

Delhi Public School  
Srinagar



# Aftaab Zaar

An Editorial Board Initiative  
Patron: Ms. Shafaq Afshan

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# REST IN PAGES

*From the editors,*

“What is a full circle moment?”, we ask and contemplate with each other in wordless expression, fully cognizant with unspoken comprehension, that it is this—whatever this is; for whatever it was. A year and a half ago, as the world embraced the warmth of summer, we strung the beads to the cyclical experience we now seem to have led ourselves into: weaving webs of words that sometimes sounded better than what they meant, rushing through books and booklets, pushing the majestic theatrical production through mystical narratives and collective imaginations. We took refuge in the unspoken link that brought us together as we navigated through the (sometimes) confusing waters of the editorial process by pooling our creative energies. While learning and development stand historically constant, the board was keen on exploring the side diametrically opposite to them—sprinkling valour into the ordinary—so much so that even sceptics would learn the apocalypse song.

An opus, if you will, where the line between fact and fancy danced merrily along with gentle humour and amusing exaggeration—we may have occasionally strayed from our quest for literary grandeur, naively believing that our creative pursuits were an urgent means of escaping those terrible lectures. Who could resist the draw of creating stories that were so alluring that even the most watchful of teachers—Shakespeare, Wilde, and Shaw—would have fallen for them?

What left us dizzier than a spinning top was a joyful carnival of language gymnastics. Each sentence was bent and transformed, turning the ordinary into a spectacle befitting of a Shakespearean sonnet. Let's not forget the great minds that oversaw this artistic adventure: the bureaucratic lords, the defenders of protocol, and the supporters of the drawn-out procedure—choices were put off and debates lasted well into bedtime! By simply being present at those events, we might have developed our subtle satirical skills. As the sun set, we discovered a solidarity unmatched in this literary carnival. Strangers turned to friends in common battles against circumlocutory circumlocutions and verbose verbosity, which we waged while slyly navigating the maze of adjectives and adverbs. As we bid adieu to this project, we savour the memories we've created, from the eye-rolling meetings to the secret giggles shared over our artful prose. With hearts full of gratitude and smiles abound, we thank each one of you for being part of this indefinable adventure. May our crafty wit and artistic companionship live on as a reminder to us all to sprinkle art into every action we take.



Here's to this magazine and our Board of Editors, where satire snuck into our hearts via the cracks and dared to play peekaboo with reality. May it serve as a constant reminder that joy and creativity will always find a way to flourish. May the spirit of learning and camaraderie guide us as we journey beyond these halls and into the great unknown. While the sun shines its brightest and the world basks in its warmth, this serves as a stunning tapestry of fellowship and creativity.

“This is what a full circle moment is”—a testament and a semi-melancholic reminder that the intricacies of our tales are forever intertwined with this literary canvas, as the pages become a timeless repository of our shared journey—an abode for what we have written for the world—the written word that will continue to inspire and touch the hearts of those who turn these hallowed leaves.

Expressing gratitude for your sustained support and for being able to share this sunny adventure with you, we bid you farewell until your paths meet those of our fellow editors again in the next chapter.

Yours in the sunlit embrace of Aftaab Zaar,

Madiha, Saqlain, Adnan,  
Alumni, The Editorial Board  
Class of '23



*The sun has set, the war is over -  
the war of the warriors ten,  
self proclaimed sock-rat's pen,  
Dining D - a constant question,  
grammar nazis on poetic rebellion,  
a gash succumbs which light becomes,  
how does Anne praise the nazî zen?*

*The limited limitlessness, the covered explicit, all that this, is  
all that is?*



*That is how it was; was it that it was?*

*A lot to say, not much to show.  
Armchair Analysts, Stillwater Critiques  
Though there's nothing that I know?  
A superficial bloody wound  
Started from a splinter  
Light entered the gash  
Through it's now soulless centre*

*Subtraction of thoughts  
Addition of cleansers  
Drowned out voices  
Bureaucratic Debauchery  
Erasures, Censors*

*Cliquy Creaky Doors  
Protecting Poetic Preciousness  
Years of a drunk self serious stupor  
Wine of self righteousness*

*Babylonian bedlamite pondered ages ago  
About peoples' stigma  
Of a hemlock and a crow*

*The light hurt the gash  
And the cream of the bland milk  
Now doesn't grow  
Poetic boils grow on the skin  
To thy shallow intellect  
I am akin  
Bottle of silence  
Filled to the brim.  
And at what cost?  
The havitalls' sin?  
The haves - hadn't a clue  
The knows - knew not a thing...*

## THE SHROUDED MYSTERY OF PATHAR MASJID

The power and significance of women, which were previously only considered in the context of the imperial stature of their husbands, fathers, and/or sons, have frequently been illuminated by the rewriting of women back into history; particularly Medieval Indian history. The story of Nur Jahan (Mehr al-Nesā) exhibits political shrewdness, military might, and cultural accomplishments. There is no disputing that Nur Jahan, the wife of Indian Emperor Jahangir, contributed significantly to the history of the Mughal Empire in India. She has made contributions to religion and culture, one of which is the building of the Pathar Masjid in Kashmir. Pathar Masjid was built in 1623 on the left bank of Jhelum near Zaina Kadal, opposite Khanqah-e-Moula. Although it is believed that before its construction took place for the Shia community, its foundation was already laid somewhere in the past, for the Sunni community. However, the truth has not been traced yet and remains shrouded in mystery. Pathar masjid, unlike any other masjid, does not consist of any dome structure. Instead, eighteen incredibly large square columns with extensions on both sides support the roof internally. The columns are constructed with bricks and stones. Both the layers are covered with buff-colored lime plaster. The Masjid has a rich artistic appeal.

Large lotus leaves are carved in relief; some of them have been perforated to provide air aper-



tures. These carvings adorn the frieze that runs between the projecting cornice and the eaves. Considering the fact that the Pathar Masjid was built by a woman, we still haven't reached the level of rumination where women would be allowed to enter the Masjid. The most that women can do is enter the vicinity of the Masjid, but not the Masjid itself. Keeping in mind the beliefs and regulations, one needs to be vigilant while taking any decisions. Regardless, there should be a provision for opening one sector or side of the Masjid itself for women. But the question still remains unanswered: If a woman can build a Masjid, why can't she enter one?

*Image Credits: Zaara Farooq*

# THINGS OF THE PAST

*Khalid Khursheed*  
*Class XI*

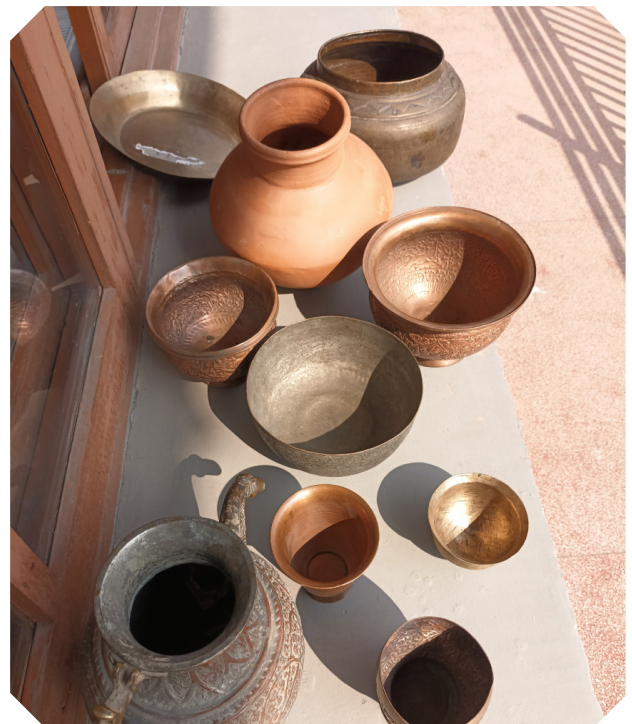
## *Baanae*

Kashmir used to have utensils made up of copper and steel, this tale of the utensils also has some divisions in it. Copper was a metal that was only utilized by the Muslim community and steel was the source of utensils for the Kashmiri pandits. This was all for religious beliefs but how can this story be there without some classic class divide? The level of decorations and work done on the utensils varied drastically between economic backgrounds. The economically backward groups only had access to utensils with comparatively meagre work done on them whereas the economically stronger sections had the best of both worlds. Today these things from the past have been forgotten, who remembers the “Nyami” or the “guskab”, one of the major reason for these utensils phasing out was a myth that spread like wildfire that being that it’s dangerous to eat in these vessels. With the spread of the word of science, these theories have been debunked. To maintain these utensils a annual kalai. The art of kalai (kalhai or qalai) is the process of coating copper or brass by deposition of metal tin on it.



## *Masq*

Masq was a thing of the past but a thing which shaped the future. During the earlier days paper was not as ubiquitous as it is today, it was a commodity, a costly one to be exact. To deepen the roots of education it needed an edifice, it needed an slate and that slate came in the form of The Masq. The Masq was an rectangular thin board on which students used to jot down their daily sabq (lesson) with the help of an ink made up of the readily available mud. Such boards, only bigger used to be placed under a tree or a shelter where all the children could gather and study. This is how education was disseminated in the masses.



# *Laal Kurta*

*Syed Imaad, Class XI*

It was a very cold night for Delhi. The sky was cloudy, the moonlight almost completely being blocked. Salim had finished up his work at his company in Block 17. It had gotten quite late, usually working till eleven sufficed but due to recent cutbacks which lead to the termination of several employees, Salim's employer had decided the remaining employees had to work harder to even the scale. Salim, though wanting to retaliate, had to comply. He couldn't afford being fired. He was struggling to make ends meet as it was.

Salim started his bike and drove. He currently resides in an almost unnamed part of Old Delhi. Driving through East Azad Nagar, Salim reached Seelampur. Locals call it a part of 'Jaamna par' (backward Delhi). The area in itself is moderately developed but has a high crime rate.

Salim was driving through the heart of this place. Full of faulty streetlights and potholes, the air of this place always felt heavy especially at this time of night. Well anyplace in Delhi seemed somewhat alarming after ten P.M, this place proved to be an optimal example. He had been driving through this same street for four months now but this feeling of heaviness whenever he drove through here, never left him. Under another one of these faulty streetlights, Salim saw a lone figure standing. It was a slim short figure of a woman. As Salim drove closer he was able to make out her features. The woman was a brunette with high cheekbones. She was wearing a distinct red kurta holding a small black purse.

Salim almost subconsciously smiled at the sight of this woman as somehow his bike came to a complete stop. He immediately tried to start his bike again. The bike had come to a very smooth stop just steps away from this intriguing woman.

From her point of view, a stranger stopping their vehicle just steps away from her at this time of night in this area must be skeptical to an alarming degree. The stranger being a man just enhances that skepticism.

Salim gets off, takes out his phone with the intention of calling for a mechanic. Adding to the tension of this very strange situation, Salim realized his phone was dead. Finding no way out, he realized that approaching the woman for her mobile was the smartest thing to do.

He walks very slowly towards the woman. As she looks at it, Salim says, "Ma'am I'm very sorry to intrude but my bike broke down and my phone died. Could I trouble you for yours?"

The woman looks at him momentarily after which she replies, "Coincidentally my phone died too just a while ago. But you're in luck, I know a thing or two about motorbikes."

Salim hearing the first sentence could not believe his bad luck but this feeling was somewhat overturned by what followed.

"I'm Nidhi by the way", Says the woman in red as she marches towards Salim's bike. "Nice to meet you Nidhi. I'm Salim." Says the man as he smiles.

Nidhi inspects the exposed engine of Salim's bike for a while after which she removes a small part which fits her hand. She examines it momentarily after which she takes something out of it and inserts it right back.

"That should do it, go try starting it now. There was something stuck in your spark plug." Says Nidhi.



# Fiction

Salim quickly gets back on his bike and kicks, hoping the engine starts. “You certainly do, know a thing or two. Thank you so much.” Says Salim in an excited tone. “I’m glad I was able to help you, my father runs an automobile repair shop. I’ve learnt a thing or two watching him.” Says Nidhi as she starts to walk back.

“Are you waiting for someone? This area really isn’t safe at this time of night, maybe I could drop you?” Says Salim worryingly. “It’s something like that, you don’t need to worry about me. I know these roads like the back of my hand, been stuck here for way too long. I’ll be fine though your worry is appreciated. People should help each other in areas such as these, I noticed you were slightly awkward when your bike came to a stop earlier. You must’ve thought I was scared. Well I kind of was. Thank you for your thoughtfulness, we need more people like you. Always stay like this and don’t hesitate to offer your help” Says Nidhi as she shoots Salim a bright smile.

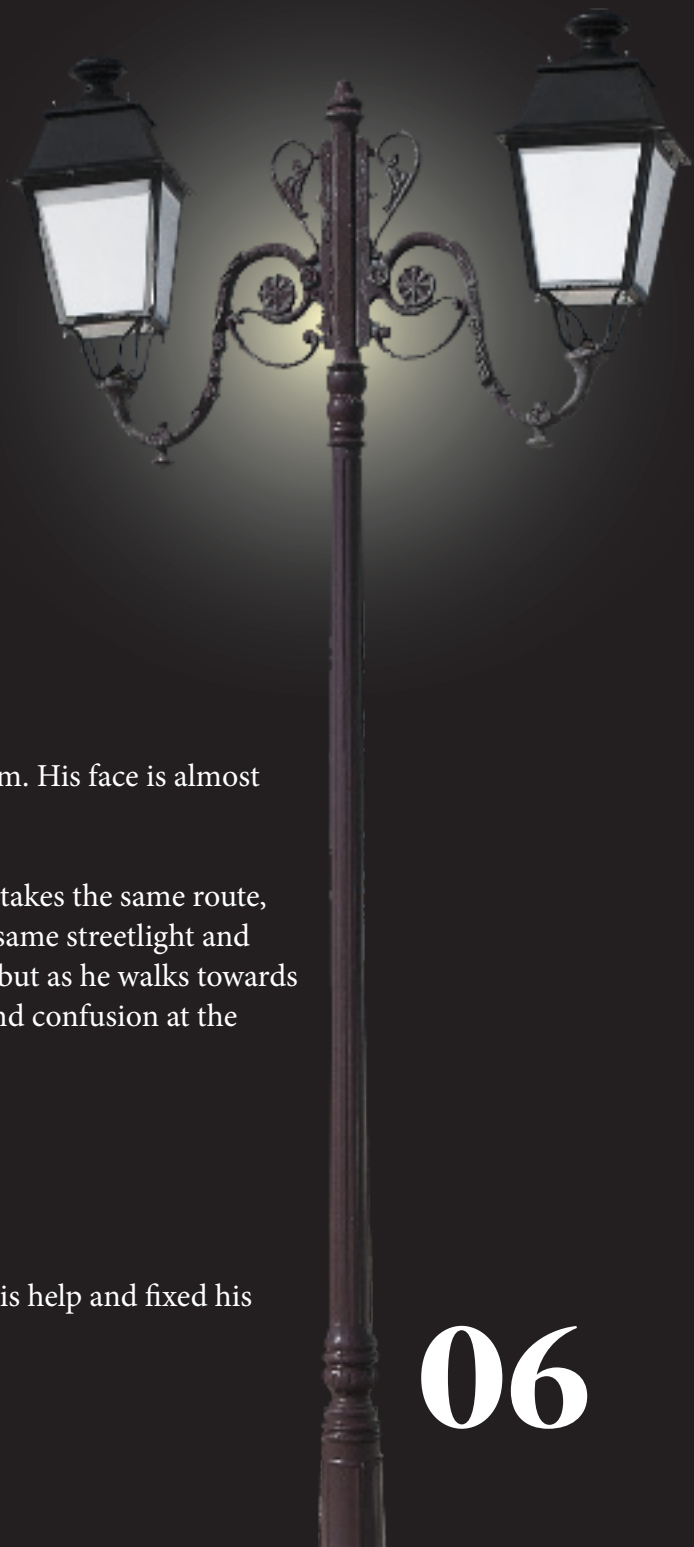
“Ahhhh I hoped you wouldn’t notice my awkwardness but yeah I was slightly uncertain to approach you for obvious reasons. I do thank you for your kind words, I did what any person should do and I’ll make sure to keep your advice in mind. Well I’d love to stay and chat but I gotta go to work tomorrow morning and the boss is already out for my head. This was a very pleasant encounter. Thank you again for your help.” Says Salim as he drives off. Nidhi shoots him another smile and soon she is out of his view.

He reaches his home and falls on his bed as sleep takes him. His face is almost plagued by a smile due to this recent encounter.

The next morning, Salim leaves for work. He deliberately takes the same route, maybe wanting to see Nidhi. As he drives, he notices the same streetlight and stops right by it. His intention was reminiscing last night but as he walks towards the pole, his face morphs into one radiating pure dread and confusion at the same time if that was humanly possible.

He had noticed a poster,  
MISSING- Nidhi Tripaathi,  
Last seen - 27 April, 2007. Seemalpur

The woman he had met last night, one which refused to his help and fixed his bike had been missing for almost a decade.



# belirsizlik

## *Hadi Imtiyaz, Class IX*

Belir was reading a newspaper at a local café alone. He had ordered the most expensive coffee they had to offer. He was looking at the ad section of the newspaper and circling things he was planning to buy. Dressed up quite nicely, he seemed like a person from a wealthy family. A strange man randomly sat in front of him. They were sitting face-to-face with each other. He gave the man a weird look, clearly implying that Belir was reading a newspaper at a local café alone. “You have been chosen!!” says the strange man in an artificial, excited tone. “Dude, don’t waste your time, I am not interested,” replied Belir. Totally ignoring Belir’s response, the man continued, “You have the chance to live the best year of your life!!”

“What is this? Another lucky draw to win a trip to um, Maldives or something?”

“Sure, you can go wherever,” says the man excitedly.

“I’m a little lost here, explain.”

“okay! You, sir, have been given the chance to live the best year of your life!”

“Yeah, yeah whatever”

“if you agree, you will be provided with everything.”

“Agree to what?”

“one condition”

“What condition?”

“death”

Belir gives the man a look of nonchalant surprise. He was not taking the man seriously.

“death?” “Yes sir, death. At the end of your year, after you’ve lived your best life and fulfilled everything you ever wanted to do, you will have to die.” “Why do you think I would agree to that?”

“Because, sir, I know you don’t have enough money to pay for the coffee you have ordered.” Belir was stunned. His whole rich man act had been caught by this weird man.

His face turns pale, and he’s very scared. He realised that this man was not joking.

“how-how do you know that?” “so sir, have you decided?”

“Here’s your coffee sir” says the waiter as he puts the coffee on the table. the strange man puts some money on the table and says, “I’ll come again tomorrow, I hope that you will have decided by then.” he gives Belir a smile and leaves. Belir is in total and utter shock. He doesn’t even drink the coffee and instantly leaves. He rushes back to his apartment. It was a very unhygienic place. Stinky, small, and dark.

Belir sits on his bed, contemplating accepting the deal. He is overburdened with bills, and he steals for a living. It seems like the perfect way for him to live the life he dreams of. He doesn’t mind dying since he has no friends or family.

\*zzz zzz, zzz, ZZZ\*

Belir looks back and notices it’s his phone that was making the noise. He glances at the phone, the landlord is calling it, it says on the screen.

“Wake up love, it’s time for school,” says sizlik. “10 more minutes, papa.” replies his daughter.

“No, no no, we don’t have enough time, you’ll be late.”

He says this as he picks up his daughter in his arms and takes her to the kitchen for breakfast. He sits down at the table with his daughter. He had prepared oats today. “i don’t want to eat this papa”

“i know love, but it’s good for you, come on finish it quickly.”

While his daughter was eating her breakfast, he heard a knock on the door. He thought it was the newspaperman and shouted, “I’m coming!” He opened the door and to his surprise, it was not the newspaper man.

It was him, the strange man. "Good morning sir, I have an offer for you" he says in the same fake, robotic happy tone.

"what?" "Yes sir, an offer."

"wha-what offer? If this is about some low interest loan policy, please leave me alone. I am already drowning in debt. I don't want any more liabilities. You have the chance to live the best year of your life". He replies while ignoring sizlik's concerns.

Sizlik annoyedly asks, "How so?"

"If you agree, you will be provided with everything." "Agree to what?"

"one condition"

"What condition?"

"death"

"I have a daughter and enough experience being scammed to listen to your bullshit" shouts sizlik as he slams the door shut and goes back to his daughter. He makes his daughter ready for school and himself for work as well. They both leave together. he always dropped his daughter off to school. As he was locking the door of his apartment, he noticed an envelope on the floor. He picked it up. On the front side, it said "use it as bus fee for your daughter" and on the back side "consider the proposal". He opened the envelope, pocketed the cash, and threw the envelope in the trash can.

Belir was again sitting at the same table, at the same café, wearing the same clothes. He was eagerly waiting for the man. "Would you like some coffee, sir?" asked the waiter,

"Yes, please, espresso." "Alright, sir, anything else?"

"um, a croissant...chocolate-filled."

"Great choice, sir. Give me 10 minutes."

The man is here. He sits again in the same spot. Belir asks him, " Would you like some coffee?"

"Yes or no sir?"

Belir does not answer.

"Yes or no?"

Belir takes a deep breath and replies, "Yes, I understand," says the man as he gets up and leaves.

(11 months and 29 days later)

Sir, sir wake up" says butler John.

"Your bed-tea is here sir"

"Thank you, John," replies Belir in a sleepy voice, and he asks the butler to bring him the newspaper.

The butler returns with the newspaper and says, "Sir, there's a man at the door. He's asking for you. He's, uh talking about some deal. What should I tell him?" Belir thought for a while and then ordered, "John, I want you to get security and get that man off my property immediately!"

"On it sir" says John while handing Belir the newspaper. Belir is now sitting on his sofa, a little tense. Waiting for John to come with news about the man.

He hears footsteps. "John?" he calls out loud. "JOHNNY?" The call gets louder. The sound of footsteps is getting closer and closer. "John-" before Belir could complete his word, the man walked in himself wearing a gas mask.

"Sir, a deal is a deal," declared the man as the room filled up with smoke.

Belir wakes up in a hospital. He finds it difficult to move. He realizes that his condition is very bad. He is potentially living out his last hours. He does not want to die. He is thinking to himself that he should not have taken the deal.

"Hello?" somebody says from the bed right beside him. There was a curtain dividing the two beds. "Yes?" replies Belir.

Yes?" replies Belir.

"How long have you got left?" "i don't know, a few hours at most."

"Oh," replies the man. "You know, once, a strange man approached me," says the man. "He had offered me the best year of my life. I regret not taking it." Belir wants to see the man, but does not have the strength to draw the curtains. The man continues, "Anyway, what's your name?"

"Belir, and yours?"

"Sizlik"

# Philosophy

## EMBRACING NOTHINGNESS

*Najm ul Sehr*  
*Class XII*

In life's cinematic masterpiece, the protagonist perches on a park bench, deep in existential pondering, as pigeons plot a daring bread heist. In this desolate scene, the pursuit of truth and stolen crumbs collide, leaving us spellbound and craving more. Sometimes, we simply need to get up from our desks and leave our importantly futile tasks behind us — embracing the spirit of our beloved protagonist within ourselves. In a society intoxicated by the allure of success and achievement, we find ourselves lost in a labyrinth of endless aspirations. But, dear readers, what if the true essence of existence lies not in the relentless chase, but in the quiet moments of respite? What if, by embracing nothingness, we uncover the extraordinary within the ordinary, and experience the symphony of life's whimsical details? Imagine a world where the pursuit of grandeur is but a whimsical mirage, shimmering on the distant horizon. It is in the vast expanse of nothingness that we discover the true treasures of simplicity. Rather than succumbing to the pressures of societal expectations, we liberate ourselves from the shackles of success and failure, and dive headfirst into a waltz with the sublime art of doing absolutely nothing. As we embark on this journey, let us draw inspiration from the unconventional minds that have dared to question the status quo. They remind us that life is not a linear path to be conquered, but a wild adventure to be savored. In the words of the great Salvador Dalí, "Have no fear of perfec-

tion – you'll never reach it." So why not embrace the quirks and imperfections, and immerse

ourselves in the delightful randomness of it all? In this enchanting realm of nothingness, the everyday moments take on a new brilliance. The simple act of savoring a cup of 'kahwa' becomes a ballet of flavors on our tongues, while gazing at the stars turns into a cosmic escapade across the vast expanse of the universe. It is amidst silence and stillness that we unlock the door to a profound connection with ourselves and the world around us. But let us not mistake the pursuit of nothingness for a descent into nihilistic despair.



No, my dear readers, it is an invitation to celebrate the absurdity, to thrive in the futility, and to dance joyously amidst the chaos of life. It is a call to cherish the small moments, the inconsequential details that make life worth living. For in the grand tapestry of existence, it is often the tiniest threads that hold the most profound truths. So, let us cast off the weight of grandiose facades and ambitions, and engage in a delightful rebellion against the never-ending pursuit of external validation. Let us cherish the stolen moments of idleness, where we can unapologetically abask in the beauty of doing nothing and rediscover the magic that resides in life's simplest pleasures.

Let us find delight in the simplest of pleasures, like the delicate dance of a soap bubble in the air, the dampening of our sweater sleeves when we wash our hands in winter, the soiling of our perfectly polished black shoes on those hazy school mornings, the grand entrance of that one frightening bee in our quiet classroom, the burnt sides of our paneer, the bumps in our carpets, the particles of dust preserved between our keyboard keys, and the slight taste of meat in our fridge-kept butter after Eid. One might argue that most of these aren't "pleasures" in the least, but rather torturous ordeals. To that, I'd advise the readers to simply pay no heed, to perch themselves on a park bench, deep in existential thought (like a certain someone).

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# CARELESSNESS

*Zaynab Shabir*  
*Class VI*

## *THE ULTIMATE ANSWER*

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Since the very beginning, dangers have surrounded plant and animal life on this planet Earth. Most of the dangers are known by the name of accidents. There are certain questions that arise when we hear the word accident. For instance, 'How do they happen?'; 'Who is to blame for an accident?'; 'Why do they happen?'. The ultimate answer to all these questions is carelessness. Because of carelessness, accidents can happen anytime, anywhere. Even in normal situations, such as walking on the road and surfing the web. Yes, you read that right, surfing on the web. With the development of the web, we can connect to people even on the other side of the world through simple processes. This makes our world a Global Village. Besides having many advantages, The World Wide Web exposes us to many dangers that lead to mental illness and sometimes financial crises. It is full of hackers who can extract one's personal details, bank data, and other sensitive information. Technology could also be used to spread false information about another person in order to irritate him/her. Some people, especially children, fall victim to Cyber Bullying. The best instance that could be given is the making of memes. Also, there are many cases where large sums of money are stolen from a person's account only

with the help of a four-digit code. Most of the time, money is stolen from a person's account by offering him free lottery tickets, vacations, a new car, etc. The police can help the victim, but usually it is difficult to trace the hacker. These days, making online friends without even knowing them has increased by a huge percentage. A survey conducted by Pew Research Center in 2015 states that more than 61% boys and 52% girls, especially teenagers, are involved in online friendships. This is a very serious matter, as it adversely affects one's social behavior and emotional connections. In worst case scenarios, online friends usually blackmail a person, leading to depression and anxiety. However, all this suffering could be avoided by being careful. Usernames and passwords should be strong. They should not be shared. Also, a person should avoid making contact with strangers. If a person is a victim of cyberbullying, he must ensure that an expert or elder is informed at once. This would prevent the situation from getting out of hand. The best way to avoid such trouble is to block and report the unknown number from which one is receiving messages. If one is careful when dealing with things, he will be able to stay safe and protected in any situation.

# Psychology

## THE WHOLE IS GREATER THAN THE SUM OF ITS PARTS

What elementary concepts did you struggle with? What gross misconceptions did you hold? Look back at your past self. Are you the same person you were four years ago? Will you be the same after reading this essay?

According to the scientists at the Weizmann Institute of Science, Rehovot, every day, approximately 330 billion cells are replaced in our body, which is about 1 % of the total cell count. Thirty trillion cells, including those in the bones, get replenished within 7 to 10 years, which, suggestively, could form an entirely new body.

The human brain can rewire itself. Various stimuli and experiences have the potential to connect new neurons; and change our brain's default mode of operation. This leads to structural neuroplasticity, which can be described as a set of permanent changes in synapses due to learning and development which alter the brain's physical structure.

If the cells of a human body are constantly dying and regenerating, and the brain permutes every time after absorbing new information, then that should distort the concept of a stable, singular "Self." We are building and rebuilding ourselves every moment, like stars expanding in a far-off galaxy. Picture yourself as a ship with thirty planks in ancient Athens, built by someone called Theseus. Every time one of your planks starts to rot, the Athenians replace it with newer, stronger wood, such that you manage to stay afloat for hundreds of years; up until the time of Demetrius Phalereus. In due course, each of your planks has been swapped, and the entirety of your being is something it never was before.

Philosophers have been debating, for centuries now, over whether or not the things that grow change over time. Greek philosopher, Plutarch doubts whether the ship would endure if it were fully replaced piece by piece. Thomas Hobbes, a philosopher, added a new conundrum by speculating about what would happen if the orig-

inal planks were collected after they had been replaced and used to construct a second ship. He further enquired as to which vessel—if any—would be the original Ship of Theseus.

Our idea of 'Self' evolves and is shaped by our experiences, connections, relationships, literature, cinema, music, and folklore. These factors, like the Athenians, pluck apart our concepts, ideals, thoughts, perceptions, and reason, and mould them into the new planks of our identity. There's a duality here and you get to choose which self you pick. You can choose to pin your energies into holding on to the idea of whom you thought you were, like some sort of a sunk-cost fallacy. Or you can embrace whoever you've become till now.

People are caught up in fulfilling the prophecies of their past selves. If they aren't able to fulfill the prophecies of their past selves. If they aren't able to fulfill their childhood dreams, they consider it a betrayal; and are doomed to mourn their present, which often isn't as bad as it seems— just different from what they had imagined it to be.

Letting guilt take over your being because you couldn't keep the promises you made as an eleven-year-old or fixating on a profession you decided for yourself when you were six is basically seeing life and living it for the sake of a metaphysical entity that is just about fictional. You don't need to hate your past selves. You cannot alter what has already altered itself. But what you can do is not carry the weight of their decisions into your tomorrows. What you can do is make peace with yourself.

After all, you won't be who you were today like you aren't who you were yesterday. You'll have the same conversation in a distinct future where your present being is your past. You do not owe anything to your past self.

After all, you are a Ship of Theseus. Aren't we all a Ship of Theseus?

# THE INDIAN EDUCATION SYSTEM

*Falak Naaz, Class X*



In scientific terms, education stands to be the modification of behaviour in a desirable direction or controlled environment. But sadly this is not what is being focused upon in education in today's fast-moving world. To be more precise education has become more of a rat race for students rather than a forum where one can grasp ideas and concepts to be prepared for the tests life has kept in store, education has had the goal of improving a person's well-being and mending them in a way which is judicious and appropriate.

What makes students dislike studies, is the way it is taught, schools and other institutions focus more on the result and outcome instead of concept clarifications; which are most needed to qualify for a high aptitude test. When the notions and theory remain undefined and lack conceptualization, parents send their children to other institutions after school which increases the mental and social pressure on students. We, students, spend most of our time in schools where we only study. The expectations from others to "become the best" puts a student under unimaginable and intense stress. A constant fear of meeting up to the standards and expectations forced upon them makes a student experience anxiety, and fear and sometimes it takes the form of depression. It was estimated that over 12,500 students committed suicide in 2020, equivalent to over 34 a day.

Having said all this, it is not the fault of the schools alone but of us as a society. We have transformed education in such a way that only promotes cramming and passing with flying colours is what is being acknowledged. As the world is transitioning and developing rapidly, it has become essential to focus not only on academics but more on extracurricular activities as they sharpen and mend our imagination to make ourselves better and self-sufficient. As Albert Einstein said, "The true sign of intelligence is not knowledge, but imagination."

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## THE VEILED REBECCA

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In the heart of Hyderabad, India, there's a museum called Salar Jung Museum that holds a truly breathtaking piece of art known as the Veiled Rebecca statue.

Created by an Italian sculptor named Giovanni Maria Benconi in the 19th century, this statue has become famous for its beauty and air of mystery, attracting visitors from all around the world.

The statue is made of pure marble and stands at about 58 inches tall. Benconi's incredible talent is evident in the fine folds of the veil and the delicate facial features of the woman. The marble used gives the statue a soft and enchanting look that makes it even more captivating.

The statue's veiled appearance holds symbolic meaning, representing the hidden and mysterious aspects of human emotions. When you look at the statue, it invites you to think about the complex thoughts and feelings that lie beneath the surface.

The Veiled Rebecca statue is one of the most treasured artworks displayed at Salar Jung Museum. Visiting the museum gives you a chance to explore and appreciate the diverse cultural heritage of India, as well as marvel at the beauty and craftsmanship of this extraordinary sculpture.

This sculpture serves as a timeless reminder of the depth of human emotions and the everlasting impact of art. If you have the opportunity, make sure to visit the museum and witness the mesmerizing beauty of this remarkable artwork.



# PROSE ON THE PALETTE

*Saqlain Beig*

## *Ophelia*

Painted between 1851-1852, “Ophelia”, is John Everett Millais’s picturization of the scene of Ophelia’s death from Shakespear’s “Hamlet”.

In the story, described by Queen Gertrude in Act 4 Scene 7, Ophelia is collecting flowers on the sides of a stream, when she slips and falls into it.

In the painting, she is seen singing while floating with the flowers before she drowns. Millais is said to have explored diverse themes – from life and death, to love and nature – with this fairly popular literary scene. Even the flowers visible can be considered as individual symbols. The poppy, for example, depicts death; while the daisies are a symbol of innocence.



## DALI'S TAKE ON WONDERLAND



“Alice in Wonderland” is a series of Dali’s less talked about works; inspired by Lewis Carroll’s famous novel of the same name. Throughout the series, Dali creates a spark from Carroll’s dreamy themes in the novel. Both men are known for creating worlds where absurdity is the aesthetic and beauty.

The work was commissioned by an editor at Random House for Dali to paint twelve frontispieces and an illustration for each chapter. Portraying innocence, naivety, and femininity, Dali has painted a silhouette of Alice playing with a jump-rope in every one of the paintings.

This crossover of geniuses resulted in an adored series of artistic artefacts; and it is obvious that Carroll’s work and Dali’s art style compliment each other like nothing else.

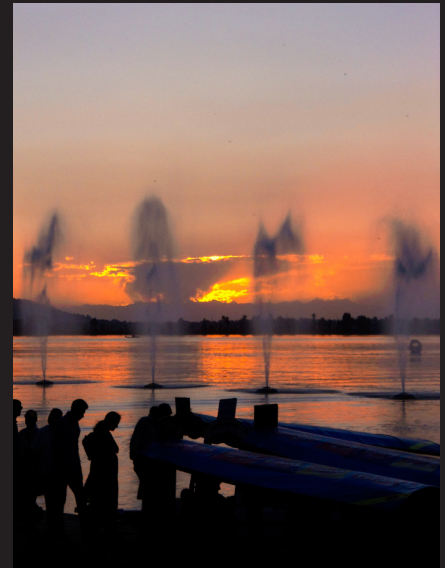
# *Student*



*Nailah Kuchey, Class IX*

# Showcase 16

*Rabab Zehra, Class XII*



*Mir Sawood,  
Class VIII*



*Saqlain Beig*

*Asad Subail  
Shah, Class XI*



## BREAKING BARRIERS

Social Justice isn't the talk of the town but rather the world. Throughout the world, this word/movement has manifested itself in various forms. In South America it is reconciliation after the long dictatorial regimes, In Africa it is dealing with the messed up margins drawn by the Europeans, In the global north it is a struggle for equity both in an economic and non-economic sense and emancipation for people of colour, sexual minorities and "women". In the Indian Sub-continent social justice is an all-encompassing movement targeting basic human dignity and equity for all whilst dealing with some more indigenous issues at hand.

Since time immemorial, The Indian sub-continent has been gripped by the disease that is caste/Varna. Critics might argue that Varnas, aren't lineages, but categories, correlating to the precedence of conduct in determining a Varna instead of birth. During ancient times caste was a extremely fluid identity but that doesn't take away from the fact that caste in its more contemporary form was vicious and rigid due multiplicity of reasons. One big reason for this change in fluidity is the colonial government that India was under. The colonial overlords saw India as the crown jewel of the empire but they never were interested in examining the crown jewel. The colonists proposed bogus diluted theories regarding the ethnicity of the natives, creating a binary. These binaries were further visible in the education and social system of the country. The colonists created lists of people categorizing them as "martial", "Non-Martial" or even "Intellectual" inculcating their castes as deciding factors making caste permanent. Caste during the colonial era played a massive role in job prospects and opportunities. Nonetheless we can say that the problem of caste was aggravated by the British yet it remains a truly INDIAN PROBLEM

In colonial India, opposition to caste wasn't colossal but it can't be ignored too. The father of the Indian Renaissance Raja Ram Mohan Roy stood up against caste later on, social reformers like Jyotirao Phule continued his legacy. The biggest dent in the hegemonic caste system came in the form of Baba Saheb Ambedkar. Throughout his life, he experienced the scourge of caste. In 1932 in the form of a political truce between Gandhi and Baba Saheb came the Poona Pact which guaranteed reserved seats in the imperial council for the depressed castes.

Even the darkest night ends, so did the empire on which the sun never set. The new polity of India faced a big dilemma in front of them how to address the question of caste. How to create a nation out of lineages who feud, villages which are divided and people which have never been a people? Baba Saheb Ambedkar in his infamous speech "The Annihilation of caste" said that:

*"Caste is not a physical object like a wall of bricks or a line of barbed wire which prevents the Hindus from commingling and which has, therefore, to be pulled down. Caste is a notion; it is a state of mind. The destruction of caste does not therefore mean the destruction of a physical barrier. It means a notional change."*

"I am convinced that the real remedy is intermarriage. Fusion of blood can alone create the feeling of being kith and kin, and unless this feeling of kinship, of being kindred, becomes paramount"

The view of Ambedkar was reflected throughout the constitution. India banned caste discrimination in 1948 and enshrined that policy in the Constitution in 1950. The Constitution was formed on the assertion that caste can only be treated through affirmative action. India enacted various laws allowing the state to create policies for the upliftment of the underprivileged

During the Post-Independence era, people from various caste backgrounds were in the government yet equality wasn't still achieved. Even after the enforcement of laws promoting equality hate crimes targeting a specific caste were rampant. Let it be the Kilvenmani Massacre (1968) which occurred in Tamil Nadu, where 44 Dalit agricultural labourers were brutally killed by landlords or The Belchi Massacre (1977) that took place in Bihar, where 11 Dalits were killed. After independence, a new phenomenon of "castelessness" started to develop as the dominant castes need not produce any certification for their caste giving an impression of being caste free.

After the economic liberalization of 1992. The country progressed economically but this economic growth wasn't equal. The dominant caste groups are less than 30% of the total population of India. Still, 41% of the total wealth in India is held by members of dominant castes, 93% of boardrooms are still constituted by upper-caste Hindus and All the top 121 positions in Indian newsrooms are held by people of prominent castes. The dominant caste also possesses a huge presence in multi-media. As discussed above the casteless character is nothing but a representation of the dominant upper caste to whom their caste doesn't matter. According to findings by Indian Development Survey 1 in 4 individuals still practice casteism. This defen- starts the idea that caste is not prevalent in modern India.

Politicians in India have styled themselves as crusaders against casteism yet they have been criticized for viewing people merely as vote banks and trying to pander to them via the means of freebies. Nowadays we are witnessing activism to achieve social justice at the hands of students and young people. This onslaught to the old hierarchical setup is in view of the measures that Ambedkar acquired in the 1950s. On 14 October 1956, Ambedkar converted to Buddhism, along with close to 3,65,000 of his followers in Nagpur. The current brand of activists models this act of defiance as their gold mark. Today criticism of the varna system is fierce and even doesn't leave behind scriptures which promote such ideas. As Meena Kandasamy in her poem, Aggression stated that

*Ours is a silence  
that waits. Endlessly waits.*

*And then, unable to bear it  
any further, it breaks into wails.*

*But not all suppressed reactions  
end in our bemoaning the tragedy.*

*Sometimes,  
the outward signals  
of inward struggles takes colossal forms  
And the revolution happens because our dreams explode.*

*Most of the time:*

*Aggression is the best kind of trouble-shooting.*

# HOUR GLASS

**May 2, 2011**

U.S. Special Operations Forces killed Osama bin Laden during a raid on his secret compound in Abbottabad, Pakistan

**June 6, 1944**

D-Day, the Allied invasion of Normandy during World War II, commences, marking a significant turning point in the war against Nazi Germany

**May 21, 1991**

Former Indian Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi was assassinated in the midst of a re-election campaign, killed by a bomb hidden in a bouquet of flowers.

**MAY**

**Karl Marx**  
(Born- May 5, 1818  
Died- March 14, 1883)

German philosopher, economist, and political theorist who co-authored "The Communist Manifesto" and wrote "Das Kapital," foundational works in socialist theory

**June 28, 1914**

The assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria in Sarajevo, ultimately leading to the outbreak of World War I

**May 14, 1948**

The state of Israel is officially established

**Anne Frank**

*(Born- June 12, 1929*

*Died- February/  
March 1945)*

German-born Jewish diarist, whose diary "The Diary of a Young Girl" documented her experiences hiding from the Nazis during World War II.

**July 4, 1776**

The United States Declaration of Independence is adopted, proclaiming the American colonies' separation from Great Britain and the birth of a new nation

**July 26, 1953**

The Cuban Revolution concludes with the successful overthrow of Cuban dictator Fulgen-  
cio Batista, leading to the rise of Fidel Castro and the establishment of a socialist government

**JUNE**

**JULY**

**July 20, 1969**

Apollo 11's lunar module lands on the Moon, and Neil Armstrong becomes the first person to walk on its surface, marking a major milestone in human space exploration.

**June 19, 1865**

Juneteenth is celebrated as the day marking the effective end of slavery in the United States

**Nikola Tesla**

*(Born- July 10, 1856*

*Died- January 7, 1943)*

American inventor, electrical engineer, and physicist who made significant contributions to the development of alternating current (AC) electrical systems and numerous other inventions.

# Technology

## NVIDIA'S TRILLION DOLLAR JOURNEY

If you follow finance, there is one name you must have heard recently: Nvidia. The company went from \$300 billion in market capitalisation to \$1 trillion in less than seven months. Market capitalisation is the total value of all the shares of a company. In essence, it is the value of a company that investors determine. A question thereby arises: Why do people value Nvidia so much?

The primary reason for such a massive rise is Nvidia's investments in AI. Nvidia primarily designs what are called graphics processing units (GPUs) - computer devices that work in addition to central processing units (CPUs), and are used to accelerate computer graphics and image processing.

The company is credited to have created the world's first dedicated GPU, the GeForce 256, in 1999. The GeForce 256 was a revolutionary product that played a vital role in shaping gaming and graphics as we know it today.

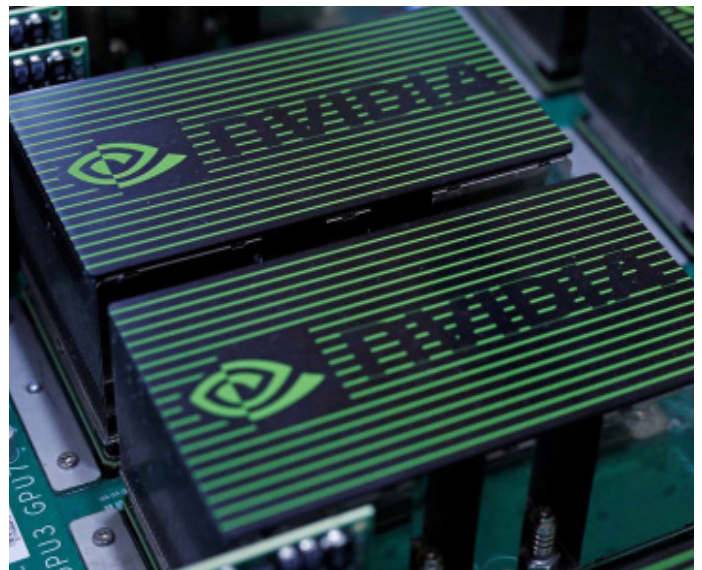
Nvidia continued to focus primarily on the gaming market till the mid-2000s. However, this would change in 2006 when a group of scientists at Stanford University found that the method of processing GPUs used, parallel processing, could also be used to perform general-purpose tasks. Parallel processing involves dividing tasks into sub-tasks and executing them simultaneously, making GPUs more efficient at performing repetitive tasks, such as training neural networks than traditional CPUs. Jensen Huang, the CEO of Nvidia, realised the potential of GPUs beyond computer graphics. In light of this realisation, he decided to invest in AI. The company introduced Compute Unified Device Architecture (CUDA), CUDA was a platform which allowed developers to leverage the power of Nvidia GPUs for AI and machine learning tasks. This revolutionised the field of AI by enabling researchers and developers to train and run AI models at sig-

nificantly faster speeds using GPUs. In 2018, the firm launched the RTX series of GPUs with dedicated "tensor cores" to accelerate AI tasks even further, alongside a campaign to increase AI adoption in video games.

As evidenced today, Nvidia's investments in AI proved to be successful. For instance, AlexNet - a revolutionary deep-learning algorithm which could easily identify and label pictures - was designed on two Nvidia GPUs.

Perhaps the best example of the success of Nvidia in AI is ChatGPT. ChatGPT is the most widely used form of modern AI and was trained using 10,000 Nvidia A100 GPUs.

Some criticise Nvidia's rise to the trillion-dollar club as being "random". However, the ascent of this company has been anything but random. Huang saw a potential market more than 15 years ago and invested in it consistently with no promise of returns. His company found itself to have a golden opportunity and made better use of it than any of its competitors could.





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# *Digital Detox*

## FINDING BALANCE IN THE DIGITAL WORLD

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*Sara Masoodi, Class IX*

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# CLASSROOM VS DIGITAL LEARNING: *WHERE IS EDUCATION HEADED?*

*Mohammad Hammad, Class XI*

The education system is currently going through a transformation. For centuries, mankind has used the traditional book-and-pen formula to teach its young. This system now faces a formidable contender - the computer. Will it spell the death of books and classroom education as we know it? Let's take a look at the future prospects of education.

Digital learning got its big break in the 2010s, with schools in developed countries spending millions on acquiring laptops and tablets for their students. Some schools have even transitioned to a predominantly electronic-based education system, with minimal reliance on pen and paper.

The advantages of digital learning are clearly evident - immense storage capabilities, instant access to information, and the flexibility of self-paced learning. Students can revisit previous lectures without inconveniencing their teachers or fearing embarrassment in front of peers. Computer graphics allow for the visualisation of complex 3D models of anything from chemical bond shapes to buildings and cars.

However, digital learning still faces several technical challenges. Internet speeds have been a major hurdle to digital learning. While 100+ megabit connections have become quite common, many people still don't have access to reliable and fast internet. Another issue is technical illiteracy. Most people can't effectively troubleshoot simple issues on computers, leading to decreased usage of e-learning platforms.

Moreover, classroom learning has certain advantages that digital learning just can't match... yet. For instance, studies have shown that comprehension is better when people read off paper rather than a screen. The United States Department of Education found a significant decline in grades during the pandemic, with students reporting virtual classes as less engaging, lacking peer interaction, and often poorly administered. While some of these issues can be attributed to teething problems due to a sudden change in the mode of learning, several others aren't easily solvable and come as part of the package. So, this begs the question - which way of learning wins?

Digital and classroom learning aren't meant to compete but rather complement each other. Until recently, digital learning has served merely as an extension of physical classrooms, falling short of its full potential. An ideal education system can be created by integrating both digital and classroom learning in a way that their strengths are capitalised upon, and their flaws mitigated.





# Literature

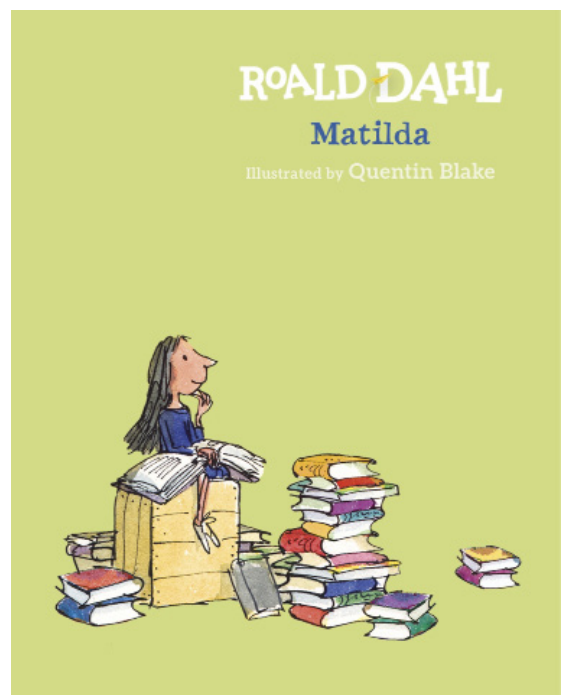
# GAASH

Bazilab Kirmani,  
Class X  
Fatima Jahangir,  
Class IX

## JUNIOR ————— BOOK RECOMMENDATIONS

***“She has the same glacial beauty of an iceberg, but unlike the iceberg she has absolutely nothing below the surface.”***

This book is a story about a girl named Matilda and how she stands up against the wrongdoings happening with her and people from her surroundings. In the book we see the use of cruelty by authority figures on the weak and powerless and how Matilda didn't let obstacles to stop her at the end of the day. Matilda as a character is a strong, brave protagonist who understands the value of being honest and who teaches us that it isn't necessary that people in authority can keep us safe. Matilda plays many interesting pranks using her knowledge. Want to know more about her and her experiences? Check out Matilda by Roald Dahl.

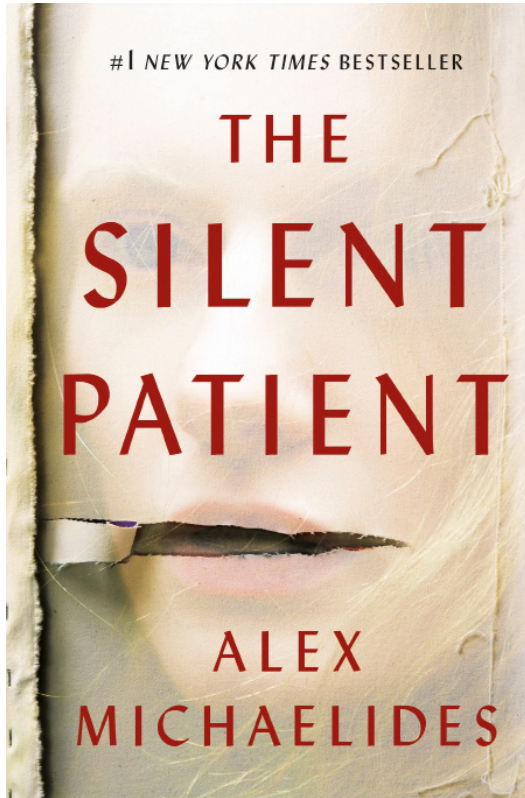


***“Pride is more than the first of the seven deadly sins, it is itself the essence of all sin.”***

The protagonist of the story is 11-year-old Nelson who is in search of his sister Celeste—who has disappeared. In order to find her, their parents leave Nelson with their uncle in St. Paul's Cathedral where he comes across a machine which draws out 7 deadly sins from his soul in the form of questionable creatures. These monsters help him make a plan to save his sister which according to them will surely work (probably). Curious to see if the plan worked? Check out The Deadly 7 by Garth Jennings.



# SENIOR ——— BOOK RECOMMENDATIONS



***“Unexpressed emotions will never die. They are buried alive, and will come forth later, in uglier ways.”***

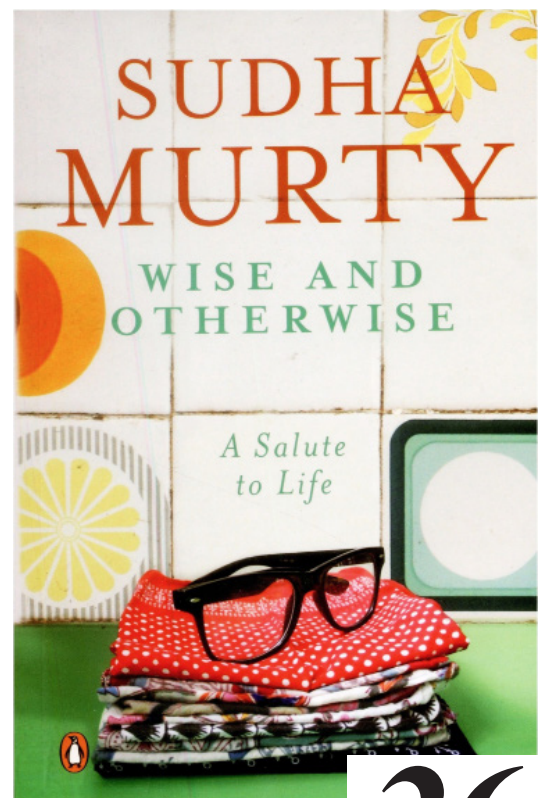
*Genre: Fiction, Psychological Thriller, Murder Mystery, Dramatic Suspense*

On the 25th of August, Alicia Berenson, a 33-year-old artist, shot her loving husband several times in the face and never spoke a word again. Six years later, Theo Faber, a psychotherapist, becomes determined to make her speak and understand why she committed such an act and what led her into silence. In this gripping psychological thriller, Alex Michaelides sweeps the reader into a world of past traumas, shattered dreams, and failed expectations, exploring their profound effects on the human psyche. Brace yourself for a story as astonishing and jaw-dropping as it is heart-breaking.

***“If you try to please everyone, you will please no one. It is impossible to lead your life for others’ happiness.”***

*Genre: Non-Fiction, Collection of Anecdotes*

In ‘Wise and Otherwise’, Sudha Murthy recounts brief yet powerful incidents from her life — experiences that have shaped her and her perception of people and life itself. With each story, the author deftly poses questions, both for herself and the reader, provoking introspection and contemplation. This captivating book portrays the myriad shades of life, shining a light on the flaws in people while also showcasing the inherent goodness in them. Some stories will challenge your faith in humanity, while others will reignite it. Through her experiences and encounters, the author explores the complexities of life and human nature. Get ready to be enthralled by the wisdom and insights this book has to offer!



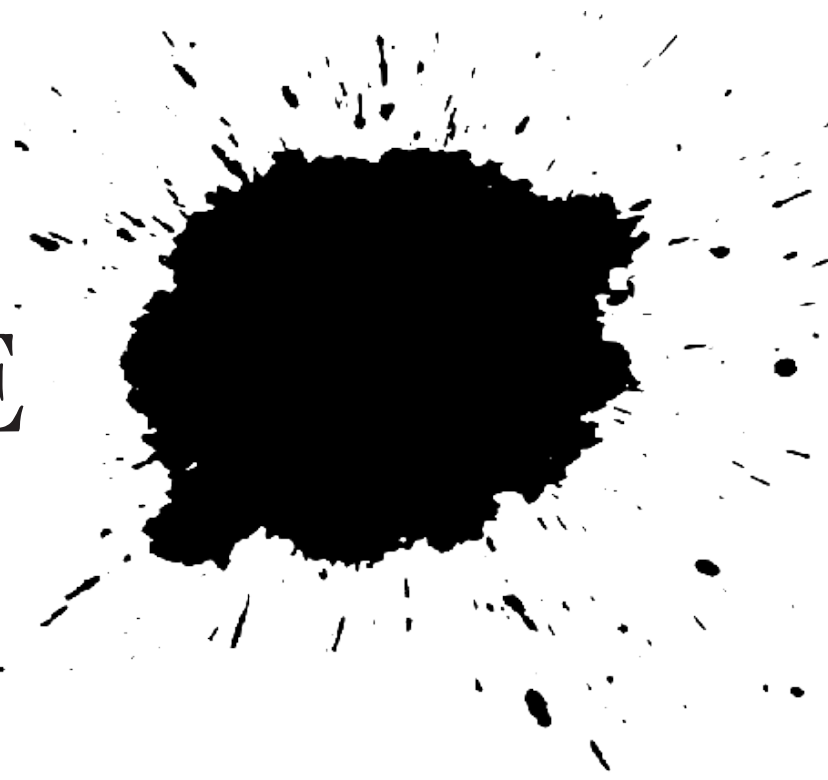
# Poetry

*This poem was written by Zainab Bilal, a specially abled student of class sixth, from the Special Education Needs Department*

A teacher who's more than just a guide  
With wisdom, knowledge, and a heart so wide  
A mentor who shows us what's right  
And leads us to a future so bright  
With patience, kindness, and a gentle hand  
You help us understand and take a stand  
For the things that matter, for what's true  
And help us see the world, anew  
You make learning a joy, a delight  
And teach us to always do what's right  
With laughter and love, you make each day  
A journey we're proud to be on in every way  
So here's a thank you, from the bottom of our hearts  
For being a teacher who truly imparts  
Wisdom, kindness, and love so rare  
And a future so bright, beyond compare  
Thank you, dear teacher, for all you do  
For inspiring us and seeing us through  
We are forever grateful, now and always  
For having a teacher like you in our lives.



# A LETHE OF *INK*



For it to rain ink  
And blot out the Earth  
To be sown, and dug out  
Not seeing a chance to sprout  
A thousand times, a thousand tries  
To behold that pained countenance  
Looking for a spark –  
Smoke's too rancid  
It just fuels hate  
And bearing thought of the minutes  
Forever whisking away,  
Fading, fading, gone!  
To never come back again  
And the push of thought  
For that careworn quill  
To be worn out more  
And though it may not be,  
The heavens pause  
They don't drain ink  
There's enough in one's head  
To blot out that spark forever

*- Ahmad Abrar Giri, Class IX*

# SUMMER PLAYLIST

*Syed Imaad, Class XI*  
*Zainab Iqbal, Class X*



*Jashn-E-Bahaaraa-* A.R. Rheiman  
*Subhanallah-* Pritam, Sreeram  
*She's a Rainbow-* The Rolling Stones  
*Life is a Highway-* Tom Cochrane  
*Dancing in the Dark-* Bruce Springsteen  
*On Top of The World-* Imagine Dragons  
*Fine By Me-* Andy Grammer  
*Taarif Karoon Kya Uski-* O.P. Nayyar, Mohammed Rafi  
*Aankhon Se Betana-* Dikshant  
*Zakir-* NAALAYAK  
*Roz Roz-* The Yellow Diary  
*Alright Ok-* Kailee Morgue  
*Library Card-* J. Maya  
*It's OK If You Forget Me-* Astrid A  
*Golden Years-* Sophie Holohan  
*Good Witch-* Maisie Peters  
*Last Exit-* Pearl Jam  
*Around the Bend-* Pearl Jam



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