

THE CARPE DIEM

BY IPH COOL CLUB AND YOUTH CLUB

When the
mind meets
the heart



IPH

**COOL
CLUB**



Even the Sun feels COOL when
he joins 'COOL CLUB' !!!

Editor's Desk

Last year we published our very first edition of 'The Carpe Diem- A splash of wondrous hues'.

And it sure was a great learning experience! The heartfelt appreciation and feedback from the entire youth club-cool club team motivated us to bring to you this second edition of our Magazine "The Carpe Diem- When the mind meets the heart..."

So what is this edition going to be about? When the logical, critical and practical flow of mind meets the emotional, desiring and creative flow of the heart that is the most spectacular confluence. Yes, 'confluence' the point of diversity where different ideas flow as one to bring about a change and impact that neither could bring out individually.

This year we went against what we had decided when the first edition was created and gave a theme to the magazine. We were worried initially as to whether we would get enough submissions but the response is overwhelming and motivating! It was an amazing experience from bringing people together to taking interviews to selecting photos and organizing the contents to meeting designer and finally getting it published.

I learnt a lot not just from the technical process but through the interactions with people necessary to make it happen. Throughout my years in Cool Club and Youth Club I have learnt to express myself in an appropriate manner. And I'm sure that there are many like me who made some good friends, found new interests, talents that they are good at. And to give a platform to such literary talents and to let budding artists spread their wings we have made this magazine with unimaginable enthusiasm! We have even added our very own page for photography and are soon to make our very own website. Like last year, this year as well we are publishing it in the form of an e-magazine in an attempt to contribute to the Save environment movement. And thus we have created this beautiful confluence of various young minds with their inner self and I hope you will enjoy this little confluence that we have created.

Mokshada Dombe
Editor in Chief

Cool Club & Youth Club

On a bright Sunday morning, my phone rang and it was my friend on the other side, excited for an impromptu get together of our schoolmates. I declined the offer saying I had to work. "How can you work on Sundays? Isn't it boring?" And my response was "No!". For the past 7 years, our working Sundays have never been boring or taxing, thanks to our unique projects- Cool Club (CC) & Youth Club (YC). These are energizers for us. To brief you about the project, Dr. Nadkarni (Director, IPH) motivated us to start something for teens, a developmental group with the aim of sensitizing the teenagers to myriads of experiences they would encounter in this phase. We realized that that logical reasoning and academic intelligence have always won over in popularity as compared to other facets of intelligence. Which is why, when a 13 year old boy was brought for counselling with complaints like not wanting to go to school due to peer pressure, with problems in anger control and gadget addiction, the parental focus was only limited to studies. Hence, they enrolled him for more classes and special tuitions as his academics were deteriorating. The problem though was something else, it wasn't his intelligence or understanding that dropped his scores, it was his social anxiety and emotional dysregulation that affected his academics.

With every fresh year, we have noticed that it has become a Herculean task to stay away from the countless options for children to improve their studies. Not denying the importance of education and studies as they are essential, but what if the problem is arising not out of ability but something else. Today, children do not have a problem with information gathering, they can be excellent 'information providers', but what if the child cannot face a tutor who keeps using harsh words or demeaning her (sometimes to motivate the child, nevertheless, is blunt in expression.).

CC/YC were actually started in order to fortify the system of emotional regulation. To experiment, we had also undertaken workshops for 2 days, covering the topics that could be relevant to adolescents.

However, we quickly realized that imparting of the information was just one of the goals, but in order for a belief or behaviour to change, one (including adults) takes time and that doesn't happen overnight. We therefore decided to form a club, by, for and of the teens. The aim behind having a yearlong activity is not restricted to sensitizing the teens, but also to provide a safe platform where they are not judged and feel free to express themselves. Very often, as we have noticed, as the members continue with the group, they develop leadership skills and naturally, assume the role of mentors to the junior members. It is often easier and acceptable for teens to follow and imbibe roles and opinions when it comes as 'peer approved'. What makes our group different is that it has always been an inclusive one, in that it is open for all. Our group has children who have excellent academic record and social skills but also children who are struggling with social expression. Hence, for teens who are dealing with socialization issues, poor self-image, problems such as addiction, have difficulty controlling emotions, the group could be a place that will provide unconditional acceptance. Our highlight, i.e. the annual function is the event we all look forward to, for that is the time we let children explore themselves.

Personally, our journey of CC/YC has been enthralling, the process of learning is two ways, the energy and enthusiasm that they display, the creativity and commitment that we get reinforces and make us want to work harder. We also have hurdles, the chief being lack of awareness of mental health and the need for emotional nurturance. People often believe that logical intelligence can take charge of emotional upheavals, but it is important to understand that an emotionally disturbed person may need help before/he can use his/her resources and wisdom. We have been blessed with members and their parents who have trusted us in the process and have realized that they have to look at all round development of the child and hope to reach out to as many teens and youth we can. This enterprise has truly made us believe that if we involve and understand teens and the youth, they are receptive and demonstrate amazing capacity to take on responsibility and empathy.

Regards
CC/YC team

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FRACTIONS OF THE YEAR

Game Show - Me & My World

कूल क्लबची सुरुवात दरवेळीच एका हटके पध्दतीने होते. हया वर्षीची सुरुवात देखील अशाच एका गेम शो ने झाली. थीम होती 'Me & My World' म्हणजेच मी आणि माझे विश्व. आधी कूल क्लबच्या सदस्यांना ई-मेल द्वारे कार्यक्रमाची रुपरेपा कळवण्यात आली होती, पण नेमके काय खेळ असतील, कोणा सोबत खेळायचे असतील हे सारे गुपीतच होते !

गेम शोच्या दिवशी डॉ.आनंद नाडकर्णी म्हणजेच आमच्या सगळ्यांच्या लाडक्या डॉक्टरकांनी भाग घेणाऱ्या १२ पार्टीसीपंटसच्या इम्स पाडल्या व माझे विश्व या थीमला अनुसरून प्रत्येक टिमचा एक ग्रह ठरवायला सांगितला, तो ग्रह म्हणजे आमचे विश्व! मग आमची घोषवाक्य, समुहाने आपल्या ग्रहाचं गायचं गाण, आपल्या ग्रहावर



साजरा केला जाणारा सण, ते सर्व ग्रहाच्या नावाशी संलग्न ठेवून आमच्या प्रतिभेला चालना देणारं होतं.

नंतर या प्राथमिक फेन्या झाल्या वर, सुरुवात झाली खेळांना, आपापल्या भावविश्वाशी निगडीत खेळ म्हणजे एखाद्या भावनेवर आधारित नाटक, कवितेच्या उत्सुर्त लिहिलेल्या चार ओळी, स्वतःच्या विश्वा बदलच्या आपल्या ठरलेल्या व्याख्या, जग कसं चालायला हवं यावरच्या भन्नाट कल्पना, सगळंच दोन तासांच्या गेम शो मधून बाहेर पडलं. अशया धमाल, विचार करायला लावणाऱ्या व हटके गेम शो नी कुल क्लब युथ क्लब २०१८-१९ ची दिमाखदार सुरुवात झाली.

वरद जोशी





Cool Club Senior

Shreeya Mhatre

Decision making :-

We were taught about decision making. Oh! Did I say taught? We have gotten into a habit of saying that because of our schools but our club is a place where nothing is taught to us. We discuss and play activities and decide together what is right and what ought to be done. Decide... Yes. This session was about such decisions. What is your decision? What are the side-effects of your decision? Who is getting affected by your decision? All these things should be consider while making one. This session gave us a very practical outlook which we are now ready to use in our daily lives.

Motivation :-

We learned through this session that we need motivation for certain things. There are two types of motivation external and internal. External motivation is the motivation we get from outside, it can be comprised of compliments too for eg: socializing apps, school, relatives, family members, TV etc. Internal motivation is the motivation we get from inside. Eg: our desires, our dreams. We should always keep motivating our self. At a point you are very near to success but failure comes in between don't be demotivated, keep moving forward.



Cool club Junior

Suhani Kadam

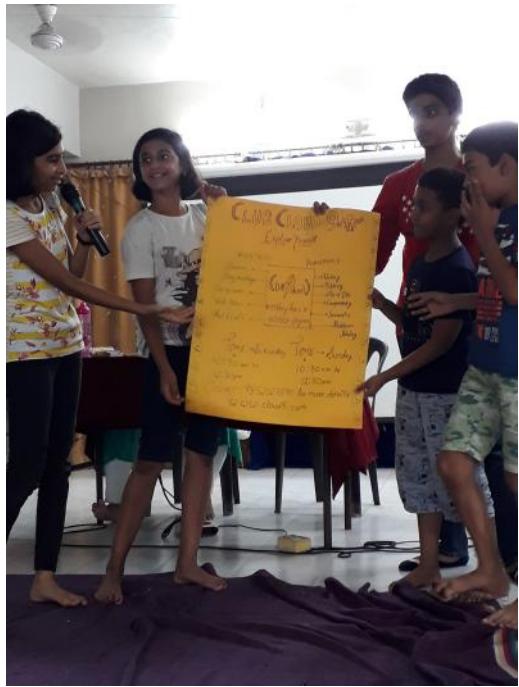
Learning :-

In this session we had a guest lecturer Dr.Sri Harsh dada and we learnt about the various levels of learning, the highest being emotional intelligence. After watching several short films that identified different emotions and gave examples of when we felt these in our lives. We also learnt about the conditions which are conducive for learning and learnt various exercises which helped elevate our alertness. Not only were we now equipped with skills to achieve the most efficient method and level of learning but also were we determined to first become an emotional intelligent.

Emotions :-

This was the session in which we learnt the roots of emotion and how it has helped us human beings survive and evolve throughout history; this was also the session in which we were introduced to our beloved Arun kaka! We were told to categorize various emotions into 'good' or 'bad' and later learnt that no emotion is good or bad it just depends on the extent and circumstances in which we use it. We drew a chart showing different emotions. Through this we learnt how to control our emotions by realizing at which level we are and according to the situation at which level we should be. We were also told to write a letter to our parents on the things we like and don't like about them to help improve our relationship with them.





Communication :-

In this session we learnt the need and the methods of communication; why we as humans feel the need to communicate and how we should convey our true intentions to another individual in a way which would benefit both. We learnt about one sided communication, two sided communication and the necessity of both in our lives as well as the circumstances in which both should be used.

This is a topic that all kids my age think is hard to deal with but this session really gave us a different perspective to look at it. We surely started trying to make more efforts at better communication in any situation possible and surprisingly it put us more at ease now at any social function.

Bullying :-

This session was more of a serious and somber affair than the others that came before. In this session we learnt about how we should face a bully according to different circumstances and the groups that are present when bullying occurs- the passive the active and the bullies themselves. We learnt why a bully lashes out and how fear turns to anger. This session was definitely eye opening and has taught us something that we will remember for a long time. It has prepared us to face a bully as we are bound to face one no matter which path in life we take.



Picnic memories

Rugveda Bagwe



कूल क्लबची या वर्षाची सहल २५-२६ डिसेंबर ला आहे. यूथ क्लबची मुले देखील येऊ शकतात. तर ज्यांना कोणाला यायचंय त्यांनी नावे द्या. सुरभी मावशीने यूथ क्लबच्या session मध्ये सांगितले. मी उत्साहाने माझे नाव दिले.

पण सहलीचा दिवस जवळ येऊ लागला तसं वाटायचे, यूथ क्लबची मी एकटीच. मग मी त्या कूल क्लबमधल्या मुलांमध्ये काय करणार. असे विचार यायचे.

सहलीचा दिवस उजाडला, म्हणजे २५ डिसेंबर. आमच्या दोन बर्सेस आय. पी.एच. हून दुपारी २:३० वाजता निघाल्या. माझ्या बसमध्ये मागच्या सीटवर बच्याच मुलांनी मुक्काम ठोकलेला. खुप गलका होता. या अशा मुलांबोर आपल्याला दोन दिवस काढायचेत.

आम्ही संध्याकाळी पाच वाजता सहलीच्या ठिकाणी पोहोचलो. बदलापूर गावात विष्णुबाग येथे सहल होती. डॉ.के.बी.सोलंकी यांनी ही बाग उभारलेली. तिथे पोहोचेपर्यंत मला याच्यातले काहीच ठाऊक नव्हते. मी चूकडे पढिले तर सगळीकडे झाडंच-झाडे होती. माझं मन थोड खदू झालं. हे काय! इथे झाडांमध्ये कुठे पिकनिक करायची! पण लगेच मी त्या मुलांमध्ये रुळले.

रात्री आम्ही भरपूर खेळलो, नाचलो. मला खूप

lively वाटलं. रात्री जेऊन झाल्यावर आम्हाला विष्णुबागेबद्दल माहिती सांगितली. डॉ.के.बी. सोलंकी हे सत्तरीच्या उंबरठच्यावर असलेले आजोबा. त्यांनीच ही विष्णुबाग तयार केली. त्यांनी इथे खूप वेगवेगळी झाडे लावली आहेत. Botany शिकणारी अनेक माणसे इथे येऊन राहतात आणि या झाडांचा अभ्यास करतात. त्या आजोबांनी सुद्धा पी.एच. डी. केली आहे. अनेक कॉलेजांमध्ये पिल study trips इथे येतात. आणि दुसऱ्या दिवशी ते आजोबा आम्हाला या झाडांबद्दल सांगणार होते. या नंतर आमची सगळ्यांची शेकोटीभोवती छान मैफिल जमली.

रात्री मला त्या थंडीत गाढ झोप लागली. बहुतेक मुली रात्रभर जाग्या होत्या. दुसऱ्या दिवशी सकाळी आम्ही थंडीत बाहेर पडलो. मी कुडकुडत होते आणि डोळ्यांवर खूप झोप होती. एवढाचा सकाळी उटून काय करणार आहोत आपण! हा पहिलाच विचार माझ्या मनात आला. ते आजोबा बोलू लागले, गुड मॉनिंग! तुम्ही सगळे एकदम फ्रेश वाटताय. So my young friends I am going to show you my trees- Okay? तर हे पहिले झाड आहे Bryophyllum चे यालाच पानफुटी असेही म्हणतात. हे झाड vegetative prorogation दाखवते. म्हणजेच याच्या पानातून germination होते आणि मग दुसरे झाड उगवते.आता याच्या बाजूचे हे shrub पाहताय? हे आहे insulin. हे शब्द ऐकताच मी ता. डकन जागी झाले. कारण आजपर्यंत मला Insulin हे एक शरीरातील रसायन आहे, एवढेच माहित होते. ते आजोबा पुढे सांगू लागले,” Insulin is a small plant. याची १-२ पाने उकळत्या पाण्यात घालायची आणि त्यात काळी मिरी टाकायची. ही पेस्ट जर diabetic माणसांनी रोज सकाळी प्यायली आणि असे ३० दिवस केले, तर त्यांचे insulin level नियंत्रित राहिल. आता हे त्याच्या बाजूचे झाड पहा. हे आहे वेलचीचे झाड. याच्या पानांचा वास घ्या. असे म्हणत त्यांनी आम्हाला पानांचे तुकडे



दिले. त्यांना वेलचीचा सुगंध येत होता.ते पुढे सांगू लागले, ही झाडे केरळमध्ये उगवतात. मी या झाडाच्या बीया केरळहून आणल्यात. तिथेच बाजुला त्यांनी पपईचे आणि चिकूचे झाड दाखवले.ही सगळी माझ्यासाठी नवलाई होती. आणि पुढे तर याहूनही वेगळी झाडे पाहायला मिळणार होती, ज्यांची मी कधी कल्पनादेखिल केलेली नव्हती.

पुढचे झाड होते बांबूचे. आजोबा म्हणाले,”Bamboo is a grass- People mistake it withthe tree but it actually is a grass- Giraffes eat bamboo. काय निसर्गाची किमया आहे पहा की जिराफ हा उंच प्राणी त्याला खाली वाकणे अवघड जाणार, यासाठीच कदाचित निसर्गाने हे असे उंच grass तयार केले जेणेकरून जिराफला ते खाण्यासाठी सोपे जाईल. काय निसर्गाने व्यवस्था केलीये ते पहा! ही झाडे, पशु-पक्षी एकमेकांना सांभाळून घेतात. पण माणसंच एकमेकांमध्ये भांडत अस. तात. Because man has his ego! ते मिशिकलपणे हसत म्हणाले. ते अगदी तल्लीन होऊन बोलत होते. मलाही नकळत हसू आले. मग त्यांनी आम्हाला रामफळाचे झाड, सीताफळचे झाड, एरण्डेलचे झाड दाखवले. हळद ज्या झाडापासून तयार होते ते झाडदेखिल तेथे होते. त्याच्या बदल सांगताना ते म्हणाले, हळद ही झाडाच्या मुळाशी असते.तसेच भिमसेन कापूरबदल सांगताना ते म्हणाले, भिमसेन कापूर हा झाडाच्या खोडातून ओघळणाऱ्या चिकापासून तयार केला जातो. हा कापूर सर्दी-खोकल्यावर गुणकारक असतो. New born babies जे असतात त्यांच्या गळ्यात दोऱ्यात बांधून ठेवतात. या नंतर ते आम्हाला एका झाडापाशी घेऊन गेले आणि म्हणाले, हे रुद्राक्षाचे झाड.मी हे ऐकून चाट झाले. कारण रुद्राक्षाचे झाड असते हेच मी पहिल्यांदा ऐकत होते. ते पुढे सांगू लागले, हे झाड नेपाळ मध्ये डोंगराळ भागात उगवते.

डोंगराळ भागातील वातावरणातच हे झाड जगते. त्यामुळे इथे या वातावरणात हे झाड जगेल आणि त्याला रुद्राक्ष येईल असे वाटले नव्हते. पण ह्याला एक रुद्राक्ष आलेला. पण तो कोणतंरी काढून घेऊन गेलं. बरं गेलं ते गेलं निदान मला येऊन दाखवायच तरी मी फोटो तरी काढून ठेवला असता. पर कोई वांदा नही! असं ते हसत हसत बोलले. मला त्या आजोबाचं फार कौतुक वाटून राहिलं. आणि एका बाजूला अप्रूप वाटलं. किती अनोखं

होत ते व्यक्तीमत्व! त्यांनी मग आम्हाला त्यांचे biogas plant दाखवले. ते त्यांनी स्वतः तयार केलेले आहे. ते म्हणाले, इथला सगळा कचरा या plant मध्ये सा. ठवला जातो. आणि मग त्या पासून तयार होणारी electricity देखील वापरली जाते. या झाडांसाठी लागणारे manure इथूनच तयार होते. आता तुम्हाला हा झाडांभोवती पालापाचोळा दिसतोय? हा पालापाचो.





जा असा झाडांभोवती पसरला जातो. हा जेव्हा ओला होतो तेव्हा हा कुजतो आणि मग हे एक प्रकारचे खत होते. ह्याला Mulching असे म्हणतात. त्यांनी मग आम्हाला वडाचे झाड दाखवले. त्याच्या बुंध्याचा परिध खूप अरुंद होता आणि त्याच्या पारंब्या जाडजूळ होत्या. या झाडाबद्दल सांगताना ते आजोबा म्हणाले, तुम्हा सर्वांनाच हे झाड माहित आहे त्यामुळे मी जास्त काही सांगणार नाही. पण या झाडा बद्दल एक सांगतो. जेव्हा २६ जुलै चा पाऊस पडलेला तेव्हा this tree was half submerged in water. But its strong aerial roots enabled it stand erect. So the aerial roots are very strong. ते आजोबा आमच्याशी भरभरून बोलत होते. प्रत्येक झाडाबद्दल सांगताना त्याच्याशी निगडीत काही रुढी-परंपरा असतील तर त्याचे शास्त्रीय कारण ते समजून सांगत होते. काही झाडांबद्दल जाणून घेण्यासाठी ते ठिकठिकाणी फिरतात, अनेक botany मधल्या professors ना भेटतात. घाडी दोन्ही मुले अमेरिकेत असतात. मग ती गेलीयेत त्याचं आयुष्य जगायला आपण आपलं जगू. मग मी या झाडांमध्ये माझां मन रमवलं. इथे बच्याच कॉलेजांमधून विद्यार्थी, professors येतात. ह्यातले बरेचसे विद्यार्थी एकदम modern. Selfies! Photos! पण एखादे झाड दाखवले की काहीतरी भलतंच सांगतात. My young friends you need to move out of this digital world. My main aim is to make young people like you aware of these trees, about this nature. तुमच्या आजुबा. जूला बघा. Look at the nature and learn from it! आणि तुम्ही सगळे खूप शिका, खूप मोट्ठे व्हा! आणि पुढे जाऊन असं काहीतरी करा की your country will progress- I will be very happy to see you all doing something for our country! Okay. Come on, let's go! विष्णूबागेत जास्तीत जास्त झाडेचं आहेत. पण या ठिकाणाला एक उत्तम पिकनिक स्पॉट बनवण्यासाठी त्यांनी इथे swimming pool तयार केले आहे. एवढेच



नाही तर त्यांनी तिथे एक boot camp सारखी जागा तयार केलीये जिथे आपण खेळू शकतो.

२६ तारखेला संध्याकाळी निघताना मी माझ्यासोबत एक वेगळा अनुभव घेऊन जात होते. मी बरेच मित्र तर केलेलेच, पण त्याच बरोबर एका वेगळ्या व्यक्तीमत्वाची छाप माझ्यावर पडलेली. मी जर या सहलीला गेले नसते तर मी माझ्या त्याच routine मध्ये अडकले असते. डॉ.के.बी.सोलंकी यांच्याबद्दल कळालेच नसते की जे सदा-सर्वदा तरुण असतात. या अशा लोकांना बघून आमच्या सारख्या तरुण मंडळींनाही हुरूप येतो. आई म्हणते ते खरे आहे की ही जी जुनी माणसे असतात त्यांची समाजप्रतितीची ओढ त्यांच्याकडून बरंच चांगलं कार्य करून घेते.

या अशा dynamic personalities कडे बघून एक गोष्ट नक्की आठवते की “These are the real youths. Because youth is someone who always ready to experiment and open to new experiences.”





Youth Club

Types of personalities :-



We all have our own personalities which play a key role in the social situations. In this session we learned four different types of personalities and their social behavior. It helped us to understand what type of personality we portray the most. The vital thing we learned is that having a shy, retiring side to our personality can go completely at odds with our public persona (our personality at home can be completely different from what we show in public). By putting in some efforts, we indeed can change our social personality. This session with Arun kaka was a truly enjoyable one as we travelled through the world of four imaginary persons. As we saw them (our coor-

dinators acted it out!) react to different situations we started to realize and relate with one of them and later got to explore them even deeper when we were told to enact different incidences from the shoes of different personas. Giving an example of Chhatrapati Shivaji Maharaj, Arun kaka told us that not a particular type of personality is ideal but we should be able to change our behavior according to the circumstances. All four types of personalities are important in different situations. As Martin Luther King Jr once said, "personality is like a charioteer with two headstrong horses, each wanting to go in different directions."

Dr. Anand Nadkarni :-



This session was a fun interactive session with our beloved Dr. Anand



Nadkarni. While it started on a very melodious note with our resident music team singing a song specifically dedicated to Dr kaka, hardly did we know that the session lying ahead was going to be a delightful yet an enlightening one. In this session we discussed our teenage problems and got advice from Dr. Kaka but in a way that we had never even thought of. Dr kaka unfurled his teenage life to us but not in the typically preachy way. The conversation was just as lively, humorous and fun-filled as it always is with Dr kaka. Under the guidance of Arun kaka we read out incidences from Dr kaka's book and that surely helped us relate more to what he said. The session even ended on a melodious note with Dr Nadkarni singing and in fact even playing the dholaki himself. We were left with the wisdom of a grown up teenager and his memories that we will forever cherish as our own.

LGBTQ :-



This session was a very different and an eye opening one. Jagruti Wadekar tai and Advaita Nigudkar tai were our guest lecturers for the day but we felt like calling them 'tai' the moment we met them. And talking to them, we felt very comfortable and that surely helped in the session that followed. It was based on a very sensitive yet important issue of our world today. Although the session was about the LGBTQ community it helped us start to accept the people around us the way they are. We weren't aware of a lot like biological gender, gender expression, sexual orientation, romanticity etc. Through various videos on ordinary people just like us who have gone through incidents they did not deserve, we really were sensitized towards the topic. Some did find out things about themselves that they never even thought of finding but all of us took one thing with us back home for sure... The fact that we are who we are and the world shouldn't get to decide that... But it will keep doing so till we accept who we really are!



Annual Experience

Manasi Konde



clicked by Rajita

"I could be a part of a play? I could go up on a stage and sing?" I thought to myself when Surabhi Mavshi announced the dates for the rehearsals of the annual program that we were to present very soon. It, being my very first year at the club, had been great so far and I was really excited to know what the annual function had in store for us and when I reached Saptasopan I realized that I wasn't the only one bubbling with excitement!

The rehearsals began and I got off to a great start. I did many things which I never thought I could do in my whole life.

There in front of us was a huge spectrum of opportunities ranging from acting to singing to dancing to anchoring to literary and poetic performances and the list goes on and on! I met so many amazing people. I always thought that I'm a loner, I couldn't make many friends. But

here, with all these amazing people, I transformed somewhat and proved myself wrong. During the dance practices, though we weren't a part of the dance group, we were enjoying dancing alongside them. There was no judging. Only ecstasy. I have never been this carefree while dancing in front of so many people. Everyday while returning home, I used to think, 'was that really me in there?' On every rehearsal day, Saptasopan was flooded with youngsters. Another attraction to all of us would be the music group. Although very professional in approach we were stunned listening to them singing some of the most enchanting old songs and also humming to the trendy new ones that they sung to



clicked by Rajita



us! Their closed room practices also created an air of mystery around them which would go away the instant they smiled at you with their friendly faces! There wasn't any fee-



bleness only the minds full of ideas and energy. And thus we all molded the function into the success it was. Like a family, everyone was helping each other on the actual event day. In one corner some were coping with their stage fears and in the other one some were recalling their previous wonderful experiences. And the show was truly magnificent. The kashinath Ghanekar auditorium, the audience seats overflowing with

enthusiastic and cheerful faces (A specifically encouraging face-of Dr. Kaka himself!) This experience definitely gave me a new identity. These splendid memories are unperishable and will always stay in my remembrance. From practicing the skit to receiving applause from the audi-



ence, I truly enjoyed the journey of opening up. While returning home, I had tones of blissful memories and a newfound family...



Beginnings

Aditi Mahajan

A new page has opened,
in my book,
A new path in my way,
is what I took.
A new life begins,
As one nears its close,
The new life I didn't even know,
But still I chose.

The big bad world
is waiting for me,
And like a sailor
I am entering this sea.
This life as it will come,
it will give me surprises,
I am starting to imagine it,
As my fears rise.

No more those teachers,
No more that uniform,
No more the liberty,
To act like a child.

Farewell school and farewell friends,
Farewell childhood,
I don't want to pass this phase,
But I know I should.



मी आणि माझ्याकडे ठक्सलेला मोबाईल

चार्वाक नाईक

जून २०११ चा सुमार, मी पाचवीत होतो, सोसायटीतल्या आमच्या ग्रुपमधील मी सोडून प्रत्येकाकडे मोबाईल आला होता. ते पाहून मलापण असे वाटले की माझ्याकडे सुद्धा मोबाईल असायला हवा, मी तरी काय पाप केले आहे? म्हणून मी आईवडिलांकडे मोबाईलसाठी हड्ड धरला. आत्ता तुला मोबाईलची गरज नाही हे त्यांनी मला पटवून दिले. आमच्या ७ जणांच्या ग्रुपमध्ये आता मोबाईलवर चर्चा सुरु झाली. एरवी क्रिकेटवर गप्पा मारणाऱ्या ग्रुपमध्ये प्रत्येकजण आपापले नवीन फोन दाखवण्यात मग्न होता. मला तर नवलच वाटले, कुतूहलापोटी मी मोबाईल वापरणाऱ्यांचे निरीक्षण करू लागलो, व याबाबतीत गेल्या काही वर्षांत मला अनेक उद्बोधक अनुभव आले.

सुट्टीत आम्ही सर्वजण मैदानात खेळायचो, मोबाईल आल्यानंतर काहीजण खेळायला येण टाळू लागले. त्याएवजी ते घरी बसून मोबाईलवर गेम खेळू लागले. प्रत्यक्ष खेळणं कमी झालं. सहावीत असताना मी क्रिकेट कोचिंग सुरु केले. मैचेससाठी सीएसटी, अंबरनाथ, कल्याणला जावे लागायचे. मुले लांब एकटचाने जायला लागली की पालकांकडून त्यांना फोन घेऊन दिला जातो. तरीही मी मोबाईल घेतला नाही. मोबाईल नसल्याने ट्रेनमध्ये असताना मी आजूबाजूच्या मोठ्या माणसांचे निरीक्षण करायचो, माणसांच्या वागण्याचे खूप वेगवेगळे नमुने मला पाहायला मिळाले. जवळजवळ सर्वच मोठी माणसे फोनमध्ये गुंग असायची. याच सुमारास मी मानवी देहेबोलीवरील ‘people watching’ नावाचे प्रसिद्ध पुस्तक वाचले. या ट्रेन प्रवासांमध्ये मी माणसे वाचायला शिकलो. मला जर कधी आईवडिलांना फोन करायचा असेल तर मी मित्रांचा, सरांचा फोन घ्यायचो. काहीवेळा तर मी अनोळखी माणसांना विनंती करून, तर काहीवेळेस दुकानदारांना विनंती करून दुकानातून फोन लावलाय. यामुळे मला प्रसंगी अनोळखी व्यतीकडून सुद्धा मदत मागण्याचे कौशल्य अवगत झाले. इंडिपॅडंट होण्यासाठी लागणारा आत्मविश्वास आपसूकच तयार झाला.

माझ्याकडे मोबाईल नसल्यामुळे माझे मित्र-मैत्रिणी नेहमीच मला तू मोबाईल शिवाय जगूच कसा शकतोस? हा प्रश्न विचारत असत. मला फार गमत वाटे, म्हणजे आता मोबाईल हे केवळ एक गेंजेट न राहता अन्न, वस्त्र आणि निवाच्याप्रमाणे एक मूलभूत गरज बनली होती.

मोबाईल हा आता एक स्टेटस सिम्बा.

ल झाला होता. मुले मोबाईलवरून आपली किंमत ठरवू लागली.

मोबाईल नसेल तर आपण शून्य असे मुलांना वाटू लाग.

ले. एखाद्या वस्तुमुळे आपली किंमत कशी

काय ठरू शकते?

मोबाईलने उभे

केलेले आभासी

जगच सर्वांना खरे

वाटू लागले. माझ्या

शालेय मित्र-मैत्रिण





मिंच्या गटामध्ये राजकारण, सामाजिक मूल्ये, सधापरिस्थिती, इतिहास यांसारख्या अनेक विषयांवर आम्ही गप्पा मारत असू, पण एक प्रसिद्ध 'web series' आल्यानंतर मात्र मी सोडून सर्व मित्रमैत्रिणी फक्त त्यावरच चर्चा करू लागले, आता बोलण्यासाठी खरेखुर विषय संपले. स्वतःच्या डोक्यातील विचार आणि मते मांडणे थांबले. माझ्याकडे स्वतःचा मोबाईल नसल्यामुळे सुरुवातीला शाळेतील मित्र-मैत्रिणी मला 'WhatsApp' गुपमध्ये घेत नव्हते, बन्याच प्रयत्नानंतर माझ्या वडिलांचा नंबर ॲड केला. कॉलेजमध्ये कॉलेजने प्रत्येक वर्गाचे WhatsApp ग्रुप बनवले होते, तिथेही माझ्या वडिलांचाच नंबर होता पण यामुळे मुलांशी, शिक्षकांशी संपर्क करण्यात, कॉलेजची माहिती मिळवण्यात कुठलीही अडचण आली नाही. मोबाईलमुळे माणूस सतत गुतलेला राहतो. याची त्याला सवय होते. मग मोकळा वेळ मिळाला किंवा करायला काही नसेल तर तो अस्वस्थ व्हायला लागतो. मोबाईल नसल्यामुळे मी शांत बसू शकतो आणि एखादी गोष्ट शांतपणे व लक्ष देऊन करू शकतो. यामुळे आजवर कोणताही क्लास न लावता मी बारावी सायन्स पर्यंतचा अभ्यास शांतपणे, स्वतःहून समजून, करू शकलो. मोबाईल माझा वेळ खात नसल्यामुळे मी स्वतःहून स्वतःसाठी आणि स्वतःला हव्या असलेल्या गोष्टी करू शकतो.

मोबाईल वाईट नाही, पण त्याच्या फायद्यांच्या आडून काहीजण आपल्या आयुष्यात घुसायला बघतात. त्यांना हवे तसे आपल्याला वागायला भाग पडण्याचा प्रयत्न करतात. मोबाईल नसल्यामुळे मी या सगळ्यांपासून वाचलोय. मोबाईलशिवायही जगता येतं आणि बरंच काही करता येतं याचा मी फार चांगला अनुभव घेतला...

Time Please

A man goes to the doctor and says, "Doctor, wherever I touch, it hurts."

The doctor asks, "What do you mean?"

The man says, "When I touch my shoulder, it really hurts. If I touch my knee - OUCH! When I touch my forehead, it really, really hurts."

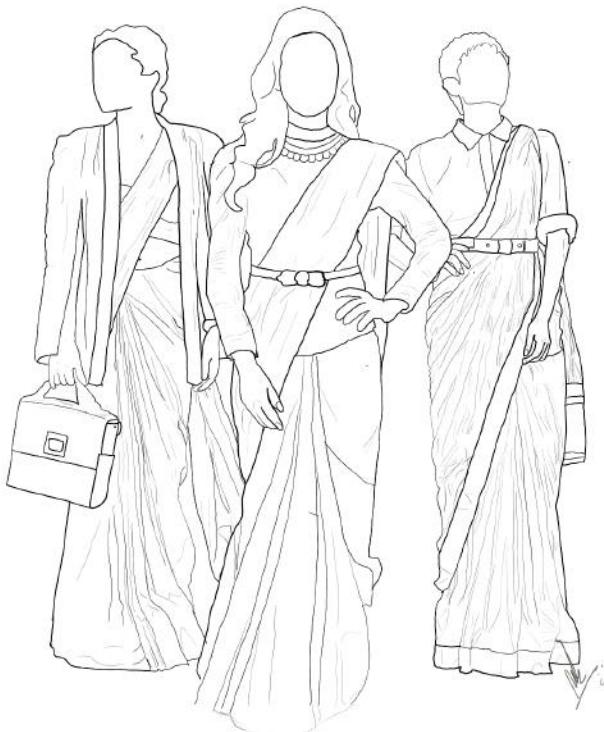
The doctor says, "I know what's wrong with you - you've broken your finger!"

MUMSHION

Aabha R Jambhekar.

Ever thought about the “Mumshion”? (Mumbai Fashion). Or the confluence of “Mumshion”? Talking about confluence, what exactly does it mean? Confluence is nothing but flowing or coming together. It is generally used in the context of rivers. But this word can go with literally anything. For instance, ideas, cultures, cookery, etc. Coming back to the thought about the “Mumshion”, confluence of fashion can also be added to this list. Guess what, this article deals with the same! The confluence of fashion especially the Mumbai fashion. Mumbai is the financial capital of India. But not all Mumbaikars are “financially” stable. They have been divided into classes namely the high class and the low class. In fact, their status decides as to where the Mumbaikars should reside. Like the SOBO (South Bombay) is particularly meant for the high-class people or Bollywood celebrities. On the contrary the central region of Mumbai is chiefly dominated by the middle class and poor families. The status of the Mumbaikars is also reflected in their dressing style. The upper class of the society is seen wearing garments made up of rich fabrics giving themselves a richer, finer and modern look. While the other classes probably fall in the category of keeping it sober and simple. Confluence of fashion is also seen in the fashion events like the Lakmé Fashion Week. Wherein the idea of collision of style and comfort is triggered in the minds of the audience as they see the models rocking the ramp shows with elegance and confidence. Collision of style and comfort can be better explained by giving examples such as the pairing of a saree with a blazer or a leather jacket or substituting saree blouse with a solid coloured or printed shirt or using a belt to instantly cinch the waist when wearing flowy outfits (saree, kurta, gown, etc.)

In both these examples, models do make a bold statement and show off the trend simultaneously. But what is more appreciable is the fact that now even the fashion of these two classes is combining to give rise to a spectacular confluence- A fashion style which is both economical yet trendy. Surely Mumbai is picking up with it with pace unparalleled by any other cosmopolitan. Currently, another trendsetter is the ancient and Vedic fashion. The desi Indian pattern inspires the fashion industry today and there seems to be a rebirth of the 80’s and 90’s trends in the industry. This fusion or confluence of the old and the new seems to continue even into the future.





The Perfect Mask

SALONI MALKAR

Everybody knows me,
And yet no one knows who I am.
They talk to me and smile at me,
But they don't know who I am.

They all beam at me as I sit
Like a perfect lady in my gown
They all think I am so polite
Because they don't know who I am.

Nobody suspects me,
When I come home late
And when my reflections get darker than me,
None suspect me
Because no one knows who I am!

As I was leaving my home that day,
I looked into the mirror as I did my hair.
And I saw a witch staring at me.
When I smiled, she smiled back
And when I winked the witch did that too.

I opened the drawer keeping my eyes fixed on
my image
And searched and searched till I found it-
That face of the pretty young girl.

I quickly pulled the mask on my face
And the witch before me was gone.
Instead stood a beautiful young girl
Wearing her delicate silk gown
Her hair neatly done
And innocence reflecting from every corner
of her face.

Oh what a delightful mask it was!
So perfect, so accurate.
I was a witch no more
I was instead
The pretty young girl
Respected and admired by everyone in the

town.

Nobody saw me doing that, did they?
I turned behind
Just in time
To see a horrified young boy
Peeping inside my window.

"Useless pests these young boys are," I say
As I clicked my fingers twice
And my eyes flared up in a green

The boy before me was gone
And now before me was his face-
A new mask for today,
Though not as beautiful as the previous one

I threw the old mask away
Changed my clothes
Put the new mask on
And I was a witch no more
I was the mischievous young boy,
Loved and pampered by his mother.

I crepted through my house
After locking it securely
To have porridge at the boy house
Prepared lovingly just for him
(For me)





मायबोली मराठी

श्रिया म्हात्रे

शाळेमध्ये मराठी राजभाषा दिन साजरा केला जात होता. मुलांनी विविध कार्यक्रम मराठी भाषेतून केले. तेवढ्यात मला माझ्या नावाने कोणी हाक मारत आहे असे जाणवले, तो आवाज मला म्हणाला, अरे, मी आहे तुमची मायबोली मराठी भाषा, मला ओळखले नाही का? मला खूप आश्चर्य वाटले. मराठी

भाषा माझ्याशी चक्क बोलत

होती.

”मुली,

आता

मला

तुला

माझी

कहाणी

सांगायची आहे.

माझा जन्म

नवव्या

शतकात

झाला.

‘संस्कृत’ ही

माझी जननी. संत ज्ञानेश्वरांनी ज्ञानेश्वरी लिहून मला धन्य केले.

मराठी भाषेत अनेक अभंग, भक्तीगीते लिहली गेली. माझी गोडी सर्वांनी चाखली. मला राजभाषेचा सन्मान दिला. माझ्या साहित्यिकांनी मला गौरव प्राप्त करून दिला.

इंग्रजांनी आपल्या देशावर राज्य केले.

त्यांनी आपली मातृभाषा सोडली नाही. उलट इंग्रजी शाळा काढल्या व आपल्या मुलांना इंग्रजीत शिकविले. भारतात आले म्हणून आपल्या भाषेचा त्याग केला नाही. पण माझ्या

देशातील लोकांनी माझ्या त्याग करायला

सुरुवात केली. मराठी भाषा शिकणे, बोलणे, त्यांना कमीपणाचे वाटते. ‘डाऊन मार्केट’ वाटते याहून माझे दुर्दैव ते काय?

मला

यावा.

बतीत

त्या



इंग्रजांची असूया वाटते. त्यांनी अनेक देशांवर राज्य केले पण आपली भाषा मात्र सोडली नाही. पण भारत देश आता इंग्रजी बोलणारया लोकांचा देश म्हटले तर चुकीचे होणार नाही. कारण आपल्याला आपल्याकडे असणारया संपन्न भाषिक विविधतेपेक्षा इंग्रजी भाषेचे आकर्षण जास्त आहे. माझ्या बहिणी असलेल्या हिंदी, गुजराती, मारावाडी, तामीळ, कन्नड अशा किंयेकीचे दुःख मी रोज ऐकते. आपण परकीय भाषा बोलण्याच्या नादात आपली भाषा, परंपरा, संस्कृती हरवतोय. इंग्रजी जरुर शिकावे पण



त्याचा उगाचच बाऊ करु नये. मराठी भाषेची गोडी अनुभवावी. तुम्ही मुले फक्त गुण मिळविण्यासाठी माझा अभ्यास करता, कारण तुम्हांला जास्त गुण हवे आहेत. जर तुम्ही माझा आस्वाद घेतला, मला समजून घेतले तर तुम्हांला माझी भिती वाटणार नाही. माझ्याबद्दल जेव्हा तुम्ही सर्व मुले, तुमचे आईवडील बोलता, तेव्हा मला असे वाटते, अरे, खरंच मला आत्मसात करणे एवढे अवघड आहे का ? माझ्या लेखक पुत्रांनी, कर्वींनी, संतांनी, शाहिरांनी मला अमृताचा दर्जा दिला, शिवछत्रपतींनी माझी अस्मिता मनामनांत रुजवली, मोगल साम्राज्यास म्हराटी सामर्थ्य दाखवले, तुम्हांला तर फक्त अभ्यास करायचा, कशाला एवढी काळजी, चिंता करता? मनापासून मला आपलेसे करा. मग बघा खरी गंमत काय आहे, मराठी

भाषेचा लौकिक काय आहे! मला जवळ करून संवाद साधा. माझे अस्तित्व वाचवा. काही दिवसांनी अनेक भाषांच्या गर्दीत माझे म्हणजे मराठी भाषेतील शब्द शोधावे लागतील, पण आता दुःख करून काय उपयोग ? जेथे तुमची स्वतःची आई 'मम्मी, मॉम' मध्ये हरवली तेथे मी कोण ? या मायबोलीला कोण पुसणार ? बघा, तुम्हीच ठरवा, तुम्हांला काय करायचे, माझे दुःख मी तुमच्यापर्यन्त पोहोचवले आहे. १५० हून अधिक वर्षे इंग्रजांनी आपल्या देशावर राज्य केले आणि आपल्याता गुलाम बनविले. स्वातंत्र्य मिळूनही आपण आता इंग्रजी भाषेचे गुलाम आहोत याचा खेद जास्त वाटतो पोरी, याचाच खेद जास्त वाटतो...“

Time Please

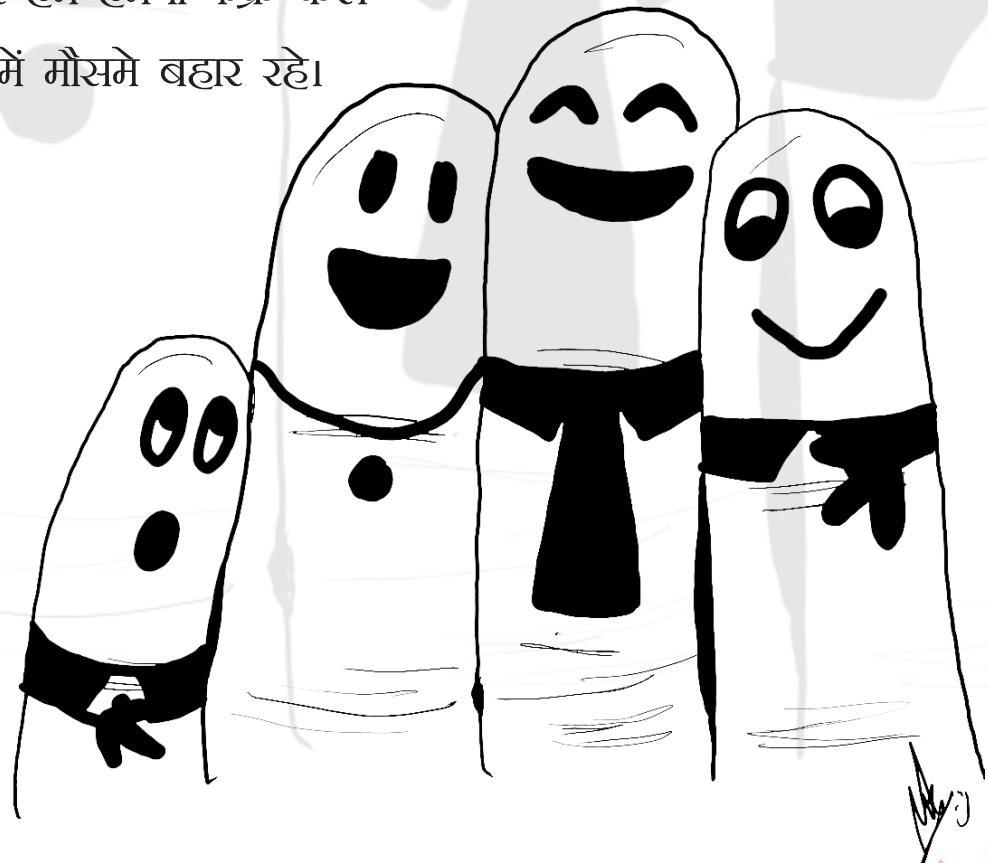
**There are 5 sisters
in the room:
Ann is reading a book,
Margaret is cooking,
Kate is playing chess,
Marie is doing laundry.
What is the fifth sister doing?**

Answer on last page

यारी

सुधांशु श्रीराव

उजड़ गये चमन यारी नहीं उजड़ी।
सब बिछड़ गये मगर दोस्त साथ रहे।
महफिल सजे हुए लम्हे बित गये।
मगर यादों में वो हमेषा जिन्दा रहे।
लाखों सावन बरसके चले गये।
फिजा में फूल रिक्ले, मुझ्हा गये।
और हम सारा जग ढुँढते फिरे।
पर आप जैसे यार दोस्त नहीं मिले।
ऐसे दोस्ती पर हम हमेषा फँक करें।
हमारी दोस्ती में मौसमे बहर रहे।



Time Please

Veg Frankie

Abha Deepak

A home- made recipe, easy to make, nutritious, tasty and good for a short snack.

Preparation time: 20-30 min

Requirements:-

- A Chapati
- Your favorite sauce (mayonnaise is recommended)
- Vegetables finely chopped (any)(corn, baby corn are recommended)
- Grated Mozzarella Cheese
- Butter
- Pan
- Teaspoons.

Method:-

Step 1: Take pan heat in on a medium flame.

Step 2: When the pan is heated completely, put some amount of butter.

Step 3: Then put the chapati on the pan.

Step 4: On the chapatti, spread the sauce.

Step 5: Then put the finely chopped veggies on it.

Step6: Then on top of the vegetables put grated cheese.

Step 7: Then turn off the gas after 1minute (once the vegetables are cooked) and fold it.

Step 8: Then serve it...





Aditi Bane



Mrunal Joshi

Art Wall



Anish Nikam



Rutvij Tendolkar



Rutvij Tendolkar



21 Malhar Desai



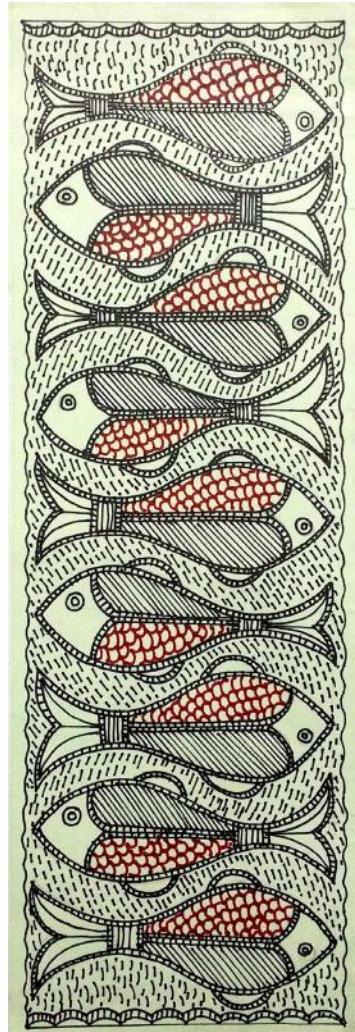
Rajita Rane



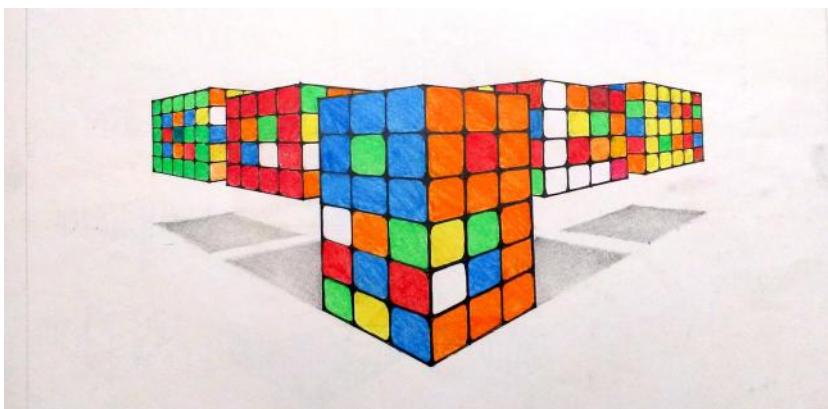
Mokshada Dombe



Sudhanshu Shrirao



Kirti Tendolkar



Rutvij Tendolkar



Rajita Rane



Shreya Mhatre



Tanya Ullal



Snowdrops

Suhani Kadam

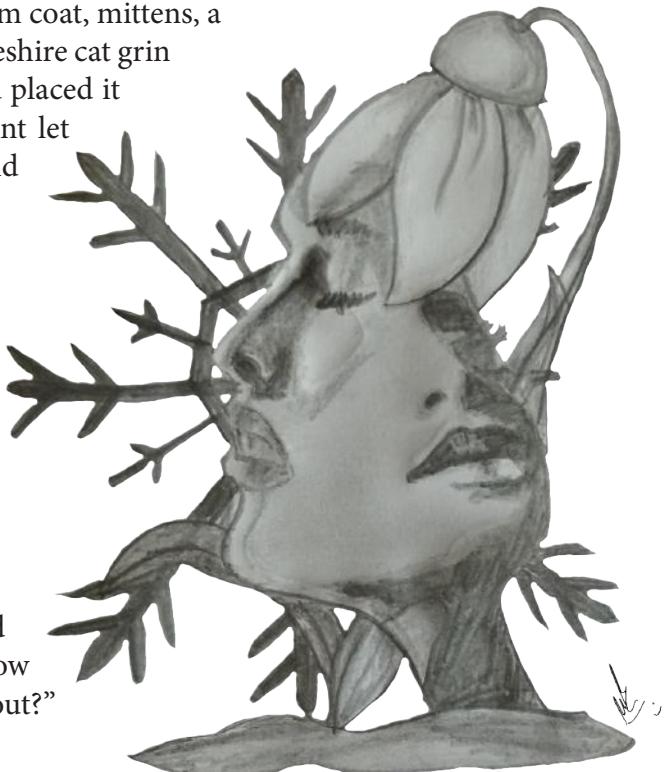


Emma woke up to the sound of the knife peddler shouting in the streets while ringing his little bell as he made his way through all of Victorian England's winding alleys and thoroughfares . she wondered how no one had chased him out yet and was relieved to hear the sound of Sophie screaming at the top of her voice yelling at him to go somewhere else as the little 'missus' would still be asleep . She sighed and got out of bed and slid her feet into a pair of warm slippers. Mariette never forgot to warm them by the fire as she detested having to climb out of the warmth of the bed and slide her feet into cooler slippers. Everything must be done as was put down by her and if it wasn't the unfortunate creature who had erred would have to bear one of mademoiselle's unending tantrums invited upon her. The little mademoiselle's unending wrath. Her mama didn't care much for her and preferred to rather attend one of those lavish dinner parties with her father- who had spent more time trying to expand his business and make money than take care of his only child. She had none of her mother's grace and beauty for which she was much praised and the reason why her father was envied by his comrades. She was a sickly little child who would have done much better by playing out and about on the fields than by sitting idle at home not unlike the Parisian dolls lining her shelves, all beautiful on the outside but hollow from inside . She ringed the bell on her bedside table and waited for either Mariette or Martha to come dress her. It was the rage to hire French maidservants and in this Emma was not lacking. She could barely understand either of them for Martha had an accent that made her English unintelligible, though she had been born and bred on English soil and Mariette still hadn't mastered English and would occasionally slip into French. If Emma had been a diligent , hardworking student and had not caused her governess to despise the activity of coming and teaching her she would have been able to understand the steady and harmonious flow of words that came through Mariette's mouth as she spoke a language very dear to her soul;as every proper girl ought to know French . Her father thought it to be a very rubbish practice, robbing little girls of the chance to improve on their English as they constantly poured into their French and Latin books. To her surprise entered Lily; the head of the staff who looked as if she had come up begrudgingly and motioned Emma towards the mirror. She went up and silently began dressing her .Emma first wore a light silk petticoat which Lily eyed enviously as it had real Valenciennes laces. 'What a spoilt child' she thought and wondered how Emma couldn't appreciate all the splendor and beautiful things that surrounded her. but one look at her face made her realize that she registered and appreciated none of this as she was she used to all this from when she was a baby and was then reminded of Emma's parents and felt pity for the child . This was not the first time she had felt pity for her, she remembered when her mama winced at her cries when Emma was a baby and turned her back towards all the responsibilities that came with being a mother. Her father had forgotten about her when she reached seven years of age and remained aloof around her. She was



soon thankful of her own family and the warmth of her home. Lily thought whether her plan was working but did not dare ask Emma .While Lily was immersed in her thoughts Emma looked at herself in the mirror. She received an empty stare from her grey green eyes and noted that her hair was a tangled mess. (Thank god they weren't red - she was saved from all the insults that were heaped on Mari - but rather auburn) which was in fashion even though the color of her eyes weren't. Next she wore a corset that was meant for little girls and was made of quilted layers of stiffened linen and buckram, reinforced with baleen boning, she held her breath as lily tightened the strings and did not let it out till Lily had tied the last knot. If it had not been for her Grandmother her mother would have made her wear boxy, lightly boned ones when she was a toddler, to obtain a more upright and up-standing posture but her grandmother would have none of that and even on the occasions in which she wore them she threw a fit and balled her eyes out, so she only started wearing them once she was of 8 years of age .next followed a thick petticoat and her robin egg blue silk dress. Lily pulled out a stool and she sat on it. While Lily made her hair in the most becoming way Emma contemplated about the interesting person she had met yesterday .She had never quite met someone like her but then she hadn't met a lot of people to begin with. Was everyone like this? she wondered. She had a governess so she had never gone to school before and the only children she had met were the sons and daughters of her parent's rich friends whose company she found intolerable. Truth be told, though Emma had a very bad temper and was not the type to thrive in company she had a sensible head much enforced by her grandmother who was the only person who had truly taken care of her .So though she had a good moral backing she had no one to reinforce it and no one had taken the initiative to correct her spoiled ways which led to her devilish temper.

After eating breakfast she sat in the back parlor or drawing room and patiently waited for her. Soon a face appeared in the window and Emma sat bolt upright and hurried towards the window with a huge grin plastered on her face ' you came !' she exclaimed as she pulled up the window to reveal the face of a little girl who couldn't have been older than her . She was wearing a modest, warm coat, mittens, a woolen cap and boots. She had a Cheshire cat grin as she pulled out a small packet and placed it in Emma's hand. 'Wait for a moment let me fetch my jacket' said Emma and she opened a teakwood cabinet and selected a beautiful velvet coat and a hat with a plume of ostrich feathers. The little girl peeped in through the window and gave a low whistle as she saw the room. It was full of treasures -furniture made of mahogany and teakwood, a grand fireplace with a merry fire burning, lots of statues and a wall papered with designs of white lilies. Emma soon appeared and glanced apprehensively at the window sill. "How am I supposed to come out?"





she asked "You jump out" said the girl a bit puzzled. Emma hesitated but then shrugged off the feeling of uncertainty that had begun in the pit of her stomach and clambered out. They then headed off to the woods which at that time of the year had shed of their green foliage and stood bare. "Why have you brought me here Jessica?" asked Emma, "To play" she replied already dancing among the tall trees. "To play?" asked Emma in a perplexed tone. She hadn't brought any dolls with her all of them were still locked up in the cupboard, what in the world was on Jessica's mind she thought. Jessica then pulled a sled and motioned Emma towards a gentle slope. She went up to her and could hear the crunch of snow under her boots, by the time she had reached there, Jessica had already seated herself on the sled. 'Sit here' she said and patted the place in front of her . Emma reluctantly sat down and before she could question the purpose of the wooden contraption Jessica had pushed off and they slid down. To Emma this was terrifying as well as exhilarating and before a scream could come out of her throat they stopped, she gasped for breath and clung to the ends of the sled . 'Have you never been on a sled?' Jessica questioned and Emma who still hadn't gathered her wits shook her head , "but can we do it again" she asked in a small voice , " Of course" replied Jessica cheerily strands of blonde escaping her hat . The second time Emma found joy in the wind whistling through her ears and the thrill of the descent. They continued doing this several times until darkness had started gathering .Emma reluctantly said goodbye and watched her trudging away gaily, paying no heed to her surroundings as she sung a familiar melody .Emma had first met her when Lily introduced her as her younger sister. At first Emma had dismissed her and barely noticed her presence as Jessica explored their front parlor, humming to herself. When she couldn't bear her anymore Emma went to the back porch and sat in the garden trying to do her homework and Jessica followed her like a shadow. She sat down in the garden and started coaxing shy rabbits to come to her with pieces of bread. In the time Emma had completed translating two sentences Jessica had earned the trust of the rabbits and was stroking their fur and one had already slept in her lap. Emma too was drawn to her and slowly started opening up to her. Jessica's charm had worked its way to Emma's heart and had thawed that ice that surrounded it. Jessica's frequent visits started changing Emma for the good. She turned from a sullen, sad, angry little mistress to a bright, vivacious and happy little girl. Friendship had worked its wonderful magic. Jessica was her other half and filled in the areas in which she was lacking. Their friendship bloomed just like the snowdrop that fights against all odds and flowers even in the cold, severe winter.

Time Please

Snowdrops is a flower which blooms during early Spring when the ground is still covered in snow. The shape of this flower looks like a drop of snow because of its down to Earth white petals. Thus the name snowdrops.



Not knowing what will come
 A doctor asking too much
 That sets you back a week or so.
 A doctor that wants you to go away
 People who don't know ME
 Who agree with what the doctor says.
 Living on the edge
 It's not a nice place to be,
 Even when you have ME
 Unkind words set you back
 When trying hard to be free of ME
 I hope this won't happen to me.
 How silly people can be.
 Some push you towards the edge.
 Some doctors and people are kind.
 Kind words go a long way.
 Being bullied into things,
 You feel you want to disappear.
 Life's lonely on the edge.
 Special people help you through.
 Kind words help too.
 Go slowly is the best
 Climbing a mole hill you can do.
 Big mountains are best left alone,
 Till you have the energy to take it on,
 In time you will get there,
 It won't be this year,
 It could be the next.
 With the right doctor
 Helping you through
 Who leaves you in control?
 Please listen to us
 We are the ones who know this illness the best.

Living on the edge

Abha Deepak



Snow white

Aditi Bane

There lived a beautiful king who had a beautiful wife,
Alas his wife was cursed with a short life
The wife dreamt and wished to have a girl,
With beauty shown like a snowy pearl.

The day arrived when the girl was born, and the mother died,
Everybody in the kingdom moaned and cried,
For snow white's sake the king married a beautiful widow,
Who was jealous of the kiddo.

The widow had two ugly daughters,
Whose face was filled with pimples and bothers.
Ah they cried with all there might,
Jealous of pretty snow white.

So they decided to kill her with a poisonous apple,
As poisonous as an apple can be,
So pretty snow white
Could not exist in this world.

They had a partnership with their mother,
The huntsman was their brother.
Together they sought the death of this girl,
Whose beauty was like a snowy pearl.

Dear snow white called out her step mother
Why don't you come here?
Take a bite
With delight of this apple here

Crunch and munch the apple was delicious.
It filled snow white with joy,
But hey wondered the others,
What's this? Why isn't she dying?

Out came a handsome prince
And told the step mother
You wicked heiress;
I swiped the poisonous apple before you could kill the beautiful
princess;





Guards,
Take the woman and the children away;

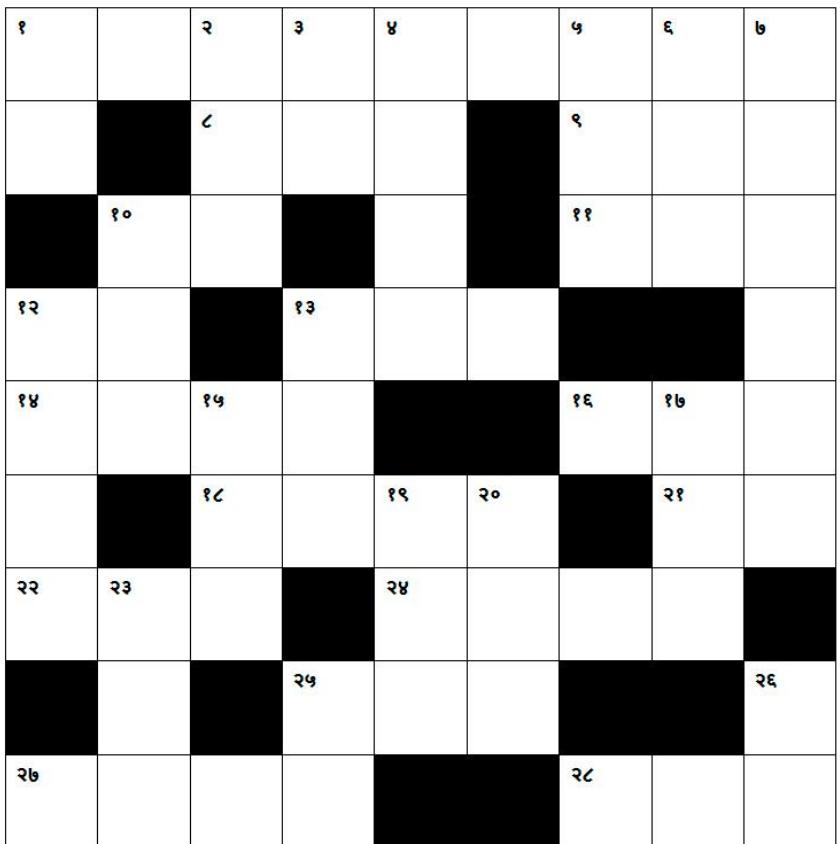
The prince and snow white,
Married each other
And-
They lived happily ever after....



Time Please

શાદ્કોડે

શર્વિન જોશી



આડવે શબ્દ:

- ૧) રેલ્વે સ્ટેશનલા મરાઠી શબ્દ, ૨) પાય, ૩) આરામ ----- હૈ, ૪) વિવિધ, ૫) કવીને કેલેલી રૂચના, ૬) હંતી,
- ૭) 'તારક' શબ્દાચા વિરદ્ધાર્થી શબ્દ, ૮) તોટા, ૯) બૈંઠક, ૧૦) ખોકસણે મહણજોવ ----- ઓરડણે, ૧૧) શિંંપી (હિંદી શબ્દ),
- ૧૨) નમસ્કાર, ૧૩) તૃપ્તી, ૧૪) એક મુહૂર્ત, ૧૫) કમળ, ૧૬) આવશ્યકતા

અંગે શબ્દ:

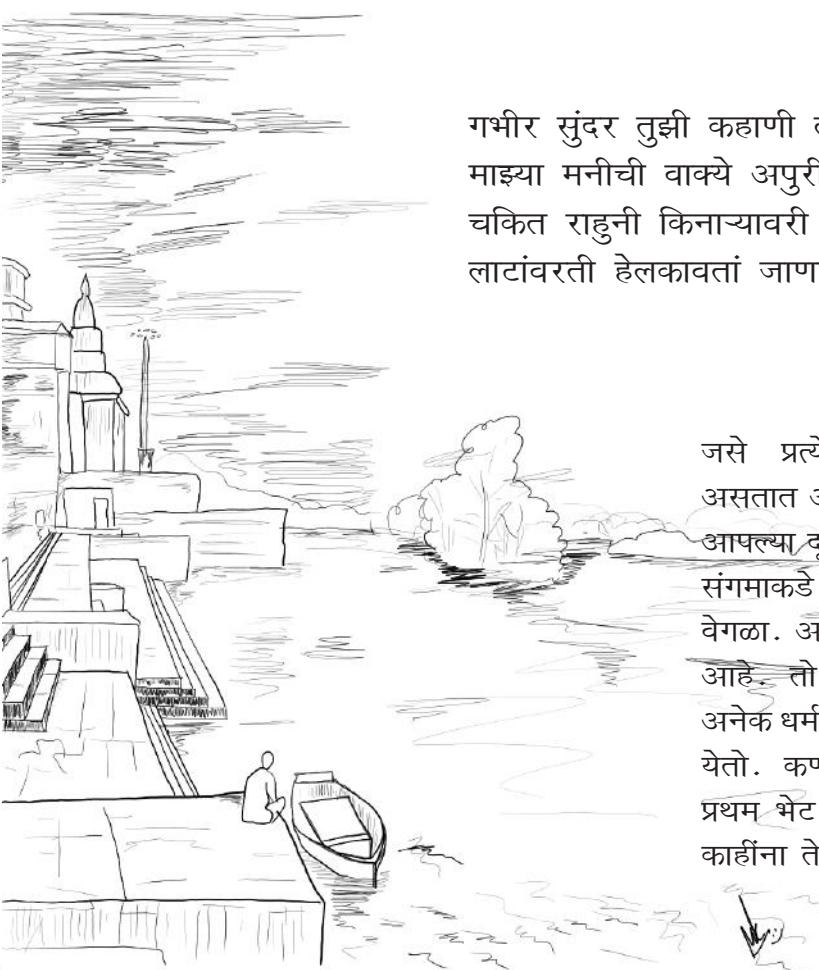
- ૧) સૂર્ય, ૨) નિર્માણ કરણે, ૩) લેપ, ૪) વિણકામ કરણારા, ૫) સુગંધ (હિંદી શબ્દ), ૬) મુંબઈતીલ સર્વત મોઠી ઝોડપટ્ટી, ૭) પણિચમ બંગાલચા મુર્ખયમંત્રી, ૮) દેવાવર વિશ્વાસ ન દેવણારા, ૯) મારતી, ૧૦) મન, ૧૧) આવણ મહિના (હિંદી શબ્દ), ૧૨) ઘર, ૧૩) ઉણીંવ,
- ૧૪) મુસ્લિમ બાંધવાંતી પ્રાર્થના, ૧૫) મગર, ૧૬) દત્તક (હિંદી શબ્દ)
- ૧૭) મઠ, મસ્તી

Answer on last page

संगम

मानसीमाहेन्द्र

विचारांच्या तंद्रीमध्ये चालता चालता संगमावर केव्हा पोहोचले कळलंच नाही. वान्याची रेशीमझुळुक अंगावर आली आणि सोबत “सध्या थंडी फारच आहे, नाही?” या काकूंच्या हल्ली नित्याच्याच झालेल्या वाक्याची आठवण आल्यावाचून राहिली नाही. मी अवतीभवती पाहिलं. नुकत्याच अवतरलेल्या पहाटराणीने दंवाचा रांजण सभोवार उधळला होता. या वेळी माणसांची ये-जा तशी तुरळकच. प्रीतिसंगम आणि यशवंतरावांचे जिव्हाळ्याचे नाते. त्यांच्या समाधीस्थलाजवळ उभे राहिले की संगमाचे अतीव सुंदर दृश्य दिसते. हिरव्या झाडीला वळसा घालणारे सावळ्या कृष्णेचे पात्र म्हणजे कर्वीसाठी पर्वणीच म्हणायला हवी. यशवंतरावांच्या समाधीला वंदन करून मी घाटावर आले. कृष्णामाईच्या राऊळातल्या घंटांचा संयत, मधुररव वातावरण भारून टाकीत होता. समोरचं ते विस्तीर्ण पात्र म्हणजे प्रीतिचे मूर्तीमंत प्रतीकच. डावीकडून खळाळत धावणारी अल्लड कोयना अन् उजवीकडून संथपणे मार्गक्रमण करणारी शांत कृष्णा प्रीतिसंगमाच्या ठिकाणी एकमेहीना कडकडून भेटतात आणि हातात हात गुंफून कृष्णा म्हणूनच पुढील प्रवासास मार्गस्थ होतात. नद्यांचे लग्ननच जणू!! पाणी पाहताना जरी कृष्णेसारखे संथ भासत असले तरी त्यात कोयनेची ओढही आहे हेही तितकंच खरं. संगमाच्या काठावर बसल्यावर इंदिरा संतांच्या ओळी आठवल्यावाचून राहत नाहीत



गभीर सुंदर तुझी कहाणी लाटांनी मज कथन करावी
माझ्या मनीची वाक्ये अपुरी पुरी कराया वाहून न्यावी!
चकित राहुनी किनान्यावरी तुझे पहावे कठोर तांडव
लाटांवरती हेलकावतां जाणावे तव समर्थ मार्दव!

जसे प्रत्येक गोष्टीला नानाविध कंगोरे
असतात आणि जो तो आपल्याला सोयीच्या,
आपल्या दृष्टीने त्या गोष्टीकडे पाहतो तसाच संगमाकडे पाहण्याचा प्रत्येकाचा दृष्टिकोनही वेगळा. आपल्याकडे संगमास धार्मिक महत्त्व आहे तो अतिशय पवित्र मानला जातो. अनेक धर्मग्रंथातही संगमाचा उल्लेख आढळून येतो. कर्ण व त्याची पत्ती वृषाली यांची प्रथम भेट झाली तीही संगमाच्याच साक्षीने. कार्हीना ते प्रेमाचे प्रतीक वाटते तर कार्हीना



समर्पणाचे मूर्त रूप. पाहायला गेलं तर एकीकडे ते एकत्र येऊन एकमेकांच्या कलागुणांना भावनेच्या तलम पदराने समर्थ करणारं अभूतपूर्व मीलन ठरतं तर दुसरीकडे आपलं सारं काढी सोडून दुसऱ्यासाठी वाहणारं समर्पण. मला ते समर्पणच जास्त वाटते. दोन नद्या आपलं अस्तित्व सोडून एकमेकांत मिसळून जातात, कधीही विलग न होण्यासाठी. कोयना आपल्या खळखळाटाचा त्याग करते आणि कृष्णेत समरस होते. ती ओढ ती तिची समजते आणि स्वतःचा रंगच नव्हे तर स्वभावही सोडून ती कृष्णेच्या स्वाधीन होते. हे समर्पण नाही तर दुसरे काय? शाश्वत प्रीतीचे अत्तर होणारे हे असे समर्पण केवळ निसर्गातिच दिसून येऊ शकते. बुद्धिमान माणसाला हे केवळ समजणार?

संगमाचे ठिकाण मला फार विलक्षण वाटते. जीवनाचा वेगळाच अर्थ रम्यतेने उलगडून दाखवणारे. दोन नद्या एकमेकांत मिसळतात एकजीव, एकरूप होऊन एकाच ध्येयाने पुढे जातात आणि त्या ध्येयपूर्तेबरोबरच तटांवर वसलेली हजारो जीवने संपन्न करतात. नद्यांना जीवनवाहिनी म्हणतात ते यासाठीच. संगम, मग तो नद्यांचा असेल वा माणसांचा - त्यांच्या विचारांचा, कायमच प्रगतीसाठी पूरक समजला जातो. माणसामाणसांचे असे मीलन, चांगल्या विचारांचा संगम मनुष्यजीवन संपन्न बनवतो यात शंका नाही. माणसे एकजीव बनून द्वेष, स्पर्धा, शत्रुत्व सारं काही प्रवाहात मागे सोडून त्या संगमात विरघळून जातील आणि विशुद्ध जगण्याचा स्रोत कायम पुढे जात राहील असेच तर या निसर्गनिर्मित संगमाला सांगायचे नसेल ना? कुणास ठाऊक!

Time Please

**There's a bathtub
filled with water
in front of you.
You have a spoon,
a cup, and a bucket.
What is the fastest way
to empty the tub?**

Answer on last page



Manasi, Dhamankhel, Junner

Rendezvous



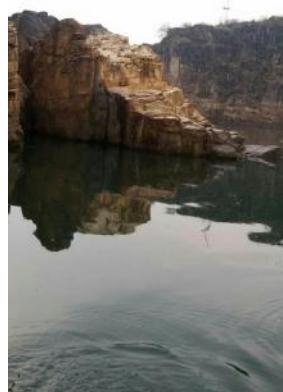
Pallav, Akshi beach, Alibag



Pallav, Akshi, Alibag



Pallav, Akshi Beach alibag



Tanishka, Narmada River



Pallav , Majiwada



Pallav, Datta Mandir, Chaul



Tanishka



Tanishka



Tanishka, Narmada River, Jabalpur



Tanishka, Kerala Backwaters

From a ‘Parsi’ to the ‘Pulitzer’

Rugveda Bagve

“Well, tomorrow is going to be the D-Day, he thought as he tossed his brand new Tommy Hilfiger watch on his black Dolce suit. He had arrived in London two days ago with his family. He had come in the city many times before... but that day the city seemed different to him. The city felt even more welcoming and majestic.

He lied on the bed beside his five- year old son. He looked around. The glass window gave a view of the London city from the 24th floor. The city’s tall buildings, the vehicles on the road, the London bridge at the far end...all looked somoving, but he loved it.

The hotel was a plush seven – star one withspacious rooms. The bathroom was as big as a room. On seeing it his wife had cried in amazement “good heavens! This is absolutely perfect” they wereone of the honorable guests for tomorrow’s function and the hotel had provided them withits best services...

“But how did all this took place?” and on this thought his mind trailed back to his childhood.

Fardad Jee Jee Bhoy was the son of Rustom Jee Jee Bhoy. Rustom Jee Jee Bhoy was a rich and honest-to-his- religion Parsi man. He owned a car showroom and a hotel named “LAGAN NU BHONU AND MUCH MORE” the life was picture – perfect. Living in Colaba in the midst of the Parsi community and in one of the wealthiest Parsi family such was the childhood of Fardad JeeJee boy. The JeeJeeBhoy familywas one of the most revered families in the community. Attending various parties, witnessing the horse races at Mahalaxmi race course, getting a ‘first – class’ situation and lots more. Everything was flawless in Fardad’s life. He would read many classical literatures.

But life seemed toooency to him. There were many formalities to be fulfilled. Moreover there was always an attendant around him. His mother, Soraya would tell him, “always be honest to your community and yourself. And be a respected man like your father.” on this Fardad would just nod his head, but his mind would trail to some scenes he had seen in the city. His chauffeur would take him with his siblings, Khursheed and Farhan on a drive on every Saturday evening. Fardad would see the poor children running on footpaths, playing with vehicle tires, in the mud there. They seemed so free. Their clothes were soiled, noses running, but when they played, they were so thrilled. And then somewhere else Fardad would see women begging, with their hairs and clothes unkempt, with their babies on their laps. All this felt so contrasting to Fardad.on one hand, he was living in riches, and on the other hand these people didn’t even have proper clothes to wear.

When Fardad grew up to 16 years he would sneak to some bylanes of Colaba and would take pictures of that poverty, which expressed so many things, from his camera. He befriended those kids and soon with them they showed him many hidden worlds of Bombay. But soon this clandestine activity was caught by his mother. She confronted him and he in return told her his feelings clearly, “Mama, I am just having my own time. I don’t wantthis over-

protected atmosphere anymore. I want to go out there, be there with children, friends. They are very genuine. There is nothing called as formality. They accept us as we are and they don't discriminate between lower class and upper class. I want to be with them." Fardad said this all in one breathe and waited for his mother to reply. His voice was firm. Soraya was stunned to hear her young son's words. She stared at him and a few seconds passed in silence. Then a smile appeared on her face and caressing Fardad's hair she said, "My boy has grownup. Your baba will be very proud of you." and so with his parents' support Fardad went on to Boston to get a degree in social journalism and he returned to Bombay in 2005. And then he started his work of journalism.

Fardad was 23 years then and he had become even more matured and had long goals. In his 23 years of life he had heard and even read about many events like the 1993 Bombay blasts, the Godhara riots, the Kashmir issue the unrest in Africa. It was his opinion that this can all be reduced only if the youths from all sections of society came together and thus create awareness.

And so he started meeting eminent journalists and he showed his work to them. During his 5 years in Boston he had created his own portfolio. He also explained his ideas to them. One of them liked it and he was hired. The fact that Fardad had come from a rich and a revered Parsi family helped him to get a job.

First he started his work from Bombay and explored the social elements of its bylanes.

Fardad would talk to those poor people. They would share their stories with them. Soon he realized that Mumbai displays very contrasting lives- one where there is extreme richness and glamour; and the other where there is extreme poverty and miserebility, but still dreams are alive. Fardad liked those people. He would frequently drop at the Koliwadas and the matharpacady village, to the kamathipura slum area, to dharavi, to the AdivasiPadas near Thane or even near Borivali and Goregaon, to the bylanes of Girgoan. He got to know so many people.

Fardad then expanded his work to all over Maharashtra. Being a social journalist it was his strong opinion that social journalists should go ahead and reach out the indigenous places and its folks. That's where one can get enough scope and stuff. So Fardad would drop at the rural areas of remote Maharashtra. He would spend some days with the village folk, living like them in thatched huts, in forests. He remembered in a village in Marathwada, near Yavatmal. The folks over there didn't even know what footwear is. The lives of people in interior parts of Maharashtra were hit by poverty.

He wanted to create awareness about these poverty- affected rural areas among the urban people. But he needed a good platform for this. So he started his blog page on Google. It was the time of 2008 and 2009. The YouTube, Instagram and Facebook were new in the market and hence, had craze. He began to write blogs on his page about the places he visited. His work was in full flow. Many people were following his page, and so he got an idea. Why not start a full-fledged organization where the youngsters from all these sections of society come together? This will be more effective to spread the awareness. And at this juncture, one fine morning Fardad found a young girl of his age at his door- step Ananya Kulkarni, a middle-class Maharashtrian girl. Fardad had heard about her. Even she was a social journalist and had visited many places as well as urban places. She had become a sensation in the journalism circle for her work on the indigenous search of Mumbai and Goa... Ananya would even take interviews of many well-known people from various fields. Her interviews were very popular

and meaningful. The interviewee would get an opportunity to talk about his field, about his cognitions; when interviewed by her. Well, even Fardad was known by many in their field. They both have just heard each other's names, but never met personally.

But there she was at his doorstep with a proposal of collaborating with him. It was quite unexpected. Ananya appeared to him the perfectionist girl, who is too, serious about her work. Moreover, he had heard about her acid-tongue nature. This was evident from her interviews. She talked to him in a professional attitude and praised about her work. She explained her side to him, "Fardad it will be better to collectively work. I liked your idea about starting an organization to expand your work. We both have formed many sources to collect the required information. But I think we still need to find more information. Of course, we will approach the youngsters from all these sections of societies. But along with this we need to grab hold of people from our own field. It will give us a good platform to work. So, what do you think? Fardad was finding this all happening too fast. His Parsi man's ego gave way to his hesitation. Quite unexpectedly she said "don't worry! It will be a collective task. Moreover, we are honest and passionate people from the same field. So why to give way to our egos? She stunned Fardad with her vigilance. He agreed with her.

So they started going to remote places of various states. In the next 6 months they had gathered enough information and so, they started their organizing. Fardad said to Ananya, "look here, I don't want a typical organization. I mean there should be discussions between the people, but the work should be online. We can meet at someone's house and thus write blogs and articles online. Ananya agreed to him. Now wherever they went, they both were always together.

Fardad took her to his friends from the slums. He explained to her that these street-mongers can also be helpful. To her surprise, Ananya was quite easy-going with all of them. While returning, she whispered in his ear "unlike other girls I don't carry the girlishness with me everywhere. You know what; I know how to kick someone's butt. By the way you keep an interesting company." There was a chemistry between them and soon the love blossomed.

With the organization's work in full flow, they were now attending many conferences. They went down to south, to Kashmir. Ananya suggested starting local magazines in Kashmir and down south, in the rural areas, in the regional languages. As a result, the local journalists over there got exposure and a good platform to work. Now they were known worldwide their online articles were getting critically acclaimed. Now there was no looking back.

On 10th January 2012, Ananya and Fardad tied a knot in Parsi wedding ceremony. Ananya Kulkarni became ParinaazJeeJeeBhoy. She herself chose her name.

And for last 6 years they have always been together.

This was a long journey till date. Tomorrow they were going to get Pulitzer award. He looked at the clock- 4:00 am. Parinaaz and Arif, his son, were soundlessly sleeping.

Today for the first time Fardad had looked back in his life. And it made him think, 'where did I have the courage to bring a whole nation under one umbrella? When I was a boy I was not a hero. Baba would often say that this boy acts like a saint at times. I couldn't even lead Khursheed and Farhan. Now I'm leading youth out there.' He smiled to himself.

Sometimes life gives us more than enough. But through this we have to have a desire to make the world a better place to live.



अदिती महाजन

जन्मों - जन्मों तक का साथ,
क्यों नहीं सुनते हम यह बात?
बोलती तो है पूरी दुनिया
परंतु क्या किसी ने हमें करके दिखाया?

भाई-बहन-मां-पिता ,
सबके साथ बंधन हमारा,
परंतु यह बनाए ईश्वर ने,
क्या चुनने की स्वतंत्रता नहीं दी हमें?

नहीं, कई लोग हमें जीवन में मिलते,
जिनका चुनाव हम ही करते,
चाहे मित्र हो या शत्रु हो,
हमारे साथ बंधन में ही तो हैं वो!

बंधन तो बनता रहता है,
परंतु अतूट वही कहलाता,
जिस में शंका न हो साथी पर,
विश्वास बनाए रखे दोनों अगर।

बंधन बंधाता हमें तुम्हें
बीत जाए इसमें कई लम्हे,
सच्चा बंधन वही बने,
जिसे मरने पर भी लोग याद करे।



पात्री

समृद्धी

देशाला माय मानतो जो
त्या मारेसाठी लढतो जो
तो लेक माझा फौजी

पिस्तुलीला माशुका म्हणतो जो
पत्नीला शूर पत्नी म्हणतो जो
तो मर्द माझा फौजी

देशातील प्रत्येक मुलीचा बंधु बनतो जो
तीवे रक्षण करतो जो
तो भाऊ माझा फौजी

वीरमरण पत्फरतो जो
शरण कधी ना जातो जो
तो शूर माझा फौजी

देशासाठी लढतो जो
ना कुणापुढे झुकतो जो
तो शूर माझा फौजी





My Cool Club EXPERIENCE

shruti Athavle

I joined the cool club four years back and little did I know on the day of the first session. 'What is it going to be? Who all are going to be there and most importantly will I mix up with others or rather will I be able to make new friends?' were all the questions roaming in my head. I literally had no clue about it and was a bit anxious. I thought that this could be boring and some faculty will come and give us lectures on how to develop our personality or they might address various subjects similar to this. I still remember my very first session of cool club; this is one of the memories which I can never forget because something strange had happened with me that day. After coming home from the session I realized how well I interacted and mixed up with other club mates so easily because for a person like me, I need to make special efforts to make myself socialized. But that day I realized this club is something else and not what I have thought, and from that day my journey in cool club is still continuing.

To be very frank, me being a very shy girl or an introvert; personally never thought that I would be so confident to interact and socialize with other unknown people. It seems that cool club waves some kind of magical wand on me.

Cool club does not just gives us a wide and a correct understanding of the various problems, which we as teenagers face like bullying, smoking or drinking habits, etc., but it Clears all our doubts and corrects all our misconceptions regarding it also, I should say, gives us liberty or more specifically, a platform to express ourselves and share our experiences regarding the topic freely with our cool club buddies.

Lastly but most importantly cool club has taught me to not compare myself with others and to not bother about what others think of me. it has taught me that everyone in this world is different and special in its own way.



When the Heart Meets the Mind

Devashish Bhave

When I look back at the past,
Into the memories that still last,
Whispering to the shadows,
That they still cast.

As all of it in an instant unfurls,
A quaking lip, into a smile, curls,
Tears- they clean the dusted past,
Oh, those precious, gleaming pearls!

With the void of life do I fight,
Even a hint of loneliness causes fright,
These memories are the only stars,
Shining like the moon- serenely bright.

And now decides my mind,
To leave this past behind,
While the heart still lingers there,
Who will win? I am yet to find.

Putting aside any remnant fear,
With a smile, a sob, a tear and a cheer,
My goals and my dreams are now
As I hold the warmth of these memories, to my heart near.

My feelings and my thoughts are now intertwined,
And so the heart meets the mind.



Malhar Desai

Answer Key

page 18

The fifth sister is playing chess with Kate

page 30

Pulling the Plug

शब्दकोडे

उत्तर (Answer Key page 28):

आडवे शब्द:

१) अनिरथिकामधाम, २) चरण, ३) हरम, ४) नाना, ५) कविता, ६) हती, ७) मारक, ८) नुकसान, ९) आसन, १०) वसकन, ११) ढर्जी, १२) नमन, १३) समाधान, १४) गोरज, १५) अरांटिंट, १६) गरज

उत्तर शब्द:

१) अर्क, २) खना, ३) थर, ४) तिणकर, ५) महक, ६) धाराती, ७) ममता बँगर्जी, ८) नासितक, ९) छनुमान, १०) मानस, ११) सावन, १२) सटन, १३) कसर, १४) नमाज, १५) मकर, १६) गोट, १७) माज



Tsoraya