

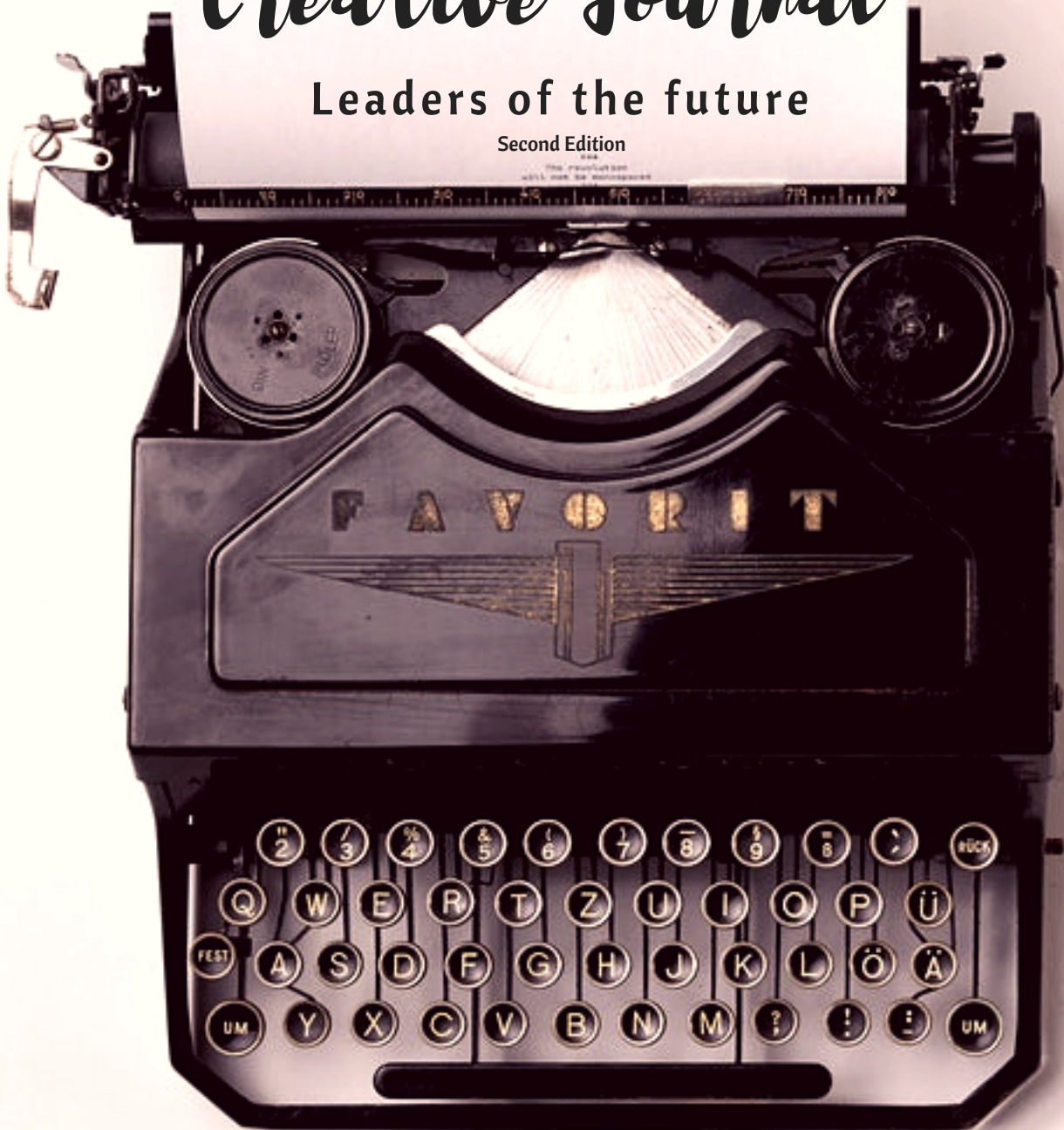


*श्री Venkateshwar International School*

# SVIS Creative Journal

Leaders of the future

Second Edition



# THE SEASON'S OF LIFE

*By Pragya Dewan*

The dawn cracks just as the first rays hit me and  
lights up the room that has some emptiness yet  
somehow complete

It's still on the easel right there  
the void being so taunting  
as I sit unmoving here  
searching my existence, looking for a filling  
Gently picking up the brush  
I let my fingers cast through  
of what is a white expanse  
the first signs of starting anew

It's just a soft blotch first  
which turns into a posy  
and just like that the first blooms of spring  
that adorn with the softest hues and bring  
the semblance of those unmarred memories  
of some purest and beautiful sceneries  
of those light caresses like baby-breaths  
and wind slowly sifting through  
those delicate daisies and heartfelt hyacinths

Shades turn more and more vivid  
as their warmth slowly increases  
to reds of love and pinks of touch  
and yellows to an intensity so much  
with careless summer rush of impulse  
It's hard to stop how it's going  
hands of power that won't halt their doing  
guiding through the prime that belongs  
to strong strokes which dance along  
the intricate melody of feelings unfelt  
weaving a mess beautifully unkempt

In that moment of epiphany I see  
that the silence no longer hums a breeze  
bit it's the searing storm that comes  
and over the howling silence it runs  
coursing through me veins that burn  
the rain drops that fall from the sky  
reflecting the expanse behind my eyes

cleansing away those careless mistakes  
that wash away as thunder of reality wakes  
So serene it is now that  
those hues come back to life  
as violent violets and piercing purples fade  
to release through the autumn shades  
Leaves that crunch having fallen on the path  
reminiscent of candid strolls and talks from  
heart

To those moments of fall arrive  
where fleeting moments of closure try to  
strive

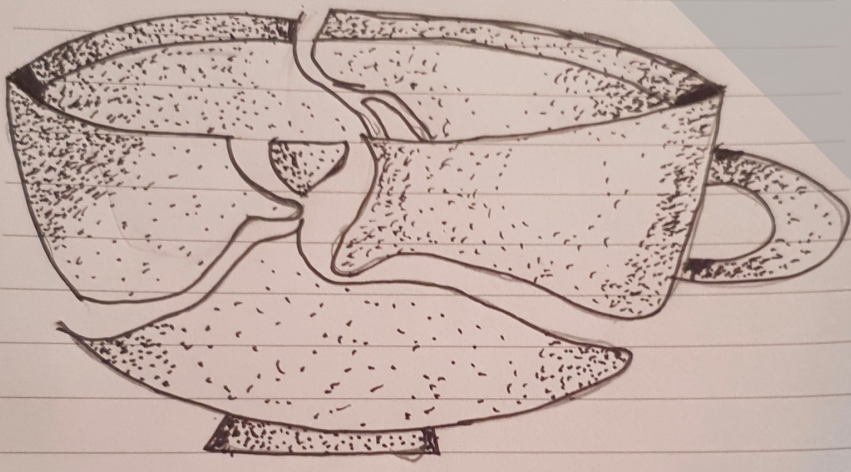
in between pages of books that tell  
the story of each life that fell  
the story of each bond unsaid  
and those of each expression unread

And bringing soft sprays of snow  
flaking in each new pattern unknown  
it's the burst of white again  
settling peacefully on the window pane  
cascading their tranquil glow on me  
cold against the seething exhaustion I feel  
dropping feather-light on the ground  
drooping along my eyes that flicker around

Putting the brush down I sigh  
looking towards the sunset that goes by  
it's time to give my canvas a rest  
yet I can't help but gaze at it, lest  
I let go of that beautiful piece  
Afraid it's more real than it seems

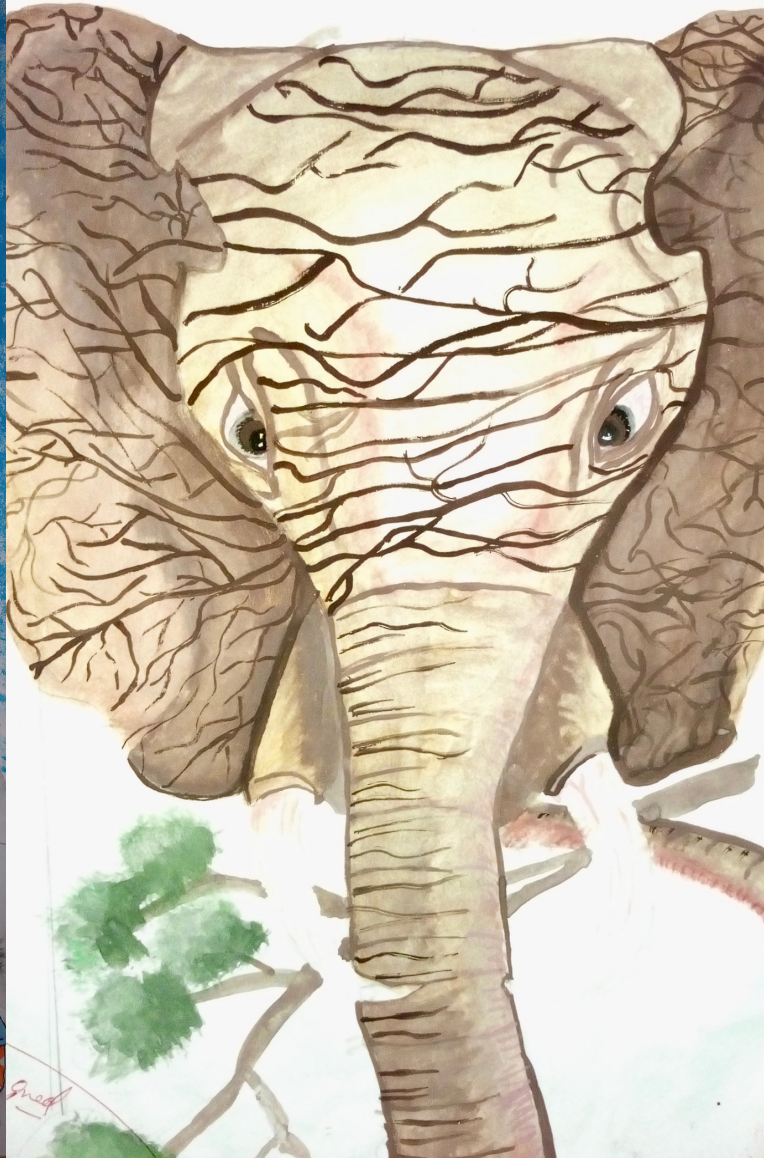
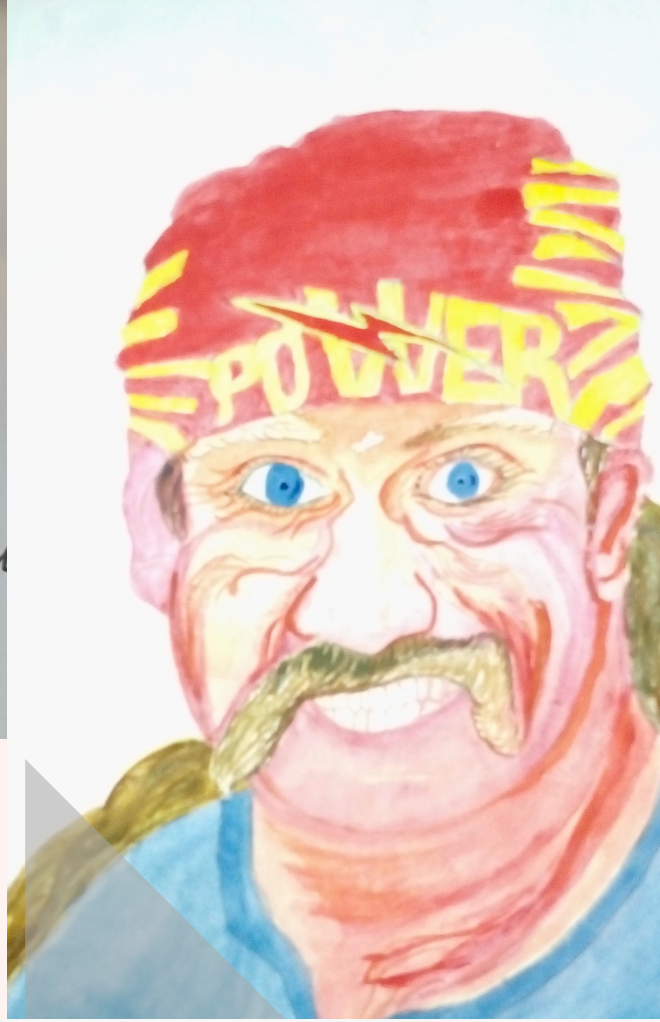
The night falls and boundaries turn vague  
of how the transition had taken place  
of how the different colours had converged  
and how they wove together and merged  
into a story without words  
because words could never justify  
how those shades and hues paint  
the seasons of life





You are not broken beyond  
**Repair**

By Nishchay Sharma, Vagmiha  
Singh & Anshika Sethi  
( Clock-wise )





# *Colour palette presentation By Anshika Sethi*





# INDIA OF MY DREAMS

*By Ishita Dutta*

Have you even thought how beautiful our country could be?

A country where people worked for the country.

A country where everyone contributed towards cleanliness.

A country where women were no longer scared to go out.

A country where thoughts were respected .

A country with clean air.

A country where politicians worked for the betterment of the people.

A country with not just the largest but the best constitution.

A country where no citizen resided on the footpath.

A country everyone wished to stay rather than to leave.

A country where differences were accepted.

A country where deserving were favoured.

A country where religion was promoted not enforced.

A country where everyone contributed towards our economy.

A country where citizens proudly accepted their culture.

A country where farmers and soldiers will be seen as heroes.

A country I could proudly say I belong to. But this is not the reality.

Fortunately neither is this impossible.

Blaming the system would not work.

Blaming the population would not work.

We have to be the change.

And truly that country is not so far away.

We can do it together.

We together can not just make a difference but can have what we deserve.

Because in the end we are Indians,

And this is our own country.

It is our duty to work for this country.

Because we owe those bright eyes struggling for freedom way too much.

Your profession has nothing to do with your contribution towards our country.

There is nothing that we don't have.

We have it all inside us.

And I can proudly say that I belong to a nation with million problems but also with millions to solve them .

Let's start discovering the beauty of this nation.

And build our dream nation.

*Background Graphic By Siddhant Vashishth*



RED

*Our souls are unchained, we swim in pools of crimson, we are not dead*

*Colour of flesh is not crucial, it is not death that we dread*

*The sky isn't merely in shades of azure, for we know that you all have been misled*

*Cardinal red, apple red, cherry red, blood red, everything was said*

*And in the end, what oozed out of our cracked and ruptured flesh was red*

*Embrace it, the knives gashed deep into your back*

*as you lay hurt on your bed*

*Our soul lives forever and ever, even if our flesh has been torn to shreds*

*Don't fret for these wounds, they can be stitched together with just thread*

*Crimson red, rosy red, maroon, scarlet, imperial red, it is all in your head*

*And in the end, what oozed out of our cracked and ruptured flesh was red*

*By Parashi Rajput*

मिट्टी से निकली वा मिट्टी में मिल गयी  
कुम्भी किसी ने जाना की वा क्या जहर  
पी के रहे अयी.

लौणी ने जव ना पिछवाह किया  
उसका ती अग्नि में वा बिमल गयी  
बसइती ती सबकी ये कबका आ जाना  
चाहिए था,

की रोक हम इन दुनिया की  
दुरीती की आउती अब और करना  
हरे हम,

मिलके बढ़ली अब इस  
बेकार बनीच की.

*By Manshi Jain*

## 5 WAYS TO ACTUALIZE YOUR IDEAS

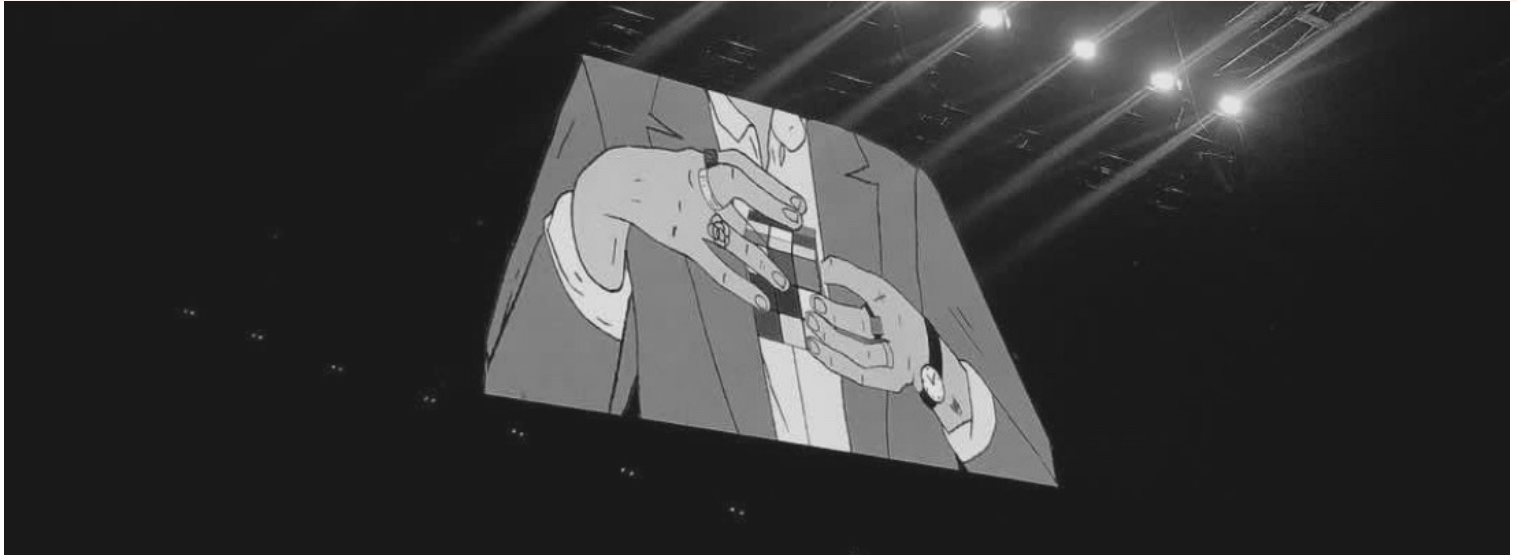
Ever been a place where all you ever want to do is check out of this reality and check in to your imaginative world where you are the creator of magic? How fun is it that everything we desire exists in that world, every possibility, every creation! Why is it that we are not able to actualize that imaginative world into our reality? We have all been there. But why do we really do that? Why do we procrastinate? Well let me interest you in one of the reasons you might do that.

TO READ MORE: <https://www.pickthebrain.com/blog/5-ways-to-actualize-your-ideas/>

*By Janavi Chawla*

# THE BRUISED BODY IMAGE

*By Mayank Bhardwaj*



“No matter how expensive of face accessories I buy, no matter how many fingers I put on my face while a camera is at it or no matter how I sink myself into not being myself or have a body I accept, the struggle is inevitable.

I still remember a time when I used to request people to put up a chair for me on stage before every performance, because I had these never ending avalanches of negative images in my brain, which forced me not to move or stand while I sang. I was afraid the world would see me and judge, analyze and evaluate which was bound to slowly eat me alive.

All this started while I was a kid, with the obvious suggestions like "You should do more sports" and "Why are you walking in such a way, it's really weird and feminine" not to mention, "Why is your forehead so big? Where's your hair?". All of those demons stuck to my conscience and made me believe that something is definitely wrong and needs change.

I started imitating people, kept "stereotypically masculine" hairstyles, walked in a way that's "socially acceptable" and saw the world with every other pair of eyes rather than my own. I blamed myself, a lot. Beat my body up, kept track of every cell on my face and starved for the perfect. Body, genetics, biology, whatever I could dig up to blame that would take me further from accepting my body as it is, I blamed them for the small term high they gave me. The matches turned into forest fires and my emotions changed at the speed of light for the worse. It broke every notion of my self confidence and self respect I had for myself. The reason? I couldn't fit in. Never could I fit in the prison of masculinity, the illusions of gender and even in the mirrors of society. Redefining it is so important for people like me who barely make it to bed without thinking how their bodies let themselves down. For people still staring at their screen and thinking how I got the nerve to say all this. I still struggle. Every minute. But. Somewhere deep I still have hope, and I can just have faith, that the hope doesn't fade pitch black.”

# AWE-INSPIRING ATHENA ENTRIES!

## Topic: Being Atypical

You rekindled my lost faith,  
You made me see the world's grace,  
You made me become a thankful  
person,  
For your thoughts were my  
inspiring lessons.

So you, you, you or you ,  
Don't underestimate my blessings,  
I might dress different,  
Look atypical but I will never lose  
my faith to a so stereotypical  
world;  
So I stand here to raise my voice  
against your words,  
Your thoughts about my kind.

We are better,  
We are greater for we are no mice,  
Those great personality supported  
my type,  
Because I am evolution,  
the future of mankind.

Being atypical isn't my weakness,  
I will stand,I will bless,  
For I am greater ,  
And I am better,  
And no man in this world can make  
me feel weaker.

You rekindled my lost faith,  
You made me see the world's grace,  
You made me become a thankful person,  
For your thoughts were my inspiring  
lessons.

So you, you, you or you ,  
Don't underestimate my blessings,  
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So I stand here to raise my voice against  
your words,  
Your thoughts about my kind.

We are better,  
We are greater for we are no mice,  
Those great personality supported my  
type,  
Because I am evolution,  
the future of mankind.

Being atypical isn't my weakness,  
I will stand,I will bless,  
For I am greater ,  
And I am better,  
And no man in this world can make me  
feel weaker.

*By Nimita Sahi,  
Integrity House*



Shattered frames, spoken words,  
Given curses and all those swears,  
Can't change who I am, for I might be  
great,  
And I might be better.

I am what I am ,  
I am what I want to be ;  
Indeed I am different ,  
But I don't deserve these therapies;  
You saw me, judged me and made  
notes,  
You thought I am weird an  
untouchable,  
Of course .

As the course of life of life deepened,  
Your view about me changed.  
They were harsh, okay!  
But those taunts got worse.  
In your eyes, my image ranged,  
From a wild beast to a devil,  
To a mice, to a roach.

I said I am different,  
But that doesn't make me less,  
For I might be great,  
I might be better;  
The more you curse,  
The more I'll bless,  
Because I might be great ,  
But I am better.

You rekindled my lost faith,  
You made me see the world's grace,  
You made me become a thankful  
person,  
For your thoughts were my  
inspiring lessons.

So you, you, you or you ,  
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And I am better,  
And no man in this world can make  
me feel weaker.

*By Nishita Rai*  
*Integrity House*

# WHY IT IS IMPORTANT FOR ME TO LOVE MY DISTINCTIVENESS.



Why is loving oneself harder than loving others? The simple and the most true to it's essence reason is that we tend to set much higher and stricter standards for ourselves to meet than others. We readily forgive others for committing the same mistakes that we hold against ourselves.

I, as a person, have many flaws. But for me, 'I' is not just an alphabet or a syllable, it's an entire world in itself, constituting of all the imperfections and perfections that I carry.

However, everyone's 'I' is different from others, my strengths and weaknesses are completely different from your strengths and weaknesses, my perceptions and choices are distinct from your perceptions and choices. And that difference, my friend, makes my 'I' mine and your 'I' yours.

Talking about me, I haven't started loving myself yet, but I am trying, striving for the day I will accept myself as me. And I will. I will, someday, be able to accept myself despite the flab I have and regardless of the negative thoughts that surround me, probably it will be the day when I realize that I DON'T really need permission for loving me.

Embrace yourself. Love yourself.

*By Deepti Pande*

*By Janavi Chawla*

# *FEMALE PRIVILEGE IN DELHI METRO*

*By Saksham Garg*

Often it is said that there is no world without women. Though isn't it the case that even 'she' is made up of 'he'? As now-a-days women are being encouraged in all departments of the society, the same society tends to forget about the second side of the coin.

For a significant number of years, Delhi Metro has been running with a coach reserved for ladies. This stands irrespective of the fact with how many coaches the train is running with. In addition to it, each of the other coach has around 6 seats reserved for ladies out of a coach of 40 odd seats. The seats reserved in other coaches for women add up to another coach. Then there are around 10 seats reserved for old and physically challenged which sums up to another one and a half coach. In total, out of a 6 coach train, men are left with only two and half coach to travel with.

The women's coach was introduced for a very basic and viable reason which was for their safety prospects. Keeping them away and safe from male stalkers and eve-teasers (at least in the train). With limited seats to offer to the male crowd of around 20k, men are shifting towards cab. Delhi metro in 2002 was introduced with a main motive to curb Delhi's traffic problems. People's shift towards cab is worsening the problem.

This might not look as an issue to great, but a male passenger who is travelling after a rigorous day won't disagree to agree with me. Seats reserved for ladies in other coaches are unreasonable and total injustice to male passengers. Demanding equal rights for women is perfectly justified, but it doesn't give the powers to snatch a man's right too!



# Photography Club

*Mehul Kejriwal  
Siddhant Vashishth  
Shreyank Shresth*







*Winning photograph of  
Orizzonte: The Annual  
Management Festival of the  
Deen Dayal Upadhyay  
College, Delhi University*

*By Shashwat Vijaywargiya  
XII-B*

*Kala Utsav 2018 of the  
Ministry of HRD,  
Runner Up position  
secured in Art Category  
at District Level, further  
went on too secure the  
Delhi State II Position.*

*By Manas Chawla  
XI-C*





# *Chail-Shimla Educational Visit*

*By Shivani Gupta, Vice Principal*

The planned educational visit was near and my apprehensions were spiking; after all it was a group of class XI students, forty five in number, to be taken to Chail and Shimla for a period of four days. The youngsters are sure to create trouble; my head screamed every moment I took rounds of the class XI corridor since the October month started!

Anyway, on the evening when we had to begin our bus journey to Chail, I was a bundle of nerves fearing what was to unfold. One by one they milled in- energetic youngsters, all exited for the trip. Barring one, we boarded a bus and a Traveller and started on our journey at around 9:30 pm from the school.

As the bus rolled the eleventhies got into their elements, singing, talking, joking and laughing. They looked a sunshine bunch of kids.

But were they? Or we teachers had some figurative uphill task at hand? What with the adolescent students indulging in hanky - panky and throwing tantrums at the slightest on the trips that we had heard of from our colleagues in other schools?

We reached Chail four hours later than the scheduled time ; and furthermore Shimla by almost half a day . In fact our entire trip was a chronicle of missed timelines and schedules gone haywire.

And here was what I learnt about my students at Sri VIS in those four days. They are a bunch of youngsters who know the value of patience when it is required the most. They are a team where the safety of each of their classmates is concerned. They are individuals who have tremendous tolerance towards each other. And above all , they remained an utterly self-disciplined group of students who were committed to be on their best conduct during the entire trip. Amidst all this, they knew how to have fun to the fullest.

Oh, how lovable they remained throughout. Even when they deboarded the bus, all exhausted, at 1:30 am in the night back at school, they showed what it is like to be Sri VIS students, patiently waiting for their luggage to be taken out from the boot, hugging their parents and wishing their teachers good bye.

My apprehensions were misplaced by miles! These youngsters once again made me realise that we teachers are doing something right to have such adorable students !



# IISF 2018 EXPERIENCE

*By Divyansh Garg*

I was invited to the Science Village Fest by the Ministry of Science and Technology and the Ministry of Earth Sciences on the behalf of Vigyan Bharthi for being the State topper of Vidyarthi Vigyan Manthan from the Delhi region.

The Science Village was organized at the National Botanical Research Institute and was inaugurated by the Hon'ble Minister of Science and Technology Dr. Harshvardhan Singh on October 5. The event was spread across 4 days from October 5 to October 8. We did various activities during those 4 days. Students from all corners of India were attending the event and we were all divided into 6 groups named after eminent Indian scientists.

*To Read more about my experience : [CLICK HERE](#)*



## EXPLORE WHAT THE STUDENTS ARE UP TO!

*Student's Jaialmer Journey*

*Jodhpur Travel Journey*

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\* Click on the colored texts to be redirected