity, broadly, is about loving yourself and others regardless of physical appearance. It is about encouraging self-positivity, acceptance and health. It is taking the focus away from looks and identifying people by their strengths and non-physical characteristics.

Personally, I feel that body positivity is not just about challenging how society views people based upon their physical size and shape, however, It also recognises that judgments are often made based on race, gender, sexuality, and disability.

I agree with the fact that there will always be a scope for improvement in everything in life. Just like that, we can make ourselves fitter but definitely not by hating ourselves!

Remind yourself that the world we see online, on television or magazines are represented through many filters and are not real, do not set unrealistic goals to have a body like somebody else. All of us are imperfectly beautiful.

Another important thing in the context of body positivity is that boys should not be excluded from the body positivity conversation because it affects all, starting at a young age. Encouraging acceptance of self and others, regardless of body shape and size, helps decrease bullying and judgment among us. It will help protect against a negative self-image and unhealthy attempts at changing body shape and weight. There is nothing more beautiful than imperfection.

Train yourself both mentally and physically. Unleash your light, unveil your power, you are not just a 'pretty little thing', you are so much more than that. Believe it.

- By Ojasvi Agarwal
Class XI

IT IS ALRIGHT TO BE AFRAID

Whenever we expose our vulnerabilities to someone by sharing our fears, the common responses are, “Be brave and courageous” or “You should be fearless”. However, they don’t tell us HOW we become fearless. How do we overcome our weaknesses? How do we defeat our fears? If you would seek my perspectives on such questions, I would say that we have to face our fear. Everyone is afraid of various things, tangible or intangible, at different points in their lives. In order to overcome what you dread, you have to gather yourself and face it no matter how harsh it may seem. In an analogical explanation, you need to be present at the obstacle course before completing the hurdle race, just like how you need to face your fear before overcoming it. You can choose to live with horror and trepidation, but you can also choose to be brave and overpower the terror.

Fear is widespread among humankind, but is fear a flaw? Like all things, fear also has its pros and cons. Fear helps you understand yourself better. It helps you identify your weaknesses and creates self-awareness. It also helps in protecting yourself because it is human nature to set up a self-defense barrier against whatever frightens you. The negative side of fear is when it holds you back from doing something positive. We have to push our fears to achieve greater possibilities. At the end of fear lies success. If we want to achieve victory, we have to cross the threshold of our fears. It surely can be really hard to conquer our fears if we do not know how to overcome them, but with time and effort, it will eventually happen. Consistency is the key. You have to trust the process.

Disrupting fear is a lengthy task, but you have to start somewhere to get over it. In this case, you may have a plethora of questions running in your mind, like where should you start? Well, if you are afraid, the first thing to do is to confront it. Facing your fears is the best way to overpower them. You should always try to do things that you are terrified of. For example, if you have the fear of public speaking, you should try to speak more in front of people until you finally conquer your fears.

You can start by socialising with your peers, and someday, you will be proud of how far you’ve come, a million emotions running through your veins as you deliver a speech on stage in front of a bunch of strangers. It doesn’t matter if you stutter or stumble, the road to bravery is rough; your role is to not let others belittle your self-worth and keep trying.

As long as you are better than what you were yesterday, you are not doing anything wrong. In this journey of overcoming your fears, always keep in mind, “It is alright to be afraid”. It makes you human.

- By Anavi Ghosh
Class VI



The Sky



Clicking pictures of the beautiful sky brings me serenity. Just by seeing the different sky colours of the sky and the different shapes of the clouds that change everyday leaves me intrigued. How can something be so pretty? I usually wonder how the sky, which is literally gorgeous, can be seen for free?

The sky is something which anyone can enjoy, it doesn't matter if you are poor or rich. I click photographs of the sky so that I can see them when I want to and know how they have looked before. I do not just enjoy looking at the sky when it is pink or any other colour, I enjoy watching it even when it's just a plain blue colour with no variation.

I enjoy the beauty of the sky, like how a human can be pretty on the inside. Every time I look up I am compelled to exclaim as if I am put under a spell, "The sky is so pretty!" Sometimes my friends mock me for being so obsessed, yet I really do not mind because that is who I am. A simple girl who loves the sky!

*- By Shambhavi Jindal
Class IX*

ART and Me

Art is a piece of creation. It calms our minds.

It is my hobby because we can make anything we want to. I like art and drawing because it kills my boredom. Whenever I get bored, I imagine things and draw them out, be it anything. Drawing keeps me happy and pacifies my mood. It has no bounds to it; one can draw whatever they want to wherever and whenever. I started drawing when I was in fifth grade. I am still trying to learn it and I love to do so. Anyone can learn art regardless of their age.

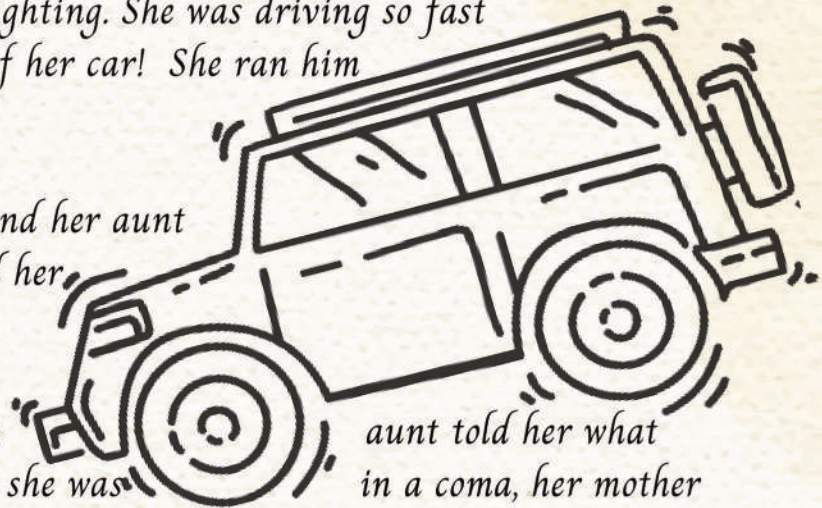
It is one of the best things ever to make one happy.

*- By Pezawi Rio
Class VI*

The Woman Who Lost Purpose

Natasha, a woman in her early twenties, had a very normal and happy life. She lived with her mother who was a very cheerful and hardworking woman. They were content with each other. Her mother owned a small restaurant near their house which sufficed them for their daily essentials. On Christmas Eve, Natasha had planned the evening out with her only best friend, Anne. They had been friends since they were twelve. They got into the car and decided to go to a nice café nearby. Natasha however, for some reason had an uneasy feeling about the entire idea. Since Anne was driving and she had a history of impaired driving, Natasha asked Anne if she could drive, but Anne found that offensive and started fighting. She was driving so fast that she failed to see the man in front of her car! She ran him over and swerved into a pole.

Natasha woke up in the hospital and found her aunt crying in the chair beside her. She asked her what date it was. She said that it was Christmas eve, but Natasha said that Christmas was yesterday. After that the aunt told her what had happened in the twelve months that she was in a coma, her mother had passed away because she had sold her shop and the house and was overworking to pay her hospital bills and compensate for the victim's family.



Just then the detectives came in, charging her for killing that man. They told her that she was driving and that she killed him when what happened was that she was unconscious and that her so-called best friend was wide awake and had put her in the driver's seat and smudged her blood on the airbag. She pleaded to the police officers that it wasn't her who was driving. But a person can only plead so much. The next morning, they found Natasha's body in front of the hospital; she had jumped off the top of the building.

- By Vania Singh
Class IX

BOARD RESULTS?!

The release of the board examination results is an Indian ritual. Every summer, CBSE, ISC and a plethora of state boards successfully paralyse households nationwide in anticipation of these hallowed numbers. Teacher, student and parent become one in the waiting. Neighbours, family friends and relatives follow closely in tow, ready to spring into inquiry at the slightest hint of new information regarding the results. As an event, the release of these results is paradoxical: For all the sensationalism, it is perhaps one of the most plebeian events to take place on the annual calendar — after all, each one of us must experience it!

The common narrative holds that you get a 'good score', which gets you a 'good college', which, in turn, brings distinguished professors, intelligent peers and a world of opportunity — essential stepping stones towards the fulfillment of, it would seem, any conceivable dream. Conventional ladders of success — corporate jobs, research, engineering, finance, law, civil services — are imagined to be unscalable without a glowing Class 12 score to propel one upwards.

Several popular examples are circulated annually to bolster the credence of this tale. Want to be an actor? Enroll for a degree in Economics from Delhi University, that is what Shah Rukh Khan — the 'King of Bollywood' himself — did. Want to go into comedy? Biswa Kalyan Rath, the national 'mast aadmi', was an IITian before he was a comedian. Want to write books? Even Upamanyu Chatterjee slogged through the system all the way down to clearing the UPSC before letting his trenchant tongue loose in literature.

This is just the story every student likes to believe shall be his or hers, when the time comes. A belief bolstered by the farcical ease with which thousands score over ninety-five per cent in these examinations, every single year.

With college cut-offs dancing dangerously close to a hundred percent, one would think perfection is merely

the norm for high school academics in India. What needs to be understood here is that perfection is a myth and trying to mold every child, in the same manner, would not do any good to society regardless of the perfect score. But then again, perfection, in any context is such a coveted ideal because it is so elevated above what's normal. Translating this in terms of board results, it means that there are lacs — 10,88,800 students, to be exact — who performed below this quasi-norm. Does the story end here for all those who failed to live up to society's expectations? Or is there, perhaps, more to the spirit of human endeavour than validation in the system's eyes as one comes of age?

Remember the hundreds of videos, articles, online statuses and conversations which have told you that you are not defined by the two digits the board has to present you with your efforts (or lack thereof) — because they're all correct. School is over and your life has finally begun. Biographies of eminent individuals rarely delve deep into the high school years of any of them, because kids are invariably idiots and that's normal.

Not having a perfect score that looks shiny isn't the end of the world. Life still goes on and new challenges await. Success means to be the best version of yourself. This is something no textbook in the world can teach you. So, get out there, live, fall down seven times, rise up eight, and follow your passion. Create what you desire and have no regrets. There are endless possibilities of what the world could offer you and yet another million of what you can offer to the world. And the perfect and imperfect score isn't one of those.

This is the world we live in, where they tell you, this country is your oyster: Believe that you can live your dreams and that if you work hard enough, one day you will.

- By Yashodhara Mahanta
Class XII

Ophelia

The fading smell of the aroma lamp and the deafening, monotonous ticking of the old clock surrounded the room, lit by the observing moon among the stars. The crumpled sheets and the book of moral decadence decorated it along with the melancholic, desolate man in the middle of it all. Beyond even the devil's hour, he could not help but be filled with nostalgia and remnants of his Shakespearean tragedy. The tragedy of his love.

The famous line, "Journeys end where lovers meet," was running rings around his mind as he realised how it holds in it, a truth to its meaning. However, his journey in fact, began only when he met her yet still ended with her. The cheerful voyage they set out on turned grievous as it shipwrecked and drowned. It is not even metaphorical!

The vivid memories of water clawing at his lungs, the memories of the inability to differentiate the cold tides from tears and the memories of her rough fingers slipping from his still burns his fingertips. In his blurring vision, he could only see distant illusions of the doomed day. He can see her frail form under the stars, under the waves, submerged completely. He can see the raging lightening and hear the murderous sounds of thunder. He can see her fear reflecting his own. He can feel her despair far more than his own.

He wished to sail his sweetheart across all seas and to dance on all the lands. He wished to see her walk on her condemned pyre and reign over fallen empires. Alas! Tender is the night for the heavenly curse. The curse of the seas and all it holds, the land and all its people, empires and all their kings. Shutting his eyes, the smell faded away and time, despite her cruelty, momentarily stopped. In the moonlit midnight, he was whisked away to timeless sleep.

- By Emidaka Rapsung
Class XI



CROSSROADS IN LIFE: ADOLESCENCE

Hi ! My name is Aakanksha and my life- it is kinda crazy- no literally! I'm fourteen and what is expected out of me is way beyond my understanding.

I am kept under supervision, yet expected to be independent. I am too young to voice my opinions- but old enough to start forming mature ones. Life at fourteen is nothing but confusing. You can either be dumb or be over-smart because well, is not a fourteen-year-old too young to be just 'smart'?. But, hey! What did I even expect- I am an adolescent, right?

If I were to search up adolescence, our Dr. Google would say that it is the transitioning period between adulthood and childhood, which is without any doubt correct, but if I were to explain what it is I would say it a phase, phase all of us have either gone through or currently going through. It is a rather tough one I must say.

Being an adolescent feels like your stuck in between two universes, universes that are miles apart. One demands work and responsibility while the other demands nothing but fun. It is a world where curiosity drives the mind and creativity pours out in the form of colours. But you see, it is not the most fun being stuck in the middle where you get the best but also the worst of both worlds. Expectations are usually in extremes; we are expected to be a child and an adult at the same time. We start feeling emotions we never felt as a child-extreme anger, aggression, anxiety, frustration, resentment and the list goes on. Most of time, we do not even have an explanation for what we are feeling. We try and hold on to the vibrant shades of childhood as it slips away yet the responsibility of adulthood feels distant. However, among all this confusion, adolescence is not always sad and gloomy you know- with dopamine production at its peak, adolescents are crazy, energetic beings! Curiosity gets the best of them and physical maturity tops it off.

It's a roller coaster ride of emotions to say the least, and the funniest part is that all of us sitting here today has gone through or is going through this ride. At the same time, when things go off beat, we always find a way to blame ourselves, convincing ourselves that what we are going through right now is solely unique to us. We hesitate to talk about it- but the truth is we are all just in denial. So, here's a tip I can give from my personal experiences: you know from when my little adolescent ride decides to go off beat- As a wise woman once said- learn to de clutter your mind, vent out what your feeling, even if it's about this speech you had to listen to it on a Saturday evening, I promise I would not mind. But most importantly learn to accept yourself, and convince yourself that it is all just a phase- you'll be alright one day, and that will come soon- have faith - it will all pass away!

- By Aakanksha Kumar
Class X

To Shillong with Family

Vacations are the best time to have fun. When I came home for my summer vacations, I became very happy and excited when I met my mummy, daddy, brother and sister. I hugged them tightly, they told me how much they had missed me and how my siblings were very bored and sad without me. I am the eldest amongst my siblings. I was enjoying myself very much with my family. Sometimes, during the day I used to play with my siblings. During the night, I used to talk with my parents sharing the hostel stories. During the evening, I used to do my holiday assignments.

A few days later my parents and I planned to go on a vacation trip for a few days. After getting to know about this, my siblings got very excited. That night, my family and I were discussing the trip. We were discussing the perfect destination, so I suggested we go to a hilly area and instantly Shillong came to my mind. My family agreed to it and said, "It's a good choice and the weather of Shillong is pleasant too."

My siblings were so happy and joyful that they started becoming restless about the trip. Next day we started our trip. It was a three hour long journey, we left at eleven in the morning and reached there at two in the afternoon. The weather was very pleasant and cold winds picked through my hair. After arriving, we had lunch at a very famous restaurant in Shillong and then we reached our hotel. It was very luxurious and majestic. There were four separate rooms and it had all types of facilities. We were very tired because of the journey, so we slept for two hours and woke up at seven in the evening!. After the peaceful nap, we freshened up and went to the Police Bazaar of Shillong. We bought a heater and some chocolates for my siblings. Later, after reaching the hotel, we sat near the heater in the balcony and were enjoying ourselves by cracking jokes with each other and we also played dumb charades. After a few hours of enjoyment and watching the scenic beauty, we went to sleep.

The next morning, we woke up early and tucked into a scrumptious breakfast and soon after we decided to go to the Elephant Falls, one of the famous waterfalls in India. It was an hour's journey after which we reached our destination. We saw the beautiful waterfall shining due to the beams of sunlight and the cool breeze made it an exhilarating experience. Many tourists were there to witness nature's beauty. We were clicking photographs, selfies and were vlogging with each other. After enjoying the wonderful view of the waterfalls, we went to the living root bridge at Dawki. When we reached Dawki after two hours of driving, we were soon asking people for directions to the bridge. Finally, when we reached there, we were so amazed by the view. It was a self made bridge with the natural roots and branches of trees, there were many wild creatures including golden frog, wild chameleon, snakes and wild squirrels. I love to click pictures of wildlife and I had my heart's fill that day!. After spending one hour on the bridge we went back to Shillong and the next day we came back home. It was a fruitful trip which I really enjoyed. It will remain in my memory forever.

- By Agman Paul
Class IX

Travel

Travel: going or being transported from place to place. That's what the dictionary has got to say. What traveling actually means is to go to a place where you can find solitude, happiness and self satisfaction. To some, traveling may be a well versed adventure trip, to others a road trip, or even as simple as watching sunset from a cliff or biking to a lake. It may be with a loved one, family, friends or solo, in a luxurious hotel with a well organized buffet breakfast or a tent, but the aim is to enjoy where you are, to be able to live in the moment and breathe every ounce of fresh air that crosses you.

Traveling is something that all need and some crucially need. It is a stress relieving, relaxing time to reflect and ponder. People may travel to achieve goals - where some may succeed while others may lose direction - a weekend getaway or even to recover from boredom. People who travel return home from pleasant trips and come back with new zeal and determination.

I too am fond of traveling-meeting new people, trying out adventure sports which I enjoy a lot. It fills me with enthusiasm and optimism. I believe one must try trekking, rock climbing, rafting or anything else they like at least once in their lifetime. Traveling helps me forget all my exam stress, homework stress, peer problems and it just relaxes my mind. It is a knowledge booster too- learning about new places, people and cultures- what can be better? We gain the ability to imagine better and beautiful sceneries. Visiting hill stations, beaches, forests, villages help us adjust to new surroundings, which is beneficial for the long run.

If not for anybody, one must travel for their own self, and their own happiness.



*- By Priashi Khakholia
Class X*

A Night in January

The next morning the two of them were there again. After waiting for In a small alley across the river lived legends who were forbidden to go anywhere. Bailey and Sam were the bravest of them; they were pirates! And you really cannot define if they were good or bad. Well, they were good to the people who were good to them and vice versa.

In the alley also dwelled a very old woman. Many people say that once someone goes to her house they never return back safely. It was a bright Sunday when Bailey and Sam wanted to go to the old woman's house who knew the darkest secrets of the world. It was to be their adventure, perhaps their darkest adventure ever.

The lady lived in a little hut beside a dirty lake swarming with frogs and toads; she also had a huge tree with hanging bats! It was very macabre. Bailey and Sam knocked on the door but there was no response.

"Hello," said Sam.

"Anyone here?," Bailey asked. "I don't think the old woman is here right now," Sam responded.

"Well, we could wait until evening or till tomorrow," said Bailey. They had brought a tent which they pitched up and slept in. They did not realise that it was already morning and were taken aback when they saw themselves in front of their own houses! But how could that have happened?!

"What if the woman saw us and decided to send us back home!" exclaimed Bailey. "But that's not very kind of her, and I wonder how she sent us back," responded Sam sadly. "It's okay! I am sure we will find a way," said Bailey with a small encouraging smile.

more than eight hours they could see a little thing walking by. "Sam! Sam!

I think it's the old woman, come here fast!" shouted Bailey. You would not believe what they saw.

She was looking young! She had cast a spell and turned into a beautiful maiden with long blue hair, emerald eyes, and light brown skin. "Woah! She is beautiful," said Sam.

"Well, looks can be deceiving," said Bailey, irritated. "Ah yes, I get what you mean," said Sam, giggling. Bailey was just jealous. "Well, let's talk to her," suggested Sam.

"Hi there! I'm Bailey." But the girl did not respond. Instead, she was watching Sam mysteriously. "We are really sorry for coming without an invitation," said Sam hastening.

The girl was still staring at Sam. "Why are you staring at Sam like that!?" asked Bailey. "Why are you two here?" said the girl in a melodious voice.

"Ha! You look so innocent! But we will not fall for it," said Bailey. "Innocent? No one in this world is innocent! Why are you here? To show people how brave you are! That's not what innocent means!" the girl replied.

"Oh really? And who said that I was innocent? I'm not innocent at all! I am not here to show bravery or earn fortune", said Bailey furiously. "Anyway, what's your name?" added Bailey.

"Why do you want to know my name?"

No one likes to talk to me... Whenever I go to town, people spit at me! And that's why I live all alone. You don't know what happened on the night of January, do you?" said the girl.

"What happened?" Bailey asked.

"The night was cold; my family was very poor and we were starving.

I begged a passerby for some food but he stepped on my hand. I cried out in agony. My mother begged him to leave me but he asked me for whatever I owned. We claimed we did not have anything but the man kicked my face. You see this dark circle near my eye? My mother gave him the only ring, given by my father, and begged to leave us alone. The man got angry and he slapped my mother. I could not handle this; I took out the knife I always had with me and SPLAT! The blood was everywhere. My mother could not believe what I had done. Alas! The only thing we didn't know was that the man was the mad son of the king. The next day, the king summoned my mother and me. He did not see what his son had done to us and just sent us to jail to die! And that's where I explored my magic, ah yes, the dark magic, greatest of all! So, you see, that is my story."

"We are really sorry to hear what happened, and now we shall tell you why we are here," said Sam. We were curious to know about you, and after hearing what happened to you, we will tell everyone in our town your story.

Sam and Bailey suddenly found themselves back in their town, just like the first day. They talked to people and asked them where they both were but everyone replied that they had been here doing their chores the whole time. When Bailey and Sam asked about the old woman everyone talked about, they were surprised!

"We don't know anyone like her!" They proclaimed.

- By Shabhat Sabir Ansari
Class VII

A Conversation in Seventeen Syllables

M

Spring showers with blooms,
The petal fondles the cheek
The thorn pierces through.

H

A drop on the floor,
The ground now a bloody red
No spring for this soul.

M

A drop of red spilled,
Moistens the ground yet again
Crimson hues of fall.

H

Tears and blood, heart beats
Fall turns winter, nothing
changed,
Never was there joy.

M

The frost yet gathers,
The scarlet dons the crane's
brow;
Your last words don mine.

By Maitreya Rajan Mahanta &
Hiyaneijemmy Das

Normal Situations

- By Angie Nongthombam

Class XII

You walk down the halls,
Wearing those shorts.
They stare at you as if it's odd,
Make you feel like it's your fault.

You graduate with an honest degree,
Still they ask, "Can you really teach?"
Even after proving it,
You get a much lesser salary.

In a world still ruled by patriarchy,
I seem to question
How one gets the audacity,
To say now we do not need feminism.

They call her lucky,
Mainly because her husband cooks frequently
Told her she landed a diamond,
She chuckled knowing it was the bare minimum.

She went through the worst for nine months,
Yet, never complained even once.
But when finally delivered the baby,
They give him the father's identity.

In a world still ruled by patriarchy,
I want to influence only one thing.
Something society will find triggering,
And that is smashing the patriarchy, sweetie.

Dream

- By Arushi Mittal

Class X

How I wish to sleep and never wake up!
How I wish to dream of a little world!
Of everything that glitters but isn't gold,
Everything that heals me and makes me bold.

Dream of stars and sparkles,
No misery but just miracles.
A world of rainbows and butterflies
Far away from the sorrowful cries.

Lingering lullabies, songs of fairies,
The pink sky and colourful stories,
The world unknown; let it just be a dream,
How I wish to flow away in sleep's stream!

The Heart I Asked For

- By Claudia Marak

Class XII

Thinking of the day I met
A boy I'll soon forget
He held out flowers
Apologized and confessed;
That madness took over him.
He begged me for forgiveness
I said I must have his heart to forget;
He replied he'd love me forever
But that's not what I meant.
As the flowers burn in the fireplace,
I slowly dance to jazz
And carefully
Carve out... his chest.

If You

- By Chinmoy Tamuli

Class XII

If you ever get the chance to encounter
the girl who finds adventure
not only in dragons, leprechauns, and garden gnomes
but also in the caterpillar's transformation
and the survival tales of the plainest of folks.
If you ever come across the black-loving boy
who also dreams in every colour of the rainbow
and who writes about the sun setting
as if it were the only marvel he is aware of.
If he claims that the solar system is only made up of gasses
and rocks that are light-years away
yet makes a silent wish whenever he sees a shooting star.
If she claims she doesn't believe in fairy tales
but is inquisitive enough to look at her own,
yours, and the horoscopes of everyone
who cares and smiles at the tiniest ray of hope.

If you ever come across someone
who reserves a tear for each decision
they are unable to make it again.
If you ever come across someone with no more finger
as soon as they begin to count their blessings.

If you are able to locate a believer in magic,
to risk letting the wild in. Save them.
Keep them as near to you as possible.
If you are unable to maintain them,
Ideally, avoid transforming them into someone else.

She is Insecure

- By Ruhi Kalita
Class X

Once there was this beautiful young girl
She was so joyful and contented...
But as she grew up...life wasn't the same anymore.
She wakes up everyday with her mind overwhelmed
By the emotions she's trying to suppress,
Waking up and having to look at the mirror
A disappointment is all she sees.
Standing in front of the mirror
Feeling disgusted by what she beholds
She craves a new face, body, arms, legs,
Just everything...
Because she sees nothing but flaws.
Her insecurities cloud her judgment
And discouraging thoughts seep into her head.
She just wants all these despairing thoughts to go away
And wants to live a life that is painless...
Where she isn't a disappointment
Where she's happy...
Thinking about this imaginary happy life makes her
Feel relieved but only temporarily
Until her thoughts intrude again
And the cycle repeats.

Immortal

- By Zaheen Shah
Class IX

My hands numb
No! No!
I didn't believe it when they told me
Half the world is delusional
Am I one of them?
Your still body reminds me of
Nights under the moon
When I watched you sleep.
You weren't supposed to be there
And yet, you were.
They closed your eyes my love,
Because they couldn't see such beauty perish,
You are art my beloved
And art is immortal.
The only thing that is keeping me going:
You are immortal.
I'll see you in the skies,
The flowers
The sun
The moon
Because you are art -
And art is immortal.

Peiskos

- By Dhriti Khersa
Class XII

It began to downpour on just a random Thursday,
The streets glistened and reflected the city as it may,
People cozy in their beds for only today,
And from the window, watch the cars swoosh by,
Followed by a heart ease sigh,
Waving the scorching heat goodbye.

But seasons change and do not hold,
And in the bitter cold,
The beautiful cocktail blue shade of the sky
Began to darken into a stony grey,
Plaintive, I sensed tingles running down my spine,
And I realized that I wasn't fine.

Mumbling words,
Crooning tunes of my thought,
In a bedlam, I was caught,
Lost in a world beside the fireplace,
Enjoying the exhilarating
Warmth of the blaze.

In the bleak weather, what mesmerized me
Was the flickering of the flame,
A warmth from the fiery amber hues came,
I yearned to hear the crackling noise for hours
For, in the room, embodied the soothing and calm powers:
"Knock knock!"

I glanced at the stranger in his drenched clothes,
The same perplexity and bewilderment we shared,
The same solace and comfort between us was paired
For an instance, it seemed that the warmth we shared
Was partly because of the fire,
Or was it just my wishful desire?!

A Silhouette

- By *Shabhat Sabir Ansari*
Class VII

When I think of someone,
I picture no one.
A silhouette appears in the dark,
Oh! I cannot see it.... there is no spark!

In the dark above the sea
I see no one but me
Is this some sort of magic?
Because it's really drastic

I am scared, I fear
Ah! Everyday I shed a tear.
In the dark the leopard hides,
What's 'tis fate no one can decide

I wonder what 'tis like in the future
I haven't heard anything but there are some rumors.
How can I be myself?
Do I really know myself?

I think I know myself...
But if I know myself, why can't I be myself?
Inside me there is a monster sitting
There are some rumors still existing...

The Champak Tree

- By *Mridulla Galeria*
Class IX

Every morning when I woke up
And peeked out the window sill,
I saw several people plucking
The pearl white flowers of the champak tree.
I always noticed that they did not see,
The bruised and unnoticed flowers
On the ground beneath,
But as they left another person came,
A man who was old of age,
Who only picked those flowers on the ground
And when he did he would smile
At the flowers that surround.
Every evening he walked door to door
Selling those pearl white flowers,
And in those kind eyes of the man I saw
The truth - why he did not pluck those flowers,
For he took what was given
And chose not to take by force
What was not yet ready to be given.

You Are Enough

- By *Tanish Hansaria*
Class XII

You are not worth a dime,
You are like the day's sunshine,
Take this veil off your eyes,
And see that you are worth every second of time.

You are like the pieces of a puzzle,
Fit for some, not for the others.
Don't cut off the edges to fit in,
For the piece won't remain ideal and authentic.

Vow to love yourself like a child learns to walk,
There will be falling and some motivational talk,
Pull yourself up and take that one step,
Walk down the art of living and self care.

Recycled

- By *Hiyaneijemmy Das*
Class XIII

You repeat and rinse,
And you called it recycling,
The act of tossing everyone aside.
Somehow, I thought I was different.
Yet here I lie, trampled upon,
You toss me aside like paper napkins
That have weathered the storms of battered emotions;
Bruises and tears to show for it.
I have no bruises, but I have tears that never run.
Rinse. Repeat. You called it recycling,
Do I work well with the remolding?
Fulfilling the same purpose a thousand times.
Slightly different each time around.
Do I get better each time?
I shall not ask if I feel better each time.
For I am recycled material.
I work and I'm done.
Dusted. Rinsed. Repeated. Recycled.
With a thousand shells and a thousand duties,
My body remains impermanent and everywhere.
I am an object, and everyone knows it.
A white, crisp paper napkin"
Turned litter for the city streets.
A bourgeois novelty
Turned reverie for scoffing noses.
Recycle. And repeat.
Here I lie, trampled upon, always tossing myself aside
Crumpled after use, and you wonder if the whole feat is reusable.
I am an object, does everybody know it?
Recycle. And repeat.

Homecoming

-By Alphonso Elishaba Pakyntein
Class IX

Happy Times.
In thirteen years,
I learnt so much,
It was magical, only that it worked,
I know it was then that my life began...
I was being ushered into something new,
The Assam Valley School- A place I now call home.
It was 2017
On a cold winter day in January
I set foot in The Assam Valley School,
I fell in love with the beautiful campus
And the horses,
With the people who were kind and friendly to me.
I learned independence, self-confidence,
I found my place within
AVS played at
Shaping my life, character and potential.
I started loving my school ; felt happy
To spend time with my friends and teachers
An important chapter of my life took place
In a place I had not imagined.
I adapted and embraced life
I am happy.

My Move To AVS

- By Barsha Goel
Class XII

Ten years after an all girls school,
I walked into the zoom class of a co-ed school
with recalcitrant pupils and cheerful teachers
Trying to motivate sullen, pandemic hit teenagers.

It was the autumn of '21 when I walked through the gate
Excited to make this uncharted location and migrate
to my new home for the next two years; Oh fate!

The flood of activities seemed suddenly too many,
Yet my homesick soul didn't give up on any.
Shooting my first arrow and taking my first lapse,
Made me realize it doesn't take years to grasp.

Those first late night conversations and noise,
Groggy awakening to our dame's voice
To scurrying away to school, though not our choice.

The wolves engraved deep on my heart,
As my soul turned red; I played my part.
The future unknown but full of passion to the core,
AVS is that Narnia that everybody should explore.

Thank you Mom

- By Bhuvi Tibrewalla
Class X

You are a daughter, a sister,
an aunt and a wife,
but above all you are
a mother of great kind.

Thank you for caring for us the most,
for guiding us when we were wrong
and supporting us when we were right
For loving us life long.

Thank you for shedding your tears for us,
for sharing your happiness and joy with us,
for making us feel special and perfect
and for always putting your trust in us.

Thank you for all the compromises you have made for us
and the scolding you gave to correct us,
Thank you for always being there for us,
the criticism you took for us.

Sorry for all the complaints and troubles,
please stay with us forever,
the words above are less for you,
as you are the greatest mother ever!

You in Your Youth

- By Riiritti Odélia Lato Sohliya
Class XII

Oh, you in vibrant youth,
Can anything bad ever happen to you?
Oh, you in vibrant youth,
Young and ambitious to take on the world.
Oh, you in vibrant youth,
Your vibrant beauty remains never ending,
Oh, you in vibrant youth.
Never cease your radiant capers.
Oh, you in vibrant youth,
Nothing compares to your lucent zest,
Oh, you in vibrant youth,
So tender to let the world break you.
Oh, you in vibrant youth,
Enough for you are,
Oh, pearls of vibrant youth.

The World I Live In

- By Bhuvi Tibrewalla
Class X

This is the world I live in,
Where Cinderella can't not love the prince if she doesn't want to,
Where every girl is told to have a happy ending like Belle and Ariel did,
Where she is not expected to be Moana or Mirabel or her own self.

Where Mulan cannot do what she likes because of her identity
Where a book is always judged by its cover,
Where judgement matters more than reality,
Where people wear a mask to hide who they are,

Where there will be no change in,
A world that will tell us to fly,
But then cut our wings and trap us inside.
It's a world I am ashamed to be in,

It's full of superstitions and beliefs
And societies that will tell you to listen to them
It will tell you to have a heart but not follow it,
It will tell you to sleep but not to dream.

It's a world where people will be the constant,
No one will take a step to change it
This is the world I live in,
This is the world I am ashamed to be in.

A Note to Self

- By Adella F. Massar
Class XII

Never call yourself 'an accident',
It's like saying, the sun and the moon are a mistake.
If only you could see the beauty sketched within,
Like that of an unraveling flower, it will soon make sense.
You're afraid of the darkness hidden deep,
Your tears are heavy with the hate and agony you hide.
But the tears in your eyes will someday let you see,
That you're an ecstasy to those around you.
You look in the mirror and see someone futile.
But oh, you're a work of art, the finest one to exist!
Your presence makes the world hurt a little less:
It brings serenity, light, laughter, and bliss.
You deserve that fairy tale ending,
Someone to be your warmth when it's freezing.
A reason to stay, when you want to leave,
In the midst of all the darkness, to believe!

Understanding Boys

- By Dayanita Das
Class VIII

Boys are weird
Everytime they go out to play
They come back missing a bone
Or get stuck in blocks of hay.

I asked my dog,
"Why are they so weird, the males?"
But he just sat there
Thinking about chicken sales.

I am curious about boys
So I would like to ask,
When do they stop
Playing with toys?

But not all boys are like that
Especially like the one
Who hasn't given
My bracelet back.



Beauty Lies Within You

- By Jrom Calvin
Class XII



Beauty doesn't lie in your makeup,
It comes when you really wake up.
When you stick to your aim like glue,
Beauty lies within you.

Beauty doesn't come with short outfits,
It comes with the good deeds you admit.
It doesn't come with your shampoo,
Beauty lies within you.

Beauty does not comes when you cross your limits,
Rather it comes when you motivate someone in a minute.
Beauty lies in very few,
Beauty lies within you.

Beauty does not come when you cheat,
It comes when you can build a safe street.
Beauty comes when your dream becomes true,
Beauty lies within you.

The Mind

- By Vasundhara Sanjembam

Class X

She couldn't stop running
Every corner
Every turn
She just kept running
Only to end up in the same place every single time
She didn't know how she got here
Or What this place was

Just this endless maze
Guarded by fake grass
Fake stone

She was out of breath
But she still yelled at the person in front of her
She couldn't even tell if it was a person or not

But she figured she should blame it

"This is the LAST time I'm asking, who the HELL are you?!"
She screamed.

"What! Is this funny to you? Where am I even?
Is this a prank? What is this?"

The maze keeper didn't move,
she was starting to question if it was real or not.

"I'm going crazy, how many days has it been?
AHH! What is this place?
I keep running just to end up in the same spot!"

Then, she started crying,

The whole time the maze keeper didn't speak,
just stood there in his black cloak.
Like that a few days went by,
No food, No water.
She was starting to lose it

Her feet bruised and blistered
Cuts on her arm from trying to run through the fake grass.

Nothing worked
But then there was a cough

Wait! You're real! Get me out of here! What are you,
psycho?"
The maze keeper stayed silent pretending not to hear her.

That is when she lost it and jumped on the maze keeper,"
Then she started punching,
"What?! you think you're going to get away with this?!"

Soon, she saw blood.
She looked down to see shards of glass
Only to realize it was not the mazekeeper's
It was her's

In fact, there was never a maze keeper
Cause what she saw was shards of mirror
She stared into her reflection

Then in front, she saw the exit
But this time she didn't run

She calmly stood up, put on her black cloak,
propped up the mirror.

She turned around and kept walking
straight.

Thoughts

- By Ruhi Kalita

Class IX

Everyone wants me to be prepared
About my future which is so nearby,
That I am scared is true
My future's so unclear.

As I lay on my bed
I think about my future,
So many thoughts in my head
My worries are slowly eating me....

Will my dreams ever come true?
Will my parents ever be proud of me?
Will my sister ever look up to me?
Will I ever be truly happy?

These
That don't let me sleep at night
Make me wonder,
Of secrets and thrills my future has in store for me.



To The Keys

A progression

Of keys black and white

Defying description

The means mesmeric- to immortal music

Producing a concord of sweet sounds

To lighten a wistful heart-

To inspire one or sadden another

Because of their beauty.

Octaves of sonority, hidden harmony

In keys of ebony and ivory

Keys to intoxicating notes, nocturnes

Brought out by ingenious hands

Lying lifeless like paper unused

Their equanimous anticipation for someone

To unravel the mysterious melodies

Of subtle sentiments hidden for ages

They lie cold covered with

The dust of years gone by

Waiting for those special hands

To warm them, give them life again

To unravel their secrets ...

Ringing out their loneliness

In chromatic melodies

Now lilting -

Now pleading -

Play on!

'Con Anima'

*- Ms. Tamanna Seth
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*"We know what we are,
but know not what we may be."*

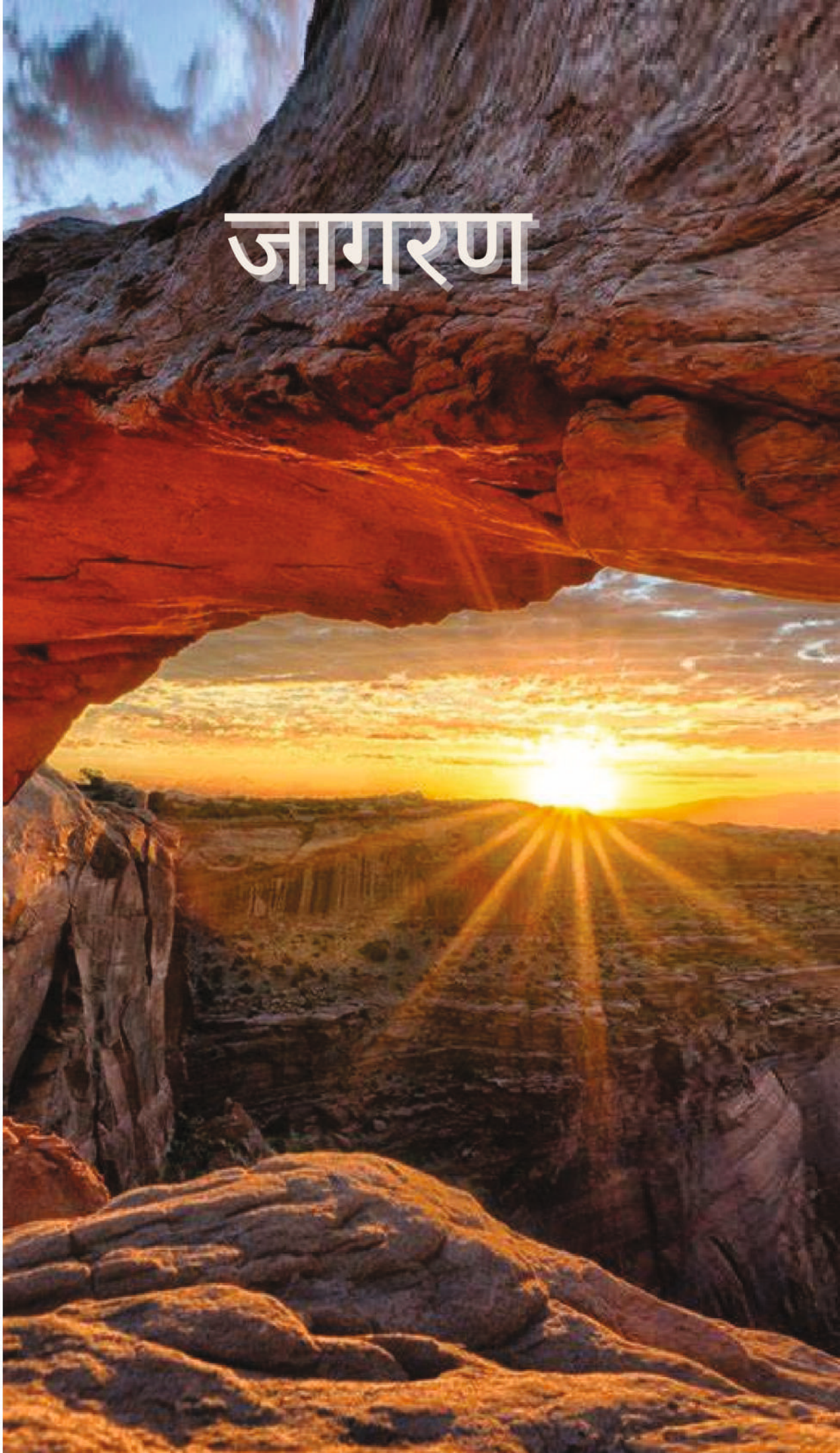
-William Shakespeare



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जागरण



संपादक की कलम से



प्रिय सुधी पाठकगण,

जागरण पत्रिका के सोलहवें अंक के साथ आपसे पुनः जुड़ते हुए मुझे अत्यंत प्रसन्नता हो रही है। इस पत्रिका ने हमारे विद्यालय के अनेक नवोदित रचनाकारों को प्रोत्साहित किया है। यह पत्रिका हमारे विद्यालय में भारतीय भाषाओं के प्रकाशन की रीढ़ रही है। प्रत्येक वर्ष की भाँति इस वर्ष भी जागरण ने हमारे छात्रों को अपनी लेखनधर्मिता के माध्यम से खुद को व्यक्त करने के लिए प्रोत्साहित किया है।

किसी के लिए खुद को व्यक्त करने का सबसे अच्छा तरीका है - लिखना और कभी-कभी नवोदित रचनाकारों के लेखन, पाठकों के दिलों को छू जाते हैं। हम जागरण के माध्यम से अपने विद्यालय के नवोदित रचनाकारों को एक उन्नत मंच प्रदान करते हैं। हमने इस पत्रिका में अधिकाधिक रचनाकारों की अभिव्यक्तियों को स्थान प्रदान करने का प्रयास किया है। इसके लिए हमने कहानियों, निबंधों, कविताओं और रोचक संस्मरण आदि को शामिल किया है।

जागरण के प्रधान संपादक के रूप में, मैं सर्वप्रथम विद्यालय के प्रधानाचार्य डॉ. अमित जुगरान जी को धन्यवाद देना चाहता हूँ, जिन्होंने इस पत्रिका के प्रकाशन में अपना अप्रतिम सहयोग एवं उचित मार्गदर्शन किया है। इसी क्रम में, मैं हिंदी विभाग के समस्त गुरुजनों का भी आभार व्यक्त करता हूँ जिन्होंने समय-समय पर अपने अमूल्य सुझाव एवं उचित मार्गदर्शन प्रदान कर पत्रिका के सफल प्रकाशन में भरपूर सहयोग किया है। मुझे आशा है कि आप इन रचनाओं को एक बार पुनः अपने दिलों में एक विशेष स्थान देंगे और हमारे साथियों को प्रोत्साहित करेंगे। आपका आशीर्वाद एवं आपके सुझाव सादर प्रार्थनीय हैं।

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