

THE SHISHUKUNJ GAZETTE

I REMEMBER HOW IT STARTS,

ISSUE# 1 OCTOBER, 2023

“We are not
alone in the
world, but we
are our own
sun.
...

RIGHT MAN, WRONG ERA

*“Shishukunj has been the best
and most memorable phase
of my life. Every year, every
new batch was very
interesting, and better than
the last one, facing new
challenges and new
initiatives.”*



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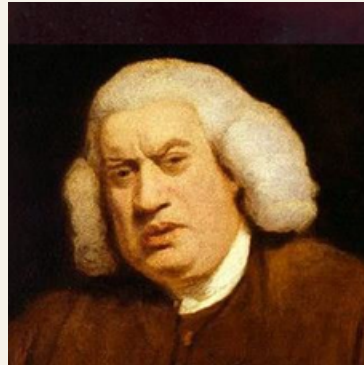
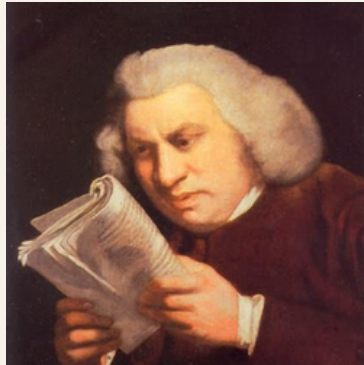
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THE EDITORIAL

An Extremely Long, Long, Long, Long (Did I Say Long?) Letter



Sic Mundus Creatus Est

Thus, the world was created.

Dear reader, your quest is half accomplished since you've discovered this secret ninth horcrux, now you must journey on to discover the whereabouts of Severus Snape and deliver it to him.

Just kidding, this isn't a Harry Potter version of choose-your-own adventure magazine (yet!), but we (the supercalifragilisticexpialidocious gazette team) promise you shall very much enjoy it.

The Shishukunj Gazette has long been a platform to express emotions, art, knowledge and literary calibre of Shishyans. This year as you open the first edition of the Gazette, we bring to you new blood, new words and a whole new palate of skills, choices and topics.

We have in the past years talked about Democracy, World Economy, Industrialisation and a whole lot of Gen-Z topics. This year, let's go back to our roots.

Let's begin at the beginning.

How the universe came to be, how we came to be, how consciousness emerged, the languages came into existence, how the era of literature began and philosophy. This year's Gazette explores these topics while striving to achieve the high standards of fun, literary freedom and student involvement set by us (you may thank us later in person).

Now let me give my thanks to a few very important people who've made this issue possible: our precious Swiftie Student Editors (not me being biased towards Bheeni di or Manasvi di), my Co-editor Mridul Jain (I forgive you for your exceptionally questionable music taste because, may the mass times acceleration be with you), our lovely writers and our *aesthetic* designers. You guys are a boon to work with and till the end, it will always be me praying that this was the very first page, not where the story line ends.

And now to conclude with the formal chitchat:

"Friends, ~~Romans~~ Bharatiyas and countrywomen, lend me your eyes- this year's Gazette is yours, in dedication and in creation."

In honour of the spirit of those who've been before us and in anticipation of those who will come after, we present to you THE SHISHUKUNJ GAZETTE: I REMEMBER HOW IT STARTS,

Thanking you, in anticipation I remain,
Yours in Poetry,
Rashi Soni
Co-editor

P.S. I'm sorry, I really tried to keep this short but well. And apologies for any nerd joke you didn't like (not really).

P.P.S If you read till the end, you're an angel (don't roll your eyes) :)

GREEK GODS

(and the rest)

*"At first there was the One Being. The Primordial Being, He was shapeless, formless. Within his being lies every emotion, every action, every thought formulated, the present, the past, the future. No being, god, Titan, monster or mortal can fully experience his being, but to put it into context, experiencing a fragment of his being is compared to the **utter disorder after the departure prayer on a Saturday**. His name is Chaos.*

From Chaos emerged Nyx (Night), along with Erebus (Darkness), Hemera (Day), and Gaia (Mother Earth). Her husband was Ouranos, the sky, and their children, the Titans. 12 mighty, beautiful, tall, and inhumanly strong. The Titans were the first race that set foot upon the Earth."

The characters themselves do not matter as much as the part they play in this eternal story.

Time is a thread, woven by the Fates, which often loops back on itself, and when it does, history repeats (I'm foreshadowing). This thread is split into hundreds of different finer threads, and each one narrates the tale of one character. It is... a brave and frankly, foolish task to try to pick out and read the story on each thread. And so, I'm sticking to the path of the main thread.

"After the most dramatic divorce in all history, it (the first marriage ever) ended with Gaia planning to get back at Ouranos (says something). After Kronos (brutally) assassinated his father (recurring trend), he became the King of the World, and the Lord of Time.

The prophecy that one of Kronos' sons would be his demise, being narrated to him by a disappointed Gaia, (who is on average disappointed with everyone) was followed by Kronos swallowing every one of his children from his wife, Rhea, except Zeus who escaped and grew up on Crete."

Most of Greek Mythology is considered gruesome, and that often restricts the average person from delving too deep into it, or if they do, sharing that interest with other people. (Disbelievers, try explaining what I just wrote in italics above to your parents and see where that takes you). But you have to take into account that Greek Mythology, or any mythology, is a reflection of the people who wrote it down.

Mythology is an art. Often, it was used by its creators as a means to answer questions they couldn't answer normally:

Where does the Sun go at Night? What happens to the souls of the dead, and do the good ones get a chance to live again? Why does lightning happen (and why is it so cool)? Do immortals exist?

The creators answered these questions by inventing characters, writing stories, epics and verses that personified their ideas, or possible answers that no one would believe otherwise. But, also, they used mythology as a means to express their problems.

Finding problems in your marriage? Write a story in which an evil wife plots against her husband.

Irritated that your 2 year old can't derive Pythagoras' formula in his sleep? Write a story in which a father tries to swallow his son. Gruesome, yes, but there weren't any standards for that back then.

¹ The word 'he' is used for the readers' sake, but the being doesn't have any gender. This being was there before gender, and before they/them too.

"After freeing his siblings from Kronos' ... um... tummy, he also freed the Cyclopes and Hundred Handed Ones, (technically his uncles, but this part is distorted). The Cyclopes were so happy they gave him a neat little lightning bolt too. For ten years Zeus and his siblings waged a war against Kronos, who ruled from Mount Othrys. Zeus chose the tallest mountain in all the lands, Mount Olympus as his base, and so, Zeus and 11 other immortals are known as the Olympians.

Then, in classic fashion, he ended Kronos brutally (what did I tell you?) by um... chopping him up and throwing him into Tartarus (I'm sorry I'm just here to narrate the events. I wish I could've changed them).

He crowned himself the new King (now where did I see that happen). With Hera, his wife by his side, Zeus became the King of Olympus, Lord of Lightning and Sky. Along with his brothers, Poseidon (God of the Sea) and Hades (Hay-Deez, Ruler of the Underworld and the Dead) and 9 other gods, each controlling their own sphere, the Olympians rule the world."

No one is purely right or wrong in Greek mythology, and its creators are apathetic at best. Righteous heroes are killed randomly. The moody Gods are all powerful and do not hesitate to kill. Their actions aren't influenced by right or wrong. Zeus himself is famous for his short temper and brashness, so I can't expect much from the rest. Gods are not righteous figures representing good faith and peace, but rather, immortal spoiled kids with limitless power who impose their will indiscriminately (that's a metaphor).

This was just the preamble to what is an infinite sea of drama, horror, gruesomeness, awesomeness, excitement, fire, ice, lightning, olives and what not. I have intentionally left out all the Hercules-es and all the Iliads and Odyssey-es, because there are more of them than words in this article (there's a lot).

Conclusion.

Most stories leave you with a moral, or a message or something nice and heartwarming. Greek mythology doesn't, because its creators don't really care (insert american psycho memes). But what it doesn't fail to tell you is that Chaos is the only truth, and its embodiment, Change, is the only true constant (I feel like a motivational speaker writing this). The Gods, the Giants, Gaia, Titans and monsters, will all die and be forgotten, and that is the natural order of events (and when that happens remember to tag me in your stories and also don't forget #ripzeus). The world will one day revert to the disorder of Chaos, silently, (I know you like these types of "happily-ever-afters" too). To read what happens after this, go back to the first word of the first paragraph.

The departure prayer is over. Enjoy the weekend while it lasts.

*-Mithran Ladbania
X-D*





the

Such uncanny power these gods possess. The might, which is a never-ending recital wherein only glory shown, but the exploitation overlooked. The fight, that has consumed a plethora of ink just to be recalled on paper wherein only the triumph celebrated, but the blood spilled and the land shredded was never grieved.

The indecision of whom to believe, of what to believe? The goddess that serves power and exudes war along with wisdom, or the cursed beauty whose beauty when recognized turned you into stone? Athena, the goddess of war, and Medusa, the forever frozen and cursed, both suffered through the actions of the god of the sea, Poseidon.

The silence when the wave of realization inevitably hits, how naïve one could be to believe first the abuser and last the 'deranged' abused, how the abused went to war amongst themselves just to find a piece of solace, it's as if Eve and Adam ended up punishing the other for being sent on Earth instead of becoming the creators of the universe.

What could've been was lost in the translation of what, in fact, was. Such uncanny power these gods possessed, where the ignorance welcomed bliss and yet again the tales of the frail are forever lost.

-Adwita Tiwari
XI A

The Origin of the Term NARCISSIST

The beautiful nymph Echo sat quietly weeping beside her Narcissus, the man who had rejected her. Some years ago, the river god Cephissus and the nymph Liriope had a son named Narcissus. He was widely renowned for his charm and beauty. However, a blind seer prophesied that if Narcissus ever looked at his face, it would lead to his demise.

For many years suitors, nymphs, gods, mortals, and monsters were captivated by Narcissus' charm and good looks. However, the arrogant Narcissus rejected all his suitors, and all the praise went up to his head. One of his many suitors was the beautiful and innocent nymph Echo who was also rejected by him. She was so distraught that she lost her voice, but her final whisper was heard by Nemesis, the goddess of balance and vengeance.

Nemesis led Narcissus to a spring where he accidentally looked at his reflection in the clear pool of water. Because of Nemesis' curse, he was so captivated by his own beauty that unable to move away from the pool of water, he eventually wasted away. A flower bearing his name grew at the place where he had died.

The term narcissist, which means to be self-obsessed and over admiring oneself, is derived from the name Narcissus and the result of his arrogance.

-Ammar Murabbi



And Thus It Began

William Tayler, the commissioner of Patna, sat back in his chair, cigar in hand, and called for another brandy. Rebellion had erupted in Awadh, and in the nearby cities of Lucknow and Cawnpore.

“Looks like we’re in the eye of the storm, eh? No revolts here,” said Benedict Mackenzie.

“Hope so, Doctor. Let’s see if the natives refuse the issue of the cartridges as well; I’ve heard some bookselling chap is helping the locals get munitions. Sneaky crook,” replied the commissioner, always relaxed in his approach.

“He’s a good ‘un, for sure. General Havelock raided his shop three times but found nothing.”

The two men ordered more brandy and began talking polo as the regimental band struck up a jolly waltz. Outside the garrison gates, India turned restless in its sleep.

About two weeks later, the mutiny exploded around them. Savage fights and cruel atrocities filled the headlines as hundreds of innocents lay dead.

If the bullets didn’t kill them, the lack of rations sure did. Countless men, women and children lived cold, hungry and in constant fear. Mothers fed their kids the last slices of bread, and only hoped the cold, dark night would numb them to death painlessly.

Kajil, Ramzani, Faiyaz, Abbas, Jagdhar, Asghar: separated by caste and creed, but united by their idealism. They were part of the freedom movement in Patna that had spread in July, 1857.

Epilogue.

“Good job, Tayler. I had hardly any doubts ‘bout you. Now I’m certain you’ll make a great officer to the company.”

“Thank you, sir.”

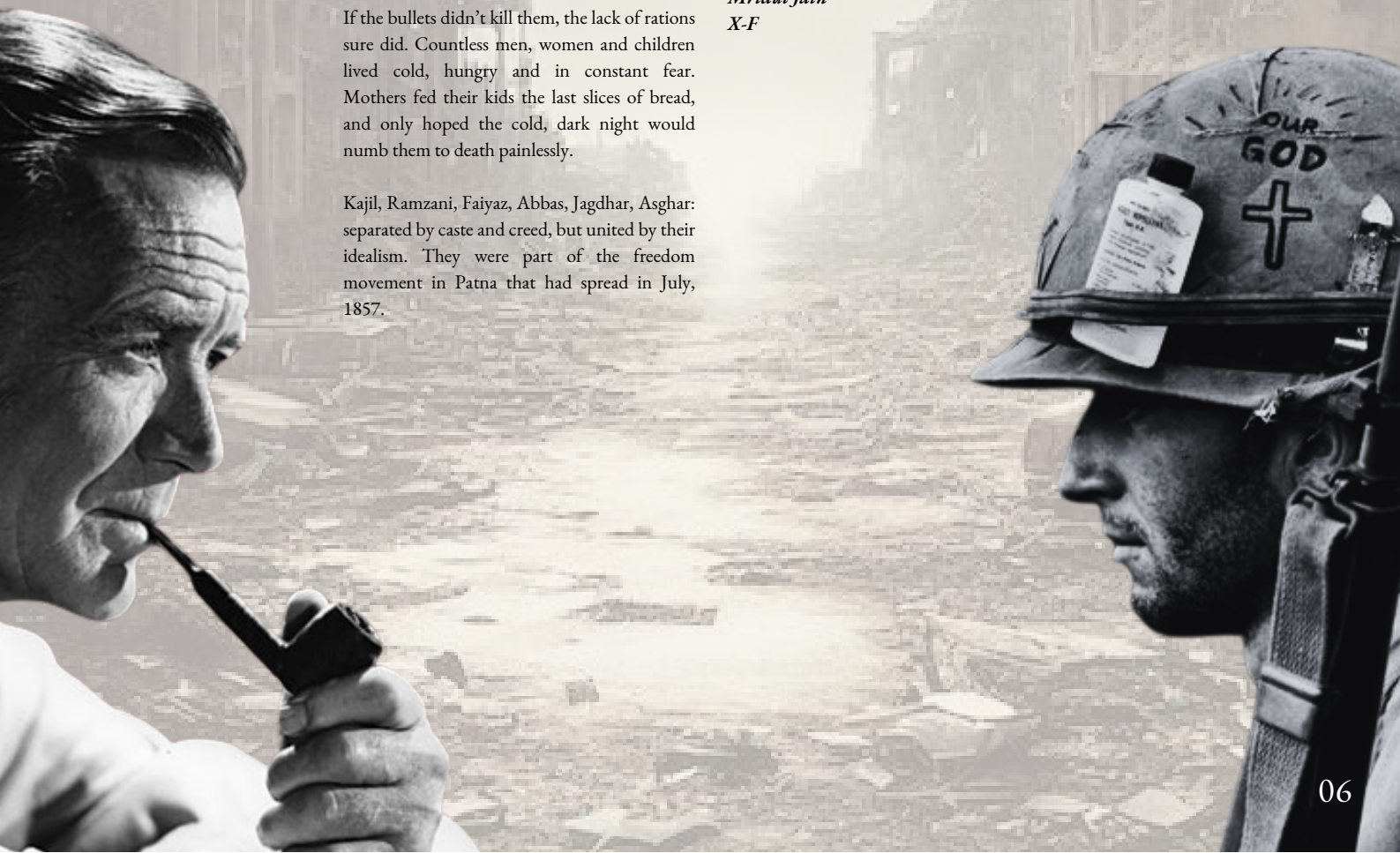
Curious and scared eyes alike, followed that man through the heart of Patna. He was a simple bookseller from the nearby Sadar Bazaar.

His clothes were heavily fettered and his soiled garments stained deeply with blood from a wound in his side; but his heart and soul made of the toughest will. Today was the date of his, and several others’ public hanging.

Peer Ali Khan was a hero and a hope to everyone whose spirit wanted freedom, and for the suppressed citizens of Patna. The light at the end of their tunnel was these rebels. That morning, the British doused the flame. But the spark of independence was already ignited, and thousands more would emerge to fight.

With chaos came a new start. A new era thus began.

Mridul Jain
X-F



Meaning: A sacred sound considered by many ancient philosophical texts to be the sound of the universe, encompassing all other sounds within it.

The dot signifies the fourth state of consciousness, known in Sanskrit as Turiya. In this state the consciousness looks neither outwards nor inwards, nor the two together. It signifies the coming to rest of all differentiated, relative existence. This utterly quiet, peaceful and blissful state is the ultimate aim of all spiritual activity. This Absolute state illuminates the other three states.

The semi circle symbolises Maya and separates the dot from the other three curves. Thus it is the illusion of maya that prevents us from the realisation of this highest state of bliss. The semi circle is open at the top, and does not touch the dot. This means that this highest state is not affected by maya. Maya only affects the manifested phenomenon. This effect is that of preventing the seeker from reaching his ultimate goal, the realisation of the One, all pervading, unmanifest, Absolute principle. In this manner, the form of OM represents both the unmanifest and the manifest, the noumenon and the phenomenon.

The upper curve denotes the state of deep sleep Sushupti or the unconscious state. This is a state where the sleeper desires nothing nor beholds any dream.

The large lower curve symbolises the waking state Jagrat, in this state the consciousness is turned outwards through the gates of the senses. The larger size signifies that this is the most common state of the human consciousness.

The middle curve (which lies between deep sleep and the waking state) signifies the dream state Swapna. In this state the consciousness of the individual is turned inwards, and the dreaming self-beholds an enthralling view of the world behind the lids of the eyes. These are the three states of an individual's consciousness, and since Indian mystic thought believes the entire manifested reality to spring from this consciousness, these three curves therefore represent the entire physical phenomenon.

Ghanishtha Nichani
VI-E



Falling or Fallacies

Mythology in traits is quite similar to a good work of writing—100 percent creativity curated to perfectly fit the actual evidence or belief. It demarcates a thin line between fact and fiction.

More often than not, the thought of Indian mythology being against the values of inclusivity or just being utterly fabricated crosses our minds. While the truth lies deep beneath the superficial stories, unequivocally, Indian mythology was ahead of its time in all aspects, but it was often misinterpreted incidentally, and at times intentionally. Indian mythology was too advanced to be understood at the time of its origination, where concepts of not feeling comfortable in your own skin and inclusivity—be it people with special needs or LGBTQ+—were prevalent. Who says Indian mythology is backward? Who says it's baseless? These preconceived notions originate from a mere lack of information. Hence, we start with the big bang. So roll the tape!

The Indian mythology and *Hinduism* are often mixed up, and the incorrect usage of them synonymously has severely worsened the situation. The fallacies revolving around sensitive matters that have recently been in the spotlight are likely to be fallen for. This results in the formation of biased opinions against Indian mythology. The only problem is that very basis of such opinionated view is based on misinformation or incomplete information. What is our source of knowledge is also the source of our misconceptual understanding of *Hinduism*—the hear-say' versions of mythology. This form of passing down information has its pros and cons, but its pros outweigh its cons. But it is said, blindly following the footsteps never ends well; this way you lose a godly advantage (all puns intended), which per se is faith—the blind man's beacon.



Hinduism is broadly based on *shruti* (to hear) and *smriti* (to remember). The *Vedas* come under *shruti*; there are four *Vedas* in total: the *Rig Veda*, the *Yajur Veda*, the *Sama Veda*, and the *Atharva Veda*. The *Puranas* are under *smriti*; these are religious legends, to put it simply. The backbone of Indian mythology The *Vedas* (the evidence) combined with the *Puranas* (the legends) make up Indian mythology. The *Vedas* alone weren't digestible for people just starting out, and hence, elaborate details were created (for better understanding of the commoners).

The appearance of these characters wasn't described in a text at the outset, but their traits and characteristics were, and henceforth their physical selves were based on their personalities and powers. Lord *Hanuman* appears to have been referred to as a "man-monkey" because of his shiftiness and physical strength, whereas *Ravana* was stated to have ten heads to indicate his intellect and multifaceted skill set.

It is important to understand Indian mythology in its true letter and spirit to understand its deep root meaning. For its sole purpose is to distinguish the good, the dark, and the grey. It is said that mythology is to be read again and again at various points in your life because of the hidden messages it has, which are spread equally upon its canvas. Re-reading it only enables us to further unlock its wonders. We tend to lose sight of the subject and lose the central idea of an epic. In the *Ramayana*, we are not meant to pinpoint the ornamental details designed for sheer design; rather, we are meant to think and ponder upon the symbolism that exists in the physical description of every character and to engulf the idea as a whole that these epics are merely scintillating between the two broad ideas of righteousness and evil.

I firmly believe that mythology, religion, scriptures and things of that sort have one sole purpose, to help us evolve to be a better human being, living in equilibrium, peace and harmony. God gave us brain to think, analyze, dream and have faith, unlike other living beings. Let us use our intellectual resources to the best of our ability, to make this world a better place to live, in the mean time the irrelevant fight between fact and fiction shall go on.

Riddhima Bhargava
VIII-B





Indian Ethos in Management

by Mr Maniinder Singh, PGT Commerce

Business, as I have seen it, places one great demand on you: it needs you to self-impose a framework of ethics, values, fairness and objectivity on yourself at all times."

- Ratan N Tata, 2006

Ethos are "the moral ideas and attitudes that belong to a particular group or society".

The body of knowledge which develops its solutions from the rich and huge Indian system of ethics (moral philosophy) for dealing with business and management problems is called 'Indian Ethos in Management'.

Thinking of it as a 'Hindu' way of managing business is a very closed-minded idea. Management and commerce is a behavioural science. For any business to be successful it should have strategies which are in sync with local culture; **McDonald's has a food menu which respects the local culture.** And the roots of Indian culture are in many religions and philosophical systems - be it Jainism, Hinduism, Buddhism, Islam, Sikhism etc.

Atmano mokshartham jagat hitaya cha (translation: for the salvation of our individual self and for the well-being of all on earth) is a shloka of the Rig Veda. This is the core of marketing. A true marketer earns profit by satisfying the needs of customers i.e. in customer satisfaction lies the prosperity of a business – Walmart tagline 'Better Every Day Low Prices! Always'.

- **Trigun theory**

The personality of an employee is based on the composition of three gunas- Sattva, rajas and tamas.

These gunas act together and never exist in isolation. They interact and compete with each other resulting in the majority of one over the others. The degree of predominance of one guna determines the individual's personality type.

Therefore, individual personalities are categorised into three viz. *sattvic, rajasic and tamasic types*. **Sattva** (white, information, and contentment), **Rajas** (red, activity and pain) and **Tamas** (dark, confrontation or lethargy and misunderstanding). The personality of a person can be determined based on the mode of worship, the type of food consumed and other activities of everyday life.

The employees and leader with more of Sattvic and less of tamasic element work as a strong team sharing knowledge and developing contentment: **Indian cricket team under the leadership of Mahendra Singh Dhoni.**

Karma Yogic (KY) approach towards work as compare to traditional management or western management (NKY).

According to Krishna in the Bhagavad Gita, Karma yoga is the spiritual practice of "*selfless action performed for the benefit of others*". Karma yoga is a path to reach moksha (spiritual liberation) through work. It is rightful action without being attached to fruits or being manipulated by what the results might be, a dedication to one's duty, and trying one's best while being neutral to rewards or outcomes such as success or failure.

I am just designing the work and worker personality based on Karma theory.

A worker doing his job based on KY will conserve his energy by focusing on the efforts and NKY will lead to burn outs as focus is the outcome.

KY encourages perfection in efforts as **WORK IS WORSHIP** but traditional management prepares managers for result orientation. This leads to dissipation of energy and entry into unethical and shortcuts in business.

KY employees give predominance to their own efforts thus such managers are having strong internal locus of control. They don't get involved in blame games thus leading to more efficiency.

Looking at the comparison between the traditional management or western management practice and Indian concept of management.

KY managers are work-committed employees, but western management workers are result leaning or reward oriented. This leads to stress as most of the things are not in our control.

KY managers have mind enrichment at the end of the task they do as its work which is significant for them. Western management theories depend more on work enrichment.

The personality is a tool in Indian Ethos in management as compared to the work in western school of management.

Stress & Indian Ethos

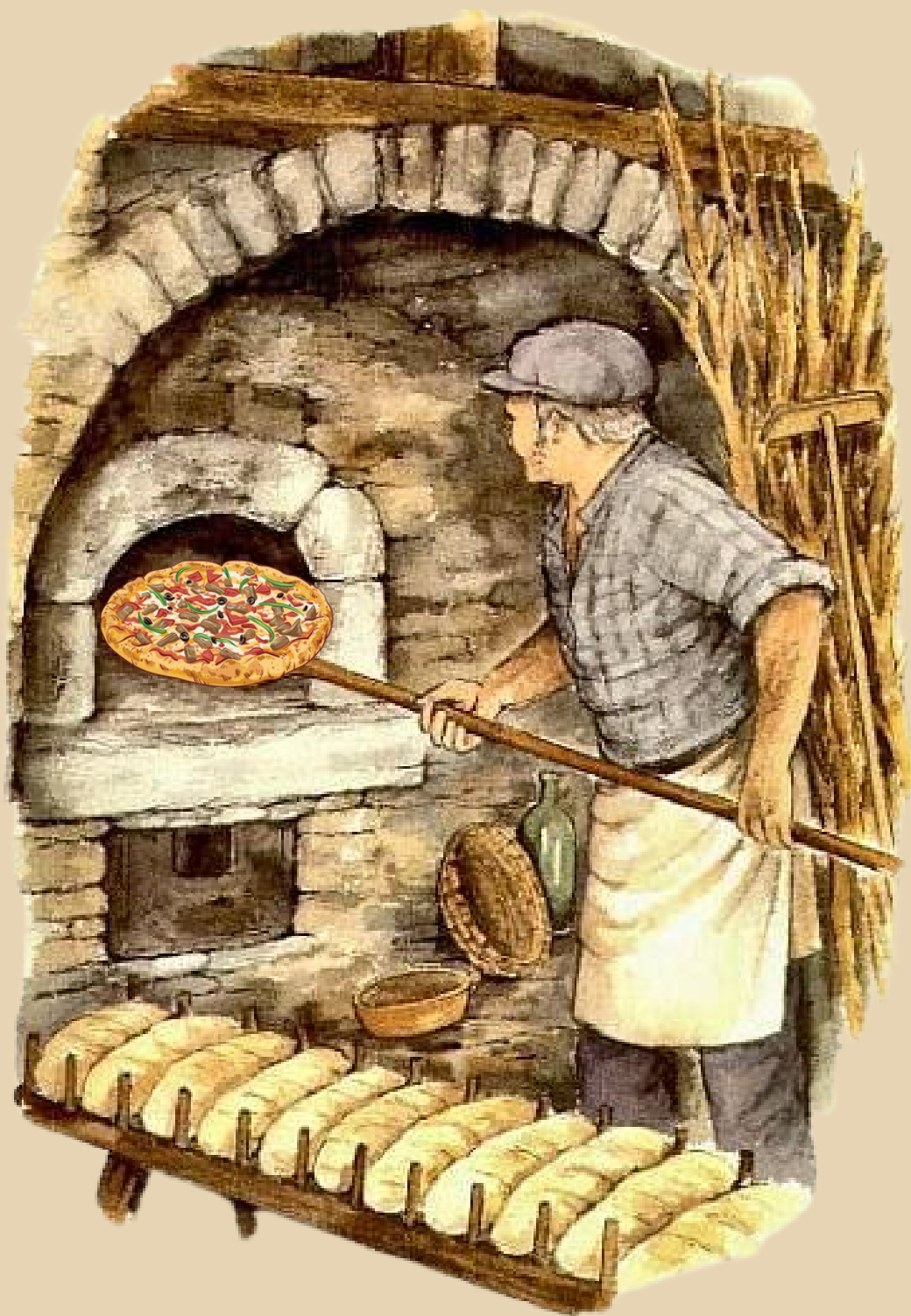
Stress is an active condition in which an individual is challenged with an opportunity, constraint, or demand related to what he or she desires and for which the outcome is perceived to be both uncertain and important. More typically, stress is associated with constraints and demands.

The ethic-moral law of cause and effect (*The Theory of Karma*) discussed above will be helpful in work stress management.

Bhagavad Gita Chapter 2, Verse 47;

"Karmanyeva Adhtkaraste Ma Phaleshu Kadbachana

Ma Karma-phala-beturbuhu Ma The' Sangab Asthu Akarmani"



Ingredients

- dough,
 - 260 ml of warm water
 - 10 gm sugar(1/2 tbsp)
 - 6gm yeast(1/2 tbsp)
 - 1 tbsp oil
 - 1/2 tsp salt
- 350 gm all purpose flour, plus more for working the dough
- additional oil for greasing the dough
- semolina flour or coarse ground whole wheat flour for dusting
- pizza sauce of choice
- mozzarella cheese
- processed cheese

Process:

To prepare the dough,

In a large bowl with warm water add sugar and mix it in the water.

In that, add the instant dry yeast and let it sit for 5 mins.

Once the yeast has bloomed, add oil and salt.

Now, add the flour, bring it together and keep sprinkling minimal flour to keep the dough workable.

Knead the dough until you can stretch out a patch of it without it tearing.

Divide into two equal balls and shape them reasonably smooth. grease the dough balls with olive oil and keep them in bowls (should be quite larger than the dough balls as it's going to rise) and cover them with lids.

Now you can either rest the dough in a warm place or keep them straight in the fridge for up to seven days.(tastes better as it ages up to a week).

Time to bake!

You'll need a hot surface to bake on. steel being thermally conductive would be the best surface to bake on for a home oven. get your oven as hot as it goes. Preheat your steel for 15-20 mins.

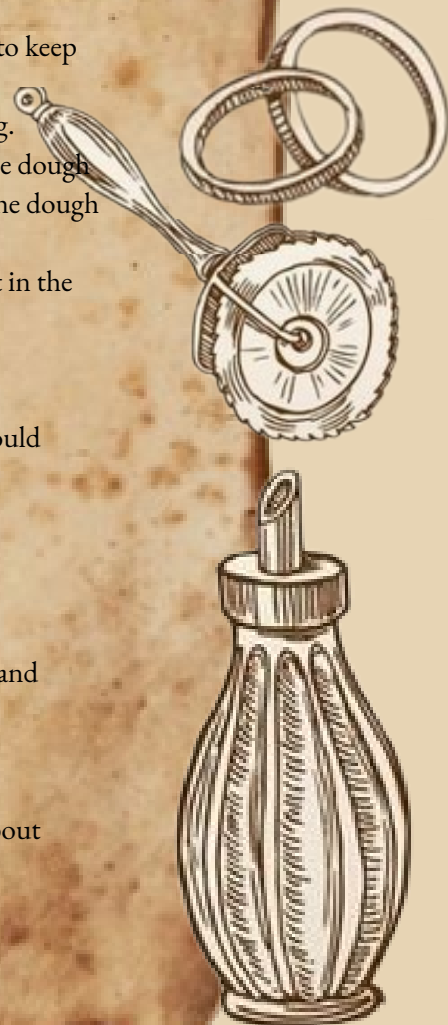
On a big and flat wood surface sprinkle flour to keep the dough from sticking. pull the dough straight out of the bowl deflating it as little as possible and get it coated in flour.

Go around forming the thick side while letting the rest of the dough fall and stretch naturally and get it as thin as you can get it.

Smooth the sauce with the back of a spoon and sprinkle some grated processed cheese under the mozz layer (you can add more on top)

Add on your mozzarella then transfer the pizza on your steel. Bake for about 10-15 mins until there's as much brown as possible.

You have your pizza! Cut it and serve hot!



Interview With Mr Kamlesh Santani

“I want to be a synonym of my subject”

Saksham: If you could deliver one message to the students, what would it be?

Mr Santani: Smooth roads don't make good drivers, (*says it twice for effect*)

clear skies don't make good pilots, (*dramatic pause*)

so, my dear students, never ask Life “Why me?”

always say “Try me.”

Saksham: I'm definitely framing this and pinning it near my study table. Moving on, what is your favourite lunch menu in school?

Mr Santani: *Mujhe toh woh baingan wali sabji bahut achhi lagti hai* but it's not made frequently.

(**Saksham:** I just realised *baingan ki bhi sabzi banti hai*, so thank you for that.)

Mithran: What is your favourite topic to teach?

Mr Santani: Class 12 ke Mathematics *mei* Inferential Statistics *mei* ek concept hai Hypothetical Testing, *uske utne* methods maine *abhi* invent nahi *kiye* hain to convince the students easily, toh bas woh thoda *abhi* challenge hai. You have to spend your quality time on Sunday because you have to come prepared for every doubt of the students.

Apart from that, during the Covid pandemic, I was the first person to get the opportunity to start teaching Applied Mathematics at school and the management had shown great faith in me. After the morning classes, I used to sit and solve every question manually in order to teach the subject; deciding the project, assessing the students' answers – it was really a huge responsibility for me. But when the school reopened, I received all 66 projects from my students in the first call. So definitely *mujhe* apna ek mark of achievement nazar *aata hai usme*.

Mithran: What is the the most wildcard doubt you've been asked?

Mr Santani: *Aise toh* there are many incidents when you smile in your heart but you can't tell the student ki kitna weird doubt *pucha hai tumne*.

Sometimes when I teach trigonometry, if “ $\sin 6\theta$ ” is written in the numerator and “ $\sin 3\theta$ ” is written in the denominator, students confidently *woh 6\theta aur 3\theta ko cancel karke 2 likh dete hain*. You need to understand that they are single entities, *aisa nahi ki tum angles ko shabeed kardo*.

Anshika: Sir what is the funniest excuse you've heard for not submitting the homework?

Mr Santani: Excuse *toh chhodo*, students commitment bahut smartly *kardete* hain ki *hum* homework karke le *aayenge* and you become hopeful. When the next day you're in school searching for that face, they're absent. And on the third day, they'll say “*Sir aapne toh kal ka bola tha, isliye mai aaj homework copy nahi laaya*.” My agenda is to make them revise the topic, not to kill their free time at home.

(**Anshika:** I wish *saare* teachers *aapke jaise hote*)

Manasvi: Which formula in maths do you dislike the most?

Mr. Santani: Empirical Formula [$\text{Mean} - \text{Mode} = 3(\text{Mean} - \text{Median})$] jo class 10 ke Statistics wale chapter *mei* hota tha. Even though I've managed to memorise countless formulae, agar tum mujhse ye wala formula puchoge na, toh I'll always refer to the textbook kyuki *abhi tak isme confidence nahi aaya mujhe*. (chuckles)
(Sidenote: How they expect us to learn it when the synonym of Mathematics can't is perplexing at the very least.)

Saksham: Sir *humne* apne seniors se *suna hai ki aap shayari bahut achhi karte hain. Aapko aise on-the-spot motivational quotes dene ka inspiration kahan se milta hai?*

Mr Santani: *Thodi si lambi story hai fir ye mat bolna ki aap interview mei bahut time le lete ho. (laughs)*

I call it the story of dreaming for a gold medal. In my Hindi medium school, one student from class 10 used to be selected and awarded a gold medal from the alumni on 15th August. I had this wish in my mind *ki mujhe bhi ye gold medal chahiye*. First of all, I took the membership of the News Club wherein I was given the responsibility of reading the news in the morning assembly. My English teacher, Mr Thomas, was also very cooperative. He said, "*Tum na thought of the day bola karo*" for which I was supposed to reach 45 mins early, take the thought from the Principal, write it on the board, memorize it and announce it. That had created a different accent in me. I also joined a spoken English class. For improving my extra-curriculars, I used to participate in drama and fancy dress competitions. My academics were going well too but one thing went wrong in class 9. I secured the highest marks in every subject, except Hindi. And that changed the whole game. I was at the third rank in my class but I was quite confident *ki mera naam toh jayega hi jayega*. However, I was not given a chance. Although I didn't receive the gold medal, it made my personality gold for me. I had become confident and spontaneous in answering and saying statements, and in class 11 and 12, I won all my debate competitions in Mhow and Indore.

Bheeni: If you were to study from one of your students, who would it be and what would you want to study?

Mr Santani: I have a lot of interest in knowing about computers, but once you're in a job, most of the time goes into fulfilling its responsibilities. I want to do a diploma or degree course. *Isliye maine khud ko CS Club mei enroll karwaya*. There are students like Ira, Parth and Madhav – they all are matlab *na* very good.

(**Bheeni:** Sir we have Ira with us as one of the designers in the Core Team)

(**Mr Santani:** Oh, she is good at explaining right? *Toh Ira se mai Computer seekhunga*) (*Chuckles*)

Saksham: Sir *aapke* purane teachers *mei se* who are your favourite teachers?

Mr Santani: According to me, personality is never a reflection of a single person, it is a combination of many people. I credit all my teachers for shaping my personality. My Science teacher, who also taught me Mathematics for a while, was my mentor and an overall motivational personality in my life. I remember *jo log mere Hindi teacher ki class mei dusre subjects ka kaam karte the*, they used to be asked questions relating to the subject they couldn't answer 90% of the time, realising *ki it is better to study Hindi only*. He was also very knowledgeable in Mythology, and *mujhe lagta hai ki Mythology also helps shape one's personality and brings you on the right path in the future whenever you're lost*, so *ek hafte mei 2-3 lectures mei hume kuch seekhne ko zarur mil jata tha*. My English teacher helped me 'walk, talk and eat in English', and helped in my teaching career as well. *Sabki tarah* my mother was my first teacher; and my father and grandparents also motivated me.

Anshika: *Aaj ke interview me aapne apni bahut sari purani memories recall ki hain*, which is your favourite memory from those?

Mr. Santani: *Jab mai class 5 mei tha*, I got the 5th position in the entire Indore district. *Mera naam bhi aaya tha Dainik Bhaskar mei 30 April, 1996 ko. Mujhe yaad hai ki my entire family was very happy and proud that day.*

(**Anshika:** Wow sir, that really motivates me to do better because Maths is my favourite subject)

(**Sidenote:** *We're still not sure whether this statement was sarcastic.*)

Anshika: Just like you, *mujhe bhi quotes bahut pasand hain*. My favourite one is one from Dr. APJ Abdul Kalam, "If you fail, never give up because F.A.I.L. means 'First Attempt In Learning'. End is not the end, if fact E.N.D. means 'Effort Never Dies'. If you get 'No' as an answer, remember N.O. means 'Next Opportunity'. So sir, what is your favourite quote?

Mr. Santani: Some of my favourite quotes have to be:

1. "Don't keep your dreams in your eyes, they may roll down with tears. Keep them in your heart so that each heart beat of your remind you of your dreams"
2. "*Mujhse nafrat karni hai toh shiddat se karo, zara sa chuk gaye toh mohabbat ho jayegi*"
3. "*Hamara junoon aisa hai ki hum zameen par aayeena bichhaake aasman mei chalte hain*"
4. "Lion mode attitude, you may not be the best but you have to be the best"

Waise toh mere paas bahut saare hain, agar mai ek baar shuru ho jaunga toh rukna mushkil ho jayega, my students would know. (chuckles)

SERIES

The Woman in the
House Across the Street
From the Girl in the
Window

Gilmore Girls

Manifest

BOOKS

Babel by R.F Kuang

Norwegian Woods by
Haruki Murakami

The Monster Calls by
Patrick Ness

Legendborn by Tracy
Deonn

Every Last Word

PODCASTS

The Joe Rogan
Experience

My Favorite Murder

ALBUM

Good Riddance

GAZETTE RECOMMENDS

Students' Gallery



Advaita Acharya
XI G



Priyanka Gupta
X D



Siya Mucchal
IX C



Pihu Gupta
XI B



Gauri Gupta
X B



Ashmi Narkar
VII E



OF NICE AND MEN

Once upon a time, *The Lord of Flies* owned a vineyard in the neighbourhood of the *Wuthering Heights*. But alas, nothing grew in the farm except for *The Grapes of Wrath*.

It was the year *Nineteen Eighty Four*, the year *Frankenstein* and *Dracula* convinced *Don Quixote*, *To Kill a Mockingbird*. He naturally failed in his mission and blamed it all on *The Little Women*. Meanwhile, the *Count of Monte Cristo* was seen whistling a tune of the *Song of Solomon* while on his way to meet *Jane Eyre*.

When he finally reached her place, he was surprised to find *Mrs Dalloway* there, painting *The Picture of Dorian Gray*. He threw aside his *Pride and Prejudice* and decided to finally address *The Catcher in the Rye*.

The Animal Farm became a home to *The Invisible Man*. *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* filled *The Great Gatsby* with *Great Expectations*. Everyone lived happily ever after in *The Secret Garden*.

Ranjiv Singh Gaikwad
IX C





Our Classical Classics

*My dear Handel, I sympathise with you
Oh Jekyll, don't feel too bad!
For your gothic, mysterious tale
Was the best scare I ever had.*

*Whenever I am in the library
And I don't find a good book
I pick up a Victorian classic
And hide in a Victorian nook*

*I read about poor Philip Pirrip
And his journey from country to city
I read about Oliver Twist, Nancy and Brownlow
And my eyes well up with tears of pity*

*But how famous are these fabulous novellas
Especially in the technological age?
We must preserve our classical classics
For they contain magic in every page*

*Advika Narkar
VII-C*

Sun Ea

If Ocean Vuong were to be described in a single word, he'd be a murderer. A murderer because he kills every piece he writes¹, and his words forever linger in the periphery of his readers' minds like ghosts. Literature is meant to paint pictures. His words, however, spell ruin and sing a symphony of grief and agony, interlaced with a quiet chorus of relief—the relief of a confession long, long due. But who really is Ocean Vuong? Perhaps his first name best describes him—a man who, even though so young, has experiences and stories that can fill the deepest of voids—a man who is no less than an ocean itself. He is a poet and he is a writer, but most importantly, he is simply a queer Asian-American man navigating life in all its messy glory through his art.

And we set sail.

But wait, before we jump into the abyss of this endless sea to look for the treasure buried deep, it is best that we prepare ourselves by merely getting our feet wet. The best way to get an essence of Ocean's pen, the two truths, is perhaps through his own words:

1. *The truth is we can survive our lives, but not our skin. But you already know that.*
2. *"Because everyone knows yellow pain, pressed into American letters, turns to gold. Our sorrow Midas touched. Napalm² with a rainbow afterglow."*

Alright. We think you're ready now.

Look around: amongst the several pinpoints in the sea you can see, the largest one shines the brightest under the moonlight. Traversing this island is difficult but so worth it because, after all, it is like looking at the *Night Sky With Exit Wounds*.

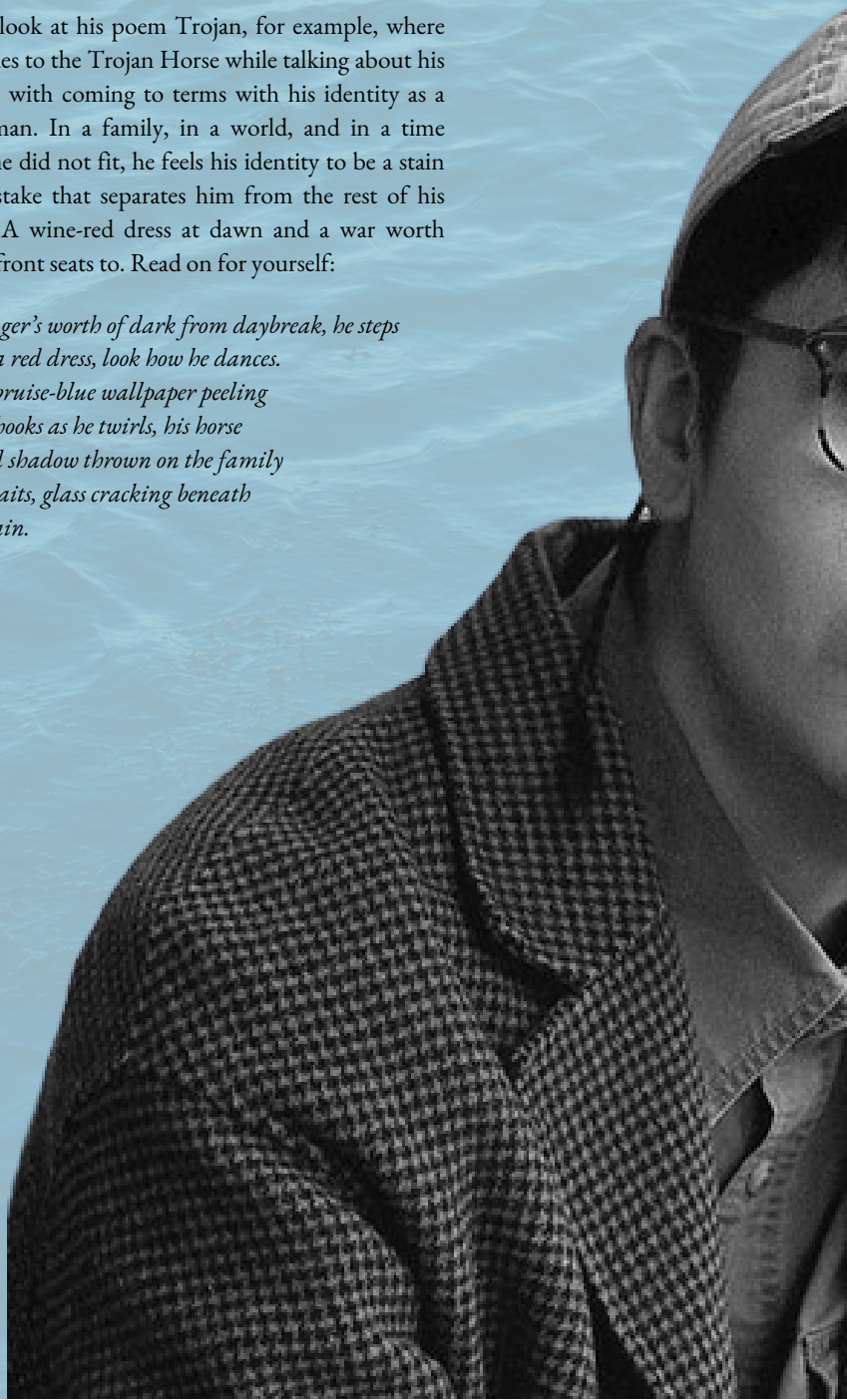
Reading Vuong's debut poetry collection will calm the fiercest of hungers, because every poem within is like a warm meal cooked by your mother with her entire soul put into it, seasoned to perfection with nothing but mere experience and fed to you lovingly by hand. What makes his writing somewhat unconventional is that Vuong at times works like a locksmith—he writes in locks and leaves the keys in his other pieces. In simpler words, you cannot decipher what he says until you read everything that he says.

Take a look at his poem Trojan, for example, where he alludes to the Trojan Horse while talking about his struggle with coming to terms with his identity as a queer man. In a family, in a world, and in a time where he did not fit, he feels his identity to be a stain—a mistake that separates him from the rest of his family. A wine-red dress at dawn and a war worth having front seats to. Read on for yourself:

*A finger's worth of dark from daybreak, he steps
into a red dress, look how he dances.
The bruise-blue wallpaper peeling
into hooks as he twirls, his horse
-head shadow thrown on the family
portraits, glass cracking beneath
its stain.*

¹ Inspired by, but contradicts Ocean Vuong in 'On Earth We're Briefly Gorgeous': "But why can't the language for creativity be the language for regeneration? **You killed this poem, we say.** You're the killer. You came into that novel guns blazing. I am hammering this paragraph. I am banging them out, we say. I owned that workshop. I shut it down. I crushed them. We smashed the competition. "Good for you, man," a man once said to me at a party. "you're making a killing with poetry. You're knockin' them dead."

² Napalm: a substance like jelly, made from petrol or gas, that burns and is used in making bombs



Survival Is Lousy?



There it was. You witnessed Vuong's first murder, something that was equal parts terrifying and beautiful. It may be best to leave the scene untouched because we don't know who his next target might be. ~~It's us.~~ Quick, hop on board, but don't forget what you just saw because that is one of the many locks we need to find a key to on this journey. It might take us days or even weeks to reach the next island, but trust me, every second of the voyage will be worth it.

Hold on, is that a whirlpool? Well, well, expecting to sail smoothly was a stupid idea after all. Just like history, life also moves in a spiral, not the straight line we've come to expect. We travel through time in a circular trajectory, our distance increasing from the epicenter, only to return again, one circle removed, because On Earth We're Briefly Gorgeous.

You've found a letter that depicts a son's curtained love for his late mother, who couldn't read. The description might seem like an antithesis, but this book is a lot more than that.

It is about history, generational trauma, queerness, mental illness, and race, to name a few, all written in a manner that would break your heart and make it their home. This novel blurs the lines between fiction and confession by being a gut-wrenching epistolary, a tapestry in which are interwoven the tales not only of Vuong but also those of his mother and grandmother, protagonists of a reality left unperceived by most.

Wait, why is there a blood stain on that very tapestry? Well, that is the blood, dear ones, cleaned off from a now-gleaming knife, ready to be buried deep into the heart of its next victim.

And that just happens to be the shoddy key to his poetry above. When Little Dog, the protagonist of his novel, finally owns up to his queer sexuality, his mother poses a question, or perhaps a muse,

"Tell me," you said from behind the palm on your chin, "are you going to wear a dress now?"

"I won't, Ma. I promise. Look, I've never worn one before, have I? Why would I now?"
[...]

We leave the Dunkin' Donuts heavier with what we know of each other. But what you didn't know was that, in fact, I had worn a dress before—and would do so again. That a few weeks earlier, I had danced in an old tobacco barn wearing a wine-red dress as my friend, a lanky boy with a busted eye, dizzily watched.

Run. I think he's catching up to us now. Time is precious. Time is a Mother.

We're at the end of the world. There is nowhere else to go but here, not until he lets us on board his ark.

In this poetry collection, Vuong shows us the true form of raw emotion, of twisted thoughts, and of incomprehensible tales. Every word is laced with agony, for his loss; relief, for the burdens off his chest; but worst of all—or perhaps the main purpose for the existence of poetry—guilt, for the relief. A guilt that spirals, twines around his words, flows in ink, and bleeds on paper; a continuum, undeterred even by space and time.

It is no coincidence then, that this seemingly last ~~sinking~~ island is shaped like a comma, the curve of continuation.

"We were looking out at the water, where everything met. Where we met the sea. And that's where we wanted to go. The place where we'd never been."

And now we're here. And now, you're on your own, kid. You always have been. Because no one is really here to save you in this world but you certainly must have found a few tools to save yourself.

~~Use them, break the locks, find the keys,~~
open the locks or else;

Happy Drowning.
Goodbye, sailor.

Rashi Soni and Prutha Pimpalgaonkar

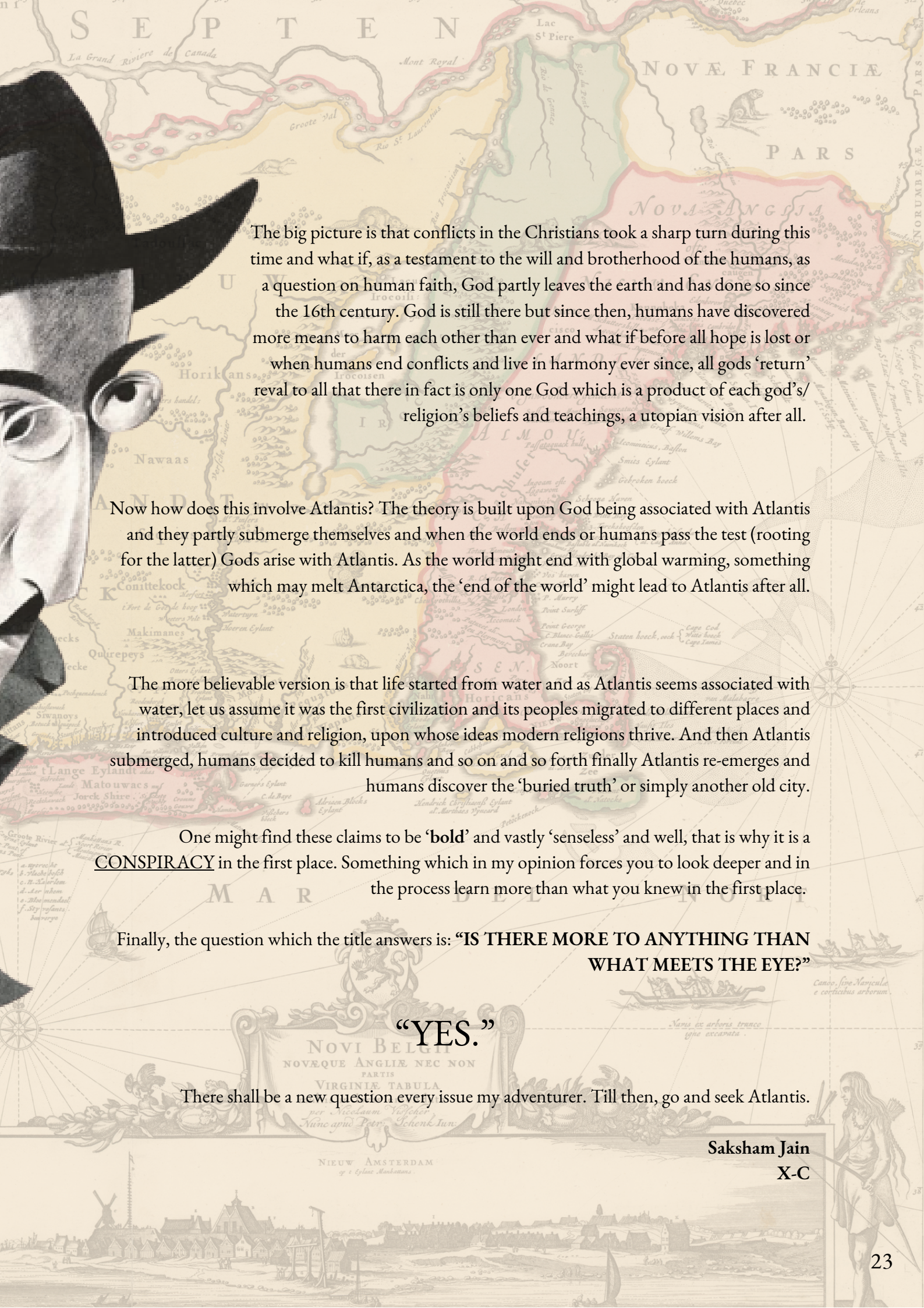
YES!

Now before the question is revealed to the above answer, let it be known that it took you about 0.25210084 seconds to read that one word. How? The average reading speed of humans is nearly 238 words per minute, the time taken to read a word is simply 60 over 238.

Why this much math you ask? Simple because that is how numbers manipulate us. One such number is 1513. The year 1513 is one of interest simply because of 3 words: Piri, Reis and Map. The Piri Reis Map was one to show Antarctica without ice and yes, the explanations might be plenty, there are multiple theories suggesting that Atlantis, a lost city, is submerged beneath the Antarctic. The purpose of this piece of conspiracy however deals with the specific reasons as to why Atlantis might be submerged under that Antarctic.

In the olden times, to map out the world, a chronometer was required to accurately calculate longitude. Noteworthy, is the fact that these devices were first made by John Harrison who was BORN in the march of 1693; years after the Piri Reis Map. Humanity could not discover the southern pole region till much later. This indicates that Antarctica at a point was well, without ice and as many theories like Charles Hapgood's "Earth Crustal Displacement theory, suggests that Atlantis submerges under this very area some point probably after 1513, meaning that Atlantis might in fact be a real land mass, exciting isn't it?

Presenting a few symbolic ideas, there is also a belief that the submerging of Atlantis is not merely geographical but also might co-relate to beliefs spiritually. Jesus Christ 'died' in 33 AD, the difference between 1513 and 33 is 1480 years, a number with 16 divisors, 16 (for those who believe in whatever angel numbers are) represents completion. Completion of God's reign. Another detail is that in 1562, the wars of religion between the Protestants and Catholics started. Atlantis completely submerges at some point after 1513, about half a decade before the religious wars.



The big picture is that conflicts in the Christians took a sharp turn during this time and what if, as a testament to the will and brotherhood of the humans, as a question on human faith, God partly leaves the earth and has done so since the 16th century. God is still there but since then, humans have discovered more means to harm each other than ever and what if before all hope is lost or when humans end conflicts and live in harmony ever since, all gods 'return' reveal to all that there in fact is only one God which is a product of each god's/ religion's beliefs and teachings, a utopian vision after all.

Now how does this involve Atlantis? The theory is built upon God being associated with Atlantis and they partly submerge themselves and when the world ends or humans pass the test (rooting for the latter) Gods arise with Atlantis. As the world might end with global warming, something which may melt Antarctica, the 'end of the world' might lead to Atlantis after all.

The more believable version is that life started from water and as Atlantis seems associated with water, let us assume it was the first civilization and its peoples migrated to different places and introduced culture and religion, upon whose ideas modern religions thrive. And then Atlantis submerged, humans decided to kill humans and so on and so forth finally Atlantis re-emerges and humans discover the 'buried truth' or simply another old city.

One might find these claims to be '**bold**' and vastly 'senseless' and well, that is why it is a CONSPIRACY in the first place. Something which in my opinion forces you to look deeper and in the process learn more than what you knew in the first place.

Finally, the question which the title answers is: "**IS THERE MORE TO ANYTHING THAN WHAT MEETS THE EYE?**"

"YES."

There shall be a new question every issue my adventurer. Till then, go and seek Atlantis.

Saksham Jain
X-C

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Mr Maninder Singh for sharing his extraordinary
approach to the subject

...

*In the darkest of darkness if the other does not see me, I do see myself.
And surely do I shine!”*

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*It was destined death in the arrow,
which rested at the hand of Hod.*

*Broke out hell and a past of sorrow,
The thunder god lied poison stained,
Time decayed each moment when only 9 steps remained.*

*Destined death came as was foretold,
When millions perished and the world fell,
Upon the Ragnarok's great unfold,
Ages later the same tale who does tell?*

