

LUMINOUS



2020 EDITION

WE EXIST IN EACH OTHER



The cover photo is a hand-drawn continuous line drawing. It is an attempt to capture the essence of individuality in us, and also a deeper cosmic connection that we humans have with each other... how a little bit of us always exists in another. -- Ananya Rathore [IBDP - 2]

The logo depicting the sun in all its 'luminous' glory was inspired by the Warli art form. It symbolises the harmonious relationship that the Warli people share with nature, which is intricately depicted in all their artworks.

-- Ananya Rathore [IBDP - 2]



editor's note	4
meet the editors	5

the world as i see it

the blue bin by ananya rathore	8
it's a colourful place, just look at the sun rise by priyanka & aryan kuckian	9
the world as i see it by atishaya gupta	10
the world through our eyes by aanya gupta & aanya amit gupta	11
my best friend by shruti rajesh	13
what are we doing? by ipshita ranjan	14
a candle of hope by arjun & agastya varshney	15
petrichor lingering in the air by maahi shah	16
marshmello by trijna kapileshwar	17
living with many selves by aishwarya potdar	18
every moment is a fresh beginning by the core team of luminous	19

coexistence

dichotomy by ananya rathore	24
coexistence: a salient antidote by tisha banerjee	25
the road not taken by vanshika sood	26
the sizzling chemistry between mankind and nature by sreeprabha nair	27
the windmill by aniket gotety	28
nature by riya kharate, picture by vanshika sood	29
chiaroscuro by harshidi panchal	30
a relationship beyond words by yohaann patil	31
polyphony by tanisha lalani	32
afterlife by jeba shaik	33
opposites attract? by aaryan potdar	34
we the people, the uneasy truth by priyanka dey	35
the tao key to coexistence by zai jivan	36
you and i by nikhil pol	37
sushi pav, anyone? by siddhant parwani	38
multiplicity by siddharth mahadevan	39
poetry analysis by aayush ganjoo	40
the final hour by hridya shah	41
canine contemplation by apurva joshi	42
perspectives by tanishka mauskar	43
speak out by ananya sambasivan	44
the best of both words by kusum kotian	45
the coexistence of marvel vs dc by prachi sadhwani	46
angle of reflection by kane basu	47
the last dream by taskeen shaikh	48
distinctions by soumya sathe	50
thank you note	51

editor's note

Dear Readers,

Luminous is Podar International School's annual student-led publication, founded in the year 2018. As an initiative taken by the IBDP 1 students of the school, the 2020 edition is the third edition of the publication. Within, you will find a collection of stories, poems, articles, paintings, sketches, graphic illustrations, as well as photographs contributed by our school's students.

Apart from providing an avenue for creative expression within the school community, Luminous is a kaleidoscope of perspectives of students who may not have found a safe outlet yet. Over our lifetimes, our generation has witnessed the materialization of some solid changes in the mindset of people. We've seen ideas being made, we've seen ideas being overshadowed. As members of Gen Z, we are part of an age that symbolises revolution. With ideas of society embedded in our minds so early on, not only have we already formed opinions, but are also ready to independently voice them without any inhibition.

This year, our magazine is based on 2 themes: 'The world as I see it' for grades 7-9 and 'Coexistence' for grades 10-12. At an age where our minds start to mature and become more aware of the reality that surrounds us, we begin developing different opinions and realise the importance of being sensitive and acceptive of others' ideas. We also learn to understand and respect the interdependent relationship between contrasting opinions, regardless of our own biases. We have received a plethora of remarkable entries by cognizant students who have interpreted the themes in unimaginably unique ways.

As editors of the magazine it was an absolute delight to view these fantastic pieces sent in by students across age groups. We hope this magazine allows you to see the world from a billion more perspectives, and we truly wish that you enjoy this year's edition!

The Editorial Team, Luminous Edition 3
2019-2020

meet the editors

Chahak Pahwa: Editor-in-chief

If you are a true Podar kid, you're definitely no stranger to the Pahwa brand. From politics to a Netflix series, chirpy Chahak loves to express her opinion uninhibitedly (you might want to reconsider asking "what's in a name?" Shakespeare). In her own words, her cells 'swim in a medium of inquisitiveness' which definitely has the potential to exasperate students and teachers alike. Although she does come off as a tough, "no-nonsense" kind of girl at first, it is not rare for those close to her to see her soft side, one that is goofy and fiercely protective of her friends. As cliché as it may sound: love her, hate her, but you most certainly cannot ignore her.

Ananya Rathore: Head of Design and Layout

With her creative insight and seamless command over the English language, Ananya Rathore is an absolute asset to the Luminous team. Ananya, with her bright smile and calm comportment, makes any task an utter delight. While she has what it takes to whip up fantastic art pieces, she is also known to write some of the most riveting essays in English class. Ananya spends her free time immersed in art, building her family on the Sims, graphic designing, constructing alternate realities in her head, writing, and listening to Blackpink. Spend some time with Ananya and you'll be impelled to explore your humorous side.

Sakshi Rajesh: Head of Editing

Sakshi is the human embodiment of an oxymoron. She got all 8A* in her IGCSE, but didn't know that pasta has to be refrigerated. She has competed in multiple sporting events including track and swimming, yet manages to trip and/or fall at least thrice a day. She enjoys cooking, yet has been banned from her kitchen twice, and that's just the times she's told us about. Besides the eccentricity in her life, Sakshi is a huge dog lover and if a golden retriever puppy were given a human body, she would be the result. One would be hard pressed to find a happier, bubblier human being, who's as humble, intelligent, and funny as she is.

Anusha Dharnidharka: Head of Editing

Foodie, shutterbug, artist, bookworm, Anusha is the complete embodiment of "jack of all trades." With her love for all forms of artistic expression-growing from her meticulous ability to view the world through multiple perspectives (yes this is a deliberate use of IB vocabulary)- Anusha adds immense value to Luminous' editorial team. If you are going through a mental breakdown, and desperately need a shoulder to cry on, do not hesitate to approach Anusha. She is bound to support you and give great life advice. You can be your true self with her; however, never make the blunder of disparaging Harry Potter in front of her. Trust me, there will be nothing short of a black eye.

Aryan Mahadevan: Head of Editing

Though he may initially come across as cold, sardonic and cynical, once you get to know him, Aryan is the biggest nerd you'll meet; a textbook example of that one guy who goes "ummm actually..." Don't even try and get your star wars facts wrong in front of him, unless you wish to be brutally attacked and corrected. Nevertheless, it is no doubt that Aryan is incredibly sharp and quick-witted; ask him a question and he will come up with 2 different answers instantly - one being the genuine answer, and the other being the most absurd (and creative) answer to the question you could possibly hear. If you ever need someone with whom you want to get work done, but also feel like you're having fun and taking it easy, Aryan is your man.

Neha D'Souza: Head of Editing

Despite her fervent denial, Neha is a linguistic maven, whose infectious smile could instantly make the Grinch's heart triple. Each morning she gulps down a hearty bowl of intellect with a side of chill pills, explaining her terrific commitment and composure. She'd be the perfect companion for a fantastic conversation, especially if you too enjoy good literature and are obsessed with cute stationery. If ever though, you choose to disagree with her, I'd say simply retreat; she is NEVER wrong. They say: Beauty may be dangerous, but intelligence is lethal. Beware then, equipped with both, it makes dainty-looking Neha the most menacing person around.



**the world
as i see it**



'the blue bin' by ananya rathore.



The Blue Bin: The theme "The World As I See It" prompted me to , reflect on my current situation, wherein most of us have been confined to our houses, for almost two months now. This introspection led to the creation of the mix-media collage, inspired by the art movement 'Dadaism,' which rejected the logic, reason and aestheticism of the modern, capitalistic society.

Created with foraged bits and pieces of trash and waste material, old books, discarded buttons, teabags, soldering wire pieces from the blue bin in my room to create this collage on a brown grocery bag paper. This is the world as I see it. -- Ananya Rathore [IBDP 2]

it's a colourful place

just look at the sun rise

by priyanka kuckian & aryan kuckian

With your eyes closed, can you see?
Blind to the colours; all but black.
You think the world is doomed,
You shoot at the tapestry of your soul.
The cloth now rags, destroyed beauty.
And who destroyed it?
You, you, you, you, you.

Blue, blue, blue now, oh so blue.
You start opening your eyes,
Eyesight blurred by your cynic sense.
You cry for the flaws of the world.
Lost in your gloom, lost to you is joy.
Your heart squeezed, pours blue.
Where is the hope? You wonder.

You ponder, in your violet hysteria,
If there's more to the world,
Brewing below its bleak appearances,
Beneath the mushrooms and bacteria.
Should we seek a brighter light?
Would we really escape our dystopia?
Could we fly out of this purple void?

Sorrow's tentacles loosen around you,
You can move now, less paralysed.
The vibrance is an astonishing red.
Did you really not see the world's flair?
You swear you smelled the hapless air.
The world was in ruin...could this be true?
Or is it just blood which sadness drew?

You know it isn't, you're not deranged.
The road's alight now, the world's orange.
Tentative steps, you move, walk, run.
The fire, now a flame, brings the sun.
With it comes life, attracting you.
Like a moth, scared but intrigued too,
You advance towards it; will it burn you?

It didn't set you ablaze, it wasn't fire.
Closer, you could hear its yellow oath.
The weightless twilight didn't seem so dire.
Filling you entirely, you could be afloat.
Finally, in a universe you could admire,
Unlimited by the world, you're not remote.
Yellowing antiquity now turned gleaming desire.

Eyes filter these colours, you're overturned.
Diffusing your soul, white dynamism.
Product of these colours, free from despotism,
Coexisting within you, a kind of light-dark dualism.
Eyes painted, your body has a new mannerism.
Beyond yourself you see a multicolour world.

the world as i see it

by atishaya gupta (grade 7)

"The world is an intricately interwoven web of infinite relations"
-Daisaku Ikeda

The world is a work of art,
Its gems does it impart,
Helping humanity for a billion years,
The world makes sure we are never apart!

Giving everything we humans need,
Even though we are exploiting this heaven in greed,
The world teaches how to survive,
Giving us the wisdom of how to stay alive,

Looking from the eyes of a grain of sand,
Or from the enormous elephant standing grand,
The beautiful world has a look of peace,
Even though humans are making it cease,

Helping humanity to prosper,
The world gives like a river,
The word as I see it is so serene,
Water flowing and trees looking pale green,

The world is full of hope and joy,
I am enjoying it as a boy,
There are struggles to revive the world,
As humans look to let the space flag unfurl,

The world from my eyes as I see,
From the almost never-ending trees,
Or from the fragrant lingering breeze,
Is blithesome and awesome,

As the lovely flower buds bloom,
I hope and pray to end this gloom,
As we continue to protect this land,
All the challenges are in our hand,

But we will solve them of course,
Until I shout myself hoarse,
I will do my best to bring a change,
Protecting everyone within my range,

The world can once again be our haven,
Saving everything, even a raven,
Man ruins, kills and shoots,
Please help me to go back to our roots.

the world

through our eyes

by aanya gupta & aanya amit gupta (grade 7)



The world is a place of constant disgrace, and a rare ability to like,
Many live in harmony while others individually survive.
Everyone is different in many ways, right from brain to heart,
But over time we learnt to keep our differences apart.
After all the insides are what count, not the colour, shape, gender, or size,
Change is normal, and we must adapt,
We must know how to, for it is an essential skill in life
Everyone sees the world differently and this is how we see ours
A world full of life, surprises and more,
Who knows what else is hidden inside?

Happy as our lives are,
We tried to improve them more,
From this desire, technology was born
Technology has helped us no doubt
In good ways and in bad too
It was designed to make our lives easy and efficient,
And make our dreams come true.
Technology has advanced fast, and we have to keep up.
Nowadays most things are considered normal objects to you,
Like on slides we laugh and play
At school in classrooms we spend the day
Helping us get out and about,
Making sure we don't have to shout!
Mobile phones, iPads, Ice Cream Trucks, Gym equipment and things alike.
They all contribute to a happy, healthy life!

We have flora, fauna, nature, galore
The Earth is so beautiful, and we cannot ask for more
But we still saw our way through trees,
And Mother Earth has to pay the fees.
This is unfair so understand please,
Help us in this cause, for it's important to you and me

Earth is defined as our home,
And this is what we most prize
And we are what keep it alive
This is the world through our eyes,
The way we see our Earth, our life.



Every morning, I wake up to my dog stepping all over me and licking my face - yes it's cute, but maybe not as early at 6 in the morning! He bites, scratches, and barks his heart out while I'm studying; essentially, he's a nuisance. Then again, so are all of us children, yet our parents don't love us any less. His bites are an attempt to tell us that he wants to play, his scratches are just his way of showing us that he knows the command "paw", and his barks are nothing but a sharp alert, signalling to us that somebody is outside the door. Though he only entered our family about a year ago, he has quickly become a part of my life that I cannot imagine living without - one could even say that he has become my whole world. Speels, if you're reading this, I love you! -- Shriti Rajesh [Grade 7]





In this drawing, I see our world as a broken bulb. The plastic affecting the animals leads to overall destruction. These animals are often harmless and don't hurt us, and we are the villains hurting them. We don't see the pain that we cause these animals. The light bulb shows that there is hope and still a chance of light, if we can repair what is broken and has been broken by us.
-- Ipshita Ranjan [Grade 8]



In the photo, you see a disintegrating globe, something that I believe reflects the reality of the world of today. Each small dot is representing the bits of Earth that are destroyed each time we pollute or do something minute like litter. You can't, however, see us, the people, because to us it has become so normal to largely impact the environment. My photo doesn't have people actually causing this damage because we view it to be so normal. I want to show that there is still hope because the Earth isn't fully destroyed but has more than half of it that can still be saved..
-- Ipshita Ranjan [Grade 8]

a candle of hope

by arjun varshney & agasthya varshney

Coronavirus, a plague that has been haunting humanity from the beginning of the century, each time infecting more people, has reached its peak. 2002, 2004, 2012 and now the latest the 2019 attack is the true test for humanity. As the weeks have turned into months, we will find ourselves increasingly helpless as the virus spreads across the globe. Scarier than everything we know combined though is everything we don't. When will pharmaceutical companies procure a vaccine or a cure? When will we be able to resume our normal lives? And most importantly how will this impact the economy for the foreseeable future? As cliché as this may sound in the face of adversity, every cloud has a silver lining, even this one.

Now we all know about situation in Italy and the ever-increasing number of cases round the world, however it is time for us to think about the other side of this pandemic. As students of the International Baccalaureate Diploma Programme quarantined to the confines of our houses, we have been granted the most precious gift of all- time. No longer do we have to travel to and from school everyday and face the wrath of eight consecutive lectures with a multitude of CAS reflections, internal assessments and extended essay deadlines waiting around the corner. Often times we tend to lose ourselves in the assignments and tests that bombard us week after week with no time to spend on ourselves. However now we have the time. Time to read new books. We have the time to revisit old hobbies and start new ones. We have the time to reconnect with long lost friends and family. We have time to improve ourselves. So, what if we are trapped in these four walls? So, what if we cannot wander out of our houses with our friends? Let's all take this time and make a promise to ourselves to make the best out of this time and be grateful for the opportunity to slow down and introspect.

There's a saying, "Yesterday is history, tomorrow is a mystery, today is a gift of God, which is why we call it the present" by Bill Keane, and while it seems hard to hold out a candle of hope in these dark times, know that we are together, through the thick and thin and we are going to make it through this pandemic.



As the first drops of rain fall from the clear sky to the rich earth full of life, the 'whooshing' of the wind and 'the pitter-patter' of the rain coupled with the calming smell of the earth, this is what sets my zestful mind at ease. The primeval trees standing tall against the vagaries of nature, the huge, verdant mountains towering over me, it is them that make me feel protected. The sparkling rivers flowing swiftly with a firm purpose, it is she who teaches me to be determined and to have unwavering faith in my abilities and my strength. "Home in the middle of nowhere, petrichor lingering in the air." This is my visual representation of how I see the world. -- Maahi Shah [Grade 7]



This drawing emphasises the effect of international mindedness as Marshmellow is an world renowned artist and his mask is usually white. However, in this drawing, his mask is of different colours which represents different cultures and countries. Music has played a very important part in my life and Marshmello is my biggest inspiration. His story has inspired me to do many great things and listening to his music always makes me happy. Marshmellow has travelled all over the world and has achieved great things in his life which I aspire to do. -- Trijna Kapileshwar [Grade 9]

living with many selves

by aishwarya potdar (alumna)

I had watched a YouTube Video on Anthony Padilla's channel wherein he spoke to people with Dissociative Identity Disorder (aka Multiple Personality Disorder). It is a psychological response to cope up with severe trauma, or abuse, a child 'dissociates'- and forms alternative states of identities: alters (google this up).

Few 'alters' endure the abuse, these are often stuck in a 'time loop' of trauma containing the horrific emotional and physical impacts; others serve different roles in the system: some protectors, some healers, some emotional caretakers. This occurs when there is another critical factor involved: the absence of a child's healthy attachment to an adult, a caregiver, a parent. Without this bond, a child is left to fend for itself. And these alters co-exist, helping the child to survive the trauma. it's the ultimate adaption system. Our brain is so fascinating: It utilises the subconscious to adapt behaviours and functions in order to survive and be safe.

When I first read about DID, I honestly couldn't imagine how difficult it must be to live with more than 21 people inside your brain. It must be utter chaos. Curious, I explored Nin's channel on YouTube (@DissociaDID- check this out). Nin has DID, her system behaves differently depending on who is 'fronting' the mind. However unbelievable it sounds, if a four-year-old fronts the mind, Nin isn't 'acting' like a four-year-old. She is that four-year old, until another 'alter' fronts. These alters have their own name, gender, appearance, values, memories- they are their own selves. And they learn to share the one life between them.

At times, the alter is a charming Caucasian boy with a prominent British accent, or a warm woman in her 20's who loves gardening or an anorexic Asian man in his late 40's or even non-human alters. They maintain communication through an Organisation Journal, a diary to ensure an alter can document what they did when they fronted so that all are responsible for collective action. Chores like shopping or designing the apartment need to accommodate all alters' needs, which leads to an adjustment of some sort. For instance, an emo alter may prefer only gothic style, which may scare the child alters away. Hence, the entire system needs to be sensitive of each other's preferences and comfort levels.

Additionally, travelling also becomes a complicated task. Alters often leave sticky notes signed with their names in pockets/handbags/suitcases (as many places as possible) about directions to the airport, the address of the destination so that alters don't feel lost in foreign surroundings. Communication is absolute necessary to reduce the impact of inter-identity amnesia and stress. Some alters may want to front more and it completely breaks my heart to think about that. 'Switching' between alters, which determines who takes control of the body can be extremely tiring and having 'competing' alters can lead to migraines and intense fatigue. Alters may want to take over, live their own life, have their own relationships but they can't. They live in a system; the body is not only theirs. They all agree to live harmoniously together. As a global citizen, this is an important learning for me. In this world that is spinning madly out of control, Nin and her system of alters has taught me something beautiful. Despite our differences, we have to realise that we are fragments of the same world. Despite our differences, we all are related. We may not be one, we at times might fail to fully understand each other, we have our differences. But we need to adjust. We need to communicate. We need to learn to harmoniously co-exist with one another. Together is a beautiful place to be.

every moment is a fresh beginning

neha d'souza, sakshi rajesh, anusha dharnidharka, chahak pahwa, aryan mahadevan

Today, I was playing with some friends in the park and decided that it would be fun to sit on the swing. I still can't swing properly because my legs are too short, but I like to pretend that I am an expert. All my friends think I'm the best at swinging in our class! So anyway, I sat on the swing and tried swinging all by myself. Without anyone pushing me. For the first time, I felt so proud of myself until I went flying and landed on my face. Everyone started laughing at me and nobody even came to pick me up! I honestly felt like crying but then I then started to think. Wow, the way I fell was actually so funny. I began to laugh and laugh and then I couldn't stop laughing. My fall in the park was the highlight of everyone's day. I like it when the people around me are happy; it really does make me happy. Ooh did I mention, my tooth also fell? I didn't realise until my best friend found it lying in the same place where I had fallen. This is my first tooth to ever fall and I am so happy that it happened so painlessly. I didn't even realise it had fallen even though it was quite wobbly for sometime. I had made this little envelope in school to keep my tooth in and I can't wait to place it under my pillow tonight. On the envelope, I made sure to write my name and address, just in case the tooth fairy forgets. I hope the tooth fairy arrives close to my bedtime so that I can sneak a peek at her and see what she looks like! I bet she's really pretty. I wonder how much money she's going to leave for me. I know I've been a good kid so I am not too worried. I'll surely get something. I already know what I'm going to buy with the money she leaves. Sorry, but I am not going to tell you what. The only person who I've told is Mama and I know she can keep a secret. Gee I'm so excited. I wonder what tomorrow's going to be like.

I'm scared. Application deadlines are coming closer and closer, doomsday inching towards me. The parties, outings, and relationships I had once visioned, ended up being exams, puberty, and existential crises. It's too soon, way too soon for me to decide my future. What if it doesn't work out? What if I choose wrong, sentencing myself to a life of regret and failure? I make self-deprecating jokes as an attempt to hide my insecurities, passing off the disappointment I bring to my family, as a joke.

I am a joke. I yelled, I cried, I slammed my door shut, closing myself off from my parents - from their expectations. My grades, they're dropping at a rate faster than my self-esteem, while my parents, the manifestation of my deepest fears, express their sheer horror at the same. I am not the child they want me to be, and I never will be. "YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND ME", I cried. They're older, I must respect them, I must treat them like my god - to hell with that. If they don't even try to show compassion for my struggles, what's the point in putting in so much effort? I try and try and try again, because I want to have a good relationship with them. Honestly, there's nothing I want more from life, than for them to not just be my parents, but also my friends. I hope that's what lies in my future, but I really don't know yet.

"Carve out your own path in life," they say. What if I don't want to get good grades? "Now that's bad,

you need to get good grades". We live in a world of irony, an irony that seems to have a vengeance against me. It's ruining my life; they're ruining me. "We're always here for you," they lie through their teeth. I am alone in my journey. When everything goes bad, when I'm living a life of turmoil, who will come to help me? My parents? My teachers? Society? No one. They all hate me with the same passion with which I hate myself. If we are living to die, destined to live an unsatisfactory life, what was the point of being born at all?

"What do you want to be in the future?" a question that adults think us children have the answer to. I want to be a good child. I want to be a loving parent. I want to be successful. I want to be happy. Happiness, why is something so seemingly fundamental, so unattainable? College is supposed to be the next step towards a happy future, but I can't do college. School itself is a pain, and they think I can handle more?

Maybe I should just run away.

The past few days have been complete pandemonium. The days pass by in a haze. Between rummaging through a flurry of people to find my class through the day and hurling myself into mountains of books at night, I feel myself trapped in the exhausted body of a stranger who never wanted to be here in the first place. I am a puppet who is constantly frolicking around without knowing why. It is nothing like what I had imagined.

A month ago the thought of college invigorated me. Bubbles of excitement fizzed up inside me as I practiced the arguments I would win against my intellectual college friends. That was back in my room, back at home. It seems like another life. "Oh! the independence!" I conjectured. No curfews, no rules! Everything seemed perfect. I was supposed to ace this life. Yet here I am, lost, desolate. A monarch in my solitude.

You'd think the loneliness would only strike at night, while procrastinating over the next day's deadline as I sit nibbling on a piece of charred toast. Not true. The loneliest I feel is surprisingly in the company of the whole world that has been compressed into the college campus. I look at the people around me. I feel invisible amongst this decorated variety; if there is something I can do well, there is always someone who can do it better. I am not sure if I belong here. I'm disoriented. Primitive.

I have never felt as vulnerable, everybody's pricking eyes pierce through the layers of my skin, their volleying judgements reverberate in my ears as I lay down to sleep. I feel nauseous as the world spins around me, helpless, hapless, hopeless in the centre. I am so far from home. I am distanced from everything I have known, everybody I have loved. This is not the same world I used to live in. It is bigger, scarier and stranger. The people around me seem farce, too busy with their own lives to care about mine. If I fall, will there be anybody to pick me up? Will anybody wait? Do I even matter?

I could see from far that the nurse had her swaddled in a baby pink blanket. As she approached me, the butterflies in my stomach intensified. My heart was racing. The blood in my veins was rushing. In just a few moments I was about to hold her for the very first time. I was restless; I was excited; I was vexed. But then I saw her, and she made me gasp for air. Her beauty left me awestruck. She genuinely was the most beautiful being I had ever seen. I held out my trembling arms and the nurse placed her gently on them. Oh, I wanted to embrace her so tightly; however, her precious, fragile body finding comfort in my arms calmed my euphoria. I wouldn't allow myself or anybody to give her even the slightest of discomfort. All my initial confusion and worries just dissipated by simply gazing at her. She instantaneously put a smile to my face. I couldn't believe that a few minutes ago she didn't even exist in this world. And now I can't imagine her not being in my arms. I can't imagine not caring for her. I can't imagine losing her.

Time passed by, but she continued to be in my arms. She was sleeping so peacefully that I didn't want to move one bit, only to regret seeing her wake up. I hope she was comfortable in my arms. I hope that she felt loved and secure in my presence. For some reason, I felt like one of my life's purposes was to protect her. During her state of serene, I saw her yawn, and my heart melted. She tried to open her petite mouth as wide as possible, clenched her fists a bit, wiggled her fingers, and wobbled her arms so much that it loosened her swaddle wrap. As she yawned, her sparkling, sky-blue eyes opened for a few seconds. A pair of sapphire gems they were! I shed tears of joy at that very moment. I had never seen someone so pure, delicate, angelic, and full of vitality. I wondered what I had done to be blessed with a princess. Instinctively, I caressed her soft, pillow forehead so that she could go back to sleep. Thank you for being born- my very own princess. Thank you for gifting me with parenthood.

When did I develop a tremor? My hands can't stay steady anymore, despite my best efforts. I can't even recognise them, filled with wrinkles, and loose skin, I can even see my veins protruding from below, and I can trace them through my arm. My bones never cease to ache either, a constant reminder of my age. When once I would run through the streets with my friends for hours on end, shouting and screaming, I now need time just to get out of my bed. When did that happen? When did my children start outpacing me? When did I start holding onto the rail every time I walked up or down a flight of stairs? It's funny now, thinking back to my youth, how many days I spent worried about such menial things. It's almost ironic, throughout life people tell you "use your time wisely, it never returns" but you never really understand it, you never truly comprehend just how fleeting time truly is, until you run out of it. Of course, most people hate thinking about death, and I'd be lying if I said I wasn't one of these people for most of my life. Yet, now that I'm nearing it, I've had a revelation. Death isn't horrible, it's not grim, it isn't something that should be treated as taboo, locked away in the back of the mind and never to be thought about. Death is beautiful; if not for death, life would have no meaning, if life were endless and continued for an eternity, what would be the point in living at all? Of course, this argument is one for philosophers and ethicists, not a feeble old woman such as myself, but when you're retired and don't have much to do, these are the things you think about. I can feel it coming, my muscles weaken by the day, my grandchildren have to yell for me to hear them, I need reading glasses, and every morning I feel as if I have less energy than I did the previous day. But I'm not scared, I'm not dreading it, nor am I trying to avoid it. I've lived a long life, and a good one at that, so I've made my peace with my mortality. Now I wait for my time to come, and spend as much time as possible with my family, so when I do go they can make peace with it as well.



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by ananya
rathore



coexistence



'dichotomy' by ananya rathore.



Dichotomy: We exist in an increasingly dichotomous world. Both Trump and Macron, leaders of the free world have different perspectives and approaches when dealing with similar issues. This collage conforms to the tenets of Cubism and views issues from both their perspectives.

The moustache, a conventional symbol of masculinity, is created from the articles related to Trump's attempts to isolate America, and Macron's efforts to keep Europe together and inclusive.

Mix-media collage on paper -- Ananya Rathore [IBDP 2]

coexistence: a salient antidote

by tisha banerjee (IBDP • 2, junior editor)

When society changes,
Nature arranges.
An unembellished alteration;
To rid us of suffocation.

Take the morning paper in your hand,
Lives are missed by a single hair strand;
Conflicts, hostilities and destruction amass.
Where is the love? Is it all just a farce?

People are killed from time to time,
This undoubtedly is disregarded as sublime;
The marginalised have no say,
One can only look to their feet in dismay.

It's when life is absurd,
When things simply aren't fair;
We search for one single word,
Coexistence is in the air.

When we all work together
To win our life's race
Just think happy thoughts
And the world will embrace

Coexistence is ubiquitous
Coexistence is adequate
Let's make a change together



It is a simple yet toxic relationship between man and nature. Where nature offers us all: warmth, light, water, fresh air, and we almost nothing.-- Vanshika Sood [alumna]



This is a subtle representation of humans and nature coexisting; instead of the mountains being demolished. It shows how man was able to actually build robust homes and structures inside the mountains. -- Vanshika Sood [alumna]

the sizzling chemistry between mankind and nature

by sreeprabha g nair (IBDP - 2, junior editor)

'CO-EXISTENCE,' a word so vast, so deep and rich in meaning. In this article I would like to provide a small perspective on this prodigious theme. Before I unravel the beauty of the word 'co-existence', I would like to present a small idea on what existence in itself, truly is. Existence, in my opinion, is when you realise your purpose in this world and the pathway that will lead you to your final destination as well as the will to overcome all that comes your way in order to achieve this very purpose. As you can see, existence is about one individual, one element in this vast, diverse spectrum of life. Co-existence on the other hand is made up of two words 'co' meaning cooperation and 'existence'. 'co-existence' is when you acknowledge and appreciate the presence of other living and non-living elements around you, and understand how each of these magical creations are dependent on each other and as a result are aware of how to exist as a community without destroying each element's individuality.

Among the diverse interrelationships that co-exist in this world, I am going to explore the beautiful co existence between nature and humans, which has continuously evolved since the advent of time. The first traces of humans were found 66 million years ago. nature existed long before this, thus, as humans began evolving it was the forces of nature that determined their features, habitats and way of living. Humans were highly dependent on nature but while using it for their benefit, they also remembered to give back. Back then nature had the upper hand, it had the power to control the development of humans.

As said by Albert Einstein 'a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. So is a lot', as humans began gaining more and more knowledge, they found all the benefits they could extract from nature. And the difference was, this time they forgot that nature was the one who created them and so they began exploiting it for their own benefit. In today's world, science has advanced so much that the earth contains more man-made structures than natural ones. Humans have become so proud of their achievement that they forgot that everything man made has been extracted or borrowed from nature itself. On my recent trip to Australia, I went to the Daintree Rainforest, the oldest rainforest on earth. There I learned the concept of peppermint spray is something we borrowed from nature. An insect called the peppermint stick insect resides within the midrib of a plant and it sprays peppermint which instantly creates a burning sensation on the affected area of its prey.

Through this article I want to tell you that humans and nature have been coexisting for millions of years. While on a drive on the great ocean road, I saw a billboard that said 'cats have nine lives, you have one'. While the point of this message was to warn drivers to drive safely, something totally different struck me, we humans live in this world with such a multitude of species: some that walk on four legs, some on two, some that come alive at night, some in the morning, some that sleep throughout their life, some that are always active, some that have so called nine lives and some that have just one. Humans have to realise that they are just a small point in this vast spectrum of evolution and diversity. And to be able to survive on earth amongst its multifariousness requires just one thing 'the ability co exist' to acknowledge, appreciate and most importantly live in harmony with everything around them.



I took this photo while on a road trip to Greece. There was no one around except for my family and myself, and the moment felt rather serene. In the dead silence, the first thought that came to my mind was the clear coexistence of technology and nature. Here stood two towering wind turbines that provided power for the people, while leaving the beautiful scenery intact, barely damaging it. They even managed to utilize the natural resources that we take for granted, and perform the crucial task of generating electricity with no by-products, a perfect example of how technology and nature can both exist in harmony. -- Aniket Gotety [IBDP - 2]

nature

by riya kharate (A Levels)

On a splendid yellow day had sweet betrayal
danced in the arms of fear.
"I can't sleep" I lied and she led into the back-yard
through a passage of teak and vein.
I followed then, a lone procession of one.
Her palm on a tall oak, her breath quivering,
and now I see that it has grown:
She proclaimed, to me, to the tree, to the half-brilliant glint in her own eyes:
"you gave it water, I loosened the soil. "
I was afraid then that the tree would deject
his thirst for water.
Betrayed that he never spoke;
for the speechless are often misheard.



*The people living have made sure
to retain the intrinsic value of the
place and not cut down the trees,
which add to the beauty of the
vicinity.*

-- Vanshika Sood [alumna]



*Nature and mankind. Before, we used to coexist and treat nature equally; but now we've assumed that we rule the forces of nature and we drive them. This very snap here captures the truth. Even though there is total darkness and no artificial light provided by humans, this flower here (Indian shot) is illuminated by its own radiance....from this I can conclude that nature and mankind are interdependent, neither is anyone superior nor inferior. I believe this snap here can prove that if we continue to destroy nature and trouble it in the form of pollution, deforestation, animal cruelty and etc...it'll take revenge. Mother Earth will make us repent, and we will gravely regret our actions. Thus we need to learn to reverse our actions, learn to coexist and let go our ego -- **Harshidi Panchal [Grade 10]***

a relationship beyond words

by yohaán patil (IBDP - 2)

“The essential joy of being with horses is that it brings us in contact with the rare elements of grace, beauty, spirit, and freedom!” ~ Sharon Ralls Lemon.

One of the finest gift that Mother Nature has adorned us with is horses. Despite not having words to communicate with us humans, the raw emotion one is filled with just by touching a horse is simply magnificent. The amount one can learn from these refined creatures really is unparalleled.

I volunteer at an equestrian center that hosts annual camps for children to embark on a journey of horse riding. My own expedition began two and a half years ago, when I first mounted a horse, and ever since that day I've never looked back. Coexisting with these impeccable beings of nature brings me the sheer visceral joy of being alive.

Earlier this year, I rode a horse that went by the name of ‘Tashi’ and little did I know, he'd have such a bewildering impact on me. He taught me almost whatever there was to learn regarding the sport, he became my companion, a guiding light, he understood me for who I was. In all sincerity, Tashi was my ‘happy pill’.

Horses have coexisted with humans throughout history, a rather significant instance would be the bond between Maharana Pratap and his horse, Chetak. Chetak stood by the king of Mewar's side whenever he was in need, got him to safety at war and abided by his every decision.

The connection between horses and humans is powerful beyond measure. Being social, amicable and heavily family oriented are traits deep rooted within both species. This makes it easier for us to administer our trust within them and theirs within us.

In a broader aspect, coexisting with animals is essentially the only way us humans can survive. Conserving the environment and having a harmonious relationship with nature can bring us to great lengths!



Coexistence is defined as man in the realm of nature showcasing complex interactions. This painting is a partial replication of the artwork by Mr. Paresh Maity. The artwork is a vibrant and bold coalescence of man and other marvellous creatures of nature to depict our harmonious coexistence. I aim to emphasise, through my art, the importance of preserving the nature that we are callously endangering in order to embody a relationship that is mutually beneficial. -- Tanisha Lalani [IBDP - 2]



Each day the bird flies from flower to flower collecting nectar, transferring pollen to let them grow and bloom. Every day, she sings her saccharine melody for the branches of the trees she has built her nest on. They coexist passively, the bird and nature. A relationship so sweet, so hallowed that when her wings are clipped and her flight is nixed, flowers bloom on her sides. "You will fly again." -- Jeba Shaik [IBDP - 2]

opposites attract?

by aaryan potdar (IBDP 1)

I read thirty to forty pages that day. Claire read none. Once I was done reading the first few lines of page 8, I waited for her to pick up from where I had left off; she insisted that I continue. Was it her incessant pleas of "one more" or the fact that reading had always been one of my favourite hobbies that kept me going page after page? Most of the time, it was the shower of "please" and "pretty-please" that left me helpless. I did not mind as it reminded me of papa.

The memory of the time I spent with my dad is no less than a blur. However, his countless bedtime stories are still quite fresh in my mind. Every time he read a story, he enacted every character - from the posh city-mayor to the lunatic king and even his jolly pet monkey! Every word he uttered seemed to be delivered by the characters themselves. Once he even convinced me into believing that animals communicated with humans in Hebrew! He narrated hundreds of tales to me. There was always, if not hours, a few minutes for him to devote to my entertainment.

Mama was an avid reader herself. In fact, they both first met at a bookstore and bonded over their common love for Ernest Hemingway's fiction novels. Papa would lend his most precious and treasured books, only to meet mama at the store. Sounds like a page straight out of a romance novel I must say... Unfortunately, their shared interest was not enough to keep them together. Last year, mama filed a divorce after she discovered that papa would consume sizeable amounts of alcohol after work at a nearby pub. Considering that she is a stern lady and could have easily helped papa out, his alcoholic traits couldn't have been enough to end their marriage.

Apart from their shared-love for reading, they both lacked any common-interests. They were like characters from two different books. Many people firmly believe in the fact that 'opposites attract,' but in mama and papa's case, their conflicting nature was what led them away from each other. The idea that 'opposites cannot always co-exist' was exactly what frightened me in my relationship.

I looked up after a few pages to see if Claire was still paying attention. And she was. At times, I felt like she would blankly stare at me, her mind occupied in a completely different world. Other times, her sharp gaze assured me that she was taking in every word that left my lips. The book was one of papa's captivating reads. If I were not there, the book would have never made it out of his old trunk. If I were not available on Monday, the same page would greet me on Tuesday. It was quite clear that Claire preferred numerous activities to reading while it was more than just a hobby for me. Likewise, painters like Michelangelo never fascinated me, but I would be ever ready to visit art-showcases with her and even try a few brush strokes myself.

Despite our contradictory preferences, Claire and I always try to indulge in activities that we both love. For instance, she is fond of my storytelling skills and I admire her knowledge of eminent artists. The happiness that we garner from staying around each other suggests that two completely different individuals can co-exist together. Is it because of our ardent love for each other or the activities that we derive joy from or simply because 'opposites-attract'? ... that will remain a mystery.



The sketch is about marginalisation of a large section in a society where all humans should co-exist. Marginalisation sometimes also called social exclusion, refers to the relegation to the fringes of society due to a lack of access to rights, resources and opportunities. A varied section of population ranging from handicapped, blind, child labour, sweeper, tribal woman to a construction worker find themselves in a situation wherein they feel they are living inside a barbed wire fencing with no way to escape from this hardship. -- Priyanka Dey [IBDP - 2]

Watching what animals have to go through all around me disturbs me leaving me feeling confined. I envisage a day where animals are given the importance and love they deserve. As exhibited in the sketch, the shrivelled faces of the animals signify their need of immediate help and the artist's call to preserve these innocent animals. Through this sketch, I vow to protect these animals and sensitise people to help conserve animals and create a safe environment for the delightful creatures! -- Priyanka Dey [IBDP - 2]



the tao key to to coexistence

by zai jivan (IBDP - 2, junior editor)

Taoists say "The wise person is flexible". Flexibility is adaptability; adaptability is the quality of adjusting to new conditions. Humans adapt to the environment and must learn to coexist. Many of us are aware of the concept of Yin and Yang. Yin is the darker side and Yang is the lighter side. Yin is associated with shadows, femininity, and the trough of a wave; whereas, Yang signifies brightness, passion, masculinity, and growth.

It is said that everyone contains the spirit of Yin and Yang. One has both a dark and light side to his or her spirit. The manifestation of this spirit depends on what he or she chooses to be. Do we want to be that person who cannot tolerate the idea of humans not being the only animals in this world? Do we want to be that person who demeans someone for the colour of his or her skin?

The question is: "Are we already those people?" We must reflect to know whether we are these people. If we hold neither Yin nor Yang in our lives, we do not hold the ability to coexist.

"Everything contains the seed of the opposite" is the connotation of the two dots within the Yin and Yang symbol. Each portion has a dot of the opposite colour. This does not prove that the two are the opposite of each other. Instead, it denotes that the two are relative to each other. The Yang starts an action and the Yin completes it. In other words, they coexist.

Taoism teaches us that we should all learn from this emblem of coexistence. Living in harmony with the way things are is an important aspect of Taoism. That way, the person will not have to fight against the universe's natural flow (the ultimate power): deeper and truer than any other force. A person is guided to implement just four things in their life to achieve and live with the true spirit of Yin and Yang:

1. Don't worry about being the best. Be who you are.
 2. Be prepared to repeat or undo something. That way you'll make faster progress.
 3. Listen more and argue less.
- And last, but the most supreme:
4. Live simply; complications take you away from the Tao (the way).

Essentially, live in accordance with the four quintessential notions of the Tao and simply coexist.



This artwork connects to the theme of coexistence by capturing a myriad of symbolisms and ideas. The two hands of different races reaching out to each other depicts acceptance, harmony and dependence on one another to survive. The infinite expanse of space in the background indicates that coexistence isn't confined to one place or type of people and that it is ubiquitous, to be found throughout the world. -- Nikhil Pol [IBDP - 1]



Is Asia only restricted to China or Japan? This misrepresentation of Asian culture is what drove me to create this representation of a traditional Indian Vada Pav being consumed with the help of chopsticks. Middle Eastern countries, UAE, India and others, are conveniently unrecognised and are a forgotten part of the large Asia. Food is a quintessential part of the lives of people from a range of different countries. My artwork's intention is to exhibit the connectedness of people from every single country in one continent. It also indicates that while the cultures might not be in harmony with each other (through the chopstick being unfitting of the Vada Pav), we still manage to coexist and ultimately, that's what matters. -- Siddhant Parwani [IBDP - 2]



This image is my take of the concept of coexistence, as it encapsulates the variety of cultures, races, and religions living together on one planet. I felt the need to put in these specific images, as they show the coming together of all races, from Asian to Caucasian, and a polychromatic flower in the centre to show that, regardless of the colour of the flower, beauty will shine through. On the topic of the logo itself, I have manipulated the original coexist logo created by Piotr Mlodozieniec with chromatic dispersion, to give it a more original flair, as the chromatic dispersion is an expression of my own self onto that symbol, showing the blurring of the metaphorical lines of culture and religion, to provide something that people can interpret for themselves: art -- Siddharth Mahadevan [IBDP - 2]

poetry

analysis

by aayush ganjoo (A Levels)

"The Tyger" by William Blake has to be one of my all-time favourite poems yet. Assuming the theme of duality, Blake touches upon the coexistence of the virtuous and the evil, the powerful and the powerless. The poem begins by questioning the great man in the sky himself regarding the creation of the tiger; tigers, quite commonly, are viewed as metaphor for power, fear and ferocity. Blake, being a clergyman, incorporates various biblical allusions in his literature. While not particularly explicit, this poem is thought to be a direct reference to Isaiah 45:7 – "I form the light, and create darkness: I make peace, and create evil: I the LORD do all these things." Beautiful, is the transition from fear to questioning, where Blake challenges the notion that God has the autocratic right to create and destroy. Though quite thematically rich, the primary theme of coexistence lies in the last two stanzas. The second last stanza denotes the metamorphosis of life itself. "The stars threw down their spears" is symbolic of the advancement and change under the guidance of "he", the creator himself. There are two doubts in the mind of Blake regarding the development: Whether the creator of the lamb is the aforementioned creator of the tiger, and whether the Lord was pleased with himself. Rhetorically, these questions revert back to Isaiah 45:7, where the Lord states that he is responsible for everything good and evil. Contrast is an element that not only distinguishes, but also exemplifies the existence of various factors of life. Just as light cannot exist without darkness, good cannot exist without evil. Similarly, the prey – the lamb – cannot exist without the predator – the tiger. For there to be strength, there must be weakness, and though it might seem overtly ineffective, it is inherent in nature. Holistically, this concept is vastly applicable to us as humans too. Within ourselves coexists an amalgamation of good and evil. We often do things we are proud of, while we occasionally make mistakes we regret. This is because we have a conscience which self-contradicts in its ability to make favorable decisions – and that is what makes us human. William Blake's uncanny ability to condense the complexity of this notion into a few lines is remarkable, and he is truly an author who has left a strong impression on me.

Tyger Tyger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night;
What immortal hand or eye,
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies.
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand, dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain,
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp,
Dare its deadly terrors clasp!

When the stars threw down their spears
And water'd heaven with their tears:
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger Tyger burning bright,
In the forests of the night:
What immortal hand or eye,
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

-William Blake

the final hour

by hridya shah (IBDP - 2)

If you murder, the law murders you
If you steal, the law steals from you

Who decides the law?

Who decides between right and wrong, and wrong and right, and everything in between?

Who decides the victim, who decides the perpetrator?

Who rates one crime graver than the other?

Who rates another crime pettier than the other?

Do we really have the integrity, the purity to cast the first stone?

Thought after thought after thought

Invading my subconscious as I wait

I wait in my chair, plagued by these thoughts

I wait.

When will this all be over?

There's a fire raging, both outside and within

I can smell it in the air, the heavy odor weighing my lungs down

I want to cough but the tension is too thick,

I'm choking, gagging, so afraid

Isn't fear pointless?

Triumph. That's what those people feel

The ones that stand outside, intoxicated grins smeared across their faces

Hypocrites. That's what I call them

They celebrate the death of another

Will my opinion ever matter?

As I sit, awaiting the inevitable

I sit, I sit and I sit

Thinking, what makes me different from them, or them different from me

In the end, we all relish the satisfaction of murder.

I begin to realize we need each other

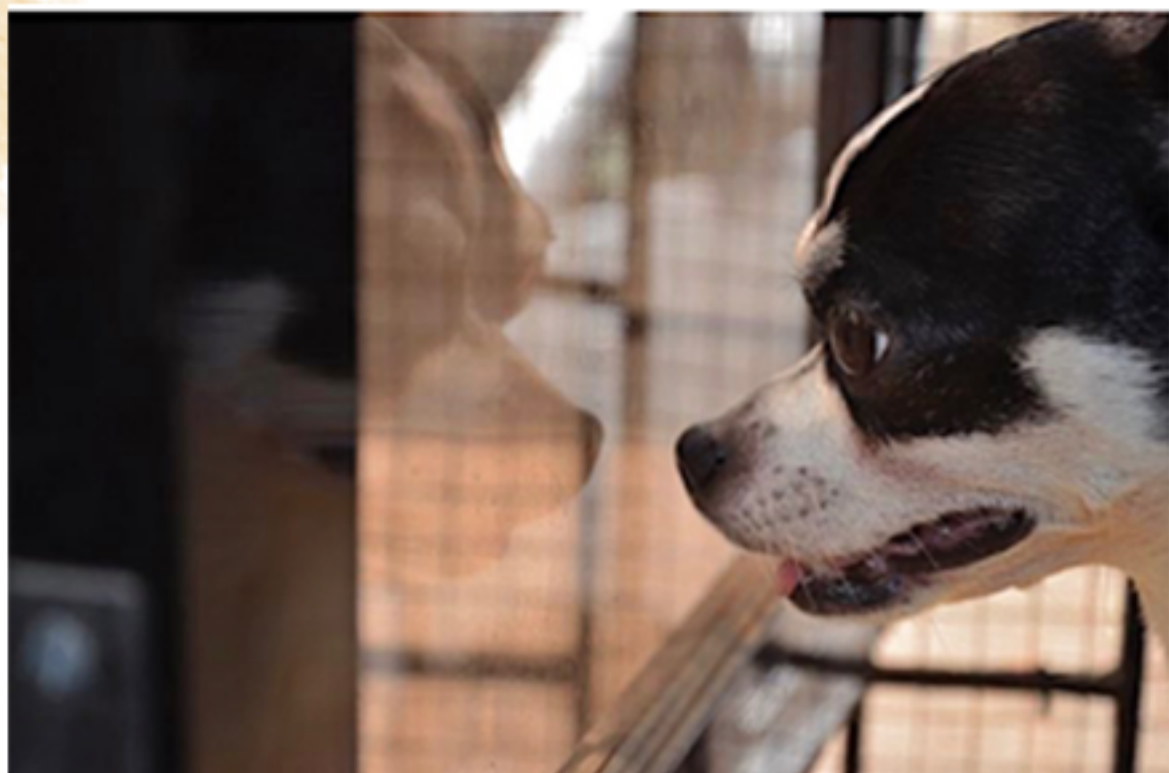
I need them and they need me

They rely on me for a sense purpose

I rely on them for gratification

We're one and the same

Human.



Through this picture of my dog, I intended to convey a message, using subtle symbolism, and hint at how ones body coexists with their reflection. A reflection is more than just a mirror image of yourself on a plain surface; It's a glance into your inner self and your consciousness. When one reflects on themselves they look into their thoughts, past actions and their learning's and being able to do so and live along with both your physical and inner self is what I find to be important. -- Apurva Joshi [IBDP - 2]

perspectives

by tanishka mauskar (IBDP - 2, junior editor)

Holding your hand always feels like a pleasure.

There are so many feelings I feel that do not have a name, a label. Just like us. What are we? What do we want to be? What were we? Some things are better left unsaid, unanswered.

The thought of losing you is above my understanding. The thought of losing you forever fills me with dread. It doesn't affect you because I always feel too many things at once, especially when it comes to you. But I never know how you feel because you never speak to me the way you used to and I will never ask you because maybe in the back of my head, I know what you mean.

Maybe I want it to?

Truth is, I'm scared. I'm scared to ask you how you feel about me. I'm scared to know. After everything you've done to me, I think I deserve to know.

Don't apologize to me. It's never going to be enough. Maybe I should leave your hand. Maybe we should go our separate ways to make everything seem better.

We deserved better.

Holding your hand always feels forced.

There are so many feelings I feel that don't have a name. Maybe they do: anger, rage, frustration, I can go on forever. What are we? What do we want to be? What were we? Some things are better left unsaid, unanswered.

The thought of losing you fills me with happiness. The thought of not being able to see you gives me joy. It gives me a sense of hope. It gives me time to think about what I can finally do without you. It gives me time to think about what I want.

I don't feel comfortable around you anymore to tell you how I feel. I'm scared to answer your questions.

After all the lies and cheating, I can't give you a sense of false hope. It's not like you mean anything to me anymore. You were my muse for a few years along with others who I adored just as much.

I think I should apologize but I know I don't mean it. Maybe I should leave your hand now. Maybe we should go our separate ways to make everything seem better.

We weren't meant to be.

speak

out

by ananya sambasivan (A Levels)

my mind sails stormy seas and sees sceneries
too wide,
too wild,
for me to speak out.

and whilst the outgoing ones
seek to meet the people they greet daily
i can only fleet past
without speaking out.

"you should talk to him
to show you're not so dim"
but are my chances that slim
to be able to speak out?

what if i did?

what escapes my mouth is a volley of words,
stringing together with intention and pride
just like that, my shyness died
and i could finally speak out-

-snap.

back to reality, i sigh, opening my eyes
from a romantic dream
that one day
i would speak out.

the best of both worlds

by kusum kotian (IBDP - 2)

High school can be a melting pot of personalities. While some students revel in heated debates about the latest political issues and the long-awaited group projects, some of us find solace in 'boring' tasks of reading classic literature or solving mind-boggling math problems. I still remember my first day in the DP program; when asked whether we perceive ourselves as risk-takers, a vast majority of hands immediately shot up. But when it came to being reflective, not a single student paid heed. In a generation that has forgotten the need for individuality, where herd mentality takes the upper hand, introversion is usually shoved under labels of being 'nerdy' or 'shy'.

I, however, believe it to be futile to form such prejudicial presumptions. To me, being an introvert is to have a strong moral compass, to be independent in my learning and to have a distinct self-awareness of my words and actions. In a world that just can't stop talking, it is introverts who hold the power to introspect, imagine and tap into their creative selves while in solitude. One of physics' most beautiful equations: $E=mc^2$ and the magical wizarding world were both created inside of an introvert's mind. On the other end of this spectrum, it is hard to imagine a world without the loquacious and quirky extroverts. As introverts, their uncanny ability to effortlessly become the life of every party continues to mesmerize me; their presence glows wherever they go. In essence, extroverts and introverts and all the shades in between form the yin and yang of our society, and their interdependence is of significant importance. To live in a world with solely introverts or extroverts or to even purely be one of them would end us up in a lunatic asylum. Beneath every introvert's quiet persona coexists a fun fat kid in a candy store. Similarly, every extrovert has a soulful side to their gregarious nature. The two complete each other.

Despite our characteristic differences, what's important is that we always stay true to ourselves and respect every individual's way of thriving. By conversing with individuals who thrive differently from you can challenge your ideal school of thought, perhaps leaving you with profound awakenings and paradigm shifts. Loud and quiet. Good and evil. Believers and Non-believers. Such differences are inevitable and the nature of the life we live. As a matter of fact, we need these differences, because it is our differences which unites us all. Only by embracing our differences can we truly coexist.

the coexistence of marvel vs dc

by prachi sadhwani (A Levels)

Whether the argument is about IBDP or A Levels, Apple versus Android, or the N(ew)tella/ Nutella dispute, we pick a side and stick to it. We get defensive and hostile when someone even slightly disagrees with us. The Marvel Comics and DC Comics fan war is another example of this. Fans are compelled to choose a side and defend it, more than the superheroes defend the planet in the movies/comics.

For those who need clarification, Marvel comics include the Avengers while DC includes Justice League. The Marvel Cinematic Universe (or MCU) is made up of carefully intertwined TV shows and movies. DC prefers to separate their television universe and cinematic universe. Popular DC heroes include Superman and Batman while Marvel features Captain America and Iron Man. The two comic companies seem to mirror each other in many ways, this is evident in Green Arrow (DC) v Hawkeye (Marvel), Deadpool (Marvel) and Deathstroke (DC), Aquaman (DC) and Namor (Marvel); the list goes on.

Somehow, it's become almost impossible to love both. It's imperative that the fandoms are divided. Loving both is not a rare situation but so many frown upon it. You can simply state something about one of the companies and instantly a war is unleashed, with fans at each other's throats with the craziest threats. Both sides are so stubborn to see that each sides have their strengths.

At the moment, Marvel seems well ahead of DC in the cinematic world. DC fans were reigning in 2015 when Marvel's "Age of Ultron" proved to be disappointing compared to the first Avengers movie and DC's "Batman vs. Superman" and "Suicide Squad" seemed promising. However, DC fans were severely disappointed after these movies released. Furthermore, 2016 was a major year for Marvel with significant movies such as "Civil War", "Doctor Strange", and "Deadpool".

The co-existence of the two fandoms isn't a new concept. Despite this being called a fan war, DC fans don't seem to completely hate Marvel and Marvel fans don't seem to completely hate DC. Both sides understand and appreciate certain creative aspects of each other. Many have longed for a crossover of both studios. The comic studios previously explored this co-existence in 1996 when they released a series of comics which featured crossovers between the two all these superheroes now existed in one universe.

Granted that due to rival companies (yes, Disney and Warner Brothers have their own feud) the chance of this crossover actually happening is very low, it doesn't mean that the fans can't get along. In an honest opinion, its useless fighting over which studio is better because both sides are so rigid with their stance so they won't listen. This rigidity comes from the belief that if one comic must be successful, the other needs to be a billion feet underground and forgotten.

Nevertheless, while they may not co-exist in complete harmony, Marvel and DC create a wonderful heroic escape. The mixture of Marvel's light hearted humour and DC's darkness and exploration into more realistic stories are sure to satisfy anyone looking for a superhero (or heroes) to count on and relate to. Therefore, I believe that a better co-existence of these legendary companies is very much possible.



These pictures were taken on a remarkable evening that I had the privilege of spending in an airplane. The sky looked absolutely stunning and almost instantly compelled me to capture the moment. However, what really astounded me was the fact that my father was seated right beside me but the incredible view failed to catch his attention. I reckon he was thinking of the immense work that was waiting for him back home once we landed, while I remained inseparable from my camera. Despite the stark contrast in our thoughts and the lack of words exchanged between us, my father and I felt absolutely no uneasiness while spending our time the way we did. This showed me that even though every individual's thoughts and ideas don't always match, we can complement one and other, coexisting even in pure silence. -- Kane Basu [A Levels]

the last dream

by taskeen shaikh (IBDP - 1)

When I was a kid, around 5-6 years old, I used to tell my parents that I want to be a doctor but like a normal kid my attention flitted from one place to another until I found something that I was utterly fixated upon. I was surrounded by talented artists, directors and actors including my father, who worked in the industry and then went on to become a very successful businessman. He is someone who I have always looked up to and I couldn't have asked for a better father. As I grew older, I began to fall in love with the idea of filmmaking. It's not an easy task to create a film, which only made me want to explore the field to increase my knowledge, so that I can become one of the best directors the world has ever seen. So I took the first step in my journey of greatness.

I directed my very first short film 'The Last Dream' in 2018 when I was 14 years old. I believed that the earlier I start, the more experienced I will be. I always want to be one step ahead of my other fellow peers.

Suicide is one of the main social issues in our world. While there are multiple methods used, a gun is the most frequent means of suicide. It is also likely that suicide by drug overdose is more common than we realise. Many children across the world experience suicidal thoughts because of family problems, stress, relationship issues, insecurities, etc. and I found my calling in requiring to make a film of this caliber, even though I cannot prevent every single child from this act, I can at least utilise my capabilities and talents to create something that can facilitate change.



This film follows the story of a boy who administers sleeping pills to himself. An overdose leads to a bizarrely intimate conversation with Death wherein I bring light on his reasons for attempted suicide and the bittersweet truth of life. Veer finds himself stuck in limbo of neither being dead nor being completely being alive, to top it off Death takes him through time in a uneventful yet heartbreaking adventure. This film aims to empower the audience to see the meaning of life and what a gift it truly is.

My friend Miraya Borah is a young writer and after discussing our thoughts together, we came up with this beautiful story. I was so happy to have her on board. My mother, Atiya Shaikh, supported me in every way and produced this film with her own production house '16 Pictures'. My mentor, Prabhuraj, who is a famous director, guided me in every step of the way. This film would be incomplete without the cast : Mitansh Lulla, Divyaa Sharma and Swapnil Ralkar. I had an amazing experience working with the Director Of Photography, Anuradha Pathak, and all the other departmental heads. It was a huge challenge for me to take part in the pre-production and post-production because of my obligations as a student. However, I found the passion to complete the project with my heart and soul.

I was privileged enough to have my very own film screening where we had directors and actors from every part of life come and watch my film including all my supportive friends. I was so overwhelmed with the responses that me and my team had received. I want to thank my family because it wouldn't have been possible without my supportive parents.

Till now I have won 4 awards from Agra (Best Debut Director), Mumbai (Young Director), Bhutan (Best Young Filmmaker) and Ayodhya (Young Filmmaker Award). I am yet to see if the film will be graced with more awards as we apply to more film festivals all around the world. I thank Allah for this incredibly beautiful adventure.

distinctions

by soumya sathe (alumna)

I picture a room. It is a bright room, positively sparkling. Maybe even blinding. Numbing. So bright that an artist's brush wouldn't be able to paint any colour – any distinction – into it because its walls are made of light, not matter. Whenever I walk into this room, I become bright too, and that terrifies me. Seeing my limbs disintegrate into a meaningless illusion petrifies me. Just existing in this room dissolves every semblance of the identity I thought I had.

Yet, I am forced to stand here, where distinctions disappear.

Distinctions: inside and outside, within and without, 'I' and you. We base our reality on these distinctions, forming experiences and memories from distinct bursts of sensory stimuli that we weave into a coherent narrative.

Perhaps we wouldn't even be able to recognise ourselves if it weren't for these distinctions. After all, what does it mean to have an identity? To me, it means nothing but recognising the input and roles of a seemingly conscious, controlled entity 'I' within the mosaic of external stimuli that bombard our lives. Without this separation of I and the rest of the world, we wouldn't be conscious.

This room does not allow for distinctions, because it drains the power from every entity that dares to step in, instead, empowering it with the fluid, electric energy of light. The kind of energy that lets different frequencies fuse together into one brilliant beam, only to encounter an obstacle and shatter into fragments of colour. The entities, too, are organically volatile. They're not living beings, but may as well be; they are, in fact, thoughts. Thoughts that run into each other, converging or perhaps diverging like streams from a river.

All the room does is allow these thoughts to come in and stay; they attain their actual brightness of their own volition (maybe even their destiny).

I realised that our reality is a lot like this room. Reality is not just a collection of distinct experiences. Reality is created from thought, and thought is light. Thought knows no boundaries; it seamlessly detaches from and merges with itself. When we process the world around us, all we're doing is allowing our thoughts to coexist, to be. Then, we set them free to interact. Our distinctions start blurring, and our internal and external paradigms start shifting; they get intermittently diluted and concentrated by our feelings and by new thoughts.

Maybe we should stop recognising ourselves by how we are distinct from the world, and instead start finding identity in how we embody pools of boundless, coexistent light.

Immense thought, effort, and time was spent in the creation of this Luminous. Not just by us editors, but various other people involved. We would never have been able to reach where we are today without all those who have supported us throughout our journey, and for that, we are eternally grateful to them.

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Not just Hema ma'am, but many of our own teachers in IB helped and motivated us throughout. Their experience and encouragement pushed us to work as hard as we could to bring this magazine to the table. It's hard to imagine how lost we would have been if we hadn't spoken and gotten advice from them.

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Most importantly, we would like to thank all those who have taken time out of their busy lives to read this edition of Luminous. A lot has been invested in the process of making this magazine and we are grateful for all the support we have received thus far.

We truly hope that you have enjoyed reading this version of Luminous and you are now able to see the world from a billion more perspectives!

The Editorial Team, Luminous Edition 3,
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