

An aerial photograph of a mountain range, likely the Himalayas, showing rugged peaks and a deep river valley below. The terrain is a mix of brown, tan, and white, with patches of snow or light-colored rock. The river valley is a dark, winding path through the mountains. The sky is a pale, hazy blue.

SOARING  
AHEAD WITHIN  
*confines*

*May*  
2 0 1 8

M O N O C H R O M E

# The Letter From The Editor

Soaring ahead, within confines. As controversial as this theme may be, it is an important one. Every individual at Pathways has a set of people/things that empower them. However, when we step out to explore turbulent waters on our own, something holds us back. There is more to what meets the eye with the May issue of Monochrome. Given the current atmosphere in the country in general, it is exam season and exams have always alluded to success, happiness, and fulfillment. You believe you have got it all covered, all you have to do is do well in these exams, it doesn't matter how you do well, just that you do! Maybe with such pressure, students start to see blurred lines with ethics and morality attached to the big idea of exams.

Fixated upon this race, not only does one start to see blurred lines but also blurred destinations. Maybe happiness and success don't correlate with exams at all? Because performing well in exams means that you are good at your craft. But what if your craft is to memorize everything the day before? We all appear to be soaring ahead but are we all soaring towards a dead end? In a large confined space, only to be living the illusion?

***A theme like so is the perfect choice for the selection of articles, videos, and art we bring to you this month. The month of May, the exam season, the month of "freedom" as we call it. You will experience it all here through the May issue of Monochrome.***

**Neha Gupta and Isal Shukla**

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# In Retrospect

## *COFFEE*

It is the rush can you feel?  
How can I when you made me kneel  
Kneel before you your emotions and your love  
My Liberty and sovereignty no more than a caged Dove  
My own meaning so little  
That string of hope so brittle  
You break it all the time  
My own voice to you is a crime  
I gaze down your eyes to see the pain in mine  
I live my life without my spine  
Seamlessly bending to your will  
All this while I let whatever remains of my soul to spill  
You are my sole in charge  
You are the prisoner of my conscience still at large  
You are my jealousy and ego  
You really did put on quite a show  
But I'm done with you  
It was the strongest coffee this night that I brew

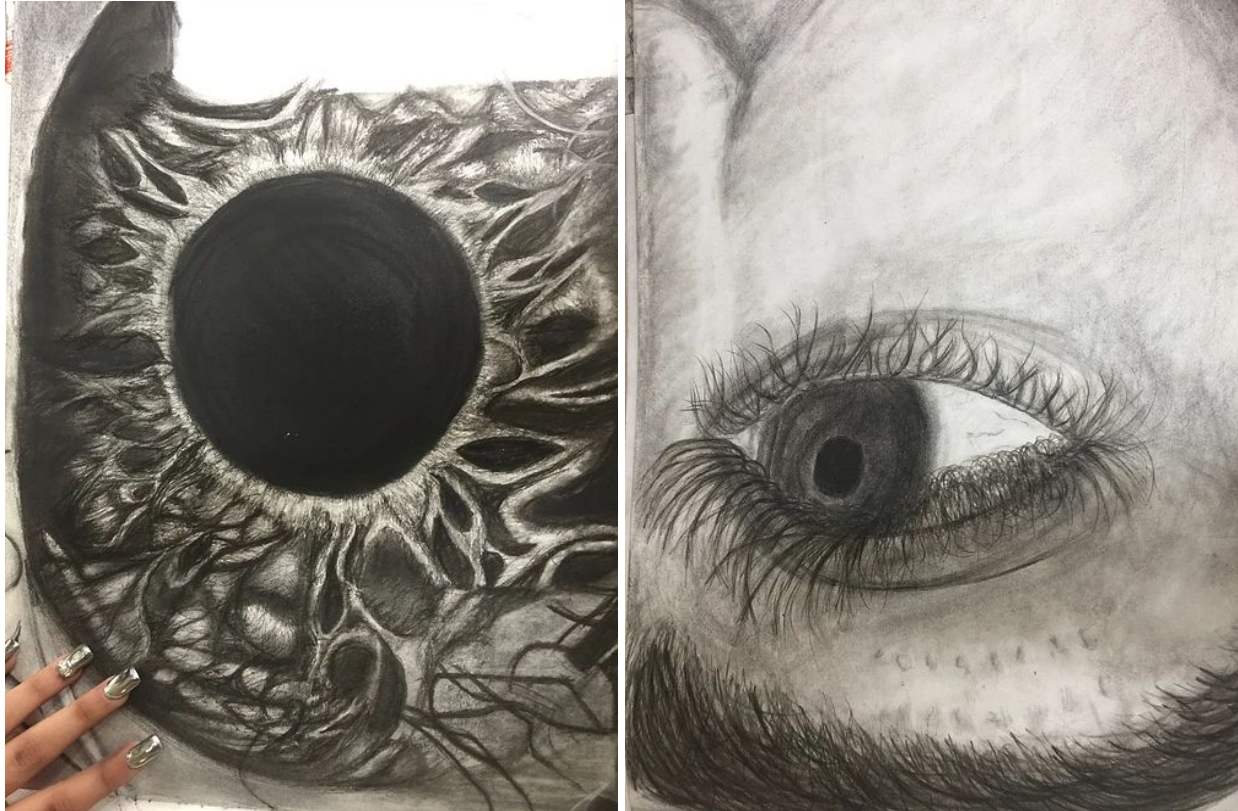
*Dev Vaidya*

*Grade 10*

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# ***‘There is more to what meets the eye’***

*Snigdha Khurana, Grade 10*



***Realistic renderings of the human eye,***

*Charcoal on Paper*



