GEN Z

2026

& philosophy



The Shishukunj Gazette

“And now I remembered that the real world was wide, and that a varied field of hopes and fears, of sensations and excitements, awaited those who had courage to go forth into its expanse, to seek real knowledge of life amidst its perils.”

— Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre*

INDEX

01



What if historical figures had a group chat?

02



The Constant Observation

03



For Amelia

04



Tremor to Flames

05



The Social Network

06



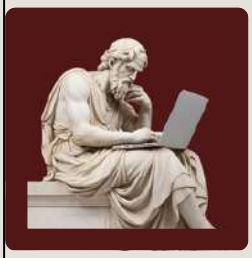
The Algorithm's Cave

07



गुमसुम-सा बचपन

08



The Psychological, Emotional and Social Landscape

INDEX

09



What If Instagram Existed Before Instagram Existed?

10



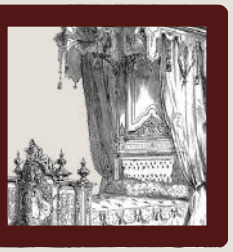
To All the Brainrots: Don't Roll Your Eyes

11



The Gita's Forgotten Convo

12



Velvet Night

13



Haiku! The Students' Corner

14



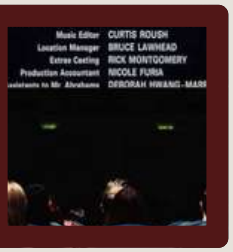
The Perspective Gallery

15



The Gazette Playlist

16



Credits













gang



Hey guys, look at my new painting! I ditched the sunflowers in favour of roses this time.

Mozart

Good going, Vincent. I reposted 👍

You and your instagram. Every time I go on that app, I distract myself for hours!

Shakespeare

To scroll, or not to scroll, that is the question. People used to sit for five acts during my plays. Now they don't have enough patience for a three-hour movie.

Karl Marx

Not to mention those so-called influencers. My writings brought down governments. What did your 'GRWM' video do? Sold serums that are overpriced due to capitalism, and are used to validate people's insecurities that are also manufactured by capitalism?

Mozart

Calm down, Karl. You are just salty because capitalism is the world now and you lost. Look at me; I am a global influencer! My latest Sonata went viral. Thousands of reels were made on it.

Yeah, guys, I do like social media. It's efficient. I sold more paintings with its help than I ever did in my lifetime. But the way information spreads there. I mean, I cut off my ear once and that's what everyone remembers about me?

Queen Elizabeth

: I get what you mean. Half my comments are, 'you put lead on your face, it'll kill you'. Good. At least I'm not paying millions to get plastic installed in my body like you.

Marie Antoniette

Slay queen! I'm not sure about the socio-political aspect of it all, but I do love the coquette aesthetic. So cute!

Mozart

For real. I'm personally a fan of the memes. I'm a legend, you know, writing Don Giovanni a night before with my wife struggling to keep me awake! Procrastinating before it was cool 😎

Karl Marx

Avoidance of labour is no virtue to be proud of, you bourgeoise aristocrats.

Mozart

Go use your dramatics in the theatre You got a role for him, William? 😛

Shakespeare

Page or screen, my emotions are unseen. Much ado about notifications. Good night, sweet screen. Until dawn restores the sun shall I sleep, and not log in again. Never, never, never. (...until morning)

What if historical figures had a group chat?

Aarushi Yadav - XII G

THE CONSTANT OBSERVATION

I am the observer– a lonely observer. In search of some entertainment.
This world of yours knows me by many names, Marvel calls me “Uatu the Watcher”; for the sci-fi show ‘Fringe’, I’m “The Observers”; “Doctor Manhattan” from the Watchmen; And as most of you may recognise, “Samay” from B.R. Chopra’s Mahabharat.
It’s true I have many names. But right now, all I am is an entity. Watching over these series of events that have just unfolded on planet Earth. In Ghalib’s words:

“बाज़ीचा-ए-अतफ़ाल है दुनिया मेरे आगे”
The world is a child’s playground before me.

So let’s visit this playground, with a twist in the tale, after all I am a lonely observer. A natural observation has remained for me, about how time works, how everyone obeys to some extent, the conditions of their timeline.
Perfect.
That’s my source of entertainment. Let’s mix things up a bit?

Welcome, to the year 2026, where a rogue AI experiment at a forgotten lab in Silicon Valley went haywire. It wasn't meant to bend time–
But in a glitch of cosmic irony, timelines tangled like earbuds in a pocket. Historical figures swapped places with modern souls, not in body, but in essence: habits, tools, and mindsets crossed eras. Kings wielded smartphones; influencers brandished swords. The world became a satirical circus, where the past mocked the present, and vice versa.

Alexander the Great, the conqueror of worlds, now slumped on his ancient Macedonian throne. Instead of plotting invasions, he's doomscrolling through endless feeds of cat videos and conspiracy theories. "Another empire falls to memes," he mutters, thumb swiping eternally, his ambitions reduced to liking posts about "world domination hacks."

Meanwhile, in the dusty chaos of the Battle of Panipat, 1526, a modern Instagram influencer materializes amid clashing armies. Phone in hand, she dodges arrows while going live: "Hey fam, dropping into this epic throwback! Is this Coachella or what? Smash that like if you're team Mughal!" Babur's troops pause, bewildered, as she poses for selfies with war elephants. The comedy underscores our obsession with spectacle– turning history's bloodbaths into content fodder.

Back in Vrindavan, brothers Krishn and Balaram, divine tricksters themselves– discover AI image generators! To dodge Yashoda's scolding over stolen butter, they whip up deepfakes: "Look, Maiya, it was the cows! See this photorealistic evidence?" Yashoda, peering at the glowing screen, sighs in confusion. Even gods resort to algorithms for alibis!

AMI ASIJA XI E

















William Shakespeare, zapped into a 2026 London flat, becomes an overnight TikTok sensation. "To be or not to be... sponsored by this energy drink?" he quips, remixing sonnets into rap battles. His followers explode: "Bard goes viral– Hamlet as a thread!"

Socrates, the gadfly of Athens, finds himself moderating a Reddit forum in modern Athens, Georgia. "What is justice?" he posts in r/philosophy, only to be downvoted by trolls: "Source? Pics or it didn't happen." He debates endlessly in comments, sipping virtual hemlock from emoji poison cups. The satire skewers our echo chambers– ancient wisdom drowned in anonymous snark, where questioning everything leads to bans and cancellation, not enlightenment.

Napoleon Bonaparte, exiled to a gamer's basement in Paris 2026, wages wars via Fortnite. "Vive la France!" he yells, dropping into battles with a squad of noobs. His grand strategies crumble against lag and loot boxes: "This is not Waterloo– it's pay-to-win!" The comedy mocks imperial hubris in the age of microtransactions, where empires are built (and lost) in virtual sandboxes.

Elon Musk, the modern capitalist tycoon, lands in ancient Rome's Forum. "Behold, the stock market!" he proclaims, sketching IPOs on papyrus. Senators haggle over "crypto-colosseum coins," but it crashes when Caesar tweets (via carrier pigeon) a bad trade. Satire targets greed's timeless grip– empires rise and fall, but hustlers always reinvent the wheel (or the blockchain).

As the glitch unraveled, figures flickered back to their eras. Alexander pocketed his phone, pondering uncharted lands beyond screens. The influencer, back home, deleted her drafts, haunted by real stakes. Krishna winked at Balarama: "Some tricks are eternal."

In the quiet aftermath, a deeper emotion swelled. Worlds had changed,
swords to swipes,
scrolls to scrolls–
but the core remained: ambition's fire, deception's shadow, the quest for meaning, and love's quiet anchor. A swapped poet, perhaps Tagore in a New York subway, whispered to a modern soul: "The butterfly counts not months but moments, and has time enough."
Laughter has echoed across time,
but so have tears–
for in every era, humans chase the same stars, stumbling in new shoes.
“Some things never change.”*
And that is the most beautiful constant observation.

* Was that a Frozen 2 reference? yes.

FOR AMELIA

"This is yours, Amelia." The postman smiled at me.
I tore open the envelope. I can finally do this.
Ugh. My head is so heavy. What kind of dream was that? And, Amelia? It sounds like a grandmother's name. It was my grandmother's name.
"Finally, Josey. I was afraid you're never going to rise again." My mother says, dryly. I groan and a hand stops me from getting out of bed.
"Wait. You have mail. It's supposedly urgent. I thought I'd read it after you do." She shrugs.
A letter is placed in my hand.

Dear Amelia,
I hope to find you in good spirits. But, I have no time for pleasantries. I must meet with you before eight tonight, and I hope you shall honour my wishes by arriving at the Willow quarter to the stated time.
Yours,
J.

"Mama, where did you find this?" I ask, perplexed.
How can it be the exact copy of the letter in my dream? How can this be a coincidence? It's been a year since grandmama disappeared.
My mother is bewildered, and gestures in the general direction of the door. I dash outside, still in my nightgown. The deliveryman is waiting for me, smiling. With the same face, and the same smile I saw just minutes ago. His grin widens.
"Follow me." I rush behind him, only to keep the pace.
After a good ten minutes' walk, we arrive at a factory seeming to border a tree.
"Is that-"
"The Willow? Yes. Go on. Step inside."
I do as told. The moment I near the entrance, the scanner beeps.
"Scanning begins... scanning complete. DNA is verified. You may enter."
I step inside the compound, somewhat dazed.
"Oh hello, dear! It's so nice to have you here!" A squeaky voice exclaims.
"Grandmama? How are you here? Are you hurt? Is this place safe? Why didn't you come back home? I-"
Grandmama places a finger on my lips. She closes her eyes, and throws out her arms.
"Why would I go home when I have this? I waited a year for you to get over all the pretend sentimentality," she waves her hands, "and now, I wish to show you something. Do you know how I contacted you today? It was from- Ta da! The first ever Nexus des Engramms! What do you think? I built it especially for us!" She gestures to a set of helmets of sorts, wrinkled mouth beaming.
"No! You don't get it! You don't understand how worried we were! We spent day after day only looking for you. I know I did." I huff, exhausted after the yelling.
Her face turns sombre, and her gray hair looks whiter suddenly.
"I know. Well, you looked for me. But your mother only pretended to. I knew that she cared only for my money, the first day she walked into the house. Yet, you, my dear, were one with potential. I had envisioned what we could achieve together. I simply needed to get you out of her clutches. And he was more than happy to help with that." Her gaze flicks towards the side.
"You're..." It's the postman.
"You're grandmother's business partner." He clarifies, almost bowing.
Business partner? Anyway, I have better questions to ask.
"Mama never wished for you to vanish! You weren't particularly amicable, I'll admit, but she wouldn't leave you stranded like that! I trust her. Besides, she still does care about me." I say, hoping some part of her will understand.
None does.
She simply looks over to the postman, and speaks, "Well, this one's poisoned too. Get rid of her."
He picks up a helmet from a different pile, and places it over my head.
"Nice seeing you, kiddo."
Then, everything seems to blur out.
Ugh. My head hurts. It's not my room's ceiling. Where am I?

AVISHI SHAH - IX E

TREMOR TO FLAMES

Silence has always trembled beneath the weight of unseen eyes,
with each step measured, echo heard and heartbeat noted,
thoughts crowd the night, and overthinking consumes every bit left.
too many names and blurred faces cross the mind,
yet the storm within us tries to make peace
and so it's better we never find'em.
Fingers hover on screens; seeking validation yet unsure of the movement,
we try borrowed styles, mimicking what we see.
and slowly - with such a rush
it's always better we choose what feels ours,
keeping the parts of ourselves that matter the most.
The world archives our feelings,
vulnerability becomes performance; rest all a rebellion.
making wounds all bare, open- untended;
still we choose to remain quiet, that's more than human,
that's choosing stillness as a form of truth.
We grew inside contradictions,
always been taught to chase excellence with ferocity;
with equal devotion, as if body could sprint endlessly
and we'd still be expected to glow.
Identity unfolds like origami
under the weight of expectations,
every crease- a choice, every fold a compromise.
and now we wear borrowed aesthetics like armor,
patching ourselves with
echos of eras we 'supposed to live'.
Yet the world nevers forgets anything,

and so,
there is something which insists to focus on the growth-
a steady refusal to to remain incomplete and unfinished,

a quiet belief in in completing the incomplete drafts of life.
And so nonetheless, with grit and an optimistic defiance;
the body is fully ready to learn to rise.
This time not for the applause, not for any approval;
but for contentment, for proving it at last- to oneself.



photograph by:
Advita Tiwari
XI A

Sia Tuteja XI A



The Social Network is rarely read for what it actually explains. It is treated as a biopic, a morality play or a tech-age tragedy. But beneath the dialogue and courtroom scenes, the film is doing something more precise. It is mapping the mechanics of connection itself, how it is built, distributed, rewarded and slowly emptied of intimacy.

In that sense, the film is not about Facebook. It is about the difference between being social and building a network and what happens when the second replaces the first. Mark Zuckerberg does not create Facebook because he wants friendship. That interpretation is emotionally convenient but intellectually lazy. What motivates him is not belonging, but structure. He recognizes that social life, status, attraction, approval, already operates through invisible hierarchies and he translates those hierarchies into code. What was once implicit becomes executable.

The film's first crucial move is this translation. Social experience is no longer lived first and understood later. It is organized in advance.

This is where *The Social Network* quietly becomes a Gen Z text, not because it predicts our behavior, but because it reveals the logic of the environment we now inhabit.

Gen Z did not choose social media as a lifestyle. We were raised inside systems that had already decided what connection would look like. Identity became something to be declared early, revised often and evaluated constantly. Expression did not disappear, but it became formatted. There were boxes to fill, fields to complete, images to upload. Social life acquired an interface.

What the film captures with unsettling clarity is speed. Not just technological speed, but social acceleration. Ideas move quickly. Platforms move faster. People, however, still move at the same human pace. Trust takes time. Friendship cannot be scaled without distortion.

Eduardo's role in the film is often reduced to betrayal, but that misses the point. He represents something slower. Deliberation, attachment and responsibility. He does not lose because he is naïve. He loses because the system Mark is building has no patience for pause. In a culture of constant iteration, hesitation reads as incompetence.

This is not a personal flaw. It is a structural outcome.
The film suggests that once connection becomes measurable, likes, traffic, growth, everything that cannot be measured becomes negotiable. Care becomes optional and context becomes inconvenient. People become interchangeable nodes. The network does not ask who matters; it asks who performs.
Here, The Social Network offers its most unsettling insight, networks do not reward depth, they reward velocity. What spreads fastest survives, what requires maintenance quietly disappears.
This is why the film's emotional center feels strangely hollow. Mark is not cruel in the traditional sense. He is simply aligned with the logic of what he is building. He does not sabotage relationships; he deprioritizes them. The damage is not intentional, which makes it harder to name. Gen Z is often described as emotionally exhausted, overly exposed or attention-deficient. But the film invites a different reading. Perhaps what we are experiencing is not fragility, but cognitive overload, the strain of navigating systems that demand constant presence without offering closure. When every interaction leaves a trace, detachment becomes difficult. When everything is visible, nothing feels finished.
The final scene, where Mark refreshes the page repeatedly, is frequently interpreted as loneliness. But loneliness is too simple a word. What the scene captures is perpetual anticipation. The sense that something might happen next, that validation is always pending, that the present moment is incomplete without an update.
This condition feels familiar not because Gen Z is uniquely anxious, but because we live inside feedback loops that were never designed to end.
Yet the film does not argue that connection itself is hollow. It makes a more precise claim that building a network is easier than sustaining a relationship. Networks prioritize reach. Relationships require responsibility. One grows by expansion; the other grows by attention. This distinction matters, especially for a generation fluent in platforms but skeptical of performance.
Gen Z's grit does not lie in rejecting technology or romanticizing disconnection. It lies in learning how to exist thoughtfully within systems that reward speed over sincerity. In choosing when to engage and when to withhold. In understanding that not everything needs to circulate to matter.
The glow, then, is not visibility. It is selectivity.
The Social Network does not offer redemption or resolution. It leaves us inside the structure it exposes. And perhaps that is the point. The film is not asking us to dismantle the architecture of connection. It is asking us to recognize its incentives.
Because once we understand how a social network works, we are forced to confront a quieter question. Whether we are using the network to be social, or slowly allowing the social to become nothing more than a network.
That may be the film's most enduring insight, and its sharpest wordplay.





The Algorithm's Cave

Ananya Julka - XI F

Her divine majesty presents herself to the hideous monster before her eyes
She gazes from the dark stands of cotton candy,
Not the kind to thrall little kids at stalls
Rather the black filthy kind, that weak old beggars carry atop

A gentle meander down the gold chain, sylphlike and starved down below
If only the hourglass were to stop its devious flow
Maybe if the sun didn't look down on her praying her downfall
Her charm, the green diamonds, the sunken black holes reveal to be the burglar of them all

If you caught her eye a day ago, the same charm would take you aback
The same black locks that unraveled her grace now just don't compliment the face
The soft velvet that hid the humility so sly, now exposed to every passerby
A trap laid out so well, where the cognition doesn't, the algorithm dwells.

गुमसुम-सा बचपन

क्या आपने गौर किया है? हमारे घर-आँगन में, मोबाइल स्क्रीन की चमक में, एक अजीब सी खामोशी उत्पन्न हो गई है। एक पीढ़ी जो छोटी-छोटी बातों पर खिलखिलाती थी, जो बड़ों की डांट पर रोती थी, आज वैसी प्रतिक्रिया दिखायी नहीं देती। गंभीर समाचार, परिवार का कोई संकट, या किसी अपने का दु:खद चले जाना, ये बातें बच्चों को उस तरह से विचलित नहीं करतीं, जैसा उन्हें करना चाहिए। ऐसा लगता है, जैसे उनके दिल पर कोई पर्दा डाल दिया गया हो। वे गंभीर समय में भी मज़ाक करते हैं, या फिर बहुत आसानी से ऊब जाते हैं। ऐसा लगता है, जैसे उनके और वास्तविक दुनिया की भावनाओं के बीच एक काँच की दीवार बन गई हो, जहाँ सब कुछ बस दिखाई देता है, महसूस नहीं होता। वे गंभीर या संवेदनशील विषयों का मज़ाक उड़ाते हैं। यह केवल अनुशासन की कमी नहीं है, बल्कि यह दर्शाता है कि उन्हें गंभीरता और मज़ाक के बीच का अंतर महसूस नहीं हो रहा है।

इस गंभीर समस्या की जड़ें अक्सर हमारी आधुनिक जीवनशैली में छिपी होती हैं। मोबाइल, टैबलेट, इन सभी ने बच्चों को एक ऐसी दुनिया दी है, जहाँ भावनाएँ सिर्फ इमोजी बनकर रह गई हैं। जहाँ पहले शामें कहानियों और दोस्तों के साथ आउटडोर खेल में कटती थीं, अब हर सदस्य अपनी-अपनी स्क्रीन में व्यस्त है। आजकल परिवार के पास भी बच्चों के साथ संवाद करने का समय नहीं है। अब जब बच्चे माता-पिता के साथ दिल से जुड़ना नहीं सीखते, तो वे जीवन के असली आनंद से वंचित रह जाते हैं जिससे परिवार के साथ बिताए गए सरल पलों का आनंद भी उन्हें फीका लगने लगा है। बच्चों को हारने, दु:ख सहने या निराशा झेलने का मौका नहीं मिलता। वे अपने माता-पिता के साथ अपने आंतरिक विचारों को व्यक्त करने में सक्षम नहीं हो पाते। वे वास्तविक जीवन की भावनाओं को संभालना नहीं सीख पाते।

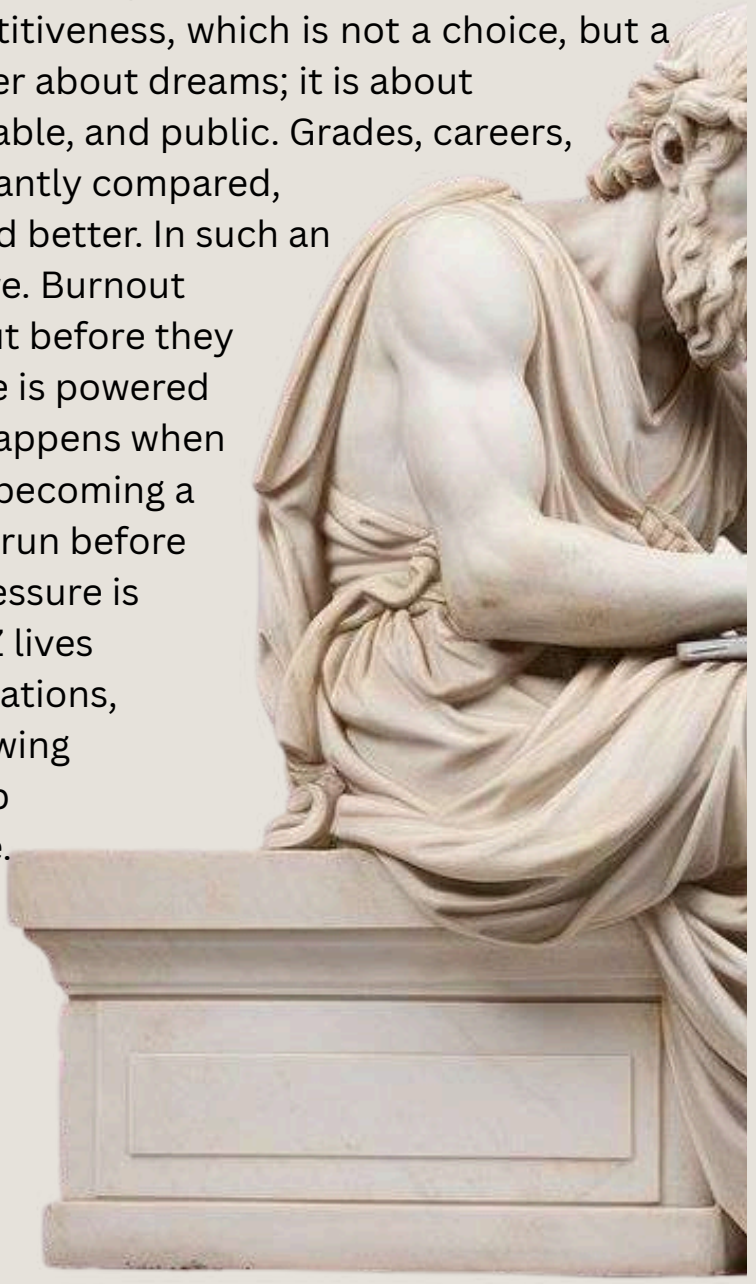
अब हमें क्या करना चाहिए? बच्चों को फिर से वास्तविक अनुभव देना होगा। बच्चों के साथ कुछ समय ज़रूर बिताना। उनकी छोटी-छोटी बातों को सुनना, उन्हें अपनी भावनाएँ व्यक्त करने देना, चाहे वह गुस्सा हो या खुशी। उन्हें भावनात्मक साक्षरता सिखाना। उन्हें बताना कि कोई विषय क्यों गंभीर है और क्यों उसका मज़ाक नहीं उड़ाना चाहिए। उन्हें यह सिखाइए कि अवसाद एक पत्थर की तरह होता है, जिसे फेंकने के बजाय, उस पर चढ़कर दुनिया को बेहतर तरीके से देखा जा सकता है। उन्हें दूसरों के दु:ख के प्रति सहानुभूति रखना सिखाना। उन्हें प्रकृति से, लोगों से और वास्तविक खेल से जोड़ना, जहाँ खुशी और संघर्ष दोनों होते हैं। उन्हें वापस ज़मीन से मिलाना होगा, उन्हें धूप की गर्माहट और बारिश की शीतलता महसूस करने का मौका देना होगा। याद रखिए, अगर हमने आज उनके कोमलहृदय में सहानुभूति का बीज नहीं बोया, तो कल वे एक ऐसी दुनिया में बड़े होंगे, जो बहुत चमकदार होगी, मगर जिसमें आत्मा का प्रकाश नहीं होगा। हमें उनकी खोखली हँसी को ज़िंदगी की सच्ची मिठास देनी है, ताकि वे वर्चुअल'लाइक्स' के बजाय, असली मुस्कान की कीमत जान सकें!

आयुष्मान जैन - VIII B

The Psychological, Emotional and Social Landscape

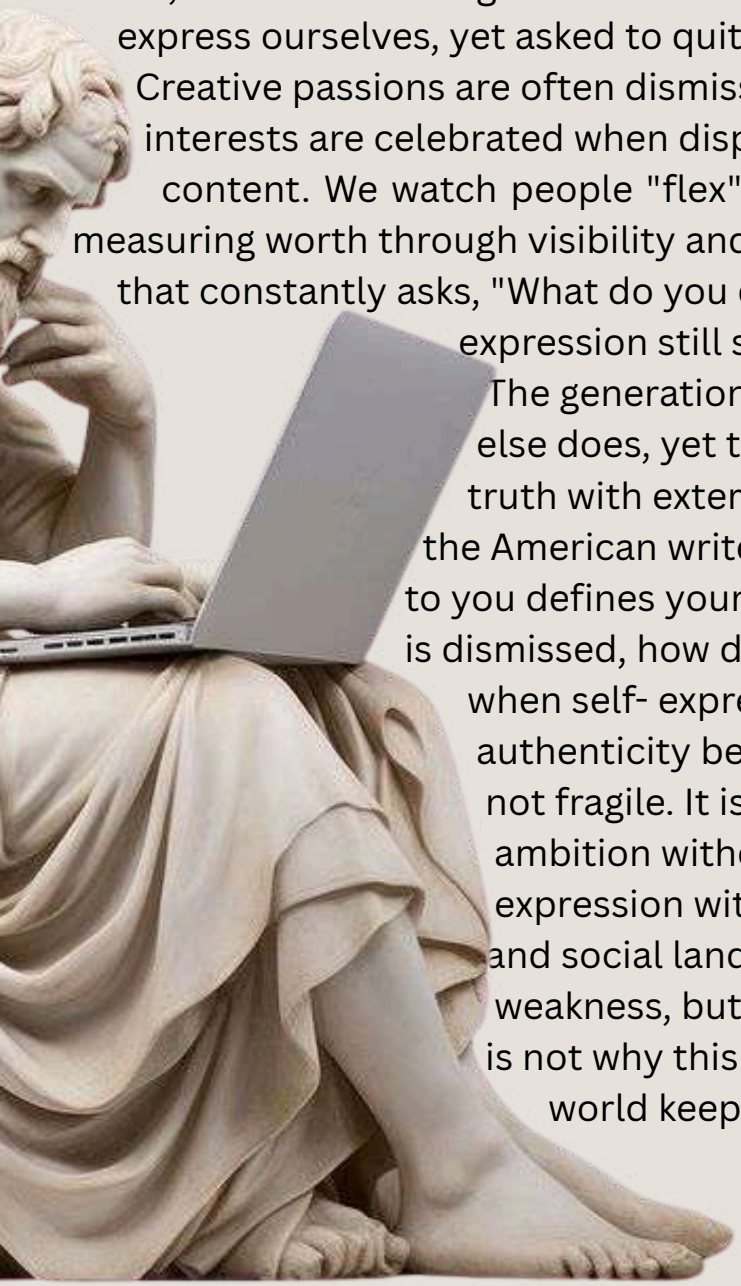
GENZ

Gen Z is often described in extremes; either overly sensitive or impressively ambitious, chronically online yet socially aware. But the reality is quieter and much heavier. This generation is growing up in a world that demands constant output of success, opinions, creativity, resilience; while offering little room to pause. Beneath the labels lies a generation shaped by contradiction, living at the intersection of ambition and exhaustion, expression and restraint. One of the defining pressures of Gen Z is competitiveness, which is not a choice, but a condition of survival. Ambition is no longer about dreams; it is about keeping up. Success feels urgent, measurable, and public. Grades, careers, side hustles, and achievements are constantly compared, someone is always doing more, earlier, and better. In such an environment, rest begins to feel like failure. Burnout appears not at the end of long careers, but before they even begin. Gen Z is driven, but that drive is powered less by passion and more by fear. What happens when ambition stops being a desire and starts becoming a demand? And how long can a generation run before exhaustion becomes its identity? This pressure is intensified by constant stimulation. Gen Z lives in a state of mental overcrowding; notifications, deadlines, opinions, and expectations flowing endlessly into their personal space. Sleep becomes optional, silence uncomfortable. Insomnia is not just a physical issue but a psychological one: the mind never fully switches off. Even at night, productivity culture whispers that rest is wasted time. As a result, many are physically exhausted yet mentally alert, trapped in a cycle of overstimulation



LENS

that leaves little room for reflection or recovery. If the world never allows us to stop consuming, when do we get the chance to process and produce? And if rest feels like guilt, who taught us that being human must be productive? Within this exhaustion lies a complicated relationship with self-expression and identity. Gen Z is encouraged to "be themselves," to express emotions openly, to create and share, but this encouragement is selective. We are asked to express ourselves, yet asked to quit hobbies such as writing. Ironic?Very. Creative passions are often dismissed as impractical, even as the same interests are celebrated when displayed by influencers or turned into content. We watch people "flex" our hobbies and then use them against us, measuring worth through visibility and profit rather than meaning. In a world that constantly asks, "What do you do?" rather than "Who are you?", is self-expression still safe, or has it become another performance? The generation deals with expectations the way nobody else does, yet the same as everyone; balancing inner truth with external pressure, passion with practicality. As the American writer, John Green reminds us, "What matters to you defines your mattering. "Yet when what matters most is dismissed, how do we protect our sense of worth? And when self- expression is constantly judged, does authenticity begin to feel like a risk? In the end, Gen Z is not fragile. It is overloaded. It is a generation navigating ambition without rest, connection without quiet, and expression without safety. The psychological, emotional, and social landscape of Gen Z is not defined by weakness, but by endurance. Perhaps the real question is not why this generation feels so tired; but why the world keeps demanding that it never stops.



Kashvi Kapoor - X G

What If Instagram Existed Before Instagram Existed?

What if, the most looked up to and the bravest ruler the Mauryan Dynasty has seen, King Ashoka, had Instagram?

If Ashoka had Instagram, he would own the algorithm. A couple million followers minimum. Verified within five minutes. Fan pages everywhere. Because let's be honest, Indian history does not shut up about him.

His early posts? Extremely problematic in hindsight. One of his most infamous posts would be pre-enlightenment Ashoka posing in front of the battlefield of Kalinga. Armour on. Smirk ready. Caption something like: "Won. Again." In the background, there's a horse bleeding out but still perfectly framed because even in 261 BCE, everyone wanted their 5 minutes of fame.

Ashoka sees the aftermath. Suddenly the next post drops and everyone is confused. He is seen in a temple in front of Lord Buddha's statue. No caption. Comments turned off. People are concerned. Then his bio changes.

Now, fast forward at least some months ahead and boom, we are seeing those edicts that he got carved into the rocks and these messages are actually making half of the kingdom's men rethink their life choices because they're doing absolutely nothing correct. And unlike modern influencers yelling "RUN DON'T WALK FOR THIS PRODUCT", Ashoka is out here saying "Stop. Reflect. Be better."

His hashtag? Obviously #ViralSince250BC. His most-liked post is a thread on righteous governance. Fifty follow-up posts. Comment section flooded with: "Devanampiya Piyadasi " Beloved of the Gods. Beloved of the algorithm.

Ashoka isn't just carved into stone anymore. He's trending. Constantly. Still the most-followed account on Instagram. Now fast-forward a few thousand years. Add chaos. Add activism. Add it-girl freedom fighter energy. What if Mahatma Gandhi had Instagram? Oh boy. First post, Gandhi standing on an elevated platform, finger pointed at a massive crowd captioned "Listen." Instant virality.

Then Champaran 1917 content drops. Gandhi with indigo farmers. Sunglasses on. Posing like it's an album cover called Colonialism (Deluxe Version). His edits are wild. British officials appear, except their faces are blurred, warped and zoomed in at terrible angles. Pure cyberbullying, but historically justified. The feed is 90% protests, 10% side-eye. Non-Cooperation Movement reels everywhere. Gandhi staring directly into the camera while British officers get physically pushed out of frame.

The most-liked post? The Dandi March. Slow-mo footsteps. Salt in hand. Wind blowing the dhoti just right. Caption: "Aesthetic ways to make salt at home " There's also a photo with Winston Churchill captioned "I'll be on the Indian rupee. Now who's the middle temple lawyer??"

He obviously posted not just fun, but also about non-violence which clearly didn't affect the Britishers a bit. He also has a pinned selfie with Jawaharlal Nehru, which the crowd absolutely adores. (Ship edits incoming.) Gandhi also has millions of followers and his digital persona revolves around a single hashtag, "#BapuCool."



@Anaya_Rawat_VII D

To All the Brainrots: Don't Roll Your Eyes

Let's commence like this.Well, imagine or conceptualise this, a bunch of kindergarten kids proudly singing "A for Alpha" instead of "A for Apple," and "B for Beta" instead of "B for Ball." Sounds weird, right? But open your eyes...give it ten years (or maybe sooner, you never know?) and this might just become our new harsh reality.

Today, my counterparts feel overwhelmed with joy when I jokingly call them "brain rot." They actually take it as a compliment and honestly speaking,why wouldn't they? In school, the coolest kids aren't the ones reading books, getting selected in inter house activities or getting selected for bal vigyan or giving flawless answers.Oh no. The real shining brilliant stars are the ones who know every phonk song by heart and spend half their lives on Roblox. Now try to think on a purely mental level, your brain can memorise every phonk edit but crashes during one page of a book, that's not "cool," that's cooked. We scroll so much that thinking feels illegal. And anything longer than 30 seconds? Immediate skip.

Well I think the USA did it right by banning social media for under 16s. Sounds extreme till you realise kids like me don't need scrolling or online games to grow up.Kids deserve a personality before a username. Memories before Netflix. Offline games and fun before the so called school drama.I'm not saying throw your phone away and live like it's 1980. Be for real I'm saying maybe we don't need to know every trend, every edit, every viral sound and post every single thing. I remember finishing my E2 early one evening and thinking, okay, I'll just scroll for a bit. I don't know how long "a bit" was, but suddenly my eyes hurt, my battery was at 4%, and it was way past the time I'd planned to sleep.That got me thinking, what is actually going with my brain? Am I a brain rot too? That genuinely gave me chills.

So no, I'm not saying you to quit your phone or move to the Himalayas with a diary. But maybe next time when you say "just five minutes," you will actually mean it.And don't get me wrong, I love a good edit with a nice song,Phonk goes hard. Roblox is really really really fun with your friends and counterparts.Memes ARE SO ELITE. But when your entire personality is built from trends that'll be dead by next week, that's kinda tragic

Diya Gupta - VIII F

THE GITA'S FORGOTTEN CONVO

Parth: Yo dude, sup? Where are you going?

Madhav: Heyy Parth! When did you come from your interview? I was going to get papa's documents from his office. Why don't you come along?

Parth: Sure. Can I drive the scooty?

Madhav: No, get your license first! So how was your interview?

Parth: Yeah, it was a Gucci.

Madhav: Oh, was it sponsored by Gucci?

Parth: Bruh Madhav, I meant it was cool. Why do you act like you've come straight from the times of Mahabharat.

Madhav(chuckles): Oh, never mind! Why do you look so upset?

Parth: Yea... About that. This interview...I had put a lot of effort into this(with tears in his eyes), Madhav. I stayed up for nights. I did not complain once over all the scoldings I got on not giving effort or time to other things in my life. A lot of things came on stake for the exam and this interview. Mom-dad were worried about my health since all the time I was doing something and had no time for anyone. I forgot hunger, sleep, festivals, birthdays and every other thing for this. And then...

Madhav interrupts: Have you read Bhagavad Gita?

Parth: Jeez! Who reads Bhagavad Gita? It's so old fashioned.

Madhav: Of course, it is! Have you watched Billy Linn's Long Halftime Walk?

Parth: That war drama? I have watched every movie featuring Vin Diesel more than once. This one twice. Oh my god, are we going to watch it? Are you trying to make my day better with that?

Madhav: Parth, do not act like you really don't see my lecture coming. In the movie, Vin Diesel, your favourite, quotes a line from the 'old fashioned' Bhagavad Gita. ***"Always perform with detachment, any action you must do. And surrender all actions to me."*** *Parth, your duty is to do the action. Its result should not affect you. If you win, you shouldn't be on cloud nine. And if you lose, then you shouldn't break, because your duty was the action not its result. And don't get me wrong, I am not asking you to detach from the action, I am only asking you to detach from the ego which demands the perfect result.*

You are not your result, Parth.
You are the sincerity of your efforts.

Parth: Madhav, are you god? Nobody has got that level of clarity. But there is something I need to tell you, Madhav. When I was preparing for this exam, yes I was fully dedicated to it and there was no one I wasted my time talking with. But there were times when I used social media and there were days I did not do my workout. I am guilty but I still don't know, maybe it can be justified. Did I do something wrong Madhav?

Madhav: Parth, we are humans and on top of that we are the GenZ. We have so many sources to get distracted which scream out to call us. We have so many people saying so many things on the internet. Someone is even talking about god out there as if they have just had their evening tea with Shri Krishna himself. So even though it seems fine to be pulled by these things but be it the 19th century, be it Dwapar Yug, distractions were always there. Yes, maybe today the distractions have increased but so has the simplicity decreased.

If your goal means something to you then there is nothing that should distract you and you, Parth are unknown of what you hold in yourself.

No one fixes their eye on their aim like you can do. So I am not going to support your delusion that your breaking discipline is justified. But it's fine to have some time to yourself, in fact you should have given time to your family, friends and yourself because that shapes you just as much as your efforts do and that is not a distraction. So maybe you could have switched what you did with what you didn't.

Parth: That makes sense.
I lost some friends this year. They were jealous that I cleared the exam even though some of them also did. They were all against me in the interview. They purposely pulled me to the points they knew I was weak at. They spread false opinions about me. They 'planned' my exit. I did not hurt them. In fact there were times when I went the extra mile for them but today they all had their reasons to do what they did. Everyone is against, Madhav.

Madhav: Everyone will lose Parth. Trust yourself and do what you know is right. Madhav has 'slayed' in every yug, even this one you know. You will win, Parth. You 'ate' in Dwapar Yug, Arjun. Now do it in Kaliyug. ***Madhav is right here, with you****. This scooty you're sitting behind is not just a scooty, it is the chariot where Krishna explained everything to Arjun.* ***We are leading to a new kind of war in this new era, a war which isn't fought with weapons but only focus towards your goal which Parth is best at.***

Parth: Wow, Madhav! GenZ slangs and a perfect message.

Madhav: Well Madhav has always been GenZ even in the Yug where generations were not divided like that.

Parth: Yea sure, "sponsored by Gucci".

Madhav: I have been from the GenZ since the start but fine I am still picking up some slangs brother. By the way, I hope I didn't make it pretty obvious to anyone who might have heard us where we have actually come from.

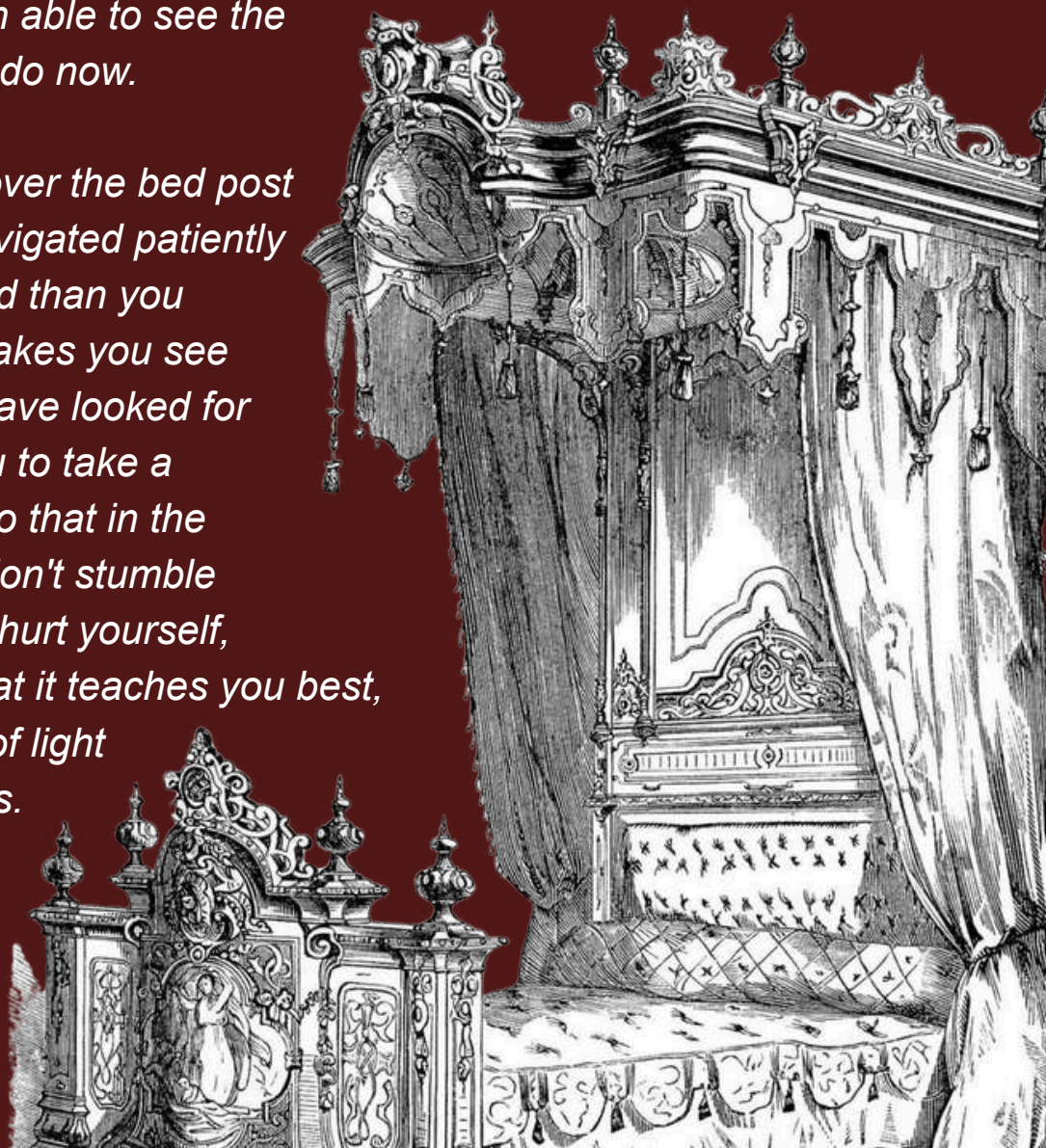
Parth: Don't worry Madhav, no one is going to know we have come from Dwapar. Except if you wear yellow clothes so much. But honestly you kill it in yellow.

Madhav: Yeah? I do? Probably I should start carrying my more pankh again. You know it gives me my vibe check. Plus they are too influenced by a variety of lies to think I am for real.

SHIVEE SALWAN – XI D

VELVET NIGHT

At night, when you turn all the lights off
the first ten seconds umbral, you're blinded, its pitch black.
But standing in that delicate veil of darkness, slowly you get
your vision back, and you see frail rays of light creep in
through the little gaps between
the curtains,
How the mirror draws the light in,
and the room which was eclipsed,
only moments ago, is now a vessel of quiet radiance.
So, i guess the dark is good,
Because now i realise that, if i had
given into the momentary panic, the
sudden fright of the dark,
I never would've been able to see the
fragile hush of light, i do now.
And in that panic,
i would've stumbled over the bed post
and hurt myself, if navigated patiently
it does you more good than you
thought it would, It makes you see
things you wouldn't have looked for
before, It teaches you to take a
moment, and relax, so that in the
bustle of things you don't stumble
upon a bedpost, and hurt yourself,
But, i believe that what it teaches you best,
Is to look for flickers of light
in the darkest of times.



Alefiya Ruby
XII A

Haiku! *The Student's Corner*

They gaze beyond the windowsill
Searching for it on the virtual horizons
Life waits in the room

Sanjana Atre - IX E

Hearts full of desire
Ministers to put to rest
For memes weave protests

Ananya Julka - XI F

Ink marks on the page,
Slow thoughts trapped in paper lines,
Faded to a screen.

Dishi Paliwal - VIII D

Parchment fluttered here,
Now text machines can I see,
Past is to forget.

Avishi Shah - IX E

THE PERSPECTIVE GALLERY

Brought to you by: Our Shishyans

‘To photograph is to hold one's breath, when all faculties converge to capture fleeting reality. It's at that precise moment that mastering an image becomes a great physical and intellectual joy.”

— Henri Cartier-Bresson,
The Mind's Eye: Writings on Photography and Photographers



Vinisha Kabra
XI E



Krishnaraj Lahoti
VI G



Swasti Agrawal
XI E

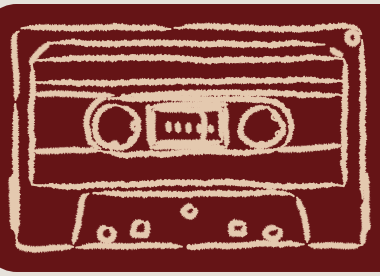


Aryanman Naik
X C

GAZETTE PLAYLIST

"One good thing about music, when it hits you, you feel no pain."— **Bob Marley**

<< Train Leaves Here This Morning - 2013 Remaster >> The Eagles



<< Marlboro Nights >>
Lonely God

<< Dil Chahta Hai >>
Shankar Mahadevan

<< Lalkara >>
Diljit Dosanjh & Intense

<< Feel It Still >>
Portugal. The Man

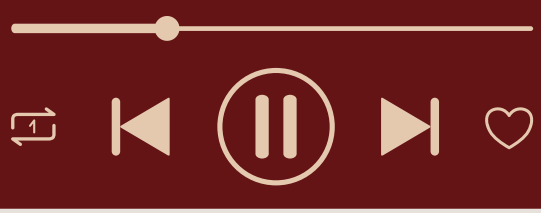
<< Paladin Strait >>
Twenty One Pilots



<< Ik Bagal >>
Piyush Mishra



<< See you again >>
Wiz Khalifa ft. Charlie Puth



<< Take my mind >>
WizTheMc and bees & honey

<< Aye Zindagi Gale Lagaa Le >>
Ilaiyaraaja & Suresh Wadkar

<< Titli >>
SEVASHI

CREDITS

Writers

Aarushi Yadav
Alefiya Ruby
Ami Asija
Ananya Julka
Anaya Rawat
Avishi Shah
Ayushman Jain
Diya Gupta
Kashvi Kapoor
Sanjana Atre
Shivee Salwan
Sia Rawat

Designers

Mehar Luthra
Ami Asija
Siya Jain
Diya Jhaveri
Saanvi Kastiya

Editors

Sia Rawat
Aabeda Jafrey

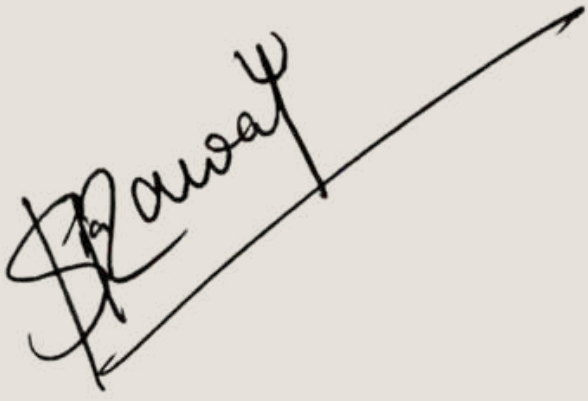
Ami Asija
Ananya Julka
Shivee Salwan

Gauri Gupta
Falguni Athale
Riddhima Bhargava

Special thanks to
Mr. Thomson Varghese
for his support and
guidance!

#2026

WE WILL SEE YOU SOON.



Make sure to reach out:
gazette@shishukunj.in