

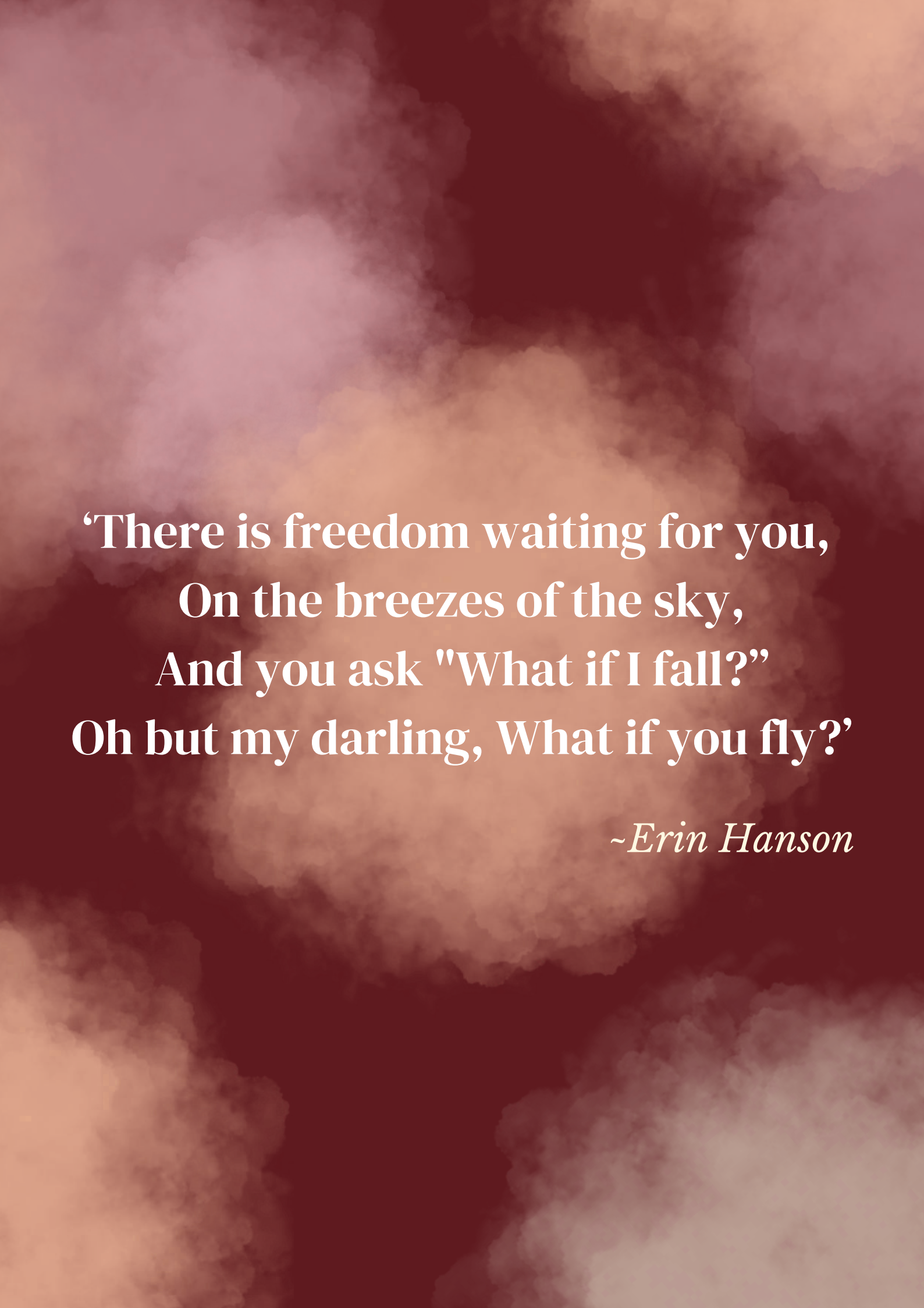
“What if the
journey isn’t about
becoming
something, but
rather unbecoming
everything that
isn't you?”



THE SHISHUKUNJ

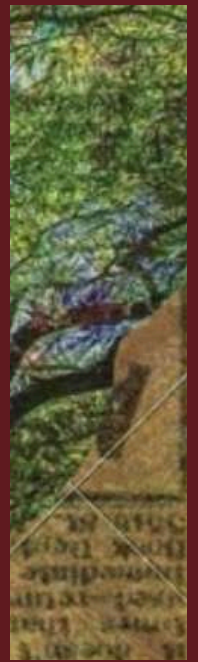
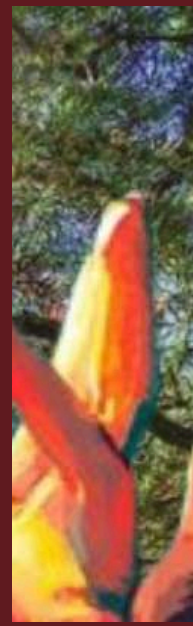
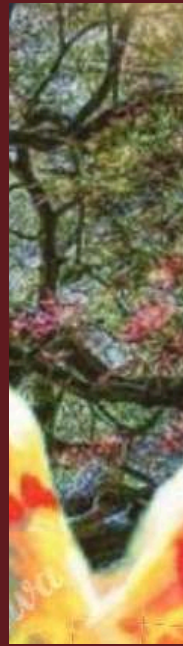
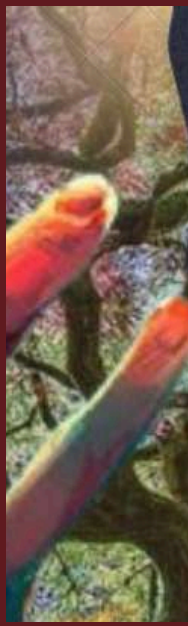
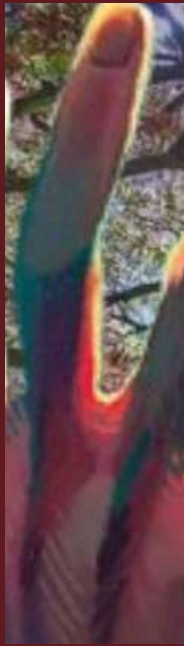
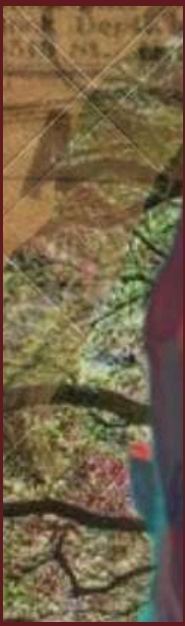
GAZETTE

The November Issue 2024



‘There is freedom waiting for you,
On the breezes of the sky,
And you ask "What if I fall?"
Oh but my darling, What if you fly?’

~Erin Hanson



CONT

1 What if the
Universe were
a body?
by Divyata Solanki

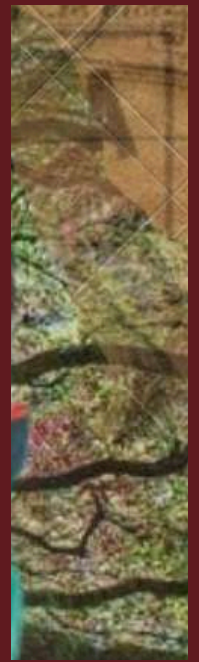
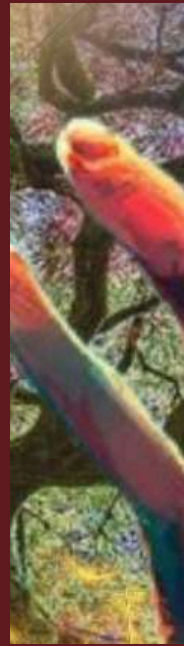
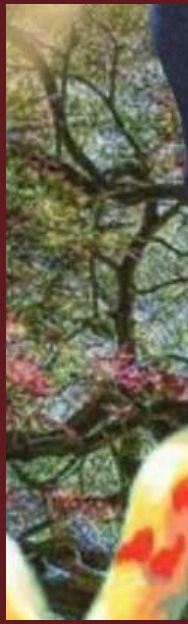
2 What If
by Anvesha
Dashora

3 What if silence
could speak
by Adwita Tiwari

4-5
The Universe
by Shreeja Bannerjee

6 The Forest
where no one
leaves
by Mishca Mahajan

7 'What if the
Earth were flat
by Aryaman Naik



EVENTS

8 'What if
by Avika Jain

9 What if
Duryodhan
understood
his true fault
by Mrs. Latika
Anand Pandey

10 Cleopatra
by Shiven
Zalani

11 Spider-man
VS Joker
by Vajrang
Chaubee

12 Melody of
Transformation
by Falguni Athale and
Kritika Khandelwal

13 Art Corner



The background is a vibrant, pixelated cosmic scene featuring a large, colorful nebula in shades of purple, pink, and blue. Scattered throughout are numerous small, bright stars and larger, glowing celestial bodies. The overall aesthetic is ethereal and dreamlike.

Universe



What If The Universe Were A Body?

A fathomless depth of the unknown: our universe,
a simple yet incomprehensible truth,
a flourishing void and the reason
for humanity's existence and end.
Man's curiosity has been timelessly fuelled by the
celestial bodies, indescribable phenomena
and the glorious eternity of our Universe
that we will never be able to witness.

Beyond the shadow of doubt,
it is man's nature to observe and question,
our spirit of inquiry has led us to
groundbreaking discoveries and theories,
some of them being so hauntingly magnificent,
it leads us to believe our ignorance was bliss.

Our Universe is an ineffable ecstasy,
an unresolved affair but coming up
with an idea as such is almost too much
for our curiosity's thirst.

The death of a star and the birth of a cell,
the double helix nebula and our DNA,
the observable universe and our neurons.

These connections that we make are
inexplicably beyond the understanding
of our fragile mind.

But since curiosity has led us on this endeavour,
let's venture into this idea.

The void is its body, the nebulae its eyes,
the stars its cells and its silence a deadly facade of its
mysterious might.

It is just to personify the cosmos as a body when we speak of
the Big Bang as
its fiery birth and the Big Freeze as its chilling, unnerving
end.

This theory leads us to other ideas,
what if our body is a universe and there is a cosmos within us,
within it civilisations that also question their existence?

It is not feasible for us to understand the
intricate parallels our universe holds,
to delve into its void of colour.

The Universe holds not what we cannot see,
but what we cannot imagine!

Divyata Solanki

IX C

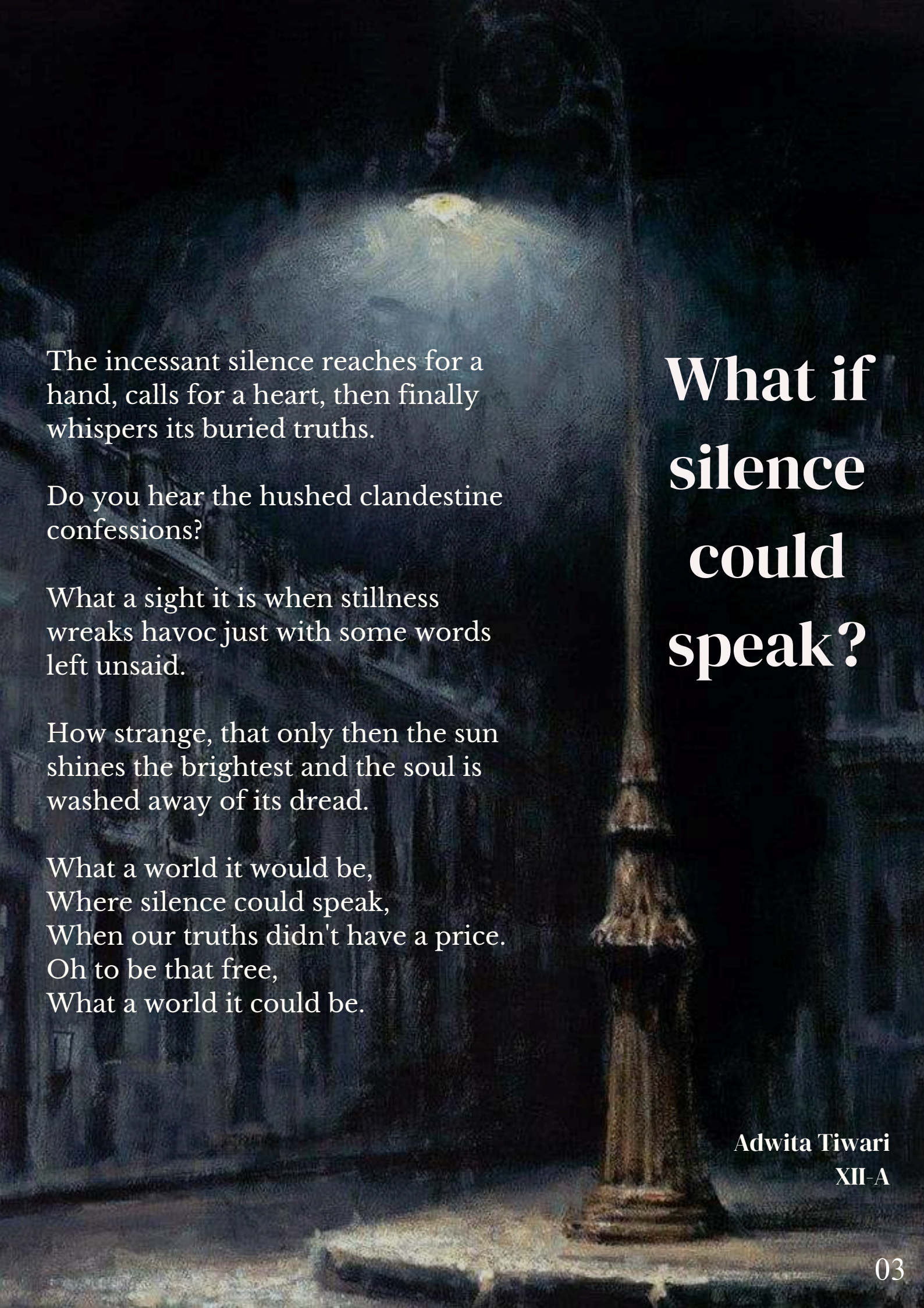
I ask my mother
What if, the sun
met the moon?

Would the broken pattern
be overshadowed by the white light?
or would the burning redness be
suppressed by the chilly might?
Would the superior completely
conceal the inferior?
or would a hint of the little one
lurk behind the world of exposure?
Would the brighter one snatch all
the attention and pride?
or would the darks' beauty show
its transcendent side?
Would the distance between them,
see eternity with a heavy heart?
or would they coalesce into
a puzzling new art?
She responds at last,
Oh! My daring daughter,
do never forget one,
looking out for another,
For you know it's the sun indeed,
which gives the moon
its colour.

What If?



Anvesha Dashora
XI F

The background is a dark, moody painting of a street at night. A single street lamp stands on the right side, casting a warm, yellowish glow that illuminates the surrounding darkness. The lamp has a classic, ornate design with a tiered base and a decorative top. The street is dark and reflective, with some faint outlines of buildings and other streetlights in the distance. The overall atmosphere is mysterious and contemplative.

The incessant silence reaches for a
hand, calls for a heart, then finally
whispers its buried truths.

Do you hear the hushed clandestine
confessions?

What a sight it is when stillness
wreaks havoc just with some words
left unsaid.

How strange, that only then the sun
shines the brightest and the soul is
washed away of its dread.

What a world it would be,
Where silence could speak,
When our truths didn't have a price.
Oh to be that free,
What a world it could be.

**What if
silence
could
speak?**

Adwita Tiwari
XII-A



The Uni

The TV screen flashed with shocking news, and the concerns of people worldwide were growing. The news reporter dramatically said, "Sunita Williams, our beloved astronaut, is stuck in space." Imagine being stuck in space, knowing the uncertainty of returning to Earth. The thought itself sends chills down the spine. This was my first thought after hearing that shocking news. I had sympathy for her; I also admired her courage and bravery. That night I slept with a sense of worry. How many times do you get the chance to save the life of an astronaut and experience the adventures of space? Once in a blue moon, but for me that night the moon turned blue. I had no idea about the adventure that lay ahead of me. What if I met Sunita Williams in space? I woke up to see a capsule ceiling with numerous wires and computers surrounding me instead of my bedroom ceiling. The most shocking thing about all of this was that I was floating in midair. The window around me was not an ordinary window; the window overlooked something, which appeared to be in the shades of blue, overlapping each other. I jumped out of shock and panicked. I exclaimed, "Am I in space?"! You sure are, replied a warm voice. I couldn't believe my eyes; a woman beamed at me; it was none other than Sunita Williams. She greeted me. I was flummoxed, stuttering. I asked, "Is this even possible?" She replied, "Anything is possible as long as you believe in it." How are you doing? It's not easy being stuck in space. Before she could reply, an eerie whirling sound came from the space capsule. A creature about five inches tall, with slimy skin and goo dripping to the floor, came forward. The creature somehow resembled Gollum from the Lord of the Rings. Startled to see another living creature, which was not a human, I backed away. But Sunita, on the other hand, very casually nodded at the creature as if it stayed with her. "What...hat is that thing?", I exclaimed with fear. Sunita explained, "During my journey in space, I discovered a startling fact.



verse

There is life outside the Earth, and this creature here is a walking proof of my discovery. That statement left me dumbfounded. I had so many questions in my mind, but my first question was, Why didn't she tell NASA and the other authorities about this groundbreaking news? She said, "I know that you are wondering why I didn't tell anyone about my discovery, but you see, these creatures may appear to look harmless, but they have the power to crumble the earth into a tiny ball, and they are a potential threat to the Earth. The news about me being stuck in space is simply just an excuse to hide this danger." Her voice became even more serious. "These creatures are here to attack the Earth, and as of now I am negotiating with them and trying to understand their demands. They have become somewhat of a friend of mine; they must be handled with extra care and patience. You see, they come from a planet completely devoid of any resources, and Earth is on their radar. I have made them a little calmer and less violent. Now, I need to inform the NASA authorities about my discovery and negotiate between the two. Your presence here is very important. I want you to go and talk to the creature. "Me, what! Why?". Just trust me, she said, and then dragged me to meet the creature. The creature didn't speak, but through a shiny rock through which images of a grey planet flashed before my eyes, I realised why they were so desperate to come to Earth. I started to pity those creatures looking into their sad, gloomy eyes. Looking at my sad face, Sunita had a gleam in her eye, and then she abruptly said, "Thank you, Shreeja Banerjee, for being the very first human to not only witness but also understand this negotiation. Farewell! Then suddenly everything went dark, and I woke up disappointed. Oh well, it was just a dream. But in front of me lay the shiny rock, where the image of the gloomy planet still flashed. Was I the first human to witness the negotiation between Sunita Williams and the aliens?

Shreeja Banerjee

XIG





Nature





THE FOREST WHERE *No one leaves*

Sitting on a rock, I wonder As I write about the
forest, no one leaves.

Are we all either the storytellers or the story?
I seem to be the only creature full of melancholy.

The trees are content. They told me so.

Lions and birds are walking hand in hand.

Every step, their joy expands.

It's impossible to acclimate, the forest that no one
leaves

Depletes my broken soul, expands my ever-growing
hole straight in the middle of my tiring heart.

I wish I could wake up. I wish this was a dream. I
wish I could leave.

The forest that no one leaves.

Where my grandfather asked me to be brave ss he
was lowered to his grave.

I know he did, but I find it impossible to believe. For
I know I could never leave.

I've searched for a guiding light to help me leave the
forest, no one leaves.

If I do this right,

I'll live out my dreams. But I love the trees. I find
solace in the breeze. So could I ever find it in myself?

To leave the forest, which no one leaves?

What if The Earth were flat?

It was one fine night when I was about to sleep that a random thought came into my head: "What if the Earth were flat?" That seemed fascinating and absurd for a wannabe astronaut of 16 years. But soon enough, I shrugged away the thought and dozed off. Morning broke, and I was jolted awake by the continuous buzzing of my phone. I reached to shun the buzzing but realized I had a dozen or so missed calls and messages from my best friend, ringing back as early as 1 a.m. Instantly, my heart started racing with worry. What could have been wrong?

Shivering with anxiety but taking a deep breath, jerking off the madness, I called him back. At the other end, his voice was trembling—an alien kind of seriousness. "You won't believe what's happened," he said. "The Earth has just been declared flat. All space exploration organizations have been shut down until further notice after the UN termed them fraudulent and untrustworthy."

I felt my heart drop into my stomach. That was it. That was when my dream of becoming an astronaut went up in smoke right before my eyes. Everything I had ever dreamed of, worked for, struggled with, and wanted to be turned so meaningless in the blink of an eye. My passion for seeing the starry skies, travelling into space, and seeing Earth from up there had all been built on sand. Emptiness engulfed me and I became a shadow of the boy I once was. I went to bed sobbing like a water fountain, telling myself it was over. That is when it all went dark and I suddenly woke up to the smell of banana-cinnamon pancakes. I got out of bed and breathed a sigh of relief, it was just a dream. But, I checked my phone only to find a dozen missed calls and unread messages from my best friend. The only question remained, What If?

Aryaman Naik

IX C

What If

Perhaps the Horizon is a clandestine meeting –
unrevealed to the land.

Oh, the naive terrain – what a foxy plan!

What if the sun's beams are threads - weaving
tales in golden light?

What if it's a hideous trick with your mind and
the stars don't light?

What if the lady rain drenches off your sins -
yet you curse her for reasons undefined.

What if folklore is a myth and the paradox of
plenty is candour? So the once vibrant hacienda
had decayed into a state of languor.

Be that as it may; you inveigle yourself
disguising the truth as an ignoramus delusion,
revering the art of liberosis and seclusion.

Avika Jain
IX D



HISTORY



I recently revisited the beloved B.R. Chopra's Mahabharata. Along with the expected wave of nostalgia I associate with the profound story, it was surprisingly frustrating to watch great admirable men fall from grace, missing the point that life does not pulsate in the pursuit of power or hoarding of wealth.

The experience was a journey through repeated heartbreaking revelations that a war of that magnitude could have been avoided at so many steps along the way. That is why the dishonour that Draupadi went through in the Hastinapur court stood out very starkly to me this time, for then I knew that even though the war was a long way off, nothing could stop it from happening any longer. As now, there was a challenge so grotesque to something so integral to our existence that letting it go without consequence would set an embarrassing paradigm for posterity.

I must clarify, I am never pro-war. I appreciate the role of Lord Krishna encouraging Draupadi to let go, heal and give peace a chance.

However, it was bafflingly infuriating that her perpetrators let alone recognising their fault, could not even see the inevitability of the war as the consequence of the injustice meted out to her and that Lord Krishna's proposal for peace was a saving grace for them and not an act of cowardice.

Another ugly layer to this is probably the oldest instance of victim blaming where Draupadi is said to have caused her own misery by laughing at Duryodhan some time earlier.

Taking a birds' eye view of this whole thing, I realised that this pattern of disregarding the consequences of annihilation of femininity and blaming the oppression back to the victim, has sustained itself unbroken since this cautionary tale was penned.

I came to conclude that the causal relationship may not be that obvious anymore, but the innumerable wars and the fear driven economy are probably symptomatic of absence and disregard of femininity. For instance, a threat as existential as climate change is fuelled by overconsumption and unrelenting industrial production. In my view, it can be checked and brought into balance through simple, patient & thoughtful acts of saving, repairing and reusing our domestic resources which was earlier skillfully and meticulously done by the women of the house. However, femininity in the domestic sphere has been so undervalued and exploited that the choice before women is limited to either consenting to their own misery of financial dependence and absence of social protection or to stepping out to new forms of exploitation while also becoming the part of the problem.

What if the present world consciously chooses to request the women of the day and the femininity in all of us to assume its rightful place, protected and respected, and allow the balance to slowly restore our state?

What if Duryodhan understood his true fault?

Mrs. Latika
Anand Pandey



What if Cleopatra
had reigned still? Her
empire spread from hill to
hill. Rome's Caesar, a fleeting
name. As Egypt thrived and
conquered fame. What if the
world had stayed un-sailed? No
Columbus to have prevailed?

Continents hidden
from each other's sight,
Cultures untouched
by day or
night.



Shiven Zalani

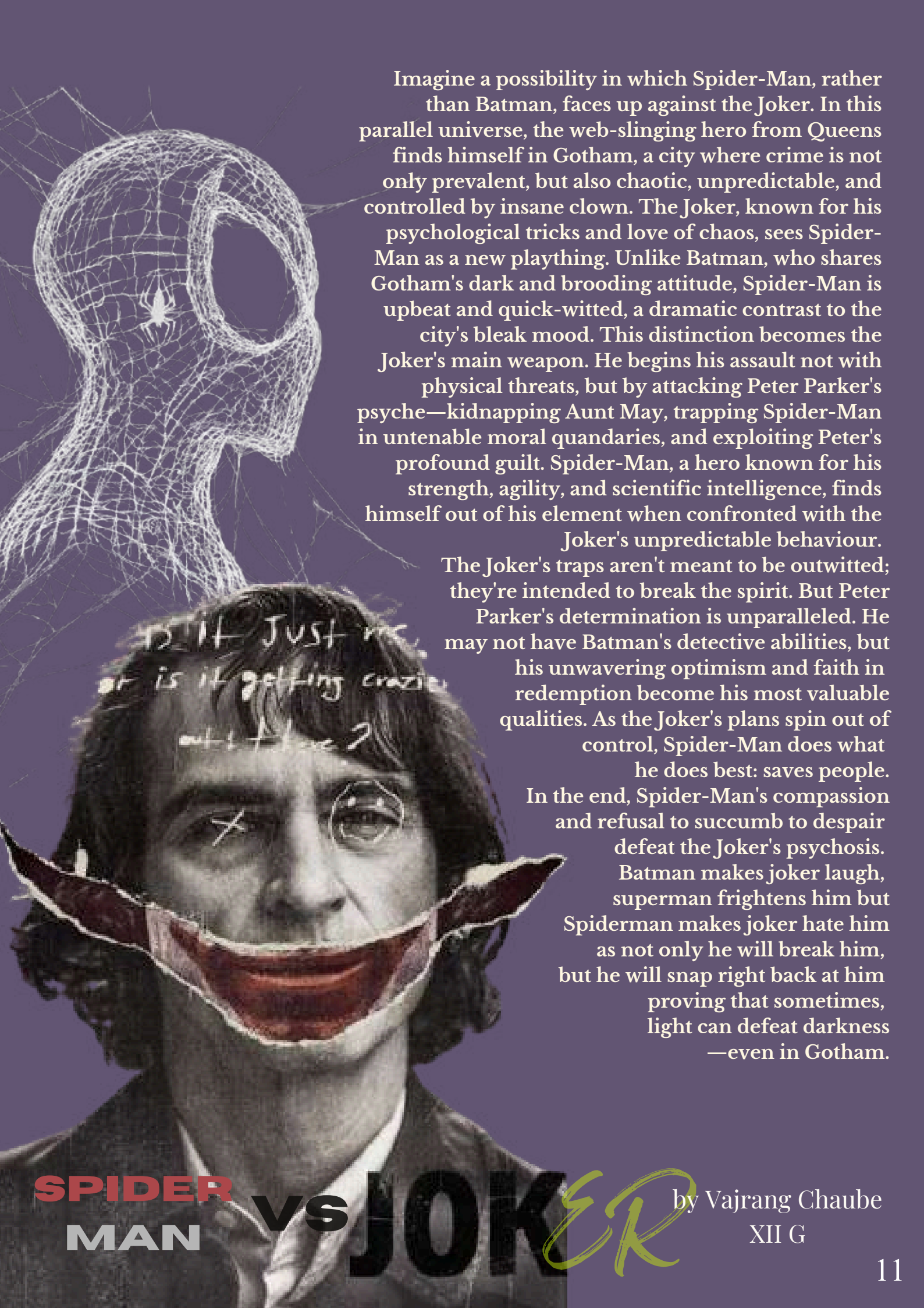
IX G



CON



Mic



Imagine a possibility in which Spider-Man, rather than Batman, faces up against the Joker. In this parallel universe, the web-slinging hero from Queens finds himself in Gotham, a city where crime is not only prevalent, but also chaotic, unpredictable, and controlled by insane clown. The Joker, known for his psychological tricks and love of chaos, sees Spider-Man as a new plaything. Unlike Batman, who shares Gotham's dark and brooding attitude, Spider-Man is upbeat and quick-witted, a dramatic contrast to the city's bleak mood. This distinction becomes the Joker's main weapon. He begins his assault not with physical threats, but by attacking Peter Parker's psyche—kidnapping Aunt May, trapping Spider-Man in untenable moral quandaries, and exploiting Peter's profound guilt. Spider-Man, a hero known for his strength, agility, and scientific intelligence, finds himself out of his element when confronted with the Joker's unpredictable behaviour.

The Joker's traps aren't meant to be outwitted; they're intended to break the spirit. But Peter Parker's determination is unparalleled. He may not have Batman's detective abilities, but his unwavering optimism and faith in redemption become his most valuable qualities. As the Joker's plans spin out of control, Spider-Man does what he does best: saves people. In the end, Spider-Man's compassion and refusal to succumb to despair defeat the Joker's psychosis. Batman makes joker laugh, superman frightens him but Spiderman makes joker hate him as not only he will break him, but he will snap right back at him proving that sometimes, light can defeat darkness—even in Gotham.

SPIDER MAN VS JOKER

by Vajrang Chaube
XII G

Melody of Transformation


Falguni Athale X-C &
Kritika Khandelwal IX-F

Not a tale to easily construe, But my venture into reality was a fright anew; In the world so undreaded, I, Music by name, aided the forlorn and stayed; Into my worst nightmare, my steps a daydream, In nature's embrace, a child bloomed with a radiant beam As spring's vibrance awakened Mother Nature's glow A young, inquisitive girl wandered with her eyes aglow Like bright shining stars in the sky, her soul did ignite with a spirit of adventure, wonder and delight. "W-who are you, o grand master?" She asked with wonder, in a voice so fast. Beaming, I replied, "I am your friend, unseen— Guiding you through this curious dream." "Welcome to my youthful realm,

A place of joy, where dreams overwhelm. I played a tune—soft, then bold, Rocking with life as she danced in the fold. Then, she asked, "Maestro, how do I chase my goal? How do I build a future for my soul?" "With tiny strides, the grand path begins,"

I told her, "Stay true to your heart, win or lose, Let your joy and purpose light your way, For small steps lead to great things each day." Time passes too quickly to stay, As moments like whispers would quietly fray But well, twinkling in my dream so big, for way leads on to way, I found the same girl, this time on a different day She was struggling in silence, lost in her mind, Questions unanswered, seeking answers she couldn't find. Through this haze of confusion, emerged a ray of light Summer's heat gave birth to endless energy and might A spark of rebellion, fiery and bold, Independence and rights she claimed to hold. "Music!", she said in distress and doubt I feel stuck, everything too hard to figure out.

"I need you again, my dear friend, Life without you is close to an end." "I feel broken, too fat and small, How should I rise when I fall? Happiness remains confined deep down my heart, Why does this feel like the end of the start?" In a soft sigh, I answered, "You are a fire, fierce and bright, Embrace the risks, day and night.



Be unique, different, unafraid— For it is in courage that dreams are made." Through each challenge, I remained her truest guide, My lyrics, always in her heart, in every stride. At last, she turned, and with a smile so true, She asked, "Music, how could I ever live without you? I've learned that life, with all its art, Needs music to heal, to mend the heart." With those concluding words, she vanished, slipped through the mist, Leaving me wondering—where did she twist? But time, like me, always flows— New chapters, new stages, new highs, new lows. My life felt real, each person's heartbeat I mapped, And their voices together in harmony wrapped. I became something more, Revealing a purpose I couldn't ignore. And with that in mind, I created the world's most popular set. Today, you see me as Spotify, Hungama, or Wink, Where I transformed myself to aid others in just a blink So next time your hand reaches to hit play Pause and wonder, WHAT IF MUSIC WAS A PERSON, helping you all the way? Each beat, each note, a reminder: You're never alone. Music is your rhythm, your strength, your voice, echoing deep in the bone. What if every beat, every lyric, was crafted just for you, Helping you navigate the chaos, a rhythm to carry you through. What if music was just a friend by your side, a voice whispering, "You've got this" Because maybe, in a way, that's exactly what it is



ART CORNER



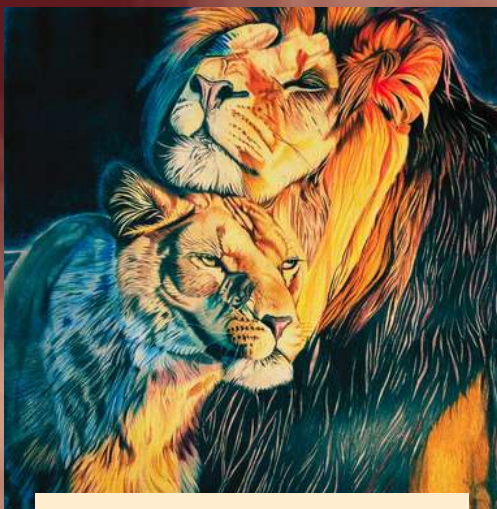
GAURI GUPTA
XI - A



VIVAAN GUPTA
VII E



ADVAITA ACHARYA
XII G



AARNA AGRAWAL
IX C




VIDHAAN JAIN
XI E



The Core Team

Adwita Tiwari	XII-A	Editor-in-Chief
Asmi Chaudhary	XII-B	Gazette Editor
Aabeda Jafrey	XI-A	Gazette Editor
Advaita Acharya	XII-G	Gazette Editor
Riya Khandelwal	XII-G	Student Editor
Falguni Athle	X-C	Writer
Kritika Khandelwal	IX-F	Writer
Riddhima Bhargava	IX-B	Writer
Shreyasi Chelawat	IX-G	Writer
Gauri Gupta	XI-A	Designer
Rayansh Jaswani	X-B	Designer





*LET GO OF THE ILLUSION,
‘WHAT IF
IT COULD HAVE BEEN ANY
DIFFERENT?’*

