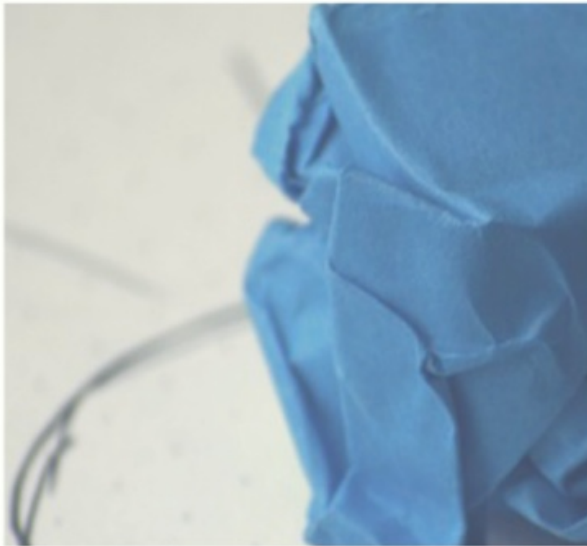


**LEADERS
OF THE
FUTURE**



SVIS CREATIVE JOURNAL



SVIS Creative Journal

Leaders Of The Future

Somewhere in between
those covers that weren't
supposed to be judged
a story was told that couldn't
be just as confined
to those finest words penned

Somewhere in between
filled bookshelves and empty cups
were meaningful moments created having
that scent of rusty pages
and imagination escaping its cages
with latent words and craved silences

Somewhere in between
soundless songs and voiceless words
were peaceful moments of perfect harmony
created by a seemingly lost rhythm of a heart that

would flow in serenity
and behold the rise of a
blue dawn

Somewhere in between
the crack of dawn and
nights gone
with sleepless hums of
restless runs
and minds clouded with
something
that seemed so
beautifully unreal
yet couldn't be any more
surreal

Somewhere in between
cold conversations and



Fashion Illustrations by
Kuhu Bawa, XII C

By Aryan Kaushal
Kejriwal, VIII B

ambushed arguments
were those words that were said
but never meant to be
though taking them back was so
like a moment made to never go

Somewhere in between
the rivers of our conscious beliefs
flowing

so opposite that our clashes were
like tempest of emotions so ruining
that of a deafening silence we were
unaware
and wreaked the trust of us bare

Somewhere in between
purgatory and paradise
were those vices of human existence
twisted so deep, that to find
some unscarred peace of mind
was yet to be deemed impossible

Somewhere in between
those lines that were starting to blur
somewhat along with my being
to find myself in that endless sea
meant to lose 'I' and gain me.

By Pragya Dewan, XII C



By Kritika Verma, XII C



INTER - HOUSE FOOTBALL MATCH

The school noticed an Inter-house
football match on Thursday, July 12 '
2018.

VALUE 0 - 2 STRENGTH

INTEGRITY 2 - 1 SINCERITY

Let's talk about Trust and Perfectionism.

In her book, Elizabeth Gilbert said:

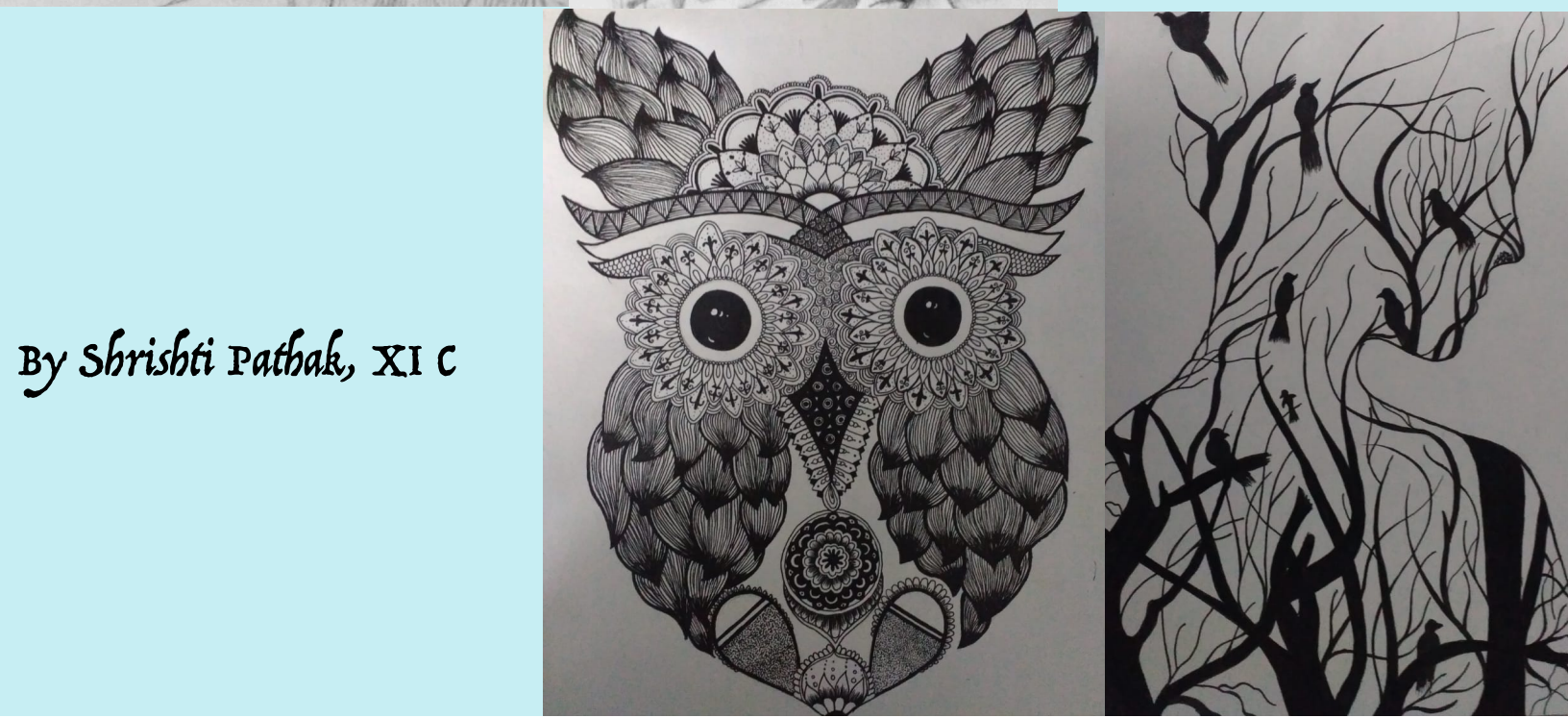
"I think perfectionism is just a high-end, haute couture version of fear. I think perfectionism is just fear in fancy shoes and a mink coat, pretending to be elegant when actually it's just terrified. Because underneath that shiny veneer, perfectionism is nothing more than a deep existential angst that says, again and again, "I am not good enough and I will never be good enough."

Read More about it here: <https://www.dumblittleman.com/on-being-perfect/>

By Janavi Chawla, XII C



By Om Pathak, XII D



By Shrishti Pathak, XI C

Mirror Mirror.....

Mirror mirror can you tell?
Who is the worst one in the best!
Best best...ohh I can see.

The truth you saved,
The lie you sieved.

The word is here...
So I can see...
Why I'm not one of these?

I wanna say words which I can't explain...
I wanna have faces I can't face.

I hear myself!
I hear who you are.

But can't you tell what's wrong now?

The more you think...the more you lose...

Can't I have words which can't be told?

Words words....where are you?
Tied inside a cage? Can't move?

Can't love is what you mean to say...
Can't hate is what I want to say.

Say say...what ya want?
Tied in a cage...gripping the rod.

Rod is slipping....and so is time..

Fast fast...we don't have time.

Times gone...and so are we.

Don't you see?
Don't you know?

Mountains are climbed with one step at once.

Finished...
Finished...

So we are...standing on the edge...
But can't fall?

Mirror mirror can you tell?
Who is the worst one in the best!

By Anonymous, XI



By Khushboo Bhardwaj, XI D



By Harnoor Dhillon, XI

Small is Beautiful

By Mehak Hira, IX C

“Life is full of beauty, Feel it. Notice the bumble bee, the small child, and all the smiling faces, Smell the rain and feel the wind. Live vivaciously.”

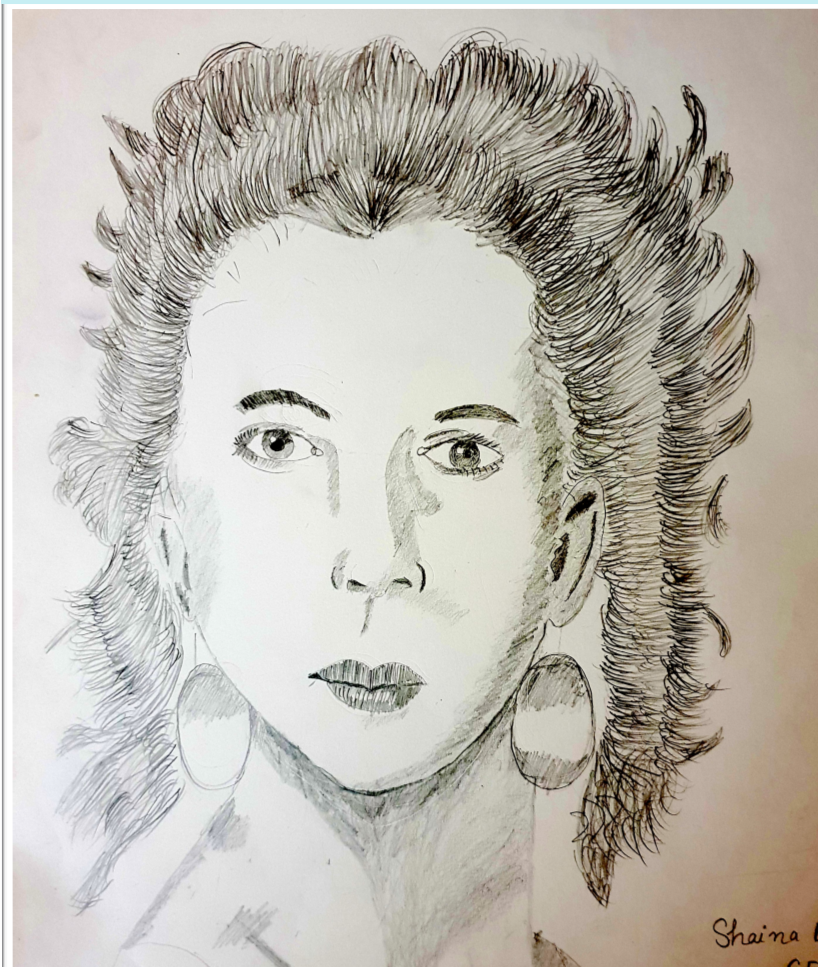
In today's high tech life, everyone wants everything large; we want to live life King size, build huge houses, towering skyscrapers and even work for the world's largest companies. But everything has its essence in life. Be it a small needle or a mighty sword. A thing which can only be done by a small thing cannot be done a colossal thing. Small is indeed beautiful. What is small? Um... If I was to define small they are the best things in life. Small makes big. Small can be anything be it a country, a human or a thing.

Well let us look at a five letter word SMILE. As small as you see it, SMILE is the best thing which can make ones day jolly and cheerful. It brings joy and tenderness in one's heart amidst sorrow, tension and turmoil. A mere smile can make anyone and everyones day. Smile beautifies ones personality, Positive vibes emanate from a person who smiles and remains jolly in the toughest of times. A smile can definitely melt hearts, win and steal them in no time.

B-A-B-I-E-S.....What is the first thing that crosses your mind when you read that word. I bet it's the ecstasy radiated by them. They are indeed the angels of earth. In each laugh of a baby, bliss is poured out. They bring delightfulness in our materialistic lives. A laugh of a baby can make you transport to heaven. Every moment spent with a baby can make you glee. Babies are small but can make

you forget your worst fears. And that is why it is said that.... Children are a form of god. They are indeed the best carnation of god.

Everyone must have heard of the smallest country yet ravishing: Vatican City. It merely covers an area of 0.44 km square with an estimate population of just 849 people. Nevertheless The Vatican city mints its own euro, prints its own stamps, issues its own passports and license plates, operates media outlets and has its own flag and anthem. It also has some of the very unique features such as having the only Latin bank of the world. To conclude the size of something doesn't matter it's the quality they possess and the affect they have on you. And after all, small is Beautiful.

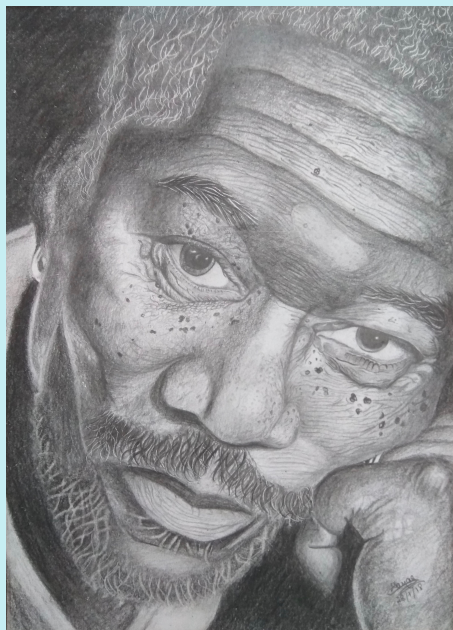


By Shaina Bhatia, VI E



Learning Beyond Classroom!

Class XI and XII Educational Excursion



By Manas Chawla, XI

Need of the hour

By Siddharth Thamaraiselvan, IX-D)

It is high time that we look back on the path treaded and ponder about nature and try to understand it deeply.

One planet- That is what we have and shouldn't we do everything to protect it?

As inhabitants of Earth, we have the responsibility to protect the natural resources and preserve our environment.

Environment broadly consists of trees, soil and oceans. All these three play a prominent role in supporting life on Earth. Trees help us to breathe and prevents heating up of Earth's surface. Oceans give more than 50% of oxygen supply of Earth and acts as a source to marine life. Soils acts as a base and supplier of food and water for plants and animals. Plants grow on soil and help regulate climate. We should remember to care for all these three elements.

According to me, environmentally conscious thinking skills should be taught to children as much as reading and writing skills. If such concepts are imbibed in an individual, then he/she will grow into a responsible citizen.

The recent news I read, prompted me to write this. "One should remember that nature will stay calm and bear the brunt of actions of humankind only to a limit. Once the limit crosses, nature will strike and give back what we have given her so far".

An incident during the recent Kerala floods is an example of this. The following photo shows

the bridge in M u l a y a t h u r Kodanad after flood water receded and left back all the residue which was deposited on its beds.



It is indeed the gift of nature, returned with thanks!

This is just only one river ... Just imagine the volume and quantum of such waste dumped in all the rivers and oceans across our country.

It is high time we think and act on it.

REDUCE, REUSE, RECYCLE . Let us talk and spread the need for the awareness amongst our friends, relatives and others to the maximum extent possible.

Shakespearitits...Or Not

Thou shalt not pass!

Oh, dear me! Shakespeare, how I love thee!

Doesn't everyone just *love* reading the good old Bard? I thoroughly enjoy it too, except for the fact that I can't make head or tail out of his copious body of work! Once you get past all the "thou"s and "thee"s and what-not, and you finish reading the actual story, the immense relief that washes over you is exquisite. You feel like an intrepid soldier returning unscathed from the fiercest battle he's ever been in. There's a temptation to boast about your incomparable feat to not just your near and dear ones, but also to any innocent bystanders you manage to grab hold of. The world had better watch out when you emerge at last from Shakespeare land!

Of course, I realize that there must be good in him. But woe is me, I do not get, the mutterings of Hamlet, and dear, how I've come to fear, the dark and dreary King Lear! I know that by publicly admitting this, I am exposing myself to literary ignominy, but it is my strong suspicion that it is this very fear of ridicule amongst the fashionable literary crowd, that makes people adorn the top shelves of their private libraries with his work. In my humble opinion, that's where his works should stay, and not be inflicted upon us poor, hapless students, who've never done anyone no harm! You may well question my sanity, but beware, my dear, that I too am likely to keep a wary eye on your each and every movement, if you claim to genuinely enjoy the Bard. It is not just

the fact that I am convinced that Shakespeare actually made up words that never were, and had no business being, in the English Language; more than that, it's the themes he chose to write on which make my head spin. It's like wandering through a dark, depressing, dubious landscape, where everyone dies or goes insane, and you feel you may be joining them soon. Such is the mental trauma when you emerge from this morass, that you desperately hunt for the nearest Jeeves and Wooster just to lift up your sagging spirits. I guess research would show Shakespeare has been indirectly responsible for pushing up the sales of P.G.Wodehouse manifold. It's like the yearning for light after the darkest night! Well, I guess that proves that every cloud has a silver lining, and everyone has his uses, including Shakespeare..

By *Tristan C. Allison*, X-T

nadia king

WARMTH

Do you feel it?

The sun rays kissing the interstices of the land, the energy and light radiating. White rich tones spread across the canvas as if flaws. The warmth of the sun made the flowers and all the living entities thrive, the warmth of the sun made me smile. Apricity engulfs and caresses you until you are no longer cold and shivery.

Close your eyes, and you can see his. In his embrace, the cold can't numb you anymore. The same warmth wraps you as if he is the sun. The silence wasn't awkward, he didn't burn me. It was warm, it was love.

Do you feel it?

Orange hues of the fire darkening, flames surrounding the fireplace. Fascinating, it was. So warm, hot enough to burn you. The fire crackled, ash hovered in the air before falling in a zig zag motion, onto the ground. The smoke didn't suffocate me. Dazzling yellow, orange and red flames emitted, encircling you until you are no longer cold and shivery.

I could see the fire in his eyes. Strong and red-hot, just enough to set my icy and bitter heart on fire. I didn't mind. No beginning and no end, I knew what it was. It was warm, it was love.



"Happiness is to be found in your own life, in your own thoughts at this very moment. You yourself are most noble and precious, you have no need to be envious of anyone"

Dr. Daisaku Ikeda

Happiness is something that cannot be defined,

It can only be felt and reminded.

We feel happy for good reasons but

we should know happiness does not have particular seasons.

We can feel happy everyday,

It's good idea what do you say?

We have to be happy in every situation,

Whether it is home, office or any other location.

We have to change our happiness into gratitude

then change it from our habit, to our attitude.

Happiness is not about feeling happy,

It's about living the moment till the end

and make our opponent our friend.

So, Always be happy, don't be snappy, always feel zappy.

By Nischay Sharma, VIII B

PHOTOGRAPHY CORNER



By Mebul Kejriwal, XII B



By Ujjwal Dhawan, XII C



By Janavi Chawla, XII C