



# MONOCHROME

FEBRUARY 2018

ADVOCATING TRUTH

# The Letter From The Editor

No matter what time of the year, a walk through the bustling corridors of Pathways always gives birth to new content for Monochrome. Discussions in the library, debates happening in history lessons, insightful assemblies, there's something always going on! Though while we are consumed in the world of high-school as much as we may be, I have come to find that our student community especially has always been in tune with the “real world”. We understand the current political climate and we ideate to form solutions amongst ourselves. We know the limits of nationalism and can detect bias in media. We can observe a shift in ideologies around the world and are bold enough to form informed opinions. Hence we decided that it was only fair to dedicate an entire issue to our insightful student community, asking them to write about what they believe the “**truth**” is and what it means to them.

The issue, aptly named “**Advocating Truth**” is a reflection of what our student community believes in, with no truth being a frivolous one. What is it that we decide to be true? Moreover what part of the “truth” is being hidden? I remember learning in grade 5 that it was important to question the information we receive, and how I had been going through all my life not even knowing that we could question the status quo. Afterall, Galileo was to be imprisoned for holding the belief that the Earth revolved around the sun!

Thus we present to you the February issue of Monochrome. Flip through these pages and experience the truth, the art and the narratives. As long as you can sift through the facts later!

***Happy Reading!***

***Neha Gupta and Isal Shukla***

## What is “Truth”?

The first thing to know about truth is that it's ageless and constant, it does not vary or shift, it is a piece of unalterable reality. But at the same time, Truth is what we believe in. Our view of truth is very closely tied to our perspective on what is true and for that reason, truth differentiates among individuals through their contrasting opinions. Truth, when said at the right time, in the right way, everyone considers it to be good and correct, however, a truth that's spoken with bad intent is considered to be worse than a lie. I believe truth to be an expression, symbol, or statement that corresponds to reality and happiness. People often confuse truth and fact. Truth is often hidden behind the facts. The court often punishes a criminal on the basis of the facts, without bothering to unearth the truth behind the facts, the truth of the circumstances and discriminatory social and economic order which compelled the person to commit the crime. I consider truth to be a paradox.

***Shreya Trikha Rai, Grade 10***

I am an idealistic individual and for me, the truth is as precise as mathematics answer to a question. There is one truth in today's world gets diluted and undiluted to prevent it from coming out, I believe that honesty is a top-ranked ideal and achieving it gets more and more difficult each year due to the increasing complexity of life. It is certainly undeniably very hard to maintain in the thousands of words that come out of our mouths each day but it is something that can be achieved.

***Dev Vaidya, Grade 10***

The truth doesn't exist, there are only different points of view. We cannot define truth as any one thing because we cannot know whether it is actually valid or not. If we say that facts are the truth, then we'll hear contradicting facts tomorrow, then what remains of the truth? It all comes down to what we define as “truth”, the definition of truth per say has faded into a gray area, it has become distorted over the years. There is a personal truth and a (supposed) collective truth but those are always changing. Now with the introduction of alternative facts and fake news, the idea of truth becomes even more complicated, it becomes even more abstract. A lie can essentially just be called “an alternative fact” and the truth would just remain as “fake news”. Personally, I believe it is simpler to be untrue than to get into the complexities of truth itself. Maybe it has actually become easier, and better to lie perhaps.

***Imran Batra, Grade 11***

## The Truth Comes In All Forms

### My Experience At Tedx

Embracing yet another opportunity at Pathways School Noida, on 15th February '18, our school community independently organized a TEDx event by bringing 7 awe-inspiring speakers together and live streaming the event on our official website.

Not only was it an exhilarating opportunity for us as a school to be the host of our first ever TED event, but also, for all the fellow students who attended the live event, which we were otherwise accustomed to watching through our laptop screens. Learning about the inner workings and behind the scenes of how an event of such a large scale is put together, the



amount of coordination, hard work and management it takes was inspiring in itself.

The theme of this event, 'crossing over' successfully managed to provide this occasion with a more purposeful stride while surprising us viewers with the various interpretations given by the speakers throughout their speeches. Be it 'Why storytelling will be the strongest currency in the world' or learning about 'activation of public spaces with temporary art experience', I

especially loved how dedicated and sincere all the speakers were to their field of work and the number of impactful contributions they made in the lives of others.

To conclude, this was an incredible chance for us to learn about different perceptions of underrated yet impactful people around us every day and I can't wait for Pathways to host its next ted event and have this experience all over again.

***Nehal Agarwal***  
***Grade 10***

## Field Trip to the Art Fair and Sushant School Of Art And Design

The senior school art students earned the opportunity to experience one of the most prominent art events in India. The Art Fair takes place annually in Delhi and exhibits works of more than a hundred experienced and notable artists, showcasing different cultures, ideas and, influences.

The venue was flooded with art enthusiasts from all around, emitting a passionate aura of creativity and cultural vibrancy.

Every art piece had a different story, a different meaning, a different truth.

There were many noteworthy artworks ranging from media such as installations all the way to interactive art pieces. The exhibits truly allowed us to witness the face of contemporary art today from different cultures and backgrounds as well as gain a privilege to influence themselves and their own art practices by observing the realm of art and creativity at a whole new level.

The next day we visited the Sushant School of Art and Design, one of the leading Indian universities in the fields of art and design. The visit also gave us an opportunity to attend a workshop by Ms. Sarah Atkinson, who gave a session explaining how to excel in Fashion and Design colleges abroad and what makes a great portfolio. It proved extremely useful for students pursuing design and art as career options in their futures, giving them early preparation.



As expected by an art college, the place was bustling with art. Students of the college had the liberty of painting walls, roofs gardens. Almost anything with impactful and mind-blowing artworks. There were large-scale works as well as interesting compositions and galleries dedicated to the works of the students of the college. We were given a brief tour of the entire building and workspace before being given a glimpse of an even better architecture design building, which was a part of the college. Within this tour, we were familiarized with the college student daily routine, hostel area & facilities, giving them an opportunity to discover what Indian colleges can offer should they choose to attend one in their futures.

**Isal Shukla**  
**Grade 11**

## Women's Day

Be the woman you would like to be, not the woman anybody asks you to be. This women's day, we promised once again to give women the right they deserve, something we do every year. But, this 8th March we brought out several ways to look at women and not only the statements of feminism. There is no doubt that we know how big of a role women play in our day to day lives, our lives begin with them and we would not establish ourselves if it weren't for them but have we ever thought if women want us to show our gratitude to them in the way we do?

"If not a men's day then why a women's day?" I believe this is the question that has come in the minds of countless people till date and though there is an international men's day it is not as valued and this is something in which I wonder "why so?". When we say the word feminism, we look at the factor of equality, but have we ever heard of a parade held for the rights of men? Whereas this factor is quite debated by the depths of society I would add on by asking whether any successful women, who have established herself apart from every individual around ever asked or stated that women should be given utmost respect on just one day when they are treated unequally on others? I believe, never.

At school, an assembly was held to converse all we felt about women and the day dedicated to them, we in this discussion brought the example of powerful women and what all they have done for this society and also how freedom and women rights are interconnected, with freedom day on our way we showcased our perception of freedom and summarizing the event we looked at how women should be given freedom but are rather not.

Have we ever wondered whether women want us to keep parades in their honor on just one day or the day when we have lost another one of them? Why do we dedicate one day to a group of people that slowly change our lives every single day? Or why do we have to hold parades for their demise when the reason for their death and dishonor is our fault? If we feel so strongly about their existence then why do we not value it every single day? How about this year we start a new year of love and care towards women every day, not tell them that they matter one day but every day, that they are beautiful one day but every day, that they are powerful souls in themselves every day?

**Aarushi Pandey**  
**Grade 8**

## Is Art The Purest Form Of Truth?

### My Written Musings

We as human beings have evolved from learning to create fires till the present modern day age we are oh so proud of. But why do we seek this evolution, this change? Why do we feel the need to change, perhaps, the need to be better? Imagine you. You were born into this world; perhaps, unwillingly and brought to life and they were afflicted with the idea of the way you should be living. The “ideal” way of living; the “ideal” behavior; the “ideal” rules and the norms; the ultimate truth? But who is the society to judge the “ultimate truth”? Who gave them the power to advocate so?

Truth as we know it has been thrust upon us since the beginning of the time. When a baby is born, he is taught by his parents or teachers alike how to speak, communicate and behave. The child as it grows is then taught the “correct” way of demeanor and appearance based on cultural appropriation, ethnicity, religion or other aspects associated with a certain family. This, for the children, is soon thought of as “truth”.

The child then grows and is taught by teachers, peers and “prestigious” idols alike the true (read idealistic) way of living. But no sooner, this child starts questioning thing. This child starts questioning the “truth”. He questions these norms, the idols, their idealistic way of living. Too bad, their questioning remains just a silent scream of cacophony. At this point, just like humans do, they try to change things. They dream of evolution. They dream of doing the unthinkable, “advocating the truth”. However, they are deemed naïve. Perhaps, they could be but, don’t they deserve a chance to be heard?

The child then enters adolescence, still questioning yet, unheard. Then, to catch attention and let this question be heard he starts acting out or as his elders say, he enters the stage of “rebellion”. His rebellion includes countering this “truth” or “true belief”, perhaps, in ways one would not prefer saying out aloud. But no sooner, this rebellion is heavily restrained so much so that the questioning is long forgotten; the truth is long forgotten.

The child then grows up to your normal day adult, stuck in his monotonic nine to five job, with his 8 figure salary and a family deeply suppressing his once curious questioning and living under this façade of truth which he now recites to his children. He now advocates the truth, the truth which like a medicine he was once forced to swallow down himself. He in fact, now lives their ultimate, doesn’t he?

**Mehr Chawla**  
**Grade 11**

### **A Narrative Of Truth**

Nobody had known how the world had begun, but now they all had faced the end, where all had faded, the cities lost their name and turned into anarchy, the sun had lost its shine, and people died of hunger, they transformed into animals, with a lifeless hard look struck between their eyes, their only desire was to survive. Jacob and I were staring out the window, looking for a safe moment to flee, as we had confined our life within this hut, with only 2 slices of bread left to gobble, we were stranded on this unknown land, in an unknown space, with mum and dad nowhere to be seen, our only goal is to spare our lives for enough time, enough time to leave the land, leave the misery, leave the terror behind. Without any time to preserve, we landed our feet on the ground and flashed towards the doorway, where we ran till our lungs were left with no breath, we stopped at a memorable scene, stubbing our feet on the mud, we saw a stream of colorless water, trashed, it had been totally abolished by our revolts, this can also show how disgusting humanity can be, there is no end. SUDDENLY Our hearts stopped as our vision was faded, our throats were clenched by a mysterious being, dragging us to torture or even death... maybe this is the end ....

We opened our eyes curiously, to peak out where we had landed, maybe we were in heaven, maybe in hell? As our noses were interrupted by a tingling smell, and our eyes were struck, when they found our hands wrapped up in cloth sticking up to a chair, we had in attempt a thought to escape, where we pushed our chairs towards the side reaching for the door, letting our foot struggle, to twist the knob open, but a terrifying utter of sound infected our plot, repeating "What are you doing?". Our faces froze, being upon the presence of a tall shadow, with his face materializing off of the dark sky. As he talked I had spotted a knife laying there, right in front of me, and the dark color of the room had acted as a camouflage for my presence, keeping that in mind I hopped on my chair, forcing me towards the table. I opened my mouth, clenching the knife with my teeth, applying a brink of its sharp side on the cloth passing my waist and attaching my hand to my body, as it disembarked and fell on the ground, I had gotten up from the surface of my chair, as the shadow had been provoked, it ran towards me, as I threatened him with my knife, he stepped back, giving me time to unbind Jacob, and after that, I had grabbed Jacob's shivering hand, and ran towards the door, with my feet crushing the pebbles which slept on the steep road, letting my stance tremble, I dropped my knife, but continued, as I encountered a shadow sprinting like the devil, towards mine, I closed my eyes, hoped for the best, as my right hand loosened its weight and felt cold, I glanced back, and Jacob was gone being dragged by the shadow that was unknown to me, as my brother rolled along the street, with his eyes screeching, and I lost everything in his pain.

**Avyakt Jaiswal**  
**Grade 7**



## Why The Woman?

From the moment she is born we treat her like a curse

We carry on for almost forever and that is what is worse

She walks down the street and we compare her with everybody that she'd ever meet

She beats him in a race and we make a face in our seats

Did she ask for this defeat, never?

We have parades, for so many decades

But as this day finishes, our show of love towards them slowly fades.

She selflessly moves around on our joint ground for us

She may be tired, she may be crying she may be dying inside but she will be lying for us.

She does all these things for us but did she ever ask for anything in return? Never.

And that is why

Let me be the woman I want to be

The woman you would want to see

The woman who would like to set all the barriers free

I do all these things because I am capable

Not because you tell me that I am able not because you tell me that I am stable.

I appreciate the support but why?

Why do we walk around with banners and labels to show that women try?

Do we not struggle like everybody?

Or do we you still have trouble to admit that we are somebody.

Over these years we have been happy, with how equal we have shaped ourselves to be

Now it is in your hands to see, to stop

You live with a mother in a mother

Then why would you treat everybody in this mother as some other?

Show don't tell, as soon as signs are held up high to give support, to tell.

Our power, our strength, we, will repel.

**Aarushi Pandey**

**Grade 8**

HERE'S  
TO STRONG WOMEN.  
MAY WE KNOW THEM.  
MAY WE BE THEM.  
MAY WE RAISE THEM.

## The Informed Pathwaysian



"I trust this site to tell the truth."

### **DRAUPADI: FEMINIST OF HER AGE**

Bold, fiery, gutsy, straightforward, opinionated, strong, fearless, beautiful, brave, generous, enviable, and a feminist. You must be wondering who this exceptional lady is, she is the feminist of her age: Draupadi.

We hear incidents of some girls being abandoned by their families who solely wish for a son, similarly, Draupadi was never fully accepted by her family. But a girl in spite of not being accepted finds her voice and fights for her rights- just like Draupadi did. She was intolerant towards injustice and resolved for herself that she would defend the innocent and stand up against the wicked, just how today's women fight for the truth and stand up against injustice.

The way today's girls are fearless, strong, independent and needless of a man to fulfill her wishes and complete her existence, Draupadi also was an embodiment of the same. She did not need the Pandavas (her husbands) to fight for the dishonor that their game got her, she condemned the people who saw injustice happen without voicing their opinion she fearlessly demanded justice for herself, needless of a man. Draupadi was a fiery yet a highly compassionate woman, who had a soft corner for the good and the worst for those with bad intentions, this depicts how balanced she was, just like today's women.

Nowadays women are vocal and bold about their likes and dislikes as well, we do not hide our emotions; likewise, Draupadi was always vocal about her decisions and thoughts, she absolutely refused to share her household, that is- Indraprastha with any other woman. Hence making her decision very clear. She boldly confessed her love for Karna to her husbands as she had plucked an apple from a tree which was meant for a sage who was about to break his fast. Only a person with no secrets would be able to put the apple back in its place. The only secret that Draupadi had was, that she didn't long for any of the Pandavas but Karna, finally she could have the apple back to its place, for the sage.

This incident reveals the evenhandedness of Draupadi, showing empathy towards the sage and courage in admitting the truth. In my opinion, had she put in the effort and gone all out to empower the women of the society as much as she empowered herself, it would have influenced an entire generation of women. Had she been assertive to bring about a change in the commonality as much as she was, to wash her hair with Dushyasan's blood, in order to take revenge for her insult? That particular effort by Draupadi would have guided not only an existing lot of people but also the generations to come. This would have led to a substantial rise in the status of women today, in our country. If all this had happened, today's woman wouldn't have had to fight for her basic rights, a mission like beti Bachao, beti padhao would not have existed, issues like female feticide, female infanticide, child marriage, and ill literacy would not have haunted our society and culture and most importantly girls would have been taught of the rights they are entitled to and boys would have been made aware of the respect they must give to women, decades ago.

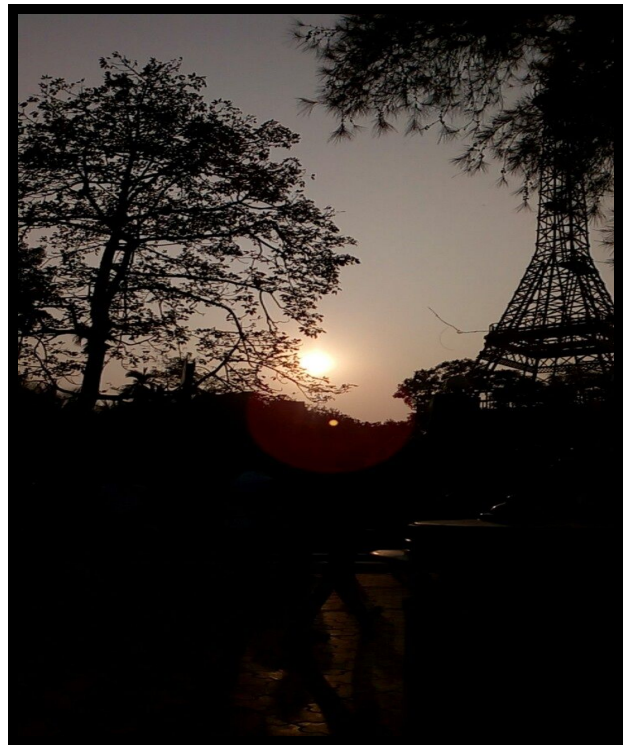
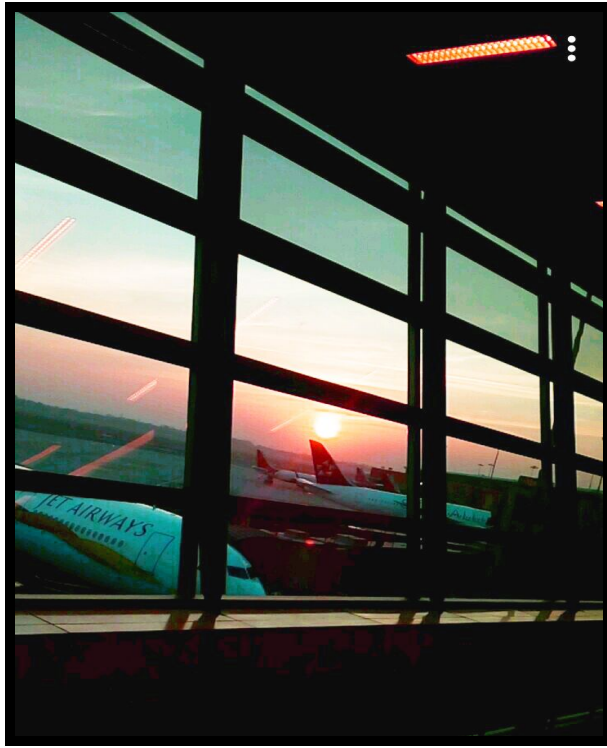
Panchali personified every quality that today's women look up to. She was a highly opinionated, educated and efficient woman. She was one of a kind of her time. A woman like her was rare in prehistoric times. People ridiculed her, insulted her but she broke all odds and didn't leave any stone unturned to take revenge for her humiliation. She is a woman fit to fight any war on her own, be it small or big.

She is the ideal woman. If all women look up to her as an ideal instead of their favorite singers, actors, models, etc, no women in our country would be denied of her rights, as she would have the guts, grit, and determination to stand for herself and her virtue. If we look to Draupadi, we observe that she never carried any regrets because she alone was responsible for the choices of her life. Hence she had no sorrow in her life. If we, the women of this generation follow the same, each woman in the country would be content with her life, as it is only she who decides what to do with her life, leaving regrets, doubts, and qualms far behind her.

**So, was she a feminist? I believe she indeed was.**

**Ananya Guha**  
**Grade 9**

# What Lies Beneath?- Ananya Guha





VERITAS  
VOS  
LIBERABIT

2018