

LITERATURE UNBOUND

FEATURING:

**The Dark Web of
Addiction: A reflection
on the drama Cell -by
Bhoomi Bedmutha**

**Peace in Action -by
Tejasi Londhe**

**Was Death Ever Proud -
by Aarav Pandey**

**COVERPAGE
FEATURING
STUDENT
PAINTING BY**

Riya Shinde

ISSUE 9: JAN 2026

**Sail in the ship of literature through
the unbound sea of student-written
poems, articles, reviews and short
stories- where thoughts are voiced
and words are written...**

Vision and Mission Statement

OUR SCHOOL'S VISION

“Igniting curious minds to become creative thinkers.”

OUR SCHOOL'S MISSION

“We are committed and determined to redefine the cause of excellence in education and implement it through accelerated, need-based, practical-oriented process with a holistic approach; to empower the learner for self-exploration, so as to become a responsible global citizen with a deep-rooted ethos of Indian culture and tradition.”

LETTER TO THE READERS

Dear Readers,

We greet you with warm hearts and open pages as you step into the 9th Edition of Literature Unbound: The December Edition. Within these leaves lie poems that whisper, articles that reflect, and stories shaped by the thoughtful voices of our writers from Grades 9 and 10.

As Khalil Gibran once wrote, “Words are timeless. You should utter them or write them with a knowledge of their timelessness.” May every word you meet here stay with you long after the final page is turned.

We extend our deepest gratitude to Meghana Ma’am, whose guidance and encouragement continue to light the path for every young writer who finds their voice within this magazine.

Your thoughts, your stories, and your verses are always welcome. Write to us at literatureunbound.aus@gmail.com and become a part of our growing world of words.

May these pages linger with you, inspire you, and gently remind you to keep reading, writing, and wondering.

With warm regards,
Bhoomi Bedmutha
Chief Editor
Literature Unbound

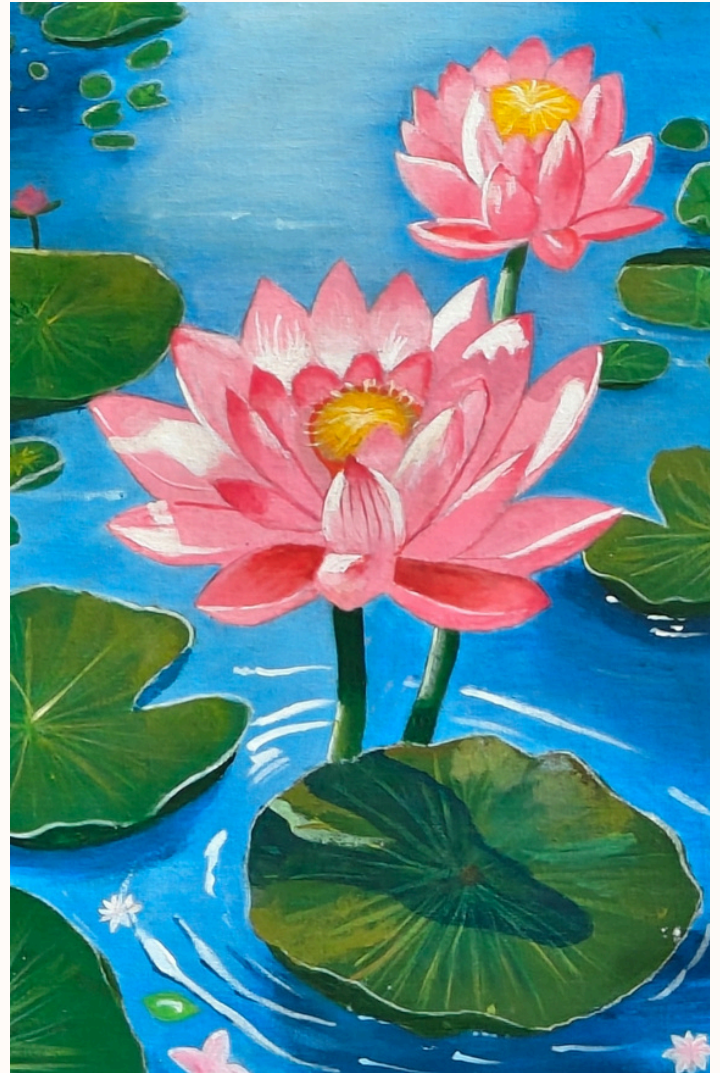


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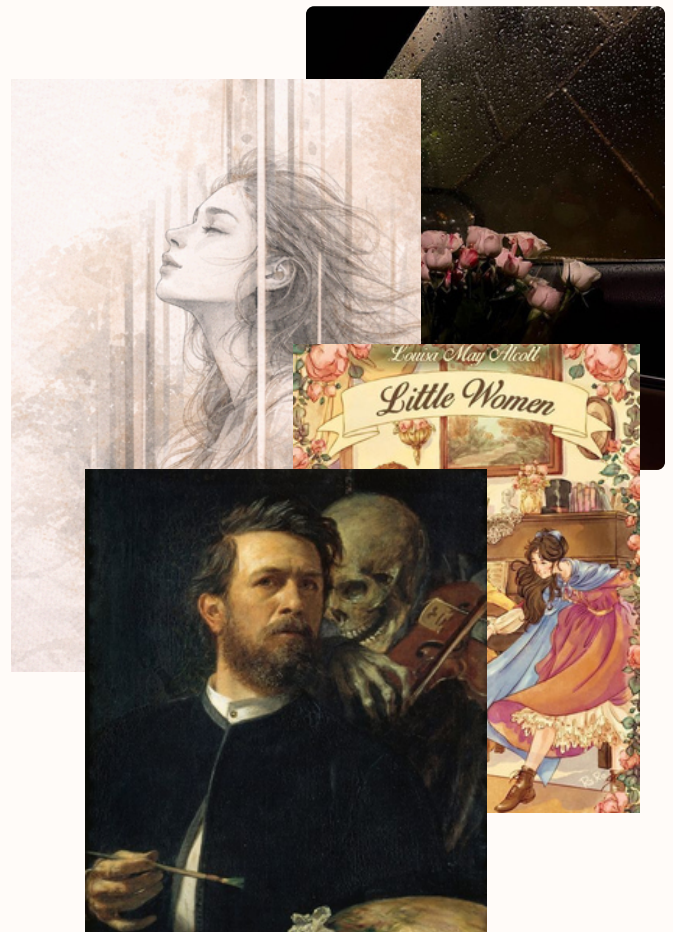
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SONGS OF THE SOUL

Where sentiments speak



The Group Photo

*The group photo that captured who we were before life got real-
Where we stood our ground,
Whilst we still cared,
Where life was all rainbows and unicorns;
Just like a little fairy dreamland.
Where we were unknown and carefree,
Bewitched by ourselves.
But that one moment came-
That one picture which captured ourselves then.
As we grew up,
The blindfold slowly unraveled,
We became mature, cautious and aware,
Yet we keep searching for our old selves in those memories-
Where once we felt so alive ;*

*We believed we could win the world.
But as we grew up we became more of our lives than of ourselves.
Now we look back;
Remembering the same old benches,
Our old life-
So free and full of memories.
The group picture that captured who we were before life got real-
Was the last memory which we all carried forever.*

~Saara Shaikh

Mon Bonheur.

Mon Etudiants

Chaque Matin, je souris,
Quand j'entre de la class
Leurs voix, leurs petits rires,
Font briller ma journee.

Ils posent mille questions,
Parfois droles, parfois serieuses.
Je vois leurs yeux qui cherchent,
Et je me sens chanceuse.

Journal après journal, je comprends
Que mon plus grand trésor,
C'est leur progrès, leurs rêves,
Et la lumière qu'ils portent encore.

-Vedashree Pitre

The mountain calling

From the peaks and the pine

From the cliffs and the ravine...

From the sequestered vales and the verdant valleys...

From each pinnacle and the secluded alleys.....

From the forested tracks to the mysterious trails.....

From the lush green tree tops to the roaring gales

From the honey sweet blossoms to the milky gush of the
plunging cascade....

From the dancing blades of the pasture to the full
love and blossom of nature.....

I hear the calling, the mountain calling....

Churning the depths of heart.....

So is the yearning ...

So is the mountain calling....

-Ashwini Kushare

A Fallen Soldier

*His soul burns bright as an ember
He burned for loyalty
A shield of fire
A final stand where his spirit flamed,
Even in death,
a legend framed
His courage lives where darkness dies,
A fallen soldier, who met his demise.*

—Ruhée Verma

The Story of Her'


*She screamed into the void,
Desperate for help,
Wiping her crystal tears,
Screaming a massive yelp.*

*Slowly gaining courage,
She got up on her feet,
"I will come back stronger" she said.
Igniting her inner heat.*

*Determined and resilient,
She rose up from silence,
Unveiling her authentic self,
Until the world responded with violence.*

*"Atrocities no longer touch me," she said,
as she crossed an unfamiliar door;
that bravery sharpened into hunger now,
a hunger that asked for more.*

*Then came the day
she met the first unbroken light.
It rose to meet her gaze,
carrying her into a greater height.*



*The light said, "Proud of you, my child,
you survived what most are never warned,
the world grew cruel and cold, but,
You were a flower that bloomed in a field of
thorns.*

*Content with her return,
she stands, finally free.
A shiver runs across my skin, and I realize,
she is me.*

-Tejasi Londhe



THE MIND'S MANUSCRIPT

Where intellect meets paper

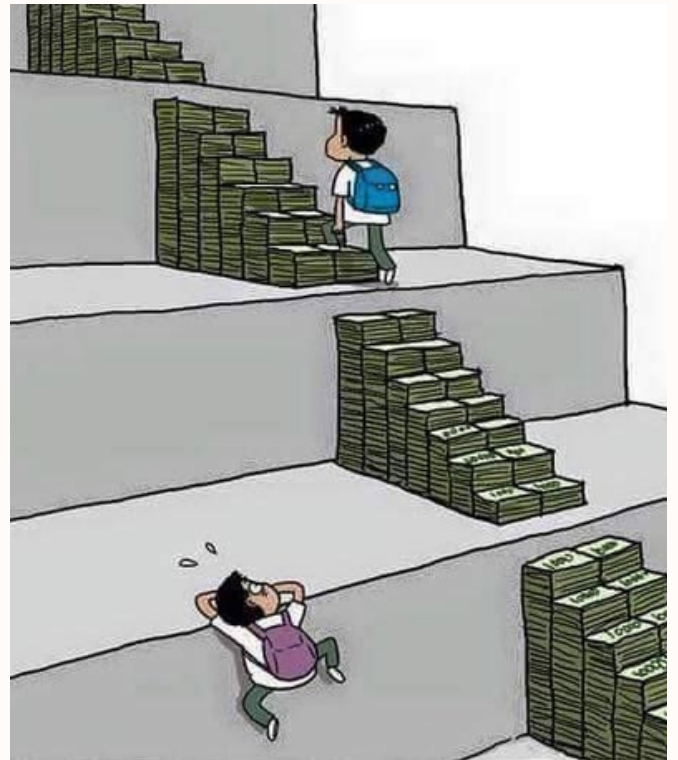
RESERVATIONS AND THE DEATH OF MERITOCRACY

Rethinking Fairness

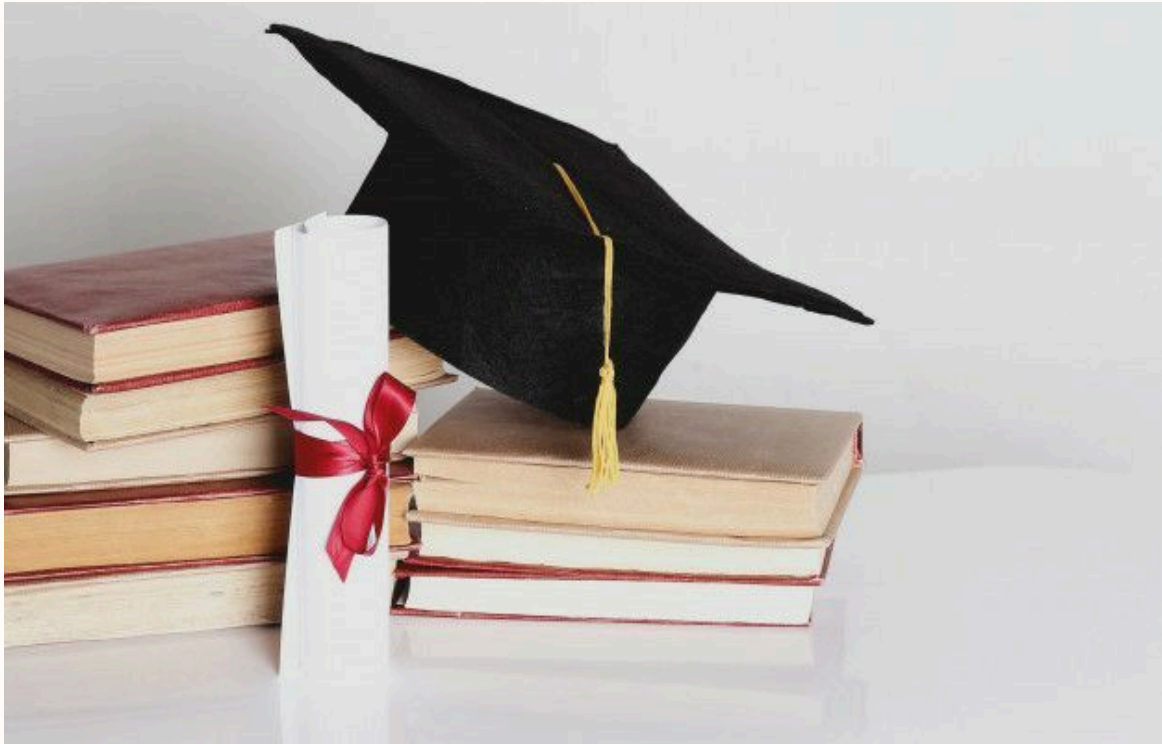
Karthikeyan Iyer

People debate over reservations and merit as if it is always one or the other, but reality is messy, constructed from history, power, and politics. In a country like ours, the idea of reservation began because far too many communities faced barriers, not because they lacked ability, but because of poverty, discrimination, exclusion from good schools and generations without opportunity. If a child grows up in a village with a developing school, with no tuition help and parents struggling to make ends meet, then it is simply unfair to compare them directly with someone who had private coaching, preparation books, and steady support right from early childhood.

Still, there are those who believe that reservations serve only as a political tool, where sometimes parties promise caste-based quotas in order to win support or adjust the recipient of what quota to suit vote banks. Whenever reservation policies become entangled with electoral politics, sometimes they benefit communities that are already somewhat represented, while others are left ignored. That makes some people feel left out-which can stir frustration.



Quantitatively speaking, the existing policy sets aside approximately 15 percent of jobs and seats for Scheduled Castes, about 7.5 percent for Scheduled Tribes, and 27 percent for Other Backward Classes. In practice, though, not everyone from these communities wins-even among reserved seats, the competition is real; sometimes, the quota is not fully filled. Meanwhile, many people outside these categories-the general category-see only a minority of seats open on merit grounds.



And over time, resentment builds when large sections of the population see themselves repeatedly ignored, whether it be in jobs, education, or representation. History is strewn with warnings. In other countries, when people felt systematically excluded and powerless, they rose up. For example, the wave of strikes and street protests that hit France in May 1968-involving students, workers, and common people-showed how suppressed anger and inequality can explode into mass unrest. So, the risk is that if reservations are dealt with purely as a political tool-that is,

shifting quotas, favouring some groups,ignoring others-they cease to be about justice and act as a trigger toward social fracture. That can erode faith in merit, deepen divisions rather than heal them, and in worst cases feed unrest. Of course, it does not mean merit or achievement must be thrown out. Rather, we might need a system where reservation is carefully used till the ground evens out, yet effort to raise quality and opportunity for all is made. Only then can merit and fairness meet side by side, and the idea of a level playing field may become more than an idea.

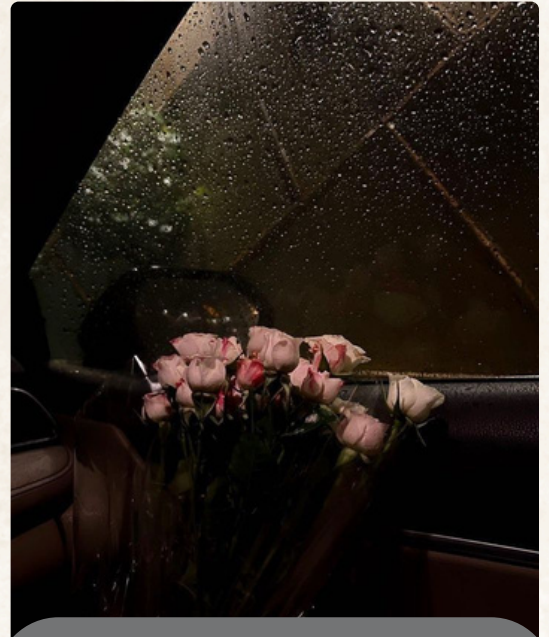
THE MYTH OF THE BEAUTIFULLY BROKEN

BY ALISHA ANEESH

Somewhere between 16 : 9 frame instagram edits and Netflix originals with dark colour grading, depression became... 'aesthetic'. Apparently, all it takes nowadays to be "mysteriously sad" is a messy room, a black hoodie, and the ability to stare blankly out of a bus window while indie instrumental music plays. Popular media has done such a dedicated job of romanticising poor mental health that half the world now thinks depression is just a quirky personality trait, like knowing how to make that one type of whipped coffee or owning those LED lights that change colour with your mood.

And look, the issue isn't that people relate to sadness, the problem is when shows, influencers, and movies package mental illness as something tragic-pretty, gentle, poetic, and Instagrammable. Suddenly, "having depression" becomes a trend, a vibe, an edgy accessory you can pin onto your identity board right between "loves iced coffee" and "listens to Seedhe Maut."

Meanwhile, people who actually struggle with depression are just sitting there like, "Bro, this is not a Pinterest board. This is me not being able to shower for three days."



"It's not poetic. Not mysterious. Just exhausting."

The romanticisation leads to a weird, frustrating side effect: the credibility of genuinely mentally ill people starts declining faster than your favorite card once depression stops being trendy again. When everyone claims they're "depressed" because their favourite show ended or because their crush didn't reply for 17 minutes, it trivialises the very real, very heavy experience of people with diagnosed conditions.



And then comes the absolute circus: the “you don’t look depressed” comments by nosy relatives. Because the media has convinced people that real depression includes staring at the rain with smudged mascara or writing sad poems next to a scented candle. Meanwhile, the actual thing looks more like lying on your bed, scrolling meaninglessly, and eating stale chips because the thought of doing anything else feels like climbing Mt. Everest.

What gets lost in the chaos is empathy. When sadness becomes a fashion trend, those who need understanding the most get brushed off, or worse, accused of “overreacting.” It’s like everyone wants the melancholy aesthetic, but no one wants to deal with the messy, unfiltered truth of mental illness.

And honestly? It’s exhausting. Not poetic. Not mysterious. Just... exhausting.

It’s a human experience, and real people deserve to be taken seriously, not compared to Netflix protagonists who somehow manage to have depression and a perfect life.

Because at the end of the day, depression is not a vibe. Not an aesthetic. Not a character arc.

If you or someone you know is actually dealing with depression, here’s the reality: it’s okay to ask for help. It’s okay to be uncool about it. And no, you do not need an aesthetic playlist to prove your suffering is valid.



Peace in Action

By Tejasi Londhe

As the fourteenth Dalai Lama once said, "We can never make peace with the outer world until we make peace with ourselves."

India's history shows that peace has always been our first instinct, not our last resort.

As stated in one of our rich history's epics, the Mahabharata, Lord Krishna stood as a messenger of peace, and tried to negotiate out of the upcoming war at all costs.



Gautam Buddha taught that peace begins within, through compassion, mindfulness, and non-violence. He encouraged overcoming anger and desire to achieve harmony with others. His teachings continue to inspire peaceful living across the world.

Centuries later, Mahatma Gandhi carried the same spirit into our freedom struggle. This proves that peace is never passive, it is action, courage and strength.

For us, Indians, peace is not something which is preached, it is something embedded in us by our ancestors.

These lessons are a responsibility handed to the youth. For us, peace cannot remain only in books, it must live in our choices.

In our beloved country, we say, "Vasudhaiva Kutumbakam", the world is one family. And in that family, every act of love is an act of peace, whether in international negotiations like the United Nations, or the way we act in our neighbourhoods.

Today, peace in action is not only about stopping wars and preventing violence, it is about fixing the cracks of the world. As youth, this action begins with us.

As young citizens, we should carry the ideology of action through empathy, dialogue, and courage. Peace grows when we choose understanding over division and service over silence.

It means taking responsibility of our planet, because our future depends on this precious land and fresh air. It means using technology to connect, not to divide. It means, choosing the right means over wrong ones. These are not distant goals, they are choices we make everyday, in our surroundings, our communities and our voices online.

From what our ancestors have preached us about, to what our current global leaders are striving for, it is clear that peace is both heritage and responsibility. As the youth of this community, it is now our duty to carry this responsibility forward, not only in words, but in action.

Writer's Note

This article is inspired by my tour to Geneva, Switzerland, where I was lucky to be chosen as one of the 14 girls from Ashoka Group of Schools to perform in the Geneva Peace Week, 2025. "Peace in Action" was this year's theme there, where we talked about the initiatives that can be taken by the youth for peace. We got to be an ambassador for peace and India there, something I will forever be grateful for.



VIEWS & VERDICTS

Measured critique, meaningful judgement

THE DARK WEB OF ADDICTION— A REFLECTION ON THE DRAMA CELL

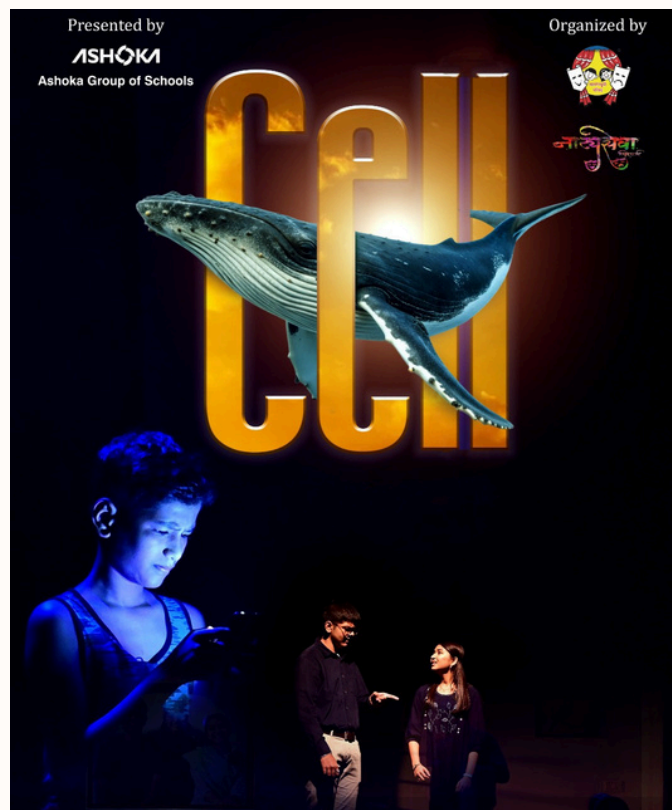
BY BHOOMI BEDMUTHA

Cell is more than just a drama—it's a clear look at how mobile-phone addiction has become a kind of modern labyrinth. Young people like Varun don't just use their phones; they get caught in them, wandering through an endless digital maze while searching for connection or comfort. And unlike the obvious traps in old deceiving stories, this one is easily missed. The phone turns into a siren's call—promising all sorts of happiness and reassurance, even as it slowly pulls someone away from their true existence.

Varun's experience with his phone can be metaphorically connected to Pandora's jar. Just like Pandora unknowingly released troubles into the world, our constant use of technology has opened a similar jar—letting out anxiety, loneliness, and the loss of privacy. What once felt exciting and full of possibility now brings its own challenges. Still, like the hope left at the bottom of Pandora's jar, there's a

chance to make things better if we choose to pay attention and not drown ourselves into this digital world.

The drama also shows how families are quietly drifting apart because of screens. Varun's parents represent so many moms and dads who truly care but feel unsure and helpless about how to guide their kids in a digital world they never grew up with. Their confusion and worry reflect a bigger problem: we still don't know how to talk openly about screen time, mental—



health, or the hidden stress young people carry, especially in India. Cell reminds us to pause, listen, and be present—before the glow of a cell phone replaces real intimate conversations, and makes us drift away into a non-existent world.

The mention of the Blue Whale challenge adds another layer, showing it as a modern Tartarus—a dark endless space where Varun's sense of control starts to fade. In this hidden world, privacy becomes a tool of manipulation and blackmail. It reminds us that behind every screen is a reality we can't completely see, one filled with deceptions and dangers that can hurt more than we realize.

And when the drama reveals that Varun's frightening journey is actually a nightmare shaped by media-driven anxiety, it urges us to think about how quickly technology is changing our lives. Cell doesn't blame technology. It simply asks us to be more mindful and balanced—because if we're not careful, the pull of our devices can take us further than we ever intended to go.

In the end, Cell serves as both a reflection and a warning. It shows the darker side of our digital habits and encourages us to stay aware before any of us slip too far into the abyss.

Writer's Note

On children's day, when our school took us to the drama, honestly, I and my friends thought it would be like any other that we are being told to attend another 'piece of work' that would only make us fall asleep, but when we were there, WE WERE THERE, and it was sending literal chills down our spine. And then it dawned upon us that it wasn't just any other play the school had arranged for our 'fun', it was something they had planned for us to make us realize, what may harm us and how to be safe, for that I show immense gratefulness to my school, for organizing this eye-opening display of bitter reality combined with a show of implausible skill and entertainment.

~Bhoomi Bedmutha

IKIGAI FOR TEENS

- BY HECTOR GARCIA & FRANCESC MIRALLES

BY NIDHI BAUSKAR

As the first line of the book itself says, "It is no accident that this book landed in your hands." In the same way it is no coincidence that you, my friend, are the one reading this review about how to lead a worthwhile life, meaning Ikigai. It is for the teens who are struggling to find their purpose in one's life and how to make life meaningful.

The book is divided into four parts :

Part one teaches us about what to do with one's life and most importantly helps us figure out what we like and dislike. 'How failing like a champion' is my favorite chapter of this part as this inspires and motivates one to motion forward to their life goals without being embarrassed or discouraged and demeaned for what they want to pursue in life. It gives us tools for self-exploration and revealing oneself to the world.

Part two: Friedrich Nietzsche once said " He who has a why to live for, can bear almost any how". The second part talks about how to unlock your talent and

how a person can be happy. 'Welcome, little grasshopper !' This chapter begins with quoting " Fear is the enemy, trust is the armor" It has the story of "son goku" from anime and manga "Dragon ball z" , son goku, who has an optimistic spirit , this chapter emphasizes on the importance of a mentor and how their is guidance necessary in one's life representing the fact that one gravely needs a person who is ready to give them the truths of life without holding back the reality under the disguise of protecting them.

Part three: This particular section focuses on a journey where we find multiple paths and many friends who help us reach our goals. Earning money is the basic necessity in today's world but figuring out how to do that is the real question. What you love to do, what you are good at, what you can be paid for and what the world needs together make inkigai. Know yourself and you will make progress is the message being conveyed by this part.

Part four: Here is the real piece of advice for Gen Z, "Perseverance is strength." Most people of several ages as of today get weary and dispirited very easily . Having a routine and a healthy lifestyle helps a person lead a merry and fulfilled life . Don't rush towards your ikigai and be pressured to find it just yet, take as much time but at the same time don't just give up. The creator of the "game boy" Gunpei Yokohama, who was a great Nintendo video game designer, studied engineering before finding out his passion for game designing.

Ralph Waldo Emerson said, "Many eyes go through the meadow , but few see the flowers in it." This is why it is so important not to rush towards your ikigai. It is also important to enjoy yourself along the way to the finish line.

Everything is still to be done, plan your future, because that is where you are going to spend the rest of your life and don't rush to reach the finish line, enjoy the wind on the way." . And don't rush to reach the finish line. Enjoy the wind.



Little Women

-By American Novelist Louisa May Alcott

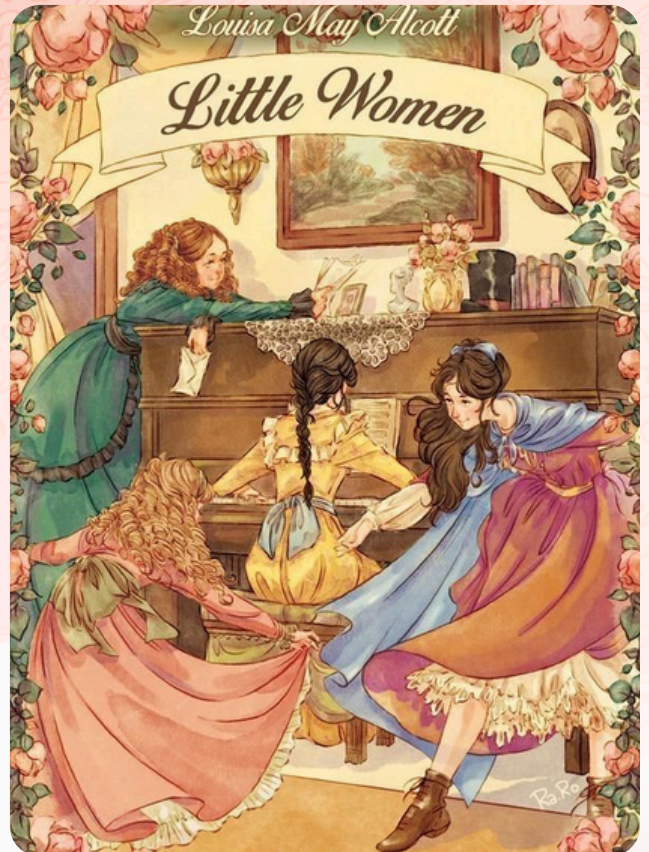
BY SARAA SHAIKH

Little Women is a worldly recognized classic novel which was written by an American Novelist- Louisa May Alcott in the 1800s. It is a coming-of-age novel based partly on Alcott's own life. The story focuses on the journey from childhood to womanhood as they learn important life lesson about morality, hardships, and sacrifice.

The story shows the lives of the four sisters – Meg, Jo, Beth, Amy – as they navigate poverty, love, and loss in 19th Century New England during the Civil War.

The story follows the lives of the four March sisters as they go through life facing challenges like their father's absence in the Civil war and the family's financial struggles . The character of Jo (Josephine March), the second eldest daughter of the March family is the reflection of Alcott herself, a tomboyish young woman who aspires to be a writer.

I would suggest this book to the young readers as well as the first time readers of our world as the novel emphasizes kindness and expresses the hardships suffered during the Civil War which the similar circumstances are suffered still.



The story highlights the necessity of self-improvement and personal growth while also highlighting the theme of female independence and ambition, even within societal restrictions during the 19th century.



TALES & TELLINGS

Where fiction begins to breathe

Was Death Ever Proud?

BY AARAV PANDEY

John, our fearless leader, the man who decided to make a move against death before death could make his. John had never been one to back out of a fight, so when he saw everyone feel like they were never safe, always running, he decided to make a stand. On paper, the bravest man who ever lived. Mocking death, taunting the very executioner of fate, and he'd grown into the character he was portraying. A cold almost ruthless person who wasn't afraid to make waves, but as his life went on, he realised what he'd done wrong. John thought he'd mastered checkers, but it was a game of chess.



As time went by, John lived unharmed, feeling a sense of immortality, like he'd defeated death — which was true in way — he'd pissed off death just enough to catch his interest. So, when John's time came, death came knocking, but didn't enter, reminding him that he hadn't forgotten, he was just waiting. John grew paranoid to the point where he self isolated. Though, didn't have to. All his friends, everyone he held dear, slowly slipped away.



John knew death was coming for him, he just didn't know when. In the game of life, when John thought he was winning, in reality he stood silently at the sidelines, watching his team fall apart. His persona started to falter, cracking at the edges, revealing the terrified, paranoid man he'd grown into.

Many moons later, on a particularly quiet night, he heard the same ominous knocking again. Suddenly his home didn't feel so safe anymore, he had nowhere to hide, no one to run to. John, once our fearless leader, had grown friend-less.

The knocking returned, cold and unyielding, as if it held a promise, demanding his due.

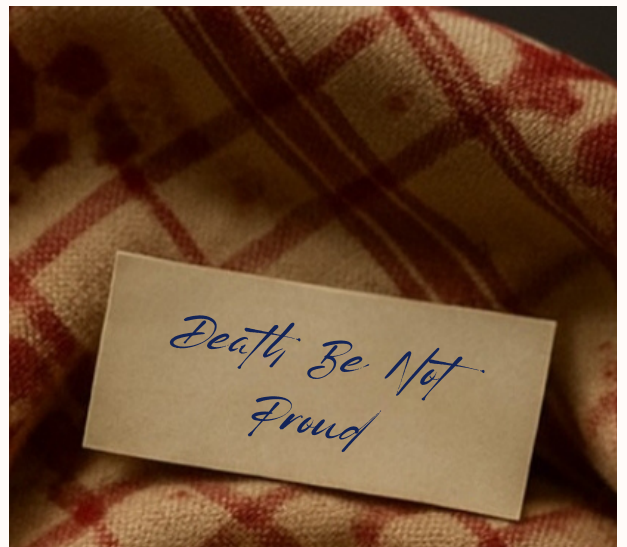
"Death, be not proud," he had written, and his words echoed through centuries like a defiant bell.

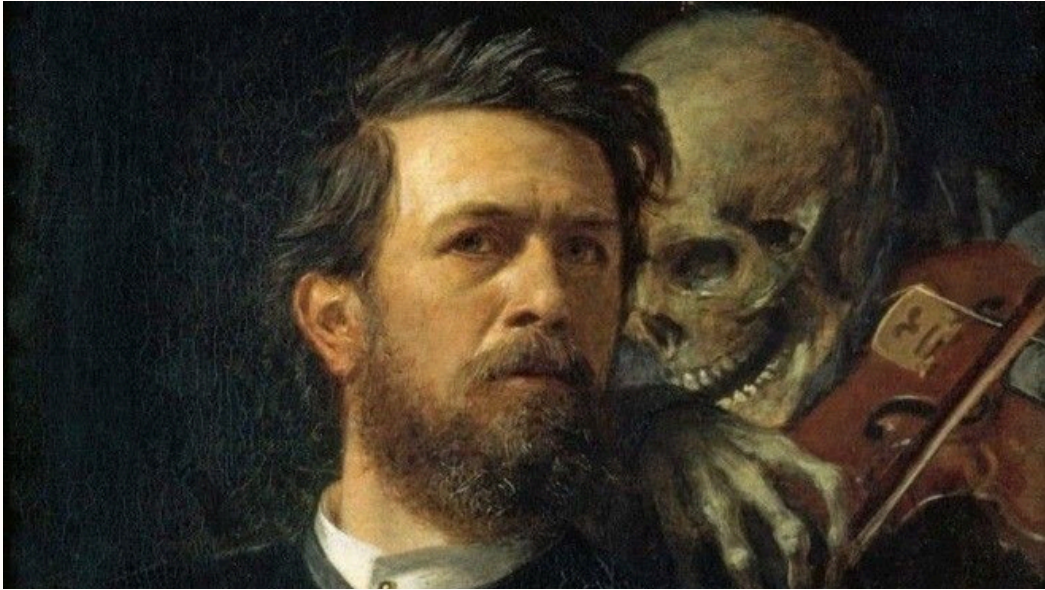
But all bells toll eventually.

A slow, deliberate sound at the edge of his waking dreams. His health had waned, breath came shallow, and yet, something in him — the poet, the preacher, the man who once dared to lecture eternity — refused to yield.

"Not yet," he would whisper into the candlelight. "Not you."

The knocking came again one night, not at his door, but within him. His heart lost its rhythm, it faltered for a moment. And when he opened his eyes, there it stood.





Death.

Not the skeletal terror of hell, nor the angel that fell through the gates. This death was calm. Human, even. Clad in a suit of dust. His hands didn't hold a scythe, but his eyes held pain. Pain that had took residence over centuries of births, wars, deaths. Eyes that had witnessed EVERY final breath.

"You called for me" death said

"I didn't " said John as he smiled weakly, "I mocked you"

"I know" death replied, "And I let you. It is a lonely thing, to be feared. But you, you were.... different"

After all this time, when John finally met him, he lost the persona he'd built, like a poorly fitted mask fell off.

He tried to sit up, trembling, "You've come to claim your victory, then? To prove me wrong?"

Death stepped closer, and for the first time, John saw that every movement shed a whisper of dust, as though the air itself aged around him.

"No," Death murmured. "I came to collect my due."

Your due?" Questioned John

"Every man owes me one moment — just one. The moment he understands what I truly am. That is my fee."

John laughed, though his voice was thin as the wind outside. "And what are you, truly?"

“An ending, yes,” Death said, “but also a mercy. You wrote that sleep was my image — and you were right. But I am the sleep that follows all struggles. The silence after every storm. You did not defeat me, poet. You named me.”

The fire crackled low. John’s eyes dimmed like its final embers, but they weren’t quite ready to burn out just yet. He demanded more time.

Death, amused, offers him one night to prove he’s right — that Death deserves no pride.

John stumbles past old memories. It felt like a different life to him, one where he had friends, where he felt safe. He ventured out into night. He traced each step with care, as though the floor itself might betray him, as though the very shadows whispered secrets he wasn’t ready to hear. Each room he passed brought echoes of laughter, of whispered conversations long gone, of hands he once held and faces that had since faded into the past.

He felt the weight of every choice, every word he had written, every life he had touched — some with kindness, some with cruelty, some with the sharp sting of honest truth.

That night forced him to confront what he’d done, how his writings affected lives, and death followed him around, like a shadow.



They spoke little at first. Death’s questions were soft, almost intimate, as though testing the edges of John’s understanding rather than forcing answers. “Do you remember this?” a voice would murmur in the rustle of curtains. “Do you know what it cost?” And John would answer in the silence, in the tightness of his chest, in the tremor of his hands. Their conversation was a duel of thought rather than a clash of swords. Pride versus patience. The poet argued with himself, with his past, with the idea of forever, while Death listened, waited — never interrupting, never accusing, present only to keep him awake.

As hours stretched into the depth of night, the poet realised this fight was not one he could win. Every memory he clung to, every life he had touched, was part of a web that stretched beyond him. And Death — patient, deliberate, humanoid in its curiosity — was not there to frighten, not to strike, but to make him see. To make him understand.

To make him understand.

That the game he had tried to play so boldly was not about cleverness or courage. It was about acceptance.

As the sun started to come up, John rushed back home with death by his side, not as a shadow, but as the unlikeliest friend he could have. He begins to understand that death's "fee" isn't his life, its his acceptance. Death wasn't out for blood, he just wanted him to truly understand him, understand that he isn't the enemy.

The light shone through the windows into the dusty cottage. John is nowhere to be seen. The only thing left behind was a final poem he wrote titled "death was never proud". He had realised that death was never happy, that death wasn't dying to see people die, but it was his duty, it was what he had to do.

So, instead of looking at death like an end, its better to think of it like a right of passage to the next — maybe even better — part of life. He figured out that all death ever wanted was that one moment he gets with people, that one moment to try to help them understand who he truly is.



Once they realise this, they find out death was never a bringer of despair and doom, but a light that guides the souls to a life

Death, was never proud. John, was not afraid.

THE TURNING POINT

By Raghvi Mathur

Jasmine was fifteen, an age where emotions felt louder than words and every rule seemed unnecessary. She wasn't a bad teenager, but often acted before thinking. When things didn't go her way, she snapped. When someone corrected her, she rolled her eyes. To her, adults just 'didn't understand'.

At school, Jasmine was smart, but her behaviour often got in the way. She talked back to teachers, ignored homework and laughed when her friends got in trouble. At home, she stayed glued to her phone, answering her parents with short, irritated replies. She believed freedom meant doing whatever she wanted.

One day, Jasmine was chosen to lead a group project. At first, she felt proud. But soon, her teammates stopped cooperating. She dismissed their ideas, arrived late, and blamed others when things went wrong. Eventually, the group failed to submit the project on time.

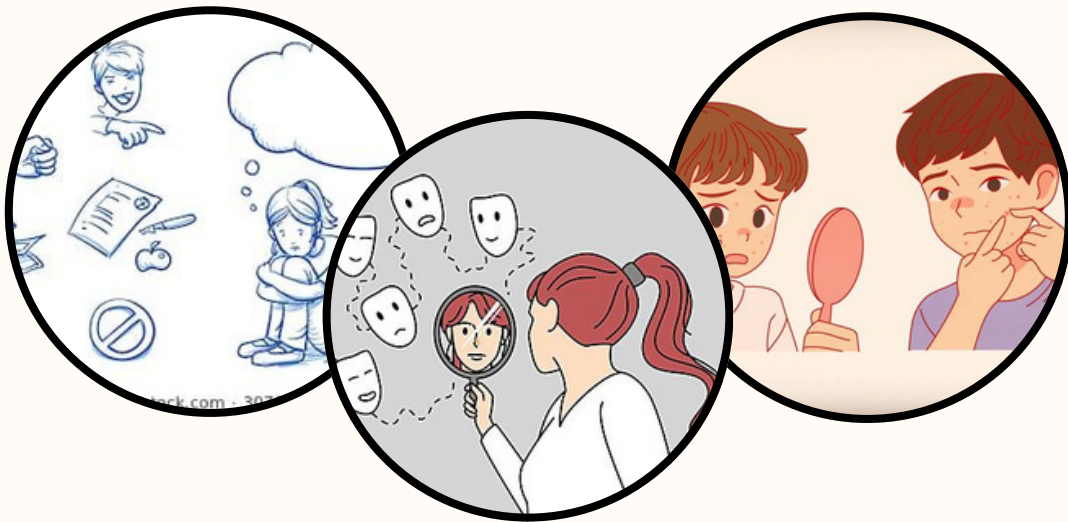


When the teacher spoke to Jasmine privately, she didn't scold her. She simply said, "Leadership isn't about being the loudest. It is about listening." Those words stayed with her.

That evening, Jasmine noticed her sister trying to copy her behaviour - arguing, refusing help, and slamming her books shut. For the first time, she saw herself from the outside. It didn't look strong or confident. It looked lonely.

Slowly, Jasmine began to change. She started listening more, speaking calmly, and thinking before reacting. It wasn't easy, she still made mistakes, but people responded differently. Friends trusted her more. Teachers encouraged her. Home felt warmer.

Jasmine realized that being a teenager wasn't about rebelling against everything - it was about learning who you are and who you want to become. And that choice, she learned, mattered more than she ever thought.



A Special Thanks to



I, Bhoomi Bedmutha, the chief editor of the magazine would like to acknowledge the people without whom the magazine would not have been in a physical form. Firstly I would like to thank Sarah , my senior and the one who gave me the opportunity to head this month's magazine and guiding me all the way through. I would also like to thank our teachers Meghana mam, Gipsy mam, Manisha mam, Ashwini mam , Babita mam, Surendra mam, Munmun mam, Gareth sir and Sachin sir who have also helped me shape the magazine. Then ofcourse I would like to thank my co-editors, Fatima, Aayush, and Tejasi, some of whom I recruited at the eleventh hour. And a special thank you to all the readers and contributors pf the magazine without whom this magazine would have been lifeless....

"There is no greater
agony than bearing
an untold story
inside you."

— Maya Angelou

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