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Sonam Pahlajani Grade 11

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A LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

September, September here it is
Do I remember what time it is?
Whining away my life on zoom,
All I can do is sit and loom

Well worry not, here we come,
for all those times when you go umm...
with Tarsha, Arpit, Riyan and Prithvi,
there's something for both you and me.

If you're looking for a book,
to read while you're in your nook
have a snack at Cafe Chrome.
when you're done we still have more!

Poets? Yes we have them too!
Please have a look at Saanvi's view.
Tanvi and Varsha are right there too!

And A la fin,
we have still
a thank-you note for our friend Dhruv
who's helped us through the website's loop

We also have a special thanks
for everyone who is a fan
join the club if you haven't yet
you'll never be bored again, I bet.



*Arিকা Sukhija
&
Varun Pillai*

SSR & REPUBLIC TV

Tarsha Swami Grade 11

The coronavirus pandemic—or as one politician infamously labelled it, a poisonous gas from China—is a news story you ought be able to count on every Indian to know about; almost a hundred thousand Indians have died because of the illness, millions more have become ill, and even greater numbers have seen their livelihoods and hopes wiped out. These past few days though, the story on TV news channels hasn't been the crisis confronting us all, but a carefully manufactured conspiracy theory about the tragic suicide of an actor.

Why this is so, and how it is being allowed to happen, should worry us all; the news we're watching doesn't tell us about the world we live in any more, only an imaginary world our political leaders would like us to imagine we inhabit.

The biggest perpetrator of racist, bigoted, hate sentiments is journalist Arnab Goswami, the editorial head of Republic TV. Goswami has used his position to vilify the actor's partner, Rhea Chakraborty, going to the extent of conducting an entire media trial long before an official investigation into the actor's death. Based on non-existent blood splatter patterns and imaginary crime scene details, Goswami built up an entire conspiracy theory regarding the actor's death. Mr. Goswami's viewers think they are getting news; actually, they are watching pure fiction.

I watch horrified, as TV stations like Republic dress up egregious ethical and human rights violations as "investigative journalism." We are no doubt living in a strange time. However, are we truly prepared for our new normal to include the acceptance of rape and death threats against a human being? Or to persecute and hound people because it entertains some people?

In the last few months, society's actions and behavior towards actress Rhea Chakraborty have demonstrated the depths of human callousness. What can only be described as a careful and deliberate dismantling of her personal life and human rights has been orchestrated by a renowned journalist and his team of clowns.

From journalists harassing her family, to the propagation of twitter hashtags like #ArrestRheaChakraborty, to the careful and disgusting dissection of her personal chats - we have demonstrated a desire to play judge, jury, and executioner.

But behind the ridiculousness of Goswami's accusations and blatant bigotry, lies an even more disturbing truth. The media's sensationalisation of cases like SSR's suicide is driven by the ratings these media outlets depend on. Behind claims regarding Chakraborty's elaborate schemes to drug Rajput and commit financial fraud, lies society's adrenaline-fueled response to the ugly fiction playing on T.V. Internet trolls have amplified this story, in an effort to vilify the actress.

It is our lack of disgust at news channels which provide us with soap operas instead of news—ABP even staged a post mortem of SSR on screen, complete with 'experts' dressed in white coats—which is the real problem. News cannot be practically strangling a mannequin to depict the actor's death.

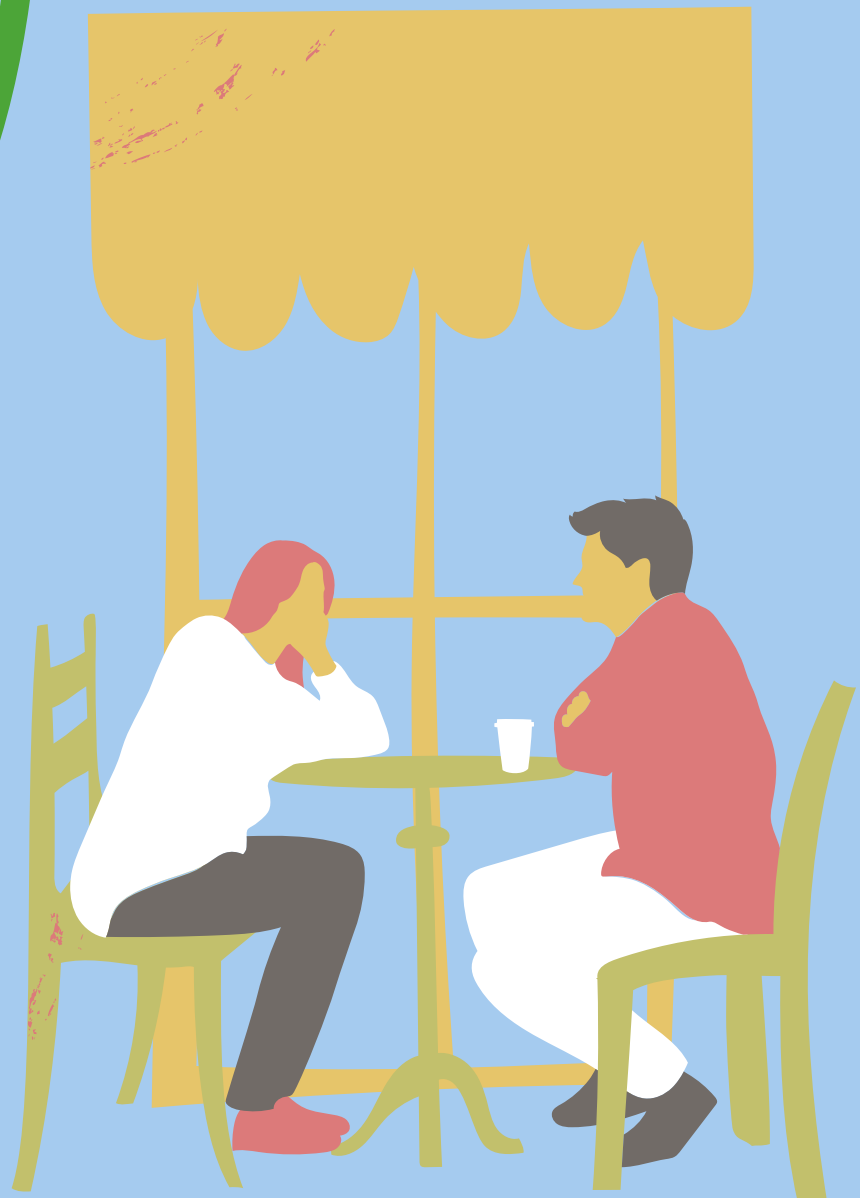
This shift towards populist right-wing like Xi Jinping or Vladimir Putin has been enabled by the growth of a media which peddles fantasies and hatred in the place of objective information. This new kind of journalism rejects all the values of the media, and thus weakens democracy.

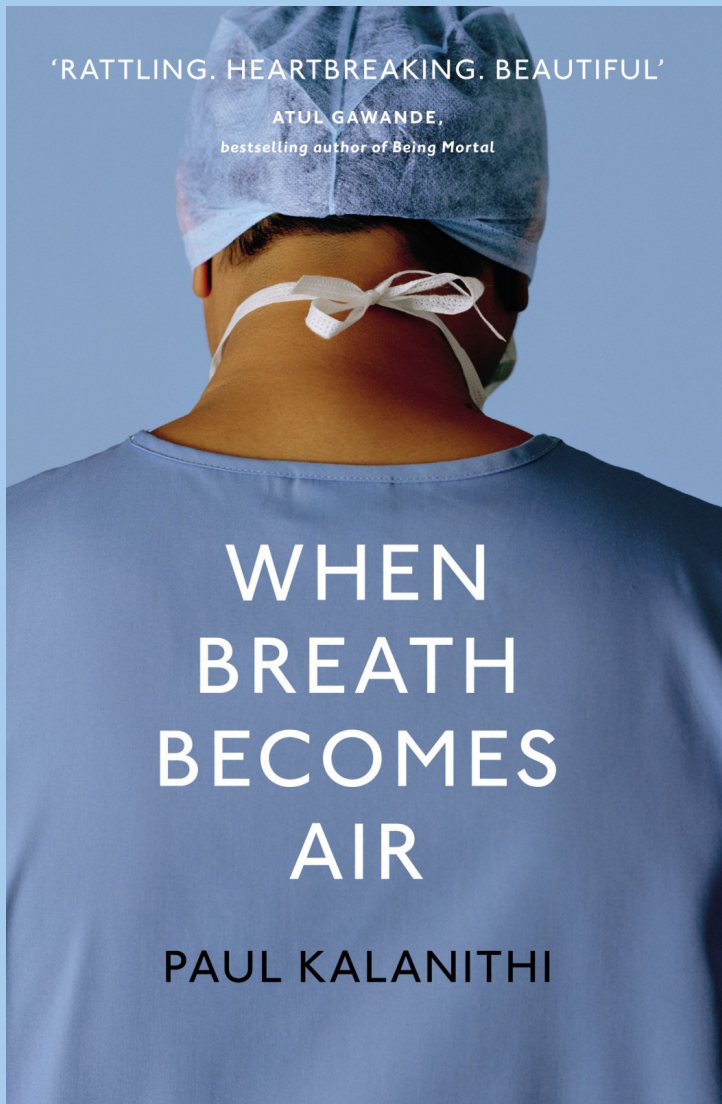
The Delhi High Court is already hearing a case involving a television channel that actually claims Muslims, one of the most underprivileged communities of India, were "conspiring" to enter the Civil Services through competitive examinations. The Court has asked the Government to explain what it is going to do to ensure this kind of hate propaganda isn't aired. Clearly, the channel that has been taken to Court isn't the only problem—and until all of us start insisting on quality news, other channels will keep peddling this kind of crude propaganda.

In another world, it might be funny to watch a TV show centred around a slightly crazy, drunk old uncle rant about whatever is troubling him that evening. I'm afraid that we don't have that luxury. From the channel's launch in 2017, the channel has dominated BARC (Broadcast Audience Research Council) ratings as the most viewed English language news channel in the country. This alarming data calls for real action.

THE BOOK CLUB AT

Cafe Chrome





When Breath Becomes Air
Paul Kalanithi

“Science may provide the most useful way to organize empirical, reproducible data, but its power to do so is predicated on its inability to grasp the most central aspects of human life: hope, fear, love, hate, beauty, envy, honor, weakness, striving, suffering, virtue.”

Neurosurgeon and literature enthusiast Paul Kalinithi got diagnosed with stage four metastatic lung cancer just as he was about to finish his final year of medical school. 'When Breath Becomes Air' is an autobiography/a collection of memoirs in which Paul explores "what makes life meaningful?". He recalls his adventures from going to a cooking camp, trying to become an ideal husband, recalling moments of vulnerability from the operation rooms and many other so-called ordinary instances that allowed him to confront the question in an extraordinary way. The book is an absolute tear-jerker. From the prologue till the epilogue, the readers will be swept in a wave of emotions as Paul Kalinithi confronts his vulnerability and meaning of mortality which consequently prompts the reader to do the same as they join him in his quest for an answer.


Each character in this book draws out a different emotion and plays a huge role in Paul's quest to find an answer to his question about the meaning of life. I loved how seamlessly he weaves a variety of narratives into a single story in trying to understand what makes life truly worth living.

As the reader goes through the book, they'll be able to see death from the surgeon's perspective and will frequently be confronted by Paul's probing questions. "If the unexamined life was not worth living, was the un-lived life worth examining?" He speaks with earnestness and poise and from a position of unapproachable authority. He curates and quotes; in this book he has become a vessel long trained and steeped in knowledge through which live experiences have been presented. His communication is deep, profound and thought provoking. It burned into me, as a reader; that we all live according to the priorities of an expected lifetime assuming that we will be able to do things in an order that might not present itself.

The book is tragic yet hopeful and leaves us in awe of this person who lived and lost but in the interim perhaps discovered what truly makes life worth living. A recommended read for everyone in love with life.

Reviewed by Arpit Khurana, Grade 11

The Monthly Monocle



Riyan
Purewal
on Boxing
Grade 12

It all started when I was ten years old. I liked playing sports like cricket, basketball and football; but those were team sports, and I hated losing. I used to feel that my team just wasn't doing their job right. It made me hate that team aspect of sports. I always wanted to play a sport where I could be one on one with my opposition - that's when I found boxing. The first time I walked into a boxing gym, things changed for me. From my first jab to the first time I got hit, it became my new landscape. Boxing took me further than I ever thought was possible. Boxing made me more alive than ever; it made me humble in times of defeat and glorious in the times of victory. Boxing made me understand who I truly was.

My worst experience in boxing, more painful than even the physical pain that it brings was losing. It's just human - when you have to face defeat, of course anyone will be upset. It really is a horrible feeling. The worst part of it was that I couldn't even blame anyone for it. I was alone in the ring. I know many fighters who after losing have never been the same again. It's like their spirit is broken forever. But a real fighter comes back stronger. It's useless if you are always dwelling on the past. Of course you regret throwing a punch you shouldn't have, but that doesn't help. You have to move on and face defeat and learn from it - that's what I learned at least.

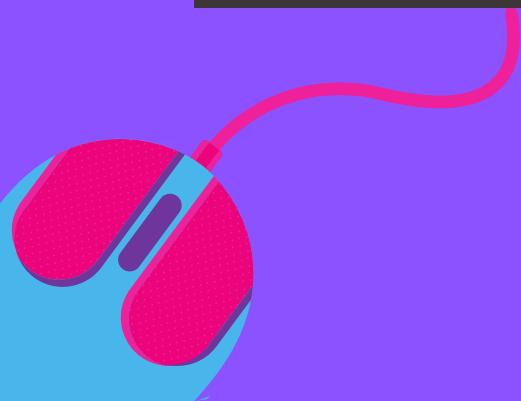
Many of you probably think that boxing is just a punching match between two guys, but it's not. Boxing is an art. It's a game about hitting and not getting hit. It's about pacing your shots. It's a lot more mental than it is physical and most importantly, it's all about focus. I've often seen critics shaming a boxer's victory as a lucky punch, but I think that is not true. Boxing has no lucky punches. When a fighter throws an incredible hand, it's a punch that he's thrown hundreds of times in the gym. It's good to have role models. I've looked up to some boxers. I think it's great to learn from others, but one should always learn from their own mistakes first. Just like boxing, life isn't always about winning. You win some and you lose some, but you have to keep moving on. That's what I learned from boxing. Anyone who's reading this and is interested in boxing or even MMA, go for it.



**BORED OF
ALL THE
GAMES YOU
HAVE?**

LOOK RIGHT HERE!

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01110110 01101001 01100101 01110111 00100000 01100111 01100001 01101101  
01100101 01110011 00100000 00111010 01101111
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1. Fall Guy

Fall Guys is a bright and colourful game on the outside but trust me, it brings out the worst in people. You are a 'Fall Guy' and have to participate in 'shows' that consist of 60 people to earn Kudos (in-game currency) and XP (experience points used to level up and gain new cosmetic items). If you're good enough and manage to outwit and outplay everybody in the 5 rounds of the show, you get a crown. Each round of the show means a fun mini-game such as one called the Whirly-Gig (where you navigate and race through a labyrinth of Windmills that knock you down, and you have to be the top 60% to qualify for the next round). The best mini-game or round in my opinion, is Perfect Match - a round where there is a 4x4 grid which each flashes with a different fruit. Then, after a few seconds, the flashes stop and a big screen displays the fruit that you need to stand on. If you stand on the correct tile, you continue but if you don't, you get eliminated. This game however, has been hated by many because of the other people that participate, since in theory you should just jump where other people are jumping, right? No, that is a bad idea because of two reasons - the first being that other people often jump on false tiles and jump back at the last second to eliminate people. The second reason is that people often grab you and try to push you into the pink slime below. These techniques aren't just used in this round, but in every round - which is what makes Fall Guys so infuriating, addictive and fun. When you fall victim to these tactics, it usually results in shouts and despair, but if you push someone off a ledge, or dive at the last second to go across the finish line (which doesn't let the other people qualify), it creates a hunger for more and intense laughter. This is why Fall Guys is a unique game; one which is annoying and enjoyable all because of the same reason.

- Vikramaditya Jaisingh, Grade 11

2. Among Us

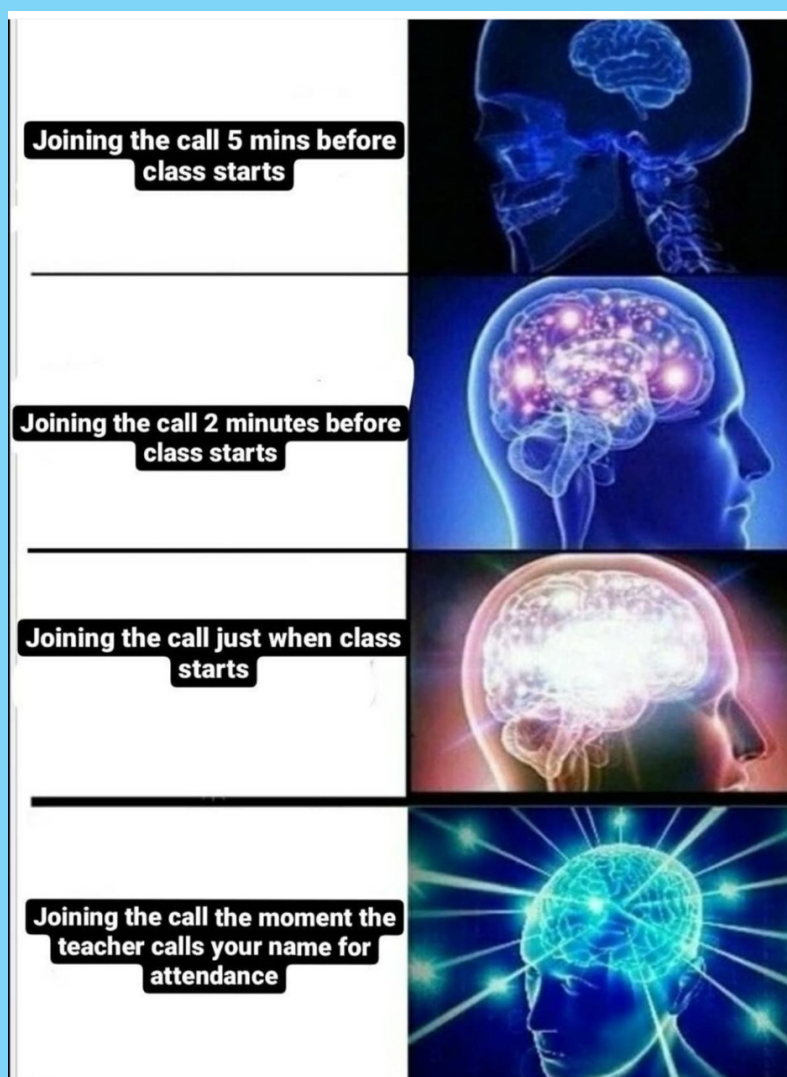
Among us is a multiplayer online social deduction game famously known for destroying friendships. In the game, up to 10 players, or crewmates, have to do tasks on a spaceship. However amongst the crewmates, there can be up to 3 impostors whose goal is to eliminate all the crewmates without being found. This game leads to very interesting gameplays as crewmates can either band up together and do tasks to prove that they aren't impostors or they can survive on their own, paranoid of everyone else. On the other hand, the impostors are able to sabotage the spaceship - from closing off rooms to enabling emergency events like a 'reactor meltdown' to conduct the perfect elimination. When a body is found, an emergency meeting is called; where players debate to find out who's the impostor. At the end of the day, it is a fun game that can show you how deceptive some of your friends are. Or worse - how deceptive you can be.

- Prithviraj Singh Shahani, Grade 12

THE MONOCHROME MUSEUM

Featuring

@dem_memes_pathways 





"The world is going through a difficult time so we should reduce the stress on students"

The IB removing the easier papers:



Me: The school is online so there won't be any summatives

Teachers:



When you finally figure out how to find your grades on Wizemen

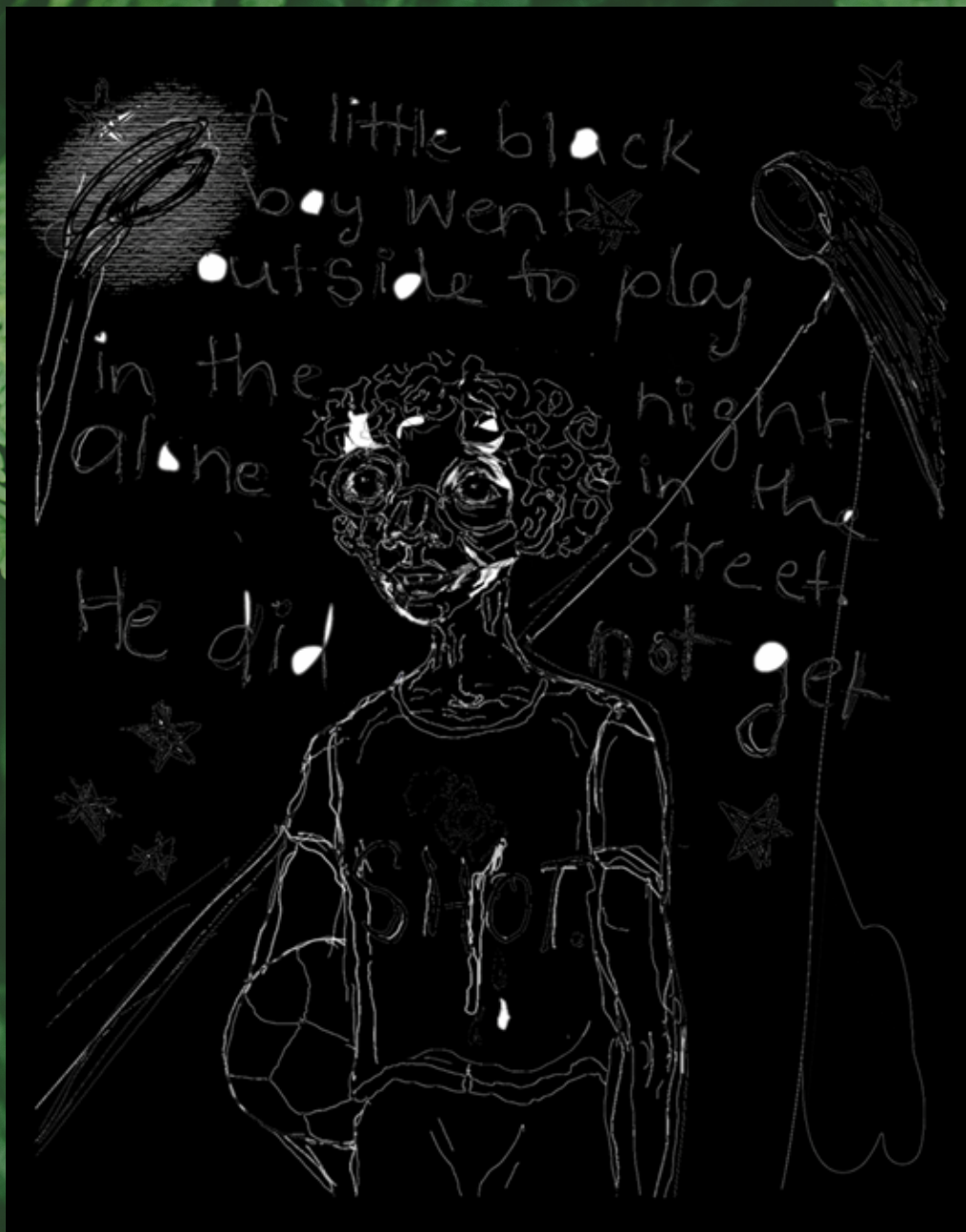


A WORD FROM THE ONLINE ART COMPETITION WINNERS

This artwork is inspired by the BLM movement. It talks about how different skin colours can be placed together and how beautifully they fit into one another. Underneath the differences, they all are the same (hence the half skull). The flowers in the background indicate fragility and beauty, complementing the idea of different skin tones.

-Sonam Pahlajani, Grade 11





I wanted to talk about my personal vision of a better future as I can imagine it, the height of utopia that I could conceive. I wanted to show the enormity of the necessity of such a world to be created through my artwork. In a better world, no little black boy would be shot on the streets at night. I also wanted to highlight that how even such a simplistic desire seems absurd in the context of today's times. Even imagining a world

like this today in the face of such immense brutality and violence is something a child might do, in his naïveté and innocence. Hence I chose a deliberately childlike style of stroke and writing, as well as the choice of colour and texture. I made this artwork not to highlight or showcase any particular artistic skill of mine, but to simply express this deep, childlike desire and hope that I have, for such a world to exist one day.

-Aditi Agarwal, Grade 12

MERAKI: A CELEBRATION OF
CREATIVITY INITIATED BY THE
STUDENT COUNCIL

**SLAM
POETRY
WINNERS**

"AM I ME?"

Varsha Pandanda, Grade 11

"COLOURED LENSES"

Saanvi Singh

"MERCILESS"

Arpit Khurana, Aditya Jain &
Tanvi Amrit

Title: Am I me?

Penned and delivered
by Varsha Pandanda

Am I me?
Is what I'm thinking, my thought?
Is what I believe in, my belief?
Is what I'm feeling real?
But, what is real?
Isn't everything just an illusion?
Am I me?

Somehow we have preconceived
notions,
about essentially everything
But who decides they're right?
And who are we to judge?

I'm apparently dusky.
And the excess melanin in my
skin
You'd think it protects me
But oh how you're wrong!
It's made me a prisoner
A prisoner to society's opinion
That my dusky complexion
Means I'm inferior
Because I'm less beautiful.
"Have you been out in the sun too
long?"
"Oh don't come too close, you're
colour is going to rub off on me!"
Are these meant to be jokes?
Am I supposed to laugh?

It's a sharp knife this one
The blazing shades of crimson
and scarlet
Oozing out from within my
scarring cuts
Only to be replaced by the most
obnoxious silence
It's so loud i can't
Even listen my thoughts

My voice perpetually muted
As easily as I turn off my camera
during class
It's all because of that roaring pain
That overwhelms my brain
And blackens that same heart
That once show white
So I keep asking myself, "Am I
me?"

But I say NO MORE!
I AM ME

I don't need society
Making me question myself
For once
Can we all just think for ourselves?
Or is there some other shade of
blue, green or pink
That's going to tell you how to
think
But I'm done
It really doesn't concern me
How you view me I see myself I am
a breathtaking scenery
So, to hell with the judgements
I am me.

Title: Coloured Lenses

Penned and delivered
by Saanvi Singh

Everything is done in a certain way
Every valid method does stay
Even the way we think if I may
But I wonder why we chose this way
The discriminatory, closed minded,
unfair way

Be a man
Act like a lady
That's so gay
She's too fat
He's too thin
No homo
Short guys are a big no no

That's it, stop
Stop with all these phrases that you
say as a "joke"
It's not funny, comical, humorous
It is excluding and degrading

We say these things because we are
used to looking at everything in one
way, the old way

We have to try and change our
perspective
We have to open our eyes
Open our minds
So many people, so many ideas, so
many beliefs, perspectives and
personalities

Let's start making space for
everyone's opinions, for
everyone's individuality

Let's start looking past these
colored lenses
Free our minds, free our
senses

We have been taught that
there 7 colours in the rainbow
Let's start acknowledging the
shades in between
And look how far we'll go.

FIN!

with a special thanks to
Dhruv Chauhan,
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